

A wonderful present

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Hope you enjoy the story.

A wonderful present

„Hiruma...” She stood in front of him, one hand raised half-way to her chest, the other holding the present, a blush on her face.

“Kekeke... what’s with you fucking manager? Thought I’d forget to give you a Christmas present? After all what happened?”, grinned the blond.

Mamori – too overwhelmed – could only think of one thing to do to show her gratitude: She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him with all the feelings she couldn’t put into words.

A few weeks ago

The Christmas Bowl was over and the Deimon Devilbats had won. Furthermore the attraction to each other became more and more obvious the colder the session became. And now after the Christmas Bowl, while it was so cold that it was snowing, it seemed to their friends that they finally had gotten together. This however was a wrong assumption. In fact as Mamori noticed it seemed that Hiruma was departing from her more and more. When she took one step to close the gap between them, he took two to expand it even further.

“...ori! Mamori-nee-chan!”, a voice brought her out of her deep thoughts.

"Huh? What's going on?", she asked while looking around and immediately spotting Sena, who was standing beside her. Knees bend and his hands on his thighs, supporting with them his upper body and looking directly into her face.

"Sena?"

"Oi, Mamori-nee-chan I have called out to you for the last five minutes, while I was running towards you."

Hearing that, Mamori blushed a bit. "Sorry Sena-kun. What is it you wanted?"

Before answering the little star player sat down beside her on some stairs, which lead down a small hill to a riverbank. The broad river was flowing horizontal from right to left and the evening sun glittered on the surface.

Both looking at the beautiful scene, a few minutes went by in companionable silence. Only the whispering murmur of the river could be heard.

"I just thought you looked a bit down... that's all."

"Oh I am sorry for making you worry."

"That's alright, don't worry", after a small pause he continued, "is everything alright?"

The fiery manager looked silently down at her in her lap folded hands. "No... it's just that...", suddenly she looked up and spoke fluently, "it's like Hiruma-san is intentionally sabotaging my efforts to get close to him. Like he doesn't want to be with me but that is completely contrary to his earlier behaviour. ...I don't know what to do anymore..."

Sena looked a bit surprised at her face. "That's what has been going on? I... we always thought you guys were happily going out together... being a couple."

Mamori shook tiredly her head. "No... it may seem that way but it isn't so."

"I see..."

Sena also looked down at his hands, which were dangling between his knees. Again silence filled the conversation..

"Mamori, then maybe... you should try talking with him about it. Yes!", Sena looked up, determination filling his eyes. "I think you should just talk with him. Maybe... maybe he doesn't do it on purpose."

As suddenly as the determination had come, it went away and a very flustered Sena continued while playing with his hands. "Tha... that is just what I think... uhm... maybe I'm wrong... you ... you don't have to follow up on what I just said..."

Mamori started giggling, her mood a lot better than before. It was just like Sena, saying something right with that much determination and then losing his confidence at the last moment. It showed her that, while Sena had grown a lot during playing football, he still was in some ways just a kid, who needed a bit of... not protection like before, but of guidance. So that he won't falter while going determined his way.

It made her feel better to see that she was still in some way needed. That, though he didn't need her protection anymore, he still needed her in SOME way. That she wasn't completely useless and only hindering him. And furthermore: Sena was right! It would be the best to just talk with her would-be boyfriend.

Sena looked a bit odd at her giggling but then smiled when he saw that her troubled eyes had regained their happy and gentle look.

"You're right Sena. I will talk with Hiruma."

"Yes!" Sena nodded, having himself a happy smile on his face.

Deimon's manager needed a few days until she – finally – had him cornered in the club house after practice. They were alone, it was late evening and the rest of the team had already gone home.

"Finally tired of avoiding me Hiruma?" She stood near him, hands on her hips, looking down at him like she was going into battle.

The blond, sitting at the table and typing away on his laptop, snorted. Not looking up, he answered: "Not in the slightest fucking manager. Just wanting to get this damn talk over with. So that you will stop haunting me and finally getting back to work. And that I will be able to get some fucking work done too! Analyzing our next opponent won't do it on its own, you know?"

"Hiruma! Don't make it look like it's my fault! You are the one who's avoiding this whole mess!"

Hiruma finally stopped typing on his laptop, stood up and went a few feet through the room, popping a bubble with his gum, hands in his pants-pockets. "And what, do tell, is this mess you're talking about?"

"Don't try playing dense either! Finally when we seem to find a common ground, you start pulling away! And all my efforts of getting you back are just ignored! Why don't you want a relationship?! What is it you're so afraid of?!"

This seemed to have done it. With a lot more fire than he had shown before he whirled around, facing her and barked furious. "I'm not afraid! Got that?!" His fangs gleaming in the light of the room.

This time she was the one who kept her calm. "What is it then Hiruma?", she asked in a

calm, nearly gentle tone, without any of her temper showing.

He looked aside, furious chewing on his gum – but staying silent.

The silent wall he put between them was the last straw. The anger vanished, instead tears were building in her eyes. All the heartache and emotional stress broke to the surface. She blinked once and the tears run down her cheeks, dropping to the ground. Her hands were balled into tight fists at her sides.

"Hiruma...", she started in a choked whisper, that made him glance at her, "do you have any idea of how much pain you have put me through in the last few weeks? I was always reaching out to you but you just shoved me aside. If you really don't want a relationship then that's fine by me. I can't do this anylonger Hiruma. Feeling this pain..."

A flicker of something was seen for just a moment in the blondes eyes. "It's not that", he answered calmly, popping a bubble, "it's just that you don't know what you will be getting into making me your boyfriend."

Confusion washed over Mamori. "Huh? What is it?"

He looked at her through the corner of his eye. "You know the gossip about me. What do they call me in fear?"

Still quiet confused she answered. "Demon..."

"What do they say that I actually AM? Which nickname did they give me, even in the football league?"

"...Spirit of Darkness..."

"And what do they say about my evilness?"

Finally realization hitting her, she answered. "They say that you are so evil to be Satan himself. You are talking abou..."

He cut into her sentence. "That's right. While I may be not Satan himself, I AM his second in command. Do you understand NOW what it would mean to get together with me?"

Instead getting the reaction he expected, she broke out into laughter. Irritated he called her on it. "What! Is so fucking funny! Do you think I'm joking?!"

Finally being able to calm down, she gasped out. "Tha... that's what... what's been bothering you?"

"What! The FUCK! Are you talking about now!"

She smiled gently at him. "You idiot! I already knew this from the start."

"WHAT?!"

"Well... it was just a matter of putting two and two together. Come on... First and foremost your appearance isn't exactly normal. While you could put the ears down to having weird genes and the long, pointed nails down to filing them that way. What about your teeth? Or the fact that when you blackmail someone your shadow seems to gain a devil's tail which is twitching happily from side to side? Or that your eyes begin to glow a blood red? Huh?"

Hiruma just looked absolutely dumbfounded into her face. She continued to explain.

"At first I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me but it happened again and again. Finally I researched a few afternoons at the library and found some legends about "Mayou Ichiruhi" witch means as much as "The First following Satan", who in the legends is as the name states the first who followed Satan after he was cast out of heaven. In other words: The second in command. Your name is an anagram, if you change the syllables you get "Hiruma Youichi"."

Finally having the feeling of having the upper hand in this whole thing AND feeling that everything would turn out alright, she rounded the table and went towards him and the door. Standing in front of him, she put a hand under his chin to turn his head towards herself.

"Now that that is out of the way, there shouldn't be any problems, right?" She smiled, kissed him full on the lips and left the room.

Finally overcoming his shock, Hiruma yelled after her. "Hey you damn manager! You can't just run out on me!" But it was already too late... she HAD run out on him.

Humming happily to herself Mamori went home. There was also a third reason why she had done what she had done. She knew that Hiruma needed some time to sort through the fact that: Yes, she did know his secret from the start and STILL wanted to be together with him. Him, a demon, an evil spirit of the underworld – the second of command of Satan himself. And NO that was NOT a dream he might thought he had had.

The next day was Christmas Eve and Hiruma had called her to tell her that she should meet him in front of the club house in the late evening. Now she stood across from Hiruma. With the word "Here." he tossed to her a small gift wrapped package, which she caught in both hands. With anticipation she opened it and found a golden necklace with a turned upside down pentagram as a pendant – the symbol of Satan.

Present time

When they broke contact, looking each other in the eyes. Mamori had still wrapped

her arms around his neck, while Hiruma had his arms around her waist. "But Hiruma.... I... I don't have anything for you... I was so wrapped up about not wanting to lose you, that I completely forgot to buy you a Christmas present."

"Kekeke... fucking manager... stop thinking stupid thoughts! You are the best present a demon could ask for." With this he leant down to her and kissed her, while around them the snow fell down to earth.

End

Just a notice... the upside down pentagramm is really used as the symbol of Satan in satanism. The two points symbolize the horns. But the anagramm-thingy is completely fictional. The only thing is that Hiruma has "ichi" that is "one" in his name, but nothing else.