

At first, all Suzanne could get wind of was

<http://romantic.valentine.xblog.in>



We ode on my bed with our fingers tangled together. John was sturdy and reassuring against my back. At first, all Suzanne could get wind of was dry coughing. She could tell it was her father. In between the coughs, his breathing was sentimental of wheezing. Finally, a hoarse, worn out vent to said, "Hello?"

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