

“I Know You Do”

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[#Fictober18 \(October 2018\) writing challenge](#)

Day 8: “I know you do”

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Mim yawned widely, the back of her hand immediately covering her mouth. But the damage was done. Lang tried to hold back, but his nostrils flared and there was heat behind his nose and then he yawned too. His came with an audible sound and a shake of his head.

“Yeah, I feel you. Long day, right?”

He didn’t expect an answer from her. After all, she had shifted back to her real form, with her mass of blonde curls, freckles, and inability to speak. It was a rhetorical question anyway. Lang knew it had been quite a day, and that Mim had spent the majority of it in one of her other forms—much longer than the shapeshifter usually did. They’d had the whole day to laugh and to talk—with an actual voice for Mim.

It really was a shame that it was all ending now.

The night wasn’t over, he reminded himself, and turned his head back toward the sky. The light pollution of the city didn’t make it easy to see the stars, even when on the roof of their apartment building, but they could see just enough of them to make Mim happy.

She nestled into his arms. Lang was always warm. He told her once before that it was because he was a werewolf. It didn’t matter much to her, but she liked it. Smiling to herself, she pulled his arm more around her and was satisfied when he tightened his hold on her.

The stars were pretty tonight. At least there were no clouds to block them. It would be nice if she could just stay out here with Lang all night and watch them. Disappointment had already crept in with the realization that she was very tired and would no doubt fall asleep soon.

The day had been wonderful. She’d managed to stay in one of her other forms for the entirety of the day. That was what had made her weary. It took a lot of energy to stay in one of her other faces for so long.

But she’d done it for Lang. He liked when she wore her other faces. For her, it was worth it to be tired. It was just awful that their time together had to come to an end.

Mim snuggled in closer and let out a heavy breath.

That got Lang’s attention. It didn’t feel like a contented sigh, but a troubled sigh. He frowned and glanced down at her. “Something wrong?”

She didn't answer right away, kaleidoscopic eyes still trailing the sky. She pressed her lips together before she placed her gaze on his face. She smiled, shook her head, but it didn't convince him.

"It's okay to tell me. You know that."

And she nodded to that, curls bouncing. Lang brushed the hair from her face, settling her hair against her temple. He could see it in her eyes, the hesitation. Finally, she brought up her hands.

He watched, carefully. He wasn't the best at understanding ASL, and she moved too fast for him to really catch on, but he understood the gist of it.

Mim wanted to stay in her other forms for always.

"I know you do." Lang could understand that. He would've liked to stay in his human form for always, but that just wasn't in his nature. Neither was it in hers to stay in an altered form indefinitely. Curious, he asked, "Is it because you don't like who you are? What you really look like?"

Mim shook her head again, biting her lower lip. Hands moved again. He didn't catch it and had her repeat it. After the second time, Lang was certain he knew what the shapeshifter meant.

She did it because she thought he liked it—her other face—better. "Oh, Mim." His breath was soft, tinged with a little laugh. "I like you no matter what. I thought you knew that."

For a minute, he didn't think that would help. Her face was pensive, but then she shrugged, smiled, and looked reassured. He hoped she really was, because he really did like her real form. He liked all of her forms.

With a sigh of his own, he drew her in close, nuzzled his face into her hair. He breathed in deep before pressing a kiss to her temple.