

Luka~

Vocaloid One-Shot that's gonna be kinda long.

“Megurine,” Gakupo said with a flat voice and disgust in his words.

“Kamui,” I recited. Slammering my locker shut, I faced him, “Are you trying to waste my time? I have class,” I walked past him, making sure my shoulder hit his and went into the last stall of the girl’s bathroom. I looked at my watch and silently counted down, “5… 4… 3… 2… 1….” The bell rang; everybody should hopefully be in class by now.

I walked out of the bathroom and checked the halls before I made my way to the school pool. I stepped inside the cool air and started to undress till I was in my bathing suit. “Hey Gakupo,” I jumped into the pool. The second I was immersed in water I felt arms around me, pulling me up.

“Well hello there, didn’t expect you to show. You are a goody-two-shoes,” He smirked at me.

“Oh shut up, I always pull through for you,” I smiled and turned to face him. Making a shocked expression, “No hello kiss!”

He chuckled, “Spoiled brat,” He moved so we were nose to nose, “What will I do with you?”

“Love me, feed me, never leave me?”

“How did you know?”

“Quit being a tease Gaku!”

“Me, a tea-” He didn’t finish the word before I cut him off and kissed him. It was refreshing after a school day. Well… half a school day. He chuckled again, “I swear sometimes you should be more patient.”

“How is that fun? Gakuko did, after all, raise me.” The dark look he got just… no. I can’t even describe it but chills went down my back, “S-Sorry.. I-I didn’t mean t-to..”

See, Gakupo and Gakuko, originally they were best friends. Twins joined at the hip like those lower classmen Rin and Len. That was till I moved in. Gakuko became ob-freaking-sesed with Gakupo. It was quite disturbing the twincest she almost got away with.

“It’s fine.” A hasty response, but it meant I was in the clear.

He regained his amazing and lovable demeanor. How did I know? He dunked me under,

laughing the whole time. Even if he knew how much I cared about my hair.

“Have fun, Princess?” He laughed at his own joke, tilting his head back and closing his eyes.

The school bell rang for the middle of the period, “Gaku, we have to go.”

“It’s only the middle of the period, why so soon?” He wrapped his arms around my waist, pulling me closer.

“I know...” I couldn’t help a sigh, “I hate having to pretend to hate you.”

“We have to, it’s the only way,” He squeezed me a bit.

“I still don’t like it, and we still have to go take showers,” I pulled away and headed to the pool ladder, “Common.”

He slowly swam after me. After a quick peck on the lips, we headed to our separate locker rooms.

“Megurine, capital of Georgia,” I hate this teacher, he always barks at us.

“Atlanta.”

“Right again, Megurine. Keep up the good work,” No shit it was good work. I study for this class every night. I hate Social Studies, because of that, it’s my best subject, “Megurine, now the capital of Norway.”

“Oslo, sir,” I was pretty sure he hated me. My nose was always in a book, yet I got A’s on the tests. Every question was directed at me and I never missed one.

By now, he was annoyed as hell, “Megurine! Capital o-” The bell of sweet freedom, last class of the day over and I can go home to Gakupo.... and Gakuko, but mainly Gakupo! Shoving my stuff in my bag quickly, I walked to the front of the school.

“What to you so long!” Someone please teach this diva patience.

“I had Green as last period, we went over that. About five times.....” It was taking everything inside of me not to facepalm.

“So! He’s an easy A, why does it take only YOU so long to get out?” She started walking and I followed.

“Hmm... Maybe the IMMENSE HATRED HE HAS FOR ME?” She’s clueless, we’ve been over

this!

“Really? It’s your best class!”

“No shit Sherlock! I work hard!” Lowering my voice, “Unlike some teal haired divas.”

“WHAT WAS THAT! I HEARD YOU! YOU’RE LUCKY MY AWESOMENESS IS YOUR FRIEND!”
She stomped off, because I totally care.

“Good talking to ya! Learn to calm your bitch tits!” Whether she heard me or not, I’ll never know. Not like I cared, she needed mental help, “I’m home, Gakuko go away.” Same thing everyday, I fight with Miku, walk in, tell Gakuko to go away, then... well, that’s where it differs. Though, it mainly has to do with Gakupo.

“What was the fight about this time?” How does he know, oh wait, I tell him.

“Me being late every day.” We started walking up the stairs to his room, our main base.

“So Mrs. Kamui, what should we do?” He smirked and turned to look at me.

“We’re not married Gakupo,” I threw my stuff on his bed and flopped down, “Yet.”

“You’re catching on.” He smiled and laid next to me.

“Pft, maybe,” I rolled on my side to face him. There was something there, in his eyes I mean. It scared me and excited me all at the same time. Before I knew it I was laying back down, Gakupo on top of me. After almost, what, maybe five years of dating, I was ready. After all, there was something about him.

A simple kiss,
turned to fiery passion,
two fourteen year olds,
moving in synch.

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My eyes fluttered open at the first sun rays coming through the curtain. I felt his arms once again around me and I couldn’t help but blush, the memories of the night before coming back. I moved gently in his arms and faced him.

“Morning Princess, sleep well?” And he kissed my nose.

I blushed harder, “Perfect because of you.”

It was his turn to blush, he never does but I guess this time was different, "You should blush more Gaku, it's cute." I didn't say it JUST because I wanted him to blush more, it really was cute.

"Shut up." He tried to hide his face in the pillow and failed.

"That's not what you said last night," If I could have seen it, his face would probably be red, not just red but Crimson, Beet, or even Magma red, again, I couldn't help but giggle.

He pulled his face out of the pillow and grabbed me by the waist again. Somehow, he ended up straddling me, "Ga-" I didn't even get to finish before he started tickling me, "Ga.. ku! S-Stop!" I could barely breathe.

After what felt like forever, he finally stopped and laid back next to me, "Had enough, love?"

I was still holding my stomach giggling, "Yeah."

"Good," He kissed my cheek, "What do you want for breakfast?" He moved to get out of the bed.

"I'm the girl in this relationship, you know that right?" I raised an eyebrow.

"You are, but a true Samurai treats his love like a spoiled princess." He started to put on his pajamas.

"Well then, pancakes with chocolate chips and whipped cream."

"As you wish, Princess." He slipped out, gently closing the door.

As soon as I was sure he had left, I slipped out of bed myself and put my pajamas on. Silently humming to myself, I walked down the hall to my room. Going inside and leaving the door ajar, I sat at the vanity and brushed my bed head. Quite a task when you constantly dye it pink.

"Slut face~!" Oh. Dear. Fucking. God. No, "I heard you and my brother last night, you're lucky I don't tell mommy and daddy." She checked her nails.

"What do I have to do this time," I rolled my eyes.

"Back away from my brother," Duck face alert.

"You do know that's twincest, right?"

"Point hoe bag?"

“I’m not even.... Get out,” I pointed to the door.

“Sorry, I lived here first, you’re just a dog my brother got off the streets when he was nine. Luka, face it, you’re nothing compared to me.”

“Don’t you dare...” I stood up from my seat, staring her dead in the eye.

“Dare what? Talk about your family, your REAL one? The country rednecks that “abused” you? I know you ran away. You’re such a fucking liar. How could my brother fall for your made up sob story?”

I was seething at that moment, so ready to go in for the kill. I couldn’t do it- not to Gakupo; not to Mrs. Kamui. Damn it, if it was three years earlier I would have.

“Worthless...” With that Gakuko walked out. I was free of her for now.

I didn’t want to brush my hair anymore. I stood up, rage boiling inside me, wanting to fight something. I couldn’t; that’s the worst part. I felt like I couldn’t do anything, that I was, like Gakuko said, worthless. Desperate to rip and release this anger, I grabbed the brush and threw it at the mirror. It smashed to pieces; shards hit my face, fell on me, cut me. All I did was stand there.

Seconds after all the damage had been done, I gingerly felt my face and pulled my hand away. I knew there would be blood on it- just not that much. I must have been closer than I thought. Making my way to the bathroom, I looked into the mirror. I looked like Bloody Mary, with the exception of my pink hair.

I moved to turn on the shower and heard a knock at my door, “Come in.”

“Breakfast is re- Luka, what happened to you?” Gakupo walked up to me and gently caressed my cheek.

“Nothing... A mirror just broke. I’ll be fine,” I said as I moved away from him and farther into the room.

He sighed, “Breakfast is ready,” He walked out of my room without another word.

I swallowed my guilt and turned back to the shower. ‘Deal with it later.’ Wow, my words of encouragement totally worked.

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“She’s too independent, Mom!” I slammed my fist on the table.

“Gakupo calm down. She was raised to be that way,” Lie. She was raised by my mother. She only lived that way till she was nine.

“It’s not normal Mom, everybody needs someone to be dependent on.”

“Gakupo,” My mother set down the dish she was washing and faced me, “Life is about living and learning. If she chooses to learn the hard way so be it.”

“Fine, whatever,” I walked out of the kitchen and out to the backyard.

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Feel free to join the chat and correct me!

Occasionally I have to check other tabs, please be patient.

Remember: Σ(°▽'(⊂_ゝ ⊂)/ Ninja kick

Remember: Can't spell Princess without Rin.

Remember: Anon 54 was Alois Trancy

In memory of: Jim Macken a.k.a. Alois Trancy a.a.k.a. Anon 54
he will be missed.

Remember: If I can't find my fucking Goldfish, I don't write.