

# **Gift of Peace**

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*(one-shot, fluffy) It is the end of the year, and Kamui goes out for a walk in the snow. When he meets up with Fuuma, he discovers that the Dark Kamui has a gift to give to the world...(not my best, but I like it)*

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# 1 - Gift of Peace

Kamui walked along a snow-laden path, banks from shoveling rising on either side of him. His breath came in small puffs of crystallizing vapor that condensed and froze on the warm scarf wrapped around his throat. Trees lined the edges of his vision. Snow fell lightly from the white, cloudy sky.

He had come on this walk for some time to himself. It had been much too noisy inside, what with Sorata making loud confessions of undying love to Arashi, who simply sniffed her nose and stoically ignored him. And Yuzuriha, babbling cheerily away as she tried her hand at cooking. Kamui cared dearly for them all...but sometimes, they were too much.

It was cold outside, and quiet. Perfect for seeking solitude. The year had nearly ended, and the Final Day was drawing so very close. It weighed on Kamui's mind day and night, resting its heavy burden on his fragile heart. He had tried not thinking about it, but somehow that just made it worse.

And so he escaped to solitude. He hoped the cold winter air and serene surroundings would give him some respite. His mind had too much to think about.

It seemed like Kamui was not the only one who had thought of this, however. The fast approaching Final Day was demanding on both Kamuis, and as inhuman as one of them might be or seem, he, too, needs respite.

It was cold, but it became colder as Kamui sensed his twin star approaching. He turned around, the small clouds of vapor coming more quickly from his lips.

"Fuuma."

The dark Kamui smiled at the other, and he walked closer. Kamui let him, backing away a little, unsure of the other's intentions, but certain at least that it would involve plenty of pain. He really didn't want to fight. He had come here to relax, for Kami-sama's sake. The last thing he wanted to do at the moment was destroy the beautiful serenity around him. Maybe Fuuma would just walk away...

"Hello, Kamui."

The younger boy was slightly surprised that his gemini didn't respond with his usual claim of: "No, I am Kamui!", followed by a blast of dark, raw power.

"Fuuma?" Kamui tilted his head to the side slightly. His twin star was behaving a little oddly. There was something in his manner that was...off...today.

Fuuma quickly closed the gap and grasped the other boy's small hands in one of his own. He let the other hand fall to cup Kamui's cheek.

"What are you going to do?" The smaller boy whispered, voice barely audible. He knew he was trapped.

"Nothing."

Kamui blinked, confused and still frightened.

"I figure, out of the small respect I still have for you and for those in the pathetic race known as humans left who are decent to the earth, that I will grant some peace until the Final Day."

"Fuuma..." Kamui's large violet eyes opened wide.

The dark Kamui shrugged his shoulders. "After all," he smiled, "a great deal of religions hold this time of year to be sacred, including a few that I approve of. So...I'll let it be. The kekai's aren't going anywhere, after all. Yet."

"Fuuma." Was he telling the truth? The Dragon of Heaven wanted to believe he was, so very much. It was as if a small piece of the Fuuma that had been was resurfacing. Just a small piece. Kamui smiled slowly, and moved forward to embrace his other half.

Fuuma blinked, obviously startled and unsure how to deal with the smaller boy's unexpected behavior. Kamui felt warm, so close against him...but he was trembling. He was still scared of Fuuma, still not sure if the older boy was lying or not.

Fuuma considered taking his promise back and using this opportunity to take another twist at Kamui's already fragile mind. However, he discarded it. He had, after all, done that before. Why not try something new, for once? For curiosity's sake?

Slowly and deliberately, Fuuma wrapped his arms around the other boy's frail form, feeling him tense up in anticipation of pain. He relaxed, though, when he felt none come. Minutes passed, and neither moved. They stood alone, wreathed in the chilly air, surrounded by pristine colours of nature. Everything was clear and calm.

"Do you want to walk with me?" Fuuma asked quietly after a while. Kamui lifted his head, violet eyes almost in tears from happiness.

"Hai. Thank you, Fuuma."

Fuuma cupped Kamui's cheek again and looked at him. He merely smiled his enigmatic smile, the one that so often terrified the younger boy, but somehow, this time, comforted him.

One dark, one light; one destined to save the world, one destined to destroy it. But now, at this time, they could coexist in peace. They walked down the snowy path, and it was perfect, at least for a little while.