

# Stories from Wonderland

## bits and pieces

Von Catnip

### Kapitel 2: Sleep

The first time Sanna and Cal slept together, it was literally just that - sleeping.

Cals head propped up against the hot pink of Sannas favorite cushion, eyes closed and soft lips slightly parted.

Sanna lay there too, sprawled out beside him, their bodies only inches apart but never touching.

The book he'd been reading to her still rested on his chest, open in the middle of the story where he'd stopped reading to tell her she was beautiful. She'd already been half asleep then, eyelids only softly fluttering at the touch of his fingers on her cheek, brushing away a fiery red lock of hair that had went astray.

She was awake now, watching his chest slowly rise and fall in the pale light of dawn, memorizing every freckle, every mole, every little scar that graced his pale skin until she could've painted his face perfectly just from memory.

And when he finally awoke, all squinty eyes and yawns and sighs, to find her still staring at him he just smiled and cupped her face in his warm hands and said

*I think I saw you in my sleep*