

Flowers

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Little bit of fluff between two original characters of mine. They're shapeshifters, and when the spirit animal is mentioned, it means the animal each shifter connects to.

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The tall grass rattled gently as two pairs of legs pushed through them, strolling up to the top of the flower-coated hill. Little petals with pastel shades of purples and pinks tipped the shoots of grass, but the two boys didn't stop for them yet. Inkh, the younger of the two, had his hand wrapped firmly around the older man's. In fact, he was more pulling him up the hill than anything. Havoc, the older, sighed and followed along, more than willing to do whatever Inkh wanted to do.

As they got to the top of the hill, they stared in awe at the sight before them. On the other side was a large and dangerous drop, with a beautiful scene of mountains and forestry below. Havoc walked further, up to the edge of it, and then his knees buckled and he fell down. Sitting in the grass, he watched the trees waver and the birds fly as Inkh stood behind him, watching him think.

He remained there for a moment, and then Inkh turned and ran off down the hill. Havoc just gave him a glance and turned back to the view. It wasn't uncommon for Inkh to vanish like that. He tried to relax and enjoy the wind through his black chin-length, short-in-the-back hair, but couldn't think of that. He was thinking of he and his lover's home, and how it had been destroyed just recently. They were lucky to get out alive, but still, Inkh had never been away from his home and they were out here alone. His chin fell down to touch his chest and he sniffed a bit, fighting tears. Why was it that the only safe, loving home he'd ever found had to be so cruelly destroyed?

Havoc sat there pondering for a considerable amount of time. He was beginning to grow tired and wanted to fall back and nap, but he didn't want to be asleep in case Inkh ran into trouble wherever he was. But he leaned back on his hands and his eyelids began to droop, entranced by the peacefulness of this scene. Until, that is, a cascade of soft petals fell over his face and landed in the grass around him. He shot awake and stared up above him.

There was Inkh, his hands outstretched, and Havoc pieced together that he'd been the one that had thrown the flowers over him. He picked one up and looked at it as Inkh plopped down next to him, gathering some of the flowers again. Havoc began to wonder how he'd gotten so many different colors when he was almost completely colorblind, but then he remembered that Inkh's spirit animal was a dog. He'd most likely sniffed out the different flowers.

They sat in the grass together without saying a word, Havoc staring at the scene ahead again while Inkh picked up the flowers and began to stick them in Havoc's hair, in his shirt, on his shoulders... Wherever they would stay. After a long while, some flowers remained on the ground around them, but Inkh pulled his hands back and scotched away a foot or two to get a look. Then he smiled, quite proud of himself.

Havoc blinked as he realized that he'd just sat here for almost an hour just letting Inkh decorate him like a seasonal tree. He was covered from head to toe in several shades of small flowers, with Inkh staring at him with his lovely, soft gray eyes. Then a gentle smile spread over his usually cold face and he reached out to grab Inkh softly and pull him on to him, some flowers falling off as he did so.

Inkh's eyes, wide from surprise at what a good decorating job he'd done, closed over a little again, like

normal. He leaned forward, going with Havoc's hands, and then he stopped suddenly. Havoc stared in confusion, wondering what was wrong, but Inkh just reached over on the ground and picked up a little blue flower, putting it through his snow white hair that fell just past his shoulders. Havoc's smiled widened and he continued pulling Inkh forward, planting a kiss on his soft, sweet lips.

"No matter what happens..." Inkh spoke in his quiet, wispy voice.

"I will always love you." Havoc finished for him, wrapping his arms around his shoulders and closing the distance between their lips again.