

To Answer Your Question.

By KagomeGirl98

Submitted: November 23, 2011

Updated: November 23, 2011

LenxMiku One shot.

Miku POV

I've had it on my mind for months, now. I've been constantly worrying and been filled with doubt... It's time to overcome that.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/KagomeGirl98/59337/To-Answer-Your-Question.>

Chapter 1 - Tonight

2

1 - Tonight

MIKU POV

The moment I'd been waiting for had finally come. This was IT. I had cleverly persuaded Len to come over for the night with my Triple Banana Knockout dish I had made from scratch-- and everything had been moving along swimmingly. Now, whether I took my shot was at the point where I may never get the chance again. He and I were sitting around on my bed, as usual. He, of course, was reading, and I had been lost in thought for what seemed like years. It was about midnight, and I couldn't take my eyes off his lips. After I had confessed to him that I indeed had plans to kiss him, our relationship became both distanced and brought closer. At times, I was blown off (gently, of course. Len was well aware of my feelings and respected them from all angles.) or the favor was returned and our faces would find themselves nose to nose, or his arms around me, or I'd end up in his lap... Or...
Sigh.

.....

Suddenly, his bright blue eyes met with my own.. I felt my cheeks immediately heat up, and my palms began to sweat. I smiled nervously and pretended to had been looking elsewhere. Len smirked, closed his book, and sat up, crossing his legs. "Miku? What's up with you? You seem a bit... I dunno. Skittish?" He tilted his head and scooted closer. I swallowed hard and had to muster up all of my courage to even look at him again. I batted my eyelashes. "U-Um... Nothing... Nothing at all, I was just thinking about...stuff." Len cocked his eyebrows and pooched out his lips, making my heart skip a beat. "You really need to stop thinking so hard. You always get depressed when you do it." I grunted and twirled a lock of my hair around my index finger. "I can't help it, okay? I have a lot on my mind, y'know?" I smiled bashfully, slanting my eyes slightly at him through my bangs. He scooted closer and chuckled, giving me that look he always gave me when I openly expressed my feelings. I looked at him, almost in fear, and giggled nervously. Oh crap.

My big chance was only moments away, and I had no idea how I was going to follow through. And he kept inching closer.

My mind became overflown with anxiety, and I began to panic.

I thrashed around in a, what seemed never-ending, swamp of fear and thoughts about how to follow through.

When I came back into reality, Len was already much nearer to me, enough that I could feel his breath on my neck. I felt my entire face heat up.

shoot. shoot shoot shoot.

I turned to face him, wiggling my fingers next to his, signaling that I wanted to hold his hand. As always, he obeyed, and gently took my hand. I squeezed it gently, and he did the same. I refused to look up at him at first, for I had no idea where to go from here. Minutes passed, and I had finally calmed down.

Now was the time.

I gently released his hand, and sat up. I gazed deep into his eyes. My heart pounded frantically, but I ignored it. I raised both of my hands to his cheeks and softly brushed along the hair that gently framed his face. My lips parted slightly, still curled in a mischievous grin, and my eyelashes fluttered.

Finally, I couldn't take it anymore. I thrust myself forward, and carefully aimed for the target.

Boom.
...Shakalaka.

Hell. Yes. I had finally overcome my anxiety. After months of suffering and pondering whether to kiss him had finally come to an end.

My lips met with Len's. In my mind, a thick fog of bright turquoise and deep golden smoke filled my thoughts. At this moment, I was unable to truly process any real thoughts. I had to focus. This had to be right. My eyes remained open (I've always been self-conscious about how my eyes close) for I was incredibly curious about his reaction. As I suspected, his eyes widened slightly and his face flushed a bright pink. My heart skipped a beat and my eyes closed themselves halfway, lost in the gaze. His lips tasted of my banana dessert, and the slightly tart, almost familiar, flavor of his saliva that very faintly coated his strawberry-colored lips. I wanted to keep still. I wanted this to last forever. But I knew that even a kiss like this could be fatally dangerous in a relationship like the one Len and I shared. Our lips parted, and I hid behind my bangs, blushing a deep crimson.

It was a done deal.
I just kissed the boy of my dreams.
And I liked it.
A lot.

.....

He had once said to me that he loved me dearly. But it wasn't necessarily the same kind of love as I had for him. He said he sometimes felt unsure, and was still clueless as to what he wants right now.

Could that've been the solution?
Can't you figure it out now?
Possibly?

.....

I couldn't bear to look up... What if he was angry?

I waited, head hung low, for a response.

Silence's eerie screech filled the room, piercing my mind with even more anxiety and fear. The wait was everlasting...

Was he upset?

As soon as I thought all was lost, Len's warm chuckle broke the silence at last. I reluctantly peered up through my bangs, curious of his expression. He was smirking, as usual. Anxiety hit me like a sonic (rain)boom.

"Miku." I flinched at the sound of his voice. I tried to reply, but my throat was tight and I was unable to respond. I finally managed to choke out a weak "N-nn?"

He chuckled once more, and took my hand, squeezing it gently. My heart raced and I felt my face rapidly increase in temperature.

What was so funny...?

I sat up to look at him face to face.

"Was that so hard?"

"U-uh?"

"You did it, Miku. All that time you wasted with worrying and freaking out... You could've just done it.

Baka."

I glowered up at him.

I just kissed you, asshole. Watch what you say...

He laughed and touched his nose to mine. "U-unn..." I gulped and gazed timidly into his eyes. He smiled and brought his hand up to my chin. "All you gotta do is have confidence. If you wanna do something, just do it, Miku." My heart was pounding so hard, it felt as if it may tear out of my chest at any moment. "A-alright..." I forced my eyes to look away. "Alright? Come on. You're just saying that so I'll leave you alone. Show me you understand." He cocked his eyebrow and smirked. I squeaked and blushed a BRIGHT red. Did he mean to kiss him again...?

What nerve!

I went through all that trouble of (yeah, I admit) worrying, and trying to figure out how to kiss you, and then I actually did it! And now you want me to AGAIN? You must be out of your banana-eating mind. He pooched out his lips slightly. "Well?" I scowled at him and pooched mine out as well. "Well what?" He bore a slightly surprised expression and frowned a little. "Isn't kissing me what you wanted to do? Did I miss something here?" I sighed.

Oi. Young men.

I poked his lips with my index finger gently, signaling for him to back up a little. "It is.."

Len licked the tip of my finger and smirked. "Well if you won't go again, I suppose that makes it my turn." And with that, he took ahold of both my hands, and held them down at my sides. I panicked slightly, my cheeks a bright cherry. Oh. shoot. What was--

Suddenly, he leaned closer, gently pushing me back into the pillows, so that my head was softly cushioned by one of them. I couldn't move my arms to push him away. It was only an innocent kiss, and now I was in deep trouble.

Worst of it was that he was here for the night.

We were supposedly just friends, yet it wasn't at all unusual if we slept together.

There had once been an incident where we had crossed boundaries by a long shot. That was a one time thing, and it was never to happen again.

Was that going to be broken?

Before I knew it, he was on top of me.

He bore a devious, yet playful expression as his face moved nearer to mine. I wanted him, bad. As usual...

Every time we slept together, we'd tease each other. We'd touch, we'd tickle, and always get as close as we could manage. Almost always, we'd spoon, and it was one of the most painful things to get up in the morning. To leave his warm, soft (...perfect) body was torture for me...

And now he wanted me.

I've wanted, more than anything, to be with him like this again. As he moved closer, I had thoughts of letting him do whatever he wanted and just going all out with him. But I didn't want it to hurt our friendship.

Suddenly, a warmth overcame my lips. It was soft, like gentle fingers over fine silk... Yet in a sense, it was violent and forceful.

"M-mm...!"

I felt Len's lips curl slightly in a grin in response to my helpless squealing.

Of course...

He finally released one of my hands, only to caress my waist.

Th-that tickles!

And he knew that was one of my sensitive, almost erogenous spots.

"Mnnnnmmmg! Nnnn...."

A muffled chuckle escaped his throat, and suddenly I felt another movement against my lips. It was wet, slightly bitter, and slick. His tongue politely stroked my upper lip before making it's way into my

mouth. I moaned softly, allowing him to continue. Slowly, he licked my tongue in greeting and began exploring my mouth. I couldn't move. I was in complete shock, and not a muscle dared budge, until I forcefully moved my free hand to his shoulder, squeezing it gently. "Nnnnnnnnnngg...."

He moaned slightly in response to my own. His tongue gently wrestled with mine, and I of course surrendered and licked his tongue as it slowly left my mouth. Our lips parted, leaving a thin, almost sparkling thread of saliva trailing from my bottom lip to his. As he pulled away, it slowly stretched, and soon broke. We both licked our lips with satisfaction, and I smiled up at him shyly. "How was that?" He asked, releasing my other hand and gently stroking the side of my head. "F-F-Fantastic..." I whispered. "But look... I want to do this with you, but it's late. You and I both have work on Monday. And..." Before continuing, I sat up and lay back on the pillows. Len sat by my side, looking quite concerned. "What you said that one time... You said you didn't know what you wanted yet, and were unsure if you had feelings for me like I have for you." "...Yeah." "Look-- I'm in love with you. I love you far more than anything else in existence. And I truly meant it when I kissed you. Did you mean it when you kissed me? Does that ensure whether you like me or not? I need to know." Len remained silent. "...If not, then I need you to, please, stop teasing me like this. If you do...

...I'd like to know."

Len grabbed both of my hands and held them tightly between his own. He stood on his knees over me, and looked me dead in the eyes. He appeared angry, for his eyebrows were slightly arched and his lips were slightly pooched out.

"I did mean the kiss.

I meant it all.

I've known for a while. I know for sure." he smiled warmly, making my heart soar. I felt like I was going to cry.

"I love you, Miku."

Those words rang in my ears over and over...

Was I dreaming? I bit my lip just to be sure I was in reality.

Damn.

This...was real.

I couldn't hold it in any longer-- a tear escaped from the corner of my eye and rolled slowly down my cheek. My heart pounded loudly in my chest as I gazed into his eyes. I freed my hands from his grasp and threw my arms around his neck. "I'm so glad..." I hugged him tightly, and he hugged me back.

This was totally different.

Things has just changed significantly within the blink of an eye.

I wasn't hugging LenLen, my dear friend who would never be anything more.

I was hugging Len Kagamine. The boy of my dreams. The boy I've always loved and always will. The boy who...

Loved me back.

At last...

He stroked my back slowly and let go gently. He smiled lovingly and wiped the tears away with a finger. He kissed me once more. This time, I was able to kiss him back. This was true.

...True love's first kiss.

All my life, I was lead to believe it didn't exist, and never would.

My heart had been toyed with, teased, and so many had let me down.

But this was for real.

I had imagined that tonight would be just like normal. Just teasing and playing, without any true indication of true feeling. Tonight was supposedly going to be...

Just a normal night.

Len's right. If you want something, you shouldn't wait around and fret until you make yourself ill. Just do it.

Maybe I should have done it earlier, but doing it really paid off. I would've spent weeks, maybe months not knowing. Not able to experience being by his side like this. But now I know...

Suddenly, I was awoken by my phone ringing obnoxiously. The song "Fukkireta" filled the room.

"Ugh. Morninnggggg." I groaned and sat up, rubbing the sleep out of my eyes. I looked down at my iPhone's screen. The number on the screen was Len's. I sleepily picked up the phone, pressed the button, and lifted the phone to my ear.

"Mornin' sleepyhead!", Len's rambunctious, energy loaded voice trilled through the speaker. I couldn't help but smile. "Hey, Len. Sup?"

"Whaddya mean, sup? Don't you remember? Im coming over today. I'll be over around 3 o' clock. Also, you promised me your awesome Triple Banana Knockout. Don't forget. Or I won't snuggle with you. And then the Boogeyman is gonna get you!" I squealed and giggled. He always had teased me about being afraid of the dark. He chuckled, and my heart skipped a beat. "Don't worry, LenLen. I won't forget. Cross my heart, hope to fly. Stick a cupcake in my eye!" We both laughed.

"Good. I'll cya then." "Okay. Ciao! Daisuki!" "Heheh, bye. Daisuki."

We hung up, and I looked up at the bright morning sky through the window. I sighed happily and stretched, and a smile remained on my face.

Tonight's the night.

-VanillaHatsune? (Kagomegirl98)