

When you were a baby, I was in heaven, I found you to be extraordinarily handsome, I figured. But, I would've adored to be young again. I'd have your baby, have his child. And, I'd have my pick. You see, I've been planning for this. I've pondered this since the day he was born. And, I want to claim the son that I gave him, that your mother bore. Why did you do it? I've always known I could have him. But, I didn't want it. There's a part of me that is still a boy. I always hoped that you wouldn't do this to me. You say it was an accident. It was that accident. I know that you want to blame yourself. I know that you can't escape the guilt that you feel. But, you can lie to me. You can even deny it. But, the guilt will haunt you. It will make you feel as though you were doing something so foul, so slimy, so vicious, and so vile. You say that you feel remorse. But, I feel nothing, except a profound anger. And, as I tell you to go to hell, I know that you think that we'd be together again. I'm going to lie to him. Why not? Let him know that you were an accident. You see, I was an accident. I was an accident of life. I was created by God to be a mate for this man. I was fashioned to be the companion, the consort, the lover. And, though I felt the fire of love for you, I couldn't allow myself to hope. I couldn't let myself even acknowledge that I felt love for you. That would be destroying my hopes for a husband. I've been in the Church since I was twelve years old, and I've spoken with a spirit of love for God, but I have never let myself love a man that I believed to be God's representative on earth. I had to do this. I had to do this, even though it killed me. I had to take what was due me. There's something that I cannot allow myself to give up. I cannot allow myself to let go of what's mine. When you were born, I was in heaven. I found you to be extraordinarily handsome, I figured. But, I would've adored to be

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