

Demolition Lovers

Alice Sampaio

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*Hand in mine, into your icy blues
And then I'd say to you we could take to the highway*

He felt so hollow between those walls of stone; they followed him like a shadow. Scratching the words in rolls of parchments, willing to drown his mind in the ink. He would think the hours could go by without him noticing his pale hands trembling, his forehead sweating, his mouth dry and his legs shaking; if the mirror didn't show him otherwise. He would ignore the dark figures that walked in front of him, unsettling his weak temper; if they didn't distract him. He would explode if he could. He would think everyone was unconcerned.

But someone was watching.

*As days fade, and nights grow
And we go cold*

The first time he noticed her everlasting stare was on one of those rainy afternoons. He should have known she would be there haunting him. However, the darkness seemed to surround her as well. Her eyes were tired and her hair, if possible, more tousled than usual. Every time she turned a page and bit the end of her white quill, the tension would drag him closer. She raised her hands to her tired eyes and rubbed her face before entwining the fingers in her wild, brown hair. Her chocolate eyes noticed his study of her fragile body. But she didn't move or respond to his glare. They continued to study each other's thoughts as if they had been anticipating this. He was too tired to confront her and she seemed broken beyond repair.

And he started to watch her too.

*But this time, I mean it
I'll let you know just how much you mean to me*

Fateful were the nights in which his sorrow came. His surroundings were filled with people he despised and who would never comprehend the extent of that which tormented him. They wanted to come. Soon. And he was regretting his selfish and arrogant decision. He wanted to run, to not be held responsible for his father's mistakes. He regretted having stayed there to try and fix all the problems and tasks that rested on his shoulders.

Nevertheless, he did not feel alone anymore. He would share his mourning hours with someone else. She was there everyday. It was as if they both believed that watching each other would take away the guilt of being alone. Her eyes sought his out in those uneventful hours during which the blurred forms of faceless students would walk past without noticing the starving couple in their midst. They could almost plead to each other's grey and brown eyes for the freedom they craved. He could have lived trying to uncover the mystery behind her eyelashes, exploring the ways her curvy body would

make him forget who he was, watching her desperate face dissolve into a picture of pleasure and peace.

*Like scarecrows that fuel this flame we're burning
Forever, and ever
Know how much I want to show you you're the only one*

It had to be that night. Time was moving fast and he decided to search for solutions in the sole company of two small candles. The calm darkness embraced him, and his table at the library was everything but inviting. He set the candles down and turned to the poorly lit aisle that kept his needed book.

She was there.

He swallowed hard and saw her body freeze. She turned her head and saw him observing and waiting for something. But she didn't do anything, just stowed the book she was holding in her right hand and kept looking at the shelf. He stepped forward and she held her breath, still looking at the old books. Every time he would take a step forward, her breath would stop and her hands would turn into fists. He was scared she would hit him. Not because of the physical pain, but because he wouldn't defend himself and would thus be obligated to leave. He didn't want to force her.

The moment his hand touched her shoulder, her eyes closed and she sighed deeply. He felt how her skin was cold and saw how her mouth inhaled the dust that surrounded them. Their past seemed to be buried deep inside the books on the highest shelf. Because all he could think then was how his hand was caressing her neck and how his thumb was gently rubbing her soft, cold lips.

He did not know what she was thinking when he turned her around. Her back was now against the shelf and her breath was erratic. He touched her body with his and felt how they seemed to fit together perfectly, as if their bodies had been waiting to touch each other since they had been formed. He grabbed the shelf and moved towards the lips she was now unintentionally licking. He knew the moment he made this mistake there was no going back. But he could almost feel the wanting in her eyes.

He decided to give in to sin and kissed her desperately. Her hands immediately tangled in his hair and pulled him closer to her, while his hand lifted the shirt from her hips and caressed the skin that burned for him. Their lips swirled in a dance that filled them with desire. Their bodies rubbed and the friction warmed their hearts. He had longed for this since the moment he had seen as much as sadness in her eyes as was in his spirit. When his teeth bit her neck the tension buried inside her was released in a moan. There was no more despair in solitude; there was only desire to rip each other's soul.

He quickly transcended the barrier between them and possessed her as his, haunted by her essence, crazed with her mutual desire. Their clothes chafed uncomfortably, but the need to be free from terrible nightmares maddened him to the point of needing to mark her. Her scent was poisoning him. Her legs were surrounding him while deep inside he wanted more, the eternity of that moment, the oblivion of his duties, the extinction of

his being. He was sure she felt the same between her groans, or when she scratched passionately at the skin of his back, still supporting herself on the shelf.

The moment it ended was the worst. He was afraid she would run. He was scared she would hit him. Because, once again, he would not leave her.

But she continued to kiss him with despair, as if she wanted the moment to never end. But it had to end someday, some hour, some moment of that mistake...

*And in this pool of blood, and as we're falling down
I'll see your eyes, and in this pool of blood
I'll meet your eyes, I mean this forever*

They never spoke to each other again after that. She ignored him in the corridors and he pretended she did not exist. Someday they would have to confront each other in that war. And he wondered if this was a different war than before. If he would now behave differently because he had shared his pain with someone and that someone had shared their hurt with him.

No.

He would behave just like always.

Because they were watching.

He was surely out of his mind. But what else could he think when hazel eyes watched him every day waiting for grey eyes to clean their tears?