

# Love to hate

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*hell is welcome to all*

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**Chapter 1 - Untitled**

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# 1 - Untitled

It's been like a love but I can't tell we have known each other for 2 years but have hinted nothing. My opinion of love is a passion or need for togetherness. I don't quite feel the need but yet I am always into myself around her is that love or is it shyatry just can't tell. Has your life been messed up by females as you see men have mistreated them yet women have commanded men with their power of beauty. Have men their true love or is it the game of a female shall men ever find ones true love.

To me love is a mystery yet has it imposed on us the hate found in the love. Males of all species fight over females do they choose the game and lure the men into the mystifying trap we call love. As the hate surface destructive thoughts surface men start fighting. In this is another appears are men really in control or is it just an illusion. In this I start my story of a future me fiction.

It's a dark stormy night and a man in a dark trench coat is walking down a city street and keeping to himself. He has dirty blond hair and a square chin his face is buried in the brown trench coat. He takes no notice to muggers or homeless. occasionally throws a coin to the beggars. He keeps walking till he gets to a bar. He opens the door and sits down at the bar and orders some clean mud or in plainer terms a cup of water. A man comes near and starts to jump the man but the man grabs his shirt twists around and hits him in the head. A girl comes up and asks for a time alone the man slowly gets up and walks away leaving the man behind.

The man walked down the dark and musty road till he comes to elegant looking apartments. He walks up four flights of brightly decorated stairs to room 231896a he put his hand on the door handle. The door identifies him and lets him in. The room has a table in the center with robot maid offering help to the woman sitting at the table furiously typing taking no awareness to man the maid looks up and gasps. She drops the pink kettle she was holding. It shatters in many pieces just as the woman gets up and slowly walks toward him. She lunges toward then wraps her hands around him in a hug. She starts to talk when he quietly tells her to be quiet. He turns around and lunges at the door. At that moment the door opens and 4 thugs with guns look at the lunging man with stark terror! He knocks them down and pulls out a gun and fires! Suddenly the rope from the gun wraps about them in a bear hug! He asks "Who sent and why or ill take it off rope into fry?"

"They sent us to get you because you took Bria from our boss! Therefore, he sent us to get you out of the picture if you know what I mean!" Said the guy on the left in gruff voice!

At that moment a man in a hover car gets out and is carrying two little hearts for valantines! He comes and walks up to Owen (The Man)  
He hands the big one to Owen and the small one to bria . Hers Says take 10 steps back

Owens just said "BBBBOOOOOMMM"

It Blew sending everthing into a frenzy

Hate is cause of my story Theres no love without hate and thatâ€™s the way its always been!