

My Dearest Hezekiah,

How does a shattered heart continue to beat? Mine shouldn't. Not without you. The moment he tore you from this world, he tore the life from me as well. I breathe, but only because I must—for our precious Victoria, our sweet Torie. If not for her innocent eyes, I would have followed you into the dark without hesitation.

Oh, my love... our time was but a fleeting whisper in a storm of cruelty. Every stolen kiss, every desperate touch—those were the moments I truly lived. Now, I lie in our empty bed, haunted by the echo of your voice, the ghost of your warmth. The plans we made—those beautiful, impossible dreams—mock me now. If only we had run. If only fate had shown mercy.

How am I to walk this desolate path alone? Who will catch me when grief drags me under? How will I find the words to tell Torie of a love so profound it defied every boundary, only to be crushed by hatred and injustice? How do I smile for her when joy has become a stranger to me?

You visit me in dreams—your arms, still strong, still mine. I cling to those fleeting moments, begging never to wake. Stay with me, my heart. Watch over Torie and me, two lost souls adrift in a world that feels colder with every sunrise you do not see. Send me solace so that I may survive for her.

Why, Hezekiah? Why did God take the greatest man I have ever known? A man of honor in a world that does not deserve such goodness. You bore burdens that were never yours to carry, served those who saw only your skin and not your soul. And still, you loved. You loved me when I was broken, when I was bound to a monster. You were my freedom, my hope... my everything.

I think of our vows—spoken in secret, yet more sacred than any grand ceremony. I was yours until death parted us—but even death has failed to sever the bond I feel. My heart is a hollow vessel, echoing with the ache of your absence. Perhaps one day I will smile - for Torie. Perhaps I will even laugh. But the light you gave me, that fierce, all-consuming joy—will forever be a memory I clutch until my final breath.

If only I had one more second—to say goodbye, to tell you once more how endlessly I love you. But this letter, placed with trembling hands upon your still chest, is all I have left to give. Take it with you, my love. Let it be the tether between this life and the next, until we meet again.

“I love you” feels so small against the vastness of what I carry for you. You were my every heartbeat, my dawn and dusk, the very marrow of my soul. And for every precious moment you gave me, I will remain...

**Forever yours, in grief and in love,
Sophie**