

All the Little Things

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All the Little Things

by [guesswhattimeitis](#)

Summary

Michiru reflects on Haruka.

Notes

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

"I love it when you do that." Haruka said it in such a plain way but Michiru couldn't help but stop what she was doing. She had been tapping her index finger lightly against her lips. Not hard enough to damage her lipstick but enough to feel the texture. Michiru looked over at Haruka as she leaned out the door of their bedroom. Haruka was halfway through putting her shirt on, and was fiddling with the buttons as she looked lovingly at her girlfriend.

It wasn't something Michiru noticed about herself, but clearly Haruka noticed it. Michiru smiled before shaking her head.

"Keep getting ready, or do you want to be leaving here past midnight?" Haruka chuckled before disappearing back into the bedroom. Michiru was ready a half hour ago, but Haruka just had to draw it out sometimes. She felt her finger return to her lips, and as she continued with her tick she thought.

Could something so small be so noticeable? So endearing? Michiru didn't often voice the little things she noticed about Haruka, but it was hard to put them to words. It was easy to just enjoy them and float away, Michiru's mind being much like the oceans she embodied.

Michiru sat down in the kitchen, waiting for Haruka to finish getting dressed. For some reason she was taking even longer than usual, and Michiru just had to wait. They weren't in a rush; there was no where they had to be. No reservations at a luxurious restaurant awaited them, no one was meeting them for a night on the town. They were getting dressed up, and going for a drive. To see where the night would take them.

Checking her watch, Michiru got up and made her way to the bedroom. Even if they weren't going anywhere, it wasn't like Haruka to take quite this long. She stepped into the doorway, and stopped herself. Haruka stood in front of the floor length mirror, her eyes intent on her wardrobe. She ran her hands over her shirt, unsure of how many buttons she wanted to leave undone.

It was hard for Michiru not to make a comment. But at the same time, she didn't want to disturb Haruka's thoughts. Seeing Haruka lost in thought like this wasn't something Michiru got to see often. It gave her a deep contentedness to see it. Something about the way Haruka brushed her hair out of her eyes, or the way she adjusted her lapels. She pretended not to care about the way she looked, and yet, here she was, making a big fuss about her outfit. Michiru loved to see these little moments, and realized she was doing what Haruka had done. Just standing in the doorway, admiring.

Over too soon, Haruka looked up and caught Michiru spying. Haruka smiled and looked away, a little bashful to be caught preening herself. Despite the blush forming on her face, Haruka found her voice.

"Like what you see?" She was putting on her flirty face, but it only lasted a moment. Knowing she didn't need to hide herself from Michiru didn't mean she didn't let herself get a bit cheesy. To her credit, Michiru didn't laugh this time at the lame line, but responded by walking right up to her. Haruka had settled on being more conservative with her buttons, but with a simple flick Michiru popped the top one open. Haruka's eyebrows shot up.

"If you wanted to stay in, all you had to do was say so." Michiru let herself laugh this time. She rested her hands on Haruka's shoulders, before reaching up to pull her head down. Careful not to leave any lipstick on Haruka's face, Michiru gave her a sweet little peck on the forehead. She had to stand on her toes, but that was part of what made it fun.

"Don't think you can weasel your way out of tonight. I've been looking forward to going out all week." Michiru let one hand slide down to rest on Haruka's collarbone. Leaning her head close, she gave that a quick peck too, before stepping back and grabbing Haruka's hand.

"Now come on, you look amazing. I'm sure all the ladies will adore you." Haruka rolled her eyes, and pulled back on Michiru's hand. Holding her close, Haruka pressed her lips to Michiru's ear.

"The only lady I want adoring me is you." Michiru smiled, before shaking her head.

"You and I both know that's not true. But it's cute of you to say it."

The two of them finally made it to the car after a couple last touch ups. Sliding into the passenger seat, Michiru started digging through Haruka's tapes in the glove box. They were kept just so, and Michiru had gotten used to the way Haruka ordered them. Haruka started the convertible with a flourish, and by the time they reached the end of the driveway Michiru had a tape. Popping it in, Michiru hit play, leaned back, and let the music start.

It was her new favorite; a mix Haruka had made for her when she went on the road with the orchestra. Not sophisticated, not even well recorded, the tape still held a special place in her heart, skips and all. Haruka did it last minute with songs she had said 'will remind you of home'. Of course they did; they reminded Michiru of Haruka.

There was only one way Haruka knew how to drive, and it was fast. For Michiru's sake she kept it reasonable, but there was some part of her that would always want to fly. Again, Michiru found her eyes resting on Haruka.

She was restless. Always. Haruka's hands were always grasping for something, her fingers were always moving, searching. As her hand rested on the gear shift, her thumb rubbed circles into the leather. It was something of a trademark; any car Haruka drove long enough would have a spot worn down on the shift.

And Haruka could have been a universe away. It wasn't that she didn't want to talk, or that she wanted to be anywhere else, it was just who she was. There were thoughts in her head that would always stay there, and Michiru was alright with that. The two of them were content to drive without talking, letting the music take up what little space there was between them.

Michiru dwelt on the little things. The way Haruka touched her hair, the way she wasn't afraid to say cute little nothings. When they were alone and she could always count on Haruka to say the right thing.

Somehow Haruka felt Michiru's eyes. Smiling, she looked over at Michiru and asked a simple question.

"So where do you want to go?" Michiru smiled and gripped Haruka's hand, rubbing with her thumb the way Haruka did.

"Anywhere as long as it's with you." Haruka blushed, and then laughed.

"I meant for dinner."

End Notes

I got caught on this one for at least a week, going off a prompt that I forgot the specifics of and didn't bother to copy anywhere. After sitting on it and trying to come back to it a couple times, I finally got some help from @sea-and-skies on tumblr about how to give this some structure and a better overall feeling. I'm still not sold on it as a complete work, but after some reworking I'm happy enough with it to post it. Next time I'll copy the prompt to coming back to it a week later won't doom the work. I hope you enjoy it, I'm glad to have it finished and out of my head.

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