



Photos Courtesy of 'The Driskill Hotel' in Austin, Texas

Written by

[June Holiday](#)

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I would like to express my sincere appreciation of
'The Driskill Hotel'

for allowing me to use their photos and the name of their hotel in my e-book.

The Driskill Hotel is the type of place where dreams are made and realized.

Storybook romances, historical appreciation of the unique structure and endurance
of this palatial type of hotel and a quality of public service of the highest standards is
all part and parcel of what lies within its doors.

Being that it is situated in the Music Capital of the World, Austin, Texas,
only serves to enhance the attraction of

'The Driskill Hotel'

June Holiday

A DREAM COME TRUE

∞ The Beginning ∞



After ten years as President of Tory Matt's fan club, Taryn's dream was coming true. Would his dream come true also?

The Renaissance Bridal Suite

Massage Room at the Driskill Hotel



Taryn Masters felt as if she were preparing for the prom. In her excitement, Taryn had splurged at the spa of the Driskill Hotel where she was staying. After relaxing in a private steam room, she enjoyed a deep tissue massage, and then later attended at a local salon for a manicure, pedicure and to have her hair put up. Although a day at the spa was something Taryn had always wanted to experience, her reason for choosing this time to indulge, rather than an end to a means, was a prelude to a special moment she had only previously dreamt of. Taryn was going to meet Tory Matt in the flesh!

Taryn had been President of the expanding Tory Matt Fan Club for the past three years. Although she was not a founding member, upon discovering his writing she took the only recourse available to get as close to this fantastic writer as possible, and that was by way of the Tory Matt Fan Club. That was ten years ago. She had worked

diligently in promoting the club and made wonderful friendships in the progress. The one factor that brought these men and women together was their intense appreciation of a unique and gifted writer. Three years ago, due to family obligations, the then current President stepped down. Taryn was overjoyed when she was voted in as President and faithfully fulfilled her position in hopes of retaining her coveted title. Taryn knew that her position as President was her only recourse in hopes of ever meeting with Tory Matt. Even that idea was hopeful thinking. Tory's private life was protected and highly guarded from intrusion of the adoring public - and the few not so adoring that had tried to threaten him. This was a price of fame, and with that price came the seclusion that Taryn had hoped one day she would have the pleasure of overcoming and meeting with him.

Taryn had been pleasantly surprised and thrilled when she received a letter from Tory Matt's publicist that he would be doing a promotional tour and one stop on his tour would be at the Yarn Author's Book Fair, which was held yearly in Austin, Texas. The publicist had decided that having the President of Tory's fan club at the Fair, sitting in his booth and answering questions along side of him, would encourage others to view Tory and his writing as a long-term investment in their lives.

It was now time to put on the finishing touches. Taryn slipped into a simple off-white dress that fit well to her shape and slid her manicured toes into ecru sling-back shoes. Pausing for a moment to decide on the delicate fringed ivory shawl or the matching jacket, choosing the shawl, she stopped to reapply the soft shade of coral lipstick. Without a second thought she dropped the lipstick into her off-white beaded evening purse and floated out the door. Taryn was ready to meet the man that up until now had been only the creator of the words she loved to read.

The Cattleman Baron's Suite at the Driskill Hotel



Taryn knocked on the door of the hotel room, which opened into the Cattle Baron's Suite where Tory was staying. As many of his fans were aware that he was in town, it was decided that they would not meet in a public place. However, due to the staff that Tory had with him on this tour and the planned press conference, the suite was anything but private. John Thompson, Tory's publicist and manager, opened the door and Taryn introduced herself, trying to keep her legs from buckling from under her. Upon being invited in, Taryn quickly glanced around the room, taking in as many details as she could. Tory was seated at a round table by the window with another man and a woman, who presented an efficient demeanor as she took notes. John Thompson led the way through the small crowd in the room, which Taryn soon realized was made up of media personnel. It seemed like a dream, and within seconds Taryn was gazing into the eyes and shaking the hand of the man she most admired.

Tory Matt was pleasantly surprised at the appearance of the woman who had worked so diligently on his fan club. Although the club had held little interest to him, his publicist assured him that having a liaison with the club was good practice and would help in his book sales. Rather than focusing on the intellectual attributes of this woman, Tory was focused on the fit of the dress, the lightly tanned skin and her sparkling eyes. He could also tell that she was nervous, so he gave her a brotherly hug with welcoming words to help put her at ease. Within minutes, Taryn was included in the continuing conversation

that Tory had been involved in when they had approached. The woman taking notes was a reporter with a local paper, who now included Taryn in the questioning. Taryn lost all of her apprehension when discussing the Fan Club.

They were to meet the next day at the fair to spend the afternoon together answering questions and promoting Tory's newest book. Tory was remiss to have Taryn leave, thinking of the long hours yet to be filled that evening. Even when they were not engaged in conversation with the media, Tory's eyes had followed Taryn as she mingled throughout the guests and when she had taken a plate of food from the table that had been set up for the press conference. Taryn had caught Tory's interest and he was already picturing her in compromising positions. It was this very imagination, and his ability to pen his unabashed thoughts while displaying an intellectual wit, that had brought Tory such widespread success.

The Driskill Bar

Unaware of Tory's designs, Taryn accepted an invitation for cocktails in the lounge to 'get to know each other better.' Taryn did not imbibe often, and then it was usually only a glass of red wine. Two glasses later, Taryn was feeling flushed and animated by their conversation. Socializing with Tory Matt was truly a dream come true. Tory, on the other hand, was well into his plans to woo this woman.

Although Taryn was devoted to the Tory Matt Fan Club, she also had a life and others in her life that encompassed her every decision. She had already fulfilled her dream, and was enjoying every minute of it.



Tory's dreams were just forming as the minutes with Taryn progressed. His want grew by leaps and bounds as he pleasantly viewed the woman with whom he shared a table. In an obscure fashion he poured more wine into her glass as she chatted in her friendly manner. Tory smiled in response as he formulated a plan to seduce Taryn. If only he could find an excuse to somehow put her in his arms. She had mentioned that she loved to dance, perhaps . . .

Tory was used to getting what he wanted. Would he be able to get what he wanted this time, or would Taryn stiffen in surprise if he pulled her close and touched her hair with his cheek as he breathed in her sweet aroma.

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The next morning Taryn woke with a slight hangover. She thought of the evening before with a smile. Slipping into her robe, she made her way to the shower.



*As Taryn dropped her robe onto the floor, she took a deep breath and stretched luxuriously, as she marveled at the beauty of the room where she stood. This was truly*

*"A Dream*

*Come True." . . .*





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## *A DREAM COME TRUE*

# ∞The Next Day∞

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The Exercise Room in the Fitness Center at the Driskill Hotel, Austin, Texas

Taryn had spent the better part of an hour showering, powdering and pampering herself. She then applied only a light coat of lipstick for makeup and brushed her hair up into a ponytail. Taryn put on a powder blue and baby pink striped body suit with matching powder blue leggings, which she had bought solely for the purpose of this trip, and then pulled a pair of black windpants over the ensemble. Taryn knew she couldn't go three days without exercising, and the brochures that she had received showed a complete Fitness Studio that claimed to include "equipment and sports therapy that rivals premiere gyms of the area." Taryn was looking forward to giving the Center a first hand inspection.

After tying her runners, Taryn picked up her backpack by one strap and slung it over her left shoulder. Taryn always carried her mat and a fine cotton rope for stretching in her backpack. Making sure that she had the key to the room and her wallet in her backpack, she slipped her purse under the bed and hung the 'Do Not Disturb' sign on the door handle in the hallway.

Taryn was soaking in every iota of the impressionable hotel as she made way her way to her morning destination. It was just 8:15 a.m. and she had until 1:00 p.m. before the Author's Book Fair got underway. She knew that five hours of sitting in a chair beside Tory as he spent the

afternoon signing copies of his newest release, Coin In My Pocket, would be a test of endurance. Taryn did not speculate that this would be an unpleasant test, but rather something she was avidly looking forward to. However, to balance the five hours of sitting, she needed to be physically active for at least a few hours out of the day.



After a quick walk around the block to view the neighborhood and to bask a few minutes in the morning sun, Taryn re-entered the Hotel from the Seventh Street entry. The sounds of clinking china and clattering silverware, as well as happy chatter, drifted through the doorway of the Bar & Grill as guests congregated for their morning nourishment in preparation of the beginning of the new day. Taryn loved the atmosphere of a hotel dining room in the morning, but she had her priorities and she was going to have to settle for brunch after

working out. A familiar figure sat alone at a table with a newspaper and cup of coffee. Taryn was startled at the feelings she felt tugging at her heart just at the mere sight of this man.

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Tory was trying to focus on reading the news article about his visit to Austin, which had made its appearance on the front page of the Austin paper. Usually he did not find it hard to focus on an article that gave his book rave reviews, but he couldn't keep his mind off of Taryn. His thoughts kept slipping back to the evening before. His desire to hold her in his arms had been outweighed by his concern as to how she would react if he tried to do so. Tory hadn't given up on this idea, but rather he looked forward to the reception dance to be held as part of the social activities of the Yarn Author's Book Fair. After a couple of glasses of wine, Taryn had thanked Tory for the lovely evening and excused herself. Tory agreed that it was time to call it an evening, albeit reluctantly, and offered to walk her to her door. Smiling graciously, Taryn accepted the offer, and they chatted amicably as they walked down the hallway to her room. At the doorway, Taryn had offered Tory her hand in a polite gesture of saying thank you. Tory took her hand, leaned forward and gave Taryn a quick hug, telling her he had enjoyed her company very much.

Tory had walked away after Taryn entered her room, feeling somewhat confused. This was not the way it usually went for him with regards to women. His experience with Taryn was a different ball game altogether - they were here on business and Taryn was their guest. She was definitely nothing like the other women he was usually attracted to.

Tory was puzzled about Taryn. Most women he knew would have shared their life's story within minutes, and then Tory would know exactly where they stood and where he stood. Taryn had revealed nothing of her personal life.

"Does she have someone in her life?" Tory mulled to himself as he sat at the table with the paper sprawled out before him. "Of course she must, she is far too beautiful to be wandering this planet unclaimed," he continued in his thought of reason.

It was more of a sense, a feeling of her presence, that caused Tory to glance up towards the entrance . It startled him to see her glance his way at the same time. Trying to collect his bearings, he reacted quickly with a smile and a wave. Taryn grinned happily and waved back. It had all happened so quickly, it left Tory wanting more . . .

~ ~ ~ ~

Working out, Taryn played the scenes of the last 24 hours over and over in her mind. She knew just about everything she needed to know about Tory. He was famous not only for his writing, but also with regards to womanizing. There had not been any scandals, but the tabloids loved to write innuendo on him and the various women that he was seen with. Taryn also knew that in the beginning of her association with the Tory Matt Fan Club that he had been married to Sandra Stark. The marriage had lasted less than three years. They made a beautiful couple that the media had loved to spotlight. Taryn never knew the details of their split, nor would she ever ask.

Running on the treadmill, Taryn began to interrogate herself. "Why did my heart leap to my throat when I saw Tory this morning? I have to get a hold of myself. To think that this attraction could ever go somewhere is preposterous. If he knew the truth about me he would turn away in disgust and I couldn't bear that."

~ ~ ~ ~

*Relaxing in the sauna, Taryn resolved to keep their acquaintance with each other on a friendly level and to enjoy these three days while they lasted. When it was over, she would be going back home - to a reality she didn't want to think about . . . not right now. . . not while she was experiencing*

***"A Dream Come True." . . .***





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## *A DREAM COME TRUE*

# Afternoon Delight

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Lobby of The Driskill Hotel

*Would life  
ever be the  
same after  
this  
experience.*

..

Taryn woke up with a start. After exercising and then relaxing in the beautiful sauna, Taryn had returned to her room for another quick shower. Lounging on the bed day-dreaming about Tory Matt, she had fallen asleep. They were to meet in the lobby at 12:40 p.m. to travel together with John Thompson to the Yarn Author's Book Fair at the Austin Convention Center. It was already after the noon hour by five minutes, leaving Taryn with only half an hour to get ready, and her hair was still damp. Although she almost never used heat devices on her long hair, Taryn whispered a small prayer of thanks for the foresight of the hotel to have installed blow dryers. This was one of those times when she would break the rule of 'no heat' on her hair, even though it had just been one day since she had last broke this rule when she had her hair done at a salon. This was an emergency and time was running out.

After drying her hair, Taryn applied a moisturizer, mascara and lipstick. Thankfully she had planned her wardrobe to coincide with the planned activities of the day. Her prudence had saved her precious moments. Taryn had opted for a salmon-colored suit jacket with a matching skirt and off-white dress sandals. To accent this outfit, she choose pearl earrings and a matching

necklace. She then wound her long hair up in a twist, clipping it, and applied a drop of perfume on each wrist and under the lobe of each ear. Taking her purse out from under the bed, she moved her wallet from her backpack to the purse, and with key in hand, she closed the door behind her. Her spirits were high, for in a moment she would once again be in the company of Tory Matt.

~ ~ ~ ~

"There she is," Tory said in a playful tone, looking directly at Taryn as she approached.

Taryn felt that Tory was expecting a light reaction, perhaps some playful banter, but was suddenly at loss for a likewise playful response. She smiled and apologized, "I am sorry that I kept you two waiting."

The men both assured Taryn that they had only just arrived, but any wait would have been worthwhile.

John Thompson had rented a PT Cruiser. The style of this car fit right in with the decor of The Driskill Hotel. Taryn felt like she was living in a fairy tale, especially when Tory sat in the back seat with her, leaving John alone in the front.



John looked over his right shoulder and announced, "I have a stop to make first. Sharon arranged to stay with relatives here in Austin and we have to pick her up too."

Tory noticed a quizzical look on Taryn's face and filled her in on the missing pieces. Sharon was John's assistant. When she had tried to book rooms for their group in Austin, Sharon had been disappointed to find that almost every room in the city had been booked. Tory was an honored guest of the Book Fair and two rooms had been pre booked in his name. Tory would be staying in the Cattle Baron's Suite to accommodate the planned press conference. John was to stay in the additional room, a Traditional Guest Room of the Hotel, but there had not been a guest room available for Sharon. She was informed that the Renaissance Bridal Suite would be free for those few days. The Fair was running mid-week and the suite was not booked for a honeymoon until Friday of that week. John had agreed to Sharon booking the Bridal Suite - she was his life-line with regards to his work and he knew that he would be needing her expertise on-site. When the idea of having the President of the Tory Matt Fan Club make an appearance at the Book Fair came up, Sharon gracefully offered up the Renaissance Bridal Suite for Taryn's accommodations. Sharon had relatives in Austin that were more than happy to have her visit and stay in their home.

Sharon had arrived by plane the evening of the day before, missing the press conference. She had made plans for dinner with her relatives, and spent the evening visiting with them.

When John pulled up in front of the well manicured home that was adorned with exotic plants and shrubs, Sharon was waiting outdoors. Dressed in a black business suit and carrying a slender burgundy briefcase, Sharon was the picture of success. She had curly black hair and blue eyes that were framed with long black lashes. Taryn was overwhelmed by this woman. Her strong demeanor and confidence was a bit overpowering, but after introductions she chatted with Tory and Taryn, displaying a keen interest in the others in the car. Taryn was soon to learn that Sharon was a single woman who kept her business and personal life separate. Although friendly and obviously well acquainted with Tory, they did not socialize away from their work environment.

~ ~ ~ ~

The afternoon went by in a whirlwind of activity. Taryn knew that Tory was very popular, but she actually had no idea how many people in the Austin area read his books and wanted to meet him. Many of the fans were familiar with Tory Matt's work, but knew nothing about his fan club. By the time the afternoon was over, Taryn had over two hundred names to add to the fan club roster. She was worn out by the many questions she had answered and suddenly felt a great need for fresh air. Although they had both been in the same booth for the afternoon, the steady stream of visitors kept Tory and Taryn very busy with little time to chat between themselves. John and Sharon had also been occupied, mingling with other authors and networking their business.

When the Book Fair's coordinators started packing up, Taryn leaned over to Tory, "Do you think we have a few minutes before we leave? I would like to take a breather and perhaps stroll around outside for a while."

Tory was also feeling the effects of the long day. He had tossed and turned throughout the night before thinking about Taryn, and he was beginning to feel weary. "No, don't worry about it, we will still be here for a bit longer. John and Sharon are in a meeting in one of the offices and their meetings always run a bit late. Do you mind if I tag along? I could use some air also."

Taryn was more than happy to comply with Tory's request and have him along for company. Although traffic surrounded them on the streets, they strolled quietly side by side for a few minutes enjoying the peace and serenity the time alone afforded them. Suddenly, surprising both Taryn and himself, Tory noticed a flower bed of Bluebonnets and leaned over and picked a handful. On a whim, he turned to Taryn and said, "Beautiful flowers for a lovely lady."



*Taryn couldn't believe her eyes, for her eyes were reflecting a man whose impetuous act was winning her heart.*

*His spontaneous and romantic gesture only served to confirm Taryn's feelings that she was truly experiencing*

***"A Dream Come True."***





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*A DREAM COME TRUE*

## Star Dust Evening

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Taryn had been grateful when John and Sharon pulled up in the PT Cruiser just as Tory was offering the Bluebonnets to her. Although smiling at Tory, Taryn was torn between wanting to run away from her feelings at that moment and wanting to stay and put her arms around his neck, kissing his enticing lips ever so softly. John and Sharon's appearance quickly brought her back to reality and she gracefully said, "Thank you, Tory, how lovely. I will put them into a glass in my room."

As Taryn and Tory took their places in the back seat of the car, John and Sharon exchanged knowing glances.

They had both known Tory for many years, and had seen him go through many relationships since his divorce. Although Tory always maintained an air of being in control, it was very obvious to them that their prime star was in need of some of that love and excitement that he wrote about.

Taryn had skipped breakfast to work out and had also missed lunch when she had fallen asleep in her room. Other than the coffee and juice she had been offered at the Book Fair, Taryn had neglected to eat. She was horrified when her body betrayed her and her stomach growled loudly in protest as they were traveling to the hotel.

Tory lightened the moment by apologizing that they were indeed bad hosts, neglecting to feed their special guest. Everyone laughed while Taryn protested that it was her fault and not theirs. Up until that moment, Taryn had not even thought about food. Her excitement and joy had sustained her throughout the day. Now she realized that she was famished and looked forward to the reception that the Book Fair Committee had planned at the Driskill Hotel that evening. Cocktails were to be at 8:00 p.m., dinner at 8:30 and then awards followed by a dance were to complete the Book Fair activities. With less than an hour to freshen up and change into their evening attire, Tory and John agreed to meet with the women in the Mezzanine of the Hotel before making an entrance together. Sharon and Taryn went to Taryn's room to get ready.

**Upon entering the Renaissance Bridal Suite, Sharon caught her breath and exclaimed wistfully out loud, "What an extraordinary room - so beautiful and romantic."**

**Taryn answered Sharon's comment, "Sharon, I know that you gave up this room for me, and I am grateful. This has been 'A Dream Come True' for me."**



**"I am so glad that this has been a great experience for you Taryn - perhaps it was meant to be," Sharon added.**

**Taryn yielded a probing look at Sharon, wondering what she meant by this comment, but did not continue the conversation any further.**

**The ensuing conversation, as they prepared for the reception, was intentionally kept light. The women stuck to the events of the day and the various people they had met as topics for their tête-à-tête.**

~ ~ ~ ~

Cattle Baron's Suite



**Back in his bedroom at the hotel, Tory mused over his feelings for Taryn. Tory compared every woman he met to Sandra. Theirs had been a physically perfect marriage. Sandra had been more than pleased with the attention she received by media and fans alike at the various parties and movie premiers they attended. Tory was able to appreciate both sides of his writing career - the hours spent in solitude while writing his masterpieces, and the social side when his best-sellers were made into movies and made-for-television specials. As each novel became a best-seller with the producers waiting in line to bid on the movie rights, the social events became more lavish and abundant. Tory enjoyed this social scene and, even more so, enjoyed having the beautiful Sandra Stark on his arm whenever they attended a soiree.**

**After the wedding vows, it did not take long for Tory to realize that Sandra, in all of her radiant beauty, was a 'good-time Charlie' who was there for the party. During the long months in which**

**Tory was writing his novels, Sandra would pout and continuously cajole Tory into going out. Smitten by her beauty, he had neglected to see the signs of a self-centered spoiled woman who did not have hobbies or interests other than herself and maintaining her beauty.**

**Tory had met Sandra when she starred in the movie based on his first novel that went 'Hollywood.' After the wedding, Sandra decided to give up acting and took up shopping and entertaining full-time. Sandra complained bitterly about their home outside of Seattle, where Tory insisted that they live while writing his novels. The lovely ranch-style country home gave him the privacy he needed to concentrate. She wanted to stay in the penthouse suite that Tory had rented and maintained for his residence while working in California.**

During the three years of their marriage, Tory's work began to suffer. He was torn between trying to satisfy his wife and his need to create. The first priority always seemed to win out as a solution to keeping the peace. The joy he had initially felt at the presence of her beauty began to wane. Sandra had decided to stay in California when Tory needed to return to solitude to work. It had been John Thompson who had brought the issue of the tabloid to Tory's attention, which featured Sandra Stark in a nightclub dancing hip to hip with a well known playboy. John's assistant, Sharon, had seen the issue while in the supermarket and had shown John. John was not even torn over what his duty was in this instance. He had seen the decline in Tory's work and positive attitude since meeting and marrying the beautiful Sandra Stark. She had driven a wedge between Tory and himself, and he would have been more than pleased to see Tory send her packing.

Later that evening, Tory had stepped off of a plane in Los Angeles and gave the cab driver his address. It was past three in the morning when he surprised his wife and her lover, walking in the door of their bedroom and out again.

No words were spoken - none were needed. The divorce was finalized six months later.

Tory was not jaded towards women, but he had yet to find one that compared physically to Sandra and that brought the satisfaction that he had found in their union. Although not bitter, after the experience of his first marriage, Tory kept himself at arms length when it came to getting too close or personal. It helped that there was an abundance of women willing to attend social functions and share the evening with him. More than a few wanted to make this experience an ongoing one, but he had not come across anyone that he was willing to make that sacrifice for again.

For the first time since marrying and divorcing Sandra, he had met a woman that he did not compare to her. In his mind there was no comparison to Sandra or any other woman when thinking of Taryn. Taryn was indeed that once-in-a-lifetime woman, but was he willing to take a chance and take the steps necessary to keep her in his life.

"Slow down old boy," Tory told himself, "there is plenty of time to get to know her. We can invite her again next year." Tory was not content with this thought, he wanted to hold her now . . . and forever.

"Am I losing my mind," he wondered, "or just my heart."

~ ~ ~ ~



The men were waiting in the Mezzanine of the hotel by the doors of the Driskill Ballroom where the reception was booked. Taryn could not help but admire the beauty of this grand ballroom. The impeccable state of service was notably evident in the smartly set tables that created an atmosphere of distinction. As guests of the Guest of Honor, Taryn, John and Sharon took their seats alongside Tory at the head table. The reception was a closed event with only the elite of Austin's literary circle, the Mayor and a few other politicians in attendance.

Taryn took great pride in Tory's confident and sophisticated demeanor when he was handed the keys to the city and awarded a plaque of distinction in appreciation of his work. Tory's speech, which followed his humble acceptance of the keys and plaque, touched the hearts of all in attendance. Taryn realized that Tory was a special man who had the ability to reach out to rich and poor and young and old alike. What Taryn did not realize was the ache that Tory was feeling as the final phases of the Book Fair Convention signaled the end of their time together.



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After dinner and the presentations, John and Sharon excused themselves, explaining that they had to go to the business center of the hotel to send a few time sensitive e-mails. They would return in time for the dance, or shortly thereafter.

The staff of the hotel were clearing the tables and re-organizing them for the ensuing dance. Tory and Taryn were left to themselves and wandered out into the Mezzanine.

"Would you like to go to the lounge for a drink?" Tory queried.

"Thank you, Tory, but no. I would prefer stepping out onto the balcony," Taryn gestured to the open french doors, "and view the lights of the city and the bustle of the people on Sixth Street." During her short visit to Austin, Taryn had realized that Sixth Street was a major hub of the city, brimming with activity and energy. She wanted to drink in every last moment of her

time in this beautiful city with Tory Matt at her side.

As Tory inhaled the night air, he gently but teasingly asked Taryn if her dance card was filled yet. "I would like to request the honor of having the first dance with you," he requested. "And the next dance, and all subsequent dances right up to the last dance," he thought to himself. His mouth felt dry, as he nervously waited for her answer. All he could think of was getting close to Taryn and holding her body close to his own.

~ ~ ~

*Taryn's initial thought was to run to the safety of her room. Realizing that this thought was ridiculous and that Tory would be shocked at such behavior, she gracefully accepted the invitation. Taryn reasoned with herself, "One dance will not hurt anything, and it has been so long since I have danced with a man. Tomorrow at this time, I will be back home where I belong and this may be the only time I will ever experience . .*

***"A Dream Come True."***



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*A DREAM COME*  
*TRUE* ❧ **Tender Love** ❧

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*The lovely rose, I am enthralled  
It's beauty to obtain  
To move too soon will render such  
To cause a gasp of pain*

*Although not impossible to hold  
Genuine care and thoughtful gain  
While possessing the tender bud  
Will bring joy to you again*

*A flower in the Garden of Love.*

**John and Sharon were already seated when Tory and Taryn returned to the Ballroom. Sharon waved them over to introduce their newest acquisition, Paul**

**Caron. Paul was an up and coming young writer. Taryn was not familiar with his writing, but Tory seemed to be well acquainted with Paul's work. The reviews had claimed that he would be 'the next Tory Matt.' Of course this had piqued Tory's interest, and he had asked John to give him a copy of Paul's newest book. After Tory had finished reading a couple of his books, he had told John that the reviews marking Paul as the 'next Tory Matt' were deficient. Tory had thought that the reviews were short-changing Paul, as he had his own unique style that would take him where he wanted to go in this business.**



Taryn and Tory shook hands with Paul and his very pregnant wife, Allison. Taryn admired Allison's obvious happiness - her countenance shone in the beauty of her state of pending motherhood.

John had ordered a couple of bottles of champagne to celebrate the successful evening, and after checking the bubbly, the waiter poured the golden fluid into flute wine glasses. Taryn was one with her environment and even the champagne in the flute glasses seemed magical to her.

While John was pouring the second round of the champagne, Tory caught Taryn's eye and leaned his head towards the dance floor, indicating that they join the others already dancing. Taryn's breath stopped short, but she calmed herself and nodded a quiet 'yes' in response. They rose in time with each other and walked towards the dance floor together.

The first song was of moderate tempo, and Tory was enjoying watching Taryn's movement in time with the music. Taryn was also impressed with Tory's obvious experience on the dance floor.

After the first dance, the music slowed to a dreamy pace. Tory put his arm around Taryn's waist and gently pulled her closer. He knew immediately that she would be easy to lead, unlike some women he had danced with who were stiff and hard to navigate around the floor. Taryn was sensitive to his touch and moved in the direction he led with just the slightest sign from him.

Moving into Tory's arms felt right to Taryn, and even more so since he seemed to know exactly what to do. Although it had been many years since she had danced the evening away in a man's arms, she had not lost the touch of this beautiful way of socializing.

Tory and Taryn's movements were synchronized with each other and with the music. Tory was overwhelmed by the depths of his feelings. He had never felt so warm, assured and satisfied. The song was coming to an end. Taryn was smiling now, her radiant face close to his as she began to pull away and positioned her body as if to leave the dance floor. Tory was overwhelmed with emotion. He did not want the music, which put Taryn in his arms, to end. He then did something he had never done before. Tory tightened his grip just a little bit more with his left arm and brought his right hand up to her face, brushing a lock of hair back from the side of her cheek. He then lifted her face by gently guiding her chin up with his index finger to face him and leaned forward to place a kiss on her luscious ample lips.

Immediately, Taryn stiffened before their lips met. "What are you doing?" she asked, obviously distraught. "You don't even know me or anything about me."

Tory relaxed his grip, and Taryn realizing that this was the diversion she needed for a chance to flee.

Taryn went back to the table, hoping that the rest of their group had been too busy chatting to notice anything. She sat for a couple of minutes, avoiding eye contact with Tory, and then excused herself from the table claiming a headache. Tory offered to walk her to her room, but Taryn gently declined his offer. He could not speak the words he wanted in front of the people at their table, and he was helpless to insist that she allow him to walk her back to her suite.

As Taryn walked to her room, the tears began to flow from her heart. Not only were the tears falling for a love that she would never know, but also for the past, the present and the future she must face alone. "I must have been insane to have fostered a love for a man because of his writing. I became familiar with his writing, following his every word, getting to know and love him even before I met him. I knew deep inside before I even came here that I loved him, and knowing that there was no future here for me, I still came. Stupid, stupid, stupid, " she chided herself, looking at the floor so no one would notice the tears flowing freely now.

~ ~ ~ ~

"If this had happened a day before, I would have been confused," Tory told himself, "but today I know I love Taryn and I am not willing to let that love go, unless she has no room in her life for me." She had not spoken of a partner or a husband, so Tory was still hopeful.



Trying to allow for a respectful amount of time to pass before also giving his regrets for leaving so soon, Tory made a hasty retreat from the Ballroom and headed straight to Taryn's room. He was surprised to notice the door slightly ajar, and he could see Taryn sitting in a chair weeping and wiping under her eyes with a tissue.

Taryn started slightly as Tory entered the room. She did not do or say anything, but sat in silence.

"Taryn," Tory started slowly, "I am in love with you and although this might frighten you that I am saying this so soon in our relationship, I am afraid that tomorrow you will go away and I will never see you again. I could not bear that."

"Am I that bad?" Tory added, causing a small smile to tweak at the corners of Taryn's lips.

Breathing deeply, Taryn began to speak, " Well, before you declare anything more, I think we need to talk and I need to explain a few things." She continued, " I was married quite awhile ago. We had a child, Dustyn. When he was born he was sick and developed water on the brain, causing brain damage. Although the physicians could have let him die, I begged them to save his life. They were able to save him, and after six months, he was discharged from the hospital. Although he was strong enough to come home, due to the complications, he would be severely disabled for the rest of his life. He was my child, I brought him into this world, and I was the one who was going to look after him."

"Dustyn's daily regime became a constant cycle of bath time, feedings, changings and going through physical therapy. The therapy was to develop muscles that he would never use other than to maintain a level of physical fitness required to keep his body functioning. This became too much for my husband to bear, and he began drinking heavily and coming in late at night. For the first time since Dustyn's birth, he reached for me in a drunken state of mind. I pushed him away, disgusted at the lack of support and the liquor on his breath. He verbally berated me, telling me that I wasn't a real woman and could not even produce a healthy child. He said that he knew where to find a real woman who would be more than happy to please him. My husband drove off into the night and right off the 90° turn in the road just at the edge of town. His vehicle was found in the ditch upside down with the wheels still spinning - but he was dead."

"I have not dated since, and to enhance my life, I have filled my spare time with your Fan Club and reading your work. Dustyn is now fourteen. I do not know if he can appreciate the stories I read to him, or the time I spend with him. If he does, though, I would hate to put him into a specialized home without his mother to care for him. Everyday, for three hours in the afternoon, Dustyn goes to a daycare where he is placed in a wheelchair and surrounded with others basically in the same situation. This is when I work on your Fan Club. The trained workers there go through various exercises with this group daily. This daycare also provides hospice options to give family members a break now and then. That is where Dustyn is this week. "

"As you can tell by what I have told you, no man would ever want to tie himself down to a woman raising an invalid child. No matter what, I am in this for the long haul - for as long as Dustyn lives." Taryn added with a smile, "And I am doing such a great job, that might be a long, long time."

~ ~ ~ ~

Taryn suddenly felt as if a great weight was lifted off of her shoulders. She had not meant to mislead Tory. Taryn understood that at this moment he was probably trying to think of a way to overcome his embarrassment from being so impulsive and make a hasty retreat. Feigning a smile, Taryn tried to make light of the circumstances by offering her hand and saying, "Friends?"

Tory took her hand and pulled her into his arms. "And don't think I am ever going to let you go," he said. "You are the most wonderful woman I have ever met. I would be stupid to let an opportunity of a lifetime slip away. The opportunity to have love daily by my side is a once in a lifetime chance. I have lived long enough to know that. I want to be there for you and for Dustyn for the rest of our lives."

Tory knew that this time he had found a woman who had better things to do with her life than just shopping and entertaining. He knew that Taryn wouldn't be entertaining in their penthouse suite while he was home in Seattle writing, but rather she would be with him wherever he choose to work or play.

Taryn was amazed that she was so blessed. She had met a man who loved her and whom she loved, and who would accept her circumstances and her son. Not even his own father had accepted him, but Tory had. But then again, she knew she loved him before she had met him - and this only served to verify her reasons.

~ ~ ~ ~

The arrangements were made the next day. Tory was to travel with John to Dallas for book signings in the Dallas bookstores, finishing the last leg of the tour. Sharon had agreed to stay on an extra day in the Renaissance Bridal Suite to arrange the details of their upcoming marriage at the Driskill Hotel. Taryn returned home to Maryland to make arrangements to have their belongings shipped to Tory's country home outside of Seattle. Taryn hated the fact that Dustyn would be in hospice for another week, but after the wedding, Tory and Taryn would fly to Seattle with Dustyn to start their new life together.

Sharon searched the internet, using the business facilities at the Hotel to find '[Dream Come True Weddings](#)' web site, which offered to "create the wedding of your dreams." She felt safe in leaving the details up to their expertise before going onto Dallas to meet up with Tory and John.



### The Maximilian Room



One week later, Tory and Taryn stood before a handful of witnesses in The Maximilian Room - the most romantic room that Taryn had ever had the joy of experiencing. She glanced at herself and Tory reflected in the mirrors. These mirrors had been a wedding gift for his wife, Carlotta, from her husband Maximilian, the Emperor of Mexico. The original chandeliers, beautiful columns and antique piano helped to set the stage of this romantic interlude.

Upon speaking their vows before their guests and the Justice of the Peace, Tory finally realized his dream. Tory leaned forward and gently drew Taryn closer. The couple shared their first kiss, sealing their commitment to each other.

Although Tory appreciated the love and support he felt in the small crowd of well wishers, he was impatient to have Taryn to himself. Tomorrow they would spend the day sightseeing in Austin. Taryn wanted to visit [The Umlauf Sculpture Garden & Museum](#) and [The Lady Bird Johnson Wildflower Center](#), and he was hoping to check out [The Bob Bullock Texas State History Museum](#). After a private dinner at the hotel, they would spend the evening at the [Paramount Theatre](#). "But, first things first," Tory thought with anticipation.

As the guests finally began to dwindle away, Tory hugged Sharon and shook John's hand, expressing his gratefulness of their friendship. Taryn also hugged Sharon and John, revealing tears of gratitude in her eyes.



*Finally, Tory and Taryn found themselves alone for the first time since they had decided to get married, and now they were married. Hand in hand, they were both feeling deeply contented as Tory unlocked the door to the stately Governor's*

*Suite. Pushing the door open, Tory picked up his bride and carried her across the threshold of the suite. Closing the door softly behind them,*

*Taryn and Tory began their life together,*

### ***"A Dream Come True."***

Epilogue - One year later Taryn and Tory Matt checked into the Heritage Bridal Suite to celebrate their first year together. The staff were thrilled to see that they brought a small bundle with them. Nine months to the date of their wedding night, Taryn gave birth to a healthy baby boy, David - son to Tory and Taryn, and bother to Dustyn. Dustyn would live 10 more years before succumbing to pneumonia at the age of 24.

Once a year, Tory and Taryn make the pilgrimage to Austin, Texas, to celebrate the anniversary of the best day in their lives - the day that they became one. Each year they try to book early to ensure that they get the room of their choice.

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