

Chapter 3

Once i get home, i immediately go to my room. I take my phone and start to look through all the pictures i took of me and him together. Sure he was an idiot, but he was my idiot...I miss him already...I sigh and play the videos of us swimming just the day before. "Why would you do this, Bello..." The Italian endearment I once called him rolling off my tongue before I can catch it. I look at his hoodie that i have hung up, immediately standing up and taking it. I look at it for a moment before putting it on and cuddling into it on my bed, crying as i remember the night i got it...

END OF CHAPTER 3!