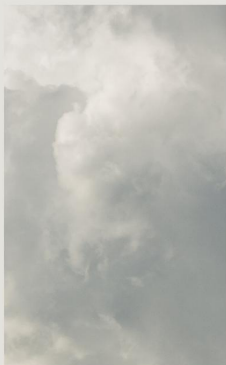
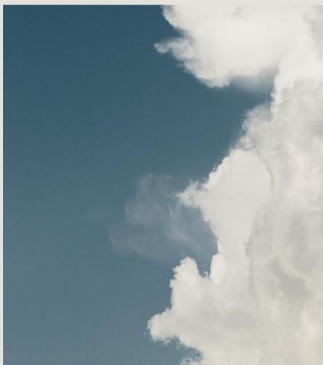


luna

lalynda l.

kai



his loneliness, & her healing

01/

"I wish I could soothe your
turmoil and ease your
pain."

"That's my line."

LALYNDA L.

his loneliness & her healing

a shared story of loss, healing and love.

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First edition

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For all the feelings unsaid.

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I

the lonely poet

One

kai



The ceiling looks plain today, as always, like me. Kai mumbled as he lay on his bed, his body outstretched like his imagination. *Usually,* nothing was in his mind except the empty house, the chirping sound of nature, the sea waves crashing to the shore and the numbness in his chest. The morning sun slowly transitioned to a midday heat and then to a soft, warm afternoon ray, kissing his skin lightly through the open window in his room. In between the changing hue of colours of the sky, Kai cited a few poems for his new writing project. His gaze was occasionally thrown to the hill located just a vision away from his room window; basically, it's viewable from where he lives.

"I guess I'll go today, too," he mumbled, smiling

without realising it. He lets his mind wander around like the free wind to the vision of the scenery from the top of the hill that makes his heart filled with warmth; the crashing sound of the wave to the shore that makes him want to play in the water, to the creation of a scene of a couple falling in love on the hill he loves - that made him smile too - and his imagination brought him to his parents and the city that is unknown to him. Then, a sharp feeling seeped into his heart, making him place his palm on his chest and try to curb it. But the feeling noticed its presence being treated like an invasion, and it multiplied - his chest now like the angry waves, raising and crashing to the shore as if screaming, *'I am here'*.

"Go away," he whispered, barely letting any of his voice be heard. But the feeling almost swallowed him and his voice, him withholding it. His hands were on his ears, covering it as if the voices inside his head could be silenced by shutting it in. After a few moments in silence and letting himself feel the emotions, his body has settled, and he leaves the house with a lingering sense of sombre that he carries. Only by going to the hill he knows will soothe his soul. Kai looked into the sky with his pleading eye, and as if the wind heard his silent prayer, a gust of wind travelled through him. Perhaps nature has been observing him, like how he followed them

with those yearning eyes. Maybe they are preparing something beautiful for the lonely poet who barely spoke with anyone.

||

the crescent moon

Two

luna



*My heart holds a heavy load of emotions at this moment.
I think I might die.*

“Let’s break up,” that’s what her ex said on that same day after she received a call from the hospital and, rather than ‘informing’ it is more like an announcement to the world - *this girl was abandoned three times today, pity her!*

Beep was the sharp noise they left in her mind. Two long beeps plus one short beep; they are dead. Him, too, to her brain.

Luna’s mind felt heavy, and the flash of memories of the three people she cherished so much in her life just said goodbye to her; a flash of memories

like a photograph secretly taken flashed before her. Luna stares blankly into the dark room. The tiny home of her parents seems vast, as if she is watching it through a wide camera lens after the phone call. A heavy thought accumulated in her mind like a full memory card in a camera, and she collapsed to the floor on the second reality-stab of her parent's death. *This is just a dream, right? Did I lose myself in my captured photo out of fear of losing them? Snap it out, Luna! Snap it out. Snap it out.* Then, another call came in — her relative — Luna, snobbishly pressed the answer button and listened to the condolence she put on speaker: Sorry for your loss *Luna. Hang in there alright, sweetheart? We will be at the funeral.*

Beep.

Funeral? Whose? Did someone die? Luna's eyes wandered around the dark room as she curved a forced smile, a tear falling from her eyes. Her hands pressed her phone's screen, dialling her mother. But the call went straight to voicemail. She sighs briefly, the corner of her mouth levitating a little, "Mum, Dad... I'm cooking dinner. Come back soon, *okay?*"

Luna got up from where she collapsed, turning on the light in the living room. In the kitchen. In the toilet. In their empty room. Like a child trying to make sense of losing, trying to live back to the

moment before the phone call. She remembers how she always delayed her visit till the day she could no longer visit them alive, no matter how eager her heart was, and she could barely mutter any words to him - now a ghost of the past - before he pressed the victory button. But, at that moment, she couldn't comprehend the painful thrust of the news of her parent's departure. She could give up everything but to bring her parents back to life again, but she couldn't possibly do that.

Beep.

Sak. Sak. Sak. The knives in her hands pressured onto the tray, cutting vegetables into pieces. The carrots that her mother especially loves and green onions that her father always craves in their comfort food are added into a pot along with a bowl of crushed rice, creating a puffy feeling of eating the special food that she wanted to eat with them only to be left alone with three servings of congee on the night of everyone's departure.

Luna sits at the table of three. *Two seats weren't supposed to be empty*, not like a crescent moon, like her heart. Each spoonful of warm congee couldn't warm her heart on the cold night. And each scoop that reached into her mouth that she could barely open felt like a force that weighed it down, a force of

lingering memories on the shared space, along with a silent drop of tears that accompanied her. On the touch of bowls and spoons, the traces on the table, the everything they used to touch - their feelings, their memories. *This hurts.*



first encounter

Three

little town



Luna carries herself to the little town of Seaview, a backpack on her back and a handbag on her right hand. Honestly, moving any length from the home full of memories with her parents was the last thing on her mind. If she could - and if her relatives didn't visit her that day of the funeral because she didn't show up - she would let herself rot with the memories, sitting at the table of three waiting for her parents for dinner. For their congee. For their greeting. When they found her, her eyes had withered because of the cascading waterfalls that had dried her eyes out. Her eyes didn't bore tears of blood, but her heart had numbed into a hollow, a long and cold hollow that didn't seem to have an end. The life in her eyes has lost its life.

Her relatives were freaked out when they saw her just sitting on the table, staring down at her plate as if she was waiting for someone to come. They were afraid she would become crazy like that so her aunt suggested she go to Seaview. She said it will heal her... well, whatever that is. Luna doesn't know why her feet were standing before a sign, "Welcome to Seaview" but her belongings are in her hands and she was too drained to argue with her relatives to get her home.

Luna's eyes were wandering to her surroundings, the breeze from the ocean was softly blowing her yellow sundress, greeting her. She noticed that there wasn't anyone living there. Not that she saw anyone outside. The roads are empty, no sign of other people living nearby except a cottage house near the ocean that seems to have the perfect view of the ocean. Her eyes continued to wander around and landed her eye on a cliff not so far away from where her aunt's rest house without any trees but seemed to be covered in green landscape, a feeling sparked in her heart as if encouraging her to set foot on the hill with a cliff. Driven by the feeling, Luna quickened her pace of walking to the rest house. After settling her belongings in her room, she quickly searched for her camera and put her white sandals on before running to her destination on the hill.

Four

will i follow you if i fall?



Her eyes gleamed in a pleasant surprise when she reached the hill. *This feels like some kind of magic.* Luna's eyes couldn't stop appreciating the beauty of the hill while taking a mental picture of everything she was seeing, and she forgot she had a camera in her hand. Everything was surreal to her eyes: the fresh breeze from the ocean, the tender kiss of the evening sunlight, the waves that ebb and flow below and the unexplainable feeling she felt when looking at the panoramic view from the hill.

I wish my camera could capture this scenery like I see it now. Luna settled down on the nature-carpeted ground by the short grasses, her hands hugging her knees. For a moment, she has forgotten her sorrows and the profound misery in her heart. For a slight

moment in time, she forgot that she just lost her parents. Luna closed her eyes, and an image of her parents struck inside her mind. She opened her eyes along with the deepening wound in her heart. Her chest starts rising and falls at a quickened pace, her hands trembling, and a deep sadness starts to grow in her heart again. The breeze from the ocean pulled her to the ground again, reassuring her that everything would be alright. At that moment, a drop of warm water cascaded on her cheeks. Luna tried to pull her breath in a long inhale as she slowly changed focus to the waves that crashed to the shore, cooling her troubled heart. That was also when she could swear that the wind whispered to her poetry.

Watching the summer rain before my eyes, I wish I could hold the umbrella for her.

Luna wasn't sure if it was the wind or someone else was on the hill. Still, she felt her heart opening as if the warmth of the evening on the hill seeped into her heart, melting away the sorrows. A massive feeling of something light makes her want to open herself to nature, and she realised on that hill that she could be at least a bit happy. Then, Luna stood excitedly, her earphones playing a ballad song, Kanashikute Yarikirenai, by Kotringo. The song usually makes her want to sleep on her bed all day while listening to it repeatedly, but not today. Today, she wants to resign from the weight that feels bigger than life, a

feeling that could prevent her from seeing the beauty of the panoramic view. Realising having a camera on her neck, she sets it on a timer. She remembers the iconic scene from Titanic. She opens her arms to the wind as if surrendering everything she is feeling, and tears she lets cascade from her eyes like a river. But in that moment of lightness, a heavy feeling jumped her as if from above, as if her parents were saying *are you forgetting us?* Luna's eyes shrank in fear, and with her arms outstretched, she looked below, the cliff where she is standing feels like it's pulling her and a voice from within bore in that terror - *will I follow you if I fall?* As if her body agreed with the guilt of forgetting for a moment, as if saying *you don't deserve to be happy*, her toe lifted, like the voices inside her. Luna's breath quickened but stuck in the middle of her throat, wanting to scream to the wind to help her get back on her feet - to the ground, but her whole body felt like falling, and she closed her eyes in acceptance, affirming every voice that was surfacing. But, just as she lost her ground, an opposite force from behind pulled her as if cutting the cord from the voices, and the cord lost its connection and power to her mind.

At that moment, she opened her eyes in shock and caught a glimpse of a man whose appearance was so ethereal that the moment slowed as their eyes met in the middle before the fall.

Five

the meeting



Kai's heart is bearing a silent turmoil. Still, with each step toward the hill, the imagination of the breezy hill and the singing of the eternal tides that ebb and flow from below is kept in his memory, soothing the inner complexity of human experience that he couldn't let express by citing poetries. At least, not today. The gentle wind caresses his skin as he walks on the path to the top, guiding him to a moment curated gently by nature and by the tides that set in, bringing a new wave after the next.

When his step brings him to the top, an unfamiliar person, a young woman wrapped in her crocheted cardigan, catches his attention, sitting about 80 meters away from Kai. The hill never had visitors except him, who frequented the place and secretly

owned it as his. A silent curiosity embarks on his heart. *What brings this woman here alone?* Not that he has any ill intention. He thinks of chasing her off, even though he couldn't possibly do that - the hill is not his. He sighs. He can bear distractions, but today. Giving up on the thoughts, Kai finally settles down on a comfortable, flat ground, the short grass cushioning his seat and his gaze wandering toward the tides below that he can perfectly see from where he is sitting. No trees are around the hill, only grounds covered with short grasses. That's what he likes about it - a perfect breeze and a perfect panorama. He glances at the woman a few times and notices her wiping her eyes. He wonders if she is crying.

"Watching the summer rain before my eyes, I wish I could hold the umbrella for her." Kai cited a spontaneous poem, half-hoping that she could hear them.

Time passes, and Kai continues observing his surroundings, only to catch the woman standing on the cliff's edge. His eyes enlarged, and the beat of his heart quickened. *No way.* The woman is now outstretching her arms. Kai's body was ready to take action, he screamed "stop" to her but she didn't falter, her feet were lifted as if she was going to jump from the cliff, but she shouldn't - there was only hard ground below. After bellowing a few failed tryouts to the woman he notices her ears are plugged

in with earphones, the exhilarating feeling of the occasional heavy breeze from the ocean feels like a scream to him now. Then, as if he was pushed by the gentle breeze from behind him, he ran to her; his heart was beating like a drum, almost leading him in the other direction to turn his back from the stranger he hadn't yet known, never to come back to the hill again. But he is now gripping her wrist like he grips his pen on a determined day. The earphones fell from her ears as the force of the pull he put on her to get her away from her dangerous position. Her long hair and her soft yellow sundress danced and swirled toward the movement of his and her direction as they met from eye to eye; her expression was bewildered, and he was aware that the cause was his sudden intervention but thought it was necessary. That moment feels slowed by the wind in time, their gaze meeting each other's as if they could see each other's stories through their eyes before the fall. Kai fell onto the ground but was relieved; his chest raised and fell, and she was on top of her chest.

"Thank god," he mutters breathless. The woman doesn't say a word, perhaps angry that Kai intervened in her fate on that cliff. But when he opened his eyes, he noticed her eyes were watering. She raised her body away from him and put herself into a defeated seating position beside her.

“Are you okay?”

Without saying a word, the woman got up and walked away, stopping at a spot he hadn't seen earlier. She picked up a camera and browsed through it, and her finger stopped briefly—a slight smile formed on her face.

“Ah... were you taking a photo?” Kai scratches the back of his head lightly, “I'm sorry, I thought—”

“It's okay,” she replied in her soft voice. She turned her face toward Kai and flashed a bright smile. “Thank you,” she continued.

“Well, since I misunderstood the situation, I don't know what for... but you are welcome.” He smiled. His heartbeat has calmed down.

“I'm Luna,” she introduced herself, and a gush of wind traversed from below as if welcoming her. And you, mister, ocean-blue-eyes?”

Kai, taken aback for a while by Luna's statement, let out a short laugh and smiled. “Kai.”

That day, each heart with differing depths shares a thread of heart, whispering thank you to the universe.

IV

deepening connection

Six

hello again



Luna's heart dances along with her legs as she walks up the hill. Even though a sense of sombre still lingers in her heart like a massive rock tied to her neck, she pushes herself to walk to the hill with the excuse she made for herself—*that she just wanted to capture the view of the sea from the hill*. But her heart knows what its owner is looking forward to.

A flashback of her conversation with Kai played in her mind like a presentation. *There's still so much more in life to be seen!* His voice echoed as she recalled the memory.

When Luna reached the top of the hill, Kai had settled to the ground. His board back was covered with a light-blue shirt, and his snow-like hair blew

gently by the wind, stroking each strand. His feet were crossed as he sat facing the ocean. Luna walked toward Kai and sat beside him. His eyes were closed, and his brows relaxed.

“Kai!” Luna called him in a half-shock tone. Kai opened his eyelids, and two pairs of ocean-blue eyes gazed into hers. A pleasant surprise appeared as a smile captured her blinking eyes.

“Oh, hey, Luna,” he welcomed her warmly.

“Sorry, I was lost in thoughts for a while,” he smiled.

“I bet,” she let out a short giggle, “this hill is captivating after all. Like that time, I almost fell from the cliff,” she laughed.

Kai smiled and sighed, “Yeah, I was worried there. Don’t do that again,” his gaze fell to the spot where they first met, reminiscing the moments together with her, “at least, not alone,” he smirked.

Luna froze for a second. She felt her cheek burning and a sense of tumbling on her chest.

“Your cheeks are red by the way, are you cold?”

“No, I’m warm,” she pouted at his cluelessness. *Idiot.*

Kai turned his gaze to Luna with her puffed-up face and covered his mouth with his arms, trying not to laugh, but after a few moments, he burst into laughter.

“Cute,” he smiled, a subtle smirk on his face.

“Want me to kick you off from the cliff?” Luna smirked, challenging him. Kai feigned a shocked face, raising his hands with his palms facing her.

“Good choice,” Luna smiled. They sat silently, accompanied by the gentle breeze brushing against their skin and clothes. Occasionally, Kai and Luna let out a slight hum as if trying to start the conversation but continued the subtle sound to a made-up hum. They continue like that for a while before Kai finally breaks the silence.

“Can I ask you a question?”

“Ah... yeah, sure,” Luna glanced at Kai and nodded slowly before facing the sea again. “So, question?”

Kai scratched the back of his head. “I mean, you don’t have to answer them if you don’t feel comfortable. I wouldn’t feel comfortable being asked personal questions by a stranger.” He paused for a moment.

“What brings you here?”

“Well, my relatives were worried I’d die too.” She let out a small laugh, a gaze she threw to the horizon.

“Too?”

“My parents died, and I didn’t take it well. Still don’t.” She forced a smile.

“Sorry to hear that.”

“I was sorry to hear it, too.”

They stayed quiet for a while like that. Kai then opened up about his being in Seaview, about living in

loneliness, about not even knowing what his parents do for a living.

“How come?” She asked. He just shrugged.

She wanted to ask him *why he didn't just move out* but swallowed the question. *Maybe another day.*

Seven

another day



Kai partially ran to the top of the hill. His heart was beating like a drum, like a moment of revelation of someone's arrival. *I hope she is here today*, he whispered to himself. When he reached the top, a familiar figure greeted his eyes; Luna's dress was softly blown by the breeze that accompanied her, and her partially tied hair danced gracefully in the air. She wears blue today. Luna was no longer a stranger, and he would feel uncomfortable being around.

Luna noticed Kai's presence and turned her body around. Her hair swivelled as she moved, and she flashed a bright smile as if she was waiting for him, too. Seeing her face, his eyes lit up, but feeling self-conscious, he forcefully turned his gaze

to his surroundings and made a small cough as he approached her.

“Have you been here for a while?” He walked toward Luna and stood beside her.

“Nope! I just got here,” her smile still lingers. I’m glad you came.” She faces Kai, a subtle hue of pink visible on her face. Maybe she realized that, too, so she turned her face away and started talking excessively about random things. He just loses himself in her facial expression, how she wears her feelings on her sleeve amidst the loss, the breakup, and everything in between. *What a strong girl she is*, Kai thinks to himself.

Kai settled beside Luna as they both turned their faces toward the panorama of eternal tides crashing onto the shore, a never-ending rhythm. The cold sea breeze traversed from below, caressing their hair and troubled hearts, each holding secrets. Luna’s fingers played with the grass around her, and her legs fidgeted nervously. Noticing her disquiet, Kai gently reached his fingers into her hands, caressing them.

“Your heart seems troubled.” He glanced over, offering a slight smile to lighten the heavy mood. Luna turned her face toward Kai briefly before focusing her eyes on the ebbs and flows of the ocean without uttering a word except for a faint hum of affirmation. Kai took a long breath, exhaling it with

a sense of vulnerability. Tension built in his body, and Luna, observing his unease, flashed a strained smile.

"It's okay. Don't worry about me."

Kai faced her again. "Don't say that. You know I don't mind lending my ears to you." Luna paused at the sentiment; the smile now faded. She closed her eyes, placing the palm of her hand on her chest, feeling the life she still had.

"I am still alive," she let out a soft and brief giggle, her mind briefly revisiting the day she lost her 'everyone.' "I wish I weren't," she smiled softly, turning her face to Kai, letting her hair flow freely. A sense of gratitude gleamed promptly on her face, although the words she conveyed could be interpreted otherwise. Kai sighed in acknowledgement but returned her smile.

"I know you weren't," Kai turned his face to her, their gaze now meeting in the middle.

"I hope you are glad you are still alive, Luna." He paused, his hand scratching the back of his head. "But you know, I-"

Just before Kai continued, Luna voiced in; her brows furrowed as she buried her head in a knee hug.

"Why did they leave me?" Her voice shook, a muffled vulnerability escaping through her self-hug action. Kai's heart melted in empathy, and he raised

his hand to caress her head, but Luna's swearing stopped him. He pulled back his hand, realizing maybe he should listen to her rant. They sat like that for hours, with Luna crying her heart out. Without Kai noticing, a seed had been sowed inside his heart as he listened to her ramblings. The name of Luna's ex from her mouth tugged at his heart, and the emotional confession to her parents, who had taken their eternal rest, softened his heart, making him yearn to pull her into a hug and warm her heart.

"I wish I could soothe your turmoil and ease your pain."

I'm glad you are still alive; I'm glad to have met you.

Eight

the kiss



A few weeks passed, and they opened up about their secrets and their life, about how Luna regretted not visiting home when her parents called her and how she made excuses that she was busy with work. Kai was privy to her regret, her desire, and what happened on that cliff that day; how she said she heard her parents' voice in her head saying that she couldn't move on from their deaths. But he knows she said that to herself, trying to remember and relive the past, to let the memories live, their voices to hers, as if they were the ones saying it.

Kai, Luna then understands why he stayed in Seaview. He said he hadn't moved to the city, even when he felt lonely in this place alone, because he loved the hill they were sitting on. He never had

any difficulties with money because his parents had always given him an allowance since he moved here. But Luna then knows that it was a lie. He later admitted that he had a bad past and was practically grounded in Seaview.

“Why?” she asked. Then he told a story about his troublesome friends and how that led him to become a worrisome teenager. *I just wanted to fit in*, he said.

“They found out,” his grin ebbed and flowed. Well, it sunk.

So he felt lonely.

Luna gazed at him for a while, and he noticed the depth of his eyes, like the ocean and how each strand of his hair would create a masterpiece to be captured by a camera. But no camera can catch what she sees through her eyes.

I want to touch it.

Kai turned his face toward her and smiled as if the winter in his world was melting. Their eyes met. Luna felt a lot at that moment; his being made her feel the same way as when she wanted to resign from the feeling that the past created — the cliff, that day, and Kai. And, without her noticing it, her lips murmured words only fully heard by her.

I want to touch it so bad.

“Your hair looks so gorgeous,” Luna smiled, the corner of her eyes crinkling. Her hand reached for his perfectly ethereal hair, but she stopped when she

realized her action.

“Ah, sorry!” Luna pulled her hand back; her face was fuming red, but Kai grabbed her wrist gently and led her palm onto his hair, smiling.

“Go on, Luna,” his ocean eyes gazed into her earthy eyes, reassuring her action.

At that moment, a share of vulnerability and openness is surfacing; Luna giggles and caresses his hair gently as if Kai is a puppy and his face is lighting up. When their eyes meet, a magnetic pull sparks, but they hesitate to continue.

“May I?” His eyes are filled with yearning as he traverses his right hand to her cheek, cupping it with his warm palm. Luna’s words are unsaid but clear. Her face painted a rosy cheek. Her eyelids slowly closed, waiting for the deepening connection between them, closing the gap. The breeze from the sea doesn’t drown the warmth that the moment creates. His arms wrap around her delicate body as she puts her hands on his chest. At that moment, two souls on that high green landscape created a mental masterpiece, each cherishing the moment they had with each other. His warmth wraps around her with unspoken words, and she puts them in the frame of an uncaptured masterpiece that they wish could last forever.

v

i do love

Nine

should i say the words?



Just before Kai was about to leave, Luna grabbed his t-shirt from behind - her face on the ground before facing up, her eyes into Kai's. *Don't go; that's* how her eyes speak, now glazed. Kai's eyes reflected the calm sea with the waves not crashing, slowly approaching the shore before retreating again. The tears that fell from her eyes tugged his heart. Kai squatted to her level, meeting her eyes adjacent as he took her hand, gripping it firmly but in a way that made her feel secure, "Luna, I can't read into your mind, so tell me," His eyes gazing into hers calmly, "what is it?" Her eyes swiftly pointed down, trying to avoid eye contact before murmuring a barely audible word.

"Stay."

Kai sighed in relief; his brows relaxed along with

the relieved smile. His hands reached for her head and patted her. Luna reached for Kai's embrace, his warmth melting away the long hollow in her heart and a tear of vulnerability slowly cascading in the calmness he brought to her. They stay like that for a while until the sunset transforms into an orange hue, which brings solace to each soul on the hill that day, bringing together two hearts into a growing seed of closeness and vulnerability that is only shared between them.

"Wanna stay at my place today?" He asked.

Luna nods slowly.

"Alright, come," Kai squatted to the ground, "piggyback," he smiled. Luna's face lights up a little as she approaches his back, throwing her arms around his neck and resting her cheek on his back.

"Are you carrying me till there?" She pointed her finger to his home. Kai nods.

"Am I heavy?"

"A little," he chuckled.

"Hmph."

"Joking, joking," he laughed, and he felt her smiling from her cheeks pressed on his back.

When they reached his home, Luna drifted into sleep, and Kai laid her down on his bed and covered her in his blanket. He sat beside his bed, gazing at her sleeping face.

She's so cute. Kai leaned to Luna, a few inches apart from her face. His eyes landed on her pink lips, and he sighed, his head purposefully bopping to the mattress. *That was a bad idea.* Kai turned his face to her again and landed the kiss on her forehead, a playful smile curved on his face. *Sorry.*

Kai got up from the floor and took a pillow from Luna's side. Before he closed the door behind him, he turned his face toward her; his brows relaxed, looking at her peaceful face, and he murmured a word he couldn't say. It's not that they are dating, but it does feel to Kai to be that way. I wonder how she feels about it. He lets out a silent sigh. I need to make it clear. There was an innocent burning sensation on his cheeks.

Goodnight, my sweet girl.

VI

final

Ten

final moments



Her warm hand is in mine; it's so tiny and delicate, making me want to protect her more than anything else. We walk toward the hill hand in hand with our hearts stringing together as one and synchronize like the tides that crash somehow gently and powerfully to the shore each time; it reminds me of her, this girl who's walking beside me with her heart gleaming so beautifully since the day I saw it shone on that cliff and the way she weep in mute. I want to tell her to cry loudly like how the waves crash to the shore; I want her to let it all out on me - I'd listen to her cry till she falls asleep, and I'd gaze at her forever, citing poetries about how beautiful she looks when she mumbles to herself half-sleeping and... this beautiful girl happens to be mine. *How lucky can I get with her?*

I want to tell her.

We reached the top of the hill where we met for the first time; she mimicked a scene from the Titanic and how I ran over her, thinking I saved her. But, really, she was the one who saved me.

“Luna, thank you.”

She turned her face to mine, “Hm? What for?”

“Thank you for saving me.”

“Hey! That’s my line,” she chuckled. Her face lit up, and I smiled back at her and kissed her forehead. *I am moonstruck by you.*

“Luna,” I say, taking both of her hands. I gaze into her eyes. *I want to make it clear today.*

“I love you.”

