

**Title:** Striking Major and Minor Chords

**Author:** you know who, aka me.

**Prompt:** “*yes I said yes I will Yes.*” Joyce. In 1 hr. 7/20/05. I fiddled around and did a bunch of random research, so it went over. Seriously.

**Notes:** *Sophie and Daniel!* Which means this is a piece of [life @ 23](#)... though I swear I may never get the middle done. This is near the end of the thing, anyway. No warnings, except that the story-in-the-story is kinda... screwy. And I so ran out of time.

Oh. If you want to read more about Sophie and Daniel, there's some in her story [here at my site](#), either under **life @ 23** or in any of the other short stories I've written (mostly cues challenges).

She doesn't know how to act when the situation has become this comfortable. She's never even reached this level before, usually having pushed them all away a long time ago with her negativity and barely veiled insults. So to have spent the past 4 evenings lying on his bed with him, watching movies and cuddling, she's jumped far into the deep end and has no idea where she stashed her lifejacket.

“Sophie, are you listening to me?” the question sounded from the general direction of her feet at the head of the bed. She nods slightly, the soft scrape of his denim-covered thigh barely registering. He shifts on the bed, and she reluctantly tilts her head up and away, resting it instead on her canted palm. He lies beside her again, crashing their hips together lightly. “Of course you aren't.”

She stifles a snort at that. “Have I taught you to sound like me then?” She sees the grin he wears in her peripheral vision. “Couldn't have learned from anyone better, I guess.” He laughs a little at that, and turns her to face him. Sophie lets her arm flop over his with a half smile and a sigh. “I was comfier the other way, Daniel.”

“Yes, but you never answered my question.”

“What question,” she evaded, looking over his shoulder and picking away a few little blond hairs off his shirt. She patently ignored his sigh, smoothing her fingertips along his clavicle.

“Then tell me a story.” Daniel smiled at her, pulling back just enough to press their lower halves together a shade too close.

Sophie closed her eyes briefly, her eyelids fluttering with both her anxiety at her current state, and her distaste for his request. “I've never been good at telling stories, Daniel,” she said softly, a hint of sound on the exhalation. She kept her eyes closed, even as the warmth of him surrounded her again.

“Do you really expect me to believe that,” he whispered, his breath rustling the little hairs at her cheek, “when I've seen what you've written?”

She failed to keep her habitual eyebrow raise at that comment hidden. “Writing and telling are two different things. Or do you think my name is Scheherazade?”

“I trust that you have more than a thousand stories in you, love.” They both smiled a moment at that, though she still wasn’t watching. He pressed his forehead against hers until he felt her ease down. “Just one story, love. And that’s it.”

“Just one?” she asked hopefully, daring to crack one eye to gauge his veracity.

“One and only one.” He smiled brightly at her.

She snorted ungracefully. “Fine,” she dragged out. He laughed and snuggled up to her, turning her over to spoon her from behind. She grumbled good-naturedly, and rolled with it. Finally, he settled down. “Comfy?”

He pressed his chin sharply into her shoulder. “Quite.”

She harrumphed as he kissed the little hurt. “Figures.” She sighed. “So, there was this... girl. An American.”

“An American? Was her name Sophie?” he laughed.

She turned her head just enough to glare at him out of the corner of her eye. “Are you going to complain or are you going to let me tell the story?”

He chuckled a little bit more, before putting on a mock-serious face. “Please. Don’t let me stop you.”

She rolled her eyes. “So, I forgot to mention this girl was a wombat.” She paused again as he jostled her with quiet laughter. “I’m going to give up if you don’t quit, Daniel!” He grinned widely and motioned for her to continue as his giggles subsided.

“So this wombat was a pretty decent wombat. She was like other wombats, ate grass with them and everything. But she wasn’t comfortable around the local wombats. It was difficult for her to get used to the other Common Wombats. So, breaking all kinds of local wombat tradition and superstitions, she traveled far and wide to other places to meet new wombats.”

She gave a slight sneer. “She ended up meeting a very nice, if a little smaller Northern Hairy-nosed Wombat and a few of his wombat friends. For some reason, they made fast friends. Even when she left to go home to the Common Wombats, they kept in touch via beetle-mail. Very ingenious invention, I can tell you.” She pointedly ignored his snort of amusement. “Anyway, after awhile, this lovely Common Wombat wanted to travel again, and she ended up traveling back to meet up with the Hairy-nosed Wombats of the North and had a very, very brilliant time of it when she came back to visit.” She took a deep breath. “The. End.”

Daniel laughed aloud, letting her go so they could shift about.

Sophie smiled back at him. “What? You didn’t like my story?”

“Oh,” he said, as he caught his breath, “it was brilliant. Really. But you forgot the important parts.” He smiled softly as she raised her eyebrow again. “Well, love, you forgot to mention how desperately in love this boy wombat was with this anything-but-Common Wombat. And how he thought of her every day.”

“Sounds like a stalker to me,” she joked.

“And how he asked her to marry him one day and have a lovely little wombat life, far away from any of the wombats that would treat her badly.”

“Wombat marriage?”

Daniel had the good grace to blush. “Well, he did love her. Dreadfully. And he couldn’t think of life without her.” His voice turned serious suddenly, and he turned his intent gaze to a spot just over her shoulder as he sat up and folded his legs beneath him. “Can you even imagine how he felt? He’d never felt anything like that before, that needing someone so much that even the thought of being without them was painful. And he knew he had to give her something that would show how much he loved her and needed her in his life.” He ducked his head, and pulled a little velvet box from his pocket, fiddling it between his fingers. “But just one thing would never be enough, you see. No amount of cuddles and letters and emails would do.”

“Daniel?” she whispered as a silence stretched between them.

He looked up at her then, eyes bright. “He had to ask if she would be in his life forever. If she would have him.” He opened the box and set it in front of her where she reclined on the bed, the pearl ring glowing in the flickering blue lights of the entirely-forgotten television. “If you’ll marry me.”

“Daniel...” she said in shock. “You...”

He tucked his hands beneath his legs and tilted a corner of his lips up. “I remembered you said you didn’t really like diamonds. It... the jeweler said it was unique, to say the least.” He paused a moment, and tried to catch her gaze. “Will you?”

“God...” She reached out a tentative hand to the ring, fingers catching on the setting. “Yes,” she breathed.

He leaned forward. “What’s that?” he asked with a laugh. “I didn’t quite catch that.”

“*Yes, I said yes I will Yes.*” She grinned widely at him. “God, yes.”