

Crossing paths

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She believed in chance, no otherworldly forces dictating their lives, everything as random as the flip of a coin. He believed in fate, like a string tied to the fingers of lovers destined to meet, their stories were told before they began. They met in a park, sun shone in dappled patterns through branches of cherry blossom, the air smelled fresh and clean, a refreshing scent compared to the rest of the city. It wasn't known whether fate or chance had led them to cross paths but as their eyes met, they knew something special had started.

Their second encounter was much more planned than the first. By chance the cute boy in the park had asked for her number, through fate he knew the cherry blossom girl must be part of his future. They talked about the weather while sitting in a sun-lit cafe, a cat purring on the windowsill and steam rising from the coffees in front of them. The topic of conversation shifted slowly from monotonous small talk to an in-depth discussion of their place in the universe. The shadows grew longer, when they finally left each other the sky was ablaze with reds and oranges, as they walked their separate ways they both found their faces sore from smiling.

They lay in bed, limbs intertwined, breathing almost synchronised as they stared into each other's eyes. Most mornings the house was overcome by this calm quiet, she wished him good luck for his day, he responded with a kiss. Their morning routine was like a dance, the kitchen filled with the music of tea brewing and eggs frying. The song finished with the click of a lock as they left their love filled home, one final kiss before the rest of the day began.

Bells chimed. White fabric rustled as she walked down the aisle, her hope for a perfect day came true as the sun shone and birds sang. Tears ran down his cheeks when he saw her, his voice shook as he spoke the words he had been reciting in his head from the moment they

met. She blushed as she responded and smiled in a way that made him sure nothing could surpass her in beauty. Cherry blossom fell while they drew each other close.

The song constantly playing in their house had transformed from a soft love song to screaming metal. The bitter honeymoon had taken their grins and replaced them with grimaces. Angered screams, smashing glass and slamming doors were now the constant tune. The change had come suddenly, like she had only been seeing one side of him. He saw the story unfolding as if he were reading a book.

He was back, she welcomed him with open arms. He apologised and she accepted. They were together, feeling like it was the first date all over again. The small coffee shop had been replaced by a chain restaurant, they settled for a coffee from a street vendor. The park demolished in favour for office buildings so instead they walked down the bustling street, holding hands to stop from being torn away. The house had been sold; a cheap hotel was where they slept.

The sound was muffled to stop the neighbours hearing. Rose petals led to the bedroom with candles lighting the hallway. His hand held both of hers, her breath hitched as his other hand made its way up her body. As he reached her neck he stopped. The thin trail of blood he had left with his blade got thicker as he increased the force. Her tears joined the blood and she muttered one word, too afraid to move. "Why?"

"It was fate."

With a smile he took her breath away for the last time.