

## Torrential Rains

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The rain beat furiously upon the rooftops as he kept his head low and his hands in his pockets. He'd been thinking about her all day. She was like a drug; a dangerously addictive drug.

So, why did he act the way that he acted? For over a year now, they'd been seeing each other. They'd been falling more secure with one another. He should have seen it coming.

He should have known it was coming. He should have been expecting it.

He should have been ready.

It was what he wanted, wasn't it?

*Yeah...*

It was.

With a slight stumble against the curb, the redhead found himself moving toward the wall to lean against the cold dampness of the brick as the fat drops from the eaves fell upon him like torture. He never wanted anything more. Her smile, her touch, her laugh... he adored her.

The last thing he ever wanted to do was hurt her. But he panicked. He couldn't help it. Relationships had never been something he was familiar or comfortable with, and the moment the words left her mouth...

*"I love you."*

He picked a fight with her and ran.

Never before had he moved so quickly to throw the sheets off and find his clothes. With harsh words exchanged, he told her he wasn't ready. He told her she was being childish, and then he told her she didn't know the definition of the word.

*"Ya don't know what the hell yer sayin."* He told her, as he haphazardly did up his pants. *"We both want different things."*

With each sentence digging him in deeper to a commitment that was the opposite of everything he wanted, he had to stick the fork further in, just to ensure that he had cooked this one to the bone.

*"I don't think we should see each other anymore."* He muttered, as he threw his shirt on without buttoning it up and grabbing his jacket before taking his leave.

He didn't mean any of it though. He didn't even want to leave. In fact, he'd never been more sure of the opposite in his entire life.

*What the hell is wrong with me?* He asked himself, and sighed as he received no answer.

With a shake to his head, he wiped his soaked hair from his face and dug around in his breast pocket for a cigarette, and then he wound up cursing as the wheel of his lighter struck wet flint with each repetitive and futile strike.

Giving up, he threw the cigarette that had turned soggy from the unrelenting downpour and turned his obstructed vision to the darkening skies above. He could fix this, he thought. He could make things right.

She'd forgive him. He was sure of it. They'd fought before... and they'd made up before.

And oh, how the make-up was always sweeter than fermented nectar.

*Definitely...*

Then, with an assured nod, he pushed himself from the cold wall he was leaning against, and started to make his way, on foot, back to her small home. She'd had all day to cool off, and maybe she'd even be waiting for him in anticipation, like she often did.

As he made his way through the winding maze of the roads in Sector 5, he felt more convinced that he'd done the right thing by selling his bike. He did it to make amends, and she'd most surely be impressed. After all, everyone knew how much it meant to him.

In fact, he was even more convinced that she'd be thrilled at what he'd bought for her with the money.

Now, even more assured by his actions, he found his pace quickening in anticipation, and maybe even a little excitement too.

"Elena!" He found himself yelling as he pounded determinedly on her door, being soaked even more with each swelling drop of the thickening rain. "Elena! It's me! Open up!"

But there was only silence, and he found himself desperately pressing his ear to the door to see if he could hear any hints of sound.

And he did hear a sound.

*Fine... She wants to play...*

It was, after all, routine for her to make him stew in his own demise after such an act. Of course, this one carried a slightly heavier weight than those of the past. But she'd forgive him. He was sure of it.

She had to.

Then with even more determination, he wiped his soaked hair from his face again, and resumed with his merciless banging upon the hard, wooden door. "Elena!" He shouted. "C'mon, Baby... Don't make me beg!"

He would though. As a matter of fact, he was getting rather good at it.

When there was still no answer, he decided that he wasn't going to give up. No, he was a Turk for Gaia's sake and with near ceaseless actions, he continued to yell and create a raucous outside the small home in which she resided...

Until he was finally rewarded with a response.

"Go away, Reno!" Came the muffled shout from behind the door. "I don't want to see you anymore!"

"C'mon, Baby." He said with an almost pathetic whine as he leaned closer to the door. "I just wanna talk... Open the door." He begged, with his hands on the door as if he was trying to reach through it.

"You've already said all you needed to say." She informed him, as he heard a few muffled shuffles that appeared to be coming closer.

"I ain't goin nowhere til ya just hear me out."

"Hear you out?" She screamed. "I've already heard everything I needed to hear!"

"Don't be like that, Elena... You know what I'm like... I panicked... Please... Open the door, and just let me talk to ya."

With a hard lump being swallowed back, the redhead anxiously awaited for some kind of reply, and found himself stepping back with an almost desperate feeling. So desperate that he could almost feel himself sinking within himself. He was almost about to fling himself to the door like an insect that simply failed to see its only way out, and stopped when the door finally opened and the woman peaked her head through.

"Make it quick." She said with a disgusted sneer at the pathetically soaking rat before her, all manner of compassion washed away.

*Make it quick...*

With a deep breath, he found himself thinking as quickly as he could, and proceeded with an apology in the only way he could think of... far from romance, but it would have to do. Then he proceeded to tell her how much of a mistake he'd made, how he wasn't thinking, and how he never meant anything he said.

To prove it, he fell to his knees under her cold, brown-eyed glare, and confessed that he'd always loved her, that he still loved her, and how he wanted nothing more than for her to give him a second chance at making amends.

He'd make sure she'd never regret it.

"Really." She said, rather judgmentally, and frowned at the worthless excuse for a man before her.

"Yeah." He admitted, and reached into his pocket to take out the small velvet case to prove that he never meant anything more than he did at that moment.

But she cut him off by opening the door and cruelly revealing why she didn't open it all the way to begin with.

And like a spiral, he felt his world plummet to a depth he never knew existed.

"You said we should move on." Was her explanation, and it was the only one she was willing to give. Then she added as the man he'd never seen before, wearing nothing more than a sheet, came up behind her and put his arms around her waist. "So I did."