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Shiver (Excerpt)

1. Your Name _____
2. Eye Color _____
3. Hair Color _____
4. Shoe Color - Heels _____

Shiver (Excerpt)

Sam's hands hover over my back, fingertips barely grazing my skin. As they travel downward toward my waist, his touch is painfully pleasurable. A shiver envelops my whole body, a sensation I am familiar with. I feel it when his green eyes search me for answers. I feel it when his lips crash into mine. Letting time cease around us, I press my hands to his chest and I look at him carefully. I almost don't hear him when he says it, but the next words he speaks will echo in my head relentlessly,

"I love you, _____Your Name_____".

Saturday night has arrived and I have plans with the girls. I feel good about myself when I see my reflection, _____eye color_____ eyes bright and _____hair color_____ hair shining. I finish my primping and slide into my _____shoe color - heels_____ pumps, grabbing my purse and heading out the door.

Something about that reflection changes as the evening unfolds, though, whether it be the lighting in the restaurant bathroom or the effects of red wine.

This time it's me searching for answers but, the longer I peer, the more it appears that my reflection is just as clueless as I.

My friends and I exchange our Secret Santa gifts and I plaster on a tipsy grin, pretending I have nothing to tell. We talk and we laugh, as always, and when they ask about me, I say nothing of the engagement ring, or of the string of old emotions it has stirred up within me.

I just can't bear to face it.

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