

A Song of Nessi and Guns

Von RubiniaOrion

Prolog: Prolog

It's always been 17 freckles, that spread from the tip of my nose up to my eyebrows, and countless more across my cheeks.

No, I never counted them, that would be weird, and I don't think I've ever looked at myself in the mirror for that long, to even get there.

Not that I didn't like looking in mirrors, but never so intently that I'd notice every little thing so strongly as the count of my freckles.

No, the reason I know this, is because other people used to count them for me, counted them, when the sun made them nearly shine, when it hit them.

Actually, that's not true either, it wasn't people, it wasn't plural, it never was. It was him, only him, that bedded my head in his lap and just stared at me, for hours on end. I don't think anyone else would have ever give them so much attention.

The first times he did, I got uncomfortable, as I didn't know what to make of it, but as time went by, and we actually got to talk, got to know each other, it started to not feel so weird anymore, the staring, that is.

I never expected us to get so close, that he could even count my freckles, I don't think I've ever expected him to speak so many words to me, I don't think that I would have ever expected that I wanted to speak to him.

"Eliot, did you know its 17 freckles?", his so quiet and low voice would erupt after hours of silence, and nothing but the flow of the stream, and the birds chirping in the trees above us.

"hm what?", I think I was dozing off, when he spoke to me.

"Right here", he said and lifted his pointer up to the tip of my nose and ever so gently stroked it over the bridge, up to the part between my eyebrows. "from here to here, its 17", he repeated and for a moment we locked eyes. His eyes where a yellowish brown, nothing like I've ever seen before.

But maybe that's just because I didn't pay attention to people all too much, people usually payed attention to me, and I just had to respond to whatever they threw at my way.

I don't think I could have cared less about peoples eyes, I cared about different things, if I liked their appearance, their attitude even, sometimes I would even notice their

smell, but why would I care about their eyes.

Greyish blues, or muddy browns, they never caught my attention, but his eyes, Liams eyes where something else. Him, is something else, something so fantastic, and weird, and beautiful and brilliant, that I still don't comprehend, how we got here. Not here in particularly, but how we got where we were, back, when there was such thing as a 'we', before I screwed up, before everything I was so hesitant to even let happen, faded.