

All The Vowels Vow

diverse Drabbles zu diversen fandoms

Von noii

Kapitel 1: obsessions

One thing about Fuu is that Mugen can't stop staring at her. Okay, being specific it's rather a thing about Mugen than Fuu, but it's about her too, isn't it. It's this thing about her, he thinks.

Lately he catches himself staring at everything she does. Four-eyes notices, too, which makes things more complicated, more real than they are - or supposed to be, but he just can't help it.

It's not that she changed, because she didn't, she's still the same, she still whines and nags about almost everything, she still has no tits, or those she has aren't visible, she is still damn fucking annoying and she still argues about everything with him.

He enjoys arguing with her, though. He likes how her eyes glow when she yells at him or how red her cheeks flush when he replies a vulgar insult. He likes how her mouth twitches, when he calls her an ugly wallflower or how her body shakes from anger and hurt. It's exciting and he doesn't really get it, but it kinda looks hot, too and gets him naughty from time to time.

He stopped counting the times he notices himself staring at her; lately he just constantly catches himself doing so, so he stopped caring. It's hard not to, really. He doesn't understand how Jin can't stare at her; well maybe he does, he just doesn't stare as much as Mugen does and Mugen doesn't stare enough at Jin to notice. Mugen just feels his eyes glued on her as honey on butter.

When her slender fingers stroke over her flying squirrel, when she's in thoughts and rolls a strand of hair around her index finger or when she thinks about something Mugen doesn't understand, something that happened in the past or will happen in the future and the way her eyes become soft all of sudden. The way she looks in the sky, an expression on her face showing that her mind is far, far away. The way she looks at sunflowers, when they pass them on the sidewalk of the street. The way she puts up her hair in the morning or after she comes back from taking a bath in the river, the way the water drips from her jawline when she bends forward to grab a scarf or something to help dry her hair with.

The way she laughs at Jin's emotionless face or his ridiculous jokes, that aren't even funny. The way she smiles that sad smile at families they meet them in towns and how she looks back over her shoulder when they walk by. The way she eats, tons of food, her appetite even bigger than his own (and he didn't think that was possible, before

he met her). The way she looks when she's asleep, lying next to him or across from him by the fire at night, the way the light flickers over her features; her completely relaxed features.

Fuu is everything he sees, really, so Mugen just stares and stares and stares.

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Right now, Mugen stares as well; he lies on the ground and everything he sees is Fuu, really. She is bending over him, her hair in his face and her scent; it's everywhere. What a funny coincidence, he thinks.

She's sobbing, she is. Sobbing and shaking and mumbling a word that sounds strangely familiar in his ears. Right then he notices he can't really move his body, hands and legs feeling numb and what is that weird smell, it seems familiar, too. *Blood*, isn't it.

Ah, Mugen thinks. *I get it.*

"Mugen...", she whispers with her teary voice and Mugen stares at her, since there's nothing else to stare at and even if there were he knew he wouldn't dare to look somewhere else.

He stares, but this time he touches, too, he decides. His body feels bad, really bad, but he somehow manages to raise his hand and touch her hair, at first. And then her face. He touches it and feels some liquer, not sure if it's the blood or the tears; not that it really matters anyways.

He notice her tremble and shake and whisper the word, and suddenly he feels those fingers, those that always pet that damn squirrel, only this time they caress the numb surface of his palm. He smirks.

"Told ya I ain't gon' die."

"Shaddup, you pig!", she shrieks and jerky raises her head, eyes in fire. She's angry and terrified, and she's the most beautiful thing he's ever seen.

"It was more than damn close, you were gone!"

He coughs in his chuckling; ah damn, the pain in his abdomen gets worse and he's about to pass out. *Not now*, repeats in his head, *not now, not when I'm so close to finally make her mine.*

"m here ain't I.", he mumbles, while his view gets blurry. "Ya won't ge' rid'f me that easily."

"... You're an idiot."

He feels her fingers clench around his and her torso bowing over, shortly after a pair of other fingers on his temples and then, her wet, plump lips on his. And his view is almost completely blurred, so he gives in, smirking against her mouth, when everything - the only and last thing he sees, before he loses consciousness, is Fuu, really.

