

# The mistake

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*A boy, a girl, a romance at an end...*

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## 1 - a simple mistake

The girl looked at him unbelieving. "How could you?! After all we have been through" she shouted at him, tears streaking down her pale face.

"I didn't mean too!! I was intoxicated!" he said looking at her. He too had tears in his eyes. As he looked into the girl's dazzling green eyes he saw that he had truly hurt her. He looked away not being able to stand the pain in her eyes. "I'm sorry...I messed up" he said softly.

"You messed up a lot! I hope you're happy now! It's over Jason! It really is, I can't handle this!" she cried as she turned to leave.

Jason reached out and grabbed her arm as she did this. "You and I both know you don't want to do this" he whispered. "Please...don't do this Ariana please don't" he said quietly, his eyes glazed with fresh tears.

"Let me go Jason! You know very well that there is no point in trying to stop me....T-this is your fault" Ariana said as she pulled her arm free from his grasp. She wiped tears from her eyes and walked out of the apartment and into the hall. "I'll be back later for the rest of my stuff" she said quietly.

"Come on it was only one kiss!" Jason yelled after her.

"One kiss and that's all it takes Jason. You know I can't stand this" she said as she continued down the hall.

Jason could hear her sobbing the whole way down the hall. Then she turned the corner and disappeared, as she did this his heart sank. He didn't want to lose her, she was his everything, but she was right this had been his fault, and he deserved it. Even if it did cause him a lot of pain to admit this he did admit it to himself. He had hoped she would not do this but he honestly couldn't blame her.

## 2 - pain that wont leave

When Ariana showed up at the house 2 hours later Jason was waiting, roses in his hand. When she knocked Jason opened the door and offered her the roses. Ariana pushed them aside looking at him. "Jason I'm here for my stuff...that's all. Don't make this harder than it has to be." she said softly as she walked in.

Jason looked at her completely shocked. Then he noticed something. "Ariana, why are you wearing those arm warmers?" he asked looking at her.

Ariana looked at him. "They went with my outfit!" she snapped as she went into her room and started packing. She began quickly packing her close in a small duffle bag.

Jason walked in and watched her. Then he walked over behind her and grabbed her hand tightly in his. He didn't give her time to react, he pulled back her arm warmer and looked at her arm. His face went paler as he let go of her arm. "Ariana...Y-you said you'd never do that again...." he said look worried.

Ariana looked away, tears silently slipping down her face. "That was before this...before you did that to me..." she whispered, as she continued to pack her bag. "The sooner I get backed the sooner I can be out of here" she said.

Jason looked at her and shook his head. "I-I never wanted to hurt you Ariana...I love you...I-I didn't mean to do that to you" he said weakly as he sat down, putting his head in his hands.

Ariana ignored him and finished packing. She zipped up the bag and walked to the door. "Jason...I loved you...and y-you kissed another girl...just tell me something...why?" she asked quietly looking at him for a second, but after he didn't answer she moved to leave.

"I told you...I was drunk...I didn't mean to....I loved you...and I still do...please....don't do anything stupid because of me..." Jason said as he looked up at where Ariana had paused.

Ariana shook her head and walked out of the house, out of his life. He couldn't believe what had just happened, she had been here. She had been within his reach, but he had ruined it all. He looked at the door, and two tears slipped down his face. He made her do that, he made her start cutting again. He only hoped she didn't do anything else. He never wanted to hurt her, or have her go, but now he had done both. All for a few beers and one night out. He knew this was his mistake and she was now the one paying for it. He had caused her pain, and not just pain but the kind that never goes away.

Jason got up, threw the roses in the trash and sat down on his bed. He was overcome with grief. He had lost everything, and it was all his fault. He opened the nightstand drawer and pulled out a small blue box. He flipped opened the box and stared at the dazzling diamond and gold engagement ring. He shut it, furious with himself and threw it across the room. There was no use for it now, she was gone. His one true love had left, and now his plans for the weekend were gone too.

He had, had it planned for a while now. He was going to ask her to marry him, on their two year anniversary, the 18th of november. Which happened to be next week. Why had he been so dumb? Why had he done that to her? He didn't know. He didn't understand how it happened, and he wasn't happy about it.

Finally he decided to try and sleep. Laying down he soon drifted of to a restless sleep. His nightmares filled with Ariana leaving, dieing, and cutting herself. The worst part was he felt it was his fault.

### 3 - 2 visits in one day

Jason awoke the next day to a knock on the door. He jumped up, hoping that it was Ariana. He flattened down his hair, dressed quickly and ran to the door. He pulled it open, a smile on his face. Yet the smile soon disappeared. It wasn't Ariana, in fact it was the one person he didn't want to see right now.

"Are you going to invite me in or what?" the blonde haired girl asked with a smirk.

"Well....no...you shouldn't be here Krista..." Jason muttered.

"Where did your girl go? left you after she found out about our kiss?" she asked, walking into the house anyways.

Jason shut the door and turned around to look at the girl who had cause all this. "Krista I didn't invite you here...and if it is any of your bussiness yes she left me" he said somewhat glaring at her.

"Ohh...so sad...ohh...well...you know you can do better than that. You know you liked me and you still do" she said, sitting down on the couch, putting her feet under her as she did so.

Jason blinked. He couldn't believe her, and she was even sitting like Ariana did. "I did like you yes I will admit it...but that was before I met Ariana. I love her, and I have no feelings left about you, except hate" he said slightly angrily. "You do realize what you ruined right? I was going to ask her to marry me next week...and now she's gone!" he said raising his voice slightly. It seemed like Krista was about to say something but thought better of it. "I want you out of my house now!!" Jason yelled.

He marched over to the door and threw it opened, with a loud bang. After a minute he heard sobbing behind him and his heart sank. He slowly turned around to see Ariana standing in the doorway. Krista laughed a bit and smiled at her. "Hi!" she shouted.

Ariana turned and took of down the steps crying hard. Jason ran after her, and grabbed ahold of her arm. "Ariana please...you don't understand" he pleaded.

Ariana shook her head. "No...Y-you don't understand...I was coming back...I was g-going to give you a second chance" she cried. Jason looked at her, to taken aback to realize she had her hand free. She pulled something from her pocket and threw it at him, then ran to her car and got in. Before Jason could do anything she had pulled out of the house, and was on her way down the road.

Jason picked up what Ariana had thrown at him, and a tear slipped down his cheek. In his hand he held the ticket stub of the first movie he had ever seen with her. He couldn't believe she had kept it all this time. He put the stub in his pocket and walked back into the house, looking furious, but sad at the same time. "GET....OUT....NOW!!!!!" he yelled at Krista.

Krista got up with a smirk and walked over to him. "You know where to find me if you ever need

company" she whispered in his ear. She walked out the door and down the steps, then she paused. She turned around and said simply, as if it ment nothing to her "and sorry about your girlfriend...real shame", and with a laugh she walked to her car and got in.

Jason shut the door and locked it. He sat down and once again put his head in his hands. Everything was going wrong. He could have had her back. He could have had his life back, but Krista had seen that he didn't. He was mad. At Krista. At Himself. He picked up the phone and called Ariana's friend.

"Hello?"

"Hey, is Ariana there?" Jason asked.

"Hang on" the girls voice said. Jason bit his lip, he heard whispering and then the voice was back. "No...she"s not here" the girl said.

"I just heard you talking to her" he said impatiently.

"No actually..I was going to tell you she has a new number..."

"Can you give me it?" he asked.

"No..."

"Please?"

"Ohh...fine but you didn't get it from me got it?" she said.

"Fine" Jason said. He jotted down the number as the girl gave it to him. Then he hung up the phone, picked it back up and dailed the new number. There was no answer at the house, and he suspected that she had caller id, so he left a message on her phone, begging her to call him back.

But she didn't call him back. A week past and still there was no answer. Then one day Jason got a call from on of Ariana's friends asking him if he knew where she was, because she hadn't called her back from last night. This is when Jason began to worry.

## 4 - Death of a lover

Jason got in his car and hurried over to Ariana's friends house. When he arrived he asked her for Ariana's new address, and after begging her for it she finally gave in and gave him the address. Jason thanked her repeatedly, then got in his car and took off for Ariana's house. He didn't arrive until nearly an hour later.

As he turned off the car he got a very bad feeling in his stomach that something was wrong, yet he didn't want to think that something was wrong. He wanted to walk in there, apologize, and give Ariana a huge hug. Yet as he got out of the car and headed up the sidewalk to her house, his feelings worsened. When he reached the door he knocked twice, when no one answered he put his hand on the door knob. After waiting about a minute he turned it and the door swung forward. Jason called Ariana's name once, but when she didn't reply he walked in.

He walked through out Ariana's house, calling her name every once in a while, but she still didn't answer. Jason had just about given up when he reached her room. He knock then pushed open the door. He looked around. Ariana's clothes were laying on the bed, razorblades and knives scattered the top of her dresser and an odd stain, that Jason thought looked an awful lot like blood, led from her dresser to a door, that Jason hadn't noticed till now.

Jason's heart sank as he walked towards the door. He walked to the door, knocked once, the put his hand on the door knob. He bit his lip preparing himself for the worse. He pushed opened the door, and stood froze. His heart felt like it had exploded in his chest. Nothing that he could have done would have prepared him for the dreadful scene that was now laid out before his eyes.

Ariana's pale naked body was submerged in crimson water. Water that had been colored by her own blood, he noticed from the cuts on both of her wrists and ankles. Her once beautiful face now contorted with pain. He moved closer and looked down at her frail body. He reached down and gently lifted her head out of the water. That's when his last hope sunk. She really was dead. He moved back from her body looking horrified.

He looked around the room, and noticed a small crimson stained note laying on the counter beside her. He hesitated a minute and then picked up the blood stained piece of paper. He slowly began to read it to himself....

*To whom ever finds me or cares,*

*I can't take it anymore. The pain has become to much, and my life is pointless now. Everything has exploded in my face, and I don't feel I have a reason to live anymore. This was the only way out. The only way I saw. I appologize if there was another way that I missed, and I hope you can forgive me. I never wanted to hurt anyone, but I can't take it. I have lost everything I once loved. I feel that it is my fault I lost them. I can't help but wonder, what if I had been prettier, or skinnier? Maybe if I would have I never would have lost him. Jason was my everything, and when I lost him, I had nothing. So here I am reduced to nothing. Nothing but a hollow shell. I hope that I have not hurt anyone to much.*

*I am sorry if I have. and I have one thing left to say. I hope that whoever reads this will kindly give Jason this message from me. Jason, I loved you. I always loved you. Even as I died. I died with you on my mind. I want you to know I thought about you even as I drew my final breath. I remembered everything I've ever done with you or said to you and I hope you remember to. I remember you telling me, promising me that you would love me forever. I remember and I hope you always remember that. "Cause I always will love you even if I am dead. Please don't forget me.*

*your's truly,*

*Ariana*

Jason's chest hurt as he let the paper slip from his hands. He knew it was his fault, and there was the proof, written in Ariana's handwriting and very clearly. He turned from the room, to find a phone. He knew he needed to call the cops. He needed to get someone here right away. He looked around, and soon found the phone. When he picked it up he saw that his number was the last number on the called list. She had called him right before she did this, but she had hung up too soon. Jason wiped a tear from his face. He could have stopped her. He could have saved her had she only just stayed on the phone a bit longer. After calling 9-1-1 and reporting the emergency, he sank into Ariana's bed. Hot tears slipping down his cheeks as he looked at her pale lifeless form.

It had been his fault. As much as he didn't want to believe it, it was his fault. She wouldn't have done it if he would have never drunk. If he just would have stayed sober. He had been extremely dumb to drink, but he really hadn't meant to. He continued to blame himself, even when the police tried to convince him that it hadn't been his fault.

He knew it had been. They knew it. And she had known it too. Now he was the one who had nothing.