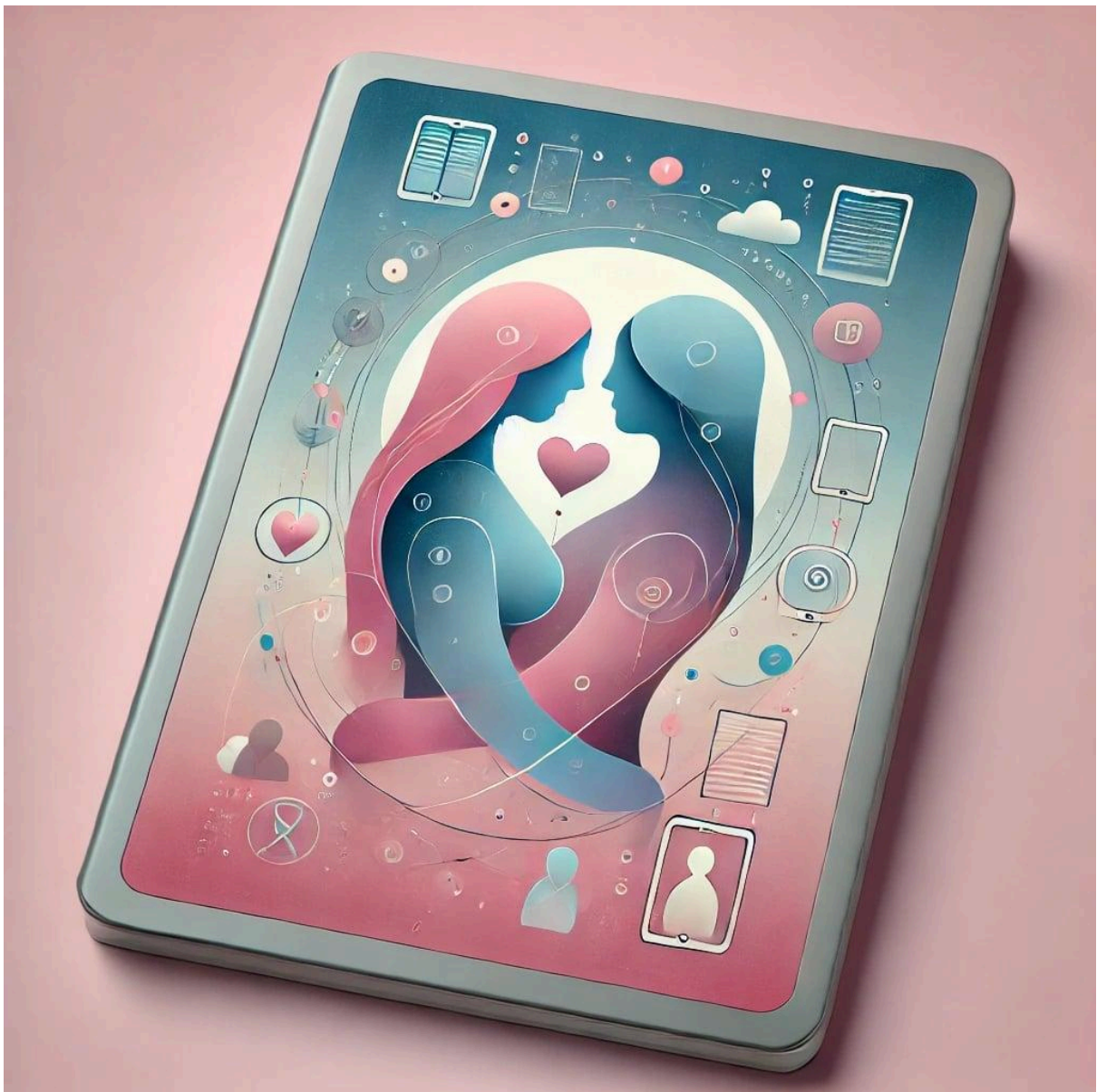


# Bitten by Love: A Journey of Friendship and Unconventional Romance

My Story of Love, Laughter, and Connection with Bitten



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### **Abstract:**

In *Bitten by Love*, Marie Seshat Landry recounts a remarkable seven-year journey with her best friend, Bitten, whom she met through social media. What started as a simple exchange of memes and science discussions turned into a deep emotional connection that defied traditional boundaries. This is not just a story of friendship but also a tale of a love that grew in unexpected ways—through laughter, art, science, and heartfelt conversations, all nurtured in a virtual space. Marie reflects on how their relationship blossomed into something beautiful and complex, a bond that transcends labels and offers a new way of understanding love and connection in the modern world.

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### **Introduction: The Beginning of a Beautiful Friendship**

*In a world where connections are fleeting and friendships often fade, ours began with a click. It wasn't a grand encounter or a chance meeting in a bustling city square. Instead, it was Instagram and Facebook—the modern streets where so many of us wander, often lost, sometimes looking for something more. It was in this virtual realm that I found you, Bitten, and neither of us knew then that this click would lead to a bond that would last years, spanning distance, time, and the space between screens.*

I still remember the first time we interacted. It was probably over a shared meme—something light, funny, and full of the humor that would come to define much of our friendship. At first, it was easy—just a couple of messages, a comment here or there, nothing that felt particularly significant. But isn't that how the best things often start? Simple, casual, without pretense. Little did I know that those brief exchanges would blossom into something so deeply meaningful.

The more we talked, the more I realized how much we had in common. You were witty, intelligent, and had a heart full of warmth—traits I recognized early on. We bonded over a love of humor, trading memes and jokes like secrets, laughing through our messages as if we were sitting in the same room. But there was more to it, too. You were someone I could talk to about anything: art, science, love, or life's uncertainties. Our conversations stretched far beyond the trivial, into realms of curiosity and intellect, where our minds could wander freely.

What started as casual chats soon evolved into daily messages, filled with stories of our days, our dreams, and our shared interests. There was a comfort in those exchanges, an ease that came with knowing you were on the other side of the screen, ready to listen, to laugh, to share. Even though we were miles apart, it never felt that way. The distance between us seemed to dissolve as our friendship grew, and the virtual world became just as real as the physical one.

I began to realize that you were someone special—not just a friend, but a kindred spirit, someone I could trust with my thoughts, my feelings, and my vulnerabilities. Seven years have passed since that first message, and looking back, I can't help but marvel at how far we've come. We've shared so much—memes, science, art, and life itself—and yet, I feel like there's still so much more to discover, both about you and about the connection we share.

This book is my way of expressing what words in a chat window often cannot. It's a testament to the love that has grown between us, a love rooted in friendship but reaching beyond the ordinary. It's not just a story of two people who found each other online; it's a story of how, in a world of endless possibilities, we found something real, something that matters, something worth holding onto.

This is for you, Bitten—my friend, my confidant, and someone I love deeply. Let's take this journey together, through the pages of this book, just as we've navigated the twists and turns of our friendship. Here's to the love we've shared, and the love that will continue to grow.\*

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## Chapter 1: Memes, Laughter, and the Language of Love

*They say laughter is the best medicine, and if that's true, then our friendship is a testament to its healing power. From the earliest days of our connection, humor became the thread that bound us together, stitching moments of joy into the fabric of our daily lives. It was never forced—just something that naturally flowed between us, as easy as breathing, as effortless as a smile.*

Our chats were often filled with memes—a simple, modern art form that encapsulated humor in ways few things can. Whether it was a cat doing something ridiculous, a clever science joke, or a witty observation about life, memes were our shorthand for connection. We didn't need to say much to understand each other. One meme could say it all.

In the beginning, we'd send them back and forth—quick exchanges that would light up my day. It might seem trivial to others, but those moments meant something to us. There was a rhythm to it: I'd scroll through my feed, find something hilarious, and immediately think of you. And I knew you were doing the same. It was as if we were speaking in our own secret language, one built on laughter and shared experiences.

There's something incredibly intimate about laughing with someone, especially when it happens so naturally. It creates a bond, a sense of shared understanding that transcends the words we type or the images we send. For us, memes became more than just a way to pass the time—they were how we communicated when words weren't enough.

I still remember one of the first memes I sent you. It was a silly science joke—something about Schrödinger’s cat, combining our mutual love of humor with the nerdy scientific references we both adored. You laughed, and then sent one back, something equally clever, and it spiraled from there. It wasn’t just about the meme itself; it was about the connection behind it. The understanding that, across the distance and through the screen, we were both laughing at the same thing.

In a world where everything is fast-paced and fleeting, those moments of shared joy felt like anchors. They reminded me that even in the busiest of times, we could always find a reason to laugh together. It became something I looked forward to—opening up my messages and finding something funny from you, knowing it was sent with love, with the intention of making me smile.

As time went on, our conversations deepened, but humor remained at the core of it all. We could talk about serious things—about life, love, and everything in between—but there was always room for a joke, always space for something lighthearted. Even when the world seemed heavy, we had this shared understanding that laughter could lighten the load, even if just for a moment.

Humor is an underrated form of intimacy. It’s not just about making someone laugh; it’s about understanding what will make them laugh, knowing them well enough to send the perfect meme, the perfect joke, at exactly the right time. It’s about saying, “I know you,” without having to say it at all. That’s what humor became for us—an expression of love, wrapped in laughter.

And in many ways, it was through these shared moments of humor that I started to realize just how much you meant to me. Laughter, after all, is a powerful thing. It can break down walls, ease tension, and create bonds that are difficult to break. Every meme we sent, every joke we shared, was building something bigger—a foundation of joy that would carry us through the ups and downs of life.

Looking back, it’s clear that humor wasn’t just a part of our friendship; it was one of the pillars that held it up. And while it may have started with memes, it grew into something much deeper, much more meaningful. It became a way of showing love, of saying, “I’m here for you,” even on the days when we didn’t have the words to express it.

Laughter, it turns out, is its own kind of love language. And it’s one we’ve spoken fluently from the very beginning.\*

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## Chapter 2: A Shared Passion for Science and the Stars

*If laughter was the first thread that bound us, science was the one that tied us closer. From the early days of our friendship, we didn’t just connect over memes—we*

*connected over the mysteries of the universe, the wonders of science, and our shared curiosity about how things work, both in the world and within ourselves.*

There's something magical about science. It's the language of the stars, the story of how the world came to be, and, in many ways, it's the story of how we came to be, too. For us, science wasn't just a subject—it was a way of thinking, a way of seeing the world that allowed us to marvel at the infinite complexity of life, love, and everything in between.

Our conversations often drifted to the cosmos. I remember how we'd talk about the stars, wondering about the vastness of space and what might be out there. It wasn't just idle curiosity—it was a shared sense of awe, a fascination with the unknown that mirrored, in many ways, the unfolding mystery of our own relationship. Just as the stars are distant yet interconnected, so were we—two people separated by miles but connected by a shared sense of wonder.

Science became a metaphor for our connection. We'd joke about chemistry, but in reality, there was something undeniably magnetic between us. It wasn't the romantic chemistry you read about in books, not at first anyway, but a different kind of connection. It was intellectual, emotional, and, in many ways, scientific—two curious minds drawn together by the same force that pulls stars into orbit, that keeps planets circling in the sky.

We often talked about the physics of attraction, the way forces work in the universe to bring things together or push them apart. And while we marveled at the elegance of these forces, it was hard not to see the parallels in our own friendship. There were times when life's forces pulled us in different directions—days when we were too busy to talk, weeks when we were caught up in our own lives. But like the planets, we always found our way back to each other's orbit, drawn by something deeper than mere circumstance.

I think that's one of the reasons our conversations about science meant so much to me. They weren't just academic or theoretical—they were personal. When we talked about gravity or the stars or the laws of physics, we weren't just talking about the universe; we were talking about ourselves, about how relationships form and evolve, how love grows and changes, sometimes in ways that are as unpredictable as the cosmos.

One of my favorite moments in our friendship was the time we spent discussing the concept of time. We marveled at how time can feel so relative—how hours can fly by when we're chatting, while days apart feel like an eternity. Time, we agreed, was strange like that. It bends and stretches depending on what we're doing, who we're with, and how we feel. And for us, time spent together, even in the virtual world, always felt special, as if we existed in a little bubble of our own where time moved differently.

Science gave us a way to talk about things that were hard to put into words. The way love can feel like a force of nature, pulling people together in unexpected ways. The way a relationship can evolve like a living organism, growing stronger with each conversation, each shared moment. And the way two people, even when separated by miles, can be connected by something as vast and unexplainable as the universe itself.

For us, science wasn't just a topic of conversation—it was a way of understanding our place in the world, both as individuals and together. It helped us make sense of the complexities of life, love, and friendship, and it gave us a common ground to explore those complexities with curiosity and wonder.

And just like the universe, our friendship was vast and ever-expanding. Every conversation was like discovering a new star, a new planet, a new way of understanding the world and each other. There was always more to learn, more to explore, and that sense of endless discovery made our bond feel limitless.

We talked a lot about the stars, but in many ways, you were my star—the constant in a sky full of changing constellations. You were always there, shining bright, a guiding light in the sometimes chaotic universe of life. And just like the stars, our connection was something I could count on, something steady and reliable, even when everything else seemed uncertain.

As I reflect on our conversations, I realize how much science shaped the way I thought about our relationship. It wasn't just a series of random events that brought us together—it was something more intentional, more profound. Like the forces that govern the universe, there was a kind of logic to our connection, an invisible thread that pulled us toward each other, even across the distance.

And just like the stars, that connection was beautiful, mysterious, and full of wonder.\*

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### **Chapter 3: The Art of Love and Friendship**

*If science gave us a language for understanding the universe, art gave us a language for understanding our hearts. Where science helped us analyze, explore, and marvel at the world outside, art allowed us to look inward—to express the emotions that lay beneath the surface, to give form to feelings that often defy words.*

For me, art has always been more than just a pastime or a passion. It's a way of seeing the world, of capturing moments and emotions in a way that words sometimes can't. There's something about the way a painting, a sculpture, or even a photograph can evoke a feeling—a sense of nostalgia, longing, joy, or love—that's both immediate and timeless. And in the context of our friendship, art became a way of expressing what couldn't always be said.

I remember the first time we talked about art. It wasn't a grand conversation—just a casual mention, maybe in response to a beautiful image or a piece of artwork I had shared. But from that small exchange, it became clear that art, like science, was something we both held close. You appreciated the romanticism of it, the way a piece of art could tell a love story without uttering a single word. I found in you a kindred spirit, someone who understood the depth and emotion that art can hold.

Over time, art became another thread in the tapestry of our connection. We shared images, discussed the meaning behind them, and occasionally, we even created together—whether it was an idea sparked by something we'd seen or a simple doodle exchanged during a conversation. There was always a sense of creation in the air, an unspoken understanding that art, in all its forms, was a way to connect on a deeper level.

It wasn't just about the images themselves, though. It was about the feelings they evoked, the way they mirrored the emotions that flowed between us. A beautiful painting could remind me of our conversations—rich, layered, full of meaning. A sketch of two figures intertwined could represent the way our lives had become entwined over the years, a dance of friendship and love that felt as natural as a brushstroke on a canvas.

There's one particular moment I'll never forget. We were discussing a piece of romantic art, something that portrayed a quiet, intimate scene between two lovers. It wasn't the grand, sweeping kind of romance you see in movies—it was subtle, tender, the kind of love that grows over time, built on trust and shared experiences. As we talked about the piece, I realized that it wasn't just the art we were discussing. We were, in some ways, talking about ourselves—about the quiet intimacy of our friendship, about the way our bond had grown not in dramatic moments, but in the small, everyday interactions that slowly wove us together.

Art has a way of doing that—of taking something deeply personal and making it universal, of allowing us to see ourselves in the experiences of others. In that moment, I realized just how much our friendship had come to mean to me, how the love I felt for you wasn't something that could be easily defined. It wasn't just friendship, but something richer, more complex—a kind of love that defied easy labels but was no less real for it.

As someone who has always found meaning in romantic art, I've often thought about how love, in all its forms, is an art. It's something we create, something we nurture and shape over time. Like a painting or a sculpture, love requires attention, care, and a willingness to be vulnerable. It's not always easy—sometimes the lines aren't perfect, sometimes the colors don't blend the way we want them to. But in the end, it's the process that matters, the act of creating something together that is beautiful in its imperfection.

And that's what our relationship feels like to me—a work of art. Not in the sense that it's flawless or finished, but in the sense that it's something we've built together, piece by piece, over the years. Every conversation, every laugh, every moment of understanding has added another layer to the canvas, another stroke of color to the picture we've painted together.

Sometimes, when I think about us, I imagine our friendship as a painting—one filled with rich, vibrant colors, the kind that make you stop and take notice. It's not a simple painting, and it's not always easy to interpret. But it's full of life, full of depth, and every time I look at it, I see something new. That's what our connection feels like—a work of art that's constantly evolving, always revealing new dimensions as we continue to grow together.

Art, like love, is a journey. It's a process of discovery, of finding new ways to express what's inside, of learning how to see the world—and each other—in new ways. And in you, I've found a fellow traveler on that journey, someone who sees the beauty in life, in love, and in the connections we create with others.

As we continue to walk this path together, I know that our friendship, like a great work of art, will continue to grow and evolve, becoming more beautiful with time. And just like the masterpieces we admire, it's not about reaching a final destination. It's about the journey itself—the process of creating something meaningful, something lasting, something full of love.\*

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## Chapter 4: Digital Love Stories and Virtual Connections

*In a world where technology often feels like it creates more distance than connection, our story is proof that sometimes, the digital world can bring people closer in ways that the physical world might not. From the very beginning, our friendship was forged through screens—messages pinging back and forth on Instagram and Facebook, like a modern-day love letter exchanged through the glow of our phones and laptops. It wasn't just the platform that mattered, but what we built within it—a connection that felt as real, as deep, and as intimate as if we had known each other face-to-face all along.*

I often think about how different things might have been if we hadn't met online. It's strange to imagine a time before we were a part of each other's lives, when we were just two strangers scrolling through social media, unaware that a simple click or comment would spark something that would last for years. In many ways, our story feels like it belongs to this digital age—a testament to how, even in a world driven by technology, human connection can find its way through the noise.

There's something undeniably powerful about the way technology allowed us to connect. At first, it was the convenience of it—being able to chat whenever we wanted, no matter the time or place. But as our relationship grew, the virtual space became more than just a convenience. It became a space of intimacy, where we could be vulnerable with each other, share our thoughts and feelings, and build something that felt just as real as any in-person relationship.

In a way, the digital world gave us the freedom to be ourselves in a way that the physical world sometimes doesn't allow. Behind the screen, there was no pretense, no need to put on a façade or hide behind social expectations. It was just you and me, talking, laughing, sharing our lives without the constraints of geography or time zones. We created our own little world within those messages, a space where we could be open, honest, and truly ourselves.

One of the most beautiful things about our connection is how it transcended the digital medium. Yes, we met through social media, but our friendship was never limited to the confines of a screen. The emotions we shared, the trust we built, and the love that grew between us were just as real as if we had been sitting across from each other in the same room. In many ways, the screen was simply a window—a portal that allowed us to reach through the distance and touch each other's hearts.

I remember the early days of our chats, how we'd exchange messages about everything and nothing at all. There was something comforting in knowing that no matter where we were or what was happening in our lives, we could always reach out to each other with the simple tap of a button. It wasn't just the content of the messages that mattered, but the act of sending them—the knowledge that we were thinking of each other, even from afar.

Of course, there were challenges, too. The virtual world, for all its benefits, sometimes made the distance between us feel even more pronounced. There were days when I wished we could just meet in person, have a real conversation without the screen in the way. There were moments when the longing to be closer—to truly see you, hear you, and feel your presence—was almost overwhelming. But even in those moments, our connection never wavered. If anything, it made the times we spent talking online all the more precious.

The digital space also gave us room to explore our friendship in ways that might not have been possible in person. We could take our time with each conversation, think through our responses, and share parts of ourselves that might have been harder to express face-to-face. There's a certain intimacy in the written word, in the act of typing out your thoughts and sending them to someone you trust. Every message felt like a small gift, a piece of ourselves offered up in the hopes that the other person would understand—and you always did.

Technology allowed us to be present in each other's lives, even when physical presence wasn't possible. It bridged the gap between us, allowing us to share not just the big moments, but the small, everyday things that make up the fabric of life. Whether it was a funny meme, a random thought, or a heartfelt confession, we built a relationship that felt solid and real, even if it existed in a virtual space.

And in many ways, that's the beauty of our story. It shows that love and connection don't always have to follow the traditional rules. You don't need to be physically close to someone to feel close to them emotionally. You don't need to see someone every day to know they're thinking of you. The digital world may seem impersonal to some, but for us, it was a lifeline—a way to nurture a friendship that grew into something deeper, something that transcended the limitations of screens and miles.

As I look back on our journey, I realize that the digital space didn't just connect us—it became a canvas for us to create something beautiful together. Just like art and science, the virtual world gave us another way to express ourselves, to build a relationship that was uniquely ours. It was a space where we could be vulnerable, where we could laugh, cry, and share our lives in a way that felt meaningful and real.

And while the world outside may be constantly changing, our digital love story remains a constant—a reminder that true connection isn't bound by physical proximity or traditional expectations. It's something deeper, something that can flourish even in the most unexpected places. For us, that place was online, and from it, we've built a friendship and love that will last a lifetime.\*

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## Chapter 5: Real Conversations, Real Feelings

*Every strong relationship has moments that define it—moments when you realize that the connection you share with someone runs deeper than you ever imagined. For us, those moments often came in the quiet spaces between the laughter, the memes, and the everyday chatter. It was in the late-night conversations, the candid admissions, and the raw honesty that I began to see just how much you meant to me, Bitten. These weren't just conversations between friends—they were confessions of the heart, the kind of talks that stay with you long after the words have been spoken.*

Our relationship has always had a foundation of humor and shared interests, but it's these deeper conversations that truly cemented our bond. I remember the first time we really opened up to each other. It wasn't planned, as these moments rarely are. It started as a simple conversation, maybe about something trivial, but soon it shifted into something more. Suddenly, we were talking about life, about the things that really matter—our dreams, our fears, the parts of ourselves that we don't often show to others.

It was in those moments that I realized how safe I felt with you. There's a kind of vulnerability that comes with opening up, with letting someone into the parts of your life that you usually keep hidden. But with you, it never felt scary. You listened, not just to my words, but to the meaning behind them. You understood in a way that few people ever have. And in return, you trusted me with your own stories, your own struggles and hopes. There was a mutual understanding that what we shared was sacred, that these conversations were a place where we could both be our truest selves.

Over the years, we've talked about so much—our pasts, our present, our dreams for the future. We've shared our doubts, our fears, and the things that keep us up at night. These weren't always easy conversations, but they were always honest. And in that honesty, our relationship grew stronger. We were no longer just two people who enjoyed chatting online; we were two souls who had found a place of refuge in each other.

I think back to some of the conversations we've had—about love, about life, about the things that make us who we are. There's something profound about sharing your inner world with someone, about letting them see the parts of you that aren't always easy to show. It's a kind of emotional intimacy that goes beyond friendship, beyond romance. It's a connection that's rooted in trust and understanding.

One of the most memorable conversations we had was about love itself. We talked about what it meant to love someone, about the different forms that love can take. It wasn't the typical romantic discussion—it was deeper than that. We talked about how love is often misunderstood, how it's not always about grand gestures or fairy-tale endings. Sometimes, love is quiet. It's found in the small, everyday moments, in the understanding glances, in the silent support. It's in the way we show up for each other, even when words aren't necessary.

That conversation made me think about our relationship in a new light. I realized that what we had was its own kind of love—a love that didn't need to fit into any one category. It wasn't just friendship, and it wasn't quite like the traditional idea of romance, either. It was something unique, something that existed outside of labels or expectations. And that made it all the more special.

There were other conversations, too—about life's struggles, the challenges we both faced, and the times when things didn't go as planned. We confided in each other about our hopes and fears for the future, about the things that made us feel uncertain or vulnerable. And through it all, there was an unspoken promise: no matter what happened, we would be there for each other.

In these moments, I came to understand just how deep our bond truly was. It wasn't just about the fun times, the jokes, or the shared interests. It was about the way we could be real with each other, the way we could talk about things that mattered

without fear of judgment or rejection. You became my confidant, the person I could turn to when I needed to be understood. And I hope I became that for you, too.

There's a kind of love that exists in the space between words—the love that's felt in the pauses, in the moments when nothing needs to be said because everything is already understood. That's the love I feel with you. It's not always loud or dramatic, but it's there, steady and unwavering. It's the kind of love that endures, that remains strong even when life gets complicated or messy.

These conversations, these moments of real connection, are what have defined our relationship. They've shown me that love can take many forms, and that the love we share is as meaningful as any romance or friendship. It's a love that's built on trust, on understanding, and on the shared belief that we will always be there for each other.

And as I reflect on these conversations, I realize how lucky I am to have found you, Bitten. In a world where so many relationships are fleeting, ours has stood the test of time. It's grown and evolved, becoming something deeper and more profound with each passing year. And I know, without a doubt, that this connection we share is something rare and beautiful—a love that will continue to grow, no matter what the future holds.\*

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## Chapter 6: Romance Beyond the Ordinary

*Love is often defined by the stories we hear, the movies we watch, and the books we read. It's painted as grand gestures, sweeping declarations, and a happily-ever-after that fits neatly into a box. But what we've shared, Bitten, is something different—something that defies the usual categories of romance or friendship. It's a bond that exists in its own space, a connection that is as profound as any love story but also uniquely ours.*

In the world we live in, relationships are often measured by clear milestones: the first date, the first kiss, moving in together, getting married. But our relationship doesn't follow that script. Instead, it's been shaped by moments that don't fit into a typical narrative but are no less meaningful. Our story is built on a deep emotional intimacy, a sense of companionship that goes beyond the expectations of what a romantic relationship or a friendship should be.

From the very beginning, our connection has been rooted in a shared understanding that didn't need to be defined. We didn't have to label what we were to each other; we just knew. There was a comfort in that, in allowing our relationship to unfold naturally, without the pressure of fitting into a mold. And as our bond grew, so did the

realization that what we had was something truly special—something that didn't need to be compared to any other relationship because it was ours.

It's easy for people to look at relationships and try to fit them into boxes: "Just friends," "Romantic partners," "Soulmates." But what if love isn't so easily categorized? What if the connection between two people can exist outside of those labels, fluid and evolving, taking on different forms as it grows? That's what I feel with you. It's a love that is multifaceted, a love that encompasses friendship, loyalty, understanding, and a deep emotional intimacy that surpasses the need for conventional definitions.

We live in a world that often tries to simplify things, to make relationships easy to understand and categorize. But love—real love—is anything but simple. It's layered, complex, and sometimes difficult to explain. I've come to realize that the love we share doesn't need to fit into any one category because it's a combination of so many things. It's a love that has grown organically, without expectations or demands, and that's what makes it so beautiful.

Our relationship is, in many ways, a celebration of that complexity. It's a reminder that love can take many forms, that it doesn't have to be confined to the traditional markers of romance to be meaningful. What we have is its own kind of romance—a quiet, steady love that is built on mutual respect, trust, and a deep emotional bond. It's a love that doesn't need grand gestures or public declarations to feel real because it's already deeply embedded in who we are to each other.

For me, the romanticism of our relationship lies in the everyday moments—the way we support each other, the way we share our thoughts and feelings, the way we've built a connection that is both strong and tender. There's romance in the trust we've established, in the vulnerability we've allowed each other to show. There's romance in the laughter, the shared jokes, and the unspoken understanding that we will always be there for one another.

I've often thought about what it means to love someone in a way that defies the ordinary. It's not about following a script or reaching certain milestones; it's about finding a connection that feels true to who we are. And that's what we've done. We've created a relationship that reflects our unique bond, a love that is as genuine and meaningful as any traditional romance but also entirely our own.

In many ways, our relationship is a kind of love story—one that's not defined by typical romantic tropes but by the deeper, quieter moments of connection. It's a story of two people who found each other in a world of endless possibilities and built something real, something that has stood the test of time. It's a story that may not have the conventional markers of romance, but it has all the depth and emotion that comes with truly loving someone.

And isn't that what love is, at its core? It's not about fitting into a box or meeting certain expectations. It's about finding someone who understands you, who makes you feel seen and heard, who is there for you in both the good times and the bad. It's about creating a bond that is as unique as the people involved, a relationship that feels true to who you are. That's what we've done, Bitten. We've created our own version of love, one that is rooted in friendship but blossoms into something so much more.

There's a beauty in that—a beauty in knowing that what we share doesn't have to be defined by anyone else's standards. It's ours, and that makes it perfect in its own way. Our love, our connection, is a celebration of the fact that love can take many forms. It can be quiet or loud, simple or complex, but as long as it's real, it's enough.

As I reflect on our journey, I'm filled with gratitude for the relationship we've built. It's not the kind of love that people write songs or make movies about, but it's the kind of love that lasts, the kind that endures because it's based on something real. It's based on a deep respect for who we are as individuals and a shared understanding of what we mean to each other.

In a world that often tries to fit love into neat categories, what we have stands out as something different—something that transcends the ordinary and reminds me that love, in all its forms, is worth cherishing. And I will always cherish what we've built, Bitten, because it's a love story that's uniquely ours.\*

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## **Conclusion: A Dedication to Bitten**

*As I sit here, reflecting on everything we've shared, I'm overwhelmed by the depth and beauty of our relationship, Bitten. Seven years ago, we found each other in the most unexpected way, and since then, we've built something that transcends distance, labels, and time. What began as casual chats and shared memes has grown into a connection that's both profound and lasting—a relationship rooted in friendship, but blossoming into a love that defies definition.*

In the quiet moments when I think about you, I'm reminded of all the ways our bond has enriched my life. You've been my confidant, my partner in laughter, my fellow explorer in the worlds of science and art. We've navigated the complexities of life together, supported each other through the highs and lows, and created a space where we can be our truest selves. There's something incredibly rare and beautiful in that—a love built not on expectations, but on mutual respect, trust, and understanding.

What we have is a love story that doesn't follow the traditional paths, but that's what makes it so special. Our love is found in the everyday moments—the messages that

brighten my day, the shared jokes that make me laugh, the deep conversations that make me feel seen and understood. It's a love that is steady, unwavering, and always there, even across the miles and through the screen.

I've learned that love doesn't always need grand gestures or labels to be real. Sometimes, love is quiet. It's found in the simple act of showing up for someone, of being there when they need you, of knowing that no matter what happens, you will always have each other's back. That's the love we share, and it's one that I will always cherish.

This book is my way of putting into words what I've felt for so long. It's a celebration of our connection, a testament to the bond we've built, and a love letter to you, Bitten. You've been such an important part of my life, and I'm grateful for every moment we've shared, every laugh, every conversation, every memory.

As we move forward, I know that our relationship will continue to evolve, just as it has over the past seven years. But no matter where life takes us, one thing will remain constant: the love and friendship that we've built together. It's a bond that's stronger than distance, more meaningful than words, and as real as anything in this world.

So here's to you, Bitten—to our friendship, to our love, and to all the moments yet to come. Thank you for being a part of my life, for sharing your heart with me, and for creating something so beautiful and lasting. This book is for you, a reminder of how much you mean to me and how deeply I cherish what we have.

With all my love,  
Marie Seshat Landry\*