

# They Never Even Touched

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

When he closes his eyes at night, she is there, the only one he'll ever love.

Severus cannot see her but he knows that she is there. She is there every night. She comes with the darkness.

'Isn't it odd, Severus?'

'What is odd?'

'We never kissed.'

'No, we didn't.'

'We never even touched.'

He cannot see her but he knows that she is smiling. She always smiled at him.

'We talked.'

'Yes, we did, Severus. Do you remember about what?'

'The world and all the petty things in it.'

Again she smiles. He knows she does.

'Would you have liked to touch, Severus?'

He nods.

'Would you have liked to kiss?'

Again he nods. Can she see him, he wonders.

'Do you regret that we didn't touch, Severus?'

Damn her to ask. Of course he does. He always has. He always will.

'Why did you not touch me, Severus?'

'You were not mine to touch.'

'You never asked, Severus.'

'You turned from me.'

She isn't smiling anymore. He knows that she isn't.

The darkness disappears with the first rays of the morning sun. And so does she.

And Severus wakes up alone, longing for the darkness, longing for her.

But when the darkness finally comes, he wishes that she would stay away.

He wishes that he could be free.

But she comes back every night.

The girl he never even touched.