

I Would Never...But If I Did
(Excerpt)
By Maria Ann Green

“Let me finish, Angel,” I interrupt her interruption, and she snaps her lips closed, eying me. “Theo is great, amazing. And he’s always there for me. Probably always will be. But that’s different than support. *This* kind of support. You lift me up. You push me to be better than I ever knew I could be. You don’t take my shit, and that’s kind of a big deal. I’ve never had someone push as hard back against me as I push everyone else. You really see me, and you still stick around, giving me new ideas and motivation, helping me to be my best. I just wanted you to know that I see that. And I’m trying to live up to it, to give you the same,” I say. It’s all in a rush, and I’ve been looking down since the first sentence in that whole rambling mess.

Her eyes cloud over when I look back to them, and for a moment, I wonder if I’ve gone too far, said too much.

My brain whirls, trying to backpedal, and I know I shouldn’t say more.

Though, of course I do. “You’re not just supportive. You’re addictive too. Maybe that’s because you’re supportive, and the *best* person I’ve ever known. Or maybe it’s because you blow my mind in bed,” I say with a wink. She rolls her eyes, but I can see she’s hanging on my every syllable. “But whatever the reason, and it will always be the case, you’re my addiction.”

Then she smiles, the fog turning to glass, and she wraps me in a hug so tight I can’t quite breathe until she lets go.