A Morning With You

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A Morning With You

by Enserric

Summary

Kati Székely wakes early one warm morning in late August with her girlfriend, former Umodel Gold City, so the two can start their day.

Notes

Another Fic that I'm migrating over while Ao3 is down.

Art by Preface Grim

|-Friday morning, Riverwalk Crossing Luxury Apartments, 405 Main Street, Roosevelt Island, Manhattan, New York-|

The alarm is faint, barely audible as I groggily get up to turn it off. I then grab my phone to check the time. Four thirty in the morning. Egy pénteki napon? Ez nem lehet helyes. (On a Friday? That can't be right) Regardless, I try to get up, but City isn't allowing it, still fast asleep as I can tell by how tightly she's holding me. Do I care? No. I've gotten very used to this morning routine during the week, but nevertheless, we do end up waking *early*, brushing our teeth, showering and getting dressed. Sometimes we eat breakfast here, other times we stop by the Pastry Shop to grab something there and also say hi to Tamara. Not a bad system if I do say so myself. I'm glad things have come to this point after City finished up her modeling work with Tomo and came back to New York after spending that time in Oshawa. Ha már... (Speaking of…) I should probably wake her up. I turn over in bed and slowly nudge her, trying to wake her gently so that we can get things moving smoothly. City seems to notice and groans as she tries to open her eyes.

"Hmm… Mada haya sugimasu... (It's too early…)" She grumbles, trying to find an excuse to stay in bed longer. Can't say I blame her.
"Na, gyerünk. (Come on) Not the weekend yet. Can't be lounging in bed right now. You know that." I say as I nudge her again, watching her chest rise before then flattening with a *huff* coming out of her nose. City then slowly rises to a sitting position, acting just as groggy as I am right now as she does so. Nem teszi azonban kevésbé széppé. (Doesn't make her any less beautiful, though) We then both slide out of bed and head to the bathroom. I pass the door first and flick on the light. This apartment is nice in that I can adjust the light level in the bathroom, so I keep it low, but not too low to where we can't see. I quickly get my toothbrush and start brushing my teeth as Gold gently comes up behind me, hand placed on my stomach while she rests her head against my shoulders after she briefly presses her lips to my skin.



"Hmm… I thought you were left-handed, Kati…" She mumbles as I almost swallow toothpaste on accident.
"Not my fault we put both our brushes in the same cup." I say as I continue brushing, finishing quickly and spitting out the excess before I wipe my mouth clean, moving out of the way so that Gold can have her turn. She walks up to the sink while I move behind her, arms

gently wrapping around her waist as it's my turn to rest my head for a little bit. But I decide to take the imtimacy a little further, lips being gently pressed to the skin of her neck as she brushes her teeth. I do try to not distract her, though. Not that it matters, as City finishes up, sets the toothbrush aside, spits out the excess and wipes her mouth before turning around, draping her arms over my shoulders.
"Someone's touchy this morning." She says as she tilts her head, giving me *that* look.
"Sorry… Couldn't help myself." I say as she starts pulling me in.
"Hmm… don't apologize. Come here, you handsome thing you." She then says, leaning in herself as she pulls me in where our lips then meet in the middle. We stay like this for a second or two before pulling away from each other. City then turns her head to the shower, and a new look appears in her eyes. 'Wanna hop in together?' As if I'd ever say no to *that*.

I adjust the light level so that it's a bit brighter as I hear City start undressing. I turn around to watch her discard her pajamas, which then prompts me to do the same. After it's all been taken off, City leans in and gets the water running, leaving it for a few seconds so it can warm up and so she can get her ear covers. By this point, I'm used to seeing Gold naked. But there's something about showering together that always gets my heart pounding harder more than sex can. I don't mind it though, in fact, I welcome it. Once steam starts coming from the shower we both step in, City going under the shower head and me right behind her, water cascading down our bodies as the warmth seeps through. We sit like this for a few seconds before I adjust the shower head, grabbing a bar of soap and then slowly lathering it on City's skin, watching every small and minute movement she makes.
"Still not used to this?" I ask her, taking a little but a joy in how I can get even small response like this out of her. Nincs ilyen érzés. (No feeling quite like that)
"Not entirely, I don't mind it though." She starts as I trail the bar up and down her stomach, setting it aside and then using my hands for the rest once I'm satisfied with how many suds the bar has produced. My hands go up and down, gently massaging her thighs before I rise up to her breasts, bringing soap suds with them to wash away any girm that as accumulated over the previous day. "Feeling your hands on me *like this*… Je ne le remplacerais pas pour rien. (I wouldn't trade that for anything)" I then watch as City reaches for the soap with the intention of doing the same to me. I watch as she starts at my inner thigh, slowly trailing the bar up and down, moving to my stomach before coming down to my other leg. Once she's satisfied, she sets the bar down and starts using her hands, and it is a sensation that always gets goosebumps forming on my skin when it comes to this point. "Turn around." She says, wanting to get my back. So I do as she says, turning around before feeling her hands move up and down my back, stopping around my rear where I feel her hands move in circular motions, a *certain* idea definitely forming in her head as she does so.

"Ne is gondolj rá. (Don't even think about it)" I say, looking back at her to see a bright blush on her face.
"Nem is akartam. (I wasn't going to)" She says with a chuckle as I wash the soap from my hands, adjusting the shower head again so that we can rinse off all the suds. Once they're swirling down the drain, I reach for the uma shampoo, wanting to wash it, yes. But it's also the perfect excuse to have those golden, silky threads running through my fingers once I start applying the conditioner. I quickly squirt a dollop onto my hand and gently apply it to her scalp, fingers running back and forth across the top of her head while I listen to the soft sounds City makes as I do this. After a few more seconds, I move her back under the shower head and wash the shampoo off, grabbing the bottle again so that we can repeat this process

with her tail. I don't need as much for that, and quickly start applying it like I did to her scalp. After a few seconds, we wash that away too and I reach for the conditioner.
"Remember how much conditioner to use?" I hear her ask.
"Yeah, How much conditioner I need to use is determined by how long your hair is." I say as I squirt a fair amount of conditioner into my hand. I get it somwhat wet and then start rubbing my hands together before I take her long, golden hair, applying the conditioner along it's length. I get all of it in one go before taking my time, taking only small handfuls of a time, running them through my palms and fingers before I take all of it once more. After that, I start applying the conditioner to her tail, gently running my hands along the length before sifting my fingers through the long golden strands. After a few seconds of this, we walk back under the showerhead and wash away all the conditioner. She then turns around and deftly slides past me.

"Your turn" Gold says as she grabs my shampoo, squirting a small amount into her hand, gently rubbing it into my scalp in a way that almost makes me almost loose myself in here. Olyan gyengéd és módszeres a mozdulataihoz. Könnyű elveszíteni az időérzékét. (She's so gentle and methodical with her movements. It's easy to lose track of time) But it doesn't last. Never does, much to my eternal disappointment. I move under the showerhead to rinse off the shampoo while City gets the conditioner ready. I then take a step back and feel her hands running through my hair as she starts applying it.
"You should grow it longer again." I hear her say over the sound of the water hitting the tub.
"Really? I thought it was fine where it is right now." I say as she runs her fingers through my hair, getting as much conditioner on the strands as she can.
"I mean, I have no issue with it being this short, but I do want to style your hair for you and I feel like it being longer would be better for that." She says as she finishes with the conditioner, letting me step back under the shower head, washing away all the conditioner. I then turn off the water and we step out, grabbing towels to dry off. I usually finish first as City likes to take her time, which allows me to… Hűha! Még ennyi idő után is ismerjük egymást, és egy pár voltunk, még mindig zavarba ejtenek az ilyen gondolatok. (Wow! Even after all this time we've known each other and have been a couple, I still get flustered by those kinds of thoughts)

We step back into the bedroom after we dry off and start getting some clothes on. I've always been more simple with my wardrobe: jeans, t-shirts and non-descript jackets. City prefers the more fancy stuff. So naturally I'm the first dressed, turning back to see my beautiful girlfriend seemingly unable to make a concrete choice, simply staring into her dresser with only underwear and a bra on.
"Want some help?" I say, walking over to her and looking into the drawer.
"Certainly wouldn't hurt." She responds as she eyes two articles in particular. Both shirts. I take a look behind me and see her favorite black skirt layed out in the bed. I then return my focus to the drawer.
"Hmm… think the green blouse would work well. Plus, you look nice in green." I say, reaching down and picking it up, walking voer to the bed so that I can see if I'm right. I lay it above the skirt, and I think I'm right. Though, for obvious reasons, City might disagree. She walks over herself to see, and as luck would have it, she seems to agree.
"Hmm… Maybe you're right. The green would look good." She says as she turns her attention to me. "Then again, it's hard to make black *not* pair well with anything." She then takes the clothes and starts to put them on, eading over to the closet to grab her shoes and

blazer once she has her belt tightened. She then slips into the blazer before putting her shoes on, looking to me to see if I'm ready to head out. I mean, I *am*, but it's not even six yet. And I can't get my eyes off her tail. Seems City notices too. "Pourriez-vous me dire où vont vos yeux? (Mind telling me where your eyes are going?)"

"When was the last time you brushed your tail?" I ask, watching her face turn red, clearly insulted by my question.
"I- Last week, thank you very much." She says, anoyance in her voice, but I know better. Conditioner and shampoo cna only do *so much*. I walk past City and over to her side of the bed, grabbing the brush and tail oil from her night stand before sitting on the end of the bed, patting my lap.
"Come on, I'm not letting you go out without having brushed your tail." I say, watching as she tentatively walks over to me, coming to my side before laying down across my lap, face down so that I can have an easier time brushing ehr tail. I grab the oil and squirt a little bit onto my hand before I start running it through her tail, feeling as any small knots the shower didn't get become untied from that alone. But I know that it won't be enough. Az sosem az. (It never is) "I think you're spending a bit *too much* time with Met." I say, watching her ears perk up as she hears the words.
"Dō yū imi desu ka? (What do you mean?)" City asks me, turning her head so that I can hear her voice better.
"A lot more knots than I was expecting. You're usually uptight about this sort of thing." I say as I reach for the brush, turning it over to the fine hair so that any remaining micro-knots can be dealt with. I starts slowly, going from tip to base to work out the knots in a way that won't cause her too much pain. Smooth going so far as I inch my way to the base of her tail, where I run into a bigger knot. Hogy hagytam ki ezt? (How did I miss this?) "Woah…" I mutter, trying to not be too harsh with the brush, but somethings can't really be avoided. I push through the knot, hearing City hiss slightly as I pull out some hair untangling the knot.
"That was… not entirely pleasant." She says, settling back down as I squirt more oil into my hand, running it through her tail once more to make sure all the knots are untangled. Once I'm satisifed, I grab the brush again, flipping over to the coarse side, running it through with a lot more ease and a lot less hissing from my girlfriend. Hehe… Still something that is unbelievable.

Gold City.
The Beauty of the Century.
And she's *my* girlfriend.
And I'm *her* girlfriend.
Nem érdemlek meg egy olyan nőt, mint ő. (I don't deserve a woman like her)

Sensing that I'm done, City pushes herself off the bed, standing up and running her fingers through her tail to make sure I did a good job. She seems satisfied.
"Not a bad job." She says as she heads for the door, pressing her lips to my cheek as she does so.
"Like I'd ever mess up. Met is a good practice frame." I say in response, following City to the apartment door, stopping briefly to grab my keys.
"Comment ça? (How so?)" She asks, opening the door, letting me walk out first.
"For someone who goes on about how much he takes care of his hair, he *certainly* likes neglecting his tail." I say as I start walking towards the elevator. "Been like this for as long as

I've known him." I hear Gold chuckle behind me. I'll admit, it *is* kinda funny to think about.
"Somehow, I don't doubt that claim." She says as we reach the elevator, hitting the descend button.

"So the Pastry Shop?" I hear City ask as we appraoch the West Side of Manhattan. It's one of those days. No better way to spend the morning than with some small sweets and Tamara.
"We've got time. So no harm, right?" I say as I turn onto Central Park West. Only a straight shot to West 110th. "Plus, any excuse to see Tamara is a good one."
"I won't argue with you there." City responds as I continue to drive down Central Park West. I periodically glance over to my right, catching glimpes of City staring out the window, watching as we pass Central Park. I can tell what's on her mind. May as well continue the small talk.
"A lot of memories there." I say as we're around halfway across the park. Gold turns her head to me to respond.
"That there are. I remember our first date *very well*." She starts, taking a deep breath as she remembers the moment. "I like to think I made a *good* choice ice skating that afternoon."
"What makes you think I'd disagree?" I say as we come up on the 97th Transverse. Not too much farther to go. "I loved it. Perfect contrast to Budapest Cafe earlier that day." City chuckles as the words hit her ears.
"That's why I suggested it." She says as we reach the roundabout that can get us onto West 110th. I enter and start making my way around, turning onto West 110th when we reach it. After a few more minutes of driving, we reach the Pastry Shop.

I park by the sidewalk and we both get out of the car, making our way to the door and entering, me pulling it open, City walking in first. I take out my phone to check the time real quick. Eight o'clock. Not bad time. Egyáltalán nem rossz. (Not bad at all)

Tamara immediately sees us and starts getting our orders ready, but I feel like doing something different. Variety is the spice of life, after all. I walk over to the register and start talking.
"Szia, Tamara. (Hey, Tamara)" I say, watching her eyes meet mine as she starts ringing us up.
"Reggelt, Kati. Én is örülök, hogy látlak, City. A szokásosat? (Morning, Kati. Nice to see you too, City. The usual?)" She responds, eyes going between me and City, who then speaks up herself, seemingly picking up on my idea.
"Kardamom csomó és egy cseresznye dán fekete kávéval és zöld teával. (Cardamom knot and a cherry danish with black coffee and green tea)" She says, getting an impressed look from Tamara before she speaks up again. "Azt hittem, ma valami mást csinálunk. (Thought we would do something different today)"
"Teljesen igazságos. (Entirely fair)" Tamara says as she rings us up. She then hands us the receipt before leaving us with one more thing. "Hamarosan kihozom őket neked. És City, egyre jobban vagy. (I'll get them out to you soon. And City, you're getting better)"

We thank Tamara and walk over to a table, sitting down and taking in the scene around us.
"She seems a lot happier than she was the last time we were here." City says, having taken note of Tamara's disposition.
"Yeah, she did. Think it would be too pushy to ask why?" I say, not really wanting to prod, but I also know that Tamara is a *very* open person.

"Well, she said she was having some relationship trouble recently. Maybe she resolved it in one way or another?" Gold responds as Tamara comes out with our food, eyes bright and sparkling.
"Tessék, te menj. Hogy álltok ma ketten? (Here you go. How are you two doing today?)" She says as she sets the plate down. I reach over for some sugar to put in my tea while City does the smae for her coffee.
"Jól csináljuk. Mi van veled? Úgy tűnik, minden bizonnyal jobb hangulatban vagy. (We're doing alright. What about you? You certainly seem to be in better spirits)" City says, immediately putting the question out there, and Tamara seems to take it in stride.
"Ó, szóval észrevetted? (Oh, so you noticed?)" She responds as she sits down next to me.
"Fantasztikusan csinálom. Végül megtaláltam a bátorságot, hogy néhány hónapja a járdaszegélyre rúgjam azt a seggfejet, és ezt az időt magamra összpontosítva töltöttem. (I am doing fantastic. Finally found the courage to kick that asshole to the curb a few months ago and spent that time focusing on myself)" She adds, eyes sparkling, skin glowing. Seems she really *has* been working on herself. That's good to hear.
"Azért többről van szó, nem? (There's more to it, though, isn't there?)" I ask, watching as Tamara turns her head to me so she can answer.
"Nos, ez tönkretenné a meglepetést, nem? (Well, that'd ruin the surprise, wouldn't it?)" She says in a teasing manner before she continues the thought. "Nemrég láttam a legcsodálatosabb lányt. És az élet sem lehetne jobb. (I've recently been seeing the most wonderful girl. And life could not be any better)" Tamara lets that linger for a second when someone calls out for her.

"Tamara! Could I get some help over here?" Her manager asks, and we watch as Tamara simply nods at us 'See you later' as she stands up. I then turn my attention to City, still trying to wrap my head around what we just heard.
"I… I didn't know she…" I start, but trailing off as I'm *still* processing that information.
"Neither did I. But I'm happy for her. Glad to know that she's in a better place and is most likely with someone who can help her improve even more." City says as she briefly looks at her watch. We still have time, but it's limited. I can tell by the look on her face. Best to make our time here quick.

"Okay, this… is where we split for the day." I say, not really wanting to leave Gold but knowing that I have to. "Do you… need a ride to campus?"
"Kati." City starts, stopping me before I can go any further. "Columbia is *right there*. You don't need to worry so much. I'll be fine." She says, reminding me that we really *aren't* that far from Columbia's campus.
"Oh, right. Bocsánat. (Sorry)" I say as City takes a step closer to me, taking my hands in hers.
"No need to apologize, okay?" She says as she looks me in the eyes, pale blue meeting rich brown. "I'll see you this afternoon."
"Yeah, of course. We have that double date with Mark and Jessica." I say, catching her by surprise before she calms back down.
"Oh, right. We do have that today. Regardless, I'll see you this afternoon." City says, leaning in and pressing her lips to mine, kissing me before she turns and heads up Amsterdam so that she won't be late for any of her classes. But not before she leaves me with one last thing.

"I love you, Kati."

Igazán nem érdemlem meg, hogy egy olyan nő legyen az életemben, mint ő. És mégis, én igen. És semmit sem változtatnék rajta. (I truly don't deserve to have a woman like her in my life. And yet, I do. And I wouldn't change a thing about it)

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