

LOST
ARCHIVE
ONE

L. W. BROOK

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This work is in relation to L. W. BROOK, author and creator of AMSER STUDIOS. This work does not fall within the Amser Studios timeline. It is based primarily off of real events and is Legend's excuse for dropping off the face of the Earth for about a year, there.

LOST ARCHIVE

ONE

May the gossip spoken by the Legend itself be known as gospel while the retelling nothing but noise.

This is a fictional piece of work inspired by true events and people who took part in the year of Amser Studios absence.

Legend's short, strawberry strands of blonde hair blow in the breeze let in through the open terrace doors. With this humid Cabo San Lucas morning comes the blessed relief of light winds and a spotty cloud cover.

The open doors and curtains let in the bright sunlight of the morning despite the shaded cover of the resort's fifth floor balcony.

A gray/blue eye peeks open from against the large pillows smothering the young woman's face.

She moans and pushes herself up onto her bare forearms. The sheets on her back slide down pale, toned flesh to snag against the curves of her lower body.

Head of hair a mess, Legend looks idly around the bedroom for her missing lover.

From along the balcony, a shadow dances across wooden panels. "Annie?" Legend calls with a rub at her tired eyes. Her body twists to watch as her lover walks into view, her head of brunette curls wildly untamed and just a little damp. A bathrobe grips the woman's curves but her feet are left bare to absorb the heat of the floor beneath them.

A large, steaming mug of coffee rests against the woman's pale, pink lips. Moss green eyes focused on Legend, Ann takes a careful sip and then grins around the rim.

Legend smiles back at her round, doll faced lover and props her head up with a fragile arm. Slowly, she blinks through a thought, then says, "You seem to be in your element."

Ann pulls the mug from her lips. "I enjoy the culture."

"You say that about literally every place we go." Legend challenges with a cheeky, all too amused grin.

Ann shrugs, then drapes her body against the door frame. "And I mean it." She leans forward, toward Legend. "Every time."

Legend takes a deep, defeated breath and rolls onto her back. There's but one sheet over her body and

yet a bundle of blankets spooled upon the left side of the bed. These white blankets, sheets and comforter sit on the edge of the bed, threatening to fall off of the king sized mattress and onto the floor.

“I do hope you saved me some of that.” Legend humms with a brow quirked stare down the length of the room.

Ann smiles and takes another drink from her mug. Quietly, behind the white ceramic she mutters, “Nope.”

Legend reaches back behind her head and grabs hold of a fluffy white pillow. Yanking it out, she then hurls it forward, toward the defensively raised arm of her lover.

“You shit!” Her voice cracks.

Ann blocks the pillow with ease, then bends down to pick up the weapon only to have the remains of a steaming hot coffee spill out over her bare feet. “Ow, fuck!”

Pointing, Legend releases a strong, mildly hysteric laugh and falls back against the mattress.

“I fucking love karma!”

Lover’s Beach.

A beautiful, serene lay of sand with breathtaking views along tall mounds of beige colored rock. Sun high in the sky, the bright yellow orb heats the skin of Legend’s exposed forearms and legs.

A loose white dress shirt blows in the harsh winds of Cabo San Lucas. The sleeves are rolled up past the elbow, a poor choice on Legend’s part as her arms

have already begun to pinken. Small beige swim shorts do little to protect the woman's burnt legs and with all of this sand perhaps the worst decision of them all was her choice of sand dusted boots.

Regardless, Legend holds her lover's hand and forces a smile as they walk along the small section of sand, away from the other tourists.

Waves crash along the shore and roll up to just barely miss Ann's sandal protected feet.

Ann swings her arm dramatically between the two of them and then leans back to pull Legend her way. Losing her balance, Legend falls just enough to nudge Ann's shoulder and the two smile at this silly little game they've been playing for years.

Ann stops walking and a step later, so does her lover.

Legend steps in front of Ann and raises a hand to shadow her freckle dusted face. Idly, she tilts her head in silent question.

Ann pinches her smile and looks out across the clear blue salt water. Facing this direction, she can practically taste the breeze coming off the water. "I love it here." She says in a voice barely loud enough to be heard over the crashing waves.

"I know."

Moss green eyes dart back to dull, hard blue.

She takes a breath, slow and contemplative, then leans in for a kiss which Legend meets halfway. Lips press against soft, tender lips.

Leaning back, Legend presses her forehead against Ann's and breaks the kiss. She then raises Ann's

hand and presses the top of it to her lips before dragging it back down between them.

“I want you to be happy.” She exhales without so much as looking at the woman she’s talking to.

Ann beams at that and bends down to force a connection between her and her lover, whom of which sheepishly smiles back.

“I know.” Ann giggles with another swing of their arms. “Now, come on. There’s still much to explore.” She coos with a step passed Legend and a pull at the woman’s reddened arm.

Helplessly, Legend follows the lead set by Ann and trots on down the beach.

The sea scented air feels harsh against Legend’s sun kissed cheeks. Its distracting, she muses to herself as she follows Ann down and around the bend to the other side of the rocks.

As Legend turns the corner, she gets a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach. The waves are rougher on this side. They curl just before her feet and then reach up, passed Legend, and in their descent back down the mound pull the sand out from beneath the two women.

“I don’t think we’re supposed to be on this side.” Legend’s words jumble together as she makes a steadying grab at Ann’s forearm. Another wave then crashes up along the beach and this time threatens to knock the couple down and against the rocks at their backs.

Ann smiles as another wave runs into her shin. Grinning, she teases, “Where’s your sense of

adventure?”

Legend braces herself for another wave, but in its retreat it successfully knocks her off balance and into the water that has now swiftly risen to knee level.

The sand is of a grainy, unpleasant texture beneath Legend’s fingers and the salt water soaking her clothes and stinging her eyes isn’t exactly pleasant, either.

“I’m going back!” Legend barks over the sound of roaring waves just before she’s smacked in the face by another one.

Giddily, Ann watches as her lover tries to wipe salt water out of her eyes with sand covered hands.

“It’s really not funny.” Legend mumbles over another wave that runs along her waist before curling a few feet beyond.

Ann stretches a hand out for Legend, whom of which blindly takes it.

Ann pulls at Legend’s small, delicate hand, but in the process of getting the woman back on her feet another, larger waves cuts into Ann’s peripheral vision.

“Legend.”

Angrily, Legend wipes at her eyes and holds onto

Ann’s hand for support. “What?”

“Don’t panic, but we need to turn around now.”

Legend’s brows curl at the quiet little statement. Squinting, she looks up at Ann and then out along the ocean waves. In twisting her body this way, she loses her balance and once again falls into the water. This time, however, she goes completely under.

Ann pulls at Legend's arm as if guiding her through the suffocating darkness she's become engulfed in, but then she's gone.

The firm, solid hand Legend has grabbed time and time again disappears.

Panic.

Legend struggles to hold her breath as she reaches for the surface. Her arms are flailing in the water, unable to reach the air and her feet unable to touch the ground now as she's dragged along the current.

Her eyes sting, and when she forces them open, through the pain, all she finds is the ironic sunlight smiling down on her from above the water's surface.

Frantically, Legend kicks and swings her limbs around until she breaks the surface and sucks in the white, rippling water of a crushing wave.

Forcefully, Legend's skull is slammed against the rock separating Lover's Beach from the rough, unpredictable waters of Divorce Beach.

May this death complete the first of the Lost Archives...

“Cabo San Lucas”

Looking back,

I think of you.

Never quite stopped,

Thinking of you.

In fact I think I might have you stuck on my mind.

Sitting here in Cabo San Lucas,

Looking out at that ocean view.

Lover's beach isn't distant,

So I think of you.

Wanna send you a photo or two,

Update and hear back from you.

But I know what I said and I mean it,

This time.

Gotta let you go cross that beach on your own,

Watch you go,

But don't watch too close.