The Truth About the Lies

Amrit Kaur

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To Kristina

for always complimenting my writing and always telling me to

write more.

♡

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"Sometimes the person you want most

is the one you'll be better without."

-Unknown

Why Me?

The kidnapping and death of Kim Dahlia is one of the biggest mysteries. I am part of the few people who know the truth, and I shall finally reveal it. Dahlia was walking home from work, mad because she was fired, then everything went black. The dark came so fast, she didn't even realize what had happened.

She woke up when she heard shouting. It was muffled so she could barely make out what was being said, something like, "Wrong…….person…..idiot….blind." She tried to move her arms but they were tied to the chair. Then Dahlia heard footsteps and the door opened. A tall dark figure was standing over her. She couldn't make out his face. His arms were covered in tattoos and scars. Then the light hit his face and her jaw dropped, she saw what he looked like. You could sense his dark and threatening aura. He was just standing there with a cold look on his face. He looked Asian and had black bangs covering his forehead.

"W-who are you?" Dahlia stuttered, he was really freaking her out.

"Ryan," he spoke, "but my question is who are you?"

"D-Dahlia, and if you don't know me why would you kidnap me you freak!" she shouted, not knowing where the sudden confidence came from.

Ryan leaned down and glared at her, "You sure talk a lot for someone who was just kidnapped, maybe I should have taped your mouth shut."

Dahlia instantly shut her mouth. She obviously wasn't going to mess with a guy who probably had a gun, and could permanently shut her up.

"You know I don't want you here right?" Ryan said as he pulled out a knife. "My men captured you instead of who I really wanted," he continued while playing with the knife, "But since you're here now, I might as well keep you.

You've already seen my face, so I can't just let you go, it's not that simple." His eyes gleamed with a murderous intent.

"I have two options," he placed the knife towards Dahlia's throat, "I could kill you, or you could stay with me forever," he said as he pulled away, "you pick." He finished.

What scared her the most was that he kept the same emotionless look on his face the whole time. "I'd rather s-stay forever," she whimpered.

He leaned towards her and whispered, "Good answer." And he stood up straight. "Ryle," he signaled to one of his men," Cut her ropes."

He turned towards Dahlia and said, "Try anything funny and I'll shoot you on the spot."

Then the man she assumed was Ryle came towards and cut her ropes with a knife.

Then Ryan's voice echoed through the room, "Follow me." Ryan turned around to see her trembling, when she stood up her legs were shaking like crazy.

"You're so scared, you're like a kid," he came towards her.

"You expect me to sing and dance after being kidnapped?" She said, his eyes gleamed, "Don't talk like that with me," Ryan picked her up and carried her out of the room.

"Hey! What are you doing? Put me down!" She yelled, struggling.

"If you don't shut up, I'll shut you up myself! And you won't like the way I do it!"

Dahlia instantly stopped and just stared at him. Ryan looked at her, " Stop staring at me."

Dahlia kept quiet and didn't say anything as she didn't wanna die. *Why do the worst things always have to happen to me?* She thought.

"Where are you taking me?!" Dahlia said scared, thinking he might lock her in a basement. Ryan just ignored her and kept walking.

Damn bastard! Who does he think he is!

Fake Luxury

They went through a series of doors until they came through one to a huge area which she assumed was Ryan's mansion. The area they came through to was one of the biggest places she'd ever seen. *He really got the money!*

"I know what you're thinking, this is the biggest place you've ever seen," Ryan said, "You must think you're the luckiest person, but rest assured," he leaned towards her once more and whispered, "it's fake luxury for you, your horrible life begins now."

What is he going to do to me! He seems even more scary now! Dahlia started to shiver once more.

The stairs were lined with gold. They shined very brightly against the brown aesthetic of the house. They were two sets of stairs. The entire atmosphere would be enjoyable if she wasn't kidnapped. He walked up the stairs to a hallway and stopped at the third door on the left side. He slowly walked inside revealing a beautifully decorated room. Then he finally put her down.

"From now on you're my personal maid." He stated.

"Why, don't you have any others?" Dahlia was still scared but as he hadn't done anything yet she decided to try and speak to him.

"Don't talk back to me," Ryan said, " You really thought I would just let you live here and enjoy." Ryan turned and walked out the door. " Meet me downstairs in an hour."

Dahlia stood up from the bed and looked around. *It really is a gorgeous room. Kinda hard to enjoy when you're kidnapped.* She walked into the closet and saw a bunch of clothing. *Is he already prepared? How long was I unconscious?*

Dahlia got dressed into new clothing and left the beautifully decorated room behind and walked down the elegant golden staircase. When she got to the bottom she saw Ryan waiting at the bottom of the stairs talking on the phone.

Ryan hung and said, "Go to the kitchen, that's where the other maids are, they'll tell you what to do." Then he turned and walked out the door.

"Arrogant bastard," Dahlia muttered under her breath.

She walked to the kitchen and was greeted by her new life.

What Did I Do?

There were many maids and one walked up to her. Dahlia looked at her name tag and her name was Mary. She gave her a judgemental look and said, "Listen we've worked here long enough to know what we do, you won't question and you will not talk back."

Dahlia nodded her head, " Yes ma'am."

"I want you to go clean Ryan's room, if you don't do it well, you have to clean the whole house on your own." the maid said and walked away.

Dahlia walked up the stairs to the room which she assumed was Ryan's. When she walked inside she knew it was his as it was very large and spacious. She started dusting everything first. When she walked into the closet she saw a safe which was slightly open. She walked over to close when she heard a familiar voice.

"What the *hell* are you doing!"

Wasn't Me

Ryan stepped towards her dangerously. "I ASKED WHAT ARE YOU DOING!"

"O-one of t-the maids t-told me to c-clean this room," Dahlia was stuttering. He really looked pissed.

Ryan walked towards the safe and opened it to the full way. There was nothing inside. He slowly turned around and somehow looked even more angry.

"HOW DARE YOU TAKE MY STUFF WITHOUT MY PERMISSION!" He walked closer to her which didn't seem possible as he was already close enough. And then it happened, she didn't expect it, he slapped her.

Her head went sideways at an awkward angle. She felt the tears about to flow out. She softly said "I'm sorry, I didn't take anything, I promise."

Ryan didn't listen and he continued his torture. When he was done, he left the room. Like nothing even happened. Dahlia struggled to get up as her legs continued to ache.

She slowly walked down the hallway and the stairs where she met the maid from before. She was looking at something in her hand. Dahlia walked over to her and the maid turned around. "I believe Ryan thinks *you* took this." Dahlia inspected her hand and saw a gold locket with a picture of Ryan and some older woman. In the picture he seemed almost happy.

Dahlia didn't even have the energy to react. She went to all the other maids who continued to talk in the kitchen. When she walked inside they all went quiet. All of a sudden, one of them said, " Did you enjoy your beating?"

Dahlia didn't feel okay being around these people. She limped up the stairs and into her room. She laid down on her bed and just cried until she finally fell asleep with the dried tears on her face thinking, *it wasn't me.*

My Worst Life

The next morning Dahlia woke up in the worst way possible. Ryan came into her room and dumped iced water over her head.

"Wake up thief," He said with hatred in his voice.

Dahlia instantly stood up causing a sharp pain in her legs. She hung her head low, she felt as if she looked in his eyes he would burn her with her glare.

"Make me breakfast or I'll repeat what happened yesterday," Ryan said and walked out of the room. "And hurry, or you'll be sleeping tied up to a chair in the basement."

Dahlia walked into the bathroom and got fresh. As soon as she went into the shower she watched the blood flow down the drain. She looked at herself and saw that her body was covered in purple bruises.

When Dahlia was done she went to the kitchen. She looked through the fridge and figured Ryan looked like an omelet guy. When she was a kid Dahlia loved cooking. *I'll make my famous omelet, he'll love it and maybe leave me alone.* She started cooking and Ryan walked in, but Dahlia didn't notice. She was very determined in making it the best.

Ryan watched her as she cooked. He wanted to yell at her but didn't. He decided to just let her enjoy her time for now, before he tortured her again.

When Dahia turned around she realized he was right there. She screamed at the sight of her least favorite person.

When she realized it was him she instantly stood silent and stared at her feet.

"I-I made y-your food," Dahlia said nervously and handed him the plate.

Ryan looked at it for a second then grabbed his fork. Then took the omelet and shoved it in his mouth. His eyes widened for a second then went back to

normal. "Did you get this food from a dumpster?" he said with a glare. What surprised Dahlia was when he kept eating it.

"If it doesn't taste good then why are you eating it?" Dahlia said with a questioning tone.

"You don't get to question me thief," Ryan said, eyeing her then going back to eating.

"Leave."

Dahlia walked out of the kitchen then fell on the ground suddenly. She turned around and saw Ryan there. He spilled a glass of water on her, getting all on her clothes and flip flops.

"Don't get in my way.'

"I-I'm sorry," Dahlia said.

She walked up the stairs and as soon as she reached the top step

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My Fall

The light, it's too bright. Stop it. Dahlia opened her eyes and there was a sharp pain in her head. "Where am I, and who are y-you," Dahlia said.

"I'm Doctor Williams, now can you tell me anything about your fall in Mr. Le's house." The doctor calmly spoke.

"What fall, who's Ryan?" Dahlia said.

The doctor's eyes widened in shock. "What, how is this possible?" he muttered.

"What happened?"

The doctor ran outside immediately without answering Dahlia's question. Dahlia just looked around taking in her surroundings. *How did I get here?*

Then an unfamiliar man walked into the room. Tattoos all over and jet black hair. *I know I'm in a hospital and I should be worried but, damn he's hot.*

"How are you," he said with no emotion.

"Who are you?" Dahlia said.

"W-what?"

"I asked who you were."

"I-it's me, Ryan, how did you forget?" he said with a puzzled look.

"I did?" Dahlia said while doubting Ryan.

Then the doctor burst into the room, "Mr. Le, I need to talk to you."

Ryan walked outside of the room. "What happened?"

"I'm afraid Ms. Kim has lost all her memory from the past two months, she will regain it after she sees things that remind her of her pas-"

"WHAT!"

"I'm sorry, but we also haven't had the chance to ask, how do you know Ms.Kim?"

"I'm-I'm her boyfriend," Ryan said hesitantly.

"Does she have any other family?"

"Not that I know of."

"Alright, I will leave you and Ms.Kim alone," The doctor smiled.

Ryan stepped back into the room. "How are you doing?"

"Fine, but you haven't answered my question yet, who are you?" Dahlia questioned.

"I'm your boyfriend," this time he said it with no hesitation.

Ain't no way! I actually landed a guy this fine! Dayummmm! Dahlia continues staring at him.

"What?"

"If you're really my boyfriend then why won't you kiss your girlfriend who's on her deathbed?" Dahlia said sweetly.

Ryan looked taken aback by the question, "First of all, you're not on your deathbed, second of all, I'm sorry I forgot."

"Then kiss me now," Dahlia said, eyeing him.

"Fine," he walked over and bent over to her height and kissed her. *This doesn't feel magical. It feels fake.* She kept kissing him. *Is he really my boyfriend?* But little did she know.

Fake Love

Everything was explained to Dahlia about her fall and memory loss. She returned back to Ryan's house within a few days.

"If I chose something to remember I would choose to remember this house." Dahlia said twirling below the huge chandelier.

When Dahlia stopped spinning she hit a person. When she turned around to see who it was, something flashed through her mind. It was a maid holding something and glaring at her. Then everything went back to normal. "Sorry."

The maid just looked at her and walked away. "Damn she's rude." Dahlia said, looking at Ryan. She ran to him and jumped on him. Something gleamed in his eyes, something like anger.

"You carry me!" Dahlia said happily. Ryan just put her down and said, " You lost your memory not your ability to walk."

"Hmph," Dahlia glared at him.

Dahlia climbed up the stairs with Ryan trailing behind, she walked into her room and jumped on the bed. "This is so much more comfortable than that stupid hospital bed!"

"Yeah, I guess." Ryan mumbled.

"What do you mean you guess? You haven't been to a hospital before or something?"

Yeah I have, for reasons you wouldn't believe though. Ryan turned and walked out the door without answering her.

"What's the use of landing such a hot guy if he doesn't even talk to you?" Dahlia grumbled.

"I heard that!" Ryan yelled from the hallway.

"Then talk to me!"

"I'm busy," Ryan said walking back into her room.

"Are you going somewhere?" Dahlia asked.

"I'm going to work." Ryan opened the door when Dahlia said, " I love you."

Ryan looked back at her smiling face and said, "I love you too," and walked out the door.

Full Lies

Dahlia found the TV remote and clicked through Netflix trying to find something to watch. She finally decided on a Kdrama. Ten minutes later her show was interrupted from shouting downstairs then the door next to her room banging shut. Dahlia got up and stepped out of her room and into the room next door. "Ryan, are you here?"

"What are you doing here?" Ryan asked.

"I heard shouting, so I decided to check it out. Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Ryan said leaning against the wall.

"Oh, I was just making sure," Dahlia smiled. She turned to go when she looked into the closet and heard a voice. It said, "What the hell are you doing!" in Ryan's voice. Dahlia stopped and turned around, " Did you say something?"

"No, what did you hear?"

"I heard your voice say, 'What the hell are you doing!'"

Ryan's eyes widened, and he looked worried. "It was probably nothing." He started scrambling around his room trying to find his phone.

"Are you sure you're okay?"

"I'm fine, you can leave now." Ryan said hastily.

Dahlia walked towards him and hugged him, "Tell me if there's anything wrong, I'm your girlfriend remember."

"Y-yeah I will, and I remember." Ryan stuttered.

Dahlia smiled at him and left the room. She left Ryan staring at where she once was standing and wondering what he did to actually get her to fall in love with someone like him. He lifted his phone and dialed a number. When the person

finally picked up he spoke in a worried voice. "Hi, yeah it's me, we have a major problem. You need to get here right now."

Is This Fun?

Dahlia went to answer the door and saw a tall man. He had the exact same tattoos as Ryan with the same black hair. They were alike in all ways except in face. Their faces were *completely* different. Ryan came down the stairs and greeted the man and turned to Dahlia. "This is my friend Minho, you probably don't remember him."

"Uh, hi nice to meet you." Dahlia smiled.

"I would say nice to meet you, but I already have met you." Minho joked when Dahlia didn't smile he said, "too soon?"

"Anyway, he brought your medicine so you can get your memory back faster." Ryan said.

"Didn't the doctor say not to rush it?" Dahlia asked.

"It's fine, I hate the fact that you don't remember me." Ryan replied.

"Bu-" Dahlia was interrupted by Minho.

"Don't worry, the pills are harmless."

"O-ok." Dahlia said hesitantly.

Ryan took the medicine and gave it to Dahlia, "You can go take it now, after I'll take you to an amusement park."

"Really?" and Ryan nodded his head.

Dahlia ran into the kitchen and opened the fridge to get a cold bottle of water when she spotted the eggs. Then something else flashed in her eyes. It was the image of Ryan sitting at the dinner table and Dahlia jumping. When the flash was over she took the pills and ran to Ryan and started jumping up and down, "Let's go! Let's go!"

"Alright, calm down." Ryan said and grabbed his coat and went towards his car which was parked outside while Dahlia trailed excitedly behind him. They got in his car, a black Mercedes. He started the car and began driving to their destination.

The car ride was very silent, but it wasn't awkward silence. When they reached Dahlia started jumping as soon as she got out of the car. "Come on! Hurry, you're so lazy!"

They went on as many rides as they could before the park closed. "Come on, let's go, the park's about to close." Ryan said. He dragged Dahlia to the car. "Wasn't this so fun!"

"I guess."

Never Return

Dahlia reluctantly woke up the next morning, still tired from the day before. She stepped into her bathroom and started getting ready for the day. When she got dressed she walked down the stairs to see Ryan making breakfast.

"Good morning!" Dahlia said.

"Morning." Ryan said, focusing on what he was doing.

He walked over to Dahlia and handed her a plate of pancakes and a glass of orange juice.

"Thank you!"

"Mmhmm."

They both sat on the table and ate the breakfast in silence. *Oh my god! He's such a good cook!* Dahlia thought while munching on the pancakes.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Ryan asked, raising one eyebrow.

"Oh, it's just that this tastes so good!"

"Thanks."

"Are we going anywhere today?" Dahlia asked.

"No, I don't think so if something comes up I'll tell you." Ryan said, still eating. Dahlia finished her food and put her dishes in the dishwasher and walked over to Ryan.

"I'm going to sleep, I'm still really tired." She kissed him on the cheek and walked out leaving Ryan speechless.

He turned and looked at her disappearing figure. He chuckled and put his dishes in the dishwasher too.

Dahlia went to her room and laid down. She thought about how she loved Ryan so much despite forgetting about their past memories. "I hope I can

remember everything again and I'll finally remember how we met and our anniversary and every little detail." Dahlia smiled as she shut her eyes.

That smile probably won't last forever, and I may have been responsible for its disappearance.

The Pills

      "C'mon get up, it's time to take your medicine." Ryan's voice was the first thing she heard.

      Dahlia got up rubbing her eyes. "I don't wanna! That medicine tastes like crap!" Dahlia said while making a vomiting motion.

      Ryan laughed,"C'mon you have to, don't you want your memories back?"

      "Not really, no. I don't care about my memories. I'm focused on making new ones!" Dahlia smiled.

      He walked over to her and spoke with a serious tone,"Take it."

      "Fine! Calm down!"

      "I am calm!"

      "No, you look like your hella pissed."

      "Just shut up and take it."

      Dahlia grabbed the medicine and swallowed it with water.

      Then Ryan's friend, Minho, burst into the room. He punched Ryan in the arm and said,"What's up! How are you doin!"

      "I was good, until you got here." Ryan rolled his eyes.

      "Ouch!" Minho said while holding his heart.

      He walked over to Dahlia and put his arm over her shoulder, " How you doin' princess?"

      "Fine, and why are you calling me princess?"

      "It's a cute name and you're his princess, so why not." Minho said, pointing to Ryan.

      He saw the pills and stared at Ryan. He walked over to him with a blank look and whispered but Dahlia still heard it," You're still making her take those? You're messed up for that. She'll find out sooner or later." He walked out the door, "See you downstairs princess!"

      "What did he mean by that?" Dahlia asked her attention directed toward Ryan.

      "Nothing, he was just being stupid."

      Dahlia eyed him suspiciously and got up to walk to the bathroom. She walked over to the toilet and spit out the disgusting white medicine. She wiped her

mouth. "I'll get my memories on my own time." Dahlia said feeling proud for rebelling against her boyfriend.

She got ready and walked out the door ready to start another day. Minho was waiting at the bottom of the stairs. Minho grabbed her and yanked her in a hug and started ruffling her hair. *What is with this guy! He's so friendly even though we only met two times.*

"C'mon princess, Mr. I hate everything, is making breakfast!" Minho said while smiling.

She looked at the top of the stairs when something flashed once again. It was an image of her being carried up the stairs by Ryan. She looked at Minho and remembered what he whispered to Ryan. Then it all clicked.

Toxic

"Princess, are you okay?" Minho asked, bringing her back from her discovery.

Dahlia stumbled back and stared at Minho with a look of fear. "W-what are those pills for! Why don't you want my memories back! Who are you?"

Minho's eyes widened,"Ryan! We have a little problem! And by little I mean a huge one!"

Ryan came running and inspected what he saw. "Hey are you okay? Why are you freaking out?"

"Those pills are so I don't get my memory right? That's what Minho said was wrong! I didn't take it and I got a partial memory back! What did you do before my accident!" Dahlia shouted at him.

Ryan turned to Minho and said, "You go, I'll deal with this." Minho nodded then left through the front door.

"H-how are you going to deal with this?" Dahlia asked with fear. "You're toxic!"

"Let's go upstairs and I'll explain," Ryan's voice was shaking a bit.
"NO! I DON'T TRUST YOU!

Ryan whispered, "I promise I won't hurt you, you have my word."

Dahlia hesitated then followed him up the stairs. He walked into their bedroom and sat down on the bed and motioned her to sit down on the bed next to him.

"The truth is I didn't want you to get your memories back because of something that happened before you fell and lost your memory." Ryan explained not meeting her eye.

"What happened?"

"W-we had a fight, and it wasn't a small one it was really bad."

"What was it about?"

Ryan hesitated for a moment then answered the question, "You were mad at me because I was never home, and then I yelled at you for being clingy and, y-you almost broke up with me, you said you couldn't do this anymore and ran up the stairs after about an hour of arguing and you slipped then fell." Ryan finally looked up, "Please don't break up with me, I didn't want you to get your memories back

because I didn't want you to break up with me, and if I'm being honest, you're the best thing that's ever happened to me. I'm sorry."

There were tears in his eyes and he seemed so genuine, so Dahlia decided to accept his apology, a big mistake because as soon as he turned away he had his infamous smirk on his face.

Try

Dahlia tried to sleep but she spent the whole night thinking about Ryan and his apology. *Why would he go that far to hide it? It's not even that bad.* She jolted up as she heard a knock on the door. "Come in."

"Um hi? I just wanted to say sorry again and I got you these flowers, they're dahlia's." Ryan said with a smile.

"Thank you! You didn't have to do that!" She smiled at him.

"I just really want to keep us repaired." He said.

"You don't need to try that hard, I already forgave you."

"I know I just want to keep things like you know, perfect or just good." He said, rubbing the back of his neck.

"Things are already fine," Dahlia smiled.

"Well, um, I'm gonna go now," Ryan said awkwardly.

"Uh, okay? See ya later." Dahlia returned.

Ryan shuffled out the room. "Aww hell nah, that was so awkward." Dahlia said as soon as he left.

She walked into the bathroom and did her skincare then makeup. *I really don't want to go downstairs, it's gonna be so awkward!*

She quietly tiptoed down the stairs, *I'll just get a snack and leave.*

"Hey princess," Minho shouted.

Dahlia turned around slowly and forced a smile on her face, "Hi Minho."

"You look a little mad, you good?"

"I'm fine, just hungry."

"Well let's go then, your man's making food," Minho winked.

Dahlia rolled her eyes and tailed behind Minhon with her head down into the kitchen.

"Hey, why are you still here?" Ryan said when he saw Minho.

"Su casa, mi casa bitch," Minho replied, shrugging.

"Hey! Language!" Ryan lectured.

"Sorry mom," Minho said as he sat down," So what's for breakfast mom."

Ryan glared at him and continued mixing whatever it was that he was mixing. He stole a glance at Dahlia who was already staring at him. "I know you're hungry but I hope you're not considering eating me for breakfast."

"You would enjoy that," said Minho.

Dahlia burst out laughing. *Maybe this can work.*

No More Tricks

Ryan had made some delicious pancakes, Minho ended up eating five while Ryan beat him with a spatula. "Hey man, you made a lot so I ate a lot."

"It was for everyone! You ate more than half!"

Dahlia continued eating while just watching them fight. Minho was right though Ryan was acting like a mom.

"No I didn't, it was your fault for cooking so little."

"My plan was to cook for everyone! Two pancakes each but you're so fat that you couldn't contain yourself and ate five!"

Minho just shrugged and walked out the kitchen leaving a fuming Ryan and a snickering Dahlia.

Ryan raised the spatula and pointed it at Dahlia, "What are you laughing about!"

Dahlia held a hand up trying to control her laugh and spoke, "Nothing! J-just remembered something funny"

"Mhmm, really?" Ryan said, cocking his head," what was it?"

"What?"

"What was it?"

"Umm, it was - I forgot! When I remember it I'll tell you" Dahlia said flustered.

Ryan rolled his eyes and started washing dishes. Dahlia, still controlling her laugh, walked out of the kitchen.

"Minho! We should go somewhere! I'm so bored here, I feel like I'm gonna kill myself if I don't go somewhere!" Dahlia whined.

"I'm not taking you anywhere, so just so you know the stairs to the roof are over there just don't jump to the front yard and die, it's gonna be pretty hard to explain that. Bye!"

"You stupid h-" Dahlia stopped when she heard shouting.

"FINISH THAT SENTENCE AND I'LL SMACK THE SHIT OUT OF YOU!" Ryan shouted from the kitchen.

"You literally just swore." Dahlia muttered.

"Hey, remember to take your medicine!" He said.

"Yes sir!" Dahlia joked and ran up the stairs.

Dahlia walked into her glorious bedroom. Every time she walked in it never failed to take her breath away. She stepped over to her bedside table and picked up the small orange bottle. She examined the ripped off label recalling the memory of Ryan telling her the doctor ripped it off.

An idea came to her head and she walked over to the sink. She took one pill out and washed it down the train. She was gonna get her memories back no matter how horrible they were. She screwed on the cap and walked out of the bedroom. *No more tricks.*

Returned

Dahlia returned to the kitchen where Ryan was finished with all his work, he turned around and Dahlia saw a glimpse of hatred in his eyes when he looked at her, she brushed it off as nothing. "Did you take the medicine?"

"Yup," Dahlia responded without looking in his eyes.

"Minho said you wanted to go somewhere. Where do you want to go?" Ryan asked.

"I don't know, maybe we should go swimming!" Dahlia exclaimed.

"We have an infinity pool, we can go swimming right now." He said.

"Really? Let's go!" Dahlia grabbed his hand and dragged him outside, where she'd never been, maybe she had but she didn't remember it.

"Woah don't you want to get a swimsuit first?"

"I don't care, I wanna go swimming right now!" And she shoved him into the pool. She laughed and he grabbed her hand flipping her in. They both continued having fun and laughing.

"You know I don't know how we met but I'm so glad we did," Dahlia smiled, "I love you."

Ryan just smiled at her and gave her a kiss. Dahlia was confused, he didn't say it back. "We should get out now, or we're gonna look like raisins." Ryan joked.

"Okay," Dahlia responded unenthusiastically. *Why didn't he say I love you too, that's the first I ever remembered saying it, he should say it back.* Dahlia wasn't looking where she was going and bumped into a maid.

"Oh my god I'm so so-" Dahlia saw the maids necklace. She looked back at the maid's eyes and the maid ran away. Then everything came back. It hit her like lightning, the basement, the stairs, the push, all of it. She was frozen. She couldn't move. It was all fake, they were never in love. She felt it now the fear, the lies, the trust completely broken.

"Hey Dahlia what do you want for lun-" Ryan stopped," What's wrong? Why are you crying?"

"Why?" The tears fell faster and harder, " Why would you do this?"

"What are you talking about?" Ryan's eyes widened.

"I know the truth about all your lies."

And at that moment Ryan knew what he had to do.

Worthless

Ryan walked towards her as she backed up into a wall. "I guess it was bound to happen, you stole my necklace and I hate you for it." He spat at her with pure hatred, "Every moment I see you I want to cut your hands off for even touching me, and I would enjoy doing it."

"I never took it! It was the maid! Have you not seen her wear it!" Dahlia sobbed.

"Why would I trust you! I've known that maid for my whole life," He pulled a gun out and pointed it at her head. "I'm done with listening to your bullshit!"

"Wait, please don't do this! I never wanted this!"

"Neither did I." And he fired.

Sometimes when I think back, I regret pulling that trigger, but the past is the past and I'll get over it someday.

The End

Also by Amrit Kaur:
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