

**Title:** the body as a reminder

**Author:** wellowned

**Prompt:** “The Animal Years” by Josh Ritter. Memories/history/yearbooks in one hour. +20 minutes for a lyric. (4-19 cues challenge)

**Notes/Warnings:** None, really. I mangled a lyric from “In the Dark”, but that’s about it. Het pairing, no kinks. Rated PG, cause they’re semi-naked in bed.

He traces a finger along her skin. “Will you tell me about yourself?”

She laughs. “It’s all ancient history. You don’t need to hear it.”

“Tell me anyway. I like history lessons of you,” he whispers, picking up her hand. His questing fingers locate a pair of scars on her ring finger, right above her engagement ring. “These?”

She sighs and lets her gaze flick over his face in the flickering light. “Are you serious?”

“As a heart attack.”

She sighs and relaxes back into the bed. “Probably punching my sister.”

He snickers and kisses it lightly. Her breath gasps in, a sound barely there in the room. “This one,” he breathes, following her finger down to the base.

“A hanger.”

“A hanger?”

She huffs. “We had lots of wire hangers at home. Some cut deeper than others. It’s just a little scar.”

He hmphs and moves up her arm, his light breathing disturbing the hairs. “These little circular ones?”

She gives a rueful smile. “Both arms. I was on the school bus and poked a guy one too many times with a hollow pen. He pulled it away and got me back.”

“Before or after the sister punch?”

“After. The closer in you go, the more recent it is.”

He nods, rubbing his cheek against the scars before moving further up her arm. “You’re tanner below your elbow,” he says matter-of-factly. “You should wear tank tops more often.” He pulls aside her sleeve and sees a long line of jagged gashes in her skin. “These?”

He's breathing into her armpit, and it's making her distinctly uncomfortable. "I fell."

"Not a euphemism for something else?"

She grins, bringing her other hand up to pat his hair gently. "No." She breathes. "No. I fell off a fence a few years ago. Part of me got caught. It's no big--." She falters as he begins to tongue at the scar tissue. Very, very uncomfortable. She breathes tightly until he lets go, until he moves across her body to her other arm. Her right arm. Less scars. He kisses at the two burns on the inside of her forearm, the result of a bare light bulb. He catches sight of a few other hanger marks.

"Big fight?"

"Not hardly," she whispers at him.

He moves down the center of her body, lips tickling at the scar tissue of a life where there was little care. She keeps her eyes shut as he presses a kiss to her hip, the smooth smooth skin there unmarred by any scar tissue. He's so close to the end....

His fingers slip slightly over the bumpy rough texture at the edge of her thighs, the beginning of the end of her. His fingers slipped into rough valleys made smooth by nature and time. Scar tissue that makes shiny slick pieces of her against a darkened background.

"And here?"

She lets out a soft sigh, a sob lodged in her throat. She's told him this before. "We've talked about this."

"Amputee. 'I fell; *a fall from tremendous heights, leaving just a wreck of a girl.*' That's how you put it, isn't it?" She nods and turns her face away, knowing the pity that will come when she's spilling tears out across her face. "You're still beautiful, you know."

"I can't dance anymore. I used to dance really good, you know."

"I know." His hands massage the tension from her legs, her back, making her relax back into the bed. "I know."