



Poem on a Guy Who Had Crushes

On a Boy Classmate

He Only Admired His Physique
When He Tried Being Friends, But They Were Different
Keeping the Secret of Admiring Him All to Himself

Author: remko.online

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Chapter One: The Silent Admiration

The sun hung low in the sky, casting golden rays that danced through the leaves of the oak trees lining the campus. It was late afternoon, and the university was alive with the laughter of students, the sound of sneakers hitting pavement, and the distant strumming of a guitar. Among the throng, Ethan sat on a bench near the student union, his heart racing as he watched the world go by.

Ethan was a tall, athletic guy with tousled dark hair and striking green eyes that sparkled with an unspoken intensity. He was well-liked, his charm drawing people in, yet there was a part of him that remained isolated, hidden beneath layers of self-doubt and longing. He had a secret—a crush on his classmate, Alex, whose magnetic presence lit up the room like a thousand stars.

Alex was everything Ethan admired: tall, with a sculpted physique that seemed to be chiseled from marble, and a smile that could melt glaciers. He had an effortless charisma, easily making friends wherever he went. Ethan often found himself lost in thoughts of Alex, replaying moments in class, the way his laughter echoed, and the way his eyes sparkled when he was passionate about a topic. Yet, despite their proximity, Ethan felt miles away.

Ethan had tried to befriend Alex, but every time he approached, his heart would race, and the words would catch in his throat.

They shared classes, and occasionally exchanged casual greetings, but Ethan always felt like he was on the outside

looking in. He admired Alex from afar, keeping his feelings locked away in the vault of his heart, fearing that revealing them would shatter the fragile connection they had.

The evening of the campus talent show, Ethan decided he could no longer stay silent. He had been rehearsing a poem he wrote, a piece that encapsulated his feelings for Alex without revealing the true depth of his admiration. The auditorium buzzed with excitement as students filled the seats, and Ethan felt a mixture of nerves and exhilaration.

As he took the stage, the spotlight bathed him in warmth. He cleared his throat and began reciting his poem, each word dripping with unspoken longing:

In shadows cast by golden light,
I watch you dance, a vision bright.
With laughter sweet, you draw me near,
Yet in my heart, you're still unclear.

He poured his soul into the verses, the audience hanging on his every word. He could see Alex in the front row, his eyes wide with surprise, a smile creeping across his face. The connection they shared felt electric, and for a moment, Ethan believed that perhaps this would be the catalyst to break through the barriers he had built.

As he finished, applause erupted, and Ethan stepped off the stage, his heart racing. Alex approached him, a glimmer of admiration in his eyes. "That was amazing, Ethan! I had no idea you were such a talented poet," he said, his voice warm and inviting.

"Thanks, Alex," Ethan replied, his cheeks flushing. "I just... wanted to express something, I guess."

They talked for a while, sharing laughter and stories, and for the

first time, Ethan felt a sense of hope. Maybe this was the beginning of something beautiful. But as the night wore on, the weight of his unconfessed feelings loomed heavily over him, a bittersweet reminder of what could never be.

As the weeks passed, Ethan and Alex became closer friends. They studied together, shared meals, and even hit the gym, where Ethan marveled at Alex's dedication to fitness. But still, Ethan kept his feelings hidden, afraid to ruin the friendship they had built. The tension between them grew, a silent acknowledgment of something deeper that neither dared to explore.

One evening, they found themselves alone in the gym, the air thick with the scent of sweat and determination. They were both exhausted after a grueling workout, and as they leaned against the wall, catching their breath, Ethan's heart raced. The moment felt charged, electric, and he could no longer ignore the pull he felt toward Alex.

"Hey, can I ask you something?" Ethan said, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Of course," Alex replied, his brow furrowing in curiosity.

"Do you ever think about... more than friendship?" Ethan's heart pounded in his chest, the vulnerability of his question hanging in the air.

Alex's expression shifted, a mix of surprise and contemplation crossing his features. "I mean... I've thought about it, but I didn't know if you felt the same way."

Ethan's breath caught in his throat. "You have?"

"Yeah," Alex admitted, a shy smile creeping onto his lips. "I've always felt a connection with you, Ethan. I just didn't know how to approach it."

In that instant, the world around them faded away. The gym, the weights, the echoes of laughter from outside—all of it disappeared as they stood there, hearts racing, the weight of their unspoken feelings finally lifted. They leaned in closer, and Ethan could feel the warmth radiating from Alex's body.

But just as their lips were about to meet, the door swung open, and another friend barged in, shattering the moment. The spell was broken, and Ethan felt a wave of disappointment wash over him. He forced a smile, but inside, he felt the walls closing in again.

Chapter Two: The Unraveling

Days turned into weeks, and the tension between Ethan and Alex simmered just beneath the surface. They continued to hang out, but every interaction was tinged with an unspoken longing that neither dared to address. Ethan found himself caught in a whirlwind of emotions—elation at their friendship, yet despair at the feelings he couldn't voice.

One evening, as they sat on the rooftop of their dormitory, gazing at the stars, Ethan felt a surge of courage. The moonlight illuminated Alex's features, casting a soft glow that made him look ethereal. "Alex," Ethan began, his voice trembling slightly, "I need to tell you something."

Alex turned to him, his expression serious. "What is it?" Ethan took a deep breath, his heart pounding. "I've had a crush on you for a long time. I didn't know how to say it, but I can't keep it to myself anymore."

For a moment, silence enveloped them, and Ethan's heart sank. Had he ruined everything? But then, Alex's face broke into a smile, and he laughed softly. "Ethan, I thought you'd never say it! I've been waiting for you to make a move."

Relief washed over Ethan, and he couldn't help but laugh too. They leaned closer, their breaths mingling in the cool night air, and finally, their lips met in a soft, tentative kiss. It was everything Ethan had dreamed of and more—a spark igniting between them, a promise of something beautiful.

But just as they were lost in the moment, a loud crash echoed

from below, followed by shouts. They pulled apart, startled, and rushed to the edge of the rooftop to see what had happened. A group of students had gathered, and in the chaos, Ethan spotted his roommate, Jake, who was known for his reckless antics.

“What’s going on?” Ethan shouted down, concern flooding his voice.

Jake looked up, a sheepish grin on his face. “Just a little party gone wrong! Nothing to worry about!”

Ethan sighed, rolling his eyes, but the moment had been shattered. They retreated to the rooftop, but the magic had dimmed, and a heavy silence settled between them. The thrill of their kiss lingered, but the reality of their situation loomed large.

As the days passed, Ethan struggled with the aftermath of their confession. He was elated to have shared his feelings, yet the fear of losing Alex as a friend weighed heavily on him. He began to notice subtle changes in Alex’s demeanor—he seemed more distant, distracted, and Ethan couldn’t shake the feeling that their relationship was teetering on the edge.

One night, Ethan received a text from Alex asking to meet. His heart raced with anticipation, but as he arrived at their usual spot, he found Alex sitting alone, his expression troubled.

“Ethan, we need to talk,” he said, his voice barely above a whisper.

Ethan’s stomach dropped. “What’s wrong?”

“I’ve been thinking a lot about what we said... and I’m not sure I’m ready for a relationship,” Alex admitted, his eyes filled with uncertainty. “I don’t want to lose what we have.”

Ethan felt as if the ground had been pulled from beneath him. “But I thought we were on the same page. I thought you felt the same way.”

“I do, but I’m scared,” Alex confessed, running a hand through his hair. “I’ve never been in a relationship like this, and I don’t want to mess it up.”

The weight of Alex’s words crushed Ethan, and he could feel tears prickling at the corners of his eyes. “I understand, but I can’t keep pretending that I don’t have feelings for you. It hurts too much.”

“I know,” Alex said, his voice thick with emotion. “I just need time to figure things out.”

Ethan nodded, swallowing the lump in his throat. “I’ll give you space, but please don’t shut me out.”

As they parted ways that night, Ethan felt a profound sense of loss. The connection they had shared felt fragile, like a delicate thread that could snap at any moment. He spent the following days in a haze, trying to focus on his studies, but his thoughts were consumed by Alex.

Then, one fateful afternoon, Ethan received a call from Jake, his roommate. “Hey, man, you need to come to the hospital. It’s Alex. He was in an accident.”

Panic surged through Ethan as he rushed to the hospital, his heart pounding in his chest. When he arrived, he found Jake waiting in the lobby, his face pale. “He’s going to be okay, but... it was bad.”

Ethan’s mind raced as they were led to Alex’s room. The sight of him lying there, pale and bruised, sent a wave of nausea through Ethan. He rushed to his side, taking Alex’s hand in his own, feeling the warmth of his skin against the coldness of the sterile room.

“Ethan?” Alex’s voice was weak, but the recognition in his eyes filled Ethan with hope.

“I’m here, Alex. I’m right here,” Ethan said, tears streaming down his cheeks. “You’re going to be okay.”

As the days passed, Alex’s condition improved, and Ethan stayed by his side, refusing to leave. They talked about everything—their fears, their dreams, and the love that had blossomed between them, even in the midst of uncertainty. In those moments, Ethan realized that their bond was stronger than he had ever imagined.

One evening, as they sat together, Alex turned to Ethan, his eyes filled with determination. “I’ve had a lot of time to think, and I don’t want to waste any more of it. I want to be with you, Ethan. I’m ready.”

Ethan’s heart soared, and he leaned in, capturing Alex’s lips in a passionate kiss. “I’ve waited for you, Alex. I’m so glad you’re okay.”

As they pulled away, Alex smiled, his eyes sparkling with life. “I’m not going anywhere this time. You’re stuck with me.”

Chapter Three: The New Beginning

With each passing day, Alex grew stronger, and their relationship blossomed in ways Ethan had never thought possible. They navigated the complexities of their feelings together, learning to communicate openly and honestly. The accident had been a wake-up call for both of them, a reminder of the fragility of life and the importance of embracing love.

Ethan found solace in the little moments they shared—late-night study sessions, spontaneous adventures, and quiet evenings spent talking about their hopes for the future. They explored the city together, discovering hidden gems and sharing laughter that echoed in the night.

One sunny afternoon, they decided to take a trip to the beach, a place where they could escape the pressures of university life. The sound of waves crashing against the shore filled the air as they spread out a blanket on the sand. Ethan watched as Alex ran toward the water, his laughter ringing like music.

“Come on, Ethan! Don’t be a wuss!” Alex called, splashing water in Ethan’s direction.

Ethan laughed, shaking his head. “You’re crazy!” But the joy in Alex’s voice was infectious, and soon he found himself sprinting toward the waves, diving in alongside him.

They spent the day playing in the water, building sandcastles, and sharing secrets as the sun dipped below the horizon, painting the sky in hues of orange and pink. As they sat on the beach, watching the sun set, Ethan felt a sense of peace wash

over him.

“Ethan,” Alex said, breaking the comfortable silence. “I’ve been thinking about our future... about us.”

Ethan turned to him, his heart racing. “What do you mean?”

“I want to take this seriously. I want to build something with you,” Alex confessed, his eyes earnest. “I know we’ve had our ups and downs, but I can’t imagine my life without you.”

Tears pricked at the corners of Ethan’s eyes, and he felt an overwhelming rush of emotion. “I want that too, Alex. More than anything.”

They leaned in, their lips meeting in a tender kiss that spoke volumes of their love. In that moment, Ethan knew that they had overcome the obstacles that had once threatened to tear them apart. They were stronger together, ready to face whatever life threw their way.

As the months rolled on, they continued to grow together, supporting each other through the challenges of university life.

They celebrated each other’s victories, from Ethan’s poetry readings to Alex’s achievements in sports. Their bond deepened, and they became each other’s safe haven.

One night, as they lay in bed together, Ethan turned to Alex, his heart full. “You know, I never thought I could feel this way about someone. You’ve changed my life.”

Alex smiled, brushing his fingers through Ethan’s hair. “You’ve changed mine too. I never knew what love could be until I met you.”

As they drifted off to sleep, wrapped in each other’s arms, Ethan felt a sense of contentment he had never known before. The journey had been fraught with uncertainty, but it had led them to this moment—a love that was real, profound, and everlasting.

But just as everything seemed perfect, a shocking twist awaited them. A few weeks later, Ethan received an unexpected message from an unknown number. "I know your secret, Ethan. You should be careful who you trust."

Panic coursed through him as he read the message, and he quickly shared it with Alex. "What does this mean? Who could it be?" Alex's brow furrowed, concern etched on his face.

"I don't know, but I won't let anyone come between us," Ethan vowed, determination burning in his chest. They decided to investigate, determined to uncover the truth behind the cryptic message.

As they delved deeper, they discovered that someone from their past had resurfaced—an ex-friend who felt betrayed by Ethan's growing closeness with Alex. The revelation sent shockwaves through their lives, but instead of allowing it to tear them apart, they faced the challenge together.

In a powerful confrontation, they confronted the ex-friend, standing united against the negativity that threatened to invade their happiness. "We're not afraid of you," Ethan declared, his voice strong and unwavering. "Our love is worth fighting for." With that, they reclaimed their narrative, refusing to let anyone dictate their happiness. The experience only strengthened their bond, solidifying their commitment to each other.

As they stood together, hand in hand, facing the sunset on the beach where their love had blossomed, Ethan knew that they could conquer anything as long as they had each other. The trials they had faced had only deepened their connection, and with every challenge they overcame, their love grew stronger.

In that moment, as the waves crashed against the shore and the sky transformed into a canvas of colors, Ethan realized that their

story was just beginning—a beautiful, passionate journey filled with love, laughter, and the promise of a bright future together. And so, with hearts entwined and spirits soaring, they stepped boldly into the unknown, ready to embrace whatever life had in store for them, side by side.

