

The Nice Guy

I felt that sudden pang of grief. The spontaneous dagger pierce. Whether in the heart or the back, I couldn't tell – but I didn't have to time to figure it out, because, as the initial shock was setting in, taking over, assimilating my mood and mind... I felt more.

As if the dagger had shattered, an aggregate dispersing in to myriad – uncountable – miniscule needles, the process itself heating them up so they scorched where they penetrated. All over my body, outside and in.

The entire world seemed to fade; sight, sound, smell, touch, hearing – all of it, smothered and suffocated by a numbing, asphyxiating void. The world itself blurred and contorted, and all that existed was the pain, and the event that caused it.

A relationship?!

She was in a *relationship* with someone else?

I just...

A relationship?!

I knew thing had taken a bit of a turn between us- a swing in the direction of contention since the last message, but... this?! I never expected such a level of pettiness, of selfishness from anyone was possible, never mind someone like her.

When the searing needles finally relented, thoughts of equal anguish took over in their stead, ensuring no peace comforted me. Not that it could.

Was she doing this to upset me?

Was she trying to prove a point?

We had such a whirlwind history, true. But I didn't realise it left ruin in its wake, and me, the most damaged of all.

I mean, I'd invested most of my secondary school life devoted to her completely, and every day since we left I'd always-

A relationship?!

All that time. All those gestures and she just- I knew I shouldn't. I knew it would only make me feel worse, but I had to know. The way my mind works, it would have played out a whole saga of different scenarios in which each one I would carve a pedestal for him, this, this... whoever he was. And I'd be left in the discard pile, just reaching up trying to understand, after all this time, why him over me?

Who the fuck was he?

I just stared at the words, etching themselves in to my brain. They blazed stubbornly when I blinked. I'd never heard his name before. I had no idea she was even speaking to anyone, let alone... this guy.

I didn't speak to anyone else. I held out because- I dunno. Maybe I'm an idiot? I believed we could work things out in the end. Does it make me stupid to believe in happy endings?

I clicked in to the profile.

Two years older? Practically her granddad. Bearded? I could grow a beard. He looked more broad than built. I could easily gain bulk if I knew that's what she wanted- if she only just said? Jesus.

I dug deeper. And, oh, how twee... they work at the same company, but different departments?

I knew the layout of that office. I'd waited for her to finish more times than I can count, just to see her. I didn't have to. I *wanted* to.

The office was on the ground floor, and she sat at the far end of the floor, by the coffee station and stretch of windows that looked out in to the private property. I had to crane my neck to be able to see her, but she'd always looked so cute and focused – would never even think she had time so speak to anyone?

All the other departments were on the one floor, and separated by coloured carpets only. No dividers. No walls. No even glass partitions. Like, what the fuck? What kind of free do all, chaotic frenzy did the backward ass C.E.Os want to nurture in there? Probably some liberals thinking this, I dunno, 'openness' is conducive to a team feeling. Jesus Christ.

So... what?! As I've sat there trying to think of ways to speak to her again and, just *fix* things-writing down speeches that I think would charm her, and practicing them before throwing them out and starting again. I've got more fucking monologues dedicated to her than desperate performers have to beg for jobs.

I've ordered countless presents for her, things I knew she'd like, even going so far as actually taking classes to make things for her myself, hoping that personal touch would change things.

Fuck- I even managed to get back the bracelet she lost in Paris.

She made six, yeah, *six*! posts about how 'Paris is beautiful, but so sad I've lost my favourite bracelet' blah blah blah. I put the effort in. I went through all the tags she'd done in fucking restaurants, cheap and tacky tourist traps, bars and I contacted each one. I messaged the managers, found staff pages, translated my query to French until some random shitty looking museum said they had it in their lost and found (*perdu et trouvé*). I found it. I paid for the postage and packaging, and I've been waiting for the perfect time to surprise her with it.

She'd cry. She'd hug me. She'd kiss me and we could finally work through everything.

Whilst I'm doing all this shit, she's refusing to speak to me because of this prick?

I'm literally cringing thinking about it.

The two of them probably met when he was going to make a coffee near her desk, or in the kitchen. They probably made some awkward as fuck small talk about trivial work shit whilst waiting for the microwave to *ding*! And him, probably getting hard as fuck because a pretty girl was speaking to him, giving him attention, he'd capitalise on it and chase her with no thought to the people- to me- who actually love her?

Is she being serious?! Can't even be assed putting the effort in to thinking what's best for her, just what's convenient?! She just goes and settles with whoever throws a smile her way? And I'm deluding myself thinking she had standards?

Nah, this is bullshit. I'm gonna do something about it. I know that much- whether to show her I still love her, or to get him to gladly fuck off.

I can't message her anymore, she made the clear enough since the over-dramatic restraining order threat. That alone still baffles me. Fair enough we never spoke in school, or spent time together, but she did reply to some of my messages before she decides I'm getting 'too intense'. Like, what?! Do girls just think nice guys are only after one thing when they're ready to treat them like royalty?!

Ugh... I dunno. This is just so pathetic.

She wants me to see. She'd put her profile as private so I couldn't visit it from one of my blank accounts. He's probably colluded with her to make me feel shitty.

Well, if this 'relationship' is new, I'll make sure it's real and not just a ploy to hurt me. Maybe she wants me to see so I'll message again?

I'm gonna go to her house tonight, the usual spot that lets me see in most of the front windows – luckily, her bedroom is one of them (top left, translucent purple curtains – window usually open, even when she leaves for work).

If it's true, they'll want to celebrate and he'd come back. If it's true, I'll- I dunno, I'll do something. Listen to my gut. She need to know I still love her. He needs to go.

A relationship?!

When she didn't give me a chance?

We'll see.