

Love Denied

by Maddy Riddle

The musings of two people in love.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Thanks to my lovely twin, Lore, for her help as a beta.

Love Denied

She's too young for me, too inexperienced. I watch her talking to her friends, laughing about something one of them said. She doesn't know the world yet. Not the way I do. She thinks she knows everything there is to know. How naive. She still thinks people are good, maybe deep down, but she thinks all of them are good. That's what brought her to me.

She likes talking to me. Enjoys my company. I sense her feelings.

If I was the good man she thinks I am, I'd tell her to go away and never return.

If I was the monster I think I am, I'd take her right now.

She's so young, has so much time left in this Earth. Or maybe I'm too old. Of course I am. What am I doing, leering over her? What can I possibly do with her?

I should go away. Maybe if I let her grow up more... Will she still be here, waiting for me in a decade? Will she be old enough? It's not as if the age gap will change. I'm too old for her now, and I'll still be too old in ten years, in twenty, fifty, a lifetime.

I should have known better than to allow my heart to beat to her rhythm. I'm lost every time she looks at me. I'll die for her if she asks me.

I see him watching me while I try to follow what the others are saying. I laugh. I don't really know why I couldn't care less for what they're saying. Children, all of them. They don't grow up, don't really want to do it. And so, they keep repeating the same silly things they have been saying for years.

I can sense him looking at me. I love to be watched by him. He's so strong, so wise, he knows so much. And yet, he knows so little about the important things, the things that matter.

He's different from my peers. I love talking to him. I enjoy his company as much as he enjoys mine. I learn so much from him. It's a pity he's not willing to learn from me...

He sees me as a child. Just because he believes himself old. He can't understand what I try to explain about goodness. He doesn't comprehend that I'm talking about him. He's good, even if he thinks himself a monster. I can see the truth in his eyes. I wouldn't have gone to him otherwise.

How long until he finally acknowledges my feelings? How long will I have to pretend I believe him, that I'll change my mind with age?

Will I still love him in ten years? Will I still be waiting for him? Of course I will. In ten, twenty, fifty years.

But why wait so long? Why wait still?

When I met him, I was young. I agree on that. I was just a schoolgirl of eighteen.

He told me to get a life. And I did.

When I met him again, I'd grown up a bit. And he only offered friendship.

Years passed. When will he accept I'm not longer a little girl? Wasn't twenty-one enough? Not even twenty-five... or thirty for that matter. Will I be old enough at forty?

I could be one hundred years old, and he will still complain about the age gap. What can I do if I fell in love with a three-hundred-year old vampire?