

*Excerpt from*

**CHAPTER 30: “The Third and Final Fateful Fall”**

*In an alternate timeline, we see the future of Selt within the real*

The Lady of the Violet Light is now older than the early days when her face was cast within the perfection of the youthful adult. Since those first days of Selt’s fall for her, she has stacked her own stories of bitterness and disappointment. For her, she carries the stories of broken shades of love that all ended in disappoint. For most her life she has been on the search for love, the kind that will awaken the parts and pieces of you that you didn’t even realize you have. She never could quite find what her soul was looking for and often took partial illumination over the full light. She thought the partial light would grow, but it never did.

As the funeral ends, this lady listens to his friend telling his story from the brief sharing to her. The memory of the very words he wrote that he never thought she’d hear still resonates in her memory from the reading by the preacher. The friend tells of this man who stood by his love for this mysterious woman who never really knew of his presence. The friend knows she is an untouchable celebrity, though she wishes he would have told her who. The friend continues to tell of the hurt, desire, and loneliness that lived within the depth of this man who waited for just a whisper of breath from his love traveling in his direction. She knew that he mourned every romance his lady would take on, as if pliers twisting and pinching his soul. She knew he would push himself harder to make himself worthy of her until a new suitor would kill the momentum. In his perfect vision of her, he would never be good enough. If only he hadn’t guarded the name so closely.

The friend continues to share all this with the very lady of his dreams. The self sacrifice ripples so deep within the lady that the level of it all had floored her with grief. She's moved by the extent of love that this stranger had within dedicating his entire life waiting for her. It haunts her to the core.

As the two begin to wander the grass in mourning following the funeral, the lady wonders who the woman this stranger loved was and if she would ever know of him. She felt sorry for both of them, as they were star crossed loved destined to not meet. Unfortunately, the lady of light does not and will not ever know that she was the one that he had waited until his dying breath.

The lady sits down with her friend upon the grass processing the somberness for this man she never met. She weeps and continues to weep from the bottom of her well. Despite never having met him, she loves how much he loved this woman of his dreams... so much so that he would wait an entire lifetime to be with her. In looking at her own long life, she sees the burnt out flames and divorces with every love ending up in disappointment. Of all the men that ever loved her within her life, none had the depth of love that this stranger whom she never met.

She sits deeply paralyzed with emotion, while wishing that if only she had found someone that would have loved her like that. She would have loved to be loved like that. In a way, she envies the mystery woman that this stranger loved. She thinks how she would have loved to be that woman and would have leapt into his arms to never let go. While, she secretly wishes it were her, little does she know that it was her that he waited the rest of his life for. If only he would have known that she would weep one day so deeply moved by him.

But this is still not the end of his timeline though. His timeline continues with his

presence within the lady that she continues to carry far after that unexpended day. It will continue to haunt her with bittersweetness throughout the rest of her own life. As her life continues toward her own worldly end, every time she is reminded of romance within the world around her, part of her always default back to him. From his life, she has learned a new meaning and expanse of love that she desperately craves to feel from someone. This new standard for love is so great that she continues to wait for this type of love until her own dying day. Little did she know that the one she began waiting for had already passed. She waited, but no one ever came along that could ever love her to such a grand and expansive extent. In this, she always returned to the dream of him, as she too fell in love with someone she never met.

Sadly, he had never got to know that she indeed loved him or the spirit of his heart. The day finally came decades later that she too would rest upon her own death bed. Until her dying day, she continued to hold onto this love for this stranger's love. The longing for his love never went away, for he had awakened a part of her that can never forget. She loved a man she never met till her dying breath, a man who loved her till his dying breath. Neither of them had known they had gotten what they desired most... to be loved by each other till their dying breath.