

“Soft”

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[30 Days of Writing](#) – One Word Prompts
April 2019

Day 18: “Soft”

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2006

Andy's hair was soft. Most redheads had coarse hair, brittle hair. Not Andy. It was like silk when Neoma ran her fingers through it, or what she imagined silk would feel like. It spilled from her hands without a single tangle.

It smelled sweet, like strawberries or candy.

Andy shifted a bit, her eyes sliding closed when her head went back farther. Her slender neck stretched out and stray pieces of hair fell across her shoulder. “Feels nice.” A brief pause. “Do you have a brush?”

“Mm-hmm. Just... straightening out some of the tangles first.” There was a strange, calming presence about Andy. Neoma wondered if she was doing it on purpose, exuding this calm because she could feel it with her empathic talents. Maybe it was her way of comforting her. After all, she was new here, having been welcomed into the coven only a few months prior.

Or, maybe it had something to do with Andy's rehabilitation. Neoma hadn't been here and so far she only knew a smattering of details from Mara, and Mason, and even Andy herself and she understood the gist of it. Andy had done some terrible things, had been under the influence of awful dark magicks. She had come back, but it had taken such a hefty toll on the girl. Recovery wouldn't be easy.

Neoma was in a recovery of sorts herself. She'd lived on the streets for most of her life, until two months ago when Mason had found her and brought her to the Kindheart Coven. Her empathic abilities—and the need to feed off emotions, especially—had never been easy for the teenager.

She wouldn't dismiss this calm, though. Not at all. She wanted to soak in it, let it soften the edges and make everything warm. And the same for Andy too. She picked up the brush and began to run it through her hair, smoothing it out even more.

She didn't realize she'd been smiling, or that Andy had been watching her smile, until she heard the witch's quiet chuckle.

The brush went still. "What's funny?"

"Well, nothing actually." Andy sat up a bit, bottom lip finding its way between her teeth. "You should smile more. It suits you."

Something cut through the soft mood, something that jarred Neoma—but not in a bad way. Her mouth went dry, her cheeks turned warm, and her smile inched upwards.

She picked up the brush again and gestured for Andy to turn. "Maybe I will."

It was easy, right now, to believe they could both make it through and be happy, if only for a little while.