

Daybreak

by Anastasia

Some things were too sacred to disturb with words.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: Many thanks to my beta, writing coach and good friend, Ariadne AWS.

Her fingers slipped over the surface, an exercise in exquisite subtlety. She moved slowly, letting her breath linger, washing over him, pausing if he stirred, watching the sun rise with her hand splayed across his hip.

Cool gray submitted to warm orange as the day broke free.

His sudden movement blocked the light, his hair a dark curtain, breathing silent words against her skin. She never needed to know what he was saying – or why.

They never spoke in those moments when the world seemed to hesitate between darkness and light.

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