

Sewn Together

By LilyGinnyBlack

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What happens when Shuichi steps into the world of sewing? Nothing but danger for himself and the loss of sanity for Yuki. Though this little adventure won't be a complete waste, Yuki learns something new about his and Shuichi's relationship. ShuYuki

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Chapter 1 - Sewn Together

2

1 - Sewn Together

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Disclaimer: I do not own Gravitation. All the characters belong to Maki Murakami, I'm just barrowing them to have a little fun in this boring life of mine! ^^

A/N: Hi, hi! ^^ This is my first Gravitation fanfic and it probably isn't all that good. I've only seen the anime and have read a few snippets of the manga. So, most of the characterization is anime based... This story was just a spur of the moment type of one-shot that was brought on by my desktop wallpaper. All the yummy pictures of Shuichi and Yuki kissing! XD Oh, and this is only my second shonen-ai fanfic, so please be nice! ^^ I hope you enjoy the story...

That damn brat was up to something again. What it was Yuki didn't want to know, but at the same time, the curiosity of it all was getting to him. As he continued to type out his newest novel, he could hear mumbling and shouts of, "Ow!" Thus, not wanting his lover to die of unintended self infliction and because he was unable to write with the disturbance on his concentration; he turned around to see what the matter was and then to yell at the annoying little pink haired brat.

"What the hell are you doing, you damn brat?" His eyes were in there hard sharp glare as his annoyance of not being able to write grew. But the moment he set eyes on the young and hyperactive young man, his eyes went wide. There he was all tied up and knotted among a pile of pink string. An old sewing machine was laid upon the table behind him and some rather old looking scissors lay forgotten there as well.

Yes, to say that one Yuki Eiri was confused was an understatement, he was in fact dumbfounded. He was completely lost for words and could only watch as Shuichi's eyes became wide and weepy looking. The pink haired musician then moved so quickly that Yuki had no time to react, before he knew it, Shuichi had tackled him in a massive hug.

“YUUUUKKII! SAAAVE MEEEE! The string is attacking me...I'm going to choke to death....I'M GOING TO DIE!!!” As the purple eyed nuisance yelled out to Yuki in a desperate cry, Yuki just felt the need to thwack him upside the head. Learning to control his anger though, he was able to put that thought aside and instead go for a much calmer response.

“Shut up! You're not going to die. The string won't strangle you, you know. What the hell are you up to anyway?” He didn't know that Shuichi had any interest in sewing and from what he could tell he had no talent in the area either. So why was he even bothering?

“Well, you see, Yuki, I want to make a new Kumagoro...” He then trailed off, not knowing what else to say, as Yuki helped unravel him from the clutches of the evil pink string. He kept his deep purple eyes downcast; feeling like a child that was about to get scolded, something of which was going to happen anyway.

Yuki gave an impatient sigh, after all, he knew of nothing better to do. “I thought that Ryuichi already gave you a Kumagoro, what happened to that one?” The moment after those words left Yuki's mouth he had a feeling he shouldn't have let them.

“Well, Yuki, you see...” At this point he put his hand under the table and came up with the stuffed bunny that wasn't really stuffed anymore. The stitches were all undone and the stuffing was pretty much all out, making the stuffed animal look anything but that. “I think I might have squeezed it too much. One day I was hugging it and all the stuffing just began to pour out.” It was at this moment that the large crocodile tears began to well up in Shuichi's eyes.

“Why are you making a whole **new** Kumagoro when you could just fix the **old** Kumagoro, it would be easier for you and less stressing for me.” Yuki hadn't realized that Shuichi could be **this** dumb at times. It was like he lacked any common sense, but Yuki knew this to be wrong, the boy did show common sense... at times...This time just happened to be one when he didn't.

“Oh...I hadn't thought of that. You are so smart Yuki.” The simplicity of his tone and words and facial expression made Yuki smile; it also happened to be at this moment that Yuki was reminded that he loved Shuichi. It was something that was easily forgotten at times, and yet, always had a way of being

smacked right in his face in an unexpected moment...A moment such as this...A moment with no real significance.

Yuki looked at Shuichi, all wrapped up in the flowing pink string, his purple eyes large and wide, a trail of dried tears were streaking his soft face, and his smooth pink hair was tousled making some strands cover his eyes. At that moment, Yuki thought that Shuichi looked cute, and so he leaned in for a kiss.

He could see Shuichi's eyes widen even more as he drew closer. Yuki knew that every time he kissed Shuichi willingly, that it shocked the pink haired man, and most of the time shocked him too. Yet, every time his lips came over his lover's it was like a jolt of electricity and even though Yuki knew this to be such a cliché description of a kiss... He now knew how accurate of a one it was.

The warmth he felt as his lips were placed over Shuichi's, the devouring taste of Shuichi's mouth as his tongue explored all the crevices, and the passion of seeing which tongue would come out to be the victor in their little battle. Yes, this was a relief, a why for him to release all the stress that he kept locked up inside of him. The kiss was one filled with both love and lust, as the two lovers wrapped their arms around one another; forgetting for a moment that any type of sewing products and a pair of scissors lay around them. They were the only two things in the room at that moment in a frozen state of time. Yet, that frozen time was melted by the desire to breathe air, and thus the kiss was broken.

Now with a new slew of inspiration, Yuki went back to typing up his story on his lab top, leaving Shuichi alone on the floor to deal with fixing Kumagoro on his own. It was actually pretty peaceful for a while (the only exception being Shuichi untangling himself completely from the terrible string) and thus, all was good in Yuki's world. His inspiration was on a role and thus his writing was going very successfully, Shuichi was slowly...**very** slowly sewing together the broken Kumagoro, but most importantly it was **quiet**. Silence was few and far between when you lived Shindo Shuichi, and to prove that fact...The silence was broken.

“Y-Yuki... I think...I think I did something wrong.” Shuichi's scared and childishly whining voice reached Yuki's ears and he wished he could just tune it all out, but he learned a long time ago that doing a feat like that was near impossible. So, turning around Yuki saw Shuichi leaning over the sewing machine and Kumagoro was laying **right** next to Shuichi...It almost looked like...No, it couldn't be. But it was what Yuki thought, this confirmation came with Shuichi's voice, “Yuki, I think that I sewed my shirt to Kumagoro...Help me, Yuki! I don't want to be some freak...” This was the part where Yuki just stopped listening to what the pink haired, ball of energy known as Shuichi was saying. In his mind the boy was already a freak, but that was something that anyone who knew Shuichi, just had to live with.

Sighing, Yuki was once again helping Shuichi out of a “dangerous” fix. It was when he was getting the stitches undone that were keeping Kumagoro and Shuichi together, that he realized that he was **never** letting Shuichi touch the sewing machine again! After a few minutes in which it was fairly quiet, the exception was the small little snuffles that came from Shuichi, the stitches were undone and out. Then, after being glomped by Shuichi and receiving a thank you from him, Yuki got up and began to take the sewing machine away from him. “But...but Yuki, I'm not done fixing Kumagoro yet...So why are you taking the machine away?”

“I'm taking it away for your safety and my sanity.” That was the simple answer that he gave, for it was the truth and he was too tired to think of anything else to say. It worked for a second too, Shuichi was silent, his head titled downward, and a frown on his face...But, then he attacked Yuki in a hug!

“Why are you so mean, Yuki? And look, you didn't even unplug the machine. What were you planning on doing, ripping it from the wall? That wasn't very smart.” At first his face was the usual wide eyed-I-act-like-a-child face, but it quickly turned serious.

By now Shuichi had Yuki pinned to the ground; he was sitting in Yuki's lap, while the sewing machine was rested on Yuki's chest. Shuichi started to lean in, as if wanting to kiss his lover and Yuki had a feeling that he was only doing this to try and make him change his mind, something that was not going to happen. Shuichi was so close to Yuki now...their lips were almost touching one another...they could feel each others warm breathe on their faces...eyelids were fluttering shut...When all of a sudden, their was a loud noise.

Instantly breaking apart, or trying to anyway, they both noticed that their clothes were now being sewed together. Somehow, through all the confusion of taking the machine away and the hug, both of their fabrics got caught up in the sewing machine. Then, when Shuichi went in for the kiss, he turned the machine (that had previously been turned off by Yuki when he was taking it away) on, and thus, they were now being sewn to each other.

After much confusion the machine was, once again, turned off and the pile of apologizes from Shuichi came. Yuki brought an open hand to his face out of the stress of it all and could only think of telling the damn brat to shut, and so, that is what he did, “Will you just shut up, you damn brat.” This instantly had the purple eyed boy quiet.

As they slowly worked together to try and undo the stitches, Yuki realized just how accurate this situation was to their relationship. Many have described their said relationship as almost like a force of gravitation, but Yuki knew otherwise. No matter how hard he might try to escape it, Shuichi was always going to find him, and just like right now, it was the younger of the two that held the most feeling. The one who accidentally brought them together and then accidentally made this relationship by having themselves be sewn together.

Their relationship was not as powerful as the force known as gravity, no, it was just a feeble of string that was stitched together. Something that can be broken by one snip from the scissors, and yet, could easily hold together a relationship that has been described as something gravitational.

A/N: That's that, I hope you enjoyed the fanfic. Please tell me what you think of it, constructive criticism is always welcomed. I also hope that the characters weren't OOC. Well, thank you for reading! ^,^