

The Black

"You were so looking at that guy!" Ben shouts as we enter my room.

"Ben! How can you be so blind?! I was not looking at him!" I shout right back at him.

"You love to fuck guys! Why wouldn't I be worried about you looking?!" Ben backs me up against a wall.

I gasp, "...are you calling me a slut?" tears cover my eyes, pushing him away from me.

Ben realizes what he had said and walks back up to me, I can't move since my back is to the wall.

"No Roni I didn't mean-"

"Fuck you Ben! I only have eyes for you, why can't you put the past me where she belongs?! In the fucking past!" tears fall.

"Roni.. I'm so stupid," Ben pushes himself o the wall, walking away from me.

He covers his face as he sits on the edge of my bed.

I walk over to him, wiping my tears. I sit next to him and remove his hands from his face, making him look at me.

"Look, we've gotta have trust in this relationship, okay Ben? I only have eyes for you no one else, I wouldn't dream of looking at another guy the way I look at you," I soo to him.

He stares into my eyes and hugs me, bringing me onto his lap.

"I'm sorry, I trust you, I'm just afraid of losing you, you are not a slut, i'm sorry if my words made it seem like I was calling you that," Ben speaks into my neck.

I pull away from his hug and stare into his eyes.

"You won't lose me Ben," I speak so ly.

He presses his lips to mine and wraps his arms around my waist.

I get o him and strip down, I lay in my bed and move over so Ben can lay with me. He strips down and climbs in next to me, I turn to my side and allow Ben to rest an arm around me, holding my hand. I close my eyes and get comfy.

" I love you" I hear Ben mumble.

My eyes open and I just stare into the darkness of my room.

He said those three words. I don't even know if I love him though, I kind of think it's too early to be saying that.

"Roni?" I feel Ben move.

I just lay there, hoping that he will just let it go.

"Veronica," Ben says a bit more stern.

I sigh and sit up, I reach over to my lamp and turn it on.

I don't face him, but I can feel him staring at me.

"Did you hear me?" Ben asks so ly.

"I—yes Ben, I heard you," I look down.

"W-well?" Ben stares at me.

"I just think that it's too early to say that, Ben I don't even know if I love you, I really, really like you, but I-I just don't know if I have that strong of feelings just yet," I explain, hoping he'll understand.

"I bet it was that guy you were fucking looking at, you know what, whatever, just forget I said that," I feel Ben get out of my bed.

I watch him as he puts his clothes on.

"Ben, where are you going?" I ask him.

"Home,"

"Why?" I get annoyed.

He just stares at me, I could see pain in his expression.

"Goodnight," Is all he says, and he climbs out my window.

I sit there in shock, I told him how I feel and he just gets up and storms out? I'm sorry if I don't love him yet.

I was honest about my feelings and he just reverts back to the guy I was supposedly looking at today?

Nice Ben, nice.

I sigh and turn o my lamp, and try to fall asleep.

I wake up to my alarm going o . I groan, it feels like I got no sleep.

I was up all night thinking about what Ben said. I can't believe he told me he loves me so soon.

I get up and get ready for school. I climb out my window and down the tree.

I see Ben walking down the road, I run up to him.

"I was listening to the song you love, or like, I don't really know which one you feel," Ben mutters, staring right ahead.

I just stare at him in shock that he said that to me. Why is he so mad? It's not fair for him to be mad at me for something that I have yet to feel.

"Whatever Ben," I walk away from him.

I get to school and see Cindy.

"Cindy!" I call.

Cindy smiles at me and I run up to her.

"Hey Roni, how's it going?" Cindy asks as we walk to first class.

"Ugh Ben's mad at me," I tell her.

"Awh, why?"

"Ben said I love you to me, and I didn't say it back to him,"

"What? He said those three words to you?? And you didn't say it back??" Cindy asks, clearly confused.

"Well yeah! I'm not gonna lie about how I feel for him, I just, really, really like him," I tell her.

"Makes sense, hopefully he'll respect how you're feeling and stop being mad at you,"

"Yeah, hopefully,"

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