

Silent all these years

10 years after Utena-arc

Von abgemeldet

Prolog: of love and burnt leftovers

Rating: PG 16-18

Warning: Shôjo ai/Yuri-content

Chapter: 1/?

Pairings: For now: Juri x Shika

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Note: Juri belongs to RGU, Shika is my own character...

Comment: well, it's a sequel to the Utena-Series Arc... and plays 10 years after the series. Juri and Shiori haven'T seen each other since graduation and Juri lives together with a fencing-student od hers. Shiori never had that lucky experiences though, not en vogue enough for being a famous artist she lives on her financial limit. Who could have known that both paths will cross again?

Prologue

of love and burnt leftovers

„Meow...“

That barely noticeable sound was echoing in the woman's ear like a vague whisper of the wind. That voice, that tender voice; so irresistible and gentle like those little paws, slowly tapping on her bare shoulder. Grass-green eyes observed the one, being curled up in the sheets; a triangular shaped, oriental face was tilted to the side while large ears twitched every now and then.

A small, rough tongue started to caress lightly tanned skin, trying devotedly to gain the wanted attention. Shivers ran down the woman's arm when she finally was about to give up, opening emerald eyes just slowly. It seemed to be early though, first birds

started to sing outside. She could hear their arias through the half opened window; a light breeze caused her skin to tremble.

Like the furry companion was waiting for her mistress to wake up, a gentle purr lifted into the air. Pressing that sublime carved face into the person's chest, it was some kind of morning-ritual, celebrated every day in deepest devotion. A light sigh escaped the woman's lips, lifting her hand she started to caress lilac coloured fur gently. She enjoyed that feeling of silk, always amazed by the cat's shiney and fine coated fur. Smiling at her animalistic counterpart she stayed at her place, kissing the feline's nose in absence.

When she lifted her head to take a look at the other side of her bed, it was empty. The blanket was folded accurately, as always. "My, I can't believe that Shika is always up that early...", she muttered and arched her eyebrows. The woman never was a deep sleeper, but mostly she overheard her partner, when she went outside for a walk.

They got to know each other four years ago at a fencing tournament in Montreal, but compared to the professional fencer Shika was just an amateur, watching everything from behind the scenes. The young woman had a strong anima on her counterpart – and well, it never really changed.

"Time to get some breakfast, right?"

Answering affirmatively the feline lifted her tail and walked along the blanket, tipping her head to the side. She jumped on the Bordeaux-coloured Persian carpet, silent and sublime in her movement while her mistress needed some time to get out of the comfortable king-size-bed. She stretched her light forms while auburn long hair slid down her slim shoulders, glistening like fluid copper when sunbeams, coming from the slits of velvet curtains, streaked those countless strands. Emerald coloured eyes still had that haze of fatigue as the woman rose from the mattress. Getting into the kitchen she simply grabbed her white dressing gown, not even tying the belt, since she had nothing to hide. Silken fabric covered her well formed body and curves like a second skin.

The slender feline already awaited her, in a talk active mood she moved ghostly around the woman's legs, mewling with her charming, gentle voice, her feathery tail tickled the woman's lower legs. Giggling lightly she appreciated the cat's display of affection. *"It's alright, Basilis. You'll get your bit soon enough..."*

Grass-green eyes scanned the fridge in hopeful manner while her cajolery became quite rapturously and impatiently. Also that gentle voice started to grow, sounding like a pleading whimper. Her mistress didn't even find the time to get some juice for herself; instead she took out the cat's food to prepare the meal for the furry companion, placing the small plate on the tiled floor, hearing that satisfied sound of gutsy silence.

Grabbing that can with orange-juice and a glass the young fencer stepped over to the kitchen table, where she started to prepare breakfast. It was a well-known fact that Shika would be starving after her jogging-rounds in the park. Smiling absently she

imagined that face of her partner, sweating all over. Somehow it was very... stimulating, since it reminded the woman on many situations she wouldn't even recall by names. Her grin grew wider when she put the silverware on the table, suddenly freezing in her movement as slender arms grabbed and hugged her from behind.

"Good morning, Juri..."

Hot breath hit the woman's skin along her ear and neck, shivering lightly her grin grew wide.

"Already back? I didn't expect you that early..."

Juri's voice died when she felt that ghostly kisses, dripping like soft rain along her jaw line.

"Just wanted to see you earlier... is that forbidden?"

The older one smiled.

"Not really..."

Turning around slowly she grabbed her partner's chin, bringing her face close enough to drown in amber-coloured eyes, which had that exhausted but highly satisfied expression. Strands of silvery hair hung loosely from her provisionally tied up ponytail, but even that appearance had this magical touch Juri couldn't resist. Shika was a calm and gentle person, but in special situations she was breaking out of her shell, showing a passionate inner side. Leaning forward the younger woman broke through the last bit of distance until lips met for a lovingly kiss. It was careful and sweet, almost like a ghostly touch.

Juri enjoyed this feeling; she could even smell the fresh scent of salt on her counterpart's skin, tasting sweat on her lips. Inhaling her personal drug the woman had to get a grip on the kitchen table, barely feeling that feather light body on hers. Eyes were barely closed when her body slipped back a little. Breaking the kiss after a while she giggled at that disappointed expression on Shika's facial features.

"You know, I was preparing breakfast for the two of us. If we don't stop we need to do lunch soon..."

The younger one grinned, shoving away the plate behind Juri's back.

"And you know that I prefer my dessert before the entrée..."

"Sounds like an argument."

Feeling those invite able lips on hers again, the woman closed her eyes, trying not to give in too fast. But Shika knew her special buttons to press, after all these years it was pretty obvious to the younger one. She developed some kind of game she used to play with biggest affection, trying to break down the walls, where Juri's wild and

animalistic side was hidden with care. It was a wearingly process, but in the end she never regretted the result. Fingertips slid down her counterpart's scalp to her temples, slowly crawling to her ears, deeper to her shoulders. Fingernails left a delicate, bright red mark down her lightly tanned skin, causing the pleased victim to groan in cravingly manner. Usually Juri was the one, showering Shika with every kind of caress, this time the younger one simply turned the tables, asking for the consequences. The tip of her tongue left a wet, burning trail down the woman's throat, still slowly to tease her even more. Reaching Juri's collarbone she grinned, brushing away silken fabric infatuating, playful like a little child she breathed against shivering skin. Sensations ran down the fencer's spine, tossing her head backwards she gasped barely hear able, when those lips glided deeper, leaving kisses on her chest.

Juri's breathe quickened in mere seconds, lifting herself onto the table she tried to get a stable position, pulling Shika's head closer to her curves, begging internally for more. Her other hand went directly beneath the younger one's T-shirt which literally stuck on her soaked pale skin. Pushing the fabric higher Juri could feel out her flat and well-trained stomach, following that invisible line from her navel to her sternum, where the older woman covered her small and firm breasts.

Breathing fitfully Shika let it happen, was shutting her eyes tight as she felt the sensations like little electric impulses on her skin. Pulling in air sharply she didn't stop to tease the panther more and more, fingernails drew circles on Juri's chest, down her sides to her rump where she started to bury her nails into the thin fabric, causing the woman to jerk immediately. Hissing in light pain she pulled Shika on eye level, biting her cheek.

"You know that I dislike that...", she groaned silently.

"During foreplay you hate it...but it's too funny..."

Rolling her eyes Juri nudged her counterpart playfully, but suddenly she stopped in her movement, scenting the air.

"Oh crap..."

Shika looked up in a confused manner, fixing Juri's frustrated expression.

"What?"

"Don't you smell it?"

Juri got up from her table, dashing right to the kitchen range. She totally forgot about the breakfast on the stove and had to see the tribute she had to pay for her inattention. What has been supposed to be fried eggs, ended up as indefinably burnt leftover.

"Fuck..."

Juri nodded.

"Yeah... fuck."

"What now?"

The older woman shrugged.

"Let's go for a coffee... but YOU pay."

Shika rolled her eyes.

"God, come on! It's not like nobody ever burnt his food!"

"Your fault..."

"..."