His One Shot

It was a brisk December morning in New York. I stood in front of my apartment, watching, waiting. As I exhaled, my warm breath turned into a haze. The sparkles of snow fell gently in front of my face, faintly finding their way to the ground. The busy world seemed to slow down as everyone found places by the fire in homes with their families. As I hear a crunch of footsteps coming closer, I turn to find a dark, broad figure walking towards me. "It's him," I think to myself, "he's here."

As he gets closer and closer, I forget how to breathe. I'm frozen in my place. "Angela," he whispers, "I've missed you so much." I embrace my boyfriend of three years, Liam. "I've been waiting for you," I excitedly exclaim, "Let's go upstairs." Liam has been away a lot lately for work, so I haven't been able to see him. Today was finally a day where he was home.

We bounded up the stairs and opened the door to a scene of a Hallmark movie. My Christmas tree was glistening, the fire was crackling, and the stockings were hung. I had a feeling something special was going to happen tonight. Liam was much happier, and I felt that tonight he was going to propose.

As we were making our way to the table in front of the window, the song "Baby it's Cold Outside" came on. Liam reached for my hand and pulled me in closer. As we swayed to the music I could feel his heart pounding. "Angela…" he started.

Bang.

Instead of the world slowing down, it had completely stopped. That sound was not the sound of Liam's heart-pounding, but instead the sound of a gun being fired. As Liam crumpled to the ground, through my tears, I glanced up to see my ex-boyfriend, Daniel. "It should've been me." he proclaimed.

Instead of showing my fear of him being here, I decided I needed to get help. I scanned the room for my phone. As Daniel went on and on about how he believed he was the best for me, I quietly dialed 911. I frantically whispered into the phone about how my boyfriend needed to be saved. The dispatcher replied that help was on the way. All I needed to do was to keep Daniel distracted. "You'll be okay Liam. I love you. Please don't give up on me," I prayed.

"We were perfect for each other. Everyone told me that," Daniel stated. "Except when you cheated on me with my best friend," I muttered, rolling my eyes. I heard the sirens wailing in the distance, inching their way closer. It felt like an eternity later that the pounding on the door abruptly started. Daniel's eyes widened. "This is what you deserve. You never deserved me." I declared.

The door flew open and the police officers barged in. Daniel had nowhere to go. As the handcuffs cinched his wrists, the paramedics gathered Liam off the floor and rushed him to the hospital. "Don't you dare leave me today Liam!" I called out after him.

I followed the ambulance all the way to the hospital, hoping for only the best. At the scene, the paramedic told me that emergency surgery was going to be performed, so it would be a little while before I was able to visit him. "I will wait for him as long as it takes."

After 3 hours of tedious waiting, a nurse approached me. "He's waiting for you." She happily explained to me. I nearly ran down the hall toward him. I could not stand another second without him.

I rushed into his room. His face lit up like the Christmas tree sitting lonely in my living room. "Angela. I can't wait anymore. Will you marry me?" He asked. "Yes! Yes! Yes!" I jumped up and down. "I will spend every last breath with you. And today does not mark my last breath." Liam promised.