

Her hands felt cold against my warm skin. I wanted her fingers to linger across my neck down to my hands. I wanted to warm them with the heat I felt when I looked at her. I wanted her hands to never feel the wrath of ice or her lips to feel dry, her eyes to be wet with tears, or her heart to feel heavy with despair.

"You're staring again," She let out a soft chuckle.

"Am I?"

"Yes. I see no point though. It's not like you can see me."

"I don't need to see you to know you're beautiful."