

Confusing Questions

I know it will not work like this forever. I can't always put everyone above me and my feelings but I just can't say "No".

Betty, the owner of the house I was currently in, looked at me with her big blue eyes. "Could you please do that for me? I know you were in love with him for the past two years but you are over him, right? You're the only one I know who could introduce me to James.", I wanted to say no. I really did - but I just couldn't. "Sure Betty I just want to drink something but then we can go.", as I spoke the words out loud I already regretted them. "Thank you so much! You're the best! ", after Betty had finished her talk I went into the kitchen and got me a glass of water. "I don't want to sound like a creep but I overheard your conversation with the birthday girl and have a question.", a random guy approached me. I was sceptical but nodded. "Do you do that often?", he continued to speak. "What?" "Break your heart for others?" At first I didn't know what he meant but when his eyebrows frowned and his look got intense my brain began to rattle. I wasn't sure how to respond to his question. "I don't know what you're talking about. Oh and Betty is calling my name, I should go. It was nice to meet you." It wasn't that original but it was the first thing that popped up in my brain. As I literally ran away from the guy I couldn't stop thinking about his words. He could have meant anything but only one thing made sense.

Because Betty wasn't in the hallway anymore I just went upstairs. The music got quieter and you could only hear some drunk and stammered words. Beside a couple and a small group of girls I was the only one upstairs. I knew Betty's room, so I directly went into it and sat down on the bed. I didn't know what to think at this moment. The boy's words wouldn't leave my brain. A few people had already told me that I was a people pleaser but when they said that it always sounded nice. The more I reflected my behaviour the more insecure I got. I had always thought I am just kind but now I realised that people often just used me.

When I wanted to go downstairs again, the guy from earlier came in. "Well hello again. I was actually looking for you." I didn't know how to feel in his presence but still smiled lightly. "You didn't really replied to my question earlier.", he confessed and looked almost sad. "Why do you care so much?", I asked doubtfully. "Why not?" After he said that it was silent for a few seconds. "I have an advice for you. Imagine you are a colour." "A colour?" "Yes a colour. Not everyone will like you but there will always be someone whose favourite colour you are." His words left me speechless. But he was right. Maybe I should start to make my own choices and do the things that I want and not someone else. While I was thinking that the door opened again and Betty came in. "There you are! Could you maybe introduce me to James now?" Before I could say anything the guy next to me moved. He looked at me once more with determined eyes before he left the room.