Name: Angeles Belen Yach Ramirez.

Script

-You are well?

"Yes, I am." I try to cut the subject.

-Are you sure? "I ignore your question."

I tilt my head to look away, I don't want him to see me like that.

He let go of our interlocking hands, bringing both palms of his hands to my cheeks, forcing me to see him. His thumb was caressing my cheekbones seriously, it felt so good coming from him, it was so genuine.

He separated one of his hands from my cheeks and removed the sunglasses, it was too late to stop him. He placed them inside his coat, fear looms, I didn't want him to see me like that. He returns his gaze to me and completely details my face.

"Honey ... were you crying?" What happened?

"Shut up, I don't want pity on anyone."

"And I won't give it to you, but your eyes ... What happened?" His tone of voice sounds concerned, without waiting a second he approached me, wrapping his arms around my hips, drawing me to him. "I care ... about you." His jaw tightens, I could feel it.

"You don't have to."

-I do not care what you say.

"Why do you care so much about me?" We haven't even known each other for a month.