

THE LAST KISS GOODBYE

Missy Lyons

Romance

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The Last Kiss Goodbye

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By Missy Lyons

"Mmmmf." Sarah rolled over on her stomach and pulled the pillow over her head. Her ever so thoughtful husband, John, closed the bathroom door so the light did not invade her sanctuary. He was sweet to her, allowing her to sleep in, even when he had to get up at 3 AM to get up for work every morning. The sound of water lulled her back to sleep, until he was dressed and ready to go. Neatly dressed in his navy blue police officer uniform he came back to the bed and removed the pillow from her face. She stretched, glancing up at his body framed in a soft light from the other room.

Just like every other morning, he smiled and leaned over her body softly brushing her lips with his.

"I love you." John whispered softly near her ear before standing upright again.

She smiled back up at him and teased, "Yeah, yeah, yeah. You just love to wake me up."

"I do." John replied and turned off the lights once more. He left in the darkness to make it easier for her to go back to sleep. "I'll see you this afternoon when I get off work."

"Okay." She yawned, snuggling deeper into the comforting down covers.

"Bye."

Sarah didn't answer. Her mind was already drifting back to dreamland.

Sarah listened to the clock radio go off for three songs in a row before finally getting out of bed to start her day. She threw her pink terry cloth robe on over her flannel pajama bottoms and extra large Big Dog T-shirt and stuck her feet into a pair of Sponge Bob slippers she got for a present last Mother's Day.

She walked down the hall and banged on each of her sons rooms. She opened the doors and turned on the lights to help them wake up. "Caleb, Ruben! It's time to get up and get ready for school. Come on and get up!"

She ignored the complaints and moans and headed for the kitchen. She needed coffee and breakfast, in that order. She stepped over the pet gate and started the coffee maker. Her mornings were a carefully balanced ritual of chaos amid a daily routine that never seemed to let up. Her miniature white poodle, Sammy jumped excitedly at her knees and licked her skin, whining to be put outside for

his morning constitutional. She figured it was more about the cookie he got as a reward, than actually having to go potty but she wasn't mean enough to make him wait.

She opened the back door and he galloped into the grass to sniff around and do his duty. He'd be out there all morning if she let him. "Hurry up! Don't play around out there. Just go potty."

Sammy squatted and looked back as if to say, *I told you I had to go...*

"Okay." Sarah crossed her arms, bracing herself against the cold foggy morning. "Just hurry up and get back in here."

Sammy finished and quite proudly trotted back to retrieve his treat from her. He destroyed it in seconds. Absentmindedly she checked her cell phone, flicking the screen on with a touch of her hand. It flashed eight messages were waiting for her. Frowning to herself, she looked at the numbers. She recognized the police department's main office phone number and her heart sank to the ground. It wasn't like her husband call her unless something was wrong and eight messages told her subconscious something was really wrong.

She immediately dialed her cell phone. No answer worried her, but she left a message. She tried again on the fluke that he was on the phone with someone else. When she got the same non-response her pulse sped into a race. Instinctively she knew something was wrong. She called the first person she thought of, her husband's best friend Terry. He was a good man and a father as well. Once in a while their families got together and the kids played soccer.

"Hello?"

She was relieved to hear his friendly voice. "Hey Terry! I am so glad you picked up. I can't get a hold of John and I think something's going on at the station."

"Oh, Sarah. I'm sorry. I can't talk to you right now. I'm in the middle of an investigation but I want to come by and talk with you this morning. Is it okay if I drop by?"

A panic seized her chest. "Does this have to do with Johnny? If it does, just tell me."

He hesitated. That was a bad sign. "It does, but I can't tell over the phone. This is something that's hard enough to do in person. Sarah. I'll be by in an hour."

"Don't fuck with me, Terry. Just tell me what's wrong!" Sarah screamed into the phone. If this was about Johnny she wasn't about to wait.

"Are you alone?" He asked concerned.

"No." She immediately thought of her two children, but why he would be asking her that question...

“Good, you’re going to need some support, and a few hugs. Your husband was struck and killed this morning when he pulled over a vehicle on the state highway. I’m sorry I’m not giving you the news in person, but I know you need to know and it’s going to be all over the news. “

“How? Why? Terry, are you sure?” Is it possible the pulse was faint? Maybe they just didn’t check. Hearing how her husband could be dead put her mind into a state of shock. Dizzy, she steadied herself against the kitchen counter.

“Sarah. He’s dead. The body was hit so many times it’s not recognizable.” There was compassion deep in his voice. Something that told her this was not a joke. It was all too real.

“Oh-my-god-oh-my-god.” Tears welled in her eyes. She was immediately overcome with emotion and memories of their last time together. This morning. He said he loved her after kissing her, and then what did she do in return? What did she say back to him? *Yeah, yeah, yeah. You just love to wake me up. Damn it! Why didn’t she say those three little words back?*

Suddenly she made a painful cry that seemed to emanate straight from her soul. The sound of a wounded animal. What were his last moments on earth like? Did he question how she felt about him? He shouldn’t have.

From the other end of the phone, Terry sounded apologetic. “Sarah, I shouldn’t have told you like this. It’s going to be okay. I’ll be there as soon as I can.”

“Terry you don’t understand. He walked out the door and I didn’t even say I loved him.” How could she possibly know that when he walked out that door it would be the last time in her life she’d see him alive?

Words failed her as she broke into tears.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Missy Lyons has been writing since childhood, but took a break to have kids and get married. However, she never lost her love of storytelling. Since her first book was published in 2007 she has written several novels and many more short stories. She's always coming up with new ideas to write about but hopes she chooses subjects that are emotionally compelling to her readers.

She currently resides in Nashville, Tennessee, with her family and a menagerie of animals. Her days are not even close as exciting to the steamy stories she writes, but still fulfilling nonetheless. She also freelances as a graphic design artist. She's an active member of Romance Writers of America and her local chapter of Music City Romance Writers. She enjoys hearing from her fellow authors and readers alike, so feel free to contact her by her website, www.missylyons.com.

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