

Silent all these years

Von abgemeldet

Inhaltsverzeichnis

Prolog: of love and burnt leftovers	2
Kapitel 1: Looking back	7

Prolog: of love and burnt leftovers

Rating:PG 16-18

Warning: Shôjo ai/Yuri-content

Chapter: 1/?

Pairings: For now: Juri x Shika

Author: Beautifulpanther

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 talkative mood she moved ghostly around the woman's legs, meowing 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 wearily 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..."

"..."

Kapitel 1: Looking back

Chapter 1

Looking back

"Well then... let's go out. But first, let me take a shower."

Shika sighed and looked down at herself. She started to feel gross in her wet clothes and wanted to get clean before they left. Juri closed her eyes in absence and tied the belt of her dressing gown.

"Alright... but don't flood it like last time," she answered shortly and brushed away a few strands of hair out of her face. There was a faint smile on the woman's lips, drifting away in absence she hushed for a while. But her partner felt quite insecure when she noticed the silence around, thinking that she was doing something wrong.

As always, Shika tried to shrug it off, turning on her heel. While she was on her way to the bathroom, she simply yanked off her shirt, chucking it on the floor in absence before she closed the door behind. Even if she was 24, she still was like a chaotic kid. Well, she didn't learn a better behaviour; growing up with her father and half-brother didn't make it easier. Their manners had a fatal effect on her.

Taking off her clothes, Shika glanced into the mirror, and as always, she didn't really know if she would ever accept herself. She was slim, practically haggard, still very well-trained. Amber coloured eyes scanned her sinewy proportions, which weren't feminine like Juri's curves. Huffing into the silence, the woman looked down to her tattoo, a tribal-version of a red deer, jumping in majestic manner. It started at her mons, running upwards to her left hip. She could remember, that she even cried in pain, about to berserk during that merciless act. But she didn't know her reasons anymore for why she chose this highly sensitive spot. Was it a rebellious act? Or did she simply want to protect her feminine inside by placing a potent sign of manhood, like a gatekeeper to another world she was afraid of? Shika had no clue, gasping silently as long and slender fingers brushed along that ornament. Closing her eyes she enjoyed that electrifying effect. Her body was still tensed from her jogging rounds in the morning, longing for relaxation, no matter how.

The woman was a little disappointed that Juri didn't join. But did she even ask? "My damn fault. As always." She muttered to herself and walked to the cabin of the shower, stepping in with a nearly hopeful glance over her shoulder. But expectations were unfulfilled and so she groaned in frustration, turning on the water as far as it would go; brutally cold of course. Squirming heavily Shika had to cover her mouth to

hold back a scream, but she hoped that feelings like desire would disappear this way. Shaking heavily the woman bit the inside of her cheek, shrieked up and crouching quickly together she felt the creeps spreading along her arms.

Cold water dripped like rain down her silver coloured hair, taping together between her shoulder blades. Reminded of her hair tie), she removed it quickly, shoving away strands of wet hair out of her sight. Shika's body shook heavily from the sudden shock and fine tiny hair stood on end, still she tried to ignore that effect. It helped her to get away unnecessary thoughts – but also created space for another train of thoughts. Brushing back wet hair the woman sighed silently, tipping her head to the side, visibly thrilled when icy water dripped down her neck, rolling down her chest.

Leaning against the moist, chilly white tiles, bright amber-coloured eyes hid beneath a shade of fragile skin. Her breath started to become stable again, even is her skin still trembled and shook to create warmth in her muscles.

She recollected countless situations in the shower, when she wasn't alone. Juri didn't like to shower with cold water, preferring tepid warmth to coil up in sweet and tender love. Kissing away those countless drops on lightly tanned and smooth skin – oh how she loved it. Shika grinned lightly when she could nearly feel the single jerks of her partner, even if it was only imagination. Wondering what Juri was doing right now, she opened her lids, tilting her head to the other side...

In the meanwhile, Juri was outside, leaning against the balcony. A soft breeze tossed up her auburn hair and tickled her neck. Emerald-coloured eyes watched the skyline in front of her, all the people on the streets. She never thought that she would become a part of ordinary life, but since her parents found out her little secret, she had to go. Arguing around that there was still her older sister to get some grandchildren didn't help much in this case. So the woman preferred to live her own life, alone at first. She often had some affairs to her students. She had to be careful in this point, just choosing the ones she could trust; Juri just wanted to get sure that her preference would keep a secret and not public. Even after all these years, where she had nothing to lose but her reputation, she was so unsure and unstable with her sexuality. Never feeling comfortable with men, she felt broken and disgusted whenever she shared bed and board with a male fleeting acquaintance. But of course she would never confess herself to others, except her few loyal friends. It was a habit which bottled up deep into her mind.

There were many things she wanted to forget and leave behind in her new life. But she couldn't, no matter how hard she tried. Even that girl she loved 10 years ago. She was still haunting her mind, following her in her dreams.

"I wonder what happened to you..." she whispered and clasped the rail.

It was the best to leave. She was sure of it. She wanted to get rid of everything, simply starting again with someone by her side she could trust and open up herself. Juri could recall that time when she got to meet Shika during a tournament in Montreal.

She started to grin when she pictured that young woman, 20 years old, standing in

front of her with a lightly crumpled letter. It was late, and competitions were over for today. Juri's first plan, to get right into her hotel to get some sleep, was discarded for once. When she looked in surprise at the unknown girl, the fencer had to hold back a light chuckle. Her gaze was impatient and stubborn like the one of a little child, maybe Juri also detected a light blush on pale skin – but maybe it was a product of her own fantasy.

"My friend is too much of a coward. She wanted me to bring you this one..."

Juri never knew if this piece of paper, including childish confessions, was written by Shika or her mentioned friend. Compared to present days, she has been a rather shy creature, trying frantically to act up as someone who had guts. With short hair and black sunglasses she had that appearance of a guy at first sight.

But – she read this letter. To be exact, she read it again and again, feeling flattered – even if she tended to throw them away, she kept this one. She wanted to thank that unknown fan, but instead of that girl she met the one who delivered that envelope - again. Asking her why the unknown friend didn't come, Shika simply had shrugged it off with "She's sick. That's why I will accompany you."

And Juri still knew her own question.

"Sure that it's really your friend who wanted to see me?"

Shika hushed immediately and she caught that young woman blushing, pushing her sunglasses higher. A short snorting sound and a deep inhale, until she was by herself again.

"So what if?"

The fencer giggled lightly.

"You're cute. I just can't believe that you wrote that letter..."

"I didn't write it!"

"Is that so?"

Silence. A sign that Shika was out of arguments. She shuffled her feet and crossed her arms in front of her chest, tipping her head to the side.

"Do you know some nice pubs around?"

Juri had to hold herself back, when she was about to burst out laughing. It was obvious that the young woman was in thought and suddenly snapped out with a confused sound.

Clearing her throat Shika's head went to the other side.

"Yup. There's a nice one 3 blocks ahead."

"Fine then!"

Juri stepped a little closer and removed the sunglasses with care. Her counterpart reacted like someone was about to attack her, avoiding her action.

"Hey, it's alright..." Juri lifted her hands and handed back the sunglasses.

"I just wanted to look into your eyes. I hate it when people can't show them to others."

Shika's gaze went to the ground while she took the shades to store them in her backpack.

"Just don't like it, when others stare at me..."

"Why? You really have intriguing eyes... You should be proud."

The younger one blushed immediately, cursing herself for that damned hotness on her cheeks. Huffing visibly enervated, her head went to the side.

"So... so are yours..." she stammered after a little while, still that defiant expression in her voice. Juri caught herself smiling about that reaction, since it was ridiculous but irresistible cute.

"So shy, that you can't even face me while speaking?" The fencer's voice was surprisingly gentle and caring for now when she stepped a little closer. She had no doubts that her counterpart was the one who wanted to see her, and her smile grew a little.

"What's your name?"

"...Layton. Shika Layton." The younger one's voice was silent and god; it just didn't suit her appearance with short hair, leather jacket and biker boots.

"That's a beautiful name. I'm Pleased to meet your acquaintance... Shika."

Carefully she placed her hand on her counterpart's shoulder to gain her attention. Wide-eyed Shika turned around, still with that heavy blush on her face. Juri's chuckled lightly and looked up into the sky, where first stars appeared in the sundown.

"Well, then. Let's go! You're my guide for tonight..."

And for the first time, Shika smiled as well.

A wistful smile appeared on Juri's lips when that hazy mist disappeared from deep emerald hues. Shika had changed a lot since those days she could remember. The younger one was still not much of a talker, but not that shy and inapproachably anymore. And maybe Juri had changed the same way, reclaiming that light inside her to glow on the outside. Even if she wasted her thoughts to past times way too often – there was always her partner to bring her back into reality and let her shine.

"You're still not dressed?"

Shika's voice sounded lightly indignant, but more playful when she walked next to Juri on the balcony, facing her with a grin.

"Sorry, my fault. I was in thoughts."

Closing her eyes with a delighted sigh, Juri felt that breeze on her facial features, enjoying that brisk touch.

And also she could feel another ghostly touch, crawling along her hand and lower arm.

"You're absent pretty often, Juri. Is there something that bugs you?"

Amber-coloured eyes fixed that barely opened emerald with a slight whiff of apprehension. Getting a little closer she caught that glimpse when Juri's train of thoughts went back into reality, a sweet smile on her lips.

"It's ok Shika. Don't worry..."

Getting up from her place she walked right to the door, glancing over her shoulder. It was like an unspoken invitation to the younger one, who followed her silently, closing the door behind. Also she took her chance to press Juri playfully against the wall, leaning against her. Chills ran down the fencer's spine since Shika's skin was rather chilly from her shower.

"Sure, that you don't want to talk about?"

Huffing silently the fencer opened her emerald hues, piercing amber right in front of her with the faintest of smiles.

"Already told you... I'm ok."

Leaning over for a bit her lips settled down on Shika's, so sweet and fragile like wings of a butterfly. Barely brushing along sensitive skin she could feel her counterpart's countless shivers right now. The younger woman had to pull herself together right now, but she couldn't help herself when she deepened the kiss, grabbing Juri's wrists to press them carefully against the wall, enlacing their fingers like a deliciously tangled web.

"I love you...", Juri whispered gently into the kiss while Shika's eyes shop open, watching the one she had caged like a predator she wanted to tame. That blush on her face reminded on old days.

"I... I..."

Juri smiled at her counterpart. It was fascinating how Shika never managed to confess her feelings to the fencer, becoming so nervous. She could feel that heartbeat against hers, so fast and loud.

"It's ok. I know...", she whispered for now and kissed Shika's forehead with devotion, trying to get out of her grip now. Her partner understood and let go of her, still that exhausted expression on her face.

"You're driving me crazy, you know that?"

Juri chuckled softly and fingertips played with a strand of silvery hair.

"Yeah. I know."

Leaning her forehead against Shika's, she breathed another kiss against her lips, causing her counterpart to tremble lightly.

"I'm going to dress myself now, ok?"

Shika was speechless this moment, just nodding like a little retard. Touching her lips in absence while Juri went into the bedroom to prepare herself, she leaned against the wall, slipping down a little until she reached the ground. She never was able to believe that effect Juri had on her sometimes. Her heart still was pounding so incredibly fast like it wanted to burst out of her chest.

Fingers ran through her hair, when she closed her eyes, a deep sigh escaped her lips.

Never before, she got to know feelings and emotions of such intensity. Pulling out the shades of her leatherjacket she examined them closely, using them like a hair band; knowing that she would wear them in public again.

She still couldn't stand it, when people stared at her – except Juri.