

Wynton

Wynton remains trapped in a coma, his mind active but his body unresponsive, caught in the space between consciousness and oblivion. Despite being unable to speak or move, he feels an intense longing to reach Cassidy, the one person who might still understand him. His thoughts swirl with desperation, as if he can sense time slipping away, urging him to convey something critical before it's too late. In the depths of his subconscious, he relives past moments—glimpses of laughter, the warmth of Cassidy's presence, and the quiet moments of understanding they shared. These memories serve as both a comfort and a torment, as he realizes he may never be able to relive them again. The reality of his condition weighs heavily on him, knowing that he is physically immobilized, yet emotionally more alive than ever.

As Wynton drifts between memories and the present, he fixates on Dave Caputo, a man tied to both his past and Cassidy's fate. There is something dangerous about Dave, something he wishes he could warn Cassidy about, yet he remains powerless to act. His thoughts race through a mental maze, trying to reconstruct the events that led him to this moment. Every piece of information he holds seems vital, yet his inability to communicate renders him utterly helpless. The frustration builds as he envisions Cassidy heading toward Paradise Springs, a place that holds their intertwined destinies. He wonders if she will recognize the hidden truths or if she will walk blindly into a situation that could bring even more pain.

A deep sorrow settles within Wynton as he reflects on how Cassidy had once saved him, pulling him back from the edge when he was certain no one could. It was in her presence that he had felt something real, something unshakable, as if the universe had granted him a moment of peace in an otherwise chaotic life. The weight of that realization makes his inability to reach her all the more devastating. He recalls a night spent together in a meadow, the moonlight casting a silver glow on the world around

them. It had been a perfect moment, free from the burdens of the past, a moment where he had felt truly seen. Now, in the silence of his mind, he longs for her to remember that night, to remember the unspoken words that had lingered between them.

His subconscious clings to the concept of harmony, likening their connection to the divine frequency of 963 Hz, often called the "God note," a sound said to open the heart and mind to pure love. This idea becomes an obsession, as he wonders if Cassidy can still hear him in some way, if there is some unearthly tether binding them despite his physical state. The thought offers him solace, giving him the hope that perhaps, just perhaps, she can sense him reaching out. He tries to summon his voice, to speak her name, but nothing comes. The silence is deafening, filling every corner of his mind with the ache of words unsaid. He imagines Cassidy beside him, her hand in his, whispering words of comfort, but when he opens his eyes—if they are truly open at all—she is not there.

The love Wynton carries for Cassidy is raw and urgent, a feeling that transcends mere affection and steps into the realm of necessity. His mind refuses to let go of the connection they share, even as his body betrays him by remaining lifeless. He wonders if Cassidy still thinks about him, if she feels his presence the way he feels hers. He longs for her to return to him, to speak his name, to tell him that there is still hope. But as the moments stretch on, as time bends and folds around him, he is left with nothing but silence. And in that silence, a question lingers—will Cassidy ever know how much he needs her, or will his love remain trapped in the void forever?