

Rainy Day

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Yet another SamickleXOki one-shot. There

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Oki sighed as he gazed out of the doorway to his hut. The scene outside was bleak, depressing, and morbid. The sky was dark gray, giving the illusion that everything else was, too. Rain fell in torrents, washing away the snow and flooding low-lying land, including his house. *“So, this is why all the houses in Wep'keer were built high up. When it rains here, it really rains.”* Oki had never seen it rain in Kamui. At least, he couldn't remember having ever seen it rain. The only weather he'd ever seen in Kamui was snow, hail, more snow, and a single day of sunlight with no snow or anything.

He smiled at the thought of that day. It had been the day after he and Samickle had confessed their feelings for each other and had made love. He could still feel the warmth of his lover's body, the gentle caress of the older man's hands, the soft kisses they had shared. The memory brought heat into his freezing body. He had slept in his own house on the outskirts of Wep'keer because Samickle had locked the door to his house, and was refusing to allow anyone in. Oki had assumed that he was working on some important plans or something, and had figured he could just go see him tomorrow, but then the gods had decided to be cruel and sent a large storm that had ruined the paths and made it almost impossible to travel. If he tried to walk to Samickle's hut, he would be soaked to the bone and muddier than a pig by the time he got there, and would probably become ill, which would only make his lover's job as chief harder.

He moaned and let the fabric fall back into place, stopping most of the cold wind from entering his house. He then walked across the floor—a hard task, as it was covered with water—and sat up on a small table he had only recently bought. He had no entertainment and soon found himself thinking about how miserable the day had been so far. He was shivering, hungry, bored out of his mind, and wanting to see his mate. He growled and shifted to wolf form. He was going to see Samickle if it killed him.

He raced out of the doorway as fast as a wolf can run through four inches of water and headed for Wep'keer. Mud and water splattered his blue, black, and red fur, matting it. The cold rain chilled him to the bone, but he kept moving. He was a wolf on a mission.

He almost fell through the usually thick ice that one hits when entering the village. The rain had weakened the ice to where one wrong move would send him into freezing ice water. He picked his steps carefully and debated every movement; he did not feel like having to howl for help because he had fallen through like an idiot.

He finally managed to reach the path to the chief's house, only to find it basically useless. The rain and wind had left it a mushy mess that was falling apart in some places. His ears fell flat against his head. There was no other way to Samickle's house, except... He raced to the back of the village, where others rarely went. There he found a small wooden path, an emergency escape route for the chief and his family. He knew about it because Samickle had shown it to him—just in case something happened while they were together in the hut and a hasty escape was necessary.

He tested it with one paw and—upon finding it sturdy—ran up it. More than once he slipped and almost tumbled back to the bottom, but he recovered and kept moving. When he reached the top, he slogged

over to the secret door in the chief's hut and rapped twice with his paw. When there was no response, he gingerly shifted to human form and knocked harshly with his fist. A few seconds passed and the door opened. In the doorway stood Samickle, dressed in loose fitting white robes and a blanket draped across his shoulders like a cape. "Oki?" The named man found himself unable to answer. "Come in, please. You'll catch your death out there, if you haven't already." Oki walked in and stood there, unsure of what to do now that he was where he had fought to be. Samickle began to slip Oki's shirt off, as it it was soaked through and keeping his temperature low. "Would you mind removing your shoes? I don't want mud everywhere."

"Sure..." He pulled the boots off and set them by the door. Samickle hung the wet shirt on a hook near the door.

"Now for those pants. They're dripping wet, which just won't do." As Samickle began to rummage through a piece of furniture, Oki untied his belt and pulled his pants off, leaving him naked save for his underwear. Samickle turned backed towards him and almost dropped the pants he was holding; his face blushed a bright crimson underneath his mask as his eyes greedily ran up and down Oki's muscular body. Oki slipped his own mask off and closed the distance between them with two strides. His hands reached up and took hold of Samickle's mask.

"May I?"

"But of course." Samickle's mask joined Oki's on the floor with a *THUNK!*

"Sammy..." Oki muttered, capturing his love's lips in a kiss. Their arms wrapped around each other as their tongues met and battled for dominance. The blanket around Samickle's shoulders fell to the floor and the couple soon followed it.

As Oki's wandering hands began to slip Samickle's clothes off, Samickle groaned, "I call top!"

And Oki replied, "After what I've been through tonight, I have no problem kicking your butt and then fracking it. I call top."

"Damn."