

# Snowflakes

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*A little one-shot with Oki and Samickle. OkiXSamickle :3*

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“Such graceful figures... Each one different, yet all becoming one in the end. The way they dance, carefree and beautiful... I admire them,” Oki muttered, his masked face looking skyward. When he was not busy defending the village or rescuing others, he could be found immersing himself in nature. From its unique blue skies to its frozen mountain peaks, Kamui was full of beauty; at least, he believed it was. He knew that few others agreed with him; even other Oina rarely agreed with him. The only ones that shared his point of view were Lika, Kai, and Samickle, the chief of the village.

His cheeks flushed red. Samickle... The man was almost a god in disguise. He always seemed to know just what to do, and had the patience of a saint. At least, he did when it came to matters concerning Oki. He usually understood his motives, and rarely punished him if he did something wrong. Oki sighed. Could Samickle feel the same way that he did?

Oki’s ears perked up, catching the slight sound of crunching snow. He turned around and felt his breath catch in his throat. “Samickle?” The blue-haired man nodded at the mention of his name as he stopped a few feet from Oki.

“What? Are these clothes really that different from what I used to wear?” Oki looked Samickle over greedily. The taller man was wearing pure white robes with green and blue designs imprinted on the shirt sleeves and various places on the pants. The only things the same about him were his mask, his blue hair, and the commanding aura he always carried.

“Yeah, they are. And in this weather I almost thought I was being attacked by a snow monster.”

“Ha ha, very funny,” the chief retorted, crossing his arms across his chest.

“So, what are you doing here, Sammy-boy?”

“I came to check on you. You seemed distracted during our last meeting, and I thought something might be wrong.” Oki straightened up. Samickle was getting close to finding out how he felt.

“Oh, no, I’m fine. I was just thinking about...” He lost the words.

“About me?” Oki sharply took in air. He wasn’t getting close, he was spot on.

“N-n...” he couldn’t form the word.

“I know how you feel, Oki. I’ve heard you shout at night, heard you cry out for me, both longingly and lustfully. I’ve also heard you talking to yourself, angry for being unable to say anything.” Oki cursed silently as he felt his heart being exposed to the coldness swirling around them. Samickle smirked under his mask before removing it, showing Oki his face for the first time. The masked man was shocked. Oina only revealed their faces to family members and mates.

As Oki struggled for words, Samickle moved closer, until his face was mere inches from Oki's. "Oki... If you truly feel what I think you do, remove your mask." Oki's hand slowly rose to his mask; his fingers curled around its edge. He pulled it off of his face, and it was Samickle's turn to gasp and ogle. They stood there staring for a full minute before, finally, Oki moved.

He ran his hand through Samickle's hair and pulled him into a passionate kiss, which was returned strongly. Their hands ran up and down each other, each man desperate to express pent-up feelings. They only broke the kiss for air, and Samickle took the opportunity to mutter, "Want to come back to my place? It's warmer than yours and has more blankets and pillows." Oki nodded.

"Oh, yeah!"