

Picking Up the Pieces

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A "what if" story based on what would happen if I would ever be reunited with my ex-girlfriend.

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Written by Adrian Sheppard

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Authors Note: What happens when an ex-girlfriend of mine suddenly turns up at my home after some long years? Would the old flame be reignited? This is a "What If" story.

It was eleven o'clock one night and I was lying in my bed. I had finished looking at my favourite `Knight Rider DVD and now I was tired. The night was a bit chilly, but I did not let that worry me too much. As a matter of fact, I enjoyed it because it was making me feel relaxed.

In no time at all, I had drifted off to sleep.

No sooner had I fallen asleep than I heard the doorbell ringing. At first, I thought I was only dreaming and so after a few seconds, I lay back down on the bed.

However, I heard the doorbell ringing once again. I heard it ringing a third time and so I had to get out of bed. I stealthily crawled my way towards the living room door and I opened it slowly and carefully, in case there was any intruder about to pounce on me like a hungry lion.

Standing near the doorway, was a girl. She was well-dressed and there was something about her that was quite familiar.

"Good night." the girl answered in a shy way.

"Good night." I repeated. Then I asked, "What do you come here at this time of night for? You aint realize that its after eleven? I need to sleep."

"Im sorry that I woke you at this time," replied the girl, "but..... but I.....I want to talk to you, Adrian Sheppard."

I was taken by surprise. The girl knew my name! "How did you know my name?" I asked her. I added, "But I dont even know you."

"But you should remember me, Adrian." the girl responded, "Dont you remember me?"

"Who are you anyway?" I whispered with my eyes narrowed.

"I.....Im Giselle Coutou. Giselle April Coutou." the girl replied, "You remember me? You used to have a big crush on me. You went Rosary Boys RC?"

"Yeah. I did." I answered. For a moment, I grew speechless and I looked at Giselle and she looked at me.

A series of flashbacks coursed through my head. Flashbacks of my primary school days when I first saw Giselle and fell in love with her and all the other boys knew it. Flashbacks of Giselle and I strolling along the school compound and spending a lot of time with each other. Flashbacks of the both of us helping each other with school work. And flashbacks of when she was taken away from me; thus our blossoming relationship had suddenly fallen apart.

Finally, I took one long deep breath and replied, "Yes. Yes. I do remember you. But how did you ever manage to travel from wherever you came from and find me here?"

Giselle replied, "Its a long story. But I would very well appreciate it if you just let me in. Please let me come in. After all, I dont mean any harm."

"All right, Giselle." I sighed and I stepped aside to let her come in. I offered her a seat on the couch and she sat down. I sat next to her.

For a short time, I still found it hard to believe that I was face to face with that girl I had loved and who had broken my heart even after one year of our relationship. Besides it was twelve years ago- twelve long years!

Giselle looked at me and she spoke, "Adrian, I can still see the glow in your eyes. I hope that it still burns for me." I did not make any effort to speak.

She continued, "Theres something I want to confess to you now. I didnt want to do it then, but still something deep down inside me prompted me to come all the way here and find you. You know someone told me once that you should not put out a flame that was meant for good reason, because a time may come when you may need it once more." Giselle paused, took a deep breath and continued, "Adrian, Ive come to realize that I was such a fool after Id dumped you for someone else twelve years ago."

"But twelve years ago is a long long time." I said to her, "I dont want to bring these old sad and grave memories back to haunt me. Face it, Giselle. Ive moved on after you broke my heart and I dont want to bring back these sad memories to haunt me."

Giselle pleaded, "Adrian please understand, Im not here to intimidate you or to bring you down after twelve years. I know that has passed. Ive been a fool for so long, I was absent in realizing that you have been the best friend I ever knew. I know I tore that love letter you wrote me and I left you for some other boy named Richard. Little did I know, he would be the miserable hurting kind to give me love once and then turn his back on me. I have been in love with so many other guys after that, but one by one, they all made me miserable and brought me down. I went through depression after that. I was so angry with myself that I even wanted to commit suicide." She was so sad that she began crying. As I gave her my handkerchief to dry her eyes, I could feel that she wanted me back after all.

I waited a while until Giselle stopped crying, then I said, "Im sorry, Giselle." I meant that I was sorry that she had to go through a lot, only to realize that everything she had done was wrong.

When she felt better, she continued her confession, "That was when someone who had helped me in my turbulence told me never to put out a flame that you may need someday along the line. I thought about you and all the friends Ive known all my life. You were the best one and I hope that you still are. So what Im trying to say is that I apologize for belittling you so long ago. I know it must have been hard for you. Ive made so many mistakes, so I want to make it up to you. Im wiser now. Its all up to me now to pick up the pieces. I promise that what happened to us long ago will never happen again."

For once, I was speechless, but somehow, I managed to smile. "Are you for real, Giselle?" I finally said. "Of course." said Giselle, "I can still see that the flame is still glowing in your eyes." Then she put her hands to my cheeks and went on, "Adrian, my love, the flame inside me still burns for you. I want you to say `yes to me when I ask you this. Honey, is there still a `you and me?"

I was deep in thought for a second, and I finally responded, "Yes, my love, there is still a `you and me." "Honest?" asked Giselle.

"Honest." I repeated.

For the first time, we smiled- like wed never smiled- in twelve long years. "Do you forgive me, sweetheart?" Giselle asked me in all earnestness.

I replied, "Yes, my love, I do love you and I do forgive you."

We stared into each others eyes and sure enough, Giselle knew what she was talking about. The flame still burned for us. "Kiss me, darling." said Giselle. I put my lips close to hers and we kissed.

We were so deep in love that Giselle soon shook herself, realizing that it was indeed late.

"Oh gosh!" she sighed, looking at her wristwatch, "Midnight already? Its late."

"Of course it is late, and I wont want you venturing out at this time." I said to her in a loving but cautious tone.

"Youre sure right, Adrian." said Giselle.

"Dont worry now, Giselle." I said, "You have a place to stay where youll be safe. Right here."

"Thank you so much, Adrian." said Giselle. By this time, she was smiling and I too was smiling and just out of the blue, we were both laughing. Indeed it felt great to laugh with Giselle once more.

"Careful not to wake up the neighbours." said Giselle. She put her arms around my neck and pulled me towards her saying, "Come back here, boy, lets go to bed." in a playful manner.

For the rest of the night, Giselle and I kissed and kissed until we eventually fell onto the bed and were soon fast asleep.

The End.