

You Take My Breath Away

By Mark Edgemon

He screamed in fierce torment, "This is not happening! Oh God, Don't let this happen to me, Please don't let her die like this!" he bitterly sobbed while caressing his wife's bloody face in his hands. "Oh dear God in heaven, I need her...I need Amanda," he cried in excruciating pain as his voice trailed off. He rocked her lifeless body back and forth in his arms.

Donovan was traumatized feeling blame for her sudden death!

Only moments earlier, he and Amanda were traveling Eastbound on Interstate 10 heading for Phoenix Arizona, just a mile before Exit 145 when their 2011 Ford Expedition was overturned by an unexpected tornado that had touched down briefly in front of their path. He had seen the overcast sky and racing dark clouds, but did not expect this to happen.

"Do not leave me, Amanda! I can't live life without you! I won't!"

Donovan wept silently.

Realizing she was gone, he looked at the glove box where he had hidden a gun underneath some maps. Intending to kill himself, he reached for it. As he did his weight shifted and the SUV, which had skidded on the edge of a small embankment during the storm, began to topple over to its side, causing Amanda's body to hit a metal object on the floorboard.

Donovan grabbed the driver's side seat belt and pulled himself toward her body. The vehicle had crashed into the side of a telephone poll that caused a loose electrical wire to brake free and brush across the metal shell of the SUV, electrifying it for a brief moment. The jolt reanimated Amanda's corpse for a few seconds, but her damaged body was beyond repair.

Donovan pulled himself to his wife and kissed her lips. Unexpectedly, she exhaled her last breath into his mouth. He passed out seconds later!

He woke up the next morning in a hospital. The nurse informed him the police found him stretched over his wife's body and had brought him and his luggage to the emergency room.

"Where is my wife?"

"Her body was taken to the county morgue," the nurse replied as she left the room.

Numb, he picked up the toiletries bag from his luggage and went to the bathroom to take a shower. Five minutes later he shouted, "What the hell!" He had shaven his right leg. He attributed it to grief and continued his shower thinking further about committing suicide.

"No!" he heard someone say. He pulled the shower curtain back, but no one was there.

Finishing his shower, he stood in front of the mirror for a minute, and then wiped the fog away with a towel. With great alarm he noticed he was wearing lipstick! He quickly wiped it off and sat on the toilet.

"Funny," he remarked out loud as the strange occurrences continued, "I never sat down to urinate before!"

Heading back home in a rental car to Louisville, Kentucky, where his wife's body would arrive a day earlier by plane, Donovan continued to explore thoughts of suicide.

"No darling! I do not want this for you!" He heard the voice of his wife deep within him. He was sure he was cracking up.

"Everything will be alright dear. You've got to trust me!"

"Amanda," he said with tears flooding his eyes.

"I'm here baby, inside of you!"

"How? You can't be... I mean, how did you...?"

"You took my breath away, as you always have my darling. I don't have much time. I'm growing weak! But I want you to know that you must live and believe," Amanda whispered to him.

Amanda was saddened by his lack of will to go on without her. It was disconcerting to think he had been so dependent on her emotionally. She was so very disappointed in him.

"Pull over," she said in a hush tone.

To his right was a motel with a flashing vacancy sign.

"Turn in baby," she said lovingly to him.

Lying in bed was like she was all over him...and in him...a sensation unimaginable. It was as if she kissed him up and down his muscular body, controlling his every nuance of pleasure. He laid there drenched in sweat.

He awoke startled the next morning, fearing she might be gone. Faintly, he could still feel her presence.

Preparing to check out, Donovan noticed a crowd of people standing around in the motel lobby. A woman lay unconscious on the floor while paramedics used CPR techniques to revive her.

“Help her,” Amanda told him.

He knelt beside the woman and began giving her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, hoping he was doing it right.

“Okay, ready...hit!” one of the paramedics shouted as Donovan came up for a breath, removing his hands during the defibrillation. After the second jolt, he pinched the woman’s nose and breathed into her mouth once again. This time it drained him for a moment and then he heard the woman gasp. She began breathing again on her own.

He stood up and walked outside the motel lobby no longer feeling Amanda’s presence. He thought it was just like her to spend their last moments together helping someone she didn’t even know.

She was gone.

As he began to walk to his car, he heard the woman calling out to him, “Wait!” He went back in and knelt to her side.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“I didn’t get your name. My name is Donovan!”

“Yes I know,” she said taking his hand in hers looking fondly at him as she whispered in his ear, “It’s me, Amanda!”

Stunned, Donovan looked intently into her eyes as she thoughtfully inquired, “So, how do I look as a blonde?”

“Beautiful! You’re gorgeous princess!” Donovan said crying.

The End