

Beginning At The End

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Kid+Serge. Well, all of these are posted on a different site as well as this one. So someone on the other site asked me to do a Kirge where it started with the kiss rather than ended, this is it.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/FinalFantasyChick178/11854/Beginning-At-The-End>

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1 - Beginning At The End

Another one of my infamous Kirges; I wrote this during my detention at school today. (Detention really is such a romantic place too, such inspiration. **Sarcasm drips from my voice**) I've been putting it off for quite sometime. Someone offered me the idea of a Kirge that begins instead of ends with them kissing...so this should be much fluff, and cause for a PG-13 rating the most outta all my fics, cause they'll be together the whole time...so they aint just gonna be sitting around when they have the opportunity...to do...um...stuff...

Chrono Cross

Beginning At The End

Kid couldn't believe what she'd just done...what just happened...it'd been such a peaceful moment, then she'd had to up and jump him. Why'd she do that? Well okay, she knew *why* she did that, but why did she have to do *that*? Really, this whole time she'd managed to control herself, why did it just burst out now? Couldn't she of waited just a little longer to burst?

Kid and Serge stared blankly at one another, Kid slightly blushing. For a moment she hoped he would simply not notice what she'd done...then she realized how dumb that was. If you kiss someone, they are definitely gonna notice. Sometimes Kid wondered how much of a blonde she really was at heart.

God, their friendship was totally ruined now. There was no way Serge liked her at all like that, and now

she'd gone and screwed up whatever *could* or *might* of happened if she'd put more effort into it, then just pulling him in for a kiss...honestly...he probably hated her now, they probably wouldn't even be able to be friends anymore. Kid figured she might as well shoot herself now, her life was obviously over. Or maybe she'd just let the bloody Time Devourer end it for her...yea...that was a good plan there.

Kid finally looked away, still blushing. "I'm...sorry...ah...hehe..." Kid tried to take a particular interest in the pattern of the floor. It didn't work.

Kid began to stand up to leave, she'd best leave him alone to think, or maybe she needed to be alone to go die somewhere, only she didn't get the chance to leave, cause before she could do anything a hand had hers, and she found Sere standing in front of her, repeating her mistake. Kid's eyes went wide before she settled into the kiss. *This wasn't happening...*

Kid felt Serge's arms creep around her waist, brining her a little closer to him, deepening the kiss. *This wasn't happening...* but Kid knew his arms were there, encircling her. *This was happening...*

Kid allowed one of her hands to slide up the upper half of Serge's chest, up to his shoulder before turning to fit in the crook of his neck, further pulling him down to her, while Kid's other hand found its place pressed against Serge's back.

The world around Kid could literally of unraveled without her very notice. This was *too good to be happening*.

Kid and Serge slowly let their hands drop after a moment. They stared at one another a moment, then both looked away. Serge cleared his throat, sitting himself on the edge of the bed behind him. Kid followed his example, sitting next to him, wondering what was gonna happen with them, and if he'd really meant what'd already happened to happen.

Kid looked at Serge, trying to figure things out. Serge ran a hand through his for once bandana-less blue hair as he looked in the opposite direction of her, his hand falling to scratch the back of his neck nervously, making it hard for her to figure anything out. Serge chuckled lightly, dropping his hand as he turned to look at Kid.

“Well, this is awkward...” Serge chuckled a bit louder, Kid laughing a little too, as she nodded in agreement. There was a silence. Serge didn't seem to be upset about it...or really in anyway sad about it, he seemed a little nervous, maybe embarrassed, but other than that, he didn't seem to mind. Kid wondered again what the bloody hell was going on with them, were they gonna be like...*together*? Kid's thoughts were interrupted as Serge spoke up, breaking the silence, “Okay, I have a confession.” Serge let out a breath, looking intently at Kid. She saw a mild amount of humor in his eyes. “This is gonna come to a shock to you but...” Serge paused, “I kinda like this...girl...” Serge looked down and back up again, Kid laughed quietly. “Have for a long time...” Serge became a bit more serious, then added, “I love her.” Kid didn't allow her hopes to get up, yes, most evidence pointed to it being her...but still, he could be doing this to tell her he loved someone else, and that's why it-*they* wouldn't work out...at that thought Kid's ego took large hit. Now she was almost positive he was just trying to be nice about turning her down. “And a...” Serge sighed, looking as though he gave up on his speech. “Um...” Serge paused, before simply adding, “Love you.” Serge admitted this in almost a questioning tone, as if asking her if it was okay he loved her. Kid felt a relief pulse through her. It was definitely okay with her that he loved her.

Kid almost jumped Serge again, but refrained, making herself rather proud, she'd tell him she loved him too before she attacked.

“Love ya too, mate...” Kid blinked, expecting to wake up, or some other unnaturally painful tragedy to occur. Nothing happened. Serge smiled, more like beamed. There was silence, they both looked away.

"Still awkward..." Serge mumbled, rousing laughter from Kid.

"So are we...like...together...?" Kid didn't look at Serge as she asked this.

"Yea..." Serge nodded, Kid looked up at him. "Yea..." Serge repeated, more to himself. "If that's okay with you I mean."

"Does it seem like it wouldn't be?" Kid inquired playfully. "I only jumped ya, ya know...still dunno what I was thinking..." Kid shook her head in defeat.

"You were thinking that you couldn't wait for me to make the first move any longer..." Serge offered. Kid laughed.

"Ya right...sure did take ya long enough to come round." Kid chuckled.

"I came around a long time ago." Serge defended. Kid raised her eyebrow. "I just wasn't doing anything about it..." Kid laughed. "I'm kinda a coward I guess..." Serge sighed, hanging his head.

“Ya're one of da bravest people I know...” Kid thought a moment, Serge looked up to her. “Well I guess ya could be a coward in this particular area of life...” Serge hung his head again, Kid laughed at his reaction.

“Don't rub it in or nothin...” Serge grumbled in mock hurt. There was another silence. Serge looked up again, not at Kid though, directly in front of himself.

He was so bloody handsome, his deep blue hair falling only slightly in his eyes, Kid preferred him without his bandana; he had the coolest hair. Kid let a sigh escape her. She didn't allow herself to start thinking about his cobalt eyes, mirror replica of the ocean, Kid dared not to look at them either, she didn't feel like drowning, being temporarily paralyzed, lost. He didn't have his usual chain mail on, and she could see a faint outline of his chiseled features...Kid found herself wishing the shirt gone, Kid mentally kicked herself, then realized they were “dating” and it was okay for her to think about him...and his shirt. Kid smirked, slightly blushing. Besides she was 16, it was okay, she could have thoughts...it wasn't a sin...

Kid realized that they had somehow scooted closer sense she'd first sat down, how'd that happen?

Kid reached out, tracing Serge's jaw line, all the way to his lips. Serge looked to her, resulting in a blush from Kid, as she quickly took her hand away. Serge sighed, then brought his hand beneath Kid's face, tilting her towards him as he leaned down, he paused before kissing her though.

“Awkward?” Kid questioned knowingly.

“Yea...” Serge nodded, dropping his hand, lying down on the bed. “Kinda like this is all too good to be true...”

“That’s exactly how I feel.” Kid chuckled, crawling over to Serge, lying down next to him, snuggling to his side. They were both already in what they normally slept in, for Kid her underwear, Serge’s shirt, and Serge’s boxers...he’d allowed her to do that for a long time now. They’d slept in the same bed before, entangled with each other even, only because Kid had a nightmare or was afraid, or something like that...or was at least faking it...never just because they simply wanted to. Kid let her legs tangle with Serge’s of their own accord, smiling slightly. It wasn’t *that* awkward. Kid moved herself into a position to kiss Serge. She could definitely get used to this. *Definitely...*

“Ya know, mate. That shirt *could* come off...” Kid explained quietly, hovering a little above Serge’s lips, to the point where he could feel her breath.

“How is that fair?” Serge questioned.

“I see. So I should have to lose something too?” Kid questioned, Serge was silent. “Alright, your boxers for your shirt?” Kid smirked, Serge shrugged. Kid shifted to take off the boxers that belonged to Serge, that she however was wearing. The shirt she was wearing reached little less than maybe halfway down her thigh, but she still had underwear so...it was okay...

“Fine.” Serge sighed, taking off his shirt. Kid looked him over as he laid back down. Kid smirked, settling herself back at her spot next to him.

Bloody handsome...

"I'm liking this..." Kid murmured, tracing the muscles now free to her. Serge chuckled, wrapping his arms around her.

"Love you."

"Love ya too."