



Revolutionary Girl

UTENA





There were fingers in her hair.

They weren't the demanding fingers of Touga, directing her mouth to where it would – in his words – do the most good. They weren't the cruel fingers of Nanami, pulling at her painfully and dragging her towards some new form of sexual abuse. These fingers were careful, gentle, soothing on her scalp.

Utena curled, holding her knees against her chest. She was naked but she was under soft blankets in a small bed. She could feel the weight of someone sitting beside her, the person with the fingers. Her hair was being stroked, careful, gentle. The person doing the stroke was giving her space but Utena could feel her trembling, her concern.

“Utena?” the voice was gentle. “Are you awake?”

Utena made a non-committal sound. She didn't feel like she could speak. She kept her eyes closed, hugged her knees against her chest more tightly. She was hyper-ventilating.

“Is it okay if I hold you?”

She nodded, slightly. The speaker held her, wrapping her in a blanket, not touching her directly. Her pressure was soft. For a long time there were no words, no words, just quiet breathing that Utena tried to copy. She got her breathing under control. She could think. She wasn't at the Kiryuu mansion. This was her home, hers and Anthy's, but it wasn't Anthy holding her.

“Wakaba?” asked Utena.

“I've got you,” Wakaba answered.



They woke in the morning. The dorm was quiet but Anthy and Utena had always had the building all to themselves. Utena let Wakaba pull her from bed, take her to the bathroom. She didn't force Utena to move, didn't pull her or drag her, she just helped her friend take one unsteady step after the other.

She drew a bath but she didn't get undressed. She helped Utena into it, the pink-haired girl wincing from the heat as she settled in. The hot water seeped into aching muscles, pulling the tension from her body. She pulled her knees close to her chest, hugged herself, bowed her head and closed her eyes.

Wakaba washed her hair, her shoulders. Careful, gentle, Wakaba washed the rest of her, somewhere between a massage and a soothing. The dried cum and tangles were pulled from her hair. The tear stains washed from her cheeks. Wakaba held her and kissed her forehead and let her soak in the heat, let her find herself.

She helped Utena out of the tub and dried her off. Brushed and dried and brushed her hair again. Applied make up. She stopped, dithering.

“What's wrong?” asked Utena.

“I didn't bring anything for you to wear,” Wakaba admitted.

“That's okay,” said Utena, keeping her head bowed. “I'm used to wearing nothing.”

Wakaba insisted she wear a towel.



They ate breakfast. Wakaba was a very good cook. It felt like it had been forever since Utena had been able to use chopsticks and her fingers felt clumsy. She managed. She managed to eat like a person as Wakaba watched her and smiled and helped and didn't once judge her.

It wasn't fair.

She felt like she needed to be judged.

Utena cried when Wakaba brought her shaved ice.

Wakaba held her and let her cry, let her come close and held her and let her cry, held her and rubbed her back and told her that it was going to be okay.

"I don't know why you're letting them do this to you," Wakaba whispered, "but I think they're tricking you. I think they're trying to take you from yourself and I think you need to take yourself back. Does that make sense? Am I making sense? I don't-"

Utena kissed her.

Utena cupped Wakaba's face and kissed her, lightly.

"You're right," Utena said, and Wakaba shivered as she saw the fire light in her boyfriend's eyes.



Utena stood dressed only in underwear in her room, holding her uniform in her hands.

"It's ripped," she said, showing Wakaba the tears. "Can you fix it for me?"

Wakaba nodded.

"Good. Thank you." Utena paused, pulling the small skirt up her long legs, settling it on her hips and zipping in in place. She pulled the blouse over her head, knotted the tie, pulled on her socks and shoes.

"Utena? I can get this done quickly," Wakaba said.

"I know," Utena said. "And thank you. But I need to go earn it."



"There you are," Nanami tittered, followed by her three friends. They all leered at her, surrounding her. "Did no one find your sad little ass? Well, we have a full day of-"

Utena slapped Nanami across the face.

The girl gaped at her, hand going to her cheek.

"You can't treat her like-"

Utena punched the speaking girl in the gut, grabbed her hair and drove a knee into her face. One of the others came to help and Utena drove an elbow into that girl's throat and smiled as she fell down, choking. The last girl fled.

Nanami backed away from her, eyes wide. Utena cracked her knuckles, letting the two girls she'd beaten crumble to the floor, walking slowly towards Touga's cruel little sister.

"You can't-"

"I can."



When she was done Nanami cowered in a corner, hugging herself as Utena stood over her.

“Touch me again and I’ll end you,” Utena promised. “Touch anyone like you touched me and I’ll end you. You can’t hide from me. And I don’t care about your silly games. Understand?”

Nanami nodded.

It wasn’t enough.

It had to be enough.

Biting down her rage, Utena continued.



There were whispers throughout Ohtori. Utena paid them no mind. She strode through the school, strong, confident. She walked through the school and towards the basketball courts. She stood on the edges of the court, hand on her hip, and Suyama lost control of the ball and she caught it.

“Hey, boys,” Utena said. “You have time for a quick game?”

She dribbled the ball onto the court and they backed away, eyes wide and bodies shivering. She was in a skirt but she was ready to play and they were trembling, the whole school gathered to watch.

They couldn’t back down, not from a single slip of a girl in a short skirt.

Utena passed the ball to the acting referee and took her place on center court.

“First to ten?” she asked, standing across from Suyama. He swallowed, nodded.

The ball was thrown upwards.



It wasn’t fair.

It wasn’t fair.

She aced them.

The Scarlet of the School dominated the team. She streaked across the court, protecting the ball, ducking and weaving as she went, hammering through defences and picking her shots. It took

her less than ten minutes to win.

"I'm just getting warmed up," she said. She wasn't even breathing hard.

The second line did no better. The Ohtori team had been having a record year and she smashed through them like they weren't even there, like they were playing as hard as they could just to delay the inevitable.

She was barely even sweating.

It wasn't fair.

"Hey, Suyama," she said, holding the ball and standing over his beaten team. She passed the ball hard enough to make him wince. "Does it count?"

He nodded.

"Say it."

"It... it counts."



Anthy had once told her that Ohtori was like a dream.

The more she did to reclaim who and what she was, the more Ohtori forgot what had happened since. But she wouldn't forget. She couldn't forget. She made her way through the school and made certain that everyone knew who and what she was.

Utena Tenjou.

The Scarlet of the School.

She went everywhere she had to until there was only one place and one person left.



The head of Ohtori was an observatory.

The heart of Ohtori was a garden in the shape of a giant birdcage.

Anthy was inside, watering the roses. Utena did not shudder as she remembered the last time she had come in here, the last time she had seen Anthy. Anthy didn't look up. Anthy didn't look over at Touga.

There was girl in his arms, someone Utena didn't know. He held her and she smiled and blushed and probably thought she was seducing him. His hand on her blouse, on the small of her back. His other hand playing with the bottom of her skirt, a threat and a promise.

Utena snatched a rose from the garden, snapping it off at the stem.

She walked closer to him and he smiled, he leered, looking down on her.

“Hello, lover,” he said. “I'm a little busy just now, unless you'd like to join in...?”

The girl in his arms giggled. Utena said nothing.

“I see,” Touga crooned. “Come here, little one, let me-”

She held up the rose, the perfect white rose, and held it between them.

“I challenge you,” she said.

“You can't just-” he said, but Anthy had gotten up, was brushing off her skirt.

“I can. I did,” Utena said. “It's time.”



Do you know?

Do you know?

Do you know your own destiny?

Most people ghost their way through their lives, never really thinking or understanding anything they do. They meander without thought, without understanding. To be free you must understand. Without that you have nothing.

Do you know?

Do you know?

Do you know the only absolute destiny is apocalypse?



She walked through the night towards the duelling arena.

Juri met her on the way.

“You'll need this is set the scene,” Juri said, handing her a sword. Utena accepted it, thanked her, moved on, moved up the stairs to the arena. Anthy came to her and fastened a white rose to her chest.

“You're fighting to reclaim yourself,” Touga crooned. “I'll put a stop to that. Anthy?”

He cradled her, dipped her, drew the Sword of Dios from between her breasts.

“Hey, Utena,” Touga teased, “did you know the sword can do this?”

He extended the blade towards Anthy and she knelt down, cradled it in her hands, kissed along the length of the blade.

“Remind you of anyone?” he asked as she turned away, refusing to watch him debase someone she loved. “Remind you of every morning for the rest of your life?”

“Let's end this,” she growled, pointing Juri's sword at him.

He smiled at her from across the arena. Slashed with the sparkling sword.

Cracks formed in the arena floor. Behind her, walls and parapets shattered as the Sword of Dios – *the Sword of God* – awakened. Her clothes were torn, hair fluttering in the wind as she struggled to hold her own.

“Let me remind you of your place,” he said, swinging the sword in long lazy arcs, letting the Power of God destroy the world around her and the clothing on her. He danced around the area, the sword lashing out and taking more of her clothing with it, revealing more and more of her soft curves and softer flesh.

“You need to remember your place,” Touga leered, watching as her breasts bounced and her ass shook, as her legs trembled and a thin sheen of sweat covered her mostly revealed body. He smiled at her, *slash slash slash*, driving her to her knees so he could smirk and stand over her.

She was left panting, more naked than clothed, flushed and looking like she wanted it.

He moved closer, battering Juri's sword to one side, grabbing her hair and tilting her head back, kissing her deeply, forcing her down, holding her wrists as he nibbled on her neck, bit her breasts, shoving her thighs open. She struggled, she fought. She kicked and bucked and screamed. He was so close to entering her.

“There's nothing you can do to stop me,” he said, kneeling off her, stepping back, laughing. “No matter how hard you fight you're just a woman, and you will learn where you belong.”

She growled and got to her feet, grabbing Juri's sword.

He tried to knock it down but she stood her ground and parried, the glowing Sword of God cutting through the blade with ease as he continued to come for her.

Nevertheless, she persisted.

They both heard it.

Anthy's caught breath.

Anthy wide eyed and starring, perhaps the first genuine reaction either of them had ever seen from the small girl.

The sparkling stopped, the Sword of Dios becoming just a sword. Utena pushed Touga back and followed through, faster than she had ever been – faster than she had been on any basketball court, faster than should have been possible.

And when she stopped Touga's rose fluttered from his chest.

He fell, shocked, unable to understand.

"I've taken back who I am," Utena said, standing near-naked but triumphant.

She turned from him and he tried to think of something to say. This wasn't how things were supposed to happen, not to him, not for him, and Utena didn't care. She abandoned him like his parents had and walked over to the Rose Bride.

"C'mon, Anthy," Utena said, taking Anthy's hand in her own. "We're going home."



And long after, in the quiet night of Ohtori, the student council president shambled alone, making his slow way home. He stared forward, dull, his steps uncertain. He had never lost before.

"Pretty fool of a boy," said one man, pink-haired and cold, watching from the observatory. Beside him another man was letting wine roll in the glass he held. The ghost of a smile in the night, under the stars.

"As if you could do better."

"I will do better." A cold promise. An unspoken threat - *I will take this place from you. I will take everything from you.* The other man smiles and takes a sip of wine. Only the shadows hear his response.

"You are all puppets on my strings."