Before the Last Spark

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.He poured the last gallon of gasoline over the walls

He was tired; tired of the cruelty of the people who should have protected him from the cruelty of the world, of a house that should have been a home to him, but never was. He had realized that home is not a place; it is a feeling; a feeling he never experienced here. He felt a dull ache in his .heart

He knew it originated from his soul. He reached into his pocket, traced his golden lighter, and pulled it out. He had poured so much gasoline that a single spark would end it all. He knew that after turning to ash, there would be no one in this world to shed a tear for him. Or maybe that was .just what he thought

His hand moved to strike the lighter when, suddenly, a cold hand grabbed his. He spun around to ...scream at them, until

...My God

Those same black eyes he had drowned in; those same black eyes he thought had never even seen him. Even at that moment, when his entire being was consumed by tears, anger, and fear, his eyes screamed the pure joy of seeing that girl. The grumpy, kind-hearted, anxious girl! His

.stubborn, messy, tender girl had come

His girl said only one sentence: "What have you been through?" It was as if that single sentence .lifted the entire weight from his shoulders

He felt as though all the sorrow in his being had vanished. He didn't know if it was from joy or the peace of her presence. His eyes fluttered shut, and he was only aware of her worried eyes and .the hands that refused to let him hit the ground

It no longer mattered what would happen next. What mattered was knowing he had his stubborn, innocent, kind-hearted, grumpy girl. With her by his side, he could stand against all the creatures ...of the Milky Way and beyond. Humans were nothing in comparison