

Mrrrrw

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Just something I started at work one day....I can't get the muses to finish it though.

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Chapter 0 - Waking

2

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Dusty blond hair splayed across the blue cloth covered pillow and fell around pierced freckled ears and onto long-lashed eyelids. Pale pink lips opened slightly in sleep, glistening in the morning sunlight that streamed in through the uncovered window. A flutter of wings and the sudden chatter of a songbird roused the blond from his slumber. Misty cerulean blue eyes clenched tightly, trying desperately to block out the noise and bright light and fall back to sleep.

There was no way out of wakefulness now, as the lazy yet insistent beeping of an alarm clock started on the desk halfway across the room. Groaning loudly, the comforter flew back from the long, lanky body of the dreary and aggravated boy. He crossed the room and flipped the off switch on the alarm and did a full body stretch, white wife beater drawing up past his bellybutton and blue boxer shorts slipping slightly down his hips. After his stretch he meandered over to the adjoining bathroom and gazed groggily at his reflection in the mirror.

Ugh. What day is it? Combing a hand through his limp blond locks and traversing back over to his desk, the boys eyes widened in realization. His face broke out into a huge grin and glanced quickly over to his clock. It was still early.

Today was Friday, which meant that he didn't have to go to class. But he did have work at 11:30 so he had a few hours to kill hanging around the house.