

Title: child to my heart

Author: M.T.

Prompt: *Cues. 5-11-2005*: lyrics from Ava Adore by the Smashing Pumpkins, in 45 minutes.

Universe: *post-life @ 23* apocrypha (Daniel's POV)

Notes: Definitely about 3 years too late for the prompt, but whatever. Daniel's POV, taking place either simultaneously or not long after *Trust*.

It's comfortable watching her from the doorframe to their bedroom, where she's so caught up in what she's doing, she doesn't notice him standing there. He leans, feeling the slick paint, the rough carving, wedging into his skin just at the line of his sleeve. He crosses his ankles, one foot lazily above the other and swishing softly in the deep plush of the carpet beneath it. It's comfortable, so he leans against the post and watches her get ready for bed.

He feels as though he's always seeing her this way, from just at the border of the room, framed by the door jamb and thick carpet and distracted by the seams of hinges. Even his first sight of her was with the opening and closing of doors, a passing sight between walls. He stands there, watching, standing just apart from her.

Sophie is brushing her hair at the vanity, mirror angled just enough that she doesn't catch sight of his framed frame. She gives a sigh and pulls her hair up into different twists. A simple knot at the base of her skull, a high chignon. He's watching her hands twist the strands of her hair up so elegantly, so easily, he's mesmerized. Her wrist flips once, twice, and she's suddenly different.

She sighs loudly and lets her hair fall about her shoulders, slumping childishly in the chair. He stands slightly taller, thinking maybe she's caught him out this time and doesn't want him in her view. And for a second, it's not true. She frowns at her reflection in the mirror and puffs out a small breath as she turns toward the bed, one hand coming up to push a lock of hair back off her face.

And she sees him. Blushes. "Daniel." A breathless whisper, turning her innocent actions into something clandestine.

He shifts his weight, walks into the room and stops a breath away from her, inviting her to tilt her face up to him. He bends, one hand going lightly to cradle her head as he kisses her.

"Lovely, you could do me damage." She shudders, blinks, turns her face away with bright eyes and hot cheeks. "You don't even understand it, do you?" he asks her finally, and watches her shake her head silently. "In you? I see God and heaven and perfection."

It's comfortable, watching her from the space between rooms, between hallways and bedrooms where she doesn't see him shattered by the beauty of her in his world. It's a

frame of reference that he never wants to forget, even as he brings her close to him and vows to never let her go. The only thing separating the experience is knowing that she is even more lovely closer than far away.