

# A Kiss in Death

*by Jinxie*

Regrets never spoken or acted upon.

## Take 1

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Regrets never spoken or acted upon.

Usual disclaimer: They're not mine, only borrowed, battered and then returned for a partial refund.

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He stood at her tombstone, mourning love that could have been – if only...

If only he had spoken of his admiration, respect and love for her. Love for her dark brown eyes and riotous curls, and her sharp intellect he regretfully belittled.

If only he would have kissed her luscious lips when the moments presented themselves, for there was more than one chance he didn't take.

And now, he stands, looking at her tombstone, and bends to kiss it – as if to kiss her lips by proxy. A kiss in death, to replace all he never told her in life.

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**AN:** The last line is a quote from an article by Fiona Philips that was in *The Mail on Sunday* a while back. The line stuck with me, begging to be written.