

And They Danced

by The RoboNerd
edited by Lord Malachite

a Sailor Moon fanfic
revised & expanded

Rating: PG-13



Indeed it was a wild party. Well, as wild as a spontaneously planned party could get for a group of five schoolgirls in an apartment. It happened to be Makoto's apartment, and at the time the party ended, at around eleven o'clock at night, Usagi managed to eat a half-dozen pieces of double chocolate cake, Rei and Minako left impressions in the carpet, playing all the way through some boringly long customizable card game Rei had picked up at the mall earlier in their event filled day, and someone managed to spill syrupy cherry soda on the carpet. The reason the party ended at eleven was simplistic though predictable. Usagi had a stomach ache, Rei and Minako were beaten by the game, much to their shock and dismay, and Chibi-Usa finally fessed up to spilling the soda on the carpet, though her defense was that it was Artemis' fault.

So at eleven, Luna and Chibi-Usa departed along with a doubled over Usagi. Artemis and Minako left five minutes later with Minako mumbling about how she would never play CCG's ever again in her graceful life. Finally, Rei proceeded out the door and into the night, not before thanking Makoto for the food and profusely reminding everyone, most importantly Usagi, of the senshi meeting tomorrow afternoon.

As Makoto shut and locked the door, her mind went through a mental checklist. Then her mind clicked with the deadbolt of the door, something was amiss. One body had managed to go unaccounted for, and that body belonged to none other than Ami Mizuno. Makoto turned around abruptly, but she didn't have to begin a search. Almost predictably, Ami was on the green thick fabric couch in Makoto's small living room, face hidden behind a fresh and glossy black book with the word "Pulsars" in a thin font at the front.

Makoto put a hand to her head and sighed slowly. How typical of Ami. Only she could get so engrossed in a book and shut off the world around her. Part of Makoto's brain, her curious right side, told her to get ready for and get into bed. Ami would then get up about an hour later, and would be in a panic. But humorous cruelty took a back seat to friendship, and Makoto walked over to Ami. "Ami-chan," she giggled, reaching down and putting her right thumb and index finger over the top of the book in Ami's hands. Ami caught her breath in her throat and looked up suddenly.

"Makoto-chan," Ami closed her eyes and limped over, "you startled me."

"You can go home now. The party's over."

Ami looked up and quickly closed the book in her hands. "What time is it?"

Makoto turned around and strode to her kitchen while looking over her shoulder, smiling back at Ami. "It's after eleven."

"I REALLY lost track of time. I'm so sorry."

Makoto raised her voice from around the corner in the kitchen. "No need to apologize silly. Everyone just left."

Ami brushed her hair slightly with her fingers. "Oh... Um... Well... I guess I'll just leave then."

"Okay. I'll see you tomorrow Ami-chan. Take care!" With that, Makoto turned on the faucet of the kitchen sink, letting its warm water cascade over the cake encrusted dinnerware, and globs of oozing orange dish soap she had just placed underneath it.

"Here, let me help," the voice beside her offered. Makoto looked up from her sink and to the right. Ami stood beside the counter, facing the sink, one hand reaching for the towel on the counter, and her eyes looking down at the mess in the sink.

"That's okay Ami-chan. I can handle it."

"No. Really. I insist."

Makoto paused for a second and smiled. "Okay." Ami returned the grin.

The dish drying process started with Makoto washing the dishes in the sink and Ami subsequently drying them. An uneventful process, made eventful only when the air, already crowded with the sound of the water in the sink, filled with an almost heavenly sound of Makoto humming. A minute later, the humming registered in Ami's mind as a familiar tune. "Isn't that one of the songs that played at the dance last week?"

Makoto looked towards Ami and nodded. "Uh huh. It's kinda catchy, don't you think?"
"Yes it is."

The girls continued their respective tasks. Ami paused drying only when Makoto's humming lost its gleeful edge. She looked back at Makoto. The tall girl's face didn't match what she was humming at all. It was melancholy, in sharp contrast to the tune.

Ami took in a slight breath. "You're, thinking about, what happened after the dance."

Makoto closed her eyes. "Yes." By now, both girls had stopped doing their respective dish cleaning tasks, and were simply standing side by side. Ami looked up at Makoto. Makoto stared blankly at the dishes still in the sink. "If only I had known sooner. That I was in danger."

"How could you have known? He was there, you thought he looked like your old boyfriend."

"He was also our enemy."

"You couldn't have known that."

Makoto looked towards Ami and nodded, her melancholy expression melting away slightly. She turned off the faucet and slowly spun around, leaning against the counter-top. "Then why does it still hurt?"

Ami sat the dry dish down on top of her neatly made dish stack along with the towel. It was an established fact that Ami was no expert when it came to affairs of the heart. Having only had Urawa in her life, which was a brief speck of time at the most, she had never let him into her life enough for the two to reach a level of relationship where Urawa's leaving Tokyo would hurt her emotionally. They never got closer than just close friends. This time Ami slowly spun around and leaned against the counter, joining Makoto in her blank stare. "I don't know. Maybe he just wasn't the one for you, but you thought he was, and so you went after what your heart said."

"Do you think so?"

Ami nodded, "Maybe..."

Makoto closed her eyes, nodded slowly, and without any warning, started laughing.

"What?" Ami grinned, Makoto's infectious laugh taking its toll on her composure.

"Your dancing needs work!"

Ami's face flushed blood red with embarrassment. "Well. I... I..."

"You never lead."

"It was only my second time."

"You let me do all the work."

"Okay!" Ami pushed herself away from the counter and spun around to face Makoto. "I'll admit, I'm not good at dancing, and so I let you lead the entire time... Was my dancing that bad?"

Makoto pushed away from the counter and proceeded towards her small living room. "Well. You're a natural dancer, believe me. But when I tried to let you lead a few times, you never noticed or you were afraid to."

Ami looked down at the ground. "I did notice, but I didn't, know, what to do."

"Well then..." Makoto leaned over to the small stereo sitting on the table next to her couch and flicked the power switch on the top. "I'll just have to teach you."

"But it's after eleven." Ami walked around the corner and stood under the false arch connecting the two spartan rooms together.

"You're spending the night." The CD that Makoto had picked from her small collection started playing. A soft, simple melody poured out of the speaker's cones. It filled the room brilliantly, defying the acoustic inaccuracy of the walls. Without another thought Makoto walked up to Ami, clasped her hands gently, and slowly pulled her towards the center of the living room. "And it's never too late to learn."

Assured that they would not run into any furniture, Makoto let go of Ami's hands. "Now. Let's begin. Forget about how we danced last week. I was leading. Now it's your turn to lead."

Ami nodded, letting her mind sync to the music. She took in the room around her. It wasn't exactly a dance studio, but it worked. Protesting long departed from her mind, Ami took Makoto's hands in hers, and stood there, for a half minute. "What do I do now?"

"Lead me."

"How do I do that?"

"First you stop standing, and start moving, like this." With a slight step to her right, Makoto began. Almost like clockwork, Ami moved along with her, mirror copying the tall girl's body motions perfectly. "It's simple. Just let the music guide you at first." Makoto made a few more steps, and stopped. Unfortunately Ami stopped with her. "Ami-chan," Makoto laughed, "that was your cue."

"Oh."

"Don't worry about it. Just do what I did."

"Okay." Ami stepped confidently to the left, then to the right, and then stumbled. Makoto tightened her grip and helped Ami stay upright. This time Ami laughed, but without hesitation, continued to step. One foot over the other, a quick reverse, and in only a few moments time, Ami lead Makoto in the dance. Her first steps were awkward. For Ami, letting her small frame guide Makoto's taller one seemed out of place, almost as if the gods never designed Makoto to just follow along. But as they danced, and Ami guided Makoto, her thoughts melted away into the music.

"See Ami, it's not hard at all. You just have to understand that when you lead, your partner should be able to follow you, no matter what you do. You already know that you have to be in tune with each other. The music helps you do that, and it tells you how to lead if you listen closely."

"I see." Ami smiled up at Makoto.

The music hit a much more upbeat period and in response, Ami moved faster. "Keep going Ami," Makoto closed her eyes, "just keep leading."

The music hit a climax. In response, and without any logical reasoning on Ami's part, just pure synchronized creativity, she let go of Makoto's right hand, and spun slowly in a complete clockwise circle, letting Makoto lean back and move around Ami. When the circle completed, Makoto reached out her free right hand to find Ami's arm, and they stopped. Makoto opened her eyes and smiled profusely, "Ami! That was brilliant!"

Ami blushed a light pink and looked down at the ground. "Not really."

"Yes it was. Here I am just teaching you how to lead and you go and do something like that. You really got into the music. You see? It's not that hard."

The first song ended, gracefully leading into the next song. It was a quieter song, with an assortment of violins and a harpsichord. Without any word from Makoto, Ami took the cue from the music and started her lead. It continued for a few more blissful minutes, the rhythm of the song almost infinite.

"Makoto chan?"

Ami's query knocked Makoto from her dreams. "Yes?"

"When you dance, what do you think about?"

Makoto chuckled inwardly, her eyes twinkling. "I think about the first time I danced."

"Who was it with?"

Makoto blinked a little, letting the memory come back. "It was with my dad. We were at a wedding, for my uncle." Makoto smiled. "It was funny. My dad had to lean over to hold my hands. I remember it so well. It was the year before they..." Makoto stopped dancing.

Ami squeezed Makoto's hands. "I'm so sorry."

"No..." Makoto sniffled, and forced her composure, "Don't worry about it. That was such a long time ago." She looked into Ami's eyes and Ami initiated her dance steps once more. "I've learned to deal with it. It doesn't haunt me anymore like it used to. But that's what I think about. What about you?"

Ami blinked quickly. "What do you mean?"

"Well, you've danced with a man before, haven't you? Don't you remember?"

"Yes."

"What were you thinking about when you danced with him?"

Ami closed her eyes, "Urawa... I was thinking about Urawa."

"Why didn't you ever do anything with Urawa?"

"I did things. Just...not too much."

The song slowed down, and so did the two dancers it was playing for. "You mean to tell me that with all that opportunity, he never asked you to a dance?"

"Well... no..."

"Well?" Makoto grinned. Ami was faltering.

"He never asked me."

Makoto's grin faded, she could have been cruel and asked again, but what of Ami's composure? "Fair enough..." Makoto trailed off as the song ended and another began. "Do you want to dance a little more? You're doing a great job."

Ami grinned. "Yes. I like leading. It's fun."

Makoto grinned back, and once more lost herself to the music as Ami stepped into the lead. This time an ultra-romantic piece with a piano and some quiet violins for atmosphere, spread out from beside the couch as Makoto's little stereo pushed the grand music through it's well used

electronic guts. Ami added a little bit of creativity to her steps. Without any forewarning, she threw in a few steps back and sideways occasionally to see how well Makoto could keep up.

"Makoto?" Ami whispered.

"Yes?"

"When you meet the man of your dreams. How will you know he's the one?"

Makoto looked into Ami's eyes. They were deep blue, sincerely curious, and longing for an answer. "Well... I think that when I meet the man of my dreams, we'll be dancing...and he'll put his arms around me, like this..." Makoto let go of Ami's hands and placed her hands on either side of Ami's body, just above her hips. "And, I'll put my arms around his neck." Ami moved her hands up and placed them around Makoto's neck. Then they danced this way, for a few minutes, each staring into each other's eyes.

The mood of the song changed slightly, and they broke off their close embrace, only to hold each other's hands again, Ami still in lead, Makoto still in tow.

"Do you think that will ever happen?" Ami asked, softly as though not to disturb the musical conductor.

"I don't know what my destiny has in store for me. I wish I did. But I believe, I know, that's what will happen. What about you?"

Yet again, Ami blinked quickly, once again struck with something she never even pondered. Never bothered to even venture a thought about. She lost herself in thought, nearly losing herself in the music again. But then, she remembered something, something obscure, though relevant. "I had a dream one night. I was with Urawa, just before he was about to leave Tokyo..."

Makoto's curiosity peaked. "And?"

"Well...he leaned over, and..." Ami's voice trailed off as her eyes focused in on Makoto's. The song drowned away in the background as a flurry of emotions wrapped through Ami's mind. She stepped forward, wrapped her arms loosely around Makoto's waist, stood on toe, closed her eyes, and kissed her friend.

The song then drowned away from Makoto's mind as she took in what was happening. She let her arms drop to her sides, and blinked slowly. She froze up when she could sense the aftertaste of double chocolate cake and cherry soda still on Ami's tongue as it gently brushed against her own. She could smell the remnants of some light perfume on Ami's skin, the shampoo she used that morning, or perhaps a pleasant combination of the two. The more Makoto tried to focus her eyes,

the more she could only see a blur of light colored skin and neatly brushed blue hair. The kiss lasted only for a moment, and then, as quickly as it happened, Ami broke away and stepped back, breathing for air.

When Ami's eyes met Makoto's blank stare, her entire body shook lightly and she moved her trembling hands up to her mouth. "Oh... Oh my gods... I... I'm..." Ami spun around quickly and froze in place.

Makoto forced her brain back into synch with her body and she looked at Ami. "Ami??? Ami-chan???" She stepped forward and put a hand on Ami's shoulder. The girl only started trembling even more. "No... Don't... I-I..." Ami walked forward robotically, into the kitchen. "I have to go. I can't stay." She swiped her book off the kitchen table quickly and then headed for the door.

"Ami! Wait!" Makoto sprinted to her stereo and lightly slapped the top of the CD lid, causing the music to stutter, stop and the lid to open. The brutally interrupted disc spun around on its rim before coming to a standstill. She ran for the front door just in time to stand in front of Ami.

"Please. I need to go. I have to go home." Ami's eyes, now wet with tears, squinted, and she turned away from Makoto.

"No Ami, please don't leave."

Ami started sobbing. Her right hand clenched tightly into a fist, arm down against her body. The other clamped the new book tightly between it and her breasts. "Please. I just...need to..." Ami could take it no longer. She let the book drop to the ground as she brought both hands to her face and fell to her knees. "Nooo..."

Makoto kneeled down beside her and concentrated on Ami's hair. "Ami?"

Ami offered no response; instead she continued to cry.

"Ami?"

Still, no response.

Makoto gently placed her right hand on Ami's shoulder. "Ami. I think, we need to talk about this. Please don't leave. C'mon." She proffered her hand to Ami where the blue haired girl could see it. "Why don't you go sit on the couch, I'll fix us something to drink and we can talk about this. Here...take my hand."

Ami paused for a moment longer, and then slowly reached up her still visibly shaking right hand. Makoto clasped Ami's hand and helped the girl up. Without another word, Ami walked, head down, towards the couch.

Makoto immediately walked into the kitchen, opened the refrigerator, and pulled out two bottles of cherry soda. Before she closed the door, though, she noticed the flavor, mentally cursed herself, and realized cherry was the only flavor she had left. She quickly placed the bottles back into the refrigerator, and closed the door.

In the living room, Ami sat at the corner of the couch farthest from the kitchen, close to the stereo. Her tears hit the floor between her feet and her tear filled stare focused on the middle of the living room where just a few minutes ago... Ami closed her eyes and sat with her head in between her hands where she could see the tear stained floor just below her feet.

Makoto walked into the living room, and towards the couch, sitting down on the other side. She sat for a second without saying anything, or blinking, and then closed her eyes, sighed heavily, and fell back into the cushion of the couch. "Ami, I'm sorry if I did anything that caused you to do that. But I need to know something. Are you...attracted to me?"

The pause was almost too much to bear, but then, Ami sniffled a little, and whispered, "yes."

Makoto sat forward, and let her chin against her hands. "Then I guess I should tell you. I find you attractive too."

Ami looked up at Makoto. Her eyes bloodshot, her cheeks and palms wet with tears. "Really?"

"Yes." Makoto looked towards Ami. "I find you incredibly attractive."

"But...I don't know if..." Ami whimpered a little, "I don't know if I'm...in love with you...or not. But would that make me???"

"A lesbian?" Makoto offered bluntly.

"Yes." Ami looked back down at the carpet. "What do you think?"

"I don't know...sometimes I have these thoughts about you, and they confuse me." Makoto leaned back in the couch again. "There's nothing about you that I don't like. You're a genius, you don't lose your temper, you look cute in blue. Sometimes I have these times where I would wonder what it would be like if we were together as, you know, more than friends."

Ami blushed slightly against the red of her eyes, "Sometimes, when I'm alone, and my mind wanders, I'll find myself thinking about you. Wondering what you're doing. You're strong, you're straight forward, you," Ami cracked a slight smile, once again sniffing "you looked sexy in that rose dress."

Makoto laughed with her, and then looked into Ami's eyes. "You know, Ami, is it possible that we're completely opposite?"

"Yes."

"And that we're so opposite that we find each other attractive."

"Mmhmm."

"And that just now, we were really attracted to each other."

"Yes. I think we were." Ami moved a little closer to Makoto, who did the same.

"Ami?" Makoto smiled, moving a little closer to Ami.

"What?"

"When you danced with me, who were you thinking about, in the back of your mind?"
Ami moved closer to Makoto, and blushed. "Urawa. I was thinking about Urawa."

"I was thinking about my father. And," Makoto closed the space between Ami and herself, "some guy I'll meet sometime in my future, that looks like my old boyfriend." Ami placed her arms loosely around Makoto's shoulders.

"Makoto-chan?"

"Yes?"

"I love you."

Makoto moved in closer and gave Ami a slight kiss on the cheek, and then wrapped her arms tightly around the blue-haired girl's frame. "I love you too. Sister." They withdrew from the hug.

"Sister," Ami said.

Makoto laughed and leaned back in the couch. "You still need to work on your dancing!"

Ami raised a finger in mock protest while wiping a few straggling tears from an eye with her other hand. "Now wait a minute!"

"I'll help you, if you're interested. After all that's what sisters are for. Right?"

Ami leaned back in the couch.

"But right now it's time for bed," Makoto said.

"Where will I sleep?"

Makoto stood up and walked around the coffee table towards the hallway. "That couch is too stiff. Just come with me. My bed's big enough for the two of us."

Ami blushed. "Are you sure?"

"Sure," Makoto said. She turned around and caught sight of Ami's blush. "Ami-chan, you pervert." She smiled when Ami blushed even further. "Well. It's certainly safe to say that you have your share of dirty thoughts."

"But I didn't!"

"Hah!" Makoto ducked around the corner of the hallway to avoid the pillow that Ami hurled towards her.

=====

Ami snuggled up to her pillow on her side of her adopted sister's queen-size bed. She wasted no time going into that dream world that we all enter every night.

In it, she was with Urawa. Dancing permeated the scenery in an endless horizon of faces.

She approached him in the crowd. The one for her, Urawa. He extended his hands to her and she took them gracefully. Urawa moved his hands around her slender waist. Ami moved her arms up around and clasped her hands behind his neck. They looked deep into each other's eyes as the music began.

And they danced...

With that, we conclude this story.

You're probably wondering why I revised and expanded this story. I only revised and expanded the ending because I felt that it did not accurately portray what I was trying to say at the end. I also corrected a few typos, but those were trivial. I'll leave the interpretation up to you.

Sailor Moon and her associates are owned by a bunch of people, from across the big pond, who don't even know I exist. Of course I'm using their characterizations without authorization. Hey, that rhymes. Nifty beans!

Send all questions, comments, and other supplemental data to the _robonerd@cox.net. All input is greatly appreciated.