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**Rating:** PG 13

**Disclaimer:** We own nothing, we only borrow

**Title:** Pictures of you

**Chapter one:** Prologue

**Lyrics by Maroon 5**

**It's not always rainbows and butterflies**

**It's compromise, that moves us along**

**My heart is full and my door's always open**

**You come, anytime you want**

**I don't mind spending everyday**

**Out on your corner in the pouring rain**

**Look for the girl with the broken smile**

**Ask her if she wants to stay a while**

**And she will be loved**

**And she will be loved**

She turned her head and smiled at him. It was broad, showing the gap between her two front teeth. He had always loved that smile, it seemed to emanate from deep within her heart. Though it sounded silly to admit it, he felt like she reserved it just for him.

She laughed gently and winked at him. Then she returned to her previous occupation, letting the coarse grains of sand run through her fingers, falling onto her long legs. It made him happy to see her so relaxed. Without the familiar signs of tension which she had worn like a second skin, for so many years.

Seeing her this way, made him even more confident of his decision. He wanted this moment to last longer than a weekend or a two week vacation. It just wasn't enough for him anymore. He wanted forever, and soon he would have it.

She tucked her legs up beneath and rested her chin on top of her knees. Her fingers drew lazy circles in the sand. He lifted his camera, and captured her. Wanting to remember this instant, so that he could go back to it in times when he needed courage.

Getting on her hands and knees, she crawled over to him. Gently lifting the camera from his hands, she wrapped his arms around her waist. Closing her eyes and softly kissing him just below the chin, she caught his surprised expression of joy, with a satisfying click.

He hated having his picture taken, but she liked to see his face when he wasn't around. So they compromised. That was love.

Later he stood by the shore, his feet gently caressed by the undertow. He had his hands buried deep in his pockets and she could see he was lost in thought.

He listened to the endless stream of waves, breaking against the bleachers. He loved the sound. It reminded him that his life was no more than a drop in the ocean. The size of his worries, began to shrink in the vastness of it all.

Taking in a deep breath, he turned to go back to her. But finding her standing just behind him, he looked at her in bemusement. It was then he saw the stranger in front of them.

'I begged him to take a photograph of the two of us.' Seeing his inquiring look, she added softly, 'It wouldn't be fair to leave them without a hint.' He stroked the back of her hand, which was lying on his shoulder.

'You're right.' He smiled, 'You always are.' He kissed her just below her ear, as she handed the camera to the man. Settled back into his embrace, she whispered into his lips, 'Say Cheese.'