

Hands All Over

by TheDeepEnd

She loved him. For a long time. Him and his hands.

1/1 (Word count:183)

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She loved him. For a long time. Him and his hands.

Ever since she was young, Anna didn't like hands.

There were so many different kinds of fingers attached to those hands: long, short, cold, spidery, rough.

Sometimes, even the softest hands hurt when they touched her. Like her aunt's hands.

Aunt Mag had a tendency to grip your cheek when she saw you, her nails sliding across your face.

Anna hated that.

She found her dislike of hands grew as she got older. When she was thirteen, she broke her pinkie in a bicycle accident and had to wear a splint on her finger.

When she turned sixteen, she began to see a slow appreciation for hands, when her first boyfriend kissed her. He held her face, his fingers soft as they tangled in her hair.

She loved him. For a long time. Him and his hands.

When she was twenty, he proposed to her. She was so happy she cried. She wanted to go to her parents' house to tell them.

It was raining hard as they drove. So hard that they didn't see the lights.

Anna was holding his hand so tightly when the truck hit them. Her car spun off the road and into a ditch.

She woke with the taste of blood in her mouth.

Her hand was still linked with his when he told her that he loved her.

Then he was gone.

Anna was never physical with anyone after that.

She knew that she would feel his hands in every single touch. She didn't want hands all over her, pulling her into hugs and patting her cheek as they told her she would be okay.

She fell in love with his hands.

But Anna didn't like hands anymore.