

Idiot

By DemonicFury

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*A 4 War Gods one-shot. Ryora enrages Kyora and Jura tries to calm the firebird before he injures himself. **Pairing: Ryora-Kyora and Kyora-Jura***

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"I hate you! I hate you! Gaah, I hate you!" Kyora shouted, slamming his fist into a tree trunk, splintering the wood in half. His eyes narrowed and a tree caught fire in the distance. A large group of fire birds was in flight above him, circling anxiously, awaiting orders. He let out an angry yell and five more trees were set ablaze.

"What has ruffled your feathers, my dear Kyora?" Jura asked, suddenly emerging from the darkness of the forest.

Kyora turned towards him, shouting, "I'll tell you what's set me off! That damned Ryora has demanded that I be his mate until further notice!" Another tree crackled and burned. Kyora yelled and bit into his wrist, knowing that if he destroyed much more of the island, Ryora would have his head on a platter. Although, at this point, he might have preferred that.

"Idiot." Jura grabbed his jaws and pried them open before pinning the redhead's hands above him, out of harm's way. "What's wrong with you? Only pathetic humans injure themselves. Even half-breeds have more sense than that."

"Shut up, Tiger-pants! I'm sick of Ryora and his damn 'I-own-all-of-your-asses' attitude!" Kyora roared, a few tears sliding down his face. Jura moved his face so close to Kyora's that they were almost touching lips. Almost.

"And you think hurting yourself will help?"

"I can't vent by destroying the island, nor can I go kill any of the half-breeds, so what else am I supposed to do?" Kyora angrily asked, almost biting Jura's nose.

"Come find me," Jura purred, covering the redhead's lips with his own. At first, Kyora returned the kiss, but after a minute, he sunk his fangs into Jura's bottom lip.

As Jura pulled back, tasting blood, Kyora growled, "I'm not in the mood, you jackass!" This caused Jura to smile and pull close once more.

"What makes you think I care?" he asked, running a hand up the redhead's side, but still keeping a loose grip on the phoenix's hands.

"No more!" Kyora shouted, ripping his hands from the other's grasp and pinning the tiger on the ground. Jura smirked.

"Hmm... Usually, you're the one on all fours..." he purred.

"Shut up," the phoenix snapped. "I am sick of you taking advantage of me when I'm upset. Tonight, you're bottom, whether you like it or not!" he shouted, beginning to pull Jura's pants off. The tiger let a

light smile grace his lips.

“Heh. Worked like a charm.”