

From Heart To Heart: The Beginning of Love

100 themed drabbles

Von NordseeStrand

Kapitel 5: #5 short skirts

Oh God!

It has been so long since I posted one of these! I have to admit I have a hard time coming up with ideas of my own for these since I usually translate, but I try!

And now I have something to post and I actually forgot I got them back from my beta!

Well, here's number 5! I may not update very often, but I promise I will finish these (I always finish what I start). Even if it takes years. ... I hope I exaggerate...

Well, have fun with this little something!

Love, Vanilla Prinzess!

Disclaimer: I own nothing!

#5 Short Skirts

Minako groaned as she fell onto the sofa in the chambers of her princess, her long skirt tangling around her legs. Rei and Makoto followed her example while Ami went to fetch the bruise salve.

"Goddess!" exclaimed Minako as she rubbed a throbbing blue bruise on her upper leg through the heavy orange fabric of her skirt. "This was the worst training in weeks!"

"Yeah," agreed Makoto as she tried to arrange her-self on the sofa in a way that wouldn't make her sore body feel like a bulldozer ran over it – several times. "The new attacks are supposed to take the enemy out faster, but the way things are going we'll only assist them in knocking us out."

"It wouldn't be so bad if we didn't trip on the hems of our skirt when we step back from the backlash." said the blue haired girl as she handed Rei a tube of salve.

"Thanks Ami. You're right, of course. I, for one, wouldn't be black and blue all over if

we could wear pants like the male royal guard or the soldiers."

"But we can't," reminded Ami them and sighed. "Article 515, paragraph 23b of the Lunarian Bill of Rights states that all women of Lunarian race and all women in employment by Lunarian enterprises have to wear skirts or dresses at all times."

"So no pants for us."

A silver-bell like laugh reached their ears. Princess Serenity, their charge and best friend, had followed their conversation grinning broadly. She looked at her senshi, her eyes twinkling mischievously.

"You know," she laughed. "We covered that article last week in 'Lunarian Politics for future rulers' and guess what?"

"What?" asked Rei annoyed.

"I noticed that the article doesn't state how long said skirt needs to be." Serenity watched as understanding dawned on the faces of her friends and retrieved the scissors from her desk.

"Any other complains about your uniforms?"

Tuxedo Mask watched Sailor Moon intensely as she fought the latest Youma. Her breasts underneath the thin fabric of her uniform, that heaved hypnotically from the heavy breaths she sucked in, her bottom (and the small immaculate white part of the body), of which he caught glimpses whenever her skirt moved just the tiniest bit, and her long creamy legs in full sight.

Yes, she was a sign to behold. Truly beautiful and absolutely sexy.

Whoever had invented that uniform, especially that little nothing of a skirt, just had to be a male. And that was the only reason why he wouldn't kiss them if he'd ever meet them.