



Love letter

You said you wouldn't regret it...  
But i fell that you will, and strongly.

Today, i an really happy. I finally made it: i engaged into a real conversation with you. I was proud of me. I thought that i was finally reaching you. This year was wonderful to me. I've had my personal evolution, even if it wasn't for "the best". I was building, brick a brick, my own self. And i saw in you more than a "crush". I've felt a friend in you. I was... I am afraid to lose you. And i crushed in you. Noy only because of your beauty. You become my vicious.

I love your smell;

I caught myself in many attempts of feeling it, and thank Goodness i didn't make anything weird.

I love your way of dealing with everything. You're responsible, and yet, carefree. How i envy you. I wanted to be like you. I... Want to be you.

I love when you talked to me. I

t made me feel important, special. I remember that i was jealous of anyone who would come into a conversation with you. I asked myself many times if you were gay, even.

I love your smile.

You said to me that i was the only one that made you smile like that. You said that you needed to control yourself to not lose control of it. Heck, i felt special again.

I love your eyes.

As much common as the color of your eyes are, they are more that eyes to me. Many times, i tried to see if they were dilated... I don't regret it. Looking at them is wonderful.

I love your body.

Not only in a sexual way. Of course, i've imagined myself in a sexual way with you... No erotic dreams, though, i can assure you that. But I've always wondered how it was to hug you, to kiss you, to... Touch you, maybe. I get sweaty when i hold your hands, i think you noticed.

I love your passion.

You have passion. But who didn't noticed that? You do anything you put your mind into, and that amazes me. The things you say in our conversations is passionate. The way you explain everything, even in the smallest details.

I love when you talked about your fears.

I know i won't remind most of them, but you know i can't remember much about anything. When you talk about them, even if you talk about it very rarely, that feeling that you trust me... It's warming.

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I love you. All of you.

Even the flaws. But nobody is literally perfect. I think that if you were like that, i wouldn't like you, afraid.

Because i have flaws, too. You... Made me fell everything.

You make me feel happy.

Every day, even in the smallest talk, or sending a like of something that made you remind of me.

You make me feel angry.

Every time you talked with some random student, i felt my heart burning, i felt that i wouldn't it your attention anymore, and that annoyed me for a long time. Until i accepted and told you how i felt.

You made me feel heartbroken.

I don't have to mention why, though. I couldn't understand why you didn't accept my confession in the first time. I didn't knew what to do next. Now is another reason, but i don't know what will happen next. Every little detail about you is in a part of my "heart". I... Wonder if you still have my letter?

Sorry, my letters.

By the way... I never wanted you go see the third one. I wasn't thinking at all, and when i was think, it was too late. I'm sorry.

– I love you.

You said that those three words would defeat me.

You're right.

I... Always waited for you to say those words to me.

But not like this. It was... Too weird...

I couldn't accept it. Not after all i did to you. I've made you feel anger and sadness countless times, I wasn't worth of you.

I am not worthy to be your love.

I know I'm not.



...and to think that you won't see this unless i show you. Heh.

I'm sorry. I really want to, but...

Could i make you as happy as you make me? I'm afraid the answer is no.

I love you.

And if you think I'm not worthy, i will accept it, wanting or not.

If you only want me to be a friend, then so be it.  
I promise you that i will accept your decision.

Sincerely yours, Sam.