

Good-Bye...A Stupid Story

By monkey_banana_smoothie

Submitted: August 13, 2009

Updated: August 13, 2009

Don't read. The story is stupid and I wrote it at midnight, when I was half-asleep. Read if you must. Comment before faving to tell me why the hell you think this story is good.

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/monkey_banana_smoothie/56956/Good-Bye...A-Stupid-Story

Chapter 1 - The Only Chapter There Will Be

2

1 - The Only Chapter There Will Be

Good Bye
Junshi Horeru

Jun: This story is just something that might happen. Nothing to worry about, especially you all in Soseisendo. This is just based off of an RP my boyfriend and I had when we were bored and I had an emotional thing going on. -shrugs- Read. Enjoy. Do whatever you wish.

Disclaimer: I do not own Naruto, nor does this story get me any money.
Kyoji Raikou © my boyfriend, Luci
Sosen Matsuda © me
The Story and Art of Naruto © Masashi Kishimoto

???

I placed my mask over my face. Tonight was a dangerous night. Kyoji came into my room, all ready for the mission to take place.

“Are you sure about this?” he whispered. I nodded stiffly.

“We need to get information out about what's going on in Root. I don't think it's a good thing, and I never did trust that stupid Danzo guy.” I flung on my cloak and zipped it up. “Now, for sake of possibilities, if I don't make it out, Kyoji, promise me you will take over Soseisendo and get the word out of what Root's really doing.”

He nodded slowly, worry in his red eyes. “And if I don't make it on...you'll tell everyone.”

“Then instruct someone to take over Soseisendo for me, for then I shall leave the group.” His eyes grew then.

“What?”

I took off my mask and gazed into his eyes. “I'll kill myself if you die, but you must promise me to take care of Soseisendo if I die.”

“B-but!”

“Kyoji...you're older than me, you have more ahead of you. I'm at the end of my rope. I made this, this is what I was born to do. Now what? There's nothing left for me to do, but you have so much you haven't accomplished.”

“Don't say that, Sosen!”

I replaced the mask on my face and sighed. “Just promise me.” He didn't answer, just stared at me through the eye slits in his mask. “Please. I promise I'll leave something for you to remember me by. Besides, I know I won't get killed, and I know you won't get killed, but just in case.” I reached my hand out and he griped it.

“Fine. I promise,” he sighed. I turned from him and handed him a yellow tulip. One I made from paper. It looked bad (I mean, it sucked...badly), but it was what I gave him. He twirled it between his thumb and index finger. “Not a rose?”

I giggled, “So, you know it's a flower, huh? Well...there's a note I tied to the stem...if I die, you'll have to read it, but if I live and you live, I'll read it to you.”

He raised an eyebrow. “Okay..then why yellow? Why not...purple? Or...green? Or, even, red?”

“The note says it all. Now, we must be on our way.”

* * *

Once we entered the Root headquarters, Kyoji and I had to split up in order for a patrol group not to notice us. I ran down a random corridor, unknowing of where I was heading to, and to what was ahead, but I had to find out where they held the secret documents that told me Root's story. I heard marching feet, so I slammed my body against a wall near me, but I realized that wouldn't help. I noticed a vent near by, and I ripped off the cover and crawled in, replacing the cover before crawling away.

I stayed silent as I went by different offices, different ninja, and all sorts of things. Then I found it. Where Danzo kept it. I kicked open the vent and tip-toed in. A desk sat there, holding it all. I jiggled the handle to a desk drawer, but it was useless. Locked.

I reached into my pocket and pulled out a bobby pin, and tried that. Then I heard the door handle moving. I turned in horror as it opened and in came a Root member. I scrambled under the desk and prayed he didn't see me.

His eyes scooped the room. “Weird,” he whispered. He stepped in more, a buddy of his following at his heel. “You felt the chakra, too, right?”

“Yeah. Felt like Matsuda's chakra,” answered the other one.

“But why'd he be in here?”

Why wasn't there a jutsu to make yourself invisible? You know, that MIGHT come in handy a lot of the time!

The two shrugged it off after looking everywhere—but my hiding place—in the office before leaving. I wiggled out of my little place and ripped open the drawer I unlocked and skimmed through all the scrolls and papers before...I found it. I grabbed the scroll and rocketed back to the vent, kicking down a lamp. Of course, the two heard it and raced back in.

“ROGUE NINJA!” shouted one, while the other went after me. Great. I turned and threw a kunai at the one coming after me, nailing him in between the eyes, and then darted down the small tunnel.

I pressed the scroll to my body while I searched for Kyoji's tall self. Dammit, we need to go! I growled in thought, before my eyes caught something.

Shikyo-sensei. Kyoji's brother. He was in a hallway. And he wasn't alone. His brother was with him. And they weren't bonding. I gasped as I saw Shikyo throw Kyoji against a wall before whipping out a sword.

I kicked open the vent and jumped out. “No!” I shouted. Shikyo's glare turned to me, his eyes bright red and yellow.

“I knew you were in on this, Sosen,” he growled. “You need to keep out of things, little girl.”

Kyoji staggered to his feet and I threw the scroll at him. “Take it!” He stared at me. “Take it and run! Go!”

“Kyoji! No! Give it to me!” Shikyo shouted.

“Go! Go! Go, God dammit!” I cried, practically kicking Kyoji down the hall. Shikyo decided to follow us, but not to join us, to kill us. Right when we got to the exit, I stopped. Shikyo wouldn't stop until someone died. I knew that. I glanced at Kyoji and whispered, “Go...I'll catch up.”

He nodded, not knowing the second part would fall through. I bit my lip and turned back to Shikyo, who caught up now.

“That is top secret information you and your little friends don't need to know about, Sosen! Give it back!” he growled. I shook my head. “I know you want to be a rebel, but you know what? Root hasn't done anything evil...unlike Soseisendo! Think about it...we do things for our country. Do you have a reason to do the things you do?” I didn't answer him. “Well, do you?”

“To show what ninja can do when we have missions no one needs to pay for.” I slowly took off my mask. “So, let me guess, we won't get away with this? You'll kill me?”

He hissed before coming at me, sword out and all. I kicked at the sword, sending it flying, but Shikyo punched me in the face, sending me into a wall. I coughed up blood on impact. That's when more joined him—including my father, Rio.

“S-Sosen?” Rio's voice cracked. I stood up, ignoring it. Tears were boiling in my eyes and I shot towards Shikyo—but he tripped me and grabbed my hair, forcing me to stay up.

“See Rio? See why we needed to hunt her down? She's a rogue! And don't say she didn't do anything! She killed a Root member and stole! She's a common criminal.”

I gazed up into Rio's green eyes. Old, tired, worried, sad, and green compared to my young, scared, knowing, and purple.

“Just like her mother,” he muttered.

“So you know what to do?” Shikyo chuckled darkly.

Rio nodded and took me from my old sensei. Took me to kill me.

* * *

Soseisendo headquarters

* * *

Kyoji pinned himself to a tree and slid down, looking at the scroll. Melee came running out of the HQ. “Kyoji! Kyoji! You guys made it! You guys...,” she stopped, noticing Kyoji was alone. “W-where's Sosen-sempai?”

The tall, tan teen boy glared at the scroll in his big hand. Tears started to streak down his cheeks, which told the whole story. Melee's red eyes stared at the Earth. “Oh,” was the only thing to come out of her then. Kyoji growled at the scroll and threw it, threw it so that no one would see it again.

“Stupid Root! Stupid mission! Stupid Danzo! If it weren't for any of that she'd still be here!” he shouted in rage, “I-it's all Danzo's fault! This is all his fault! If...if he didn't make that stupid Root and keep everything a damned secret, Sosen would still be alive! She would be...” He pounded the ground as her face appeared in his head. The worst part was her smiling.

“What will we do now?” whispered Melee. “We don't have a leader.”

Kyoji shook his head, not knowing anymore, then something fell out of his pocket. A fake yellow tulip. The fake yellow tulip Sosen gave him before the mission. He held it in his hands, his shaking, hurt hands. His heart burned, his head hurt, and his whole being seemed to be useless now. Then he noticed a small, rolled up note attached to the flower. Once unrolled, he read the note's words;

All right. This is for Kyoji-kun. Um...okay. Here it goes...

Give me a second. I suck at these. 'K. Got it.

Roses are red
But they would not do
To tell you what's in my head

Red would seem to be the color of love
But I heard that's not right
Instead, yellow, my friend, should remind you of love

And instead of a rose
Think of a tulip
For a yellow tulip is of drowning

Not drowning in hardship nor water
But in love
And unable to get out

For Kyoji-kun, From Sosen
I love you

Kyoji bit his lip. The sad attempt at a poem told him all he needed. "I'll be leader," he whispered, surprising Melee.

"What?" she questioned.

"That's what Sosen would want. For me to be leader. So a little bit of her is still here with us."

That fake yellow tulip now sits in the living room of Soseisendo, showing beauty for the new, up and coming member, and that Sosen was still there, just in another form, for her friends—the members who had been her friends—and it showed both for the new leader, Kyoji.

Jun: Hope you enjoyed it. Now, this story DOES NOT REALLY HAPPEN. I promise you. Luci and I were just bored. Okay? Okay. Good night.