

MEET RYAN

M. JAY GRANBERRY

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Ryan
Now
Have you ever savored the taste of forbidden fruit? The type that tantalizes your taste buds with its sweetness, yet leaves a bitter residue in your soul? That was the exact sensation I experienced when loving Katrina. Our connection was akin to a tempest lurking on the horizon, threatening to obliterate everything in its path.

And I, blissfully ignorant, never saw it coming.

I believed that our shared history would suffice. That my love for her, and hers for me was enough. I assumed I was enough. I was mistaken.

Enter Langston Solomon, the devil on her shoulder, whispering sweet nothings in her ear. He was there, between us, even when he wasn't. And it changed her in ways I didn't recognize, in ways that dismantled us, piece by piece, until we were no longer who we used to be.

Perhaps she sought escape, or craved the thrill of a "bad boy"? Maybe I was merely a safe choice, a predictable option, the one who she knew would always be there, ready, willing, and eager to embrace her.

I should have fought harder, should've been better, shown her more—love, attention, emotion— of what I was capable of.

But how can one compete with reckless passion? Please tell me how one can convince the heart that it doesn't know what it wants, including the thrill of the unknown? I'm not sure that it's feasible, but I attempted it anyway. Poured my heart into a possibility. Because maybe, just maybe, one day she'll realize that what we shared was worth fighting for. That I was worth fighting for. That our passion and our love was worth more than any forbidden fruit or reckless thrill.

Even now, as I look back on what we had and what we lost, I can't help but feel the fire burning deep inside me. The flames are still there, smoldering beneath the surface. And I know that no matter how hard I try, they'll never be extinguished. Never.

This is the tale of how I fell in love with a woman, and how it destroyed me. How it left me empty and hollow, yearning for something I could never possess. Yet, it is also a story of hope. A glimmer that maybe, just maybe, she'll come back to me, and we'll finally live happily ever after.