

The Prince's Lips

By keera_punked_out

Submitted: December 28, 2005

Updated: December 28, 2005

(Once again with my bad titles) There is a heat wave and Yuki has a girl who's is madly in love with him. Something quick and sweet.

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1 - The Prince's Lips

Once upon a time in a magical forest ... I killed all the ponies! Waahahaha! No, just kidding. This story has nothing to do about ponies or a magical forest. It's actually about a girl; a girl named Mary.

Yuki walked out to the kitchen for a glass of water. The girl at the table nearly drowned in her cup of coffee, seeing Yuki in a dark pair of boxers and a white T-shirt. Shigure, who was reading a novel next to Mary, simply looked up at the laughing girl.

"What are you wearing Yuki!" Mary choked out. Yuki grabbed out a cup from the cabinet and filled it with water. A heatwave was invading the area and Shigure's house was right in the center.

"Nothing," the grey-haired prince mumbled. "I'm naked." He took a sip and headed off to his room as the laughter from Mary filled the kitchen.

Shigure looked up again and murmured, "It wasn't that funny..."

"You're right," Mary answered, putting the mug down. The red haired girl pulled herself out of her chair and headed out of the room.

"Where are you going?" Shigure mused.

"To traffic to play in." Mary smiled and headed out. She sat in a chair outside and played with the tip of her red tail.

"What was that strange feeling?" Mary mentally asked herself. "Am I in love?" A small white bird fluttered by and a passing thought of Akito with a bird up his butt passed through the girl's mind, but her thoughts quickly went back to Yuki.

"I don't get it... I can't be in love with Prince Yuki Sohma. No." Mary looked to the screen door, seeing Yuki glide out with a bag of trash in his hand.

He walked slowly over to the garbage bin on the side of the house. Yuki's calf muscles pulled and loosened with each perfect step and his hips swayed in a harmonious motion, moving in rhythm to his steps.

"Quit thinking about him!" Mary screamed in her head. "You can't love him. He's two years younger than you! That's just not right!" Yuki swiped a hand across his forehead, flinging beads of sweat. "He's not my type." The prince glided back to the door, but continued walking to the other chair, next to Mary.

"Something wrong Miss Andri?" Yuki questioned, leaning on the table, looking straight into Mary's crimson eyes.

"No!" Mary answered quickly. Yuki sat back against the chair staring into the sky. "Wait, Yuki."

"Huh?" Yuki turned his head to look into Mary's eyes again.

"Yuki." Mary blinked slightly, not breaking the gaze of Yuki's purple eyes from her crimson ones. "I think I've... well... you see... I hope that we could become closer friends. I mean, I would love to learn more about you and your past and..."

Yuki put a finger to her lips and murmured, "It's okay." Mary's red cat ear perked up when Yuki's slender finger was replaced by his soft, pale lips, locking her's into a passionate kiss. "I love you too."