

## 003 water fight



### chapter three

#### water fight

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"So he gave you a katana," Druig noted. "Aren't your arms blades anyway?"

"Yeah, but I don't get why he would give it to me," she shrugged making him hum in thought.

The two sat outside the ship, in the rocks near the water. Her hands held the katana that she examined in the sunlight while he watched. Her right hand turned it over as her left hand dragged down the sharpness of the blade.

She felt it cut through her skin making her pull away. She showed no signs of being in pain, it was only a small cut anyway. Yet Druig took her hand, looking at the cut before slowly frowning.

"You're bleeding."

"Oh wow, how cool," she spoke with nothing but sarcasm laced through her words. "Its just a small cut."

She set down her gi next to her before using her finger to wipe off the blood. She grinned at Druig before looking over to find the blood still trickling out slowly.

"Its still bleeding," he noted.

"I didn't even notice," she grumbled, standing up and walking over to the water.

"Where you going?" Druig asked, watching her get further and further away.

"To drown," she spoke, bending down and putting her hand in the water.

She watched as the red moved into the clear, cold water. She moved her hand slowly making small ripples in the water form around the movement of her hand. She smiled as she heard Druig's black boots step onto the small rocks littering the area near the water, before stopping beside her.

He crouched down, making Arden's heart beat pick up, watching the red fade away in the water as her cut began to stop bleeding.

"I don't think you should drown," Druig said, though he knew she was only joking. Hopefully.

A cruel thought popped into her head making her smile so low. She knew he was probably going to get really mad, but at least it would be funny. She stood up, holding a hand out to the boy, making both of their stomachs feel as if they were turning into knots. They both equally hated the feeling.

Druig, grabbing her hand, frowned at the feeling of his stomach feeling even more weird. Yet, he tried his best to brush it off.

Arden tugged him slightly into the water making him stop before they could touch it completely. The thought of a deviant showing up lingered at the back of her mind, yet she didn't give much care to the thought.

"Come on," she told him, tugging his hand yet again.

Arden could practically see the wheels turning in his head before he let out a sigh and followed her.

"Why are we going into water?" he asked.

"To look for shiny rocks," she spoke, although it was an obvious excuse. Yet, he didn't catch it.

"Can't we look at them over there?" he said motioning with his head closer to shore.

Arden looked down to find herself with the water up to her waist. She let go of Druig's hand and looked towards the shore.

"I suppose we could," she muttered, a small smile on her face. "Or... we could do this."

Her hands found his shoulders and she quickly pushed him back into the water. He went all the way under making Arden erupt with laughs.

He popped back up quickly to catch his breath. He rubbed his eyes from the water and letting out small coughs from almost choking. His eyes caught sight of her holding her side, doubled over in laughter, before pushing her like she did him.

Only difference was she wasn't under for nearly as long.

"That was uncalled for," she spoke, spitting out the water that found its way into her mouth. "And rude."

"You did the same to me!" Druig defended.

"No I didn't," she smiled, reaching up and moving his hair out of his face.

"You're such a liar," he grumbled, splashing her with water.

She splashed him back making him choke. He wiped his face with his hands before looking at a genuinely happy Arden.

He grabbed her waist making her laughter cease. He slowly pulled her closer to him so they were only a few inches apart. Her breath hitched in her throat making him smirk down at her.

"What are you doing Druig?" she whispered, looking into his eyes.

"Throwing you into the water," he said, before pushing her back.

With her reflexes being quick, she grabbed his collar making him go down with her.

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"Oh hey Arden- why are you wet?" Kingo asked, his face torn between concern, happiness, and pure utter confusion.

"Can you make fire?" Arden asked him, her body lightly shivering from being cold.

"I can," Ikaris spoke from beside Kingo.

Arden's eyes narrowed as a sign that she was confused. For some reason, she didn't see the man there in the first place, but she supposed it didn't matter too much.

"We both can," Kingo said, giving her a smile.

"Why do you need fire Arden?" Ikaris asked.

Arden blinked at him before looking down at her wet suit and running a hand through her wet hair. She looked back at the two men and sighed.

"Because I'm wet and probably going to die soon," she said, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"Now come on, I'd doubt you'd die." Kingo spoke, nudging her shoulder.

"I'll just go figure something out," she mumbled, turning and walking away.

"Wait! I'll make the fire for you," Ikaris called out.

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"Now if I had known it was for the both of you I wouldn't have agreed to this," Kingo spoke teasingly, looking at a shivering Druig and Arden sitting side by side.

Druig held a small white flower in the palm of his left hand. Arden found it on her way back to him and decided to give it to him. The corners of his lips tilted upward at it before he turned his head to look at her.

"Ikaris agreed to it," Arden spat as Ikaris lit the pile of sticks with his eyes. "You just came along."

"Why don't you guys go inside the ship?" Ikaris asked, sitting down next to Kingo. "Might be warmer in there."

"It's nicer out here," Druig told them, his voice monotone.

The group was silent, Druig and Arden looking into the fire as the other two watched them.

"Is this all you guys do when you're together?" Kingo asked.

The two looked up to him in sync, their faces resting and never once faltering. Their faces looked creepy due to the light of the fire, making the two across from them attempt to back up some.

"We'll just take that as a yes and go," Ikaris grinned nervously before standing up making Kingo do the same.

"Good day," Kingo nodded before the two left.

The two laughed as they watched Ikaris and Kingo leave before being met with silence once again. Arden fiddled with her fingers. They were both dry already, but the lingering cold from the water never once left since they first made contact.

Arden leaned her head onto Druig's shoulder and closed her eyes. The boy tensed, looking at her in the corner of his eye. It was like he was afraid to move.

"Thank you for just being here," she said. "I like your company."

"And I like yours," he allowed himself to say.

The two sat there in silence yet again. Arden's mind filled with nothing but how she actually didn't like his company. The only problem was that she didn't know why. Sure he wasn't like Gilgamesh or Kingo (even they were both different from each other as well), Arden just didn't like how she liked his company.

She was sure she should've stabbed him by now to keep him away. But for some reason she didn't want to.

She lifted her head off of his shoulder and quickly looked at him. He stared intently at the flower in his hand making her smile.

"Have you seen if you could... change your hands into something else?" Druig asked her as he thought of ways to ask Phastos for a way to keep his flower alive.

"What do you mean?" she asked, beginning to draw random lines in the dirt.

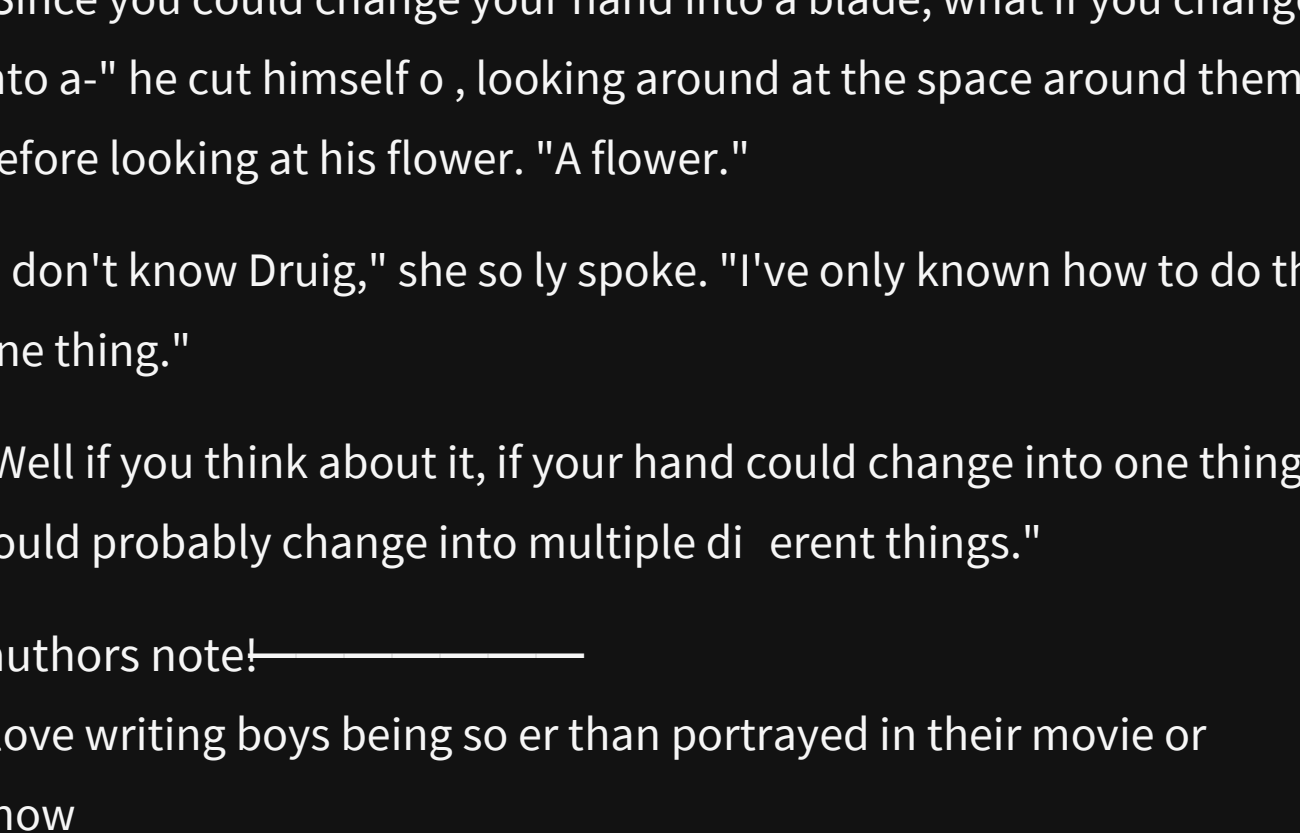
"Since you could change your hand into a blade, what if you change it into a-" he cut himself off, looking around at the space around them before looking at his flower. "A flower."

"I don't know Druig," she so lowly spoke. "I've only known how to do the one thing."

"Well if you think about it, if your hand could change into one thing, it could probably change into multiple different things."

authors note!-----

I love writing boys being so er than portrayed in their movie or show



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