

*G*one

And when I awoke, I was gone. I knew I had recently been there, in the bedroom, my indentation relaxed on the pillow and the discarded teacup still offered warmth. The air was imbued with both the remnants of my last conversation and smelled of my signature fragrance, that final flourish of garnish before leaving the house; scenting my routine path to the train, I presumed.

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