

After *the Letter*

A STORYHOUSE SHORT READ



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*Some love stories do not end
when the pages do.*

Some grow quieter.
Deeper.
Softer with time.

This is not where Tory and RJ's story began.

This is what love looked like after the waiting.
After the growing.
After they found their way back to each other.

Morning light stretched across the kitchen table.

Tory wrapped both hands around her tea while RJ stood at the counter pouring coffee.

“You know,” he said, glancing over at her, “you still make tea look like a whole event.”

Tory smiled. “And you still act like coffee is a personality.”

RJ laughed. “It is.”

She shook her head, but she was smiling too.

There was nothing remarkable about the morning.

No celebration.

No big plans.

No reason to remember it years from now.

And somehow, that was exactly what Tory loved about it.

After everything, ordinary had become something beautiful.

There had been years between then and now.

Years of growing.

Years of becoming.

Years when neither of them knew what the other was carrying.

Tory looked across the table at RJ and thought about how strange time could be.

It could take people away from each other.

It could change everything around them.

And somehow, it could still leave one small thread untouched.

Not enough to hold onto every day.

Just enough to recognize when it returned.

RJ caught her looking at him.

‘What?’

‘Nothing.’

He gave her a look.

Tory smiled. ‘I was just thinking.’

‘That always sounds dangerous.’

She laughed.

And just like that, the past loosened its grip again.

Later that afternoon, they sat on the porch with tea and coffee between them.

RJ leaned back in his chair and looked out across the yard.

“You know what I like about us now?”

Tory turned toward him. “What?”

“We don’t have to make everything big.”

She smiled. “No. We really don’t.”

He looked at her then.

“When I was younger, I thought love had to feel like fireworks.”

Tory laughed softly. “And now?”

“Now I think it looks a lot like this.”

She followed his gaze.

The porch.

The breeze.

The cups in their hands.

The ease between them.

A slow smile touched her face.

“Yeah,” she said. “I think so too.”

Some stories aren't about a letter at all.
They're about the things life holds onto for us—
the words we never said,
the love we never fully lost,
and the moments that wait quietly for their time.

For Tory and RJ,
the years did not erase what was real.

What remained was not paper.
Not a message tucked away somewhere.

It was memory.
It was timing.
It was love that had lived softly in the background
until life made room for it again.

And maybe that is what their story has always been about—

not what was sent,
but what was still waiting.

If you're wondering where it all began...

The Letter Time Never Sent takes you back to the beginning of Tory and RJ's story.

To first love.

To the years that separated them.

To family, grief, healing, and the quiet moments that changed everything.

It is the story of how two people carried pieces of each other through time...

and what happened when life gave them another chance.



Some stories stay with us
because they remind us that
timing can change,
people can grow,
and love can find a different way home.

Thank you for spending
a little more time with
Tory and RJ.

May their story remind you
to hold on to what matters,
to be gentle with your own journey,
and to always believe
that new chapters are possible.

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