

# Fate

By Ferret\_Avatar22

Submitted: July 21, 2009

Updated: July 21, 2009

*Kieran was half-demon. Her only friend was a human who was dying from lung disease. She fell in love with him, shattering the most important demon taboo. Now, he's dying. She has the chance to save his life. But will she?*

Provided by Fanart Central.

[http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Ferret\\_Avatar22/56831/Fate](http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Ferret_Avatar22/56831/Fate)

**Chapter 1 - Fateful Greetings**

**2**

# 1 - Fateful Greetings

Wind howled outside the door. She shivered. Her arms drew up to fold across her chest as she leaned against the wall. He was huddled on the floor, head propped up against the wall. He coughed and gagged, fighting to breathe. Kieran sighed, looking at the boy and the phone. Why had this boy captured her heart? She despised him for it, but she felt her heart throbbing. Why didn't she just take those few steps and pick up the phone? Seven digits could save his life. She cursed herself. He coughed a barking cough, letting blood trickle down his chin and stain his white shirt. The dog tags around his neck jingled against each other. She reached up and grabbed at her throat, feeling his pain like it was her own. He gasped, sucking air into his lungs desperately. His eyes raised to meet hers. Their piercing green color broke into her conscious. *Can I help him?* She knew the answer though. Besides, the question wasn't *could* she help him, it was *would* she help him? He was suffering. What good would another month, or two, do for him? She stared back at him, his expression plainly showing his pain. She thought hard, throwing her mind back into their past. After all they had been through, what would she choose? His life was in her hands.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

The school bell rang. Kieran sighed, gathering her things. One heavy English binder, a pencil case filled with chewed-up pencils and pens with missing caps, in addition to the occasional pieces of eraser and pencil shavings, a calculus notebook with bent rings, and a blank agenda, solely used for bathroom passes. She sighed, sick of this carting books around. When would school end?

"E... excuse m... me?"

She turned her head, her long black hair whipping around in its ponytail. Her gaze settled on a scrawny boy with shaggy bleach-blonde hair with bangs that covered the top rim of his glasses. He was dressed in a baggy white shirt with faded blue jeans that had a hole in the left knee. She eyed him skeptically. She usually scared off all of the boys in the school, so why would this boy want to ask *her* a question? "Whattaya want?"

The boy winced and looked up at her, meeting her piercing gaze. She nearly punched him. His eyes were a brilliant green. She felt like he was examining her soul, well, if she had a soul.

"What am I? Some frickin' science experiment? Shove off, loser!"

She turned to walk away when a warm hand wrapped around her wrist.

"P... please... wait. I didn't mean to single you out... I just need help."

"Mental help? Psychiatrist is at the other end of the school near the office."

The boy blushed and looked down at the floor, hiding behind his bangs.

"Well... actually... my mother dropped me off at school and gave me this address... said I could find my way home... I can walk there..."

Kieran snatched her arm from his grasp and took the shred of paper. She read the address and looked up at the gangly boy. He was probably only an inch or so taller than she was when she wasn't wearing her favorite boots. She laughed darkly and handed the paper back to the boy.

"What? What's so funny?"

Kieran stopped laughing abruptly. She looked seriously at the boy and smiled.

"Your mother played you, kid. This address is on the other side of town."

The boy lost all color in his face.

“Seriously?”

“Seriously. Why? What’s so hard about walking four miles?”

He looked at the ground, a frown settling on his face.

“I can’t.”

“Can’t what?”

“I can’t walk that far. My doctor said…”

He froze, wondering why he would tell a complete stranger about his problem. He looked at the tan brick walls behind the girl. Kieran gave him a look of exasperation.

“You gonna tell me?”

He remained silent. Kieran shook her head, bangs covering her face.

“Don’t die.”

She walked away, pulling out a mirror from her Fishbonz bag. She flipped open the compact and saw the boy standing in the same place, still staring at the wall.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Kieran sighed, checking her rearview mirror. Nobody was following her yet. She couldn’t stand it when people rode the rear end of her car, especially in the rain. She had left her Gir shoulder bag in her locker when she left, and it contained her ipod, her cds, her makeup, and her cellphone. She pulled up in front of the school and grabbed her black Fishbonz umbrella from the passenger seat. She opened it up as soon as she stepped out of the door. She smiled as the smell of rain hit her. It was calming. The dark umbrella cast a watery shadow with the little light left from the cloud cover. She slammed the door of her rundown black Subaru. The small car had lasted for two generations. It creaked as the door clicked back into place. Kieran yawned and spun her umbrella, watching behind her as she moved around the front of her car and walked towards the steps in front of the school.

As she looked in front of her, she noticed a shape on the stairs. It was a huddled mass. She squinted, trying to decipher it. She walked closer and the shape shifted. A face rose to meet her gaze. It was the boy from the morning. He was soaking wet, sitting out in the rain.

“Are you retarded?!”

The boy didn’t respond. He was shivering and his teeth were chattering. He managed to shake his head slightly. Kieran sighed, grabbing his arm and yanking him to his feet. He winced, his muscles stiff from sitting for so long. Kieran decided to ditch her school stuff. She pulled the boy back towards her car, pulling hard on the passenger door. She handed the umbrella to the shivering boy and began to toss her junk into the back seat. She threw three empty cd cases, a few tissues filled with old gum, an empty pack of said gum, a tube of midnight black mascara, and a throw pillow with a picture of a kitten on it, into the back of the car. The boy sniffled behind her, so she backed up and took the umbrella from his shaky hands. She gestured for him to get in. He looked at her, his eyes glassy and red, like he had been crying. She waited for him to slide fully into the car and then proceeded to slam his door shut. With her old car, she had to slam the doors hard for them to catch on and latch. She walked in front of the car, feeling a bizarre sense of déjà vu. She looked both ways, checking for stupid drivers and opened her door. She sat in the seat, her legs still outside of the car door, shut her umbrella, shook it off, and swung her legs around into the car. She pulled her umbrella inside, throwing it into the back seat to join the rest of the crap that littered her car. She shut her door and pulled the keys out of her pants pocket. She stuck the key into the ignition and started the car. The engine sputtered for a solid ten seconds before giving in and allowing Kieran to start it up fully. The engine started to purr and Kieran grinned. It was always a challenge to get the old car working.

An awkward silence pursued as Kieran remained stationary. She looked into her rearview mirrors. No

one was out right now. How stupid. The boy sniffled and stifled a sneeze in the sleeve of his shirt. Kieran wrinkled her nose. That was disgusting. She reached behind her and dug around the floor of her car, looking for a box of tissues. She found it and handed it to the boy.

"Thanks... I guess my mom never got home..."

"What are you talking about?"

The boy turned slightly in his seat, his nose red and his eyes just red enough to match. Maybe he was trying a new fashion statement.

"C... would it be to rude to ask for a ride home?"

Kieran just stared at the boy. He was asking if he was being rude? He may have gotten himself a nice helping of pneumonia and he was asking if he was being rude?

"You *are* retarded, aren't you?"

"No... I'm just trying to be polite."

Kieran gave him an inquisitive look.

"If everyone *else* was being polite, would *you* do it, too?"

"If that was the case, the world wouldn't suck so much."

She froze. How much stupider could she get?

"Dumb question."

"S'okay. I probably won't remember... if I'm not too sick to go to school tomorrow..."

Kieran sighed, shifting the car into drive. This kid was really getting on her nerves.

"Damn freshmen..."

"Yeah... they kinda suck, right?"

She froze, looking at the boy, her right foot still on the brake.

"You *aren't* a freshman?"

The boy smiled.

"I'm a senior. Just transferred from London. Much bigger school there."

Kieran nodded skeptically. That *would* explain the accent. She nodded again, causing him to give her an odd look.

"Who're you anyway?"

"Sorry... how rude of me... I'm Fari Destin. It's pronounced *fah-ree*."

Kieran stopped her nodding abruptly. She started snickering and felt her hysterical laughter bubbling up from her stomach. She couldn't stop herself from laughing any longer. She burst into hysterics. He smiled, his eyes practically glowing. He chuckled a little himself. She felt the laughter subsiding just as quickly as it had come, so she slowly stopped laughing and wiped a tear from the corner of her eye. She stared at him.

"You were serious."

Fari nodded. He smiled at her reaction.

"You are?"

"Kieran. Kieran Daemon."

"Your name means 'demon', correct?"

She hesitated, biting her lower lip. She nodded, figuring it was the best option. He smiled at her response, so apparently she chose the right one.

"My name means fate. I think the last name had originated from Europe and had an e on the end. It means destiny. I think my parents wanted a girl..."

Kieran snickered. How was this boy getting to her? She had lived for nearly two hundred years in this body, and no one, male or female, had ever done this to her. She felt overwhelmingly protective of him. She just shook her head and brought herself back to the present.

An awkward silence filled the car. Suddenly, Fari started to laugh. Kieran looked over at him quizzically.

He turned to her and a huge grin was on his face.

“Did you know that every time there’s an awkward silence, a gay baby is born?”

Kieran lifted one eyebrow and smiled. She nodded, liking his stupid humor.

“What’s your address?”

Fari glanced down at his paper, which was now soaked. The blue ink had run and smeared together, blurring his address. Kieran took the slip of paper from him and squinted hard, cocking her head to the side. She could just barely make out the number and street. She looked up at him, handing him the piece of paper.

“You live next door to me.”

He smiled, his face lighting up.

“Really? That’s great! I’m always alone, but now I’ll have someone to talk to!”

She smiled. Who wouldn’t like his boyish eagerness?

“Let’s get going.”

He nodded and Kieran flicked her left turn signal and checked her mirrors before pulling away from the curb. She pulled out and the car sputtered in protest.

“Aw! Shut up! Just drive!”

Fari laughed as Kieran cursed at the car. She stepped down hard on the pedal. The car groaned and reached 35 mph. She smiled and let off of the pedal slightly. The two of them drove off towards their homes in silence, listening to the rain tap lightly on the metal above them.