

IN LOVE WITH MY BROTHER!

The sin is in the eye of the beholder

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In Love With My Brother

Here I stand before the big and beautiful cathedral. The afternoon sun casts its warm rays giving the cathedral a special shine through the stained glass windows. I instantly remember that I once dreamt of getting married in such a place, wearing a beautiful white dress and the man I chose as my future husband waiting for me at the altar. But now I know that will never be.

Should I enter? Maybe... maybe not. I struggle with the indecision, but a young priest comes my way, he doesn't say anything, only motions me to come in. In a funny way he reminds me of a close friend, he has a sweet demeanor and gives me a trusting vibe. Shaking that thought from my head, I start to imagine that it was like he knew I was coming. Like God himself had warned him that I was in something deep. There is no turning back now. I have to do it... I have to get this out of my chest before I do something I might regret.

I enter the small confessional space, get down on my knees and bow my head. "Forgive me Father for I have sinned..."

"When was your last confession?" He asks with a sweet yet serious tone. I try to remember of when exactly the last time was. If I say a month, it would be a lie, another sin on my conscience.

I state with simplicity, trying not to convey much of my guilt, "I don't remember father, I have been very busy." I know it does not sound good. Too busy for God? Maybe that is why I am in such a predicament.

The priest nods his head in understanding and decides to move on, "So what is afflicting your heart my child?"

Now that was the real question, my heart begins to ache. Now, how can I say this? It's just too much, even for me. The priest clears his throat breaking me out of my trance. It seems I have no choice...

"Well," I begin. Was I nervous? Yes. Fidgety? Certainly. Yet I continue, "You see, I don't know what he has. I cannot understand how one can become so absurdly senseless about someone like him.

Is it his locks of blond hair? Sure it's amazingly beautiful and it looks like it were kissed from the sun itself.

Or is it perhaps his icy blue eyes? Which tell you, 'I hate you', yet invite you to love him at the same time.

Or could it be his husky and manly voice? That when he talks to you it soothes you in a way that you know there is nobody else who would make you feel as safe.

Could it be that he is not afraid to fight for what he believes in and has the ruthless

attitude combined with the Prince Charming façade?

Even though he doesn't act always so charming, he has a certain way of saying things with so much passion. That it makes you think there is something worth fighting for. And even though he sometimes tries to act cold and hide his feelings; he doesn't always hide his real self, making other woman fall for him helplessly. Such as, my best friend, Sarah. I know that even men fall for him. I'm a mess Father, it's driving me crazy and I am having impure thoughts... Don't get me wrong all these things I've heard about him are from different admirers of his..."

I stop briefly, my thoughts more of a mess then when I came in. Why couldn't he just love Sarah back? Why did he have to correspond to those feelings? It isn't normal, I know that, not even my own feelings are allowed. How can I forgive him when I can't even forgive myself for having these sentiments? Please mother; father forgive me. Lord, help me; do not pass your refine judgment upon me. I know what I'm doing is wrong, but I just can't help it.

The priest interrupted once again my thoughts, I look over at him, was he smiling? What in the world is he smiling about? Does he not take my eternal damnation seriously? I feel appalled. He thinks I cannot see him through the small peep holes but I can see him all right. He then covers his mouth with his fingers as to dissimulate his amused smile, kind of late for that however.

"My dear child, what you're experiencing is normal at your age. You will have to experiment them sooner or later," he says calmly.

Sooner or later, of course not, how can I? What kind of example would I be setting if I let my emotions control me, this evil feeling that just won't let me live. I am after all leader of the pacifist youth group, I have to set an example, I cannot lie anymore.

"Men and women go through it all the time, there's nothing impure about it as long as you do not turn it into other forms... you know? That would displease God," he continued, he seems embarrassed by the subject, I can tell.

"What other forms can there possibly be? It's in the bible, that emotion that's taking over me is abominable!" I retort in disbelief.

His eyes widened in shock and lets out a small chuckle, I want to murder him. "My child what I'm trying to say is that your thoughts are normal and so are your feelings-"

"Even, if **that** feeling is for my brother?" I cut him off midway.

He chokes, I knew it, it wasn't allowed. He was my brother after all, we are blood bonded.

"You...you...you're brother?" He stutters and his face pale as a white sheet.

"Yes my brother," I reassure him. His expression was frightening me now, it was like he was going to faint. Was it that bad? I guess I really am going to go to hell after

all... "I don't want to go to hell Father, that's why I came here..." I try to explain as best I can, but he was still in shock, "I know I should not feel this especially since it's my brother-"

"Well...that's good that you understand that... it's really bad... bad, bad, bad," he repeats bad over and over.

So now what I felt was bad, honestly which one was it? I'm getting even more confused.

"I know Father... but I can't help but hate Liam, MY BROTHER!"

"Wha....What? Hate him?" He looks flabbergasted.

He hadn't been listening to me at all... or maybe he just didn't understand what I was saying. Either way I maintain my poise and carry on, "Yes Father, I hate him and you want to know the reason?"

He barely nods still his face shows confusion. "Well, because, the love of my life; Ryan, is in love with my brother!"

Without waiting long the priest faints, not even I fainted when I found out those two were in love. The nerve of this man! I might as well leave... to heck with it all, I'm going to hell for hating my brother, so what?



A/N: Well what did you think? Did I get you? I bet you were going to say I was sick and twisted, huh? It was all in good humor though, I hope everyone enjoyed it! Much love to all readers, writers and reviewers 3

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