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About 400 words

Welcome Home

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Your lips curl upwards when the door to your apartment finally opens by your own key for the first time in months. The paint peeling off the corners is the same way you left it before packing your bags and taking that internship in Chicago. It squeals in protest as it opens up, and it isn't the only thing that makes your chest tighten from the joy of being home.

His head pops up from behind the mountain of wires and gadgets that are skewed about the card table that sits where your dining room should be. After a moment of silence, his face mirrors yours before he stands up, places the circuit board in his lap aside, and rushes over to you. "Hey," you whisper before

the arms you haven't been held by for what seems like a lifetime are now wrapped around you in almost a protective manner.

"Welcome home." His hoarse greeting almost makes you cry from relief. The stubble on his jaw scratches the side of your face and most likely will leave a rash. You press your face into the thick material of his black t-shirt, the familiar Old Spice that hasn't changed since you met him.

The hairs on your neck tickle you with each exhale from his nose, but you don't dare make a move to pull away. "I'm sorry for leaving the way I did. I felt horrible the entire time I was gone."

He pulls away and brings his hands up to your face, the callouses on his fingers brushing your makeup covered cheeks. His lips descend on yours long enough to remind you of his love for peanut butter and his obvious lack of skills in the kitchen. You open your eyes only to find his brown ones gazing down at you with pure joy. "I shouldn't have tried to hold you back. It's your dream. I want to be with you, so it's my dream too."

His fingertips run through your hair, picking out the layer of purple that wasn't there when you left along with the crescent moon that is branded underneath your left ear. "I had a little too much fun one night."

"I can see that." He said with a laugh. "You must be hungry. What do you want? I'm not as talented as you are in the

kitchen, but I bet I can whip you up something that appetizes you."

Again, your lips curl upwards. His form disappears into the kitchen, and you finally shut the door for the night. "A peanut butter and jelly sandwich sounds good to me."