

Warmth

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 1:

Warmth

Series: DN Angel

Pairing: Later DaisukexSatoshi

Rating: G

Author's note: Just a little 'experiment' of mine. I wanted to try something else, so I wrote this little ficlet. I think it's crappy, so if anybody has some constructive suggestions (don't just tell me you don't like it) I'll gladly appreciate them. So, please review!

~Rina~

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Warmth

It's spring and the sun is shining brightly. Not a single cloud can be seen in the sky. It's not hot, but it's pleasantly warm. I like spring. Because of it's warmth. Everything starts to blossom in spring. The Sakura trees are already heavy loaded with rose coloured blossoms.

I walk by a park. I see children playing in the sandbox, going down the slide or playing hide and seek.

I decide to sit down on a bench and rest for a while. I observe my surroundings. The park is full of laughing children with their mothers.

One kid trips over his own feet and lands on his backside. The mother hurries over to her crying child. She whispers some soothing words to it and the tears stop falling immediately.

That's all what this child needed. Motherly warmth. Warmth....

I was the same. A long time ago. When did it change? When did I become so cold?

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My father passed away when I was four years old. I only had my mother. And she was all I needed. I loved her more than anybody else.

I was six that day. That day, which changed my whole life...

I came home from primary school. The front door was wide open and I sensed immediately that something was wrong. I went inside.

"Okaa-san, tadaima!" I got no response. After putting off my shoes I went into the living room, but my mother was nowhere to be found. I then walked into the kitchen, but it was deserted as well. I noticed a little paper lying on the table. I picked it up and read it.

'Dear Satoshi.

I'm sorry.

I have to go away.

At 4.00pm a man will come over and pick you up.
He will tell you the reason why I had to go.

I hope we'll see each other again someday.

Take care

Your mother'

I re-read the letter for about three times. She left?
The only person in my life I ever loved, I ever trusted, left?

I didn't notice the tears forming in my eyes, didn't notice them dripping down onto the paper, still clutched in my hand.

That afternoon Detective General Hiwatari came. He took me home with him and told me I had to call him father from that day on. That man I never met before in my live.

He was the one who told me about Krad, that demon inside of me. He told me too, how too get rid of him. The one you love has to love you back. And he told me about my 'mission'. He always said I was special.

It's true, even in primary school I was more intelligent than the others. With four years I was able to write and read. With 14 I graduated from Lagoon University.

Then he sent me to that high school. He told me about the boy who would become Dark, the master thief. Daisuke Niwa. He was the exact opposite of me. Always happy and smiling. He was friendly with everyone. And he was clumsy. I couldn't believe that

he was the master thief Dark Mousy.

But somehow he fascinated me. Even though he was really dense, he was always helpful and awake when somebody needed help.

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The air's getting chilly and more and more mothers take their children by the hand and go home. Most likely their husbands are already waiting for them to make them hot chocolate or a coffee.

I live alone. For one year now. My 'father' bought me a flat in town, so I have enough space for the preparations I have to make in order to catch Dark.

Just as I get up to leave I see that boy entering the park. He's whistling, not giving a thing for the people glancing at him with raised eyebrows. He then stops short. Maybe he noticed me standing about six feet away from him. He smiles and waves before he starts jogging towards me.

"Hiwatari-kun! What are you doing here?" He's panting a bit, his red hair falling into his eyes. He brushes a hand through his hair, with no affect, cause the red bangs keep falling into his face.

"I was reading." I tell him, showing him a book I was holding in my hand.

"Ah. Is it good?" He looks at me with his much too big, ruby-coloured eyes. I feel a warmth build up in my body, a warmth I never felt since my mother left.

"It's okay." I answer. He smiles at me and the warmth keeps growing inside of me.

"What are you planning to do now? Maybe we can do something together?" I shrug and he jumps up and down happily, like those children in the park did before.

We leave the park, the sun is already setting down. I look at my watch. It's 5.43pm. I realize that I sat in that park for almost an hour.

After we walk in silence for around ten minutes we reach his home. He searches in his pocket for a while, until he finds his keys.

I'm standing behind him, and despite the gap between us I can still feel the warmth radiating from his body. I feel drawn to his warmth, since my body had felt cold and numb for such a long time now...

Maybe tonight I have the chance to get just a little bit of his warmth...

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Author's note: Soooooooooo, how was that? Weird? Stupid? Miserable?
I hope it wasn't that bad, but I wanted to try something different for a change.
When there are some positive reviews I'm gonna write a second chapter.
Maybe this story becomes a lemon... ^_____^ Who knows?
Well, anyway, thanks for reading! *hands everyone a cookie who read this*

~Rina~