

Guardian Angel

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Just a cute fic that popped into my head out of basically nowhere...shounen-ai, Kurama/Hiei

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The park really is pretty this time of year. Kurama thought.

And, truth be told, it was. It was that time when summer was ending, and autumn was beginning. The leaves on the trees were green, tinged with red, yellow, and orange around the tips, and the ones that had already fallen crunched under his feet. The air was crisp, but not quite cold yet, and the breeze that blew his hair over his shoulders was calm and relaxing.

Kurama sank down on a park bench and closed his eyes, breathing a soft sigh of contentment. Any lover of nature would be at home on a day like this, and the plant wielder was no exception.

“Hi;” Said a soft voice from beside him.

The half-Youko jumped.

Sitting next to him on the park bench was a little girl who couldn’t have been more than five or six.

Brown hair was pulled into braids, and her bright blue eyes were shining happily. Kurama hadn’t noticed her when he sat down.

He smiled at her. “Hello, yourself. What’s your name?”

She smiled back. “I’m Sora. What’s yours?”

“Shuichi.” He brushed back his hair. “Where are your parents, Sora?”

“They’re at home.”

He frowned slightly. “Do they know you’re here?”

Sora shook her head, the smile never fading. “Nope. I’m here waiting for someone.”

“Really?”

“Mm-hm.”

“Who?”

“My guardian angel.” She said matter-of-factly.

Kurama raised his eyebrows. “Oh?”

“Yeah! I know she’ll come and see me today.”

“How do you know?”

Sora shrugged. “I just know.”

“All right.” He smiled. “What does she look like?”

Sora looked thoughtful. “Well...she’s really pretty. She’s tall, with big blue eyes, and long blonde hair. She wears a pretty white dress.”

“Does she have wings, too?”

“Yeah! Great big wings, white, like...” She thought hard. “Like Eternal Sailor Moon!”

(A/N: That was for you, Usa-chan.)

Kurama laughed. I have no clue who this “Eternal Sailor Moon” character is, but I’ll go along with it.

Sora regarded him seriously. “I mean it!”

“I believe you.” His expression turned serious as well. “But Sora, you need to get home or your parents will worry about you.”

“But I have to stay here and meet my angel!” She insisted.

“Your angel will understand.” He said gently. “Where do you live? I’ll take you home.” Kurama stood up and offered her a hand.

Sora hesitated. “Are you sure she’ll know why I left?”

Kurama smiled. “Angels always know.”

She smiled back, and placed her smaller hand in his. “Okay.”

As they walked, Sora started talking again. "Do you have a guardian angel too?"

"Yes." He said, without hesitating.

"Really?" She turned her blue eyes up to him, looking curious. "Tell me about her."

Kurama smiled. "Well, to start off, she's a he. He's not so tall—" His smile very nearly turned into a smirk here "—and he doesn't have wings." His expression became dreamy. "His hair is jet black, and resembles a flame. And his eyes...the color of the sky when the sun is about to set...they're beautiful. He's beautiful."

Sora cocked her head to one side. "He sounds different than mine."

Kurama regarded her with all-knowing emerald eyes. "Different isn't always a bad thing. If he wasn't different, we never would have met."

When they reached the address Sora had given, there was a woman on the porch of the house, who, upon seeing them, burst into tears and enveloped Sora in a tough hug. "Oh, my baby! I was so worried about you!"

Sora struggled. "Mommy! I'm okay!"

Sora's mother straightened, and held out a hand to Kurama. "Thank you so much for bringing her home."

He smiled and shook her hand. "One of my...friends went...missing...for three weeks once. No mother should be made to suffer that pain." He bent down to Sora's level. "Always remember: your angel will always be there for you."

As Kurama walked towards his own home, Sora called; "Your will always be there for you too!"

After giving his mother a quick explanation of where he had been, Kurama went to his room, closing the door behind him with a faint 'click'.

"You're late, fox." A soft voice from behind him said.

The redhead turned to see Hiei sitting on his windowsill, one leg drawn up to his chest, the other dangling down in a half tense, and half relaxed position.

"I'm sorry, Hiei." Kurama apologized, changing into pajamas and sitting down on his bed. "I was—"

"I know where you were." Hiei interrupted, jumping down off the sill. He took off his boots and cloak and climbed into bed next to the half-Youko.

Kurama snuggled against Hiei under the blankets, laying his head on the fire demon's chest. "Hiei?"

"Hn?"

"You'll always be there for me, won't you?"

Hiei leaned down to kiss the half-Youko's cheek. "Till death do us part, fox."

And Kurama fell asleep...in the arms of his guardian angel.