

## Pawprints on Kovu's Heart- Part 1

by

*Saphire Wolf {Star}*

\*\* This fan fic takes place a little while after "The Lion King 2 :Simba's Pride". \*\*

Kovu sighed deeply, looking up to the sky.

"It's so beautiful-- like Kiara was..."

A big, red-maned lion named Simba padded up and replied in a whisper,

"You know, Kovu, she might be watching us at this very moment. The spirits of our ancestors watch over us-- always.... I know you miss her. Kiara's death has been a terrible loss. I didn't know if I could live after she was gone; I tried so hard to protect her..." Simba paused to close his eyes and sigh, then went on. " But she is happier up there. She is with Ranua. Mother and son, together forever." Simba finished, and put his paw on Kovu.

But Kovu was shocked. How could Simba so easily get over the fact that his daughter was dead ? Kiara had died giving birth to Ranua, Kovu's son. Kovu had been deep in depression for the weeks since Kiara had passed. Simba, of all lions, had stopped showing his grief after a mere week.

"How could you say that? Kiara had her whole new life ahead of her. You actually have just...moved on? I mean, Kiara is dead. DEAD! And you, her father, don't even seem like you care! Life seems normal to you again. Well wake up from that 'dream' of yours-- face the facts! Kiara is gone, and life will NEVER be the same! Ranua is gone too! Two lives have been taken at once and you just don't seem to care!" Kovu roared. He leapt off, leaving Simba with a blank and puzzled face. As Kovu ran, he didn't even watch where he was going. His pace could have beaten a cheetah's ,but Kovu

didn't slow down. Not caring where he went, he was just running away. Away, and far from all the heartach he suffered in the Pride Lands.

Kovu's eyes were narrowed, the wind was whipping his mane in all directions. A big pink tounge lolled out of the side of his mouth. He passed a small herd of antelope and looked hungrily at them. He hadn't had a decent meal in a while, even though he was the new prince of Pride Rock. But, Kovu was going to fast to stop. The main thing on his mind was just to get away. Memories, tradegy, and love. That's what lay in the Pride Lands for Kovu. He wanted to just turn, run back, and into the den of Simba, where the big king lion would comfort him.

That was something his mother, Zira, would have never done. She would have never comforted him.

Well, maybe she would have now, seeing that I'm prince. he thought.

But it was to late to find out. Zira had fallen into a flood, and died, only a short while ago. The thought of his mother disgusted and hurt him at the same time. They had had a love/hate relationship, and Kovu realized that he actually missed her more now.

Finally, Kovu stopped. Panting, he lay down and closed his eyes. After a while, he decided to sleep. And, considering the horrible dream he had, that might be the worst decision he ever made.

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\*flash back ( dream)\*

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"Kovu...KOVU!!! I-I need help! Get-OWWWW! Get....Simba!! Kiara strained and moaned the words as her mucles contracted, ready to give birth. Kovu's ears pricked toward Kiara's voice.

"Kiara! Where are you?What's happend? he yelled.

"The... the cub's com-- aiiiiii!!!!!! --comming!" Kiara yelped, forcing the sentence out, while still struggling against the severe pain.

"Kiara!" Kovu yelled. Oh No, he thought. " Kiara, okay! Hang in there! I'm getting help!" he shouted.