

Soft

It was so damn soft!

Von Demonic_Banshee

Soft

Soft

Coraline hated her father's food with all her heart.

And that's why she sneaked out of the Pink Palace at 7 pm that evening and went to the house of the Lovat's.

But they didn't know... until she rang the bell.

"Yes, yes...", came the shrill voice of old Mrs. Lovat from inside the house.

"Who's there? " she asked when she opened the door and looked around in the darkening landscape. Coraline waved and answered with the sweetest smile she knew

"It's me, Coraline. Wybourne invited me for dinner today."

Of course this was a lie. Mrs. Lovat turned around and called for her Grandson.

"What's it, Grandma? Who's there?"

"Well, young man, you didn't tell me we awaited a guest, did you?"

Wybie came around a corner and the look on his face was priceless when he came to see what "guest" his grandmother was talking about.

"J - Jonesy! W- What do you d-do here...?", he began to stutter. With her still extra - sweet smile she looked at him, climping with her eyelashes exaggeratedly.

"Why, don't you remember you invited me for dinner today evening?"

When he opened his mouth to contradict her face darkened unseen for Mrs. Lovat. Then told old women glared at Wybie as well.

Poor him.

Speechless and wearily he bowed his head more than usually into his slouching position and led Coraline into the kitchen. The kitchen was a comfortable room filled with warm light and a loving atmosphere. She really liked being here.

"Well, dear, you're lucky. There is still a rest of leek. Do you like some?", Mrs. Lovat asked but didn't pay attention of Coraline's answer because she was already filling a plate with leek. Wybie had to cover up his mouth to stop himself from bursting into laughter because of the disgusted face Coraline made. She HATED leek!

She looked down on the filled plate Mrs. Lovat had put in front of her and gulped. She couldn't say no, could she? Because SHE was the one who said she was invited for dinner. With closed eyes she took a bite and opened them suddenly. With a surprised look she slowly chewed on the food she hated so much and it... was good! It tasted good! Not like the slime her father was calling food, but much better.

Well, what do people say?

Grandma's the best.

"Mrs. Lovat, this tastes awesome!"

The old woman wore a self- confident smile in contrast to her grandson who looked slightly disappointed. It would have been only fair when it would have tasted awful in Coralines opinion, so she had to suffer for her little sin.

After eating Coraline told her gratitude for having dinner and then left, dragging along an embarrassed Wybie.

"So, what do we do now?", Coraline asked her companion.

"What do you mean? You came here, lied about the invitation and now you want me to come along with an idea about what to do next? Shouldn't you say at least 'I'm sorry for dragging you into trouble, Wybie?'"

"Oh, don't be such a cry - baby! Be happy I'm here!"

Somehow his cheeks got a little redder, Coraline thought. But she dropped that thought when she looked up the stairs into the upper rooms of the big old house.

"Let's explore the loft!"

A smile crept upon the still red face of Wybie. His eyes were shining with excitement. Never ever had someone had the guts to explore the dark, dusty, with many disgusting little animals filled loft with him. And he loved this place. Yes, it was a little creepy, but it was silent. He could hide there when he needed some minutes just for himself and there were so many things hidden. Long lost history! He hid himself so often, sometimes just to watch the little dust particles float in the air, lightened by the setting, golden sun in the evening that came through the little window in the middle of the roof.

He couldn't wait any longer to show his best friend his beloved, hidden place, so he said 'Ok', grabbed Coralines slender wrist and dragged her all the way up to the old, wooden door that led up to the loft.

"There it is!", he stated proudly, "But beware! Your clothes might get a little dirty."

With a none interested look she opened the door and entered first. It was already dark and it was almost impossible to see anything. But that's what made it interesting, didn't it? The unknown.

Slowly she took one step after the other, her eyes were turning into slits, because she had to get used to the darkness. Suddenly there was something in front of her. It was almost not noticeable and only sometimes it shimmered silky. She got nearer but when she noticed it was a spider net and in the middle of it there was a big, black spider with long, slender legs. Coraline screamed in horror and stumbled backwards, just to crash against a wall that was Wybie's body.

"Whoa, Jonesy, what got into you?!"

"Th- there's a spider!"

Wybie rose an eyebrow questioning.

"So what?"

Of course she normally wouldn't be frightened but ever since she fought the Beldam she was scared by every kind of spiders and rats.

She knelt down to collect her thoughts and calm her heart, just to squash another spider on the ground with her hand.

"Iyeeeh!"

"A- are you all right?", Wybie asked worried and knelt down beside her. She gazed at him with a disgusted look.

"I have to wear my gloves up here or I'll die because of a heart attack. Wait here."

Hurriedly she went down the stairs to go back up with gloves over her petite fingers. Amused Wybie shook his head. This time he wouldn't be the cry - baby for sure.

For hours they crouched over the dusty ground, searching for evidence of long lost history, they rummaged in old boxes and looked at photos in yellowed albums while Wybie told her everything about the shown family members. It was funny, against all Coraline would have thought it would be like watching old photos of unknown persons. Sometimes Wybie would look a bit sad at photos of his passed away mother and father but it wouldn't last long and he'd laugh about something else. Coraline liked to see him laugh, although she would never ever admit it.

After her first yawn they decided to go down again. Coraline also decided to sleep over in the Lovat's house. She wasn't worried what their parents would think because she left a note that said that she was with Wybie, so it would be no problem and her parents didn't need to worry. She dusted herself off in the bathroom and then went to Wybie's room where he was supposed to wait. She wouldn't sleep in his room but they wanted to talk some more time or play some stupid little games.

Slowly she got into the room and looked for her friend.

"Wybie?", she asked when she couldn't see him.

"Where are you?"

Suddenly the door squealed in a scary way like doors did in stupid horror- films. Coraline turned around to see a black creature crawling on the ground. With a horrifying laughter it turned in Coraline's direction. Its eyes were turned in an unnatural way so you could only see the white of the eyes and its mouth was twisted in a weird, cracked kind of a smile. It was Wybie who wanted to shock Coraline a bit but when he looked at her his face froze. There she had fallen on the bed and was staring at him with a blank look on her face and pale skin. And worst of all:

She was crying.

Coraline Jones was crying!

"Jonesy- ... C - Coraline! I – I didn't mean t – to scare you like that! P- please stop crying...!"

He felt so bad and useless because she wouldn't stop crying. It was as if she was in some kind of trance.

It's my fault! It's my fault! It's all my fault, all because of me!

Her thoughts were spinning in circles. As Wybie had sat in the corner and grimaced she saw for a moment Other Wybie with his forced, cracked up grin looking at her.

It was her fault! Just because he wanted to save her he had to die. For her own sake.

And what about the real Wybie?

He almost had died because of her, too! She was causing so much trouble, it made her insides twitch and turn. She'd lost Other Wybie, what if she'd lose Wybie as well? She couldn't stand the thought, it almost crushed her heart.

The tears streamed down her face and she couldn't stop them from falling.

A warm hand brushed over her whole back and began to rub in circles in a comforting way.

"Jonesy? Please, stop crying! Please! I didn't mean to... I – I..."

Now Coraline snapped out of her trance. Furiously she glared at him with reddened eyes. Wybie bowed his head down and raised his hands in defence.

"I'm sorry!", he begged again and again.

But she wouldn't listen when her fist collided with his arm and she screamed "DON'T – EVER – DO – THIS – AGAIN!!"

He yelled and stumbled backwards, pain shooting straight through his whole arm.

"Ouch! Jonesy, that hurt way too much!"

"As well did your stupid grimace!"

"But why?! It was just a stupid grimace, as you told so yourself!"

"You wouldn't understand...", Coraline mumbled, telling herself it was stupid to cry about something like this in front of him, and then she breathed in fresh new air to calm down and to ban her unpleasant thoughts. Wybie was there, he was alive and safe and sound. He didn't die because of her and he won't... possibly, maybe because of her punches that were damn hard.

"O..k... But anyway that punch couldn't have been from a girl's hand. What kind of demon pranks do you have there?!", he asked, still rubbing his hurting arm.

"Demon pranks?! Just look at yours!"

She was slightly hurt by his comment; she was a girl after all. When Coraline moved Wybie closed his eyes, awaiting the new punch in the arm. But when nothing happened he looked again. Angry Coraline pulled off her gloves, then she grabbed Wybie's right hand and pulled off his black glove with bones printed on it. She hold his hand, staring at it, then she rose both hands and pressed them against each other, palm on palm, fingers on fingers.

Wybie's heart skipped a beat when she did so. He hadn't had expected something like this, so he was blushing.

How the hell could her fingers be so petite, small and... fragile against his big, rough hands that were so weak and how the hell could her skin be so damn soft?!

It was so damn soft!

He only wanted to melt into that warmth of her hand and body.

Without thinking his fingers entwined with hers and he was holding her hand ever so strongly.

Coraline's eyes widened.

"S- see?? Y- your hands a- are much bigger than m- mine!", she stuttered without thinking of that matter anymore, as blushing as Wybie was.

"Y- yeah... You are r- right, I think..."

So suddenly how he had entwined his strong fingers with her slender ones, so suddenly he'd let go of her hand. He stared at the blank wall, his heart was beating like hell.

Why...?

The world was silent, he only heard the blood rushing in his ears, when something pillowy hit his head.

"What the-"

"Let's do a pillow fight!", Coraline whispered smiling, still with a red face but determined to think of something else as his warm, strong hands.

Thankful for the distraction he smiled devilish and threw the pillow back at Coraline.

Giggling she caught the pillow; Wybie's confident smile was dropping. But then his spirit got back and he grabbed the other pillow to fight against the water – witch.

They fought and fought and seemed to never get sick of getting hit by some fabric, filled with feathers that were floating in the air.

Their faces were flushed in red, their bodies were sweating, their breath was heavy and their hearts were beating in unison.

Content with themselves and filled with eternal happiness they fell on the soft bed,

side by side, head against head. And when Coraline breathed in, she felt Wybie's curly hair against her forehead. It was tickling and she began to think about how close they lay side by side what made her heart race even more. Then she closed her eyes and breathed in his smell and she thought that his hair was softer than she would have thought.

It was so damn soft.

xXx

**Falls jemand sehr gut in Englisch ist, dann wäre ich mehr als Dankbar, wenn dieser jemand sich als Betaleser melden würde.
Ich zahle auch wenn verlangt mit KT's.**

Ich hatte diese Story länger schon im Kopf und ich liebe den Film und das Pairing.
Ich hoffe, ihr konntet hiermit etwas anfangen ^^

LG,
Demonic_Banshee