

Snowball Fight

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Submitted: July 12, 2009

Updated: July 12, 2009

A SamXOki one-shot that's kinda set after my other SamXOki fic, Snowflakes, but can stand alone, so its not really a sequel.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/DemonicFury/56776/Snowball-Fight>

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1 - Snowball Fight

Oki felt a smile creep onto his masked face as he gathered up a handful of snow. It was wet, yet dry; perfect for what he had in mind. He began shaping the snow and soon had a round ball of the cold substance. He quickly repeated the process and made five more snowballs. After they were formed, he took off his outer shirt and put the snowballs in it, so they were easier to move. He then walked off to find his target.

Samickle's ears perked up as footsteps sounded in the previously-silent air. He turned towards the noise, and was rewarded with a snowball to the face. He growled and shook his head, finding it hard to clean off his mask enough that he could see. "You might as well take it off. I've already seen your face once."

"Oki?"

"No duh, Sammy-boy." The blue-haired warrior reached up and gripped his mask. As he lowered it from his face, another snowball hit, blinding him.

"Darnit, Oki!" he shouted, cleaning the snow from his eyes. Once able to see, he glared daggers at his mate, who was standing eight feet away with another snowball in hand. "Don't you dare!"

"Aww.... Why not, Samickle? I thought you liked playing with me."

"Grrr.... Not like this!" Oki smirked and let his mask fall to the ground.

"Let's go, Sam-Sam," he taunted, readying himself to throw the snowball.

"You can just forget that thought right now, Oki!" "Splat!" Another snowball hit, ridding Samickle of his anger. He felt his mood begin to lift, and almost began laughing. He shook his head to rid himself of the snow before bending down and quickly forming a snowball with a handful of snow.

"Finally," Oki smirked, rolling his eyes. Samickle threw his snowball first, and succeeded in hitting a tree that was standing three feet behind Oki's right side. Oki threw his next, but Samickle was ready, and dodged the throw. As Oki drew his next ball of snow, Samickle formed another ball. He threw it with all his strength and smiled as it splattered all over Oki's face.

"Payback." Oki threw his fifth snowball, and missed. "Try again," Samickle taunted, gathering snow and throwing a snowball back. It hit Oki in the chest and began to seep through his shirt, chilling him. He drew his last premade snowball and threw it to hit, but missed.

"Dang..." he muttered. Samickle raced forward and shoved a handful of snow into Oki's face. The dark-haired warrior groaned and moved to clear his face, but found that he was unable. Strong hands gripped his wrists and held them to his sides. "Sam..." Soft, warm lips crashed down upon his cold ones. The two Oina men kissed passionately before parting for air.

"That was a fun game," Samickle commented.

"Yeah, I should make snowballs more often."

"Hey, you got a little snow here," Samickle circled his face with his hand.

"Gee, I wonder why."

"You know," Samickle said, smirking, "you look good with white stuff on your face." Oki blushed a deep crimson.

"You dirty, dirty man." Samickle shrugged.

"Yeah. So?"

"I wants some a that." The blue-haired man put an arm around the smaller man's shoulders.

"You better dry off first. I don't want none of that cold crap." Oki sighed.

"Fine."

"Now let's go back to your place."

"Yay!"