Inbox (1)
by Peter Abbey

The email landed in his inbox.

He'd been staring at the empty screen for a while now even though, really, he hadn't been expecting anything to arrive, yet there it was.

He sat and stared, not daring to click it. He knew he shouldn't have sent a mail in the first place. He knew it was wrong, but the gut wrenching feelings inside of him had reached out and typed the message without his permission.

He was helpless, yet he was to blame. He may not have written the email but he most definitely sent it.

The email stared back, unblinking and inviting.

He bit his lip, and slid the mouse forward.

- *Click* -

His heart stopped for a moment. The hairs on his skin stood on end and his eyes scanned the simple text back and forth. He closed his eyes and mouthed the words over and over.

"I miss you, too".