

Book of Oneshots:Christmastime!

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Take a guess by looking at the title. A small, six story 'book' for christmas. Note: characters from beyblade will be paired with OC's in this, so if you don't like that, you can't say I didn't warn you. Merry Christmas. Please R & R.

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Welcome to the first in my series of Christmas one-shots! As I have already warned in the summary, this story pairs characters from Beyblade with OC's, so if you're not a fan of that type of story, it's up to you whether you read on or not. These stories are just for fun, as well as to get people more into the Christmas spirit (including myself). Some of them will cross-over slightly (meaning that characters from one one-shot might pop up in one of the others as well) but they are mainly individual stories with only mentioning of other characters.

That being said, I hope all who read this will enjoy it, and please leave me a review if you read. They really help me continue to write, and sometimes give me suggestions.

Beyblade Book of One-shots: Christmastime

Story One

A Lonely Christmas

Kai/Lindzi

Christmas lights shown brightly through the heavy snow, red's and pinks and blues peaking out from the branches of the tall Christmas tree standing in the center of the town square, seeming cheery despite the strong winds.

Shoppers went about their business, bundled up against the cold Russian weather as they hurried to and fro, picking up that last present or to.

It was Christmas eve at last, the shops all decorated for the event, houses covered with lights and decorations that could stand against the weather, happiness felt almost everywhere you looked.

But even though everything around her told her to be happy and to celebrate the holiday, Lindzi couldn't get into the spirit of Christmas.

Sitting in the back corner of a cozy little café, sipping hot apple cider and watching the snow through the window on her left, she wondered with vague curiosity how the tall tree just outside managed to stand against the wind.

Her raven hair was pulled back in a loose ponytail, random strands that had escaped the black elastic framing her face in the dim light, crimson eye's peering out through the frosted glass, lacking the spark of life they held when she was happy.

Her cell phone sat beside her hand on the table, but not because she expected anyone to call her. She had taken it out of her purse out of habit, as any other normal day of the year it would be ringing constantly.

But not today.

Not Christmas Eve, the day she needed company to soothe her lonely soul more than ever. Her friends were all busy, either going somewhere to see their boyfriends or going to a party or something else along those lines.

And of course, *he* was busy; with his *company*, of all things to be doing on Christmas.

Lindzi sighed and calmed herself, releasing her death grip on her mug of cider. Glaring down into the red-brown liquid, she knew it was her own fault that she was alone. She had never *once* mentioned anything to him about spending Christmas together, hadn't bothered to tell anyone when she left for Russia and her family home, hadn't told anyone except for Cassandra the location of said home, and it's not like that would help much.

The blonde girl had left for China, so it wasn't like she could tell *him* where she was.

Her cell phone wouldn't even be of any help, as it had conveniently stopped working as soon as she had set foot on Russian soil.

Deciding she had wallowed in depression for long enough, Lindzi stood and, pulling her hat and gloves on and hiking her purse up higher on her shoulder at the door, stepped out into the harsh wind. She walked easily through the high amounts of snow surrounding her boot clad feet, having lived amongst these harsh weather conditions until her family had moved to Canada at age 10.

Eight years before hand.

Three years since she had met *him*.

Lindzi paused to look through a shop window, remembering that day.

She had only gone to the Beyblade tournament because her friends had wanted to see something different; the tournaments rarely came to Canada, and had never come to Oshawa before.

So she had gone, had sat with her five friends in the middle of the large stands, surrounded by thousands of other people, teens like themselves, kids, and even older people. Her first glimpse of him had been when he had stepped up to battle for his team, defeating his opponent like it was nothing.

Her first impression of his was that he was a cold hearted person who radiated power.

She would have forgotten about him completely, had he and the other members of his team not shown up at her school the next day.

They would be staying for a year, their home room teacher had explained, in order to try out a different way of living.

Lindzi had wound up having *him* in every one of her classes, ending up paired with him in many projects.

And thus it had come to be.

He had stayed for three years instead of one, other members of his team doing the same. They had hung out often, Lindzi finding his silent company better at times than the company of some of her noisier friends.

And he felt the same.

He had told her so once before.

But now he was busy, and even though she'd never admit it, it hurt her a lot.

She wasn't surprised to find herself standing in front of her own door when she finally snapped out of her thoughts, as she would often find her way home while not even thinking about it.

Turning the key in the door and pushing it open, she stepped in out of the cold weather and closed it again behind her; shaking her hair out after taking off her hat.

"I'm back Kali." Putting her boots and coat away, she turned and walked into the living room, not at all surprised to see Kali, her black tabby cat, lounging lazily on the arm of the couch.

Her lips twitching as though she wished to smile, Lindzi moved to the right wall and flicked on the switch, the Christmas tree in the corner of the room lighting up. Also turning on the gas fireplace directly across from the couch, Lindzi grabbed her throw blanket and her cat and sat in the couch; pulling the blanket around her and holding the purring tabby in her lap.

Sighing sadly, she lay back and put her head on the arm of the couch, closing her eye's to keep back the tears.

`Maybe, if I had asked him to...he would have come with me.' She thought, unintentionally drifting off to the purring of her cat.

Swearing that she had only closed her eye's for a second, Lindzi jolted awake when a loud knock came from the direction of the front hall. Kali meowed and jumped down off of Lindzi's stomach, disappearing around the corner into the hall as another knock rang through the house.

`It's probably just carolers.' Standing, Lindzi made her way into the front hall and picked Kali up. Moving her away from the door, she stood and undid the latch on the door, opening it quickly.

She froze, her eye's widening slightly.

She took in the duel colored hair, the crimson eye's matching her own, the scarf.

It was *him*.

"K-Kai." She stuttered, surprised he had found her. She stepped back to let him inside, closing the door and moving back to the living room in silent shock.

Kai followed after hanging his coat up and taking off his boots, sitting on the couch and watching Lindzi as she moved to the nearby hall cupboard and pulled out another throw blanket, moving back to him.

She stood in front of him silently, holding the blanket out.

Sighing, Kai reached out, but instead of taking the blanket, he gently took hold of her wrist and pulled her down onto his lap.

Lindzi froze up, not moving at all as he took the blanket and wrapped it around them both, holding her close.

And that was all it took to get past her barrier.

Lindzi buried her face in his neck, sobbing quietly. Kai simply held her closer, rubbing her back soothingly.

He was there.

Kai was there, holding her, whispering sweet words in her ear.

He had come to Russia to find her.

Stilling her tears, Lindzi looked up at him; convincing herself that he was not a figment of her imagination, that he was really there.

As though he sensed her innermost thoughts, Kai leaned down.

He placed a kiss on her forehead.

On her cheek.

And finally, he placed a gentle kiss on her lips, assuring her that he was real, and that he wasn't leaving.

Lindzi sighed and laid her head on his shoulder, smiling for the first time that day.

Kai was there, and Christmas meant something again.

The End.

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Just the end of the first one-shot.

Current amount of days till Christmas: 22

I hope everyone reading enjoyed this, and thank you for taking the time to look at my story.

Peace out,

Amaria.