

All The Vowels Vow

diverse Drabbles zu diversen fandoms

Von noii

Kapitel 7: one day, baby, we'll be old

i

(By Way of Sorrow - The Wailin' Jennys)

They're on the highway, all three of them on a motorcycle, a Harleys, a model with a sidecar from the 20s. Twelve bought it because he thought it was a funny idea and what else to do with the large amount of money that they've left over. The sun sparkles in Nine's eyes as his arms around Twelve's waist. Lisa's hair is being whirled by the wind, and she leans her head on his knee, the strains of her hair smoothing over skin, her smile worth a thousand other smiles.

Twelve doesn't really smile right now. Nine wonders if he thinks about a certain person with white locks and a jarring laugh. It had been difficult to explain it to Lisa, even though they didn't say anything, he knows they both blame him, while, at the same time, Five was as twisted as someone could probably be.

Her death was unexpected and he thinks, that maybe that had been her plan from the start. There's not much emotion left in him to deal with it now, but Lisa bundles it up for him anyways. She has cried so much the past weeks, if she'd caught the tears they could probably sell the Harleys and buy a sailboat by now.

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ii

(One Voice - The Wailin' Jennys)

His fingers against mine feel lightly. I smooth the bruises on his palm under mine, while we're lighted by the orange sky. It's bright, like a bloody sunset, only that it fills the complete horizon. I still exist, don't I? Nine's bomb detonated, but this world is still alive and I hope, I pray, he is, too. I know Twelve hopes as well, by the way his hand squeezes mine, it is, as if he'd say, don't worry.

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iii

(You are here - The Wailin' Jennys)

This world is so silent without electricity. Sphinx' motive becomes clearer every single day, by everyone, who was used to being online every second, starting to really look at life. Being with the family members they'd thought they'd have lost one day ago.

She tells them she thought she'd lost them, too and Twelve can't hide his smile when Nine tells her she's being sentimental before pulling her close to him. Her scent crawls into him when she wraps her arms around his shoulders, so close, so tight and yet so light. Dragility, insecurity, helplessness, clumsiness and fear; he feels it all in her arms and her fingers, her ear next to his and her skin being warm while his palms brushing over it make her shiver. She cries, because Nine can't see her face but Twelve can.

Twelve kisses them both when they let go.

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iv

(The parting glass - The Wailin' Jennys)

Pleasure is a weird feeling. When feeling the emotion Lisa likes to crawl into a ball and hug her legs to consume it completely. Pleasure has become rare and even rarer since Shibazaki doesn't stop by anymore to ask how she is. Guessing, she'd say he stopped because she stopped eating the 5th day he came and when he asked why she would look at him and tell him she'd rather like to screw around than to feel interrogated. Shibazaki has only kissed her once. He has never come again since then.

Lisa has started eating again the 12th day after noticing that Shibazaki wouldn't stop by anymore. She's visited their wooden graves and talked to them, told them what being in this world is now like, after Sphinx being called everything and nothing at once by many people from all over the world. Some say they've started a revolution, some say they've been kids with too much time, some call them suicidal terrorists, some say the Sphinx ideology has potential to become a new kind of world philosophy. She'd usually just look at the sky, wishing the boys back to her side. There's grass growing over the graves. Time is running forward.

Shibazaki pleasures her the 9th week after he left her flat on flying feet. Again,

there's pain and palms against her chest, trying to push her away, pulling her forward in the same moment. She moans his name and he shakes his head, as if he couldn't believe the things they're doing. He tells her he's married and has a kid. He tells her he can't and wouldn't and that she has to let him leave. Her mouth forms an answer and "you came here by yourself" becomes more real as he nods but he's serious when he leaves for good that time.

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Telling the graves she's met someone is probably the hardest thing she's ever done. Being with someone means to let go of what's been holding her still and the boys being lovely, but loveless in their graves. No one knows where they lie except two people on this planet, one about to leave, the other one only stopping by from time to time to leave flowers.

I've met someone means as well to accept the fate she's been chosen to accept for the rest of her life. Speaking of them will be forbidden and it's so scary that the words smother her.

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v

(Old Man - The Wailin' Jennys)

She dreams fearless dreams nowadays. It is as if all her paranoia, all the burden from earlier years, all the fear behind closed doors at night and screaming hurt from being abandoned vanished for good when they left. It is as if they took the last pain this world would give her with them, as if they'd insist for her to resist the dark sea beneath her feet, the deep ocean that used to call her down to the ground, the slick water she'd sink in. It is as if her arms lost all pressure, her mind all thoughts, her body all arche. She spends days on the ground of that abandoned institute just to feel something, anything, that'd remind her of them and it makes her feel probably every emotion at once. Those dead bodies in the ground that still play with her heart even though she's been better all the way. Working now. Feeling independent. Feeling like a woman. Working on criminal profile research to be able to find the ones who did this. There're numbers written on her chest. Empty letters with no content. In her heart there's the silence of the lambs. And yet she feels the full extent of existence.

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vi

(Long Time Traveller - The Wailin' Jennys)

To feel light again makes it worth it every time. It's not as if kissing her or kissing him would be very different at it's origin, their lips move differently, but that might be it. Whoever is near is the one who's gotta deal with him being in the mood, even though Nine pushes more and hates when he gets interrupted during work time. Nine is more aggressive in all ways and moves his lips hard sometimes, moves them fast or puts a lot of anger in his kisses as he uses teeth and bites if he feels like it. Whenever Lisa gets kissed she blushes heavily, she breathes a lot and sometimes forgets how to use her nose in between kissing, which once led to one awkward situation in which she almost fainted due air leak. Lisa kisses without power but with a lot of heart. Her kisses comfort, they are sweet and she uses her lips to explore facial features and caress eyelids and jaw lines. Nine's kisses are like the lightning of a heavy storm and Lisa's are the warmth of the sun after the rains stops. They both think Twelve's kisses resemble curious children playing in the downpour, floundering about in the puddles, while the thunder growls behind dark colored clouds. Twelve kisses them whenever he feels headaches and he sometimes wonders if they kiss in secret when he's not around. They've agreed, after trying it once, to not. Only if he'd ask them to.