

# **My Savior**

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*Vibrant green eyes, fiery red hair, he was handsome, and he was my savior. How I wish I could see him again... Oneshot kind of KuramaXOC*

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**Chapter 1 - My Savior**

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# 1 - My Savior

A/N: A one-shot story that is completely based of a dream I recently had. Some events in this are just put in her for emphasis; I wouldn't really do something like this.

I was told not to come this way, but I didn't listen. Murderers, thieves, rapists, all of these types of people traveled through this very forest. But I still didn't listen. I was frustrated at my mother; we had recently gotten into a fight concerning my lifestyle. These fights happened rarely, but when they did, I left home for a few hours to cool off. Sometimes I would pack food, water, and other necessities just so I could stay out the whole time. When I was angry, I wanted to piss her off, force her to feel worried about me, work her nerves. I sought that sort of revenge when I got angry at her. But I just never stopped to ponder on these emotions. I just acted out of anger, and anger was controlling me once again.

This time around, mother was fighting back. We both had reached the boiling point in our angers, and were about ready to explode. Once again, I wasn't thinking, just acting out, and because of that, I packed nothing. No food, no water, no protection for what was to come. I stormed out of the house, and took off down the street, angry tears pouring down my face at a rapid rate, and completely ignoring the sound of a locking door. I ran past many houses, and quickly ran across the street, and into the 'Forbidden Forest,' as it was dubbed. Winter was upon us, and here I was, in short sleeves and a pair of sweatpants, my favorite leopard printed slippers adorned my feet.

Night had come quickly, as it always did in the winter times. My breath came out in puffs of smoke as ran, trying to force air into my straining lungs. I began to strain my eyes to see, my glasses being of no use to me now that it was pitch black. My running stride slowly became that of a jogger's pace, which soon turned into a slow trot, until I eventually stopped. I placed my hand against the nearest tree, leaning all my weight on that one spot as I desperately tried to catch my faded breath. Thick brown curls flew into my face, the curls themselves escaping their once high ponytail.

I tore the black hair tie out of my hair, and quickly shoved it onto my wrist, allowing my shoulder length curls to fall freely against my neck, as my bangs stuck to my sweat covered forehead. I panted continuously, trying to steady my breathing, which was hard considering the never ending tears that streamed down my now reddened cheeks as I sobbed as quietly as possible, subconsciously praying to God that I was quiet enough to keep any nocturnal creatures far away from my sobbing, shaking form. My knees shook, my weight faltered, and my body collapsed into one big heap against the tall, sturdy oak tree. I pressed my back firmly to the tough bark as my head banged into my knees, sobbing uncontrollably at the recent fight my mother and I had endured.

I soon became aware of how cold it was this night as the wind began to blow against my exposed skin. Goosebumps rose, and I shivered at the unwanted feeling. In response to this horrid cold, I wrapped my arms around my shivering body, attempting to keep myself warm. The night wore on, and it got colder and colder. My anger was long forgotten, but was replaced by undying fear. Footsteps drawing near to my shivering body caught my attention. I looked up through my weary green eyes, staring at a silhouette in the trees.

"Mommy...?" I whimpered.

"Not quiet sweetheart," a gruff voice responded, definitely a male's.

Then he walked towards me, his heavy footfalls echoing in my ears. I continued to shiver, from fear or the cold, I wasn't too sure. The man's hand wrapped around my arm, the warmth of his hand was comforting, but I didn't trust him one bit. He gently pulled me up, so that we were eye to eye, sort of. He was taller than me by at least ten inches, making him at least 5'10" in height.

"Come with me, I'll warm you up," he said. Something about that voice made me shiver.

All my life I had been told to stay far away from strangers and to scream for help if someone you don't know tries to take you somewhere. I couldn't scream, though; no one would hear me. But did that stop me?

I think not.

I screamed at the top of my lungs, calling for help, alerting anyone or anything of our presences. I yanked my arm out of his grasp, and took off in a random direction, hoping to find my way home, and back into the awaiting arms of my worrying mother. The man's heavy footfalls were close to mine, so I knew now that he was chasing me no doubt. I continued to push myself; my aching muscles feeding off of the adrenaline rush to keep them going. I was determined to get away, but luck just wasn't on my side. Maybe I was finally being punished for all that revenge I pulled on my poor aging mother. My foot caught in a tree's root, resulting in my fall to the cold, frost covered earth. I picked myself up, wincing at the pain I felt on both elbows. I tried to stand up, but couldn't. My ankle had more than likely been twisted or even sprained, forcing me to try to crawl away from my pursuer.

The man jogged up behind me, his tall shadow covering my entire body, head to toe. I shivered, knowing this could possibly be my last night on Earth. The man smirked, almost as if he could feel my fear, or at least see it. He reached down and grasp my arm roughly, the same one he had captured before. His grasp was rough, as was his pull as he yanked me off my feet, forcing me to stand on my two feet. I yelped loudly at the feeling of my injured ankle trying to support all of my weight.

"What's wrong? Hurt yerself?" he sneered at me.

The man lifted my chin, forcing my terror filled eyes to fill his lust filled ones. I snapped my head away from him, but he didn't try to lift my chin again. Tears of fear and sorrow seeped from my green eyes, and traveled down my cheeks. I sobbed softly, trying to keep my fear covered up. But he heard, and he laughed. He threw me down into the dirt, my back coming into contact with a nearby oak tree. I yelped at the feeling of pain before my head fell limp to my chest.

I continued to sob, afraid of what was to come. I knew what he wanted, and there was no way for me to fight back. As I relived my fifteen year long life, I thought of my friends, but most of all, my mother. I sobbed harder when I thought of her. I worried her sick when I got angry at her, and because of my anger, I got mad, and tried to blame her. I prayed silently in my head to God above to forgive me of what I had done to the poor woman. She had to deal with my brother for eighteen years, a living hell, and now, I was bringing it all back for her, slowly but surely.

The man towered above me, a sinister smirk spread across his lips. He reached down towards my still figure, but stopped when another presence made itself apparent.

"Let the girl," their voice commanded. It was so soft, but I could hear a hidden anger behind it.

"Look buddy, I have business here, why don't you go home," the man shouted, standing up to look the intruder in the eye.

I lifted my head to see a young man near me. He looked older than me, but not by very much. His emerald green eyes were calm, but I could easily see disgust and anger hidden within those green depths. He was adorned in some sort of uniform, and was the color magenta. The man sneered at the teen, and turned towards me again.

"I don't have time for this," he mumbled, grasping my arm once more, and hoisting me up painfully.

Another cry of pain escaped my lips as pain throbbed from my injured ankle. The man began to walk away, dragging me behind him. I looked behind me towards the teen, begging with my eyes for help. He nodded silently, and reached into his long fiery red hair, pulling out a beautiful red rose. I looked at him with sheer confusion, thinking that he was insane, but he astounded me by his trick. With a flick of his wrist, the rose within in his hand transformed into a long thorny whip. He snapped it threateningly, a deadly crack sounded through the once silent forest. The man stopped in his tracks, turning behind him to see the red headed teen and his deadly weapon.

"How's that gonna help ya kid?" the man sneered once more.

He pushed me to the ground, withdrawing a gun from his pocket. "You had your chance kid," he said, aiming towards the boy's head. I looked on in horror at the two. This innocent boy was about to be murdered, and all because of me! But the man was never able to fire the weapon within his grasp. The boy flicked the whip in the man's direction, wrapping it around the man's head, just above his lower jaw. He drew the whips towards himself, the whip cutting through the man's flesh, tearing off the man's head, except for the lower jaw and below. Blood pooled from the man's head, producing a large puddle below him. His blood missed me, just narrowly, as his body collapsed near me.

I screamed, crawling away from the man's corpse. The boy walked towards me calmly, returning the deadly whip back into a harmless whip, which was gently placed back into his long red hair. My eyes were wide with terror as I looked upon this boy; my mind said to run, but my body stayed put. The boy kneeled down, and calmly looked me in the eye. He produced a new flower from his hair. This one was a midnight blue, with the center going into a solid white color. I looked up at him confused. He grasped my chin in his hand, our eyes locking in silent conversation.

"Sleep," he whispered.

With a soft puff of air from the boy's lips, a dark blue powder flew into my face from the beautiful flower. My eyes drooped as the powder took effect. I collapsed in an instant, right into this young man's arms.

I don't know how long I was out, but when I awoke, I was in my bed, all covered up. I sat up drowsily,

rubbing my eyes. A sweet scent filled my nose as I looked next to me. There was a rose. It was a vibrant red, and the stem was a healthy green. The thorns had been removed, as I could see. I smelled the rose's sweet scent as I remembered that boy that saved my life. Vibrant green eyes, fiery red hair, he was handsome, and he was my savior.

How I wish I could see him again...