

Come Back So You May Hold Me

By Khalia1114

Submitted: February 18, 2006

Updated: February 18, 2006

I just wanted to see that red head once more. I just wanted to say 'thank you,' and give him a friendly hug. Then be done with it all. I just wanted to see him once more...Oneshot KuramaXOC

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Khalia1114/28505/Come-Back-So-You-May-Hold-Me>

Chapter 1 - Come Back So You May Hold Me

2

1 - Come Back So You May Hold Me

A/N: A sequel to "My Savior," my other one-shot. This one is partially based off of a dream I had last night, but most of it is from my imagination. So enjoy.

Come Back So You May Hold Me

It had been a few months since that boy had rescued me. From then on out, I could not stop thinking about him. He invaded my every thought. From the time he disappeared to now, I'd wanted to see him again; to thank him for all he's done. Not only did he save my life, but in a way, he made the relationship between my mother and me better than ever. The fights stopped all together, and whenever we did fight, it was just a small argument. So much has changed. School hadn't been any easier though. I couldn't seem to concentrate as much as I had before.

And it was all because of that mysterious red head.

Weekends for me were spent differently. No longer did I spend my time at my computer just talking the day away, but instead, I would just sit on my bed, within my cozy little room, and think. Call it an obsession if you want, but I just wanted to see that red head once more. I just wanted to say 'thank you,' and give him a friendly hug. Then be done with it all. I just wanted to see him once more. My silent prayers and wishes were never answered, though. I never encountered my savior, and there was no way I was going to go look for him either; not after what happened all those months back. So I just sat there in my room, and thought about him, waiting.

And waiting.

And waiting.

But still, no signs of him.

My mother had always been aware of my strange behavior, but didn't know the cause of it. I would have rather not let her know about what had happened in that dark forest that fateful day. Besides, there was no need to track the guy down; he was dead, and already in the belly of countless beasts that had feasted on his decayed carcass. Why worry her with something that doesn't need to be worried about? So I kept silent, and just reassured her with petty little comments like, 'It's nothing,' or 'Don't worry about it Mom, I'm fine.' But I could still see the worry deep within her hazel eyes.

School dragged on, leaving me behind once more. Throughout the whole day I was quiet, deep in thought, which had the concern of a lot of my teachers, for they usually saw my hazel eyes bright with excitement, but they were dull and emotionless. I was questioned all day by random people, but I just told them not to worry. But my best friend didn't buy that at all.

Jamie Willow.

The best friend I had always wanted when I was younger, but never did meet until I was at least 8. At first we were just friends, but our relationship grew to be so close, that we were like sisters, and we still are. From the moment she saw the look in my eyes during English, she knew something was up, but she didn't access the problem until lunch.

When my favorite period of the day came around, students bustled out of their classes to get to the cafeteria located on the first floor. I walked in calmly as always, spotting our little group and walked over. I took my usual seat between Conner (my 'boyfriend' as everyone thought) and Christopher (Jamie's ex-boyfriend). I took my seat between the two, and as soon as Jamie saw me, she gave me 'the look.' It was a look I knew all too well. In other words, it meant 'We need to talk.' I just nodded to her, and went up to get my lunch. Afterwards, the period seemed pretty normal.

As the end period bell blared, I thought about what I was getting myself into. I quickly walked out of the cafeteria, but was soon confronted by Jamie, who led me to the second floor girl's bathroom. We walked over to where the stalls were, and just stood there, looking at each other, with myself leaning against the wall as Jamie stared at me.

"What's wrong Sitara? You've been out of it for the past few months. At first I ignored it, but I think it's getting worse," Jamie told me.

I sighed quietly and turned away from her concerned, yet stern look.

"I don't want to talk about right now Jamie. Maybe...maybe in a few more months, but not right now," I said.

It was true. I wasn't ready to let anyone know about my experiences in the forest near my house all those months back. At least, not until I could at least see my savior again. But until then, I wasn't ready to talk. If I did, who would believe me? If Jamie, or even my own mother, found out that some random boy wielding a rose whip sort of thing saved me from some rapist....I was sure to wind up in a straight jacket, and be sent straight to the 'Happy House.' And after that, psychiatric galore! Boy, would the world have fun with me. I could just imagine the publicity.

And I shuddered.

The sound of it wasn't too encouraging, and neither was coming clean. With one more look towards Jamie, I sighed, and grabbed my bag. I walked out of the bathroom, and straight to my fifth period class. Geometry. Oh what joys await us there.

I couldn't have been any happier when the final school rang, allowing me my freedom from my most dreaded class, Biology. At first, I was ecstatic about taking the class, but it soon turned to boredom and the 'I-don't-care-at-all' attitude once I knew how the teacher taught. Which was no teaching at all. Sighing heavily through my nostrils, I picked up my books and my bag, and headed out the door, where I was greeted by Conner. We had been friends for only a few months; I couldn't even remember how we got our friendship started off in the first place. All I knew was that we were really good friends. But it was no wonder everyone thought we were going out. He usually waited at my locker, or outside of the classroom once our last class was let out. But we were just good friends, and nothing more.

Once I collected my things, I bid farewell to Conner, and took off through the crowded hallway. I just wanted to get home in a hurry for some reason. This day had just felt...different, for some odd reason. All throughout the day -- throughout my little 'moping' period -- I had sensed something wrong, but ignored it. That was another problem with me -- I was sometimes paranoid. But this time, I would not succumb to my paranoia. Reaching the end of the hallway, I pushed through the glass doors that led to the outside world. I walked down the concrete catwalk, and that's when my cell phone went off. I sighed, and pushed all of my books into one hand, reaching into my khaki pants for my cell. I pulled it out, and flipped it open instantly, putting it up to my ear.

"Hello?" I asked.

"Sitara, honey, something's gone wrong. I just got into an accident and--" my mother began.

"Are you alright?! Where are you!?" I was panicking, another trait of mine -- worrying so much about others around me.

"I'm fine sweetie, but my car isn't. I'm sorry, but I won't be able to pick you up today. But I did already call Ms. Pat," my mother reassured me.

I sighed in relief. Ms. Pat was probably one of the greatest single women I have ever met in my entire life. She was friends with my mom, and every once in a while, I got to see her. I quickly nodded my head, and said good-bye to my mother, after reassuring myself that she would be fine. I ended the call, and quickly dialed in Ms. Pat's cell phone. After a few rings, I got her voice mail. I sighed aggagately, and ended the call before it could finish. I tried her other phone number, her home phone. I dialed the number quickly, and waited, pleaded, for her to pick up.

One ring.

Two rings.

Three rings.

Why wouldn't she answer. I was about to hang up, when her voice snapped me out of my little trance.

"Hello?" she called.

"Thank God!" I exclaimed to her, "Ms. Pat, it's me, Sitara."

"Oh hi Sitara!" she said happily.

I couldn't help but smile, "Listen, Mom got into an accident, and she wants you to come pick me up from school."

She agreed immediately, and asked for the directions to my school, which I gave her. Once all of that was over and done with, I closed my cell phone, and put it back into my pocket. I walked back into the school, knowing it would at least be 45 minutes before Ms. Pat got to the school. How wrong I was.

As the minutes ticked by on the clock, I watched the sky. It was eerily quiet outside, and the fact that the sky was turning dark grey wasn't helping matters either. It was only 3:40 in the afternoon, and yet it looked much later. A chill ran up my spine as I stared outside. I forced myself to calm down, as I watched student after student leave the campus, whether it was them that drove or their parents. I just sat there in the hallway, back against the metal lockers, as I stared outside, watching the sky blacken even more. All I remember after that is just dozing off from boredom.

SLAM

I awoke with a start. My eyes were darting around wildly, trying to figure out the cause of the disturbance. Everything was pitch black, even outside. My heart rate picked up slowly. I willed myself to calm down as I took out my cell phone to check the time.

7:10 P.M.

Those numbers stared back at me, as if mocking me, taunting me that I was alone. Why hadn't anyone woken me up beforehand? Had they just ignored me completely? Or did they somehow just end up missing me altogether? And what about Ms. Pat? She should have been here by now! My heart rate increased evermore as I looked at the situation. I couldn't go anywhere, I was literally trapped. All the doors were locked, so I was stuck up here on the second floor. Sure, there was the elevator to my left, but as soon as I got off it, I would come face to face with a locked door. The stairwells that were on both ends of this hallway also had a locked door awaiting me. The more I looked at this awful situation, the quicker my heart raced.

And I didn't forget the darkness outside either. The wind began to howl as it raced past the windows.

I swallowed hard, forcing myself to calm down. My mother probably thought I was safe at Ms. Pat's house, but I wasn't. I was trapped in this God forsaken school with nowhere to go, and nothing to eat. Well, at least I had plenty of water. There was a water fountain on this floor, so I wouldn't have to suffer through thirst and hunger...just hunger. What joy.

What really made my day was that the heaters were not turned on, for there was supposed to be no one in the building. To make matters worse, it was winter, so guess what? I got to starve and freeze my @\$ off. Things couldn't get any better, now could they.

A cackle of thunder.

Apparently so.

I hate my life.

Rain poured down heavily as the anticipated storm hit. This wasn't just some Spring shower, oh no, we're talking the whole package. The wind was raging uncontrollably outside as the rain came down in buckets, literally. The sound of thunder rang through my ears as lightning flashed brightly through the sky. I hated storms, always had. But I kept my head. The first thing I had to do was get away from the windows. I had always been told to never be around a window where there was lightning present. I headed this advice, and grabbed my stuff, leaving my books behind, and heading towards the middle of the hallway, for there were windows on both ends.

I dropped my bag to the floor and huddled against the lockers. My arms encircled my legs as I prayed for this night to hurry and end. My heart had not slowed its pace at all as it continued to beat madly within my ribcage. I began to feel the effects of winter as the building began to cool, causing goose bumps to rise on my skin. I had decided not to bring my jacket today, for it was fairly warm for a winter day. I didn't think I would need it, but that little voice in the back of my head did. But I ignored him. I ignored Bob; I'm sorry Bob.

I quickly shook my head. A few minutes of realizing that I was stuck in some creepy school all night, and I was already going insane! For now, I had to do the best thing to warm my body up; that was the most important thing at hand. I released my hair from its ponytail, and let fall around my neck and shoulders. When I think back on it, I'm really glad that I have thick, curly hair. It's a good insulator. Afterwards, I wrapped my arms around my knees, trying to ward off the cold as the night grew later and later.

Hours passed, and my stomach complained for food, which I could not offer. For now, I had to suck it up, and deal with it. To get my mind off of my hunger, I decided to do other miniscule things. I pulled out my cell phone to check the time.

12:34 A.M.

Those numbers...they were mocking me again, laughing at my problems. I shook my head and closed my cell phone, returning it to my pocket. Half-way there. I just had to wait about six more hours before anyone showed up. Hopefully it would be earlier. I never realized how cold it could get in this building. My toes and feet had long since been cold because of the flip flops I chose to wear that day. My body shivered slightly every once and a while, and the bright flashes of light seemed to scare me more everytime I saw them. Though I was aware of the storm outside, the loud thunder caused me to jump slightly whenever I heard it. I just wanted to go home and be safe.

A few more hours passed, and I had refused to go to sleep. I was too scared to. Throughout the night, I could have sworn that I heard small cracking sounds, but I ignored them completely.

I really had to learn to stop ignoring Bob. Bob was good; Bob was only trying to help.

I shook my head again, tempted to beat it against the lockers in order to snap me out of my temporary insanity. The rain didn't seem to want to let up either, in fact, it seemed to have gotten heavier in the past couple of hours. And if everything wasn't peachy enough, I felt something drip into my shirt. I screamed loudly, jumping away from my spot, and to the opposite wall, clinging to it as if my life depended on it.

Drip.

Drip.

Drip.

Oh great, a leaky roof! I looked up. No wonder. There was a crack in the ceiling that had been there God knows how long. I sighed heavily. This just was not my day. Feeling brave, though, I ventured a little closer to the glass doors. It was near the location I was originally in. I made sure to get close, but not too

close. I swallowed hard once more that night. Water was flooding a few inches more than it should have been. Would our school actually see its first flood? I remember there being a storm like this back when I was in 4th grade, but this was much worse! My heart began to quicken once more as a chill ran up my spine once more.

Crack.

I looked up quickly. There was that sound again.

Crack.

It was so close, but where?

Crack.

I carefully looked over the glass doors before me and stood back in fear.

Crack.

The force of the storm was greater than I thought. The glass windows were actually cracking! But, thunderstorm winds usually weren't this strong. Were they? I could only think of hurricanes doing this to glass, but I don't remember there being a hurricane watch for our state, let alone our city!

Crack.

I looked at the cracks with fear in my eyes. I couldn't breathe, and my throat was completely dry. The sound of my madly beating heart was the one thing I could really hear at the moment. And I couldn't move.

Lighting erupted in the night sky, brightening everything, as it crashed closer than I had expected -- or thought -- it too. That was the breaking point, as one glass door was broken away by the force. I screamed loudly, shielding my face from the shards of glass that embedded into my arms and hands and other places of my vulnerable body. I staggered back as the rain water and wind blasted through the opening, hitting me full on. I began to shiver uncontrollably as blood dripped down my arms from the many cuts. I fell back against the cold metal lockers, as fear set in. I began to cry, wishing for the storm to leave, or for someone to come for me. I continued to cry out for help, but no one came. And I was ready to give up hope. I passed out in a blissful state of unconsciousness.

Warmth. As I slowly drifted back to consciousness, I realized I was covered up. At first, I thought I was at home, safe in my warm bed. But that thought was quickly killed once I felt the cold of the lockers against my back. I slowly opened my eyes. Everything was blurry for a few minutes, but after a couple of blinks, my vision returned to normal. I felt calm, even though the storm continued outside and it was still freezing. But even though the atmosphere was like a freezer, I was surprisingly warm. I looked down and saw that a jacket covered my body. I sat up, allowing the article of clothing to fall to the ground before I quickly picked it up and covered my body with it. The jacket itself reached to at least my knees, and the sleeves went way past my fingertips. I gasped when I saw the color. It was magenta with a golden yellow stripe going down the center.

It was his jacket! Then if I had his jacket, he had to be around here somewhere. Right?

"I see you're finally awake," I heard his unmistakable calm voice say.

I gasped and turned around quickly. There he was, standing just inches in front of me. His long red hair and piercing emerald green eyes were all too familiar.

"You..." I whispered.

Time seemed to stop as we stared at each other for the longest time. I walked forward shyly and cautiously.

"Why?" I asked.

He looked at me curiously. I had to admit, he looked very cute that way.

"Why what?" he replied.

"Why did you save me that day? I don't even know your name," I said.

He smiled softly at me as he came closer.

"Why not? You were in trouble, and I helped you. It doesn't matter if we don't know each other or not," he whispered.

He was so close to me that I could feel the warmth from his body. My heart quickened again, but not in fear but in...Anticipation? Was this what it was like to have a crush? I would never know, since I've never really had a crush on anyone before. I was so new, so inexperienced to these new feelings, so it made me wary to be around him. I couldn't help but also feel a bit scared. He seemed to sense my unease as he backed away a little, giving me room to breathe.

"You know, I never got the chance to ask for your name either," he whispered to me.

My heart continued to beat madly in my chest as he continued to talk. I knew he was amused by my behavior, but tried not to show it. I could feel my face heating up in a heavy blush as I continued to stare at him.

"Si-Sitara," I stammered out.

That was new. I don't remember stammering about anything in my life. The red head chuckled at me, his emerald eyes held amusement in them.

"Well then Sitara, you may call me Kurama," he said.

The red head, known as Kurama, walked towards me, and grasped my hand. He gently lifted it up to his face, and kissed the back lightly. I blushed and swallowed hard at the simple gesture, and turned my

head bashfully.

"Nice to meet you," Kurama whispered.

"N-Nice to meet you t-too," I stammered out, facing him again.

"I see my coat has kept you warm since you've been asleep," he smirked.

I blushed even harder than before, "Yes, it has, thank you," I said as I unconsciously wrapped the jacket around me tighter.

"You're welcome," he replied.

Happiness never lasts very long, and neither did my little moment with Kurama. Thunder crashed in the sky as lightning flashed. I screamed in fear as I remembered that the storm was still there. I fell into Kurama, and hugged him tightly, wishing for the storm to disappear altogether. Kurama hesitantly wrapped his arms around me, but soon began to rub my back in small circles, comforting me greatly. I buried my head into his chest, just trying to block out the sounds of the storm.

"I just want to go home, or for at least for this storm to stop," my muffled voice said.

Kurama smiled softly and pushed me away gently, taking notice of the fresh tears in my eyes from all the problems I had endured in just one night. He raised his hand and pulled my glasses off my face, using his thumbs to brush away my tears.

"It'll be alright, don't worry," he reassured.

He placed my glasses back onto his face, then reached into his red locks, pulling out a small seed. I stared at him questionably as he held the tiny seed in his palm. He smiled at me before concentrating on the seed. I looked down and gasped in amazement as the seed began to bloom into a beautiful flower. I don't much after that, just him holding it up to his mouth, and blowing on it, sending the flower's powder into my face. I blacked out instantly and right into Kurama's waiting arms.

As time drifted by, I wondered who Kurama truly was. He seemed to perfect in my opinion, not like some of the goofballs I've come to know. Slowly drifting back to consciousness, I felt the soft mattress of my bed beneath me, and the warm softness of my goose down comforter that covered my entire body. I opened my eyes and sat up slowly, the down comforter falling in front of me. I looked around in a daze before everything came rushing back. Kurama! Where was he? And why was I in my pajamas? I blushed at a new thought that entered into my mind.

Did he actually change me? I remember that my clothes were pretty wet, but they should have been dry by the time I got back home. Home! I looked around quickly again, taking in the fact that I was actually home, in bed, and it was well into the afternoon.

I sighed. He had done it again. Saved me and brought me back home safely. But I couldn't help but stop the blush that creped over my cheeks in thought of such a fine looking red head changing my clothes. I shook my head to expel these bad thoughts. When I looked to the large vanity that was attached to my bed, I saw a beautiful red rose with a note attached, just sitting on the top of my vanity.

I reached behind me and carefully picked both up, noticing that the rose had all its thorns removed. The sweet scent of the flower was a nice change instead of the smell of floor cleaner and rain water. Putting the rose on my pillow, I opened up the small note left to me.

Dear Sitara,

I'm glad to have helped you once more, but you really must learn to stay out of trouble. I hope we meet once more, but only under the circumstances that I don't have to save you again.

~Kurama

P.S. - I hope you don't mind the fact that I had to change your clothing. Sorry about that.

I put the note down, my cheeks flaming red. I still couldn't get over the fact at what he had done, even if it was for a good reason. He had seen me at my most vulnerable time. I'm just glad he didn't try to take advantage of me, though. I sighed once more before putting the rose and note back from where they were, and laid down on my pillow. My eyelids grew heavy as sleep began to claw at me, trying to drag me down into a world of bliss...even if it was for only a few hours or so. I snuggled into my down comforter as my eyelids closed completely. I sighed in relief at being home after all that had happened to me in just one night. Before I drifted off, though, I had one last thought.

/I wonder how they're going to pay for all those damages. Oh well,/ I thought, a nice little smirk spread across my lips.

I did want to tell Jamie, but decided against it, even though she'd be literally worshiping me for days on end...