

"Iruka," Kakashi said softly, clasping the limp hand as he stared into the casket. "Your hands are cold."

A cool breeze, one that couldn't be explained by the environment of a sterile windowless room, whispered against Kakashi's cheeks, a *chill* wrapping around his neck, and he *knew*.

Clutching the hand with both of his own, Kakashi placed a soft kiss to the withered knuckles before gently laying it down, patting it softly before he rose to his feet, old bones creaking in protest at the movement. "I'll still be your hand-warmer, for as long as you'll have me," he said to the empty room. "This life, or the next, I'm yours."

The breeze ruffled the hair at the base of his neck before curling around to his lips. Then, the air was still once more.

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Omake:

Kakashi continues to feel that cold wind rustle against him, every so often, for the rest of his life. When he finally passes on, it's to the sensation of a chill wrapped around his hands, his heart.

Their souls may be reincarnated in new bodies, new forms, but one thing remains consistent through every lifetime:

They always find each other.

And a certain pair of cold hands always find their way to their preferred hand warmer.