

Junior Prose Division (15 years & under)

Tingzhi (Linda) Zhang, St. John's

**122 (an excerpt)**

Her eyes fluttered shut as her lips moved against his. His eyes remained wide open. The kiss was moderately paced, one could even say lazy. Passionate? Far from it. Familiar? Definitely. Oh, she knew every nook and cranny. She nipped at him in a routine-like fashion, occasionally biting on his lower lip. She dropped her purse to the ground, and her hands reached behind his neck and leaned in deeper into the kiss. Her face so close now that he could see the clumped coat of mascara on each individual eyelash.

He didn't love her, but he loved the comfort she gave. Her embrace is therapeutic; her kiss, a lovely depressant. The thought of Anastasia's absence could make his head spin- it could not, and would not happen. He'd make sure of it.