

I Barely Knew I Has Skin Before I Met You (When You Lifted Your Head, The Heat Was Quite Forgotten, Piercing The Shadows Of The Naked Stage)

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I Barely Knew I Has Skin Before I Met You (When You Lifted Your Head, The Heat Was Quite Forgotten, Piercing The Shadows Of The Naked Stage)

by [Iamasortofvillain](#)

Summary

I'm a princess cut from marble, smoother than a stone and the scars that mark my body are silver and gold

or: five times Marianne kisses Heloise and it feels like the beginnig + one time they kiss and it is the end

Notes

She nods and your skin burn in all the places you want her to touch you and her eyes are green, young, eternal, and yours sting with tears like smoke.

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angsty drabble with some smut and minimal efforts at plot

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

i.

Their first kiss is all anticipation. All recklessness. All fire.

Marianne spends days wondering how to win her. Heloise is guarded and beautiful and angry and Marianne cannot bring herself to step closer (partly because she has tasted so many mouths, Heloise cannot be special).

(She is terrified to discover that she is).

When they kiss, Marianne feels like she's been keeping her head underwater, and finally came up for air. Heloise's mouth is hot and demanding, full of unspilled questions and suppressed desires, even though she does nothing to deepen the kiss.

The waves crush on the shore, roaring and thundering, and Marianne wonders briefly if the way she feels for Heloise may awaken the wrath of ancient gods.

(She thinks she might pass out from sheer happiness. She's been imagining how it would feel to kiss Heloise. She never thought it would be like this).

Heloise's mouth has a faint taste of salt and wine, something Marianne will learn to identify with love. She will never taste wine the same way again. The faint taste on her lips, after spending an afternoon at the beach, will be bound to break her heart repeatedly.

Their first kiss is all lust and lost and it shines like gold. It is one minute full of war and bombs and flashes if something haunted in the light of Heloise's eyes.

Marianne sighs and whispers. She makes a strangled sort of sound and Heloise is jerking back, eyes wide and heart pounding.

Heloise cannot meet Marianne's eye. For a brief moment it is as if Heloise is waiting for her to tell her to keep it a secret. Never speak of it. Then she lifts her eyes.

There's a faint smile on Marianne's swollen lips. It makes Heloise pull aback.

(The smile is all wrong).

ii.

Their second kiss is nothing rushed, and nothing scary and everything breathless and forgetful and something is fading far far away.

Marianne is breathing heavily. Her eyes are warm and beautiful and burning and Heloise is soft and imploring and unflinchingly bold. She looks and touches and kisses without a second thought.

Marianne lets herself be touched.

Afterwards, there are familiar kind of kisses. Kisses she has received before and it is nothing scary.

Desire spattering across Heloise's face, and the look in her eyes make desire pool between Marianne's legs, stick to the inside of her mouth. The kisses become sloppy and Heloise is dented and bleeding with want when Marianne's gaping at her.

Marianne works her fingers in tight circles, feeling the slick and wet flesh under her fingertips and Heloise yelps and cries and moves, rocking on the mattress. Her eyes are wide open, and she gasps and sucks in air and when the lightning strikes, she digs her nails into Marianne's back and breaks down.

iii.

Their third kiss is all wide eyed and excited and almost childish. It's a fast kiss, full of things that should not be present.

It is happy and free and full of hope.

It is fast and sweet and fleeting.

It lacks all reality and they enjoy it as if this kiss will last forever.

iv.

Their fourth kiss is stern and playful and makes Heloise laugh and laugh and laugh.

"Be serious." Marianne tells her like it is a grave matter. When she speaks her words are vibrant and firm, like she has always been this way – confident and loose.

Her brows are knit together, her mouth set firm. A smirk of intrigue spreads across Heloise's face and they've been doing it for quite some time so she knows what follows.

Marianne looks Heloise over for a moment, then leans in and places her lips on Heloise's mouth.

For a moment, the kiss is just that. Mouths pressed together.

Then - Marianne licks at Heloise's lips and desire sparks in the blonde woman's stomach. Her hands move on their own accord and she slides her fingers into Marianne's dark curls.

The kiss isn't sweet. It isn't gentle. There is a fire in Marianne that makes her bow lower, deepen the kiss. She is pulsing with lust, vibrating with pure want, and she lets her desire be known.

When Heloise grabs the back of Marianne's neck, a little tighter than last time, Marianne is pressing harder against her and she kisses and kisses and kisses.

Heloise lets out a noise that makes Marianne feel weak. It's desperate and small and leaves Marianne completely bare.

The kisses grow harder and heavier and Marianne's heart aches when Heloise settles around her. Gentle hands touch her throat and everything is quiet now. Her heartbeat roaring in her ears and (it isn't their first time, but it feels like it).

This time, Heloise takes control and Marianne gasps. She blinks and blinks and shakily climbs the bed, grasping for something to keep her grounded. Her fingers dig into honey coloured hair and hot mouth trails kisses down her abdomen.

Marianne is hanging to the bed, rain batters the huge windows at her left, and she settles against the wooden bed-frame and lets Heloise taste her for the first time.

When she climbs up, Heloise's mouth is stained red and she tugs with her teeth at Marianne's lips. She doesn't wipe her mouth. She doesn't look surprised.

This kiss becomes something different. Something exciting and Marianne isn't ashamed.

"You taste like the end of the world." Heloise tells her and kisses her again.

Marianne kisses back, though she knows it won't make her feel better. It won't stop the upcoming separation, the upcoming pain and trauma of letting Heloise go.

They lie on the bed, clothes off, like girls in the begging of time. They are in the middle though, no ends, and this feeling is burning Marianne like white pyre.

(She kisses her anyway).

Their fifth kiss is faded and thirsty and Heloise's lips are anchor. They are the light in the dark. They are the only thing that matters, right here and now and (Marianne is thirsty beyond comprehension).

It feels good to have Heloise's lips on her own. It feels good to have Heloise's body pressed to hers. It feels good to look down at Heloise's mouth and see her lips slightly parted.

Neither of them press harder. Black black eyes stare at black eyes. They share a breath.

Marianne thinks she sees a figure, just behind Heloise's shoulder, but the image flatters and fades, like flame in the storm.

Heloise sleeps – small and young and always unguarded. She slips on messy sheets and her skin is soft and smooth and golden. She smells like sweat and flowers and when Marianne kisses her, pours water into her mouth, she tastes nothing like forbidden.

Marianne spreads her legs and Heloise breathes her consent in wonderful french and Marianne kisses her with lips and tongue and Heloise splits before her.

+i.

It's hard, extremely hard, knowing that kissing Heloise won't last for long. After today, this is their last kiss and Marianne is scared and broken and she wants to scream and spatter blood.

She finds herself running, reaching for the woman on the beach. The yell is squeezing at her throat but she doesn't cry out.

Her arms snake around Heloise's middle and she hugs her close, falling into her. She clutches to the warm, tall body in front of her and there is nothing she can do to stop her tears from slipping down her cheeks.

Marianne is not the type for tears, but her heart is breaking and tears are the only thing stopping her from lashing out.

(She doesn't want Heloise to see her that way).

The kiss is rushed and salty, it's hard and demanding and everything like the end.

(Marianne never meant to lose her).

The next kiss is much like the one on the beach. They kiss as if feeding off of each other. They kiss to remember, to savour a moment that is slipping away.

(In this moment, there is little that Marianne doesn't want to capture. At this moment, little can escape her touch. She is willing to hurt and corrupt for the chance of leaving a mark. When she comes, it's weakly and nearly too intense).

(Heloise looks at her as if she is surprised. She looks at her as if they are doomed).

(They might very well be).

Their last kiss is soft and gentle and something like the beginning and Marianne is lost in the woman in front of her.

Marianne leans forward, (all anger and doom forgotten). Her own pain is nothing compared to the teary pain of this wonderful creature lying next to her, eyes dark and hair spread out around her.

Her pain makes place for the need to comfort and love this crying girl and she kisses her soft. She kisses her slow. She kisses her full of love and desperation.

Tears fall from Heloise's eyes and Marianne gathers her into her arms, kisses her gently. She is broken and defeated in the best and worst ways. She can no longer resist, so she sinks and sinks and sinks.

"Don't regret," she says. "remember," and Heloise gives the slightest of nods.

(Marianne is lost in songs of the crowds and her body is scorched to ashes. She sees the streets of Paris and feels nothing. Her hands are webbed with scars and desire, with Brittany's soil. With ashes of lost love).

(When she paints Heloise's eyes, she does it like before and later she puts away the greens and tries to keep her memory alive).

Marianne remembers how, eventually, they began to fade, lulled by the absolute silence of the room. They both knew they should not feel comforted. They knew they should not feel warm but they both couldn't help themselves.

Their bodies remembered all too well the ways in which they had been loved, been touched, so lovingly and wonderfully and so they relaxed against each other and forget about the morning.

(Marianne stands near the water and watches the ships and horses. She remembers the music, the poems, but they are hollow in her stained memory and she cannot cross the water ever again).

In the end, Marianne shrugged and lied next to Heloise, silent and sad. She wrapped her body around Heloise, all soft skin and warm hands and tired eyes).

Their last kiss was soft, and tired and nothing like the end.

End Notes

Hello. Thank you so much for reading this.

English is not my first language so it may very well be that i butchered some words or phrases and if so, i apologise.

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