

# Forever Love

Von SephirothCrescent

## Kapitel 3:

He had been right. The afternoon had been torture. But apparently for both of them, as they had barely spoken a word and whenever someone had entered the office both had avoided to look at each other in order not to blush. And for Gabrielle there seemed to be nothing of more interest than folders. It was almost a relief when the clock was going to 6 pm and announcing the end of working day. As the office was busy today Sephiroth had to think of another way than inviting her to dinner openly. "Cadet! As we have been busy all the day I must unfortunately tell you I need your skills again this evening. There are some things that have to be finished by tomorrow. So you might have an hour off and then see me again!" , he told her while some official was making copies.

"Aye, General." She replied, twinkling.

Later that evening he heard a familiar knock on his door and immediately jumped off his sofa and opened the door. Sparkling eyes met his. There she was, still in her cadet uniform, looking rather boyish. Her hair was dripping wet and bound into a ponytail, which let him assume she had taken a shower just before.

"Come in, Cadet!" He said formally, just if some guard was outside and listening.

As soon as the door was shut again the folders were lying forgotten on the table next to the door and Sephiroth's lips lay on Gabrielles, while he softly brushed through her hair. She seemed to surprised at first by his intensity, but soon she was gently caressing his cheek and playing with the silver cascades of his satin hair.

Their kiss eventually broke, due to needed oxygen and Sephiroth smiled at her, his cheeks flushing, being a little embarrassed of his behaviour as he was simply not able to resist the longing to be close to that girl.

"Gabrielle, " he whispered, "I...I am not sure if it's ok. It's all so new." He stunned at himself. Did he admit that he was feeling uncertain? Nevermind.

"It's alright. Please be yourself. You don't need to hide underneath the General-mask anymore. It's you I want to be with." Her face went scarlet by saying those words. So cute, so innocent.

"Come with me. Let's relax a bit. I know the day was stressing." He let her to his living room down on one of the sofas. Candles on the table lightened the room and gave it a soft shimmer. He was not quite sure about what do to next. He didn't want to push her to anything and he himself felt not quite ready. It was the first time he had opened his heart to somebody. It was a bit of a relief she seemed to be as uncertain as he was. And she was blushing all the time around him. This was almost driving him crazy.

He sat down next to her and they had a small dinner together.

"Sephiroth? Can I...um...can I hug you?" she asked suddenly with a shy voice, her eyes still showing great respect next to love. He gave her a gentle smile and tipped playfully in her nose.

"Sure you can. Don't be afraid of me. There is no need to."

His voice was low and mild, almost the opposite of the harsh and strict tone he used to have during work. Being with her made him feel just human, not like the machine everyone seemed to see him as. Now she carefully placed herself in his lap and hugged him, her head lying on his shoulder.

"Thank you, Sephiroth. I never thought this dream could come true. I...I almost can't believe this is real."

"It's the same for me, but I promise this is real. Though I am still not able to really say what I am experiencing. It's overwhelming. And I would love to have the ability to stop time now." He gave her another warm smile without even noticing it as he bent his head down to kiss her again. This time more fiercely, more intensive than the last testing kisses. He inhaled her scent and lost his hands in her hair as she embraced him. He felt the heat rising in him, his heart beating fast and also her blood rushing through her veins. Why didn't this urge to touch her just stop? It was only getting stronger every second her sweet lips touched his.

When her hands slipped under his light shirt her touch sent shivers down his spine. She ran her fingers over his hard muscles and carefully gave him a little kiss on the neck. He moaned quietly.

"Gabrielle? What are we doing?", he whispered.

"Don't you like it? Shall I stop?" She looked at him in a fearful way, being afraid of having gone too far.

"I...actually I like it way too much I guess."

He could hear her soft chuckle.

"If you weren't the great General I would even call that cute now."

He laughed. It felt good. Seeing her smile. And it felt good to be able to return a smile that freely.

"Me, cute?", he asked sheepishly. "Never."

He kissed her playfully on the top of her nose and she laid her head on his chest, her warm breath was softly tickling his throat. As was her almost dry hair. Her sweet scent was teasing him as well as the fabric of her uniform and again he was reminded on the fact that Gabrielle was doing all this just for him. Pretending, fighting.

Sephiroth could feel his heart burning and he drew her closer to him, whispering into her ear.

"Thank you for everything, Gabrielle."

He ran his hand over her back, feeling the hard bandages under the shirt she was wearing. Didn't they hurt?

"Sephiroth?" She had noticed his mind had drifted again. She was looking up to him, smiling concerned into his eyes. He flushed. Then he gently pulled away the shirt off her shoulders and tapped on the white fabric under it.

"I just was reminded on how you torture yourself. Don't you want to take them off?"

OK, he realized too late that this could be interpreted in two directions when he saw her blushing to scarlet.

"Yes, actually you are right. If you don't mind I'd really like to get them off."

The blush on her face was not to be described in words and as he was and will always be a gentleman the General turned away. He could only hear the shirt being taken off

and some quiet mumbling. Then a hand tipping on his back. He dared a look.

"Um...I...um...well, I wondered if you could help me. That stupid thing somehow won't let me take it off." Even her ears were burning red now.

He gulped and stared at her, when it slowly came to his mind what she had just suggested. No way of holding him back then...he worried. Meanwhile she pointed to her back where the fabric had mixed up with itself. He nodded and closed his eyes, trying to concentrate on just touching the fabric, not her pale, all-so-tempting skin. She held a blanket in her arms, hiding the free skin already. His fingers were almost burning when he accidentally touched her shoulder blade and he could feel the blood rushing into his cheeks. Behave. Sephiroth. Behave. But his hand refused to obey and caressed her shoulders, ran down her spine and he found his lips on her neck again. The bandages slowly fell off. Her hands held the blanket tight on her body. Her breathing was fast as his lips finally touched her bare skin.

She moaned softly feeling his gentle touch and slowly, shyly turned around to face him, still holding the blanket. Her eyes met his, then closes when their lips united in a kiss and he pulls her close to him, on his lap, caressing her tender skin.

"Sephiroth", she whispered out, overwhelmed by the waves of pleasure he sent through her body.

He broke their kiss, he could feel his heart beating fast in his chest and his blood rushing through his body. He wanted her so much. Could he really take her?

He cupped her cheek with his hand and looked into her eyes. So much was in them. Passion, curiosity, fear and most of all deep and honest love that made him feel warm and comfortable. Slowly bending down to her another kiss began while he softly pushed her down on the sofa, lying on top of her, holding her tiny body close to his.

"I love you."

He whispered. Had he really said that out loud? Yes...he, the cold one, had finally admitted his feelings, finally found someone he could trust with his soul. Her arms wrapped around him and pulled him into a kiss this time, so intense it made him gasp for oxygen when their lips separated again and increasing the longing that had built up inside of him. His hands slid down her body, allowing him to finally touch the one that he adored so much.

She was responding to his touch, moving closer against him, breathing fast, letting her hands run over his back, caressing his muscles, moaning softly when she could feel the heat arising between the two of them.

How could he do this on their first real evening together? Sephiroth! He scolded himself for the lust that had taken over him. Yet her body was so tempting, inviting.

"Hey...everything ok?" her soft voice whispered in his ear.

Sephiroth smiled and looked into her eyes once again.

"Yes...you are just so...adorable. I...I got overwhelmed."

Was he stuttering again? Gabrielle chuckled a little. "I am glad I am not the only one!" she smiles, placing a hand on his chest.

His gaze showed how deep his lust was, how much he craved for her yet he had managed to gain control over his body once again, at least slightly.

"Shall we wait?" he asks her, brushing a strand of her red hair out of her face, tracing the lines of her jaw with his fingertip. He could feel her tremble under his sincere

touches. Her blush told him that she would give in if he continued, the affection was just too strong. Not on the first date.

"We maybe should." She whispered now then kissed him again, passionately, softly tipping against his lips with the tip of her tongue. When they loosened their embrace they were both breathing harshly, trying to tell their bodies to stay away from the other one for a least a while and even the great General had a flush on his cheeks and a smile upon his face, even if all his body was tensed up, burning. Yet when he looked at her he felt happy and calm just because she was there with him. She leaned her head against his shoulder and started playing with his hair.

"I am so glad Sephiroth. Thank you."

His world had been changed from the moment he saw her. And it would never be the same again. Who ever had thought the General would love someone?

Then a sudden knock on his door.

"General?"

"Get dressed in the bathroom. Hurry." He hissed, changing back to the cold General in the matter of a second, getting up, grabbing his uniform coat from the chair and walking to the door, opening it, looking serious, hiding the anger that someone destroyed his evening.

"Good evening."

"General, good evening to you as well." Said the annoying voice that most likely belonged to someone from the official offices of Shinra.

"President Shinra just wanted to have his thanks delivered as the dance was a sheer success due to your presence there. We got the most applications for SOLDIER in ten years." The man handed a parcel to the General, bowed and vanished into the night. Sephiroth almost rolled his eyes and shut the door again, locking it two times.

A thank you from the President? Now that was something new. Or not.

He unwrapped the parcel and looked at the platinum picture award with the inscription

"To General Sephiroth  
the hope of SOLDIER.

Shinra Inc."

He gave a deep sigh and laid the dustcatcher in the next board then walked into his bedroom, staring at the bathroom door.

"It's alright. He is gone again." He said in a low voice, making sure no one who might be standing outside the doors could hear him.

She shyly peeked out of the door, then walked in, dressed as young cadet again with a somehow sad look on her face.

"I am screwing up your life. You will get in trouble if they ever find out. I am sorry Sephiroth." She whispered, looking down on the floor.

He looked at her, truly surprised about that sudden outburst. Yes. If someone ever found out they both would be in a huge dilemma. Gabrielle would certainly be expelled from SOLDIER and the consequences for him? Well...how does one treat a toy that is broken? He sighed again then got up and took her in his arms with the hope to calm them both. A forbidden love. Yes, it truly was. Nevertheless it was also the best and happiest experience he ever made in his life. To feel love and loved. He nuzzled into her hair, inhaling her scent. He could feel her heart beat and he could feel her fear. He did not want her to be afraid. She should be happy.

"Hey," he mumbled, placing a gentle kiss on her hair. "Don't worry right now. Smile for me. You always think you disappoint me...but you don't. You are strong in your own way. Maybe you do not have my physical strength...but you had the power to make the ice melt around my shell. I love you." The words just spilled out of him, faster than he was aware of it. But it did not bother him. "You know...the only thing we should worry about right now is how to get you in your room tomorrow morning...as I won't let you go tonight." He grinned a little mischievously when he saw her blush and smile a little again. He could feel her arms wrapping tighter around him when she cuddled into his embrace.

"I love you Sephiroth. You are amazing."

He brushed through her hair.

"You know...how about I fell asleep over all the paperwork you gave me and that had to be done in one night. I mean...I've already finished that so well..." she stuttered out then which caused him to chuckle about her random cuteness.

"Sounds...acceptable, cadet. "

"You should get some rest, General."

They smiled at each other.

Some minutes later they were lying in each others arms once again, covered with a black satin blanket. Gabrielle was still blushing about wearing one of the General's private tshirts that reached down to her knees almost and the blushing increased even more when she finally was aware that she could spend this night listening to the heartbeat of the one person she had adored for so long and that she loved so much. That she would be able to feel the radiating heat of his body and the soft skin of his chest. It was almost a miracle that she fall asleep that quickly, save in his arms.

Yet Sephiroth himself was lying there, his mako green eyes gazing at her, softly stroking her back with one hand. His thoughts would not calm down. Or his emotions. He did not know how to define it.

It felt somehow awkward sharing a bed with someone. Not a tent on the battlefield, but a real bed. And even have her in his arms, breathing regularly, nuzzling against him.

It felt so awkward to believe he was in love. And yet it felt so good.

Was it right to let her so close? Future. So unknown now.

He gave her another soft kiss on her forehead then drifted off, sleeping the most pleasant sleep he had ever had. Without dreams, without the sounds of a laboratory or a war, without the voice in his head but skin on skin with the one he loved.

The next afternoon Gabrielle was drowning once again in paperwork, as Sephiroth was still a very strict boss, when he all out of sudden got up, grabbed his Masamune and walked towards her.

"Cadet," he said, keeping his tone as official as he could as there were always others around. "I've decided you need to get a special training. You have missed so many classes due to your work here and I want you to be a good member of SOLDIER. Fetch your sword and meet me in training hall 05 in half an hour."

He walked out of the office, graceful as ever, smiling to himself about Gabrielle's stunned face. But it had been a right decision. He wanted her to be safe in this world of corruption and violence and he wanted her to be safe of other men. And if it was

him who trained her she would certainly find a special style.

They met at hall 05, her with the big buster sword the cadets had to cope with, making a grumpy face as she still despised its weight. But in his eyes she looked adorable.

"Alright cadet. First lection:

Never only face the weapon of your enemy. You have to sense everything of him, every tension in his muscles so that you can foresee each of his attacks. Most people tend to look at the move of the weapon only which has proved utterly wrong as it is just not possible to see a fake attack soon enough to block it properly."

His voice was low and serious. Gabrielles soaked up every word from his lips and buried it deep inside of her.

"Secondly. You need to become one with your weapon. Ok...I shall admit that might be difficult with the buster sword you have , yet nevertheless I am sure you will succeed somehow. Watch closely. I shall give you an example."

With those words he took his Masamune sword and walked into the middle of the hall, then closed his eyes. When he started to move it seemed almost like a dance, his moves fluent and elegant, never stopping, yet too fast to escape, too forceful to block. If his fight was a dance it would have been the most lethal tango one had ever danced.

His silver hair shimmered and his coat was floating in his moves while his blade cut the air in its wielding, making the high eerie sound of a whip in the air, glancing in the light. The ones who saw him fight were indeed left without a chance. They must have seen an angel dance before they realized it would be the last thing they ever noticed. When Sephiroth finally stopped moving and looked at his cadet she was standing there in awe, lost in her gaze. He knew that moment would be forever saved in her mind and yet he hoped it would help her for her own fighting.

"Thirdly," he continued. "It is my special hope that you will find a special style of your own. If you have that you always have a benefit. Standard attacks are well known. You have to be special. Therefore, take your weapon. Sparring time. Don't be afraid."

He nodded at her, giving her a short, assuring smile before getting into fighting stance again. He let her attack him a couple of times, once again noticing her speed that was certainly hers more than the force of a blade, correcting her on how to make steps and how to wield the sword in order to get more power out of the move one was in.

"Be one with your weapon. You do not guide it. You are it. Entirely. Not only that piece of metal in your hand. That is harmless if you do not know how to use it."

She nodded at his words, practicing the attack again and again. Soon she was covered in sweat while Sephiroth still seemed to be unaffected. But she was already getting better. Her moves had become more coordinated already and she had learned that she could use the power of her fast moves to wield her sword and not to waste more for that than necessary. Sephiroth was a good teacher. Some more lessons and she would be able to win against everyone of her class, even against some of the higher ranks.

When he noticed she was breathing hard, huffing and puffing he smiled gently.

"I think that is enough for today. Please go take a shower. And could you then please try to repair the computer in my quarters? I think I somehow managed to mess it up once again. I should not work that late at night." He winked at her and walked off, back to his office. This had been a nice training. Not alone for once like his usual training he attended everyday before dinner. He hit the button on his coffee machine

and took an Oreo. His office had really changed. As much as he was the perfect fighter – the less skilled he was with keeping an office without chaos all around.

From that day on Sephiroth gave her training lessons everyday, watching her grow stronger. He could not suppress a content smile when he saw her graceful moves now, the strength that lay within her elegant and slender body.

They somehow managed to spend most of their evenings together, keeping their secret. Sometimes Sephiroth wondered if they really believed he had so much work to do that his assistant needed to stay longer every day but nevertheless he was glad no one asked about it. Everyday was new surprise for them.

Gabrielle had found a way to sneak into her room in the very early morning when everyone else was still asleep and thanks to the general teaching her and helping her with her classes in cadet school she was still able to keep up with all her subjects.