

# All The Vowels Vow

Von noii

## Inhaltsverzeichnis

<b>Kapitel 1: obsessions</b>	2
<b>Kapitel 2: hurt</b>	4
<b>Kapitel 3: going down</b>	6
<b>Kapitel 4: blurred lines</b>	8
<b>Kapitel 5: across the universe</b>	10
<b>Kapitel 6: all the vowels vow</b>	12
<b>Kapitel 7: one day, baby, we'll be old</b>	18

## 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.

—

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 liquor, 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.*

"I'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.

## Kapitel 2: hurt

They're hurt. He's hurt and she's hurt. He's hurt physically, while it's her heart that's in pain. They're hurt separately, while they're hurt together, she can't really explain what's going on, but it is.

She feels an ache every time he hisses sharply, when she brushes lightly over one of his wounds to heal him, make it better or make it worth it - she doesn't really know.

He's hurt and he's hurt, because of her stupidity. He protects her, he rescues her, he dares to give his life for her and doesn't ask for return. Well, not really. And it hurts. She feels shame, she feels lamentable and like a baby, which she knows she acts like, sometimes - actually all the time.

She feels shame, because she always gets in danger, gets always kidnapped by some guys and always needs to be rescued by him. She feels lamentable, when he shows up with his usual smirk, when he kills the guys and looks down on her afterwards, with that look in his eyes. It's not that he doesn't like it, it's not that he judges her, he enjoys killing after all. It's just this look in his face that feels like a dagger in her throat.

She feels like a baby, when he drops the bodies on the ground or in the river and then starts walking away from her, like he's done the job and he doesn't expect her to do anything about it anymore, which makes it even worse.

She feels like a baby slowly trotting behind him, home, or somewhere else, she doesn't even notice sometimes, she just keeps feeling bad the whole evening, and even worse when she lies down and feels the tears in her eyes, rapidly blinking them away.

She kind of learned dealing with that anyways, getting kidnapped, getting rescued, getting looked at, falling behind, falling down on the bed and asleep.

It's not that hurtful anymore, since they're all used to it.

It all comes down to her when he gets hurt, though.

When the guys are strong or when he's forced to throw away his weapon like yesterday in the church.

When he's forced to take a risk on his own to save her life. It hurts like hell, she thinks.

It feels like her skin gets ripped off, like her body would tear apart, like her heart would be clenched in a fist. When he calms her down with words, saying he won't die, it gets even worse.

Knowing he's willing to say that makes the fear of losing him grow larger and larger.

*It hurts like hell*, she thinks once again, wiping his forehead with the cool towel. He growls, and she knows it hurts like hell for the both of them and that there's nothing she can do about it.

She feels pain all over her body as if she'd be the one with all the wounds and maybe she is, well, maybe it's just like that: They're both hurt, differently but the same.

She wants to say she's sorry or that she's not, just something that tells him what leaning down and kissing his sharp, sarcastic mouth would tell. Maybe letting him

know he's worth all this.

He growls again and she puts a hand on his chest to calm him down. Or at least she tries - something, anything, to heal him, to make it better, or at least worth it.

## Kapitel 3: going down

geschrieben '13 von noii  
für eine Songmeme auf [tumblr](#).

~

*Define your meanin' of war  
To me it's what we do when we're bored  
I feel the heat comin' off of the blacktop  
And it makes me want it more*

It feels like a fire bursts out between their bodies. They can't even recall who threw their fist at first, they only feel the knuckles crushing against each others jaws and they taste the metallic flavour of blood in their mouths. They can't recall who pushed who against the wall at first, hitting heads on the grey, uneven stone until their hair gets sticky, pressing each others faces against it to leave marks and scratches and who pushed who's hands, who tilted who's head to bite into ear- and neckflesh and who grunted their abdomens together. They can't recall who landed on who at first, just that they ended up on the floor, rolling around and over each other, slamming they fists around, using finger nails and teeth on every part of naked flesh they feel underneath, grunting and growling like animals. They can't even recall who grabbed who's face first, who slammed their bloody mouths together into a mess of clacking teeth, sore lips, bitten tongues and thick liquor - red and white and clear.

*Define your meaning of fun  
To me it's when we're gettin' it done  
I feel the heat comin' off of the blacktop  
So get ready for another one*

They can't recall who ripped on who's clothes at first, who teared them apart and threw them away, who kneeled down, above the other one, sliding his hands over the naked torso underneath him, licking over bruises and reddened nipples, rubbing they crotches together in a rush.

They *can* recall how the redhead grabbed the other's hips, though, sitting with his back against the door, pulling the tanned chest of the other one against his face to lick him all over - only to circle him like a lion does with his prey and push him down on his lap.

*This is hardly worth fighting for  
But it's the little petty shit that I can't ignore  
When my fist hits your face  
And your face hits the floor*

It's nothing romantic, nothing slow, nothing cliché, nothing cheeky or cheesy, nothing sweet or dramatic. It's just very much alive. They're beaten and hurt and smeared in

their own blood, and Kagami doesn't slow down until Aomine let's out a cry of pain and pleasure, digging his nails into the others shoulders as he cums violently and a few times.

*One of us is goin' down  
I'm not runnin'  
It's a little different now  
'Cause one of us is goin'  
One of us is goin' down!*

They're beaten, they're going down and they can't even recall how it all went down to this.

[You're going down - Sick Puppies]

## Kapitel 4: blurred lines

geschrieben '13 von noii.

für eine Songmeme auf tumblr. c:

~

*If you can't hear what I'm trying to say*

*If you can't read from the same page*

*Maybe I'm going deaf, maybe I'm going blind*

*Maybe I'm out of my mind*

~

*This is a motherfucking joke*, Kagami thinks when he stares at Aomine's plump lips slowly surrounding the pink straw of the banana milkshake and sucking in. He actually has his eyes closed, making some sound and Kagami begins to wonder if he's doing it on purpose. Aomine has the cup between his slender fingers and strokes slowly upwards - and ok, he's definitely doing it on purpose - while his cheeks slightly tighten and is that the shape of a tongue, *oh god...*

Aomine swallows deliberately, one or two times, until that red tongue comes out of the devilish mouth Kagami deeply curses, catching a stray drop of milkshake out of the corner of his upper lip, when he suddenly looks up, their gazes meeting in a thunder storm that throws lightnings and blizzards at the same time into Kagami's stomach and even lower as Aomine's lips turn into a wide, dirty grin.

*I hate these blurred lines*

*I know you want it*

*I know you want it*

*I know you want it*

"What are you day-dreaming about, *Bakagami?*"

It would be pretty easy just to punch him in the face, and even though Kagami finds the idea of bloody raw kissing kind of enlightening, especially when it comes to Aomine, he rather grabs the other's neck pulling him into his own wet, aggressive lips. He reaches out under the table to touch a certain area which makes the other wince and grunt into their strawberry mouths - *no, wait, banana, it tastes like banana* - before he decides that it's all no good and he pulls Aomine and himself in the public restroom.

*The way you grab me*

*Must wanna get nasty*

*Go ahead, get at me*

*You the hottest bitch in this place*

*I feel so lucky, you wanna hug me*



*Hey, hey, hey*

Fucking in a Mc Donald's toilet is definitely not dirtiest thing they've done since Kagami just can't stand the view of Aomine sucking on anything else than... well.

But when did Aomine start drinking banana milkshakes anyways?

~

[Blurred Lines - Robin Thicke]

## Kapitel 5: across the universe

written by noii (me), in '13, for a tumblr writing meme.

—

*Words are flowing out like  
Endless rain into a paper cup  
They slither wildly as they slip away across the universe.  
Pools of sorrow waves of joy  
Are drifting through my opened mind  
Possessing and caressing me.*

As Kagami opens the refrigerator, grabbing an ice cold beer, which clanks lightly as he pops it open, he knows it's exactly what he needs. In the bathroom down the floor he can hear Aomine opening the water tap, probably using tepid temperature like he always does on hot, sticky days. They've been outside with Kuroko and the others, having fun on the street basketball court, playing more or less serious as these days, on which the air feels as it's hanging on your shoulders, make it impossible to concentrate. If they had to they would, but since it's summer break, they're all exhausted and just go with life as it comes up.

The beer feels nicely cold in his heated hand and he gets it up to his forehead to cool down, while sliding down on his couch, shoving the remote closer with one foot, pressing the green button with a toe. A talk show zaps on, annoying female voices shrieking through his ear drum, however he just closes his eyes, lowering the volume with another toe and humming a song he forgot the lyrics to.

*Thoughts meander like a  
Restless wind inside a letter box  
They tumble blindly as they make their way across the universe.*

He's almost half dozed off, when the loud smash of the bathroom door jolts him out of his absence, and a heavy breathing aomine stomps into the living room.

"The fucking water is gone!"

Kagami tilts his head, looking backwards, half over his shoulder to see that Aomine is still naked, a towel wrapped around his hip and smeared shower cream on his chest. He breathes in. And out. And because he doesn't know what to say, since it's too hot and he's too tired to think, he just nods slowly. "Happens."

Aomine narrows his eyes to slits, moving closer to the couch and doesn't seem satisfied with that reply at all. "That's it? And what now? Can you fucking do something about it?"

Kagami snorts. "Why should I?"

His view's getting blurry out of sleepyness, so he grabs the beer and takes about three sips from it until he notices Aomine's expression.

"Because. This is your flat. And i'm covered in your shitty cheap soap. And i wanna take a fucking shower to get ready for whatever shit we will do afterwards. So get the damn water working."

Distracted by Aomine's words Kagami remembers that his hates-to-be-called-a-lover is standing in front of him kind of naked with one piece of fabric seperating hands or whatever else from his dick.

He can't help but grinning right into Aomine's frustrated face, before he grabs his waist with his two hands, completely ignoring the "Wha—?!" that slips out of the other's mouth as he pulls him on his own heated body. God, by the way Aomine's back muscles grease under his fingers, he notices he's already half over the cliff. As he leans forward to inhale the smell of his Aomine's moist hair, he can't help but chuckle at the other's facial look revealing plans of different, nasty murders.

*Sounds of laughter, shades of life  
Are ringing through my opened ears  
Inciting and inviting me.  
Limitless undying love, which  
Shines around me like a million suns,  
It calls me on and on across the universe.*

"Hey, you know, about that whatever shit we would do after your shower? I'm going to change that schedule of yours."

## Kapitel 6: all the vowels vow

i

(La Familia - Mirah)

Twelve shares his umbrella with her. It had rained the whole day and now even harder and Twelve brought only two umbrellas with. He gets scolded by Nine for not thinking, but he says it's not a big deal and opens it and it's pale yellow colored. Like your voice, Twelve smiles. He goes on on how he saw it the other day, while embracing her hand with his, entwining them, his damp fingers between hers. Twelve's a sunny boy with a dangerous hobby and Lisa sometimes feels like silver bracelet found on the street, picked up and kept and treasured. Twelve spins the umbrella around, raindrops dripping down on her head, she squeaks and he laughs and apologizes. Nine walks next to them, they're not in a hurry, and the rain is not as hard for them to be; it's a nice summer evening rain. Lisa thinks Nine's umbrella is black or a really dark blue one and she wonders what colour his voice sounds like to Twelve. Nine hasn't said anything in a while. He's always deep in thoughts and he rarely talks to her, even though by now he acknowledges her as a part of their little community behind closed doors. She's not a part of Sphinx, but a part of their lives now and erasing that is not as easy as a deleting malware on the computer. She thinks it's fine that way. The dangerous hobby is not a hobby, still dangerous though and scary and she understood by now how important it is for her not to cause problems. She shares a strange feeling of understanding with Nine, that she doesn't quite understand herself, but it is calming her and him sometimes when Twelve is not around, though he is right now, but Lisa feels it anyway. Twelve's fingers are between hers and Nine's face is hidden behind the umbrella, his right hand holding it steady, even though the rain drips down on his right shoulder and it suddenly looks so lonely that she takes a step closer to him. Twelve follows without questioning and smiles a warm smile at her when she reaches over, opening her hand and slowly fiddling the hem of Nine's dark shirt between her thumb and pointing finger. Nine doesn't react, so she figures it's alright and keeps the fabric between her fingers as they walk home, in the rain, under rainbows and umbrellas. Twelve holding on to her and she holding on to him, so that he doesn't get lost and holding on to Nine so that he doesn't feel lonely.

ii

(Pusher - Alt-J)

Nine calls her when she's next to the fruit baskets in the supermarket around the corner, deciding to whether buy a whole melon or an apple, a pie and a peach for the same price. She rarely receives calls from Nine, he usually lets Twelve do the stuff he

likes to avoid and usually it's about her almost burning the flat to ashes over non-existing cooking skills. Usually Nine just wants her to stop anything, everything she does, because it's irritating and distracting. She hears her phone ring in her pocket, the phone Nine changed the sim card of, giving her a new number and if he'd ask her, a new identity, which she's more than thankful for. She hears it ring just when she decided to weigh the melons weight and she expects Twelve to tell her to not let the oven turned on when she leaves the house, even if she's just ten minutes away, and she's already preparing to say that she's thought of that, too, when she went down the stairs and that she's sorry, when she hears a deep, rusky voice, that's certainly not Twelve's.

"You're in the market right?" Lisa almost lets the melon crush on the floor, because it's Nine. His voice sounds ruskier than normally.

"Can you get me some cough candy." He clears his throat lightly as if he's aware of the unusual situation; and of course he is aware, because Nine is aware of everything.

"S-sure." She answers and can't help to smile a bit, when she tucks the phone between her ear and her shoulder to shove the heavy melon in a really flimsy looking bag, hoping it won't rip as she looks for the confectionery column. She hears Nine typing on the laptop keyboard, when she grabs a green bag of candy, displaying a few leaves of eucalyptus on the packaging. She clears her throat to get his attention.

"Got them.", she says and he hums a reply, ready to hang up, when she presses the phone closer to her ear.

"Um, Kokonoe-kun, could you, um, turn off the oven, to prevent further fire risk, because I accidentally left it on, and any contact with combustible material may cause a fire...", she stutters out, while trying to sound as professional as he always does. There's a long pause and she already prepares herself for a lecture, when she just hears the sound of the legs of a wooden chair getting shuffled aside.

"Got it.", he says and Lisa shivers at the husky tone his voice has right now, that deep, deep voice, that just always gives her goosebumps. Good and bad ones.

Then he hangs up, and even though she knows, he wouldn't have cared if she'd have rejected him, because he probably just called out of convenience, she's sure he appreciates it.

### iii

(Butterfly Culture - Benjamin Francis Leftwich

He calls him Nine and he calls him Twelve. What kind of names are those, she wonders as she shivers when the wind breezes the cold air of the night against her neck, giving her goosebumps and probably a cold. The rooftop is nice, though. She can see the stars from here and remembers a long forgotten memory of an evening in summer

spend on the lap of her father, his big, warm hands holding her, dandling her to a lullaby. A summertime sadness she chose to forget. They used to listen to the cicadas sing and he would point up the sky, drawing constellations. The cassiopeia, the orion, the virgo. Pegasus had been her favorite. There're no cicadas singing in a place like this, but Twelve brings her a blanket, tells her Nine might be cold, but not an asshole and that it would just take some time for him to accept her. Under the blanket she feels warm and suddenly arches for a hand, as big and warm as her father's used to be, to hold her. She asks Twelve whether to call him Hisami or Touji or Twelve; he says it's fine either way.

#### iv

(Youth - Daughter)

Lisa gets better at cooking every single day, at least Nine thinks she is, even tho he is not really sure how. Her food starts to taste better. They haven't really had the time to keep track on her, keeping her out of the kitchen and sometimes, when Twelve is just too tired and too lazy to cook and they've already accepted the fact of a missing dinner, Lisa steps out of the kitchen with two plates of spicy beef noodles as if they're mentally connected. Which they aren't. And maybe they've just started to adapt to her food, that they don't notice the bad taste anymore. In the past he had kept track of the number of days she's with them, but then he kind of lost it and since then he's not really sure anymore; the days are just a blurry amount of time and he begins to wonder how long this fake image of family will last, because, after all, all good things eventually come to an end.

#### v

(Lifeforms - Daughter)

"Lisa, you're overreacting."

"I'm not!"

"He's done this before, it's happened before, he will be fine."

"How do you know? They're are of the worst kind, you know?"

"Yeah, but Twelve is not an idiot. He'll handle it."

"Ugh, why did I even ask him, I should've just gone myself."

"If you wanna faint on the street go ahead, no one's stopping you. In any case, I've told him to stay out of your business anyways."

"That's mean, Kokonoe-kun."

"That's not mean, that's rational. You always get us in trouble."

"...I'm sorry."

"No need to apologize, you've done that so often it lost it's purpose and it's intended effect a long time ago."

"..."

"..."

"Kokonoe-kun?"

"What."

"Why didn't you go, help Twelve?"

"Because it's none of my business."

"But he's your business. His safety is."

"Yea, yours, too. Except it's not. Ugh, just stop talking for a while."

"..."

"..."

"Kokonoe-kun?"

"..."

"Are you hungry?"

"No."

"I should cook something. If Twelve comes back, he'll probably be hungry."

"If..."

"What?"

"Nothing."

"..."

"..."

"I wonder if he's alright, Twelve."

"Like I said, you're overreacting."

"How do you know he won't faint?"

"Because he's not as weak as you are."

"..."

"Besides, he's good at dangerous missions. Which you already know."

"Still..."

"Why are you calling him 'Twelve', by the way?"

"Because... That's his name, isn't it?"

"If that's his name, then why are you calling me the way you call me?"

"Kokonoe-kun?"

"Yeah."

"I- I don't know. I-..."

"YOU....GUYS..."

"Oh, you're back."

"Eee, it stinks!!"

"Oh really! Lisa, come back here, don't you dare run away, you made me get it for you, I can't believe it, I thought it'd be a melon!"

"S-Sorry."

"Don't peg your nose, I had to deal with this the whole way back here."

"Eee, oww, it's so sticky..."

"Nine, get over here, help us."

"Ah, Twelve, it's really spiky, how did you even carry it-"

"With my super-powers, like thi~s-"

"Careful!"

"Ah, Kokonoe-kun! Please get us a towel, ahh--"

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"Jesus, you almost made us lose our second place, just because you want to impress a girl."

"She's not just some girl! Anyways, it's alright, it's delicious, isn't it."

"Just make sure you get rid of it, before it starts to mold."

"Yea, yea. Anyways, I can't believe, you didn't say anything. You knew, didn't you?"

"Hn."

"Don't 'hn' at me. What's with that face afterall?"

"What."

"Did you two have 'the talk' when I was not around? Ayyy, they grow up so fast-"

"She calls you Twelve, you know."

"Yeah, I know."

"..."

"And she doesn't call you 'Nine'."

"..."

"You probably don't know what to think of that, but I think you can just not-think for one time. It's fine."

"It's not right. She has to stop."

"Well, I like it, the way she says 'Kokonoe-kun'. It fits you."

"...What."

(Durian are funny things. ;))

## vi

(Taro - Alt-J)

Twelve removes the dark brown nail polish while her tears drop down on the dorsa of his hands and as he hears the deep sad noise that searches it's way out of her throat he feels the urge to cry for the first time in his life. It's okay, he repeats. It's okay. It's okay. But he has betrayed the one person in his life he would've entrusted his everything to and he's saved someone he barely even knows; for what? It's okay is a barefooted lie on a shattered mirror on the ground, Nine is somewhere he doesn't know, with a radioactive bomb and his own life on the tip of his fingers. The need to cry grows. Crying has always been something he couldn't understand. Why do humans cry, he's asked Nine when they were younger. Never has he wished for Nine to be with him this much in a long time and never has he felt the warmth of a girl's arms embracing him the way Lisa's do right now, her tears on his collarbone and her sobs in his eardrum. It's okay, she whispers, when he feels dry tears on his own cheeks and her heartbeat next to his. Her voice is yellow and orange and red in his ears, a mix of colors he's never even heard ever before and she's amazing, he thinks. We will find him and bring him home.

## vii

(Dissolve me - Alt-J)



*She makes the sound, the sound the sea makes, to calm me down.*

Her lips are soft against his temples, as she mumbles a song into his ear, just as soft as the kisses feel on his skin, comforting, pulling the ache out, the ringing in his drumfell stops as the words reach it, as if she is resting his head on a pillow of silk. He feels her removing his glasses, her mouth on his closed eyes now, adding feather light pressure on the very thin area underneath his eyelashes. He feels fragile, but she feels even more fragile in his hands, which are trembling, as he notices now, trembling and holding onto her arms, with so much power, and so strong, it must hurt. The attack ebbs away as she comforts him on the ground, she shivers and he's sure it's not because of the cold, her fingers tremble as if they search for something, anything, to not feel so fragile, so helpless anymore and he figures his own hand should take hers to hold on to, just for now and just because. Just because today is such a fucked-up day and the ringing gets worse and the attacks come and go even more often than before, that even she notices it and gets scared. Just because she's been an idiot most of the time and he'd still like to give her back to the world she's come from, just so he'd know she'd be safe, even though she'd hate it. Just because it's alright, the way it is now, what she doesn't know, and shouldn't and what's always been fucked up will be fucked up forever, him and Twelve included. Just because time is a weird thing on this earth, because minutes can seem like hours and days can seem like seconds and the whole time they've spend with her has been so fragile, just as frail as they are, and yet so incredibly calming. Just because she's not number and if he could, he'd thank all the gods he doesn't believe in for that.

## 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 then 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.