

From Heart To Heart: The Beginning of Love

100 themed drabbles

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Kapitel 2: #2 masks

Here is the second drabble!

I hope you like it.

... Sadly I can't write much in the next time because I have exams coming up (Wednesdy, Friday and Wendesday) and I have to study for my final exams in April. If I don't pass those, I can't graduate...

It's gonna be hard. I need to know everything we did during the last 2 years.

Well, I'll write when I have time!

Disclaimer: I don't own Sailor Moon

Thanks to Ala Verity, my new beta!

#2 Masks

Dangerous habits

He had been shocked when he saw her reaching for his mask. When her fingers touched the sleek, white fabric he drew in a sharp breath. Then she picked it up from the cool marble and traced the smooth edges, apparently lost in thought.

Finally sky blue eyes, hidden, and, at the same time enhanced, by another mask, met his bare ocean ones. A black mask, black as the night, and adorned with raven feathers and silver pearls. The exact opposite to his.

"You need to be more careful while wearing a mask," she scolded him with an angelic smile. "If you lose it before midnight you won't experience the magic." A smiling couple twirled past them and for a moment he couldn't see her. When she was visible again, her expression had changed, her smile now possessing a slightly devilish curve. "Maybe you should buy yourself another mask, Mamoru-baka. Only a real man can

wear a mask like this and get away with it. And you come nowhere near Tuxedo Mask.”

With these words the golden haired princess returned his mask to him, turned on the heel of one of her beautiful silver shoes and disappeared into the crowd at the masquerade ball.

A miniature smile graced his lips as Mamoru traced the sleek, white fabric, and his fingers found, unlike Usagi’s, a little unevenness. A reminder of his life at the local orphanage. Something that could be found – in a small variation - on every single one of his clothes.

Stitched onto the mask was, with white, thin yarn, barely visible to the eye, were two words:

Tuxedo Mask

He grinned and whispered: “You couldn’t be farther from the truth, Meatball Head...”