

Feverish Dream

Miria x Clare

Von Rukia-sama

Promise

Hey Leute :)
Willkommen bei meinem Sequel zu "Mistletoe"
Hehe...
Ich hoffe ihr habt spaß beim lesen ;)

Gentle stroking through her short soft hair, Miria couldn't suppress the small smile that was forming on her lips. Clare looked unbelievable at peace during her sleep, as if all her worries and painful memories never had happened.

A soft breeze swept through the cave and Clare nuzzled her head deeper into Miria's chest. The spiky-haired woman let out a small chuckle. Clare looked almost cute with her arms around her waist and her head buried into her chest.

'If Clare finds out that I called her cute she's going to kill me'.

Two days had passed since Christmas and Miria still couldn't believe what her friend had done for her. Finding Mistletoe in the middle of nowhere is truly something.

Clare stirred in her sleep and opened her eyes mere seconds later. A pair of silver eyes greeted her.

"Good morning little sleepyhead", joked Miria and pushed herself into an upright position. Doing the same the short-haired warrior rubbed the sleep out of her eyes and slurred a "Mornin'" through a half closed mouth.

"My my, you aren't a morning person, are you?"

Clare gave her a half-hearted glare and let herself plop down onto the fur again.

"I'm just tired, that's all".

Shaking her head Miria stood up and looked around the cave, noticing that the others were still asleep. Tabitha and Deneve were guarding the cave.

"Well, time to wake the others; we have something to do after all".

~*~

Twenty minutes and a lot of effort later every member of the Ghosts was standing in front of Miria, some looking more tired than others.

"Good, now that everyone is present we can start the training".

Groaning and sighing the Ghosts picked up their old bodysuits and her Claymores, they didn't want to rip their new clothes into shreds for nothing during the training. After changing into their bodysuits they began to walk towards their training spot

Outside the cave the snow was slowly raining down from the sky above them, no traces from the blizzard two days ago in sight.

Cynthia and Clare were walking behind the others. Cynthia noticed that her short-haired companion struggled to keep up with their pace so she wanted to know what was wrong with her.

"Clare-san, aren't you feeling well? You seem to be a little off".

"I'm fine". "But-". "I said I'm fine!", she snapped and walked away.

Cynthia sighed and followed her. Damn, Clare was such a thickhead at times!

~*~

"Listen up; I'm going to choose the teams. Yuma fights Helene, Deneve fights Tabitha, Clare fights me and Cynthia is observing our training. Any objections?".

Since no one said something, they separated into the groups.

~*~

Clare had lied as Cynthia had asked her if something was wrong. She felt as her head was going to explode, she was freezing and the worst of all, her sight was getting blurry. How should she fight against Miria in such a condition? But she was way too proud to show her weakness, especially towards a certain spiky-haired warrior.

Miria noticed that Clare was looking paler than usual but pushed it onto her lack of sleep.

"Are you ready?".

"Sure".

After taking their swords they immediately rushed towards each other; a signal of the

fight being started.

Miria phantomed behind Clare to strike her back, but was blocked by the broad sword of her opponent. Using more of her mirages she tried to confuse her; it worked.

Clare, seeing everything already twice, had problems to locate Miria in this blur of metal and body. Using a backflip to avoid the blow aimed at her torso, she landed a few feet away from Miria, already breathing heavily.

Disappearing from sight again, she aimed a blow to Clares head with the hilt of her sword. What she didn't expect was it to really hit its target.

Stumbling backwards the world around her started spinning and she felt herself loosing her balance. If it wasn't for two strong arms to catch her she would have surely laid on the snow covered ground by now.

"Clare! What's wrong?", asked a confused Miria and starred deeply into her eyes.

Her mouth formed words, but nothing came out and finally she let the darkness overtake her consciousness.

"Miria-san!".

Turning her head she spotted Cynthia running towards them; she had seen everything.

"Cynthia, help me placing Clare onto my back we need to bring her into the cave again. After that tell the others to immediately return to the cave as well".

Cynthia took Clares sword after placing her as said onto Mirias back and the spiky-haired warrior took a last worried look on Clares face before returning to the cave.

~*~

Gentle putting Clare on the fur Miria watched as she flinched as if being in pain. She placed a hand on her forehead to check her temperature.

Her brows furrowed. 'She's burning up'.

"Why didn't you say something", she mumbled and softly stroked trough her hair again like this very morning.

"Miria!".

Turning around she saw a concerned looking Deneve and Cynthia appearing right behind her.

"What happened?".

"She passed out during training. She's a fever, most likely because her being out in this blizzard two days ago".

"Really, that girl truly means work".

Despite the situation Miria smiled. "You're right. Where are the others?"

"Outside. I told them that Clare need to rest and since Helene is freaking out they have to stay there".

"Thanks Cynthia. Deneve, please take this bowl and fill it with water".

She nodded and left the cave. Miria turned around to Clare, gently stroking her hair again.

"So you two are a couple, am I right?"

The former number 6 flinched at the sudden question. "I thought she had left the cave too".

Sighing deeply, but not turning around this time, she answered truthfully.

"Yes".

Smiling, Cynthia placed a comforting hand on her superior's shoulder. "That's wonderful; I hope you two are happy together".

Miria stared at her; she didn't expect Cynthia to say something like *that*.

"Why did you...". "I'm not stupid, Miria-san. I can see how you look at Clare with that loving gaze of yours. You may be successful with fooling Yuma-san and Tabitha-san, but I'm not as naïve as I seem to be".

"Cynthia", she whispered, amazed at her friend's words.

"And don't worry", she elbowed Miria playfully, "I'm not going to tell anybody about it".

"Helene and Deneve know it already, but thanks nevertheless".

Finally returning, Deneve placed the bowl in front of the sleeping Clare.

"I'm going to check on Helene and the others; I don't want them to go berserk or something".

Miria chuckled and Cynthia let out a giggle. "Please do so".

Miria dipped a piece of cloth into the cold water and placed it on Clare's forehead afterwards.

The warrior with the two pigtails watched it with a small smile. 'She truly cares deeply for Clare-san...'. She exited the cave noiselessly and left the two lovers alone for the moment.

~*~

The feeling of gentle fingers stroking her hair softly woke Clare from her slumber. She still felt ill, but better than a few hours before. Slowly opening her eyes, she was greeted by a pair of concerned looking silver eyes, the second time this day, even if they hadn't looked so sad this morning.

Realizing that Clare was no longer asleep, Miria began her assault.

"The heck where you thinking, not telling me that you're feeling ill! You can be grateful that you only have a fever, it could be way worse than that!".

Clare didn't dare interrupt Mirias speech.

Ballng her hands into fists and shutting her eyes, she fought back tears that were burning in them.

"I was so worried...".

Her eyes snapped open the moment, she felt Clare pulling her into a tight embrace.

"I'm so sorry I didn't tell you I wasn't feeling well. Me and my damn pride. I promise to never let you have to worry about me again".

Her eyes widened. Clare always kept her promises, ever.

Pulling back to lean her forehead against Clares, Miria spoke the words the short-haired woman expected the last.

"I'm putting all my faith into your words".