

Only he can touch me

Von Meg-Giry

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You had to much – again.

Once more you drunk more wine than is good for you. Are you doing that on purpose? Don't you care that some of us already call you a drunk-head?

Again you fell asleep with your head lying on the table, here in the back-room of the coffee Mussin. And now, being the last, I have to bring you home – or more like carry you home.

Even after you slept some time, you're still hardly able to stand. So I placed your left arm on my shoulders, while your right hand plays with my – no longer closed – vest. I let you, act as if I would not notice, cause it's the only way to keep you silent, not shouting or singing aloud.

'Course I don't mind your singing. In fact I like your strong, carrying voice – but not in the middle of the night, out on the street – forbidden, revolutionary songs. How could I talk you out of this?

"You're so much stronger than you look."

I gasp for air, when your muttered words reach my ear. It's not what you tell me, but the sound of your voice. I never heard you talk like that.

Finally we arrive at your room.

'Cause your to drunk to even unlock the door, I end up inside with you. As I try to lead you trough the mess of clothes, books, paper and other stuff on your floor to your bed, your hand wanders again.

"Hmm... So soft... your skin..."

"What the...?" When did he open my chemise?

I freeze – but you don't. In fact you use the situation to your advantage. Somehow my mind registers you're able to stand again without any stagger.

But my mind can not get further. To fast and precise wanders your hand over my chest and back, starts to peel me out of my clothes. Your lips touches my shoulder, move slowly towards my neck and suddenly I feel a soft bite on my throat.

I gasp, let my head fall back and sink towards your body, into your strong arms.

"This time I caught you!", you whisper close to my ear.

And all I can do, is huddle myself closer against you. How right you are. For once I can't resist any more. This time, this night I belong here...

Soft morning light wakes me from wonderful dreams.

With a frustrated sigh I try to open my eyes.

"Oh, you finally woke up, Apollo." I would probably be jumped up, if it wasn't for your strong arm around my upper body.

"This was no dream?!"

"No. Felt like one, but was all real. Do you mind it now?" Besides you do your best to keep your voice calm, I can hear the uncertainty and fear in it. I always could.

But still, the little devil in me wants some revenge. "Well..." I start motionless, knowing you can't see my grin. Only when your grip gets stronger I continue: "No, I don't mind at all."

How could I be angry at you? I think, while I stroke softly over your arm. I never could – particularly not now. After all; last night I didn't have to be strong for once, just could let myself fall into your arms. Knowing this time I was carried, protected, led.

I'm already drifting back to sleep, when you suddenly start to shake me gently. "He, Apollo, we will be late..."

"Don't care – want to sleep, in your arms..."

"Well, you'll be definitely remembered as Enjolras the great revolutionary and not the great lawyer – as lazy you are with your studies", you chuckle.

"That's not true – and you know that!"

"Yes, I do. But now your awake, sweetie."

I hate it, if he uses my morning moods like that. But finally I give in. He has his points...

"Think you could spend another night with a drunk-head?" Grantaire demands to know, standing in front of his still locked door. After a second of hesitation he looks deep in my eyes, as if he could read my answer there.

"No," I whisper, "not with any drunk-head. Only YOU may touch me, Grantaire."