

*Alone, she could hear them.*

It was dark, it was quiet, but only for a moment. She breathed in hard and sat up, awake. She had fallen asleep, which was bad. She looked around, on edge, hands shaking. She knew they were there, they were always there. Again she breathed in deeply, scared.

What had kept her calm was a few things, but the most important was the thought of him. How she was sure he was out there, waiting for her. What she thought of first was his lips. She remembered them, so warm and tender against hers. The way his hand brushed gently through her hair, she imitated it, eyes closed, imagining. The next thing was his voice, as he would lean into her ear and whisper, "I love you." The air from his breath wisped around her lobes like wind through ones hair at the beach. His nose brushed up against her cheek. He would trail his way to her nose then would press his lips against her's again.

There was a noise. She jumped out of her memories and back to reality. The room she was in was small but protected, spare a single window she would use to gauge the time. It was cold, she shivered.

His hair, as she untangled it slowly with her fingers, felt like feathers against her skin. So silky and so smooth yet so soft.

Another noise, unclear as to what it was. She looked around and saw nothing but her fear rose higher.

His eyes, those were the most amazing thing about him. So sharp and bold, brave and young, protective and loving. They nearly glistened in the light and seemed to glow in the night. She could see and learn everything about him in one look, his eyes told stories. Then his embrace, she hugged herself remembering, so tight and firm as if nothing could go wrong.

Then she heard it, the noise she knew was coming. Them, they were there, waiting for her. She stood up, nearly tumbling from exhaustion as she reached the window. She saw them. They were coming for her.

And then she saw it. The glow in the midst of the darkness. Her heart would have stopped if it could. Her eyes were wide, tears blurred her vision. That glow, it was him, it could only have been him. He was with them, he was one of them. He too was coming for her.

That was the end for her, she knew it. She no longer had the will to fight. She made her way outside to accept her fate. An army was approaching, an army of moans, of death.

She closed her eyes.

*Together, they were one.*