

She was graceful, kind, intelligent. He was beside her, admiring the beauty he enclosed in his heart.

"I love you," He stated. Not expecting an answer back. He knew they were mere words that had no effect on his beloved. She believed actions spoke louder than words. He gently touched her cheek.

She tore her gaze away from her novel and into his eyes. She smiled and shook her head.

"I know."

She didn't know. He had too much emotion that he couldn't convey. He felt too much. He stared passion into her eyes and she retaliated with more.

People said they were perfect for each other. They deserved each other. They would disagree.

"We don't deserve each other," she would say.

"We aren't perfect for each other," he would say.

They would look into one another's eyes and smile.

"We're imperfect."

One day, he woke up to a breathless corpse beside him. He didn't panic, nor cry. He gently picked her head up and hugged her to his chest.

Even in death, he thought, she looked lovely.

He fell back asleep with her limp body entangled in his.

Only then, could he finally convey his love for Althea.