

Fire and Ice

Von Phoenix_Frost

OneShot

"What are you doing there?"

"I'm playing!"

"WITH FIRE?!"

I raised my eyebrows, keeping a look at that creepy guy in front of me. He bend over a lit candle, always lowering a piece of paper. Step by step. Just milimeteres. And every time the paper started glowing, he raised it rashly. Thin smoke coiled through the air. It smelled burnt. That smell reminded me of myself sitting in front of fireplaces. I used to play with fire, too when I was a child. Well... I still do that but...

Nervously I subsided in the armchair I sat in while he kept fooling around with that little flame. He sat on the ground, leaning his elbow on a small table just in front of me. If I had streched my leg just a little, I would have been able to kick his knees painfully but... I didn't find a reason to do so. So I kept sitting still in that armchair. It was warm and somehow comfortable. Something I didn't know from home. Back home in Japan I used to sit on the floor. I kept doing this for a long time, just because it's a habit but after I found this thing... I sighed, folding my arms while shifting down a little.

"What is it? Are you tired, Kuro-sama?"

I puffed just a sigh again.

"Some kind of."

"So you are."

The blondie nodded, burning the last little piece of paper held by his fingers. Didn't he know that fire was hot enough to burn him? I watched him carefully and my gaze got stuck on that picture. His lightblonde hair seemed to reflect the candle's light and his eyes looked back at me. Their pure icy blue seemed to warm up by the little flame in front of him. It just looked like that small flame was burried under a thick shift of ice, melting slowly from the inside. But if he was such an ice-block... what was that tiny little flame in there, melting him? What was the reason for his slow way to warm up? I didn't know back then but... I wanted to. I wanted to know.

"What are you thinking about?"

"What should I be thinking about?"

I blinked,

"You're staring at me... and I can say your head sure is full of stupid thoughts, isn't it?"

He gave me only a quiet laughter as an answer, turning his glance at the candle for a second, putting the last little bit of glowing paper aside before he looked up at me again, silently. I just raised my eyebrows again. I wasn't in a mood to get angry that evening. It was late, it was dark. Only that candle gave a little light to us, while we

were sitting in the flat's livingroom we rent for our time being in this dimension. The kids were sleeping already, just like that tiny white snowball. So now there was just him and me. And that candle. I heard him puffing a sigh, taking breath slightly while the candle's flame started twitching around,

"You could say those thoughts are stupid, yes."

"Because...?"

He knew I was waiting for an answer. He really got on my nerves with staying silent all along so I had to worm it out of him ever and ever again.

"Because they can't become real... that isn't possible."

"Why shouldn't it?"

Nothing was impossible - in my opinion.

"Because it's... well... really difficult to explain..."

The mage started laughing again, scratching his neck.

"Well, we have enough time, haven't we?"

I didn't want him to escape this time. This time I wanted to know. I wanted to know what that flame was. That flame melting the ice.

"Y-yes..."

He bent his head for just a second, started looking around. He got nervous. But in a totally different way than he usually did. Something was wrong... wasn't it?

"What... exactly... do you want to know?"

His glance met mine again, this time he seemed to be more confident. But about what? What was it? Slowly I leaned forward, my elbows rested on my knees and so I was able to lean down just a little more. Enough, so that my face was near the candle just the same way as his. Only some centimeters separated the two of us now and I could see the tiny fireflame again, moving in his eyes. But this time it seemed bigger than before. Just like it got bigger when I came closer.

"I want to know... what that flame is."

"Huh?"

His eyes got big for a moment.

"Flame? It's just fire..."

"I don't mean that one. I mean that flame in your eyes. Inside you. There is anything."

"Hmmmh."

His face showed a slight smile. But that smile... it looked so different from those, I've seen before. It was not that typical dumbass-smile. It was.. it was... was it serious?

"Inside me?"

I nodded.

"There is something burning. You'll melt if you're not careful. So... what is it?"

I expected him starting giggling or talking nonsense again, but... he didn't do anything of all that. He just kept that smile.

"It's you."

What? Me? I was surprised. What...

"What do you mean by that?"

"You're melting me... there's only just a little left. You could burn it all once."

"Hmh."

I was that flame inside of him? Did that mean, that he was thinking about me? But why?

"How should I do that?"

"That way..."

I could see his soft smile coming closer to the candle and the flame in his eyes got

bigger and bigger and then... I only saw black. He blew the candle. And I couldn't do nothing but melting the last little bit of Ice, while he softly pressed his lips against mine.