

My Beloved

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Group:521

English



Chapter 1



At the beginning everything was perfect. He was kind, faithful and down to earth. Kyle was the husband that you would dream about. I met him in a bar when I travelled to Greece for vacation. A tall, well-built, orange-tea eyed and dark curled haired man. A handsome Greek he was. The first time he came to me, I was shocked, I couldn't believe he was talking to me! We talked and drank shots all night long. After spending time together at the bar, he dropped me at my hotel. When we arrived at my door, he said: " Well, it was a pleasure to meet you and I hope we will keep in touch. I would so glad to ," and he grinned at me. It looked as if everything about him was flawless, his smile, his voice, everything. "I would be too, "I said. We said goodbye and we went by our sides. That evening was magical, When I closed the door, I was on the cloud but I was a little bit upset because it was my last week there. I didn't want to start something that I couldn't even finish.

The next morning, somebody was knocking at my door and it was him holding my breakfast. Ahhhh! It was so charming! I opened the door. His white, big smile was so... ah, I can't just describe it ."I hope you're hungry 'cuz I am and I don't wanna eat alone ,"he said. "Don't worry, I'm starving, he said ."A real Greek breakfast," he paused and added" it's been a long time I did come here to see my family and just to take delight in eating a real souvlaki. In California, their souvlaki is good but not like in my country." When he pronounced those words, my heart beat so fast I thought I would faint in the second. Those words were the answer of all my prayers. He wasn't a Greek, no yes he was, I just realized he wasn't living there, but in the United-States, in California which is my state, where I'm living." Wow, it's pretty interesting 'cuz I live in L.A." I shouted. " Hey, the destiny makes things right, huh? " I was so submerged by his great presence that I forgot something, his name. " Well, you know, you're in my room, we talked a lot last night, we are sharing a meal together but I don't even know your name!" I said gently." You know, you're so right," he stopped and said" my name is Kyle Vostopoulos and what's yours?" He asked and I answered" Lauren Mcmilan." From that moment, I knew this meeting would change my life forever.

Months passed and our friendship became a sincere, deep relationship and two years later, we got married. When I think about the day that I pronounced my vows and I promised love and faithfulness for the better and the worse, I didn't know I sealed my promise for the worse.

Chapter 2



“ Honey, what’s going on? What’s wrong?” I felt like I was talking to a concrete wall.” Every time I try to talk to you, you are ignoring me and I’m sick and tires of this, “ I said. When I said that, Kyle did the worse thing that we could have done to me, which is turning his back on me. “ When I’m talking to you, DO-NOT-DARE-TO-TURN-YOUR-BACK-ON-ME!” I cried. I was so exhausted, it had been an hour I was trying to be understanding, gentle and very sweet, but now I could kill him. He got very, very annoying.” What do you want me to

say,” he retorted.” The truth, perhaps! You came home later and later through those last months, you receive unknown calls and texts and you got this female perfume on you when I hold you and don’t try to convince me this is my perfume or whatever you want me to swallow.” He pissed me off. I had never seen a jerk like this before.” You know what? You’re just a stupid, crazy bitch. I don’t even recognize you and I don’t even know why I married you, I-“ and then I blew up. He hurt me so bad that I could have thought the world had collapsed around me.” Shut the fuck up and get your ass out of here, asshole!”

I composed myself and added” You’re right, I don’t know why we’re together,” and I brought out of my purse this letter.

-“ See, I just wanted you to tell me the truth ‘bout you and that certain Stacey, She sent me a really nice story ‘bout your disgusting little affair. So take your stuff and go. ”I didn’t get if he was mad or unconscious because he didn’t move. I shouted pushing him,

-“ Get your stuff and go away, I don’t care for you anymore. You are-“ and then, the world had stopped. He did something I would never imagine he could do that to me. He punched me in the face, he didn’t slap, he punched.

-“ How could you do that to me,”

I tried to catch up my breath, not only because of the blow, I was crying. All that, was too much handle.

-“You’re not the man I loved, bastard. Go join your hoe .I don’t wanna see ya anymore. Do you get it now?!”

He went upstairs, took his stuff and left. From the second he shut the door, I let all myself go.

Chapter 3



A few weeks later, the knocking at the door woke me up.

-“ Police ma’am, open up the door please!”

The cops were out there. “ What the hell they’re doing here,” I thought. I let them come in and they sat.

-“ We’re here ‘cuz we have strong feelings that your husband Kyle Vostopoulos had killed Stacey Barner.

When I heard’’ killed’’ my mouth dropped. I couldn’t believe what I was hearing.

*-“ I think you mistaken ‘cuz I know that Kyle is a son of a b**** but he’s not a murderer.’”*

I thought I was really stupid to take his defence after what happened.

-“ Ma’am Vostopoulos, we have some serious proof and we want you to help us out. We know he’s your husband but uh-“

I interrupted the police officer and said

-“ He’s not my husband anymore!”

The fact he was a cheater wasn’t nice but he was a cheater doubled a killer.

-“ Don’t worry from the minute I get news, I’ll contact you”

I assured him. He gave me his card and left.

Chapter 4



-“ He’s a fucking dump, he doesn’t deserve you!”

My brother had always known how to comfort me.

-“ Yes, I know, but I still love him,” I said.

The restaurant where we were eating reminded me a lot of memories with Kyle, like the day he kneeled down and proposed to me. It was one of the best days of my life.

-“ Do you think it would be a good idea if I help the police to arrest him?” I asked.

-“ He killed someone and plus he cheated on you. So yes, he has to pay for what he did and I don’t want you to feel guilty ‘bout this!”

Marco was right, but was I doing the right thing? I didn’t know. At that moment, I was too confused.

-“ Hey big brother, I’m not feeling really good, can we just go back home?” I said exhaustedly.

- “ Are you okay?” he asked worried.
- “ Yes, I’m just a little bit tired, that’s it,” and we left the bistro.

Chapter 5



When I opened the door, he was sited right there on the couch. Kyle was there.

-“ Lauren, I thought you were there for me, that you loved me,” he said sipping a drop of vodka.

-“ I love you, Kyle, more than you think even with what you’ve done. I can’t believe Kyle, you killed someone! How could you do that? And why did you do that?” I claimed.

-“ ‘Cuz I love you. Don’t you see!’”

While I was discussing with him, Marco was trying to reach the phone to call the police, but Kyle saw him approach the phone and said

-“ Don’t move, don’t dare to touch it, if not I shoot on ya! Get it?!”

Then, I saw the gun in his hand pointing at my brother.-“ Kyle, cool down, everything will be ok. Just put the gun on the table. We don’t anybody to be hurt.” I said.

-“ Do you know how much I love. I didn’t mean to hurt you. Lauren, I know I made a huge mistake. Please forgive me.” Kyle said.

With the corner of my eye, I noticed that Marco was dialling on the phone and at the same time Kyle pointed the gun and shot at my brother.

-“ Noooo!” I screamed.” What you did little fuck.” And I jumped on him trying to take the gun off of his hand. He pushed me on the floor.

-“ Lauren, you were everything for me, but I see I mean nothing to you!” and I remarked the tears on his cheeks. I had never seen him crying before. Then, he pointed the weapon at me. I thought I was going to die on the second, but I heard a door smash, it was the police.

-“ Put the firearm down, now!” The police officer shouted.

-“ I’m not going to let her screw my life up.” Kyle said.

-“ You screwed your life yourself, let her go now!”

I tried to escape from his control, but I couldn’t because he was blocking my way.

All of a sudden, my brother jumped out of nowhere and pulled Kyle down. They were fighting and then I heard it. The silence after the storm reigned all over the house

I don’t really remember too much what happened. I just remember that I saw Kyle lie down on the floor. There was blood everywhere. The paramedics were taking care of my brother who was hurt by the bullet. The police officers were all over the place and asking me if I was alright. It looked like I fainted because I woke up at the hospital. My family and the sergeant were by my sides. The sergeant announced me that Kyle was that Kyle was dead. From the second I heard those words, I felt like my heart tightened up. It was too overwhelming. I said to everybody in the room that I wanted to be on my own. I let all the tears, all the pain, all the anger and despair come out of my body.

Today was Kyle’s funeral. When I got married, I would have never thought I was going to bury my husband at 28 years old. Now, I have

this little darling growing up inside me. What will I tell him or her? I don't know what I'm going to say. I'm not sure. But what I'm sure to say to this fragile, innocent human being living inside my womb, is that I loved his or her father. I loved him and I will always love him. He's still my beloved forever and ever.



As much as my new little angel!