

Scott,

I know how hard this whole situation must have been for you - as you said - a major dilemma. I wanted to be the kind of person who was strong enough to say - "your best interests come first, I'll let you go easily." But I couldn't and I can't.

I have so much fun with you, you are always making me laugh. I feel like a million dollars when I'm with you. And everytime I look at you my knees get weak, I get goose-pimpled all over, and it takes every bit of will power I've got not to maul you immediately. I think of you as soon as I wake up, and you are my last thought as I put my head down to go to sleep. During the day I wish for you to either call or come in, and my day doesn't feel complete until I see you. I'm hooked on you.

I love to kiss your arm where the elbow is. I love to nuzzle your neck and ears. I think your body is gorgeous and I love to touch it, running my hands over every inch of it. I strongly believe you only live once and you should make the most of it - we are too well suited (see - I didn't say anything about chemistry) for us not to spend time together.

If I wait for you to try and work things out I fear I will lose you - you are saying now that I can't lose you because I never had you, but you're wrong - we had alot over these past few weeks. Something special happened, that I can't easily deny or ignore.

I know you are married with a beautiful

little boy — I know you don't want to risk losing that. But you admitted that things were not on an even keel at home, it sounds to me that making love with me won't make matters worse.

I know that there isn't much hope for any kind of future for us — but at least there can be a present. I miss you terribly already. I want to see you so very badly.

Viclie