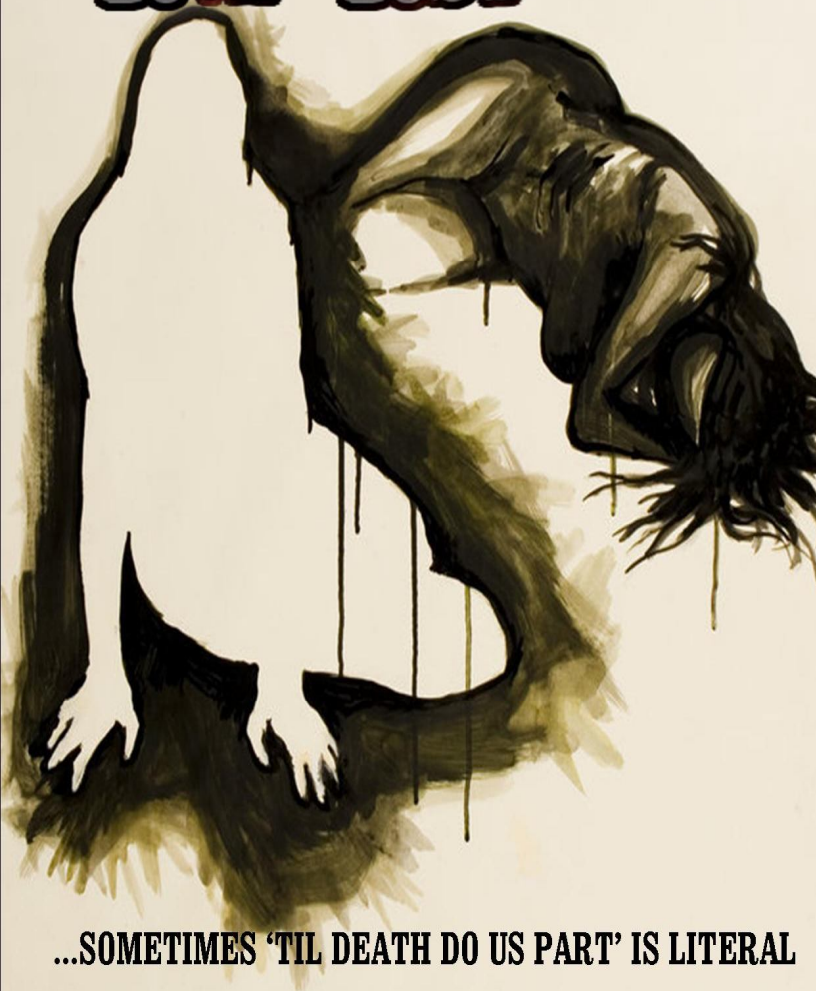


# LOVE LOST



...SOMETIMES 'TIL DEATH DO US PART' IS LITERAL

**ROD MARTINEZ**

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## LOVE LOST

Fate is a funny thing, Tammy Rivers was the kind of girl that other girls wished they were. Popular, great hair, great body and every guy wants her. Enter the one type of guy she'd never give a second glance to, a guy who seemed to know and love her with such a sincerity it overwhelmed her. They say true love is too good to be true, and in Tammy's case she finds out first hand.

***Reader, enjoy this free ebook download by Rod Martinez as an intro to the Rod Martinez style and line of YA books. Do come back to the site and download your next thriller!!***

To Mom

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# LOVE LOST

## PROLOGUE

He sped onto the highway, smiling, humming to himself. Today was the big day and he was hurriedly making last minute arrangements. Today he felt the luckiest man in the world, for today he would tie the knot with an unusual twenty-seven year old beauty he'd met only two years before. Late is better than never, they say, and for this twenty-nine year old, this was closer to "later" for him... or at least his mother thought so.

He picked up the cell phone and

speed dialed the number with one hand while carefully steadying the steering wheel with another.

"Honey, hi... huh? I'm on the highway, going to the hall to make sure that all the arrangements are done... Oh, I know, I know, the groom isn't supposed to worry about this kind of stuff, well, I'm not your ordinary groom, I'm marrying the most beautiful woman in my life. I don't want you worrying about a single thing. Ok, well, I'm almost there, then I'll head out to the church, Dave's got everything waiting for me, I just spoke with him. Good, ok... I love you too... we're going to have the greatest life any couple would ever dream of, you're my world... Honey, I love you..."

He threw kisses to her over the phone, closing his eyes in the process, an ill-fated gesture of the greatest magnitude during an intense rush hour such as this one. In the middle of Downtown Orlando, one of Florida's most densely populated incorporated

metropolises and the tourist haven of the southeast, a mere second of lost control behind the wheel could result in one of the deadliest of mishaps.

Before he knew it, there was a horn blown, deep, like that of a tractor trailer - or bus, he would never know, he didn't have time to glance into his rear-view mirror. The tremendous impact behind him was instantaneous, he screamed once, in agonizing pain... a cry heard over the mobile phone line by his beloved betrothed, a cry for *her*, his lovely bride-to-be, whom he knew he'd never see again...

# CHAPTER ONE

Stroking back her sculptured brunette mane, she glanced at her watch, just briefly, exhaling a flustered sigh. Seventeen year old Tammy Rivers stood at this very spot every day after school, awaiting her best friend to swing around the corner in her Yaris.

She turned around, caught sight of a handsome figure strolling across the street. He turned, smiled... she returned shyly. He walked slowly away from sight, a brisk movement of his hand signified a greeting gesture, he smiled walking into the store around the corner.

The car pulled around, music blaring and catching the attention of several in the vicinity.

"Gee, turn the music up some, MaryAnn!" she barked hopping in the car.

"Huh!!?"

"Nothing! Never mind!"

"So what do you want to do tonight, Tammy, the usual?!"

Tammy lowered the volume some.

"No, I don't want to go to the football game tonight, let's do a movie or something."

"Gonna call Juan? Maybe he can bring his cute cousin Ruben along... love those Latins."

"No, just us please. Juan's an octopus, I'm not in the mood to fight him off tonight..."

"Why would anyone want to fight off Juan Ruiz?"

"Oh, MaryAnn, you're a walking hormone!"



"Excuse me, Miss Cover Girl... I wasn't born with your centerfold, drop dead looks, I have to work hard for a social life, you know?"

"Oh, MaryAnn."

"So waddaya wanna do, girlfriend?!"

"Let's go to a movie, just us two."

"Bo-ring!" her friend said, pointing her finger into her opened mouth.

"It'll be fun, come on."

"Ok. But if I croak of boredom, I'm coming back for you."

They stopped at the intersection; Tammy brushed back her hair with a long sweep of her hand. A car pulled up next to them, just as her hair fell back into place. The lone driver in the sports coupe was the most gorgeous hunk either of them had ever laid eyes on.

"Tam... Tam, get a load of this

one." MaryAnn whispered through clenched teeth.

Tammy glanced over and they froze in each other's glare. He smiled, she smiled, MaryAnn smiled... to herself. He reached down in his car, scribbled something and tossed it into MaryAnn's car. The matchbox landed on MaryAnn's lap and he screeched off into the evening. MaryAnn grabbed the item and flipped it over,

"Vinnie Lawrence... 555-0861"

"Throw it away."

"Huh?"

"Throw it away, I don't want it... unless you do."

"Consider it mine. What's the problem? He looked like he could be Brad Pitt's brother!"

"You wouldn't understand."

A car's horn behind them informed them that the light had changed moments ago.

"Geez, excuse us!"

MaryAnn turned the corner and kept on her way.

"Guys think that because they're great looking, have charm and probably some knack in sports or music, they can waltz into a girl's life and sweep them off their feet. I'm so fed up with their type, and trouble is, that's the only type I attract. I can smell them a mile away."

"Can you smell any coming *my* way?"

"Oh, MaryAnn!"

They drove off.

## CHAPTER TWO

The two friends going to a movie alone was a rare event. Usually Tammy had an entourage of guys to choose from, but she was growing tired of the usual.

"... Meet the guy, get the phone number, call, talk about how great and impressive he is, go out, dinner, movie, neck, maybe go a little further if I'm in the right mood, then be totally disappointed in his performance anyway, drive home, promise to call, never do... then back to the top again."

"That sounds like maybe two or three nights a year for me, if I'm lucky!" MaryAnn whined as they waited in line

at the ticket booth.

"Dating isn't all it's cracked up to be, let me tell you."

"Yeah? Well, I'd like to experience that myself, you know?"

They chuckled. MaryAnn took a good, stern look at her friend.

"You know Tam, I'm glad you're not stuck up like the rest of the 'beautiful ones' at school. You're down to earth, real... just like me."

They stared at each other again, giggled some more. MaryAnn felt someone brush up against her.

"Oh, excuse me..."

"Juan, Juan Ruiz! What a surprise!"

"MaryAnn Peters, fancy meeting you here. Hi, Tammy." the school heart throb smiled, sweeping back his thick, jet black hair in an assured gesture.

"Juan." she nodded.

"So, you two alone?"

"Not now." she sighed.

"Well, I'm up there in the line and saw you two back here and thought I'd be the gentleman, ask you two up with me, wanna come?"

MaryAnn turned to her pal; a sly smile slowly crept on her anxious face.

"Uh, I'll pass... MaryAnn can go."

"Oh... MaryAnn?"

"Sure, you don't mind, Tam?"

"No, not at all, have a ball. Which movie are you going to watch?"

"'Bad Seed'."

"Fitting," she smirked to herself, "...Ok, I'll catch you afterwards..."

"Tammy, are you sure?" her friend insisted.

"I'm sure," she assured in a smile, "... don't do anything I wouldn't."

MaryAnn stepped out of line in a

huge smile. Juan, arms already roaming her back, walked her up.

"They deserve each other."

It wasn't a mere couple of seconds later that Tammy felt a soft rapping on her arm. She felt she knew already, it was some hot and horny beef-cake ready to make his move on a lone, goddess-like beauty standing in line. She could almost feel the words climbing up her throat, "Look creep, leave me alone!!" But she held her emotion for the moment and slowly turned.

To her surprise, it wasn't who or what she'd expected at all. Yes, it was a guy, but nothing like what she'd assumed. He was tall, had a certain shyness about him, not at all the muscular jock or Casanova type she was accustomed to. He looked more like the boy next door.

"Hi, excuse me... Tammy?  
Tammy Rivers?"

"Yes..."

"Look, you don't know me, and I'll admit this is kinda awkward, especially for me, but since I notice you're alone in line here, do you mind if I join you for a movie?"

She looked puzzled for a second. After so many lines she'd heard from so many different guys, here was a first. An actual gut approach from a guy she'd never seen before in her life, who was not even in the same caliber of guy she'd normally be seen with, but something about his approach, his warm honest smile, his wholesome stare into her, disquieted her feeling.

"Uh, yes, sure..." she softly smiled.

"Ok... oh, I'm Michael Starks."

"You don't go to St. Cloud High, do you? You don't seem familiar to me at all... where do you know me from?"

"Are you kidding? You're Tammy



Rivers. Everybody knows you, right?"

"Well, not that I choose for it to be that way."

"I know, but you *are* one of the most beautiful girls at St. Cloud, or even all Orlando for that matter, you know?"

"Oh, how sweet."

She wasn't sure, but she thought she was blushing. How odd, to receive such a compliment from someone who would normally not even get a second glance from her, she liked this.

"What movie were you going to watch?"

"I was thinking about 'Bad Seed', but some friends of mine will be there and I don't want to impose... so..."

They reached the booth and he pulled out his wallet before she could think to refuse.

"Two for 'Cassie's Curse', please."

## CHAPTER THREE

The phone rang, bringing Tammy reluctantly out of her sleep. It was Saturday morning, for crying out loud, who would dare call her this time of morning?

"Hello..? MaryAnn, don't you ever sleep? No, I'm not angry with you for taking off with Juan, did you have to fight him off last night... or am I asking this question to the wrong person? No... I didn't mean it like that... me? I met this guy in line, he was the sweetest... huh? The mall? Sure, come pick me up, I'll fill you in. You mean the Florida Mall, right?

An hour later they were roaming the mall in usual fashion. The two friends were almost night and day, yet it

was that contradistinction between them that made their relationship so unique. Tammy's Venus-like beauty, a radiant grace that everyone surrounding her could sense, covered her from her long, curly auburn locks, down her svelte figure to her feet, and everywhere in between. MaryAnn, herself a quite attractive teen-ager in her own right, still lacked that natural charm and beauty of her best friend. Shorter and livelier than her pal, she made the perfect contrast.

"...He just came up to me, paid my way in the movie, and then offered to buy me dinner."

"What'd you have?"

"I kindly refused."

"Oh."

"Then we talked a little bit, drove down International Drive, then he took me home... since I completely lost you at the theatre. Where were you?"

"Juan took me to Pleasure Island afterwards, then we went to his place..."

"I think I can figure out the rest."

"He was incredible...  
animal...he..."

"Tammy! Hi!"

The voice was familiar to her. Both girls turned in time to see him walk up, just past the jewelry store. Tammy smiled, as did MaryAnn, both for different reasons.

"Michael, well, hi. What a coincidence running into you here at the mall."

"I'm saying." he shrugged.

"Michael, this is my best friend, MaryAnn Peters. MaryAnn, this is Michael, the guy I was telling you about... from last night."

"Oh, 'Mr. Gentleman'... charmed." she slyly grinned.

"Well, I just, ah... saw you and

thought to say hi, don't want to bother you two..."

"Don't be silly, I was just going to the food court to see my sister Molly... I'll just leave you two alone. Tam, you know where to get me." she said in a smirk as she shifted off.

"Well... here we are again..."

"Yeah, uh, Tammy I hope you're not bothered by me running into you here, I just glanced up and there you were, like a drop of warm sunlight on a gloomy day, just looking at you was like a breath of fresh air slapping me in the face."

"Gosh, do you talk to all the girls like this?" she smiled.

"No, no. Just you Tammy. You inspire passages like that. If I were a poet, I'd write a book of poems for you, a musician, you'd inspire songs..."

"Michael, whoa there for a second. Has someone put you up to

this? Guys don't act like this, where's the macho 'I'm bad and you have to fall for me!' or the 'I'm so macho and good looking I wish I could make love to myself' routine?

"I'm sorry Tammy, neither of those are me. If that's what you're used to I can try and play the part, but I believe that if you catch a beautiful flower, why smother it with poison if you have perfume?"

They stopped walking at that moment and stared into each other's eyes, only to break when he nervously shuffled back for a second.

"... Not that I'm saying you are that flower, uh... it was an observation..."

Tammy stood flustered as she stared into his hazel eyes. In all her life she'd never before met a guy like Michael Starks. She could see an innocence in his eyes, feel a pure sensation of affection that radiated off

him for her, without the slightest hint of lust. This was a new feeling for the young woman.

"No, I don't mind being that flower, it's flattering. I thought guys only talked like that in romance novels."

"Well, heh, this is no novel, is it?"

He stepped closer to her, staring into her eyes. His hazel eyes to her green made for an exciting combination, but the emotion was short lived with the interruption of a voice.

"Hey Tammy, we've gotta stop meeting like this."

She turned.

"Oh no... Juan." she mumbled under her breath.

He brushed up beside Michael without so much as an acknowledgement, defying the space between them.

"Tammy, oye chica, you left me stranded at the movies with that loony

friend of yours... you gonna make up for it or what?"

"Correct me if I'm wrong, but you did get what you wanted from her, did you not?"

"Hey, of course," he smiled elbowing Michael, "... but it's you I want, not her. What say we hit the Island tonight?"

"Uh, I don't think so Juan. But MaryAnn's at the food court if you need a date, hurry before you miss her."

"Hello?! Maybe you weren't listening, I said I'm taking you."

"No, maybe *you're* not listening, I said no. **N - O**, it means the same thing in Spanish, doesn't it? It is in your vocabulary, no?"

"Hey, don't dis, sabe?" he barked reaching for her arm, "... and who's Egbert here?"

"Uh, the name's Michael, Michael Starks..." he said reaching out his hand



for a shake.

"Who's talking to you!?" the teen jock said shoving his hand away, "...so, are you going out with me or what? What time do I pick you up?"

"I'm going out with Egb... with Michael tonight."

Michael stood shocked for a second, and then smiled as the muscular intimidator turned to him.

"Him? Pretty hard up, huh? You need a real man, Tammy."

"He's more of a man than you'll ever be, now would you mind leaving us alone?"

"I don't believe this."

"Believe it." Michael smiled.

Juan grabbed Michael by his sleeve.

"Look, Wonder Bread," he shoved Michael against the photo booth, "...that's my girl you're fooling with!"

"Juan, stop it!"

"No, you look," Michael, though his face was against the booth, managed to grab Juan's thumb and pull it back, then countered Juan's weight, coiling away, and turning full twist so he was behind him, brought Juan's arm up behind him, shoved him against the booth and held him painfully at bay, "... I believe the beautiful girl asked you to leave. Think you can manage that, Taco face?"

"I don't freaking believe this, Eh Cara!"

"Believe it."

Michael pushed him away. Juan turned around, stood his ground, pointing at the stranger.

"This ain't over Egbert, I promise you."

"Oh, it's over pal... and don't harass her anymore."

They stood, challenging the other

to make the next move until Tammy grabbed Michael by the arm and pulled him into the book store.

"Michael, you didn't have to do that. Juan isn't someone to threaten."

"Oh, and I should stand there and let him irritate you? **NOT!** Don't worry Tammy, I know how to handle his kind."

"Wow, an anger streak, I was starting to think you were from another planet or something."

"I'm not a violent person, I just couldn't stand there and watch him bother you like he was doing. Don't people like him know they're a pain? Why would anyone harass such a beautiful blossom like you anyway?"

"He's having a hard time realizing he's not my boyfriend." she smiled.

He took her hand.

"So, are we really going out tonight, or were you..?"

"No, I want to go out... do you mind?"

"No, not at all, in fact, we can go to Wet-N-Wild right now, if you'd like."

"I don't have my swim suit."

"I'll buy you one, heck, we're in the mall."

"Ok." she smiled.

They walked away arm in arm, past a solemn bruised and angry teen leaning against the phones.

## CHAPTER FOUR

**N**ight. The serenity of the warm Florida climate helped the mood. They sat across each other at the table. Conversations were ablaze around them, they heard nothing. Staring across the small table still covered with untouched portions of their meals, they shared little discussion but much unspoken conversation.

Lost in his glare, Tammy found herself at odds with herself. For the first time she knew of, she was on a date, with nothing to say, no topic she could think of. She simply alternated soft smiles with her date, running her

fingers up and down the beverage glass. He reached across for her hand, she placed it in his.

"This is a nice, quaint place, never been here before, Spanish and Asian food. This is unique."

"Yeah, my best friend brought me here once and I was hooked, Chirico's is the best!"

"I love it, have to tell MaryAnn."

"Tammy, I want to thank you for a great evening."

"It isn't over yet, is it?"

"No, no... just, this is like a dream come true for me, I can't believe it's happening. I've wanted to be with you for so long."

"Why haven't I ever seen you before? Which school do you go to, Pleasant?"

"No... I'm not from here..."

"Oh... a tourist? Then you won't

be here long..."

"Not as long as I'd like to. My God, you are so beautiful, I wish I could take you with me..."

"Hey, wait a minute now..."

"Just a wish, that's all... wishes don't all come true."

"No, not all of them," she edged forward on the table, closer to his face, "... but if I were ever to believe in them, I'd say you were one. At a time where I thought guys like you were a fantasy, you walk into my life... proved me wrong."

"You deserve the best Tammy, you're one in a million."

"You're just saying that." she blushed.

"No, I meant that." he kissed her, softly, passionately, and covered her lips with his hand after he pulled away.

A stroll around the Lake Oeula in downtown Orlando only brought the

night closer to them. They were caught up in the same emotion and they knew it. Stopping at a bench, words became scarce, but they weren't important at the moment. A light caress, a soft whisper, a passionate nibble on the ear, they held each other close as the brisk wind off the lake gave them reason to cuddle . They kissed. On a still night like this, memories are made, and both of them knowing it wouldn't last forever, cherished every second they had.

He pulled away slowly.

"Tammy, I hope you don't think I'm premature in this," he whispered, eyes never leaving hers, "...but, I love you. It's not some infatuation or some silly crush, I am honestly, deeply in love with you and have been for quite some time."

She smiled, not saying a word. Somehow she knew he was telling the truth, and the worse part, she felt the same way. This was an absolute first for



her.

"I don't think you're making it up, Michael."

## CHAPTER FIVE

She tossed in bed. That morning she didn't want to wake up. She felt a hand, soft, caring, brush her face. She smiled.

"Michael..?" she moaned.

"No, it's me, MaryAnn. Geez girl, it's almost 11:00 in the morning, care to get up, sleeping beauty?"

She lazily pulled herself up, with the help of her friend.

"I take it you had some night last night, huh?"

"He's a dream, MaryAnn, you ever fantasize about the perfect guy? Michael is it... he's a gentleman, he's smart, funny, caring, cute..."

"Not as cute as Juan."

"Oh, flip Juan! Michael is everything I want in a man. God, I wish he didn't have to go."

"Go? Where's he going?"

"Well, he doesn't live here..."

"So, where does he live?"

"I... I don't know, it's never come up."

"This guy must have you going circles. You mean, normally inquisitive

Tammy Rivers has no knowledge on the origin of her dream-boat? Maybe he lives close by, Sanford, Daytona Beach, Tampa, Danica... Albuquerque?"

They shared a giggle.

"He's picking me up at 12, taking me to Universal Studios."

"Man, does he have a brother!?"

"I don't know!" she chuckled throwing a pillow at her friend.

"So when do your parents get back? I still say I should be staying here, spending the weekend with you, now with Juan on the rampage and all."

"They get back Tuesday and I'm fine by myself, thank you."

"Hmm, plan to have any overnight guests?"

A pillow fight ensued.

## CHAPTER SIX

The long day winded down after eleven thirty, PM. Michael brought his new love back home, her idea, she wanted to prepare a little snack for him. They stood at the door of her family's roomy two story home.

"... No, I insist, you've been spending money on me like crazy since we've met, I want to prepare a snack for you... anything you want..."

"No, I don't want to impose..."

"You're imposing by not coming in."

"Well, okay, but only because you insist."

She embraced him, arms fully around his waist, and pulled him to her,

smiling.

"I insist."

She pecked him several times meekly about his face, each kiss lasting slightly a bit longer than the previous. His arms slowly embraced her back, he pulled her as close as he possibly could and returned each and every kiss.

It was the stomp behind them on the porch that finally broke them apart. She opened her eyes and cringed, he turned to see exactly what it was to find...

***CRACK!!!***

A strong blow to the side of his face. He didn't have time to glance up and acknowledge where it came from, but on his swift descent to the floor, his date's scream made it known for him.

"Juan! What are you doing here!?"

"Well I hear tell that Mr. *Too-Good-To-Be-True* is just a sweepin' my

princess off her feet, I had to see it with my own two eyes. Egbert, you're dead meat!"

Michael quickly rose to his feet, holding his aching face and stood beside Tammy.

"Juan, leave us alone! I'll call the police, I swear!"

"Call them Tammy; we'll need them to carry Wonder Bread here away."

He approached the girl, Michael took a step toward him.

"Ho ho... bravery, nice, nice..."

Juan reached out behind him and pulled out a small club. He delivered a cold, daring smirk at Michael, who stood ready.

"Come on lover boy, I'm ready... but then again, let me guess, Egbert, you're a lover, not a fighter, right?" he said swinging the club.

"Is that how much a man you

are, Juan... that you need a weapon against someone half your size?"

"Look boy, I don't need no weapon, I just want to make this quick and precise. I hit you, you hit the floor, that's it... a little blood is good, no?"

Michael stared at him without the slightest hint of nervousness.

"You game, Wonder Bread?"

"Am I supposed to fear you or something, Fajita Face? Please tell me, so at least I can act the part."

"Juan, please..." Tammy whined in the corner, "... don't hurt him, I love him..."

"Baby, this ain't gonna take long."

Juan moved to strike, but his move was anticipated, Michael reached up, thrust his weight against the arm, forcing the club out of his grip. He grabbed the same arm, pulled it to him, forcing his huge attacker off balance,

then forced his knee into his abdomen, shoved him away with a sturdy jab to the chest and leapt up to meet Juan's face with his boot. The force of this kick sent the muscular teen to the damp ground two steps below. The thud he made against the ground was overwhelming and forced Tammy into laughter. Michael picked up the club and tossed it into the trees.

"Who the hell are you? What do you think you're gettin' away with here!?" Juan said stumbling up on his feet pointing at the newcomer.

"I am a man in love who's not going to stand here and let some overbearing chump like you harass my girl, that's who the hell I am."

Juan leapt up the stairs at him again, tackling him against the wall. He held him there and delivered a mind blowing head-butt that left Michael dizzy for a brief moment. Juan used that moment to get up and raise his foot,



then slam it down on his unsuspecting, dazed victim. But Michael rolled over, kicked up hard and strong, forcing his foot into Juan's groin. The teenage heartthrob fell back, against the rail and over into the rose bed, under a shower of obscenities in his native tongue.

Michael stood up, walked over to the rail and looked down at his fallen adversary.

"If you don't mind, trouble-gut... we're going inside now. If you bother us again, well, then I'm going to get mad, and I do challenge you to piss me off... please, piss me off!" he smiled wiping his mouth.

Tammy closed the door behind them.

"Now, we were coming in for..?"

"Blueberry pie... a la mode!"

"With whipped topping?"

"Whatever you desire." she smacked.

In the kitchen, she served it up, but it was never touched. As she spread the topping over the ice cream, he took some on his finger and covered her lips with it, then sensuously sucked it off. She repeated the gesture on him, then loosening his shirt and following the slow trickle of cream down his chest with her tongue. He pulled her up to face him. They kissed, soft and tenderly at first, but soon the heat of the moment caught them. Soon they were groping one another in anticipated desire, she yanked off his shirt like it was diseased. In the dim light of the night, they held each other. This was a craving she knew he could satisfy, a thirst yearning to be quenched.

"Michael... " she reached for his pants.

"Tammy, I don't... want to do this here, it's disrespectful to your parents."

"My parents aren't here..."

"Still, it doesn't feel right."

She stood, in his arms, glaring into his eyes.

She smiled.

"You're serious, aren't you?"

He lowered his face, then looked back into her eyes.

"Yes."

"You are unreal, do you know that?" she said, her weight pressed against him, on the wall.

"Why?"

"Any guy I have known would kill for this moment. You're so... different."

"In a good way?"

"Oh Michael, in the best way."

She covered his lips with hers, hungrily, passionately.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

She slept peacefully. It had been years since she'd remembered resting in total slumber this way. Yet, once again this weekend, she was awakened. Not by the telephone, or alarm, not even her best friend MaryAnn Peters, no - this time she was jolted out of her morning slumber by the sound of a car accident. The horrid screeching sound of hard rubber on solid asphalt, loud horns and metal and glass punctured into contortions unimaginable to the human mind. That, and her name, which was exclaimed as if in blood drenching horror...

*"Tammmmmmmyyyyyyyyyyy!!"*

She leapt up on the bed... glanced around. She was alone. She

grabbed her sheet, covered herself and hopped over to the window.

"Michael..?"

The street was peaceful, barely a soul out. Then she turned to the bed again.

"... Michael?"

A white strip of paper shone from under the pillow next to hers. She waved back her hair as she hopped on the bed and pulled it out... a note. Frantically, she unfolded it... it was from Michael. As she read, she could almost hear his voice reciting:

*"My dearest Tammy,*

*Words will never be able to express my emotion at the moment. Lying here watching you sleep in humble slumber. I always loved the way you'd pout while dreaming. Your beauty radiates throughout the room and penetrates me with all the more love for*

*you. As I write, I know I will never see you again, not this way. It was never my intention to mislead you in any way; you and I were destined to be, like Adam and Eve. Please know that true love will never again shine itself on you the way it was shared between us, my heart is yours and with it, I bestow my deepest affection and devotion to you. We will meet again, my love... but not in the same circumstances. But you will remember me, the bridegroom without his bride, for this was my final wish from God upon my untimely death, to return to you, albeit temporarily, to the past... and hold my precious little flower - one last time.*

*Love Forever,  
Michael"*

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