

# Mistletoe

## Miria x Clare

Von Rukia-sama

### Christmas Time

So...

Ich habe ja in letzter Zeit nix mehr Geupdated von meinen Fics, weil mir i-wie der Antrieb dazu fehlt^^

Ich schreibe im moment eine FF über Claymore auf FF.net, alles auf english, das macht mehr fun^^

Naja, vllt lad ich die FF ja auch hier hoch...whatever, hier mal nen One-Shot zu meinem Lieblingspairing Miria x Clare

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Sitting on a rock outside the cave, her back against her sword, Clare looked up into the white sky and watched the snowflakes softly landing on top of the already fallen snow.

She tried her best to ignore a certain somebody, who stared at her for ten minutes now, but she could almost *feel* her gaze on her. Finally she couldn't take it anymore.

"Either you're going to tell me why you're starring at me like this, or I'm going to make sure you'll never ever be able to stare at anybody again".

Helene didn't know what made her shiver, the seriousness of Clares voice or her eyes piercing her own ones, but she shrugged it off and started to explain herself.

"Aren't you excited about tomorrow?".

"Should I? Tomorrow is going to be a day like every other day too, isn't it?".

Helenes jaw dropped.

"Don't tell me you didn't know that it's going to be Christmas tomorrow?!".

"What is that "Christmas" you're talking about".

Okay, now Helene was shocked.

"For real now, you don't know about Christmas? Heck, didn't your parents celebrate it or at least told you something about it?"

Clare's eyes narrowed.

"Only to remind you, my parents were killed when I was four, since then that Yoma tagged me along".

She could have face-palmed herself for her clumsiness.

"...Sorry, kind of forgot about it".

Clare sighed. Helene had an attention span like a slice of bread.

"Don't mind it, could you explain what that "Christmas" is?"

And so Helene explained everything she knew about Christmas. From the Christmas-tree, the presents, the party and... "...the best thing about Christmas is the mistletoe. The two persons who are standing below it have to kiss each other, no exceptions".

Clare's left eyebrow rose at hearing this. Maybe she could use it, to...yes! Damn, that was a great idea! An evil smirk graced her features.

"I know what you're thinking Clare! You want to use it as an excuse to-Hmpf!"

In a blink of an eye, Clare was standing in front of Helene, a hand clasped over the warrior's mouth to keep her silent.

"She must not know that".

After a nod from the loud-mouthed woman, Clare removed her hand.

"You're an evil bitch, did you know that?"

Clare just smiled.

~\*~

Loud giggling woke Miria from her slumber the very next morning. Opening her eyes and scanning the area, she realized that she was the only one still asleep. Well, since now.

"Merry Christmas!"

The booming voices of 5 happy-looking Claymores made her jump a little, but a few moments later a gentle smile spread across her face.

"You all are incredible".

Helene walked over to her, took her wrist and helped her stand up.

"We even have presents! They aren't decoratively wrapped up 'cause there is no paper around here after all, but we hope you still are going to enjoy it".

Miria felt almost like crying as she looked into the smiling faces her comrades. Only a few months had passed since the Great War, still they managed to be as lively and motivated as they were.

"Wait, what? Presents? What could you have found that could be called a present?".

Surprisingly Deneve took her hand and led her to the location of the so called presents.

At the sight of them Miria blinked. Once. Twice. "...".

"Don't be so stiff!", laughed Tabitha and handed her one of the black clothes that were specially made for them.

"Helene made them".

"S-shut up Deneve!", hissed the former number 22 and glared at the short-haired warrior, two feet away from her.

She just chuckled and closed her eyes. "Make me".

No response.

As she opened her eyes, she noticed Helenes face right in front of her.

"What are you going to-".

Her sentence was cut off short as the lips of her long-time friend crashed down on her own ones. "Happy now?". Deneve could just stare.

Miria addressed the remaining warriors, since former number 15 and 22 were busy at the moment.

"How did you manage to made that out here in the north?". Miria was confused, a rare but amusing sight.

After Yuma explained exactly how they had found an old tailor shop and found some leather, which had been of use for making these clothes, Cynthia suggested that Miria could switch into her new clothes, while the rest of them would give her some space.

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Smiling softly to herself, Miria was about to remove her bodysuit as a thought crossed

her mind.

*'Wait...I saw Helene, Deneve, Tabitha, Cynthia and Yuma, but where was-'*

"Missed me?"

Miria flinched at the sudden appearance of her friend and finished her thought afterwards. *'-Clare'*.

She didn't turn around. In one way or another she was a little disappointed that Clare wasn't there when she had woken up. "To be honest, yes. Where have you been?"

Slowly walking to the older woman, Clare hid something behind her back, while embracing Miria softly with her other arm.

The former number 6 flinched again, this time because of the sudden contact to icy cold skin. "You're freezing", stated Miria and began to warm up the other woman's arm with her warm hands.

"That happens if you're out in a blizzard-like storm all night with nothing but your bodysuit and armor", she replied and closed her eyes, waiting for Mirias outburst.

"Excuse me? Are you out of your mind? I know that we can regulate our body heat but not for a whole night out in a blizzard, especially if its 10 degrees below 0. Really, sometimes I think you want to kill yourself with your reckless actions".

Turning her around, Clare smiled at her and whispered something into her right ear.

"Are you going to accept my excuse?"

A shiver went down Mirias spine as her hot breath tickled her ear. Even if Clare wasn't the most emotional person, she knew how to deal with her.

"What kind of excuse?"

Her smiled almost turned into a grin. "You'll see. Close you eyes".

After doing so, Miria waited patiently for Clare to make her move.

The two of them were an unofficial couple for 2 months now. Only Deneve and Helene knew of it, because Helene spied on them during their "training" and almost immediately told Deneve about it. Really, they were just keeping each other warm, big deal....

"You can open your eyes now".

As she opened her silver orbs, she immediately noticed something green in front of her forehead.

“Don’t tell me that is...”.

“Yes, it is”.

“You’re incredible, finding mistletoe in the middle of the North, on top of that a beautiful exemplar like this one”.

Clare mumbled a soft “I love you too” into the air, before capturing Mirias lips with her own ones into her first real kiss.

Clare’s lips surprisingly tasted sweet, Miria couldn’t make it out exactly, but it tasted...good.

The short-haired woman thought something along those lines too.

After unwillingly breaking the kiss to take a few deep breaths, Clare leaned her forehead against Mirias.

“Merry Christmas”.