As soft as clouds

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by Sushipillar

Summary

You're waiting for the bus home when she takes your hand.

Notes

Prompt: Jane x Terezi, first time holding hands :?

It's a rainy evening, you're both taking shelter from the harsh storm underneath a bus stop.

Jane had given you her jacket earlier, and although you've got it clutched tight around your body, it isn't doing much to prevent you from getting soaked. You appreciate the gesture nonethless.

Time ticks by ever slowly as you wait for the bus to arrive. You can feel yourself getting bored out of your mind when you feel her hand slip into yours.

The warmth of her hand and the flush in your face contrasts with the heavy rain pelting right in front of you. Although the temprature is freezing, you start feel like you're about to overheat.

Jane flushes, and despite your blindness, avoids eye contact with you by staring ahead across the street, "Thanks for coming out with me today," She says, her voice a near whisper, "I had a lot of fun. Minus the horrid weather."

You give her one of your infamous grins, "Well, it was either this or I spend my day listening to Karkat rant about Love, Actually for the millionth time." Your smile shifts into something more softer, more real, and you tighten your grip on her hand a little, "But, honestly? I really did have fun today."

You both shuffle around, and fall into a comfortable, if a little awkward, silence. You feel like you should say something, and you're about to speak when you hear the bus roll up.

Whatever you were about to say is forgotten as you and Jane scramble into the warmth of the heated vehicle, laughing a little as you hear her rummage through her pockets for extra change.

You remember your wearing her jacket, and you feel your cheeks grow hotter as you fish through the pockets for Jane's coin purse, which her friends (yourself included) have teased her about relentlessly for owning.

"I still agree with Dirk that it makes you look like a grandma." You remind her as both settle in your seats. You lean up against the window, letting your cane rest between your legs.

"You don't even have grandmas! And you're blind!" You can hear her smile as she does her best to keep her laughter down, which in turn makes your own grin bigger.

"Making fun of the disabled? Jane, even I believed you'd never stoop this low."

"Oh bug off!" She affectionatly wacks your arm with the back of her hand, and internally you hope you'll get to hear her laughter for years to come.

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