A Different Kind Of Love Song

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Bella and Mason's love story continues....

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A Different Kind Of Love Song : Chapter 1

Preface
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I had always thought that our love song would be something special, something bigger and better than everyone else's. I mean, everyone thinks their relationship will last forever, but with Mason, I knew. Still, when he had shown me the song I had smiled thinking it would only show the ups of our relationships. I was shocked when I heard the melody change frequently from happy to sad, I realized that when Mason was gone it affected him too, I realized how selfish I had been by thinking I was the only one getting hurt. In that moment, I realized that our love song was absolutely perfect; all the imperfections of it made it that way. People that heard it would hear our sadness, feel our joy, see our love. I had hoped for so much less than what he had given me, I smiled as he began to sing our love song, a different kind of love song.
ï¿½

Chapter 2

"Mason!" I shouted from the kitchen, where I had just put two eggs, sunny side up, on a plate for him.
He walked in the kitchen, his beautiful hair disheveled from sleep, "Hey love, you came over again? Thanks."
I smiled as he kissed my forehead and sat down to eat. It had been like this for awhile. He was making music and getting ready to tour, because of all the space he needed for his music; keyboards, guitars, etc. he had moved into a small apartment in town to be out of his parents way. I spent most of my time there and even had the spare key, so when he was gone I could stay if I wanted.
He made small talk with me as he finished eating. He knew it was late, ten thirty a.m., but I didn't say anything to him. His music career was tough and I often felt that he was too young to be under so much stress. I knew his parent's thought the same thing from little comments they had let slip, but we all wanted what was best for Mason.
I smiled a sad smile, in less than a week he would be back on the road, starting his fall tour. It wasn't that he was insanely popular, he mostly opened for bands, but he was good at what he did, and his salary wasn't bad. This last part impressed my parent's and made them more welcoming to him. I love my mom and dad, but they are a bit superficial, now that Mason had a steady career and an even steadier income they were friendlier towards him.
I, of course, could have cared less about the money, it was Mason I loved and always would. No matter what happened in his career, I knew we would be together.
Still, I would be glad when I graduated in two years and we could get on with our lives. He was being tutored when he was on tour and was now a senior. I was still a junior going to our public high school of an amazing total of three hundred kids. The plan we had was that we would get an apartment, something nice of course, by where I wanted to go to college. He would cut back on his touring and try to pick up some college courses too. We would spend more time together and it would all be good.
The idea of our future is what kept me mildly happy when he was gone, when we were together everything was good, it was when he left that I was pushed back into reality and I didn't like it.
But, right now's reality was lovely. As I had been thinking, Mason had snuck up behind me and was now kissing the back of my neck. I sighed softly and allowed him to continue. My thought process ruined, I closed my eyes and let him promise me forever.

Chapter 3

I sighed heavily as I unlocked the apartments door. Mason had been gone for three days, back on tour, and I already missed him so much. His apartment smelt like him and I walked into his bedroom and laid on his bed, where his fragrance was still lingering with his pillow. Mom and dad didn't say anything anymore about me living here when he was gone. I cleaned it for him and I liked having my space. I was a reserved person, I always had been, I was amazed sometimes that I had the nerve to fight for Mason so much when I was a freshman, but I loved him, even then.

School had been a killer, tons of geometry homework I didn't understand and an essay due at the end of the week. I walked around the apartment looking for something to do, something to keep me occupied. I settled on the living room floor with a basket of clean laundry and began folding them. I had a mixed CD playing in the background and I subconsciously hummed along. Mason didn't have a television, which was fine with me, but I needed some noise or I thought I'd go insane.

I smiled as I looked around, I had his apartment memorized by now. It was a small, one bedroom apartment. You walked into a living room and a kitchen/dining room. Then there was a small hallway with a bathroom to one side and a bedroom to the other. In the bedroom there were two doors; one was Mason's closet and the other was a smaller room. It was where he kept his music he was working on, it was painted a dark maroon and had soft, fluffy carpet. That room was easily my favourite in the house. His bedroom was painted an off white with the walls decorated to reflect Mason. There were old records he had collected and framed, autographs of some famous singers and band members, and directly over the headboard of his bed, a picture of him and I.

The picture was beautiful. Despite the fact that I hated getting my picture taken, I loved this one. It was the night of homecoming this past year and I was wearing a navy blue dress. It was short, cut right above my knees with a slit on the right side up to my thigh. The neckline was a slight 'v' and it was strapless. I was wearing the necklace I had received from Mason and silver high heels. Mason himself was beautiful. He was wearing black dress pants, black shoes, and a white button up shirt. His tie was navy blue to match my dress and he had black suspenders on. I had brought my digital camera along to his parent's house, where his mom had taken dozens of pictures with her camera. His sister, Lauren, wanted to take pictures to so I handed her my camera. The setting was black and white and she took it from an excellent angle. The picture is totally unplanned and accidental, it quickly became Mason and mines favourite.

The picture is taken at an odd angle. Lauren was much shorter than us and was standing directly in front, and in between us. The camera was pointing up when the shot was taken. Mason had his arms around my waist and was gazing in my eyes. A slight smile was on each of our lips and my hands rested on his shoulders. Lauren is forever proud that she took that picture.

The CD ended as I finished with the laundry. Then I cooked me some macaroni and cheese and took a seat in his living room. I had insisted he paint it orange and he did. The trim was a cream colour and he had a white futon for a couch. His coffee table was black and white in a big, overdramatic, pattern of boxes, and for other chairs he had beanbags. His apartment stayed rather tidy with him and I both around. I was a naturally neat person, and he liked knowing where everything was.

I closed my eyes and lay on the futon, right when I got comfortable, my phone rang.

"Mmm, hello?" I asked sleepily.

"Bella? Are you at the apartment?"

I smiled at Mason's sweet voice, "I am,"

He coughed and I realized it sounded like he was sick, "I'm on my way back, I decided to cancel this tour, it's only a four day one and I really need the sleep," he sounded disappointed in himself. He pushed himself too hard.

"Do you want me to leave?" I asked honestly.

He laughed and then coughed again, "No of course not, I would love for you to stay," he said.

I smiled.

Less than an hour later he walked through the front door. I ran up and hugged him and he picked me up and swung me around. I could tell he was tired and getting sick, a common cold. I kissed his lips and worriedly asked him about how he felt.
"Much better now that I'm with you," he answered.
"Yes, me too, I miss you so much, I wish I could go with you," I knew I sounded childish, but in that moment I didn't care, I wanted Mason back, lately he had been gone a lot.
He smiled sadly, "Soon," was all he said.
I instructed him to go to bed early and let him sleep till eleven the next day. I surprised him with breakfast in bed, which resulted in a long make-out session, unfortunately interrupted by his cell phone ringing.
He answered and his voice immediately grew more important.
"Of course I'm interested," he said officially.
I waited patiently, but curiously for him to be done talking. When he hung up I asked, "What was that about?"
"A record deal, music video, and tour for the summer," he said.
I frowned slightly, "But your summer's already so busy, recording and festivals in June, July you were supposed to be opening for that band you like so much, and August..." I trailed off. August was supposed to be our month together. I had planned to stay at his apartment with him. He wanted to take his sister's and I to the beach a few hours away for a weekend, and then midway through the month him and I were supposed to go to a cabin in the mountains for a week.
"He agreed to work around my other obligations, he was hoping for about half of August," Mason said slowly. I could tell he was excited, but worried to how I would take it.
"Mason...that's great," I said with as much fake enthusiasm as I could muster.
He looked at me and his expression was soft, "Bella, it's such a good opportunity," he began.
I cut him off, "I know Mason, I know. It's just that you have been on the go ever since your first CD was a demo, and that was two years ago, I miss having you around. And you are constantly getting sick and always tired, a month off may do you good,"
He glared at me, "Bella, it's not always about you, I do everything I can to make our time together special, I wish you'd understand,"
My eyes involuntarily began to water, "I never said it was about me-"
"Bella don't deny it, you just don't want to cancel our plans,"
I knew he had heard the accusation behind my voice when I had tried to persuade him to stay, "Yeah, it is partially about us, is that so bad? That I care about our relationship? One of us has too, but it's also about you, you are overworked Mason,"
He stared me straight in the eyes and said, "I'm not overworked Bella,"
Even as he spoke the words I heard the strain in his voice. The way he sounded much older than he was. I saw the frown lines that were constantly on his face and the dark circles under his eyes. His breath came out ragged and his constant cough kept him up for hours. Music was becoming his job now, not his hobby.
I sighed, I wanted to argue this with him, but I didn't want to stress him anymore. Tears came down my face as I walked out of the bedroom and into the bathroom for a long hot shower.

Chapter 4

Mason stress continued to cause me worry, but I attempted to push it aside as we went to dinner that night at his parents. We walked into the house where we were immediately greeted by his ever loving family.
"Bella! Mason!" his two little sisters, Lauren and Emi, screamed in unison. We hugged each of them. I was an only child and often babysat his sisters, I loved them so much.
His mom and dad came in soon after, "Mason, so good to see you home honey," his mom gushed, engulfing him and I in a giant hug.
His dad smiled at us and said hello too.
"Joe, Diane, it's nice to see you again," I said after the hello's were over.
His mom gasped, "Oh yes Bella Dear, and I told you to come over more often,"
I smiled, "I know, and I will but school is so busy, I was hoping when Mason left next week Lauren and I could have a sleepover at the apartment,"
Lauren shrieked a yes and her mom smiled, "Of course, Lauren really needs an older sister figure,"
I had practically watched Lauren grow up in these few short years. She went from being nine to twelve, and there was constant change. Emi, of course, I loved equally as well, but I knew how much Lauren needed the help as she neared her teenage years. I shuddered thinking about how much that would have helped me; unfortunately I didn't have a sister.
We sat down to a wonderful dinner of fried chicken and mashed potatoes. Only once was the subject of Mason's health brought up.
"Mason, you look tired," him mother had said; worry creasing her forehead, "Maybe you should take some time off,"
I cleared my throat softly; she didn't know that he was doing just the opposite by taking this extra tour.
"Mom, I'm fine," he assured her. The tone of his voice left no room for argument and the subject quickly changed.
When we were driving back from his house I laid my hand on his knee, "Mason, you really do seem tired," I began softly, "I'm not meaning to be selfish, I just really think it would be good for you to rest,"
"Bella," he sighed, frustrated, "I am fine. People have jobs so much easier than mine and they work more than I do, I really will be alright," he stifled a cough.
I kept my voice low and steady, "Mason, what if you get sick? Then you will be forced to take time off,"
"I'm willing to take the risk," he replied.
I shook my head and let the discussion end.
Mason left to go back to his hectic world of music not looking any better. I had let him sleep a lot and even made him chicken noodle soup, nothing seemed to help him. I knew why, though he pondered it often, you can't take medicine to get rid of stress, you actually have to get rid of it, but he was stubborn so I simply hoped he would be alright. He called me often and I could hear him getting worse, I urged him to take time off, but he was so stubborn. Finally, I let the subject drop, I didn't want to cause him more stress.
I called his parent's house that weekend and Lauren happily agreed to spend the night with me on Friday. I picked her up in my dark blue Impala and she came running out, her dark hair in a messy bun. She was an averaged size girl and was wearing jeans and a soccer tee shirt. She had recently gotten her ears pierced and the little silver studs shone in the sunlight.
"Hi Bella!" she exclaimed, hugging me.
I returned her hug and said "hi" back. We had a lot of catching up to do; her homework was getting harder, she liked a boy in her class named Jayson, and her mom had had to take her bra shopping, *again.*
I laughed at her exasperation and told her my own horror stories of shopping for bras with my mom. We compared our stories and decided we both had it pretty tough. She said that Jayson seemed to ignore her and I told her that was the way most boys were if they liked you.
"Not Mason," she said quietly, "He didn't ignore you,"
I sighed, "It seems like he does now though,"
She pursued her lips in thought, "Boys are confusing," she concluded.

I laughed at her simplicity, "Yes," I agreed, "They are."
"Why won't he spend time with us anymore," she couldn't help whining about this and neither could I.
"He's busy...too busy," I explained.
She frowned at this, "Mason shouldn't be like that, it's not good for him. I saw the way he looked the other night, he looked sick. You should tell him Bella,"
"I have, I have," I sighed again.
Now she looked angry, "Why won't he listen to anyone? He's canceled our plans in August for another petty tour,"
I was surprised she knew this, "Who told you?"
"Mason called, tried to make it sound like he couldn't help it. Me and Emi know better, and I know you do too,"
There was no point in lying to this girl, she was smart, "Yes, I do know."
She quietly said, "You don't like it either, I can tell,"
I shook my head in agreement as we swung in to my parking space.
Lauren thought Mason needed a 'get better' card. So we spent all day Saturday making the best one we could. I knew he'd love it, even though he wouldn't admit he was sick. We sent it in the post office and did some shopping.
Mason would be back in a few weeks again, and he needed to take time off. He needed it. I wished I could make him see that, he was too young to do this to himself. *"Oh Mason,"* I thought, *"I love you."*

Chapter 5

Mason came back for awhile and I harped on him continually to rest. I knew I was getting on his nerves but finally he caved and spent two days in bed where I waited on him.
"Mason how are you?" I asked as I brought his lunch to him on the second day.
He smiled, "I feel pretty good and I am insanely bored,"
"Good, that's the way most kids our age usually feel," I shot back.
He got out of bed and showered. When he got out he was wearing khaki shorts and a black tee shirt. His dark hair was curly and wet and I hugged him.
"Mason, I am so glad you are doing better," I said to him.
He smiled at me.
But as I soon found out, he wasn't doing better.
The day after he left his mom called me, "Bella? I hate telling you this but they called and..."
I stopped her, "Who called?"
"Oh, yes of course," she said, dazed, "Mason's manager. Apparently he had a breakdown, due to stress. He's doing awfully and has cancelled all tours from May to August. Actually, he didn't, his manager did. Mason will be angry about that. But I am calling because I am already here at the hospital but I thought you might want to come, it's only a couple hours away...he's really sick," her voice broke at the end and I realized her nervous chatter was wearing thin and tears threatened her voice.
"I'm on my way," I said, hanging up.
The hospital was nothing special. Everything was sterile white and it smelt like disinfectants. Mason's room was on the fourth floor, the second door to the right.
I tapped my foot impatiently as the elevator moved slowly up. My face was blotchy red and I kept thinking Mason's condition was my fault. If anyone could have prevented it, it would have been me. Still, I composed myself and prepared to get off the elevator.
My plan was to stay collected, for everyone's sake.
My plan disappeared the minute I saw Lauren.
"Bella," she whispered, running down the hallway.
I ran to meet her and hugged her close, "Oh Lauren, how is he?"
"He's...he's bad. I don't know, no one will tell me anything," she sobbed.
I let go of her and promised to find out more information. I walked into his room where his mother sat in a chair.
"Where's Joe?" I asked, looking around the room I didn't see Mason's father.
She looked up and sighed, "He took Emi home, she fainted when they put the IV in Mason,"
I nodded and stared at him.
He was pale and thin. His hair was matted with dry sweat and machines were hooked up to him. His mom quietly left the room.
"Mason?" I said hesitantly.
I saw his eyes flutter, "Bella, you came," he smiled slightly.
"I did, but what the hell did you do?" I asked. My voice was mixed with worry, anger, and hurt.
"I... ruined everything. I couldn't handle, I had a heart attack from the sounds of it. I always knew our family had bad heart history but I didn't realize I was at such a risk. They cancelled my summer," he sighed.
"Mason, you will be fine," I assured, though for him or myself I wasn't sure.
He nodded weakly, "But, my music, it's over."
I stared at him, I couldn't deny this. I knew it too, had known if from when he went downhill months ago, it wouldn't last.
I kissed his forehead but when I looked into his eyes something had changed. His face had gotten stern, his eyes glazed over with anger. I was scared for him, he had failed himself.
"I love you Mason," I said and I left because I was afraid if I stayed I wouldn't get an answer.

Chapter 6

I left the hospital walking slowly to my car as a steady stream of tears rolled off my face. I drove home. Not to Mason's apartment, it was too much about his past, and I knew his past and his future were going to be very different things.
"Bella?" mom asked.
I looked at her, the hesitant smile on her lips, her wrinkles on her forehead. She had always been beautiful but over the last few years she had accumulated a few wrinkles on her forehead. Her dirty blonde hair was pulled back in a high ponytail and she was dressed in dark blue jeans and a plain green tee shirt.
I smiled through my tears at her, "Mom," I hugged her.
"I've missed you," she sighed.
Then I sobbed harder, I hadn't seen her for a week. It was all my fault, I forgot about my family.
"Where's dad?"
She sighed, "He's been working...a lot,"
I studied her face for a minute and decided not to press her and dads relationship issues further.
But then, it turned out I didn't have to.
"Oh Bella," she collapsed onto my shoulder as I walked her to the couch in the living room, "Your father and I haven't been getting along the greatest, but I never thought, I never expected, I mean...I just..."
"What?" I asked, I didn't understand what she was saying, but I understood the raw fear in her eyes.
"He's...he's...there's a girl. She's young, she's pretty, she's better..." my mom trailed off again.
"Oh mom, are you sure?" I asked concerned. My mom didn't deal well with being along. I left her, and so had dad.
She nodded, "I asked him. He denied at first, but one day I went to bring him lunch, he....he used to love it when I'd bring him lunch...she was...there. I asked her how she could go breaking up a family, what made her think she was so....good...she didn't know what to say. I'm leaving your father, or, he's already left me to be more exact."
I hugged her and we rocked back and forth crying. I cried for her and for dad, for Mason too.
"He still wants to see you Bella," she said after a moment.
I sighed, "Alright,"
I grabbed my keys and told mom I'd be back, she looked hesitant but let me go.
Once in the car I drove to the convenient store. I picked up a gallon of chocolate ice cream, my mom's favourite assortment of celebrity gossip magazines, and a new movie that was a comedy. I made sure it didn't have a love story and had the young girl behind the counter ring it all up. I hurriedly paid her and was back home in twenty minutes. Mom and I spent the night eating from the ice cream carton and laughing about two celebs that got in a fist fight over a pet dog. It was good to be home; even though home had changed so much. With dad gone, and all his stuff, the house seemed large and empty. Mom seemed more than happy to have me home for a bit and I briefly explained Mason's situation.
When we got tired we climbed the stairs to our rooms in silence. She turned to the left to go to her master bedroom and I turned to the right to go to my room. I reached the door handle when I heard a sniffle from her. Without giving it a second thought I walked into her room and slept next to her, holding her hand until the morning.

Chapter 7

The next afternoon I walked to the post office to pick up my mail. I only did this once a week because my mail never got to be over five items, most of which were junk mail and got thrown away before I left the post office.

Today however was different, today I had one letter. An actual letter, hand written and addressed to me, I recognized Mason's writing immediately.

I walked to my car and sat behind the wheel opening it slowly. Writing was Mason's best way to express himself and I was scared at the raw emotion that seemed to be flowing out of the letter, just by the handwriting, I couldn't imagine what the words said. I did know that if you ever wanted Mason to be entirely honest; ask him to write it for you.

I ran my hand over his writing before I began.

Dear Bella,

"Dear Bella," those two words made me cry and now, after an hour, I am finally able to pick up the pen again. You see, this is the last time I will call you "Dear Bella," in fact, it is probably the last time you will want to hear from me ever again. The thing is, this isn't fair to you. I'm never there with you, I don't know what's going on in your life, I'm sick, I have too much on my mind, it's not fair...it's not.

So now, I beg you to understand. I will always love you; I won't ever love another girl, ever. But I want you to love someone else, someone more deserving. You can do so much better; I just wished you would have listened to that advice when your father gave it to you all those years ago. I'm not right for you, I'm too...oh, I'm to me.

You may not believe me Bella but I believe me and I want you to too. It seems as though I fail at everything I have a strong desire to succeed in. I failed at music, I failed at doing good in school, my grades are awful, I failed at being Lauren's hero, the one who checked for monsters under Emi's bed, I failed at being the farmer dad wanted me to be, I failed at being a brother, a son, but I won't fail at this.

You. You mean so much to me, so, so much. I can't fail at us too, I just can't. So I am quitting. I know, I used not to be a quitter but it's got to be better than failing.

I love you, I really do Bella. I, I always will.

Please understand me.

If you don't, that's understandable.

Love Always,

Mason

I screamed at the steering wheel as I cried for hours.

Chapter 8

Three days into summer break I went to see my dad.
I had been a complete wreck since Mason had left me and I didn't know what to do. I hadn't heard from him, though his mom had called once saying the girls missed me. I had rejected her invitation to see them though, and retreated to my room where I sat in silence for days.
Mom, on the other hand, was taking her breakup quiet well. She said she had expected it, and being the well-together woman she was, was hosting house parties and even got a part time job at the library. It wasn't that we needed the money, she was just bored and ten hours a week shelving books relaxed her.
I however, couldn't be relaxed. I spent my days in a cloud of darkness and cursed the sun for shining. I realized, all too late, that I had made Mason my whole life. This, made it so much harder to deal with his leaving, I was too dependent on him.
I drove my car into the city. Big skyscrapers rose up to the clouds and I easily found dads. It was familiar to me, the marble statue out front, the nice lady behind the desk that gave me a sympathetic smile when she saw me.
At first, that confused me, but then I thought she must have known that my parents were separating.
Then, I looked in the mirror and realized that maybe my appearance just warned people I was in the middle of a breakdown.
I was in jeans that I had slept in the night before, they were unnaturally wrinkled and my tee shirt had an ice cream stain on the front. My tennis shoes were mud caked from walking through the grass to get to dad faster and my hair was frizzy and untamed.
I walked right past her and to the elevator.
Dad's office was number 113 on the second floor. I remembered.
I didn't knock on his door but instead walked in. He was standing in front of his window looking down on the city.
"Dad," I said stiffly.
He turned around, a bit startled by my appearance, "Bella, oh Bella, I am so sorry I haven't talked to you lately..."
I sat in a chair and turned away from him as he tried to hug me.
"I came," I said simply.
He sighed, "Yes. Yes you did."
We sat in awkward silence for a bit before he launched in about his newest project; he gave me a lot of statistics I didn't understand and I nodded half heartedly at his excited gestures.
About twenty minutes later he tried to usher me out the door. I knew we had a small selection of things to talk about but still, I didn't understand this. I figured he'd want to talk to me, to see me, even take me out to lunch.
Lunch.
His break was in five minutes. Suddenly, this was very clear.
She was coming.
I didn't know who 'she' was, but I was curious. Out of curiosity I stalled for ten minutes long minutes before finally, a knock came at the door.
She didn't give dad time to answer, she simply walked in.
I don't know why I wanted to see this woman that had ruined the one stable, constant thing in my life, but I did. It was as simple as that. I had no other explanation.
"Dearest," she cried out happily, the end of the word raveled out as she realized he wasn't alone.
I kept my eyes on her, my smile warm, but my eyes ice cold as I studied her.
She was tall for a woman and had bleached blonde hair. Her expensive leather jacket vest was left unzipped in the front, where she was revealing a bit too much cleavage in my opinion. She had on brown dress slacks and a Prada purse.
My first instinct was to slap her.
My second was to introduce myself.

"Hello, I'm Bella," I said, extending my hand.
She hesitated, "Kim," she said, returning my hand shake.
"I'm his daughter," I said, gesturing towards my dad.
Her bright blue eyes grew big, "Oh, oh...oh," she said.
"I better get going, my life's a bit busy, you know, what with everything I'm going through," I said.
Dad gave me a look and said, "I'll walk you out,"
I smiled at Kim as we left.
"Bella, can you TRY to be nice?" he sternly whispered as we left Kim in his office.
"I was nice," I defended.
He glared at me, "No, you weren't,"
"Listen dad," I said, my anger towards him was immense now, "I don't like her, and frankly, I don't like you either. You killed mom, and me, and you don't even ask how I'm doing. You act like everything's fine. Well, everything is not fine, I can see me way out,"
I left him, standing at the elevator, gaping at me.
I left him, because I couldn't stay and watch him leave me.

Chapter 9

I left his office and went outside. The weather was hot and humid and the clouds were overcast, as if at any moment it would rain.
I walked to nowhere, it was a big city, but getting lost wasn't a worry, I knew my way around.
I walked and walked until I was at a doorstep, no, not a doorstep, a church.
A church?
Never before had I been to a church in my life; unless you counted the few weddings and funerals I had been to, which I didn't. Still, I noticed the sign on the door that read, "Our Door Is Always Open," and saw a light on in the sanctuary.
I walked in, I was a mess, and I didn't know what else to do. The first thing I saw was a young guy, in his early twenties, dusting the pews.
He turned and looked at me, then he sat down his furniture polish and extended his hand, "Hello, I'm Dave, or, as many people prefer to call me, Pastor Dave,"
I looked at him; he couldn't be a pastor, could he? "Hello, I'm Bella,"
"Bella, it's nice to meet you," he said, his red hair was a dull red, almost brown and cut short.
"You-you too," I said back.
He was nice. It was just a known fact, like when you see someone and are automatically attracted to them, that's how I was with Dave. Not attracted in a physical way of course, just a way that made me open up to him for some unknown reason.
"So, now I don't know what to do anymore, I just want to give up. How can everything fall apart so quickly when it took years to build it up?" I finished. I had just told this total stranger my whole life story. I was losing it.
"Well," he began slowly, "It's not Sunday so I won't preach at you," I smiled at his humor, "But, I will tell you that I went through a very similar situation."
"You did? But you're so..."
He smiled, "I know, it doesn't seem like it, but my fiancÃ©e left me alone after seven years together and my mom had just died of cancer, it was a tough time, and I was angry, looking for help was the last thing I wanted, but also the one thing I needed,"
"Help," I echoed, considering this.
He shook his head and continued, "Yeah, help. And the thing I learned was that people are so tangible, relationships are too. Sure, you want everything to work out, but things change, God is constant,"
"But if God's here, why isn't he helping?" I questioned.
"He is here, and he is helping. Just open your eyes and look for him,"
I left the church with Dave's number and a little Bible I promised to begin to read.
And read it I did, I sat in my car for hours and flipped through the pages, squinting at the small print. The stories I read were amazing; an enormous flood, a sea parting for people, a man dying for me...
All this blew my mind and I realized that religion couldn't hurt me. I mean, here was this almighty God that loved me and wanted to help me. How could I say no? So, I closed my eyes and let my head rest on the steering wheel, I prayed. I prayed for a long time, for a lot of people. I prayed for dad and Kim, mom and I, Mason, Lauren, Emi, Frankie....the list went on and on. I prayed for things I didn't even knew I wanted, like faith and hope and being able to be strong, and when I was done, I felt so much better.
I had found something amazing here.
I went home in a good mood, or as good as it could be. My newfound love for Jesus was overwhelming, but I still loved Mason. I knew he needed help though, and that's what I wanted to give him.
I also knew that he was stubborn and he may need time before he was ready to talk. In the meantime, I planned to make things right with other people; or, as right as they could be.
First though; I wrote a letter,
Dear Mason,
I miss you.

I love you.
I want to talk to you; if you want to talk to me. I know things are hard, I know, trust me, but just remember that I love you so much. I'm not good with letters and this has to sound awful and desperate, but if this is what it takes; so be it. Please call; I just want a chance to talk. I need it...
Love Always,
Bella

Chapter 10

In my attempt to do good; I called Mason's house and asked for Lauren.
"Hello?" she said.
"Hey Lauren, it's me-"
"Bella!" she screamed happily, then her voice grew stern, "Where *have* you been? Life sucks,"
I sighed heavily, "I'm sorry Lauren, I've just missed your brother so much..."
"Then come see him," she said simply.
"I can't," I answered.
"Oh, well,"
"But," I began, "I would like to see you, I feel awful we haven't done anything together. What do you say? Dinner tonight?"
"Yeah, sure," she said casually, but I could hear the excitement in her voice.
I picked her up at five oh clock and she ran out when I honked once. We went to McDonalds and got fries and chocolate shakes. After telling me about her boy problems, and how much of a loser Jayson turned out to be, she looked at me, "Bella, you want to know about Mason?"
"Yes," I replied guiltily.
She smiled, triumphantly, but immediately grew sad, "Mason is depressed and hurt. He stays in his room all day and claims he doesn't feel good, he hasn't sang or played anything. At night, he cries when he thinks everyone's asleep. Bella, I'm really worried. Please, talk to him?"
I let a tear slide down my face, how could I say no? Mason needed someone. "Yeah, alright," was all I said.
Lauren dragged me into their house two hours later, saying I would talk to Mason was one thing, actually talking to him, was another entirely.
I was forced up the stairs and into his room by a surprisingly strong Lauren, who explained soccer had given her muscles.
She swung open his door, shoved me in, and closed it before I could change my mind.
I looked at him; he was sitting up in bed, staring out the window.
"Mason, are you-are you alright?" I asked.
"No," he answered honestly.
I sat, tentatively on the edge on the edge of his bed, "What's wrong?"
"Everything," he answered.
"Mason, please talk to me. You want to know something? My dad left my mom for a young slut, I met a pastor named Dave, I took your little sister out for dinner, I ate gallons of ice cream with my mom, I cried every night cause you weren't with me," I said through tears.
"I'm sorry Bella," he said, full of concern.
"Don't be, just tell me what's bugging you,"
He stared at me for a long time, finally he began, "Music, I loved it. Now it's gone. You, you're gone too,"
"No Mason, no, I'm not, I am right here, I always will be," I reached my hand towards him and he held it.
"You deserve better,"
I shook my head, "I want you," I said. And it was true, in so many ways, I wanted Mason.
"You don't know what you want," he smiled.
"And about your music," I continued, ignoring his comment about my judgment, "who says it has to end? Sure, you can't tour, but I know you can still play,"
He sighed, "Bella, if only life were so simple,"
"But it is. Listen Mason, get up, let's go somewhere."
Much to my surprise he listened to me and twenty minutes later we were facing the tree where he had carved our names so long ago.
"Remember this?" I asked him.
"How could I forget,"
"Mason, I love you," I faced him.

He leaned in to kiss me softly, "I love you too Bella."

Chapter 11

"Bella, are you sure about this?" Mason asked, as I drug him through the busy city streets.
I sighed for the umpteenth time, "Yes, I am sure, he's nice, you'll see,"
The 'he' I was referring to was Dave. Mason and I had been back together (if we had ever even really split up in the first place) for two weeks and I wanted him to meet Dave. I had been coming to Dave's church every Wednesday night for youth group, and this Wednesday I wanted him and Mason to meet.
"But Bella, I've been to a church before!" he protested.
"Not this one,"
He sighed heavily as I led him though the doors. Once inside I looked at him and saw him take in the building.
The church building itself was not impressive. It was a small square, brick building. There were pews, ten on each side, lining the way up to the pulpit. Everything was wooden and old looking, it was peaceful.
Unlike the first time I had met Dave, when we were alone, the little church was crowded with teens now, making the building seem that much smaller.
I walked directly up to Dave and introduced him and Mason.
They shook hands and Mason talked to him some about religion.
Mason and his parents went to church faithfully in town every week. Mason's faith was stronger than I had thought and I was surprised at all the points him and Dave brought up that night. They really liked each other, and for some reason, that relieved me.
As we were walking out Mason asked me, "Bella, why hadn't you gone to church before?"
"I'm not sure," I began slowly, "Mom and dad never went and I just kind of disregarded it as something to do."
He shook his head and we walked in silence back to the car.

Chapter 12

"Mason, look, I found one!" I yelled joyously across the beach.
It was now August, and Mason and I were spending the last days of summer at the beach. We were looking for seashells, and I had just found a beautiful one.
It was blue and shone in the sunlight, small enough to fit in my hand and absolutely perfect in every way.
Mason ran up behind me and wrapped his hands around my waist, "You did find one," he said, burying his head in my neck.
I leaned back against him, but only for a moment before he took off running again.
"Where are you going?" I asked.
"I want to show you something," he replied.
I watched him run along the beach, the sunlight streaking his hair. He looked so much better now than a few months ago; back when I was sure he didn't love me, nor cared about me. I recalled the day I had come back to see him; his greasy hair and stressed face. All that was replaced now with happiness; he had even begun to play his guitar again, and now was running towards it as I strained to catch up.
When I finally got to him he was sitting cross-legged, lightly strumming. I rested my head in my hands and closed my eyes. I knew that this is what he wanted to show me, he had written something.
He cleared his throat and then softly said, "This is our love song,"
I had always thought that our love song would be something special, something bigger and better than everyone else's. I mean, everyone thinks their relationship will last forever, but with Mason, I knew. Still, when he had shown me the song I had smiled thinking it would only show the ups of our relationships. I was shocked when I heard the melody change frequently from happy to sad, I realized that when Mason was gone it affected him too, I realized how selfish I had been by thinking I was the only one getting hurt. In that moment, I realized that our love song was absolutely perfect; all the imperfections of it made it that way. People that heard it would hear our sadness, feel our joy, see our love. I had hoped for so much less than what he had given me, I smiled as he began to sing our love song, a different kind of love song.
The words spun around me and I cried at the songs beauty, Mason's beauty, as he sang:
You and I
Were young,
When our story first
Begun
But you were filled
With determination
I admired all your
Aspirations
I watched you fall,
Fall for me
I wished that I could
Make you see
That I'd love you till
The end of time
I wanted you to know
You were all mine
I'd write you a million songs
Just to see you smile
I'd sing for you all through the night
Just so I could stay awhile
Because I knew all along,
We had a different kind of love song
They tried to tell you

Wanted you to know
That you could do much better
That you had sunk too low
But you stuck by me
Stayed there for me alone
I didn't deserve you
But then, I never will
We cried together
Through the nights
Woke up laughing in the morning
About some stupid fight
I'd listen to your voice for hours
Even if you had nothing to say
The way you look when you're so deep in thought
I wouldn't have it any other way
I'd write you a million songs
Just to see you smile
I'd sing for you all through the night
Just so I could stay awhile
Because I knew all along,
We had a different kind of love song
Oh, I knew all along,
We had a different kind of love song

Chapter 13

We walked, hand in hand, down the beach. It was our last day here and I was sad to leave. It was like we were in some magical trance, and I didn't want it to end.
I was deep in thought though, the beach was a good thinking spot. I had written and mailed dad a letter the day before. It was hard to write, but also necessary. I told him I forgave him, and asked if I could have dinner with him and Kim. I finally felt like I was making good choices in my life.
"Is something wrong Bella?" Mason asked, almost nervously, he had been evaluating my moods all night.
I sighed, "I just don't want to leave, it's so magical here,"
He stopped walking and we faced the ocean, where the sun was setting. It really was beautiful; the ocean waves rolling off the rocks. The ocean itself was a rainbow of colours; dark blue, light blue, green, black, gray. But that was just the ocean, the sky took my breath away; with its swirling purples and pinks, it was like we were in a water colour. I glanced over at him to see he was watching me, this made me nervous, but glad that I had worn my white strapless dress all the same. It was short and cute, and perfect for the beach. He was in khaki shorts and his abs were tan, so he left his shirt off.
"It is magical," he agreed softly, "But our magic doesn't have to end here,"
"I know,"
He turned me so I was facing him, "Bella, I knew from the moment I saw you that I loved you, you were so special to me, and still are. I can't imagine living a day without you, you mean the world to me Bella,"
He whipped a tear off my face before I spoke, "Mason, I love you," was all I could say.
He smiled, "I love you as well Bella Leah,"
With that said he let go of my right hand, so he was just holding my left. I watched him; in what seemed like slow motion, as he kneeled in front of me.
"Annabella Leah, will you marry me?"
Then, all at once, the world started spinning normally again, as I realized that this was so right, so perfect. The sun set over the ocean as the day ended. Mason and I's journey together, had just begun.
Tears streamed down my face as I said, "Yes,"
With that one word, a ring was slipped on my finger, a beautiful, modest sized, diamond ring.
What was more beautiful however, was the boy who had now stood up and had tears forming in the corners of his eyes as he kissed my lips softly and said, "I love you."

Chapter 14

well, i finished it.

thank you so much to everyone who's read/commented it.

it means the world.

i hope you enjoyed 'for you i would' and 'a different kind of love song'

i assure you, i could not have done it without you; these are the first two novels i have ever finished, and i am more happy with them than i would have imagined.

now; i could maybe make this into a triology, but i'm honestly not sure yet. i think i left them at a very good spot, and i'm not sure how much farther i can take it really.

i am considering turning Lauren into a story.

what would you [as the readers] think of that?

i would plan to have her story take place sometime around Bella and Mason's wedding.

it would deal with her life though.

but they would be in it.

it's just an idea that's beginning to form.

would you read it?

thank you so much for all your support.

=]

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