

For You who I Love Forever

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A collection of stories I would tell someone I love....

Daily things, stories, etc....

Dedicated with a fan's forever love to him... you can guess? Probably not...

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/firefoxfireball101/52648/For-You-who-I-Love-Forever>

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1 - From me to you

This is me, Stephe. I am 14 this year. I have never bothered to ever write anything to you. But things are different now. This courage of writing to the one I admire... and love more than my own conscience... fascinating. I've loved you ever since I've seen you, your soft and passionate eyes twinkling, your soft ebony hair cut into layers that cling to your neck, the rose red lips that curve into a delicate smile... and the beautiful skin, a perfect shade of light tan. I have never seen anyone more perfect.

I try everyday to find your address, a phone number, an email address... a connection... But there is noway to reach you. You stand there, ou of my grasp, just centimeters away. Not even a strand of hair close enough to reach you. Each night, I think of you before sleeping. And the more I do, the more I miss you. You, who has never seen me, has never heard of me, has never even known I existed. But me, who knows you, has seen you, has known you existed the moment she saw you. This horrendous thing you call "one-sided love".

I spent today, writing to you, trying to send this to you, who will never find this and will never know my true feelings. I spent my time, loving a person I can never be with, but always try to get closer to. My love, please accept this, this letter. I cry as I type these words. I cry as the small heart of mine is shattered by the great distance in between us. Ah, lord, I pray to thee, please let me meet him. Even If I must die, please. Just once, I want to meet him. To love and love and love him. To be able to say how long I've adored him. To say my life-long emotions, to say how much I thought he was perfect... Perfect...

2 - The lovely voice

I've heard you sing songs. They are so pretty. The beautiful melody and the heartwarming lyrics. I love them all. But what I love the most is your voice. It's deep, yet it's smooth and very angelic. Just like an angel. I sometimes wonder to myself how you can sing like that. How was it that you ironed out the creases in your voice as you grew up. How each and every single sound that comes out of your mouth hits a note perfectly, and lets it ring around the rooms you go into. How your voice is as thick and sweet as the melted chocolate hot on the stove. A wonder I'll never solve.

I liked the songs you sang by yourself. When I heard you sing, I almost cried. An angel, indeed. I think that you sound so beautiful when your voice is not muffled by the screeches of your fellow friends who attempt to sing like you. I look forward to the day that I can freely listen to your voice, the softness and sweetness of an angel on Earth.

I have attempted to sing. I want to be just like you someday, catch your attention someday, be as popular as you someday. I try to match your preciseness in intonation, your soft and sweet voice, and the feelings you put in each and every song. And maybe, next time you walk past me, I'll be able to sing for you. A different sweet voice to listen to.