

# Guilty

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*Fandom: Utena*

*Pairing: Juri x Shiori*

*Song: The Rasmus - Guilty*

*Rating: 13+ (Femmeslash)*

*I love this song, because it describes the relation of Juri x Shiori best.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Marvel/39134/Guilty>

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# 1 - Guilty

*I feel guilty  
My words are empty*

I wrapped the blanket tight around my body while I stood at the ceiling and watched the stars. The night was cold; a cool breeze went through my hair and tossed it playfully. I sighed deeply, tried to displace my thoughts. Grabbing the locket with one hand I really tried, closed my eyes. But memories returned. They were so painful to me; I wasn't able to wash them just away.

*No signs to give you  
don't have the time for you*

I clutched the blanket which danced slightly in the breeze. Please... someone stop the pain inside of me. I always had to think of her. I couldn't resist. My mind played tricks on me, seduced me to think about romantic imaginations and settings. But I always knew it. These imaginations never turned into reality. And maybe it was the best solution. She would use me, like she always used to. I knew it since she took Ruka away from me. She didn't even deserve the tears which dripped from my face and left single drops on the rail.

*You say I'm heartless  
And you say I don't care*

I was stupid. Maybe not stupid, but weak that was sure. I hated myself for being slack. My mental strength even failed to throw away that damn locket. I just couldn't; clutched it as tight as possible and already felt the edges stinging into my skin. It didn't matter to me. To be honest I enjoyed it. Was joy the price for suffering? I hoped so dearly. Hoped, that a miracle would happen. Hoped, that she would appreciate what I felt for her. But I gave up on believing. Miracles didn't exist. This world was numb and reality was brutal and heartless.

*I used to be there for you  
you've said I seem so dead, that I have changed  
But so have you*

I had to fight against my sadness; tears flew like shooting stars in the sky. Once again I opened the locket and examined the picture inside. The picture of the girl I loved – the girl I would love for ever. Even if I would pay with suffer until the day I die.

*Guilty  
guilty I feel so*

A few knocks at my door let me scare up from my thoughts and so I walked slowly into my room. I also wondered because I didn't await any visitors. My gaze turned to the antique wall clock. Already midnight. I opened the door.

*Empty  
empty  
you know how to make me feel*

“Juri-San?” My eyes widened in surprise. How could that be? “May I enter?” A sweet, nearly childish, but so familiar voice received my cold gaze. “What do you want?” My voice sounded icy and sharp, her body jerked for a single moment. I guessed she didn’t expect my harsh reaction. “I... I wanted to see you...”, she whispered. “Sure, who wouldn’t if he would stand in front of my door at midnight...” – “No need to get sarcastic, Juri.”

I wanted to slam the door, but Shiori pressed her body against. “Please...let me in!” My eyes narrowed to slots while I examined her. “Why? Just to tease me again? FORGET IT!” Again I tried to slam it, I heard a painful sound of Shiori. I already started to regret my reaction; I never wanted to hurt her. But well, why the heck should I care about her? She always teased and hurt me. Through the door I heard a silent sobbing. She seemed to cry. For a short moment I felt something like pity for the girl. Short enough to open the door slowly. She didn’t dare to enter. Well, Shiori seemed to learn fast enough.

*I put a shield upon you  
I didn't mean to hurt you*

“Again. What do you want from me? Playing fracking mind games again? I’m sorry... but I don’t really have time for these things...” My voice was soft-spoken, barely a whisper. But she heard it. I noticed how her beautiful eyes grew wider. Well, I caught her point.

*would've only poisoned your mind  
Never meant to make you cry*

“Juri-San... why do you think of me like that? It wasn’t...” – “Your INTENTION???” I nearly yelled back the reply to her words. Shiori began to shiver and looked like a beaten dog. She leaned against the timbering set, lowered her gaze. “Exactly...”, she whispered. “I’m sorry for that...” – “Like always before huh? Like a thousand fracking times before...” The girl closed her eyes in a mortified manner. She hated these moments, and I really knew it. But why should I ever forgive her? She didn’t even understand me; didn’t understand my reasons.

*You've been so thoughtless  
I can see right through you*

“Please do me a favour and leave... I can’t stand to see your face any longer.” I whispered calm, tried to hide my anger – my longing for her. Hushed she examined my eyes in hope to discover my real emotions, the real me. If someone was able to read my mind it was her. To her disappointment she hardly found any emotion in my eyes which could have betrayed me from the beginning. I made a perfect job in concealing anything she wanted to know. Just like in this moment.

*You used to be there for me*

“Don’t lie, Juri-san. I know you want to see me... You just waited for me... all these years. I’m right, am

I?" After these words she watched me for any reaction. And she found what she was looking for. I stepped back, had to absorb my bad temper which grew stronger with every frackng word she spoke. "I was right..." Her satisfied smile nearly killed me while she examined my chest, knowing exactly that the locket was hiding underneath my nightgown. I felt how her gaze rested on this part. "Stop it!" I flew harshly into her face, still taking a few steps back. She looked at me with a playfully, nearly innocent smile.

*don't you leave and say goodbye  
Cause you have changed, but so have I*

"Got you...", she whispered while she got closer to me. The only thing I felt this moment was pure angst. I was afraid that she could find out my secret regarding my feelings. I felt the squeeze of the room wall behind my back. "Stop teasing me or I will have to hurt you...", I growled, hoped she would let go of me. But she didn't. Her slender fingers touched my cheek; I felt the heat of her skin. "You wouldn't hurt me Juri-san. You never did... so why should you?", she answered silent, her fingertips slipped to me neck, feeling the coolness of the necklace and I began to shiver. "Don't even dare to make jokes!" She ignored my hissing voice but she noticed how I began to lose control over myself. Just a snatch later she touched the locket, her gaze rested on the golden surface- she was filled by tension.

*Guilty,  
guilty I feel so*

'Please, don't open it...' my thoughts stopped when I heard a silent clicking sound. She did it. Her eyes grew wide. Her fingers began to tremble. Shiori couldn't believe it – and my fear began to rise immediately.

*Empty,  
empty  
you know how to make me feel*

"Are you satisfied now?", I hissed in a low voice and turned my face away from her. I didn't want her to see the tears which appeared slowly. I lost. I felt so weak, but my mind began to rebel. I had to flee. Now! Like Shiori anticipated my thoughts, she clasped my wrist with one hand, while the other one rested on my chest, her gaze fixed the photo inside my locket disbelieving. "What... what does it mean?", she asked stammering. As I didn't answer to her question, the pressure got heavier. I bit my lower lip, just wanted to escape. "Don't even dare to kid me... listen?", she whispered. No answer. "I always thought in the locket was a picture of..."

*I never thought that the time and the distance  
Between us made you so much colder*

"No..." Slowly I closed my eyes, trying to hide a malicious grin. "He NEVER meant ANYTHING to me, Shiori...he was a precious friend to me. Just a friend."

*I'll carry the world on my shoulders*

Finally she understood. Her face turned pale for a short moment, but suddenly she smiled. "Is that so..."

Her words were barely understandable. Finally she let go of me. I abraded my wrist and evaded from her, got to my bed. "Is that all you have to say at least?" She shook her head slightly. Her gaze met mine, I blinked slightly surprised until I began to realise what she was plotting.

*Guilty  
Guilty  
Empty*

Shiori moved closer until she reached my bed. With a sweet and seductive smile she whispered. "I could have give you a better picture..." Her hands cupped my face, her skin felt so soft – even softer than I was able to imagine in my dreams. I realised how my inner world began to crack and crumble. "No..."

*Guilty  
guilty  
I feel so  
Empty  
Empty  
you know how to make me feel*

It was too late. She was getting close, closer to my face. I could feel how her breath hit smoothly against my lips. She was dealing so gently with me that it was too hard to resist. "Please... don't do it.", I spoke under breath, begged her to let go of me. Finally the tears dripped along my cheeks. Shiori noticed. "Don't cry Juri-san." Her fingertips caught a single tear and while her slender index reached my lips I felt the moist trace on my skin, my lips began to tremble while she slipped along the outlines. Her purple eyes examined me, my reaction. She knew that she was about to break me again. And frack, she enjoyed it.

*you know how to make me feel*

"Do you love me, Juri-san?", she asked in a childish but so cruel innocent voice. I didn't want to answer. If I would confess my feelings to her I would have lost. "You love me, do you?" Shiori continued to tease me, with every single touch, every single word. She pushed me on the bed, pulled the blanket aside which covered me as a last protecting shield. I couldn't fend myself. I lost. I knew that she would spend the night with me, but not because of love.

*Guilty  
so guilty  
Empty  
So empty*

Out lips met each other. I tasted the sweetness of her kiss, wrapped my arms around her. Even if I had lost this fight – I lost it with pleasure. Finally I got my wish even if I had to pay it with pain after this night...

*you know how to make me feel*