Joy of giving

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Joy of giving

by icingisbetterthancake

Summary

For the first time, Nanika asks Killua to make a wish.

Notes

I might change this when I can see how I originally tagged it on ao3

Nanika was happy. Killua loved her. He loved her with his whole heart now, without the resentment that used to be mixed in.

All she had to do was stop granting wishes for others. That would feel unnatural, but she would do it for Killua. Other people's wishes felt heavy and tasted bitter, leaving her with coils of frustration that built up and demanded blood. But it was in her nature to give back.

Nanika was happier than she could ever remember being. And she wanted to give back. Killua told her she was good, he held her and took her to beautiful places. He asked for nothing in return. He was happy too.

Nanika itched to give back. She was overflowing with love, and wanted to pour it out into Killua's next wish or order. But it never came.

One day on their travels, they were passing through a famine-ridden area by airship. Alluka had just fallen asleep, and Nanika was awake again. Nanika saw fields of withered crops down below.

She itched to use her power. It had been so long! She hoped Killua would order her to do something.

Then she realized this was something she wanted, and could ask for. She tugged his sleeve.

"Killua? I help?" She pointed out that window of the airship.

He looked thoughtful.

"Sure. I'll land for a bit."

He landed in a clearing. They got out. Nanika looked at him expectantly with her big black eyes.

"Killua, tell me to help, ok?"

"Nanika. Give these people a better harvest."

She smiled wide.

" 'Kay"

She knelt on the ground and put her hands to the earth. A warm wind swooshed by. The ground shook with her power. The grain swayed in the wind, growing taller and fuller each time it went back and forth. At last, she stood and turned to Killua.

Killua was glancing around anxiously. He tried to hide it.

"Tell me I'm good, ok?"

He wrapped his arms around her. "You're so good. You did so well, Nanika."

She beamed. She felt sleepiness creeping in, but she fought it off for a moment.

“Killua worried?”

He looked into her eyes. “A little bit. I don’t want brother Illu to find out about this, and follow us here. But I’ll take care of it. You can rest now.”

Nanika relaxed and let sleep take her.

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