

“This Is Not New”

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

Day 23: “This is not new, it only feels like it.”

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Mara brushed her fingertips along Mason’s jaw. The glamour he wore was strong. Most people wouldn’t perceive it at all, giving him a blissful anonymity to walk among humans undetected as half-demon. Though they couldn’t be seen, the ridges there could be felt. Unyielding, stiff.

He didn’t draw away from her touch, or protest, which was a testament to how comfortable he was with her actions. Anyone else would have him immediately withdrawing.

But not Mara.

She traced the ridges gently, gaze following her movements. She would ask him to remove the glamour, but as soon as the thought passed through her mind Mason turned his head. She let her hand drop. She wouldn’t push it. What they had now—what little they had—would have to be enough.

It never had been.

A sad smile touched her lips. She shifted some to sit up, red hair spilling across her shoulder and on to the pillow. She longed to hold to the moment, but the moment was gone. The proverbial spell had broken.

Mason sat up too and turned his back to her. Temptation had her longing to touch him again, but she pulled back and combed her hand through her hair, pushing it off her face. As he reached for his shirt, she followed his movements.

Why did they do this to themselves, over and over again? They’d get close only to ice each other out—unintentionally or intentionally, it never mattered. Mason would go away for days, maybe even weeks, and he’d return far more withdrawn than when he left, distant in an all new way.

This would only be more of the same.

“Mason.” His quietly spoken name got his attention, enough so that he stopped. He turned his head back to her but said nothing. She proceeded anyway. “Won’t you stay? This time?”

His sigh said everything and Mara’s heart sank. “We could try again.” She always said that, didn’t she? Maybe not exactly the same words, but with the same meaning behind it. “We could start new.”

Mason stood to pull on his pants. “This is not new.” Then he paused, and for a second, there was hope again. It vanished when he continued, “It only feels like it. We want it to feel different—and it does, for a time but it will never be what we had before.” He looked back at her, his clear blue eyes settling on hers and she saw her pain mirrored there.

He was unwilling to try, as usual. And her heart broke just a little more with the repeated realization. She pressed her lips together, nodded vaguely. Anger flared, the renewed sting of rejection hot inside her chest. “Of course. I shouldn’t have expected anything else.”

Mason sighed again, but she had nothing more to say. She should’ve known this would happen—she was a seer. Seeing things before they happened was what she did. But with them? The only thing she could predict with them was ruin.

She turned her back on him before he could see the tears.