

The Spirit Book Chronicles: The Red Book

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Submitted: March 14, 2006

Updated: August 25, 2006

When Shinji Kuromia gets out of the hospital 5 years late, he enrolls at an all grade university called, Spirit Book University. It is said that there were Six powerful books that are born at random. But not one book: The Red Book.

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1 - What's in this World

In a world where The Spirit Books exist in every soul, there is one that is the most powerful. This Spirit Book is proclaimed to rule the land of which it was born upon. No one knows what powers it holds. Every two-thousand (2,000) years it is born, and this year it comes. Within one child is this powerful book. Which child will it be? No one knows. In this world, it is every child for their own life. Only the parents can protect them until they are old enough to defend their own life. Every child is filled with knowledge, there is no time to play games or listen to music. No, there is only time for preparation of war. But this is no ordinary war, no. This is a war of Spells; the War of Words. Only the highest of determination in one's spirit will survive. If none who participate in this war survive, it is only right to detonate the world itself. Will a warrior, boy or girl, have this powerful Spirit Book? Or is it just a legend?

2 - Shinji Kuromia the Motherless Boy

The Spirit Book Chronicles

Chronicle I: The Red Book

By J. E. Chin

Chapter One: Shinji Kuromia, the Motherless Boy

“Okay, woman; the kid is about five years old now. Give him up.” A man said holding a whip within his tight grasp.

“No! I won't give my son! I don't care what anyone says, I'm not letting him go!!” the woman exclaimed. She got up with her son in her arms and ran to her left.

“Alright, we'll do this the hard way.” The man ran after her twirling the whip above his head. When he was only feet from her, he threw the whip at her ankles, causing her to trip and drop her son.

“No! Shinji, dear, run!” She shouted.

The five-year-old boy she call Shinji looked at her in terror. “Mommy...” He ran to her and kneeled beside her. “I can't...”

“Do you remember the word I taught you?” She asked.

Shinji nodded. The man had started walking over.

“Say it.”

“No! You say it only for emergency.” He was getting closer.

“Please, do for Mommy! Do the stance I taught you toward the man and say it!”

Shinji nodded confidently and stood up.

The man walked up to Shinji and asked, “What are you going to do squirt? Hit me with a weak spell?”

Shinji shook his head. He place one foot back and held his hands together, palms out. “*Retsu!!*” Blades

that looked like air came shooting out of Shinji's small hands.

“What?!” The man leapt back and shouted, “*Zen Kai Bou Gyo!!*”

A transparent shield surrounded the man and the blades of air ricocheted off of it and straight back to Shinji.

But before they reached him, his mother went in front of him and it hit her instead.

An older Shinji shot up from a metal table that doctors and nurses were surrounding shouting, “MOTHER!!! MOTHER!!!”

“Hold him down!!” one of the doctors shouted over Shinji's screams. “Knock him out! KNOCK HIM OUT, I SAID!!!”

“Yes, Doctor!” A nurse, who was holding a tray of needles, took one and stuck it in Shinji's arm and injected the substance within. Immediately, Shinji started to calm down. His muscles that had gone tense relaxed and so did his hands that were previously balled into fists.

“Mother...” Shinji didn't say another word. His grey eyes stared into space. His messy frayed hair was very deep silver that looked nearly gray. His complexion was pale like the dull shine of a full moon. Because of this mixture, it seemed like he had bags under his eyes even if he had a well rested night. On his wrist, was a wristband that gave his description:

Name: Kuromia, Shinji

DOB: Unknown

Age: Estimate of 14 years

Birth Mother: Hirosake, Kiroi

Birth Father: Kuromia, Shinjimo

Spirit Book Color: N/A

“Damn brat, he's gone insane for his mother.” A doctor named Kansume said wiping sweat from his brow.

“Doctor, don't call him a brat.” A nurse named Hitomi said standing next to him. “This is just psychological behavior. He really is a fine young boy.”

“First off, he's not a boy.” Doctor Kansume retorted. He turned to Hitomi “He's a young man. He's about fourteen years old for God's sake! His spirit book should have appeared by now.”

“Calm down Doctor. It'll appear eventually.” Hitomi stood next to the table and placed her hand upon it. She felt its sheer coldness and the heat transfer from her hand into it. ‘Shinji's Spirit Book will appear when he wants it to. He has the ability; I can feel it. Right now, his soul needs to recover. Though it's been recovering since he was five; recovering for about nine years.’

Hitomi moved her hand and placed it on top of Shinji's. Shinji's face, which was grimaced, relaxed feeling her soft hand on his pale, smooth one.

“Take him back to his room and turn the cameras off. I want to have a private talk with him.” Doctor Kansume said.

As the other doctors and nurses carried Shinji off to his single ward with Hitomi still holding his hand, Doctor Kansume stared after him with narrowed eyes.

A man of about thirty-five years of age walked into the Hikari No Kawa (River of Light) Hospital where his son was taking comfort in. His platinum silver hair gleamed in the afternoon sunlight that shined through the glass walls of the entrance. From the front, his hair seemed just to be boy-cut hair. But from behind, long strands caressed his back that reached down to his lower back.

Slung over his shoulder was a small side bag that was purposely made to only hold one book. An outline of a thick book showed. Hanging from his arm was a decorative gift bag with letters saying, “Happy Birthday!” on it. Inside this bag, however, was concealed by many shreds of old newspapers.

The man walked up to the nurse behind the counter and said, “Hello, young miss. I am here to visit my son today.”

“Okay, no problem.” The nurse typed on the computer the date and time. “Okay, just place your Spirit Book on the scanner in front of you and your right hand on the hand scanner.” She said happily.

The man placed the Gift bag down and opened the small side bag and took out a Sapphire-colored book. He placed the book's front onto the scanner and then his hand on the other scanner. On the front of the book it read, "Sapphire Spirit Book" and a thumb print on the corner.

"Oh, that's a pretty thick Spirit Book. I suppose you survived Spirit War XII sixteen years ago?"

"That's right. I was nineteen when the war ended." The man smiled proudly.

"May I?" She asked.

"Go right ahead." The man smiled.

The nurse picked the book up from the scanner and weighed it with her hands.

"Wow! It's so light, yet, there are so many pages!"

"The magic of Spirit Books is amazing."

"Yes, mine's naturally light; it only has twenty pages"

She placed it back onto the scanner and clicked the "scan" button on the computer. It took a mere second before it was done.

"Okay, now we have to wait for the info to process." The nurse looked up at the man. "So while that's happening, let's talk a bit."

"Wouldn't be easier for me to just tell you my name?" the man asked putting his book away.

"It would. But how do I know that it is your real name?" The nurse smiled brightly. "It's a great thing to have these computers; being able to identify every person. It's amazing."

"Say, did you ever hear of the Legend of the most powerful Spirit Books?" the nurse asked.

"I believe so. You mean the legend that three gods made three books. One was Red, another was Blue and the last one was Yellow."

"Yes. But they say that Red was the most powerful out of the three. Don't know why."

"I've also heard of the three Spirit Books that were Black, White and half and half; also powerful. They say that they were called, Yin, the Black, Yang, the white, and Master, the half and half."

A ping was heard and the man's profile came up on the screen.

"Oh! It's done!" The nurse looked at the profile. "Oh! Mr. Kuromia! I knew you looked familiar. Come to see Shinji, again?"

"Yes, today's his 15th birthday. Well, actually today is the day I first saw him in my life; it was nine years

ago; actually ten years now. I visit him every now and then.”

“So, I suspect you got him a gift.” The nurse assumed.

“Yes,” he held up the gift bag. “I’m sure he’ll like it.”

“Okay, take care.” The nurse waved to him as he went down the hallway to Shinji’s ward.

“Why are you hiding your Spirit Book?!” Doctor Kansume asked outraged.

Doctor Kansume was standing over Shinji who was crouched and covering his head in the corner where a mirror was in the wall above him.

“Tell me now! *Setsu-Dan!!*” Doctor Kansume made a slashing movement with his arm and a giant blade of wind came from it.

Shinji looked up in time and on instinct he said, “*Zen Kai Bou Gyo!!*” A transparent barrier stayed up for just a second but it then disappeared. “What?!”

“You’re useless!!” the doctor said. “You are not powerful enough to use that spell!”

“*Zen Kai Bou Gyo!!*” a man had leapt in front of Shinji and blocked the attack. “You will never hurt my son.”

“Papa!!” Shinji yelled happily. He stood up and hugged his father.

“Hi there, Shinji.” For only a moment, Mr. Kuromia smiled at Shinji. The next moment, however, he turned to the Doctor, held one hand up and said, “*Raikou!!*” Lightning shot out from his hand and shot the doctor out of the room.

The Doctor got up and said, “You’ll pay for that, Kuromia.” He wiped some blood off from the corner of his mouth.

“Just be glad I was merciful in that last attack. Now leave.” Mr. Kuromia shut the door on the doctor and locked it. He pressed his ear on the door; he heard the Doctor’s footsteps die away. “Okay, that was a bother.”

Shinji gave a small chuckle and Mr. Kuromia smiled.

“Now,” Mr. Kuromia turned around and faced Shinji. “How is my only son doing?”

Shinji didn't answer. But he went over to him and gave him a small kiss on the lips.

"I'll take that as a fine. Here," He gave the bag to Shinji. "Happy Birthday."

Shinji took the bag and sat down in front of his father. He took the handful of old newspapers and threw them aside. When he saw it, he immediately picked it up and hugged it.

"Thank you Papa! I really like this fox toy!!" Shinji hugged his father along with the stuffed animal he got.

"Okay, I have to go now." Mr. Kuromia hugged Shinji and let go. "I'll be back... huh?" He had turned around to open the door, but Shinji's hand grasped his sleeve. Shinji's grey eyes stared at his father's silver ones. "What's the matter?"

"I had... a nightmare." Shinji placed his forehead onto his father's shoulder as tears started to shed.

"No. Oh no, don't start crying. Come here." Mr. Kuromia turned back around and held his son to his chest. "You're fifteen and I told you that they are just nightmares. It's not like that they—"

"No!" Shinji shoved his father into the door and ran to the other side of the room. "I saw Mother die again. She died protecting me. Why? WHY?!"

Mr. Kuromia looked at Shinji from behind. He slowly walked forward and reached for his shoulder. But he stopped. He knew, deep inside his heart, that he can do nothing about Shinji's problem. But he also knew that Shinji couldn't continue on like this. He knew about Shinji being able to control when he wanted his Spirit Book to come out. But when is what he did not know. He only knew that Shinji had to attend Spirit Book University soon. Or else, Shinji won't have a good start along the path of The Spirit Book.

Before he knew it, Shinji was out of the hospital and home with his father in the same day. This was actually the first time that Shinji saw his own home. He was like a young child who had moved into a new home, poking around and nearly breaking a glass piece. The glass piece sat on top of a coffee table. It was an angel in a praying position, looking up at the wooden dragon figure next to it.

"Do you like that?" Mr. Kuromia asked Shinji, who was still looking at the angel, crouched next to the table. "It was a gift from a friend who had passed away a year before you were born." He paused. 'Though I mean your mother...' he thought.

"Papa?" Shinji looked at his father. "You won't leave me, right?"

Mr. Kuromia's face shifted into a slight state of shock. His heart gave a throb. What can he say? Sure he has the Power of Words, but he's still a mortal.

“Papa?”

“I can't say `yes' or `no'. But I can say this.” He crouched down next to Shinji. “I will try my best.” He kissed Shinji in the forehead in a near loving way.

Shinji's eyes went wide, but then relaxed. His face went pink and he accidentally let out a whine.

“What? Do you like my kiss?”

Shinji whined again and nodded his head, covering his face.

“I want... more.” Shinji said in a quiet voice.

“Alright. I'll give you more.” His father smiled and made a loud whistling noise using his mouth and fingers. Darkness shaded the room and only the moonlight that shined in the kitchen window illuminated them. Mr. Kuromia moved Shinji to the sofa and laid him down upon it. He then got on top on Shinji's upper legs.

“Papa?”

“Yes?” a rustling noise was heard and clothing fell to the ground.

“Nani?! Why is it suddenly cold?!” Shinji started rubbing his arms, but Mr. Kuromia stopped him.

“You'll be warm, so trust me.” He hovered over Shinji, his silver hair shining along with Shinji's.

Shinji looked at himself and saw that he was shirtless.

“Pap—“

“Shush.” Mr. Kuromia placed a finger on Shinji's mouth. “Not another word. Just feel.”

Mr. Kuromia kissed his son's forehead, then his cheek, neck, going to his chest. As he made his way, Shinji was blushing red now, his lips quivering, trying to hold his moans in. For some reason, Shinji felt something strange and it kept coming in waves by each touch. Even if it was delicate.

“Let it out.” Mr. Kuromia said looking at Shinji. “It's okay. You're feeling ecstasy.”

Shinji nodded and opened his mouth, letting out a long moan. He closed his eyes tight.

“Papa...” Tears started squeezing out of his eyes. “Why do I feel this?” he choked. “Why?”

“It's because you are happy. If you feel ecstasy, it means you are happy. That's all.”

Mr. Kuromia got off of Shinji and sat next to him with his back to him on the floor. Shinji turned to his side to face him. Shinji saw his father's silver hair gleam like a crystal. Such beauty is a rare sight for Shinji's eyes even though they were foggy. He moved his hand slowly and held one of the strands; it felt like silk.

He let it slip through his fingers like fabric and smiled.

“Your hair is the same, Shinji. You inherited this feature from me.” Mr. Kuromia said sensing Shinji's admiration.

“Yes, I know. But it isn't as silver as yours.” Shinji picked up another strand and let go of it again, feeling the softness.

“You're a special son to me.” Mr. Kuromia said. “Don't you agree, Shinji?” He looked behind him and saw that Shinji was asleep. His mouth curled into a warm smile, seeing his son sleeping peacefully. “Have a good rest, my son.” He placed his hand on Shinji's chest and felt the thin spine of Shinji's Spirit Book. `You will let it appear soon. Until then, keep it hidden within your chest.’

Mr. Kuromia picked up the toy fox he had given Shinji from the floor; Shinji had dropped it when he moved him. He placed the fox under Shinji's relaxed arm. Mr. Kuromia stood up and picked up Shinji's shirt at the same time and placed it over Shinji's torso like a blanket. Shinji shifted in his sleep and gave a small moan, signaling his tiredness. Mr. Kuromia smiled again and walked to the other end of the sofa and sat there at Shinji's feet.

“I told you that you'll be warm.” And there he fell asleep, his head propped on his fist, his arm bent and resting on the arm of the sofa.

3 - One Hit, the Book Comes Out

Chapter Two: One Hit, the Book Comes Out

“Mr. Kuromia?” asked a woman's voice. “Mr. Kuromia. Mr. Kuromia!”

Shinji jolted up in his seat. He rubbed his eyes and looked up and saw his teacher, Ms. Shumine staring down at him.

“I do not tolerate sleeping in my classroom.” Shinji heard laughter behind him. “Are you incapable of staying awake? Or do you think my class is boring?”

“No, Sensei. I'm just tired.” Shinji stifled a yawn behind his hand. “I came out of the hospital yesterday; I usually slept during the day. Sumimasen...”

“I will let it slip this time. Try to stay awake.” The bell that signaled the end of class rang. “Alright, have a good lunch.”

All of the students grabbed their backpacks and their own Spirit Books and hurried off to the eatery. Shinji slung one of his backpack's straps over a shoulder and walked out. But he was shoved down onto his back by a young man.

“Move it, you bastard!!” the young man said.

The young man looked a year older than he was. Silver fox ears stuck out from the top of his head. He also had human ears. His hair was a pitch black color that matched his eyes. In his right arm, he carried a silver Spirit Book that was as thick as half of a textbook. When the boy had turned around, Shinji had seen a silver fox tail that stuck out of his uniform.

Shinji sat up and rubbed his head; it had hit the polished tile floor.

“Need a hand?”

Shinji looked up. He saw a girl with slightly narrowed eyes behind round glasses. Her hair was a near midnight black and sticking out of it was a pair of cat ears. They were white tipped and two small blue sideways Crescent Moons at the base of both ears as if to be hair clips. She wore similar clothing as him but only different colors; a Chinese styled set of battle clothes that were black and white.

“Do you need a hand?” She asked again.

“Um... thanks.” Shinji grabbed the girl's hand and she pulled him up.

“Haji is always mean to the newcomers. He did the same to me and my sisters.” She smiled. “My name is Korina; but call me Ice. These are my two sisters.”

“Sisters?”

Two other girls showed up behind Ice. Both of them looked like her with only a few differences.

“This is Kagura.”

The girl to Ice's right had innocent white eyes that black went around the edges behind round glasses. She also had cat ears that were the same as Ice's, just inverted. Small feathers poked out from both ears at the base. Once again, same clothes but this girl's was all white. Even her hair was white. “Nice to meet you.” She said politely bowing.

“And this is Yamina.”

The girl on Ice's left had serious narrow eyes that were raven black, like her hair. She also had cat ears, but was completely black and short dragon whiskers stuck out of the bases of both ears. She wore all black. But she didn't wear glasses like the other two. “Hi.” She said dully, as if bored.

“Yamina and Kagura are my sisters; Yamina is older and Kagura is younger. I'm the middle child.” Ice smiled.

“What's with the cat ears?” Shinji asked dusting himself off.

“These?” Ice pulled on her cat ear. “I was born with them. See? They don't come off.” She tugged on her cat ear. “Strange isn't it? I also have human ears too.” Ice lifted her hair up to reveal a human ear. “Kagura, Yamina and I were born like this.” Ice let go of her hair and it drifted down in front of her shoulder. “It's really a curse.

“But, I'll explain that some other time. Oh, and by the way,” Ice gestured Kagura and Yamina something and they imitated her. All three took their hands behind them and pulled out tails. “We also have tails!”

Ice's tail was a slick black and white tipped like her ears. Yamina's tail was like Ice's, but it was completely black and messy at the end. Kagura's, however, was completely different. Her tail resembled a fox's. It was white and black tipped like her ears.

“I'm mixed with cat and fox, so don't ask.” Kagura said letting go of her tail; Ice and Yamina did the same.

“Both Yamina and I are cats, but we really don't care.” Ice scratched behind her human ears.

‘Three cursed sisters. Amazing.’ Shinji thought. “Say, what's your relationship with Haji?”

“Our... relation?” Kagura asked. She looked at Yamina.

“You know; friends, boyfriend. What is your relationship to him?”

All three of the girls looked at each other and then looked back at Shinji, ears lowered sadly.

“He's...” Ice began. “... our older brother.”

“What?!” Shinji exclaimed.

“Later, let's go to the eatery.” Yamina and Kagura grabbed Shinji and pulled him along the hallway to the cafeteria.

In the cafeteria, the smell of freshly cooked food filled the four's noses. There was so much food, Shinji thought of tasting every single one. It was like a buffet! Shinji went after the cook meats first, wanting to taste something new for a change instead of eating the hospital food.

Ice had her fill on the grilled salmon steaks. “Oh, this is so delicious!!” she had said to Shinji.

Kagura went over to pick fresh fruits and salad. When she came back to the table, her plate looked like a mini garden.

“What?” Kagura asked Shinji, who was staring in astonishment. “My stomach can take all this.”

“Don't worry; she's not a vegetarian or something like that.” Ice told Shinji. “She just likes fruit and salad too much. She scarcely eats any meat products.”

Yamina returned to the table, her plate filled with Chow Mien and Fried Rice.

“Sometimes, it good to be eating our homeland food.” Yamina said. “We are from China, did you know?”

“No, I didn't.” Shinji answered. “I didn't realize because you spoke fluent Japanese.”

“Well, now you know.” With that, Yamina dug into her food.

“Kuromia! I challenge you to a Spell Match! Do you accept?”

“Um.... I-I accept! I think...”

“*Sentou System, Tenkai!!!*” Haji said in a strong voice.

Shinji covered his head as everything enveloped him and the other students. Shinji had never seen this

before; this was his first battle.

“Hey! Kuromia can't fight!” a young man said. “Haji, you can beat him easy! Why did you pick him?!”

“He doesn't even have a Spirit Book!” another shouted. “It's not worth your time!”

It was after school. Shinji was chased down around the campus by Haji and his gang. The three sisters had tried to help him, but they weren't fast enough. By the time they caught up, Shinji had already accepted.

“So, you actually accepted? That's some nerve coming from a Honless.” Haji said baring his pointed tooth.

“Honless?” Shinji asked.

“‘Bookless’ a name I call those who don't have their Spirit Book yet.” Haji glared at his three sisters. All three of them saw his glare. Kagura went and hid behind Yamina, clutching her sleeve in fear. “You are just like my sisters. *Honless*...”

“*Setsu-Dan!!!*” Haji slashed through the air and a blade of it went after Shinji like a gust of wind. It was so fast that before Shinji had said anything, blood was spraying out of a long gash that went from his shoulder to the opposite hip.

“SHINJI!!!” Ice called out in horror. Yamina gave a large gasp and cover her mouth in disgust. Kagura lay on the ground; she had fainted.

“*Defeat!!!*” Haji smirked and walked over to Shinji who was kneeling on the ground clutching his clothes in the chest area.

Blood pooled under Shinji. He was gasping for air, but he coughed up more blood instead. His chest felt like it was being crushed; gravity was pulling him down, trying to make Shinji have a taste of his blood. But at the same time, his head was pounding. It was pounding where his memories were at and bits of his knowledge hurt the same. He felt something like needles poking around, trying to pop the barriers that blocked important things within.

“You were right, you guys,” Haji shouted over to his gang. “He's not worth my time.” Haji then threw a swift kick at Shinji in the stomach.

Shinji regurgitated more blood. He then hunched over, his forehead toughing the ground.

“No...” he moaned. “Not yet.... Not yet!” Then a large splattering sound was heard and Shinji fell to the ground with a muffled thud because of the blood, holding a thin blood covered book in his folded arms, unconscious.

4 - Power of Controlled Wind, The White Spirit Book

Chapter Three: Power of Controlled Wind, The White Spirit Book

Dr. Kansume stared through a sheet of glass at a young silver-haired boy who was sitting up in his bed, flicking at a teddy bear's nose.

"Five years you have been a patient of mine." Dr. Kansume said to himself. "You are now ten by our count, the year your book appears." He pulled up a chair next to the glass and sat in it, waiting.

"But, you are turning eleven tomorrow. Why hasn't it appeared?" Dr. Kansume grabbed a folder next to him on a table and opened it. He looked through it; part by part, word for word. Nothing in this boy's file comes up abnormal.

He looked up to see that a man had opened the door to the room the doctor was looking into. He was also silver-haired.

The boy was smiling. He threw the teddy bear aside and leapt out of bed to the man. It was his father. His father knelt down and the boy ran into his outstretched arms, hugging him.

Dr. Kansume got up and went to a speaker next to the glass and turned it on.

"Hey, there Little Shinji!" the man's voice said in the speaker.

"Papa, you are back!" the boy said. He then gave his father a kiss on the cheek.

"Is there anyone here?" the man asked.

"No, silly Papa! It's just me and you!"

"Okay, but just in case." The man looked at Dr. Kansume with a serious face.

"Papa that is just a mirror." Shinji started to laugh.

"*Conceal!!!*" the man whispered. A piece of black fabric appeared out of no where and it stretched over the glass and covered it.

'Well,' thought Dr. Kansume. 'At least I can still hear them.'

"*Chibi-Raikou!!!*" the man said and now there was only static coming from the speaker.

`Damn...'

Beep... beep... beep... beep...

"...alright...has to... hospital...a while."

Words.... Words formed in Shinji's head as he heard them. But they didn't connect to make sentences. He felt groggy, as if he had just woken up after a long sleep. He opened his eyes slightly. Everything was blurred. He blinked and opened them more. His silver eyes reflected the light above him.

A door opened and Shinji's father entered the room. Shinji turned his head and looked at him.

"Pa...pa?" Shinji weakly lifted his hand up, wanting to touch his father's face.

Mr. Kuromia walked over to him, knelt down and took his hand to his face. Shinji felt his father's worry on it.

"Why... are you worried?" Shinji asked in a raspy voice.

"It's nothing. Don't talk." Mr. Kuromia placed Shinji's hand back on the bed.

"It... came out."

"What?" Mr. Kuromia stood up.

"My Spirit Book; it came out of me." Shinji looked up at the ceiling. "It hurts here..." Shinji placed his hand in the middle of his chest. "This is where it came out."

"Where is it?" Mr. Kuromia clutched Shinji's hand on top of his chest. "Shinji, do you know where it is?"

"No," Shinji turned his head to him. "I fell unconscious after it came out. Last thing I remember is seeing it red like blood."

Mr. Kuromia's eyes widened. But, he closed them and said nervously "It's probably because it was covered in blood."

"No." Shinji said. "It wasn't..."

Before Mr. Kuromia said anything else, Shinji had closed his eyes, he head fell sideways.

Beep... beep... beep...

In another room on the other side of the hospital, a doctor flew across the room and hit the opposite wall. In the middle of the room electricity sparked from a thin red book that stood on its back.

“So the same rule applies to this book too.” Dr. Kansume said walking up to the book. “Only the women, the owner, and the owner's family can touch it. And the same rule applies with a girl's Spirit Book, but the women can't touch it, only the men, the owner, and the owner's family.”

“This is probably why it didn't come out when it was supposed to.” Hitomi said walking up beside him. “Look at the color; it as red as blood.”

“That's because it *is* blood. It just needs cleaning.”

“No, it doesn't need cleaning. Look at the cover,” She picked the book up with ease and looked at the cover. “It says, `Red Spirit Book' in gold lettering. And the font is Footlight MT Light, wow.”

“That is not amazing nor is it amusing. The Kuromia boy was trying to hide this from us because he thought we would destroy it. Thus he will be punished.” The Doctor turned around and stamped to the door.

“Punish?! Don't be so rash Doctor! He's just a boy.” Hitomi grabbed the doctor's sleeve to stop him.

“Be quiet! You are just trying to protect him because you raised him since he was five!” He threw Hitomi off his arm and she landed on the floor. The book flew out of her grasp.

“Oh no!” She quickly got back up, but it was too late. The book dropped onto the floor.

Shinji's eyes opened wide and gave a painful gasp. His hand jumped to his chest right where his heart was. He gave raspy gasps and he curled into a ball in his sheets.

“Papa! Help... me!!” Shinji gasped.

Mr. Kuromia ran to the other side of the bed and embraced Shinji. “Someone probably dropped your book. Hang in there!” He moved Shinji's head to his shoulder and held him there. Shinji's hands moved across his back and grasped the back of his father's clothes tightly, trying to gather strength. But he then spat out blood.

“Enough of this!” Mr. Kuromia closed his eyes and concentrated. His eyes pinched together as he concentrated harder. “*Retrieve!*” His eyes snapped open and they glowed black.

Hitomi was dusting the book off when it started glowing black.

`This is Mr. Kuromia's retrieving aura...!' She let go of the book and it zoomed off through the open doorway where Dr. Kansume had left through. And soon enough, it had passed him.

`That's...!' Dr. Kansume started running after the book. He made several turns and flew down long hallways, his footsteps echoing and his blurred reflection under him keeping up. This was a stupid chase to Dr. Kansume. But at the same time, he wanted to get this book's power even though it was thinner than his purple book. Before long, the book had gone into Shinji's ward.

Mr. Kuromia caught the book and gave it to Shinji who took it quickly and held it to his heart.

“Your book is like your heart, don't mistreat it or else your health will suffer.” He told Shinji. “And don't ever drop it. You'll experience, if you were asleep, a very rude and painful wake up call.”

Shinji nodded. But then, the door burst open and Dr. Kansume came to view breathing heavily.

“We... meet... again Kuromia.” He panted.

“Yes, but I'm afraid that I have to leave this time.” Mr. Kuromia picked up Shinji like a new bride.

“Running away?” Dr. Kansume asked with a smirk. “That would just ruin the fun. *Sousei!!!*” multiple small comets shot out of the doctor's hand straight at Mr. Kuromia.

“Hold on! *Teleport!!!*” In a flash of light, Mr. Kuromia and Shinji disappeared. The small comets zoomed past and hit the opposite wall.

“Damn. I missed.” Dr. Kansume stood up straight and fixed his white coat. “I'll get him next time.”

Mr. Kuromia and Shinji reappeared in the living room of their house. The house was dark and the moon was shining the kitchen window once again. Mr. Kuromia looked down at Shinji and found he was asleep. He smiled and looked around.

“Not exactly where I intended to teleport...” Mr. Kuromia said. He sighed and went across the room to a staircase. Upstairs, he went into his room where he laid Shinji on his bed. He took Shinji's Spirit Book and his and stuck them in the pillow cases. This bed once led Mr. Kuromia and his wife to the gateway of

their dreams, but now, he went to the gate alone.

He changed Shinji out of his hospital clothes carefully, not wanting to wake him. He then put a pair of pajama pants on Shinji, leaving his chest in the open. Mr. Kuromia then took his clothes off and changed into his own pajamas. He then pulled the covers over Shinji and himself and drifted off to sleep.

The alarm clock read 4:55 A.M. Shinji shifted in his sleep and turned over; he was now right against his father's chest. Shinji then delved deeper in the warm sheets, wanting to keep them warm.

Mr. Kuromia felt Shinji's presence next to him. As quietly as he can, he wrapped his arms around Shinji's torso near his stomach. He then started to stroke the area.

Shinji's eyes opened slightly at the sudden movement. His eyes were clouded a bit, still full of unawareness. They shimmered with the moonlight behind the white curtains of the window near Shinji's side. He closed them, his cheeks turning pink and his mouth letting out slow lustful pants.

Candles that sat on the bedside tables, lit up with a sliver flame burning gently at the wick. The little flames were like a small portion of the moonlight flooding into the room. Oh how calming it felt.

"Papa..." Shinji said suddenly.

"What is it?" Mr. Kuromia asked in a muffled voice; he had turned Shinji over to face him and was now kissing his way down his chest.

"I'm... not in the mood."

"You say that and it ruins the mood. Just relax and let the candles' aroma fill you."

Shinji sat on the rooftop later that morning. It was around six and the sun was turning the clouds a welcoming orange of a new morning. His eyes looked at the clouds, his mind deep in thought of what had happened earlier that morning.

"Papa, I really don't want to do this." Shinji had said.

"I won't. Your chest doesn't look good when it's marked. So I'm healing it." Mr. Kuromia took one of the silver flamed candles and tipped it over Shinji's exposed chest. The wax dripped off the base and landed right on the scar. Shinji had shut his eyes tight, ready to endure pain. But there was none.

"This candle has healing powers when lit by a silver flame. I can get rid of scars and heal wounds." Mr. Kuromia put the candle back down and rubbed the candle wax over Shinji's long scar. Instantly the scar disappeared.

"Now, I can do it."

"What?! I don't—! Mmph!" Mr. Kuromia shoved a hard kiss upon Shinji's lip to silence him.

Shinji shook the thought out of his head.

"I should get ready..." Shinji stood up and bent down next to a trap door on the roof top; this is where he came up from.

But Shinji heard something move and the trap door came up and met his face.

"Shinji! I came to cook breakfast for you!" Kagura's happy voice said.

"NAI!!!! TASKETE!!!"

Kagura lost her happiness and came onto the roof and went to the edge. Hanging there was Shinji.

"Oh no, I'm so sorry! I didn't know that you were right at the door!" Kagura said apologetically.

"You're forgiven! Now help me!!!"

Kagura grabbed Shinji's hand and tried to pull him up.

"You're... too... heavy!" She said still trying to pull him up.

The morning wind started to blow strong as if trying to make Shinji fall. Shinji's fingers started to slip as they fell numb. Kagura felt the wind blowing hard and kept trying to pull Shinji up. Her feet dug into the tiles, trying to stay glued to the roof. She felt stupid trying to pull someone like Shinji back up with her weak strength. But she didn't want Shinji to fall. But then the wind blew its mightiest and both Shinji and Kagura flew off the two story house and toward the ground.

"No! I don't want to die! And I don't want to go back to the hospital." Kagura shouted, crystal tears falling from her white eyes. "I want to live! I want to live for those who need me!!!"

"Is that what you wish?" A voice asked Kagura. "If so, we will grant you that wish"

"Kaze-sama?" Kagura asked. Her chest started to white. Kagura felt extreme pain there; her chest felt like it was being crushed. A spine of a thin book tore its way out and so did the rest of it. Kagura's eyes closed with the book in her arms.

The wind picked up under both Kagura and Shinji, and they floated down at a safe pace, landing on the grass unharmed.

Shinji sat up and rubbed his head. He then looked around and saw Kagura lying on the ground.

“Kagura! Are you okay?” Shinji went over to her; she was unconscious. But he then noticed a pure white book in her arms. He picked it up; it was as thin as his. He turned the book around and saw the front. “White spirit book” it read in Castellar.

“*Your book is like your heart, don't mistreat it or else your health will suffer.*” Rang Mr. Kuromia's advice in Shinji's head. He carefully put the book on the grass and picked up Kagura. He then picked the book back up and took both into the house.

5 - What Worries Most to Shinjimo

Chapter Four: What Worries Most to Shinjimo

Shinji sat against a tree outside of the university, eating a boxed lunch his father made for him. Propped against his knees was his Spirit book, open to the first page. It read:

Bou Gyo (Defense) - A defense spell. (Level 1)

This spell is the first defensive spell a child should learn. This requires very little strength and has different versions. But it varies from child to child. Can be used in both Japanese and English.

Above the spell name, there was a moving picture that showed what the spell looked like. It first showed a barrier surrounding the person.

"I already saw that version." Shinji said to himself.

The book then showed the person surrounded by glass beacons that levitated and shattered, blocking the attack.

Below the description, the word, "Mastered" was printed in red. Shinji traced the word with his finger. He then turned the page.

Zen Kai Bou Gyo (Complete Defense) - A defense spell (Level 2)

The spell is an upgrade of Bou Gyo. This can protect the user from any spell. But it is hard to master for it is a four syllable spell. But can be managed when user is fifteen or older.

"So that means I can master this. I'm fifteen after all." Shinji looked under the description and saw "Not Mastered" in red below it.

Retsu (Burst) - a basic attack spell (Level 1)

This spell is the first offensive spell a child should learn. Level 1 can be taught at any age.

Below this the word "Mastered" was imprinted.

Shinji felt a throb in his head and his hand held it. With his eyes shut tight enduring the pain, he saw his mother falling to the ground blood spilling.

"Mama..." he whispered, tears crawling out of his eyes. "It's my entire fault. I shouldn't have used that spell..." Shinji closed his Spirit Book gently and put it in his backpack. "Mama..."

"Don't be thinking of Mama. Papa is here loving you twice as much." A voice said in the branches above Shinji.

"Papa?" Shinji looked up and sure enough, it was Mr. Kuromia. "What are you doing in a tree?"

"Watching you." Mr. Kuromia leapt down from the tree and landed right next to Shinji. "How do you like your lunch?"

Shinji looked away from him. "It okay." `I forgot that he was substituting for one of the teachers today." Shinji thought. `That is his job after all."

"I'll see you later, Shinji." Mr. Kuromia said as the bell rang. "Duty calls!" he then left Shinji, running to the building.

Shinji lay on top of his father, both breathing heavily and covered with sweat. Mr. Kuromia got out of bed and opened the window, letting in the night's cool air. He then pulled the covers over Shinji and went into the shower. As he was turning on the water, his face gave a guilty look.

`You have to tell him sooner or later." Mr. Kuromia thought to himself as water started drenching his bare body. `Or else it will crush your heart."

Mr. Kuromia's fingers touched the back of his neck. "I was branded... to carry out the task..." he said. "But I don't want to. It'll be the end of my life if I don't.... On truth I'll tell. The other, I won't."

There was a soft `thump" outside.

`Shinji probably fell out of the bed." Mr. Kuromia thought. `He did that a few times already; clumsy..."

There was a soft knock at the bathroom door.

"Occupied!" Mr. Kuromia shouted over the water.

But the door opened anyway. Shinji stood in the doorway, the blanket from the bed covering him.

"Now what?" Mr. Kuromia said gently. "I'm taking a shower." He turned off the water, dried himself off with a towel hanging on the wall, and put a bath robe on. "Do you need to use the toilet?"

Shinji shook his head. Then, the blanket fell revealing someone standing behind Shinji holding a blade to his neck.

"Shinji!"

"Don't move!" the voice behind Shinji said. The voice sounded like a woman's. "Move and I'll slit his throat."

"What do you want?" Mr. Kuromia asked calmly.

"This boy. Clothe him!"

"No tricks. *Enclothe!*"

Shinji's school clothes appeared on him.

"Do not speak of this meeting." The woman said. "If you do, you won't see Shinji live to his adult years..." the woman moved her face into the light. "But I will..."

"What?! Kiroi?!"

"*Teleport!*" The woman disappeared.

Mr. Kuromia stood there, the wind blowing from the open window.

"There's just no way that she's alive." He thought. "There's no way. I was told she died."

Shinji backed away from the woman as soon as she released him. They were in an abandoned house where webs and dust lived for who knows how long. Shinji didn't care about his location though. He just wanted to be away from this woman.

"What's the matter? Don't you remember me?" Kiroi asked holding out her arms. "It's me, Mama."

Shinji backed up against the wall where dust clouds came free and surrounded him. He shook his head violently.

"No! I don't remember you being like this! You are not Mama!!"

"Of course I am." Kiroi said locking an embrace around Shinji's head. "You just don't remember what happened before.... before I got hit."

"No! Sakenda!!! Hanasei!!"

"Shinjimo and I got into a fight when he found out that I was pregnant." She started even though Shinji was trying to get out of her grasp. "But not with you. I was pregnant with your older brother, Lysumo. Know that I had him when I was 20 years old. By the time you were born, Lysumo had run away at ten years of age, right after his Spirit Book appeared."

Shinji stopped struggling. He was surprised at the new information. "Papa never told me..." His eyes clouded suddenly and his ears were wide open, ready to take in the information.

"You were a surprise because... we didn't have intercourse after Lysumo was born. We were too busy and tired taking care of him as he grew up. We didn't have time for it."

Shinji stared into his mother's fair hair. It was the color of buttercups that just bloomed. Though, her hair was a bit messy and she had split ends. To Shinji her hair was beautiful no matter what its state.

"Shinjimo left me after you were born saying that he was going to another country to teach Japanese. I was still in the hospital too. I was there until that day..."

"But now..." Kiroi held Shinji tighter. "I am finally reunited with my kodomo... my bishounen.... Genki"

Shinji's arms hesitantly wrapped themselves around her torso and hung on loosely.

"You were like this the whole time?" Shinji asked in a choked voice. "Why did you hold a knife to my neck?"

"Just to scare Papa. That's all." Kiroi pulled out a needle out of her sleeve. "I'm just going to keep you for a day and night. I want to see how much you've grown."

Shinji sensed something in her hand. But as he was about to stop it, it was too late. The needle she was holding was stuck into his neck and the substance was injected. She quickly took the needle out and stood back, watching Shinji on the dusty floor.

She took out a yellow Spirit Book and it started to flip its pages.

"Is... that book yellow?" Shinji asked trying to get up. But his legs and arms had gone numb so his attempt was a failure.

"No," Kiroi answered. "It's Goldenrod. Awful color if you ask me."

Shinji started to feel hot and he was perspiring. His legs twitched and his hips gave a sudden thrust. He was also pink at the cheeks. What was going on?

`I'm... starting to ... get... hard..." Shinji thought to himself shutting his eyes tight. His closed his legs and bent them, bringing his knees to his stomach.

"You feel it?" Kiroi asked. "It's a little intense ecstasy in just a few teaspoons of liquid. I was quite malicious when I was in SBU High School; made it myself. But it only works on guys 14 and older."

Kiroi bent down and took the top part of Shinji's clothes off revealing his lean build.

"My goodness; you're skinny!" her finger tips of her left hand glided down Shinji's side; he let out a moan and his back arched. "Hypersensitive are you? Probably without the ecstasy, you would still be sensitive."

"Ya-yamite..." Shinji moaned. His cheeks had gone a deep pink.

Mr. Kuromia shot up in bed breathing hard. He looked around and saw bits of the sunlight creeping through the curtains of the shut window. He then looked next to him.

Shinji lay next to him in a ball sleeping soundly. You can hear his slow and calm breathing. But Shinji's eyes opened slightly and looked up at his father.

"Papa, is... something the matter?" Shinji asked yawning.

"I'm fine." He answered. `So it was just a dream."

"Papa?"

Mr. Kuromia turned and looked at Shinji. It was accidental that Shinji saw his sad face. Mr. Kuromia quickly turned away leaving Shinji crestfallen.

"Papa, why are you sad?"

Mr. Kuromia didn't answer. He moved to his bedside table and opened the drawer. His picked up a cell phone inside and dialed a number.

"Hello?" he said into the phone. "Yes, good morning. I'm Shinjimo Kuromia and I'm calling Shinji sick today."

"What?!" Shinji shouted. "I'm not—!" Mr. Kuromia covered Shinji's mouth.

"Yes, Shinji Kuromia. Yes, he caught a slight cold, he'll be back tomorrow. Okay, thank you." He then hung up.

"Papa, what did you do that for?! I wanted to meet Ice, Yamina, and Kagura today so we can work on my spirit skills!"

Mr. Kuromia embraced Shinji, making him fall silent. "I want you to stay home today." He then leaned forward, falling onto the bed and pinned Shinji to it. "Please, for me." He then started kissing Shinji neck and made his way below.

"Ah... Papa...!"

And there, Mr. Kuromia made love to Shinji, his tears as transparent as Kiroi's spirit. He held them in his eyes... and in his heart, which filled with fear.

"I will regret the day when I have to do my task..."

6 - About Sprirt Wars and of a Night Wanderer

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Chapter Five: About Spirit Wars, and of a Night Wanderer
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There was a knock at the front door. Shinji slowly opened his eyes. Everything was spinning and his head a pounding a nail in his temples. A second knock was heard. Shinji pulled away from the sheets he was wrapped and tried to get out of the bed. But Mr. Kuromia held him tight to his chest and his hips gave a thrust. Shinji's mouth let out a gasp and his cheeks went pink.

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“Papa, that's enough. I'm tired. Hanasei...” Shinji pulled his father's hands apart but they quickly took hold again.

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“Papa—!”

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Mr. Kuromia had given another thrust.

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“Stay here.” Mr. Kuromia mumbled.

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“But; the door.... Ah!” Shinji covered his mouth this time; his father continued thrusting.

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“Stay.” Then, Mr. Kuromia fell back asleep.

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“Fine.” `It's probably Ice, Yamina, or Kagura bringing my Homework. If it is, they should just leave it by the door.'

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“This is where he lives, right?”

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“Yes, I’m sure. I came over before to cook Shinji breakfast.”

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“Can't we just bust the door down?”

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“NO!”

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Sure enough, Yamina, Kagura and Ice were standing outside the front door. Yamina was holding a small stack of books in one hand and a piece of paper in the other. The paper had the class homework written upon it. Ice was against the door, listening with her cat ear; it can hear well.

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“I don't hear anything.” She said, backing away from the door.

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“Let me try; I have better hearing than you two.” Kagura stowed her book away behind her outer clothing and took a listen. But she backed away quickly, blushing deep.

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“Is something the matter?” Yamina asked.

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“What—! Oh! It's nothing... really!” Kagura laughed nervously. `All I heard was movement in a bed and it sounded like it was coming from Kuromia-san's room...”

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“Well, if no one isn't going to answer,” Yamina said. “I'll leave his homework in the mailbox. He has the books right?” Yamina lifted up the top of the mailbox and placed the paper inside, closing it afterwards.

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“Let's go.” Yamina grabbed Kagura's arm and started to drag her. But Kagura resisted. “What's the matter?”

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“Nothing.” She then followed Yamina latched to her arm.

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Ice stared at the top window with worried eyes. “Wait up guys!” She then turned around and ran after the other two.

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<i>Escape from the world of the nonexistent. Living in the world where those do exist. You do not belong. The Life Takers will come after you. Some are closer than you think...</i>

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Shinji pulled on a T-shirt and a pair of loose pants and went down stairs. He went into the kitchen where the afternoon sunlight was drifting away through the satin curtains. He stared into the city, wondering....

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Shinji's eyes pulled away and went to the stove where a pot of noodles had started cooking. But he still wondered. He wondered whether he should be alive. He wondered, "Why was I the one to have the Red Book? I'm nothing special." He thought that often. Why was he the one to have this book? Was he destined to? Or maybe it was a mistake by God's choice. Shinji was all the more confused.

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The noodles finished cooking and Shinji took it off the stove and transferred the noodles into a bowl, which he had set on the table. He took the pot to the sink and started to pour the excess broth out.

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Shinji started to wonder again and lost his grip in the process. The pot slipped from his lacking grip and fell into the sink, burning his hand on the way down.

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"ITAI!!!!!" Shinji quickly started to run the water cold and placed his hand beneath it, cooling it off.
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"Hot, hot, hot!" Shinji murmured. Tears peeked out of his eyes. `Just my luck....'
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The next day, Shinji ran to SBU with Haji and his gang on his heels.
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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Leave me alone!!!" Shinji shouted behind him. "Taskete!!!!!!!"
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“Learn to fight Kuromia!” Haji shouted. “You'll never survive the war like this!”

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“War? Ah!!” Shinji fell to the ground, dirt flying.

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Haji and his gang took this chance and surrounded Shinji.

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“Don't tell me you didn't know about the war.” Haji asked smirking. “Guys! He didn't know about Spirit War XIII!!!” Haji and his gang started to laugh.

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“Can he be any denser?” one the gang members asked.

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“Dunno! Maybe!” another said and the others roared with laughter.

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Haji picked Shinji up his hair and lifted him up to his face. “You honestly don't know?” Shinji shook his head. “How sad. You need to be updated. Every family generation has to fight in Spirit War, 50% survive, guys and gals.”

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Haji threw Shinji away from him. Shinji slid across the ground dirt racing him until he came to a halt.

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“See you later! *Chibi* *Setsu-Dan!*”

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A small blade of air came at Shinji and made a cut on his cheek. Shinji stared after Haji. “Spirit War? Nani...?”

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“... and that's the end of today's lesson. Are there any questions?”

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Shinji raised his hand.

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“Yes, Kuromia?”

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Shinji stood up in his seat. He looked around the room; everyone was staring at him.

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“Ano... can you tell me about the Spirit Wars?” Shinji went red of embarrassment. “We do have some extra time.”

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Ms. Shumine looked around the room, looking at the curious faces. She gulped down some moisture and went to her desk and sat down. She sighed.

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“Sit, Kuromia.” She commanded, gesturing him.

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“Yes, ma'am.” Shinji sat back in his seat.

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Ms. Shumine looked around again and sighed. She placed her face in her hands and sat there for a

minute. She looked up from her hands and took a deep breath.

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“Youth has their limits of curiosity. But none, as of yet, has asked me this. That is, until this day.” She got up and went to the whiteboard and flipped it around revealing a blank side. She took a red marker and wrote upon the board. When she was done, the board read, “Spirit War XII”

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“When I was 23 years old, Spirit War XII started. It lasted for only a month for it is supposed to. After that month was up, the determined spirits were distinguished from the weak ones. I never participated in the war because I was, and still is, a teacher here. So I didn't have to. Or rather, I had no choice.

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“But, my boyfriend had to be in that war. Thus, he went. After the war ended, I never saw him. Not once, not even today. Only after a week, I found out he was dead, along with thousands of others. When I found out, I felt like killing myself so I can be with him. That is how much I loved him.

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“This is all I'll tell you, my students. But I'll add one more thing. Spirit War XIII is coming. It'll be around the corner before you'll know it. The War is always starts on the same day; December 1st every 16 years. Say your farewell in November to those close to you, for November is when you depart to the War ground.”

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The bell rang throughout the whole school but no one in Ms. Shumine moved.

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“Class is dismissed, go home.” Ms. Shumine took he glassed off and rubbed her eyes from her tears.

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Shinji gathered his papers on his desk, and headed to the door. As Shinji left, he stared at his teacher.

‘Maybe I shouldn't have asked.’ “Ano... Shumine sensei?” he went over to her.

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She looked up with red eyes at Shinji.

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“What is it?” she asked. “Go home, your father's going to worry.”

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"I... I wanted to say sorry. It was optional for you to answer my question." He then ran off, going where his feet carried him.

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Outside is where Shinji stopped, next to the scattered forest. A gust of wind blew and some of his papers hitched a ride with it.

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"Nani?! Hey, get back here!!" Shinji shouted following the papers with the wind.

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The wind carried the papers into the forest and kept them high. Shinji leapt after them, but the wind carried them up and down, as if teasing him. Shinji didn't know how long, but he was chasing these papers until night had started. He was right underneath the paper when a leapt and he finally caught them.

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“Got you!” Shinji quickly put the papers away in his side bag and looked around. Everywhere he looked it was all trees. There wasn't a single building in sight nor were there any lights. He looked around again, but got the same results.

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“<i>Everywhere you see is nothing but forest.</i>” Someone said in a male angelic voice. “<i>You are trapped under the deep blue sky which I appear...</i>”

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<i>“Escape from the world of the nonexistent. Living in the world where those do exist. You do not belong. The Life Takers will come after you. Some are closer than you think...”</i>

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Shinji fell silent. His breath came in slow heaves. His eyes shifted, combing through the darkness. Who was that?

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A rustling noise caught Shinji's ears. But before he could turn around, a hand covered his mouth and another was holding him against someone.

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“Who dares to come into my realm of Night?” The same voice said, sounding not so angelic anymore.
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Shinji didn't move nor did he try to say anything. Inside, he was shaking in fear. On the outside, he turned into ice. He stood they frozen at this encounter. Who was this person? What did he want?
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“Answer me!!” The man turned Shinji around and grasped his neck. The man had blonde hair and a blue headband that was covering his eyes. He also had a blue cape draped over his shoulders. On his face was a dirty bandage on his left cheek and a bruise along his jaw bone on the same side. He looked like a wanderer.
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“Ha...Hanasei... can't breath!”
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“Then answer me!” the man squeezed harder.
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Shinji gave a gasp. "Shinji...! Shinji ---gah! ---Kuromia!"

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"Kuromia?!" the man let go of Shinji. "Onii-chan?" the man lifted his headband up off of his golden eyes.

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"Onii-chan?" Shinji looked up and their eyes met. "...Onii-san?"

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Silver met gold. And gold met silver. Before Shinji knew it, he was hugging the man who now is Lysumo Tori Kuromia.

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<i>The bird can't fly without its feathers. A feather is worthless without the bird. Together, they are equal in harmony.</i>

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“Is Father worried about me, Nii-chan?”

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“Ore wa shinai...” Shinji answered. “I really don't know.” Shinji buried his face into Lysumo's chest. He felt warmer inside his heart. And his heart felt like it regained part of itself. Yet, it still isn't whole.

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“Come home.” Shinji said into Lysumo's chest. He then looked up. “Onegai... come home....”

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Lysumo looked away from Shinji and pulled him away. "I'm not going home." He said walking off.

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"Matte! Why not?" Shinji ran after him and grabbed his arm. "Nande? There has to be a reason."

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"There's a reason and it's none of your business!" Lysumo yelled. He yanked his arm out of Shinji's grasp and Shinji fell to the ground on his stomach.

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"Ikennai de!" Shinji shouted after Lysumo. "Aishooteru!!"

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Lysumo stopped. He then looked back and saw Shinji sitting up with his head down.

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“What did you just say?”

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“Aishooteru: I love you.... Please don't go away...” Lysumo heard sniffing and large exhales coming from Shinji. Lysumo sighed and went over to Shinji and knelt next to him.

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“Nakanaide.” Lysumo said lifting Shinji's head up and wiping his tears away. “Aishooteruda, Shinji.”

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Lysumo stood Shinji up and held him. Shinji pulled away just a bit and looked at Lysumo. Shinji stood on his tiptoes and Lysumo bent forward. Both of them blushed pink and their lips met each other with their eyes closed.

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7 - Never Thought...

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Chapter Six: Loose "Never thought..."
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<b><i><u>Chapter Six:</u></i></b><b><i><u>"Never thought..."</u></i></b>
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White; ">
Shinji awoke lying on a patch of grass. He sat up with difficulty; his body felt as if it was led. The sun was
shining was shining dully in between the trees and it was just above the horizon. Shinji rubbed the
sleepiness out of his eyes and looked around. He was in the scattered forest.
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"I'd better get home..." Shinji muttered. "Papa must be worried..."

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Shinji gathered his things, including his book, and stood up. But, Shinji started to hear an eerie ring sounding softly. It then started to get louder. He narrowed his eyes and covered his ears; it was getting irritating.

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`Make it stop...' Shinji thought. `Please make it stop...'

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Before he knew it, the noise was unbearable. He threw his head up and yelled at the top of his lungs, "STOP IT!!!!!!!!!!!"

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He went on his knees and his head fell forward. His hands grasped his hair, enduring the noise. When

he thought he was going to die of insanity, his body had shut down along with his mind, slipping into unconsciousness. He lied there, in the grass, without a single movement.

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In the shadows of some of the trees, and man stood, glaring at unconscious Shinji with bright green eyes. Green hair partially covered his eyes and was held in place with a matching head band. A darker green cape was draped over his shoulders; the clothes he wore could have made him invisible among brush and bushes. His mouth curled into a sinister smile.

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`Blue and yellow I have claimed.' He thought. `Red I found. Black, White and Master still remain hidden.... Three boys... three girls...." The man pulled out a red headband and cape and went over to Shinji. He fastened the cape over Shinji's shoulders and then stretched the head band over his forehead. On the headband, the man placed two fingers on it. He then whispered, "*Kaji Kanji!*" The Japanese kanji for "Fire" appeared on the head band then disappeared. He then turned Shinji over and marked something on the back of his neck with a sharp knife. The mark bled a little and the man lapped up the blood, kissing it afterwards.

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`There, he's branded.' The man put the knife away and then stood up and started walking away.

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`Blue, yellow, and now red I have claimed. Black, White, and Master still remain hidden." He smiled

again. 'I, Midoshi, will rule soon.' He then disappeared into the shadows of the trees.

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In another set of shadows, another figured appeared. The figured moved out of the shadows to reveal to be a mere boy. He looked only twelve years of age. A yellow head band was wrapped around his head with a matching cape over his shoulders. His dark hair partially covered his black right eye. On his left ear was lightning bolt shaped earring.

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The boy went over to Shinji and knelt beside him. With innocent eyes he stared at him.

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'What does Sensei want with such a person?' the boy thought. 'Does he carry the Red Spirit Book?' The boy went to the other side and looked. His hand reached out to touch Shinji.

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<i>"Yomi!"</i> Midoshi's voice echoed in the boy's head.

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<i>"Hai, Midoshi-sensei!"</i> Yomi thought retracting his hands, sitting up still.
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<i>"Do not touch him! Leave him be!"</i>
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<i>"Hai!"</i> Yomi backed away from Shinji.
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<i>"Come home Yomi Obsidian. You had enough fresh air."</i>
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<i>"Hai..."</i> Yomi looked at Shinji of one last time and then ran behind him into the shadows and disappeared.
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Mr. Kuromia stared at his coffee his eyes glazed. He looked like he didn't get any sleep at all. He looked up at the other side of table where Shinji used to sit. He remembered when Shinji first sat there, eating his first breakfast with him. He smiled weakly, but it went back into a frown.

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Mr. Kuromia's hands reached to the back of his neck and traced whatever it was with his finger.

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“When are you going to be done with him?” Mr. Kuromia looked out the kitchen window at the trees' green leaves waving in the breeze.

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Mr. Kuromia's cell phone started to ring. His took it out of his pocket lazily and opened it.

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“Hello, this is Kuromia.” He said. “Oh, hello.... No, it turns out I won't be able to sub today.... Sorry, just send all of my students to the computer labs. Yes, I really don't feel well today.” Mr. Kuromia looked at the tree leaves again. “No, I didn't get much sleep last night and I look horrible. Okay, sorry about that. Bye.” He closed his phone and took a sip of his coffee. Afterwards he dropped his head heavily onto the table and stared into nothingness.

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“Shinji...”

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Midoshi walked in a room that was filled with pitch black darkness. The air was frigid cold; sheets of ice littered the walls and small portions of the floor. Midoshi looked around in the darkness as he walked, looking for something.

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He came to a halt when panting reached his ears. He turned to his right and held his hand up.

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"<i>Aoi Hikari!</i>" he said softly and a blue light hovered over his head. He pointed in front of him and Lysumo came into view, lying on the floor his shirt opened.

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"Well, I guess I came a little late. Already suffering your Heat?"

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"Shut up, I have this... because of you."

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"Yes I know. But I made it so because I love to see your body getting excited." Midoshi went over to Lysumo and gave him a deep kiss.

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Midoshi got off of Lysumo and put his clothes on. When he was done, he kissed the now tired and relieved Lysumo on the lips.

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“Continue to be good and I will stop your Heat sessions.” `Next stop, Sapphie's' he thought. He then kissed Lysumo on the forehead and disappeared along with the blue light.

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Lysumo lied there in the darkness, staring into it.

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“Why, does he love me so? Is it even right?” he whispered. He turned on his side and his leg hit the wall. Lysumo winced, but then relaxed. “I think I'm getting sick...” Lysumo started coughing and he quickly got his cape back on. He couldn't really tell, but he fell asleep in the darkness.

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Mr. Kuromia was still sitting at the table when the clock struck noon. Midoshi appeared behind him with Shinji in his arms. Midoshi took Shinji to the sofa and placed him down. He then went back over to Mr. Kuromia and wrapped his hand around his torso.

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Midoshi moved close to Mr. Kuromia's ear and whispered, "Shinjimo.... I'm here." But all he heard was Mr. Kuromia's breathing. Midoshi took his hand and moved Mr. Kuromia's hair that was tied in a pony tail away from his neck. There, the letter "M" was carved. Midoshi kissed the mark and it started to glow red.

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Mr. Kuromia stirred and he held his head up. He rubbed his eyes from his sleepiness and stifled a yawn.

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"Afternoon, Sapphie." Midoshi said.

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Mr. Kuromia's eyes went wide and he quickly got up, knocking the chair back and moved away from Midoshi.

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“M-Midoshi!” Mr. Kuromia said in a scared voice. “What are you doing here?!”

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“I just came for a visit and dropped off your pup. He was still lying in the forest where I left him.”

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“You should've come earlier! I worried about Shinji!”

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“Keep your voice down or you'll wake him.”

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Midoshi looked over at the couch where he placed Shinji.

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“He's quite a son you have. He has your beautiful features too.” Midoshi looked back over to Mr.

Kuromia. "Tell me, what have you done to the head band and cape I gave you some years ago?"

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Mr. Kuromia swallowed some moisture. "I... I... lost them somewhere. I don't wear it
anyway."
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Midoshi closed his eyes slowly. "Have you forgotten... my rule?" He opened his eyes back up and made a sharp glare at Mr. Kuromia, who gasped.
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Mr. Kuromia looked around and started backing up as Midoshi advanced.
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"My, rule was to NEVER take them off unless you go to work or out into civilian eyesight." Midoshi unpinned his cape and threw it onto the floor. "You are currently not at work, nor are you in civilian eyesight. You are in your own house. You should be wearing them!" Midoshi swept Mr. Kuromia up and said, "<i>Teleport!</i>" They both disappeared and then reappeared in Mr. Kuromia's room where Midoshi threw him onto the bed and got on top of him. Behind them, the door shut and locked itself.
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“You have defied a rule which defies me. Now you shall pay!” Midoshi roughly took Mr. Kuromia's clothes off and started kissing him on the neck

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“Stop! Stop it!” Mr. Kuromia grunted trying to push him off. “YAMIRO!!!”

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Red marks of all sizes and bleeding scratches littered Mr. Kuromia's body. He was breathing heavily and gasping. No strength was left inside, not even for him move a finger. Midoshi stood next to him, fully clothed, looking at the markings.

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“This was your punishment for defying me for the second time. Defy me again and it'll be the end of your life.” Midoshi then disappeared.

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Mr. Kuromia stared at the ceiling, his eyes glazed with tiredness. He didn't speak a single word, nor did he try to move.

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`I never thought that this would happen...' He thought. `Never thought...'

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His eyes started to get heavy, darkness coming from the edges. He didn't fight to stay awake. He just let his eyes close, letting them take him with the darkness.

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8 - Dark Reflections

Chapter Seven: Dark Reflections

Papa, wake up! Please wake up!

Shinji calm down. He s just asleep.

But&all that marking&. What happened to him?!

Mr. Kuromia conscious came out of the darkness. He felt Shinji holding his hand tightly; he felt his nails digging into his skin. Someone else was treating the scratches; it was a woman judging by the voice.

Mr. Kuromia opened his eyes. His sight was blurry at first, but it then cleared up.

Welcome back, Mr. Kuromia. He looked over at the woman; it was Hitomi.

What&? What are you doing here? Mr. Kuromia asked.

What does it look like? she asked back. I m treating your injuries. She smiled.

Papa! Shinji shouted happily, jumping on the bed and giving his father a hug.

Ouch, ouch! My injuries!

Gomen, I m just so happy you re alive! Shinji got off of his father.

I m not that easy to kill. Mr. Kuromia looked at Hitomi and smiled.

Shinji can you get a bag of ice for me? Hitomi asked.

Hai! I ll be back. Shinji then left.

Mr. Kuromia waited until Shinji s footsteps dies away and then asked, So how d you get here?

Shinji. She answered. He came to the hospital looking for me. It s kind of expected since I m the only staff member he knows well. Anyway, he was panicking to find me. He was lucky; he found me before I left from my morning shift. He said that it was an emergency and he dragged me here. She opened a First Aid kit and took out a bandage wrap. She then started wrapping up some of the wounds. He got so panicky, that he forgot that you were completely nude and he opened the door, fully exposing you. I was so embarrassed&

At this point Mr. Kuromia was blushing.

He quickly covered your privates and gave a First Aid kit to me. He was worried that you would die. But I told him that no one can die from bleeding scratches unless that got really infected. But yours weren t infected so don t worry. I just can t believe you can be brought down by this sort of thing. Just the thought brings shivers down my spine.

Well, expect the unexpected. You know a weakness now. Mr. Kuromia smiled and Hitomi smiled back.

I m back! Shinji said. And I have the ice. He held up a small plastic bag with ice cubes in it.

Thank you, now bring it here.

Shinji went over to Hitomi and gave her the ice. She took the ice and placed it on Mr. Kuromia s forehead.

Why do I ?

You have a slight fever. So it s best to try to cool it down right away before it gets any worse. Hitomi smiled again and Mr. Kuromia smiled back.

Mr. Kuromia closed his eyes and went to sleep.

Next to him, Shinji had gotten onto the bed and lied down. He also closed his eyes and went to sleep. Hitomi looked at the two sleeping. She just smiled and continued treating the wounds.

Shinji stood in darkness. Nothing was stirring within this darkness. Shinji took one step and he looked down. Waves of water spread out from his foot and into the dark distance. Shinji noticed the red cape that hung from his shoulders.

The clothes I woke up with& I thought I took them off& Shinji reached to unpin the cape, but electricity shot out at Shinji's hand, hurting it. He also tried to remove the head band, but the same thing happened.

Shinji looked up and saw someone standing some feet away from him. Curiosity filled Shinji and he moved forward. When he did, the person became clearer. When he was close enough, Shinji realized that it was his father. But when Shinji took a step forward, his father held a hand up for him to stop. He gestured something behind him to come out. And it did.

It was a double of Mr. Kuromia.

Shinji looked at the two. The first one looked serious and has a cold star in his eyes. But the second looked gentler, like Shinji's current father.

The gentle Mr. Kuromia held out his arms out and gestured Shinji to come over. He did, and stood in his embrace. The serious Mr. Kuromia walked a few paces away and turned to face them. Shinji turned around and faced him.

The serious Mr. Kuromia grabbed something behind him and roughly pulled it out. Shinji's eyes went wide; it was Lysumo. The serious Mr. Kuromia grabbed Lysumo's hair and started yelling at him. But no words were heard. Lysumo was yelling back, words also unheard.

They started to fade, but they still fought. The Mr. Kuromia behind him was also fading, watching the two men fight. As if nothing was happening, all three of them disappeared, leaving Shinji alone again.

He looked around at the darkness. Nothing was stirring again. But Shinji saw some people standing in the distance. Once again, he moved closer to get a better look. When he got close enough, Yamina, Kagura, Lysumo, and Yomi was revealed.

All five of them turned to face Shinji. Kagura was wearing a white head band and cape. She looked tearful as she looked at him. When a tear went down a cheek, she lowered her head and started sobbing. Yamina went over to Kagura to comfort her. She wore a black head band and cape. Ice however stood in place, her eyes empty; Lysumo was the same. Ice was wearing a black cape and a white head band with speckles of their opposite color on them, making the cape like the star filled sky and her head band the Milky Way. Lysumo still wore his blue head band and cape.

But Yomi was the only one the Shinji didn't know. Yomi just stared at Shinji as if he was going to do something strange.

Look down& Someone said. Look down& into the dark water&.

Shinji did so.

Shinji saw his reflection and his eyes widened. He saw that his eyes were narrowed and a red marking was on both cheeks. His ears were pointed and forked at the end. His attire was completely different; it was glaring of red and orange. His hands were clawed and made him look murderous.

Shinji looked away and saw the others' reflections. Yamina and Kagura didn't have reflections. But Ice did. Her reflection showed that her right eye was white and her left eye was black. No cat ears occupied her head. But, on the right of her head was a white phoenix feather and on the left a black dragon whisker. Her shirt was white and her pants black. On her back a white phoenix wing extended from the right and a pure black dragon wing extended from her left.

Lysumo's reflection showed that he had strange looking ears; they were fin-like and had a shade of blue on the edges. But they weren't the only ones that were fin-like. He was topless so most of his torso showed. Along his spine the same colored fins protruded, going all the way to his lower back, stopping at his hips. On his wrists fins also protruded. He looked like to be a fish-like monster of some kind.

Shinji then looked at Yomi's reflection. But Shinji couldn't make anything of it; it was just a puddle of blurred yellow.

Shinji looked back at Yamina and Kagura, but they weren't there. They had disappeared. He then looked at Ice and she was already fading. She looked at Shinji, tears falling. Her mouth formed words, I don't want to die. She then disappeared.

Yomi was being engulfed by darkness and he looked at Shinji. You will die, he mouthed. He then disappeared with the darkness.

Lysumo walked up to Shinji and held him in an embrace. Shinji looked up at him as his lips formed words, Brothers should die in each other's embrace. He also disappeared. Shinji was now alone again.

Will you live or will you die? It is all up to you.

Midoshi sat in front of a computer, in his room, typing away at the keyboard. On the screen, an Alert Message popped up. Midoshi narrowed his eyes.

Now what? He clicked on the alert and read the message. His eyes widened. He quickly got up and ran out of the room. He ran to a cupboard and took out a medical box. He then ran down a hallway and kicked a door open.

shoot? The room that Midoshi stood in front of was completely dark. Yomi?!! He ran inside and found the light switch. But he realized it was still up; all of the lights had burned out.

Too cold? Yomi's voice said in the darkness. Need light and heat?

Midoshi located Yomi, who was curled into a ball and picked him up. He ran out of the dark room and took him into his room and laid Yomi onto his bed. Midoshi turned on the lights and looked at Yomi. Yomi was flushed with coldness and shivering from head to toe. Midoshi walked over to him and took an injection needle out from the medical box and gave Yomi a shot.

That should warm up more quickly. Midoshi said.

Arigato& Yomi's eyes started to close and he fell asleep.

Yomi, the carrier of The Yellow Book, barely survives the cold and darkness. Midoshi thought, going back to his computer. On the computer screen the alert was still open. It read: Warning! Patient Yellow status conditions dropping. Immediate attention required.

Midoshi closed the message and clicked on a file called, Spirit Book Info. The file opened and showed three thumbnails of Word documents. The first one was called, Sapphire. The second, Blue and the third, Yellow. His face was blank; he was thinking. After a minute or so, he got up and went back to the room where Yomi was. But he didn't go inside. He went next door and opened it.

This room was also completely dark, but Midoshi didn't panic or anything.

Aoi Hikari! A blue light appeared near his head and followed him as he walked in. He stopped in the middle of the room. In front of him, Lysumo lied on the floor sleeping on his back. The only things Lysumo had on were his cape, headband and pants.

Midoshi levitated and inch above the floor and glided over to Lysumo, not wanting to wake him. He then placed his feet gently back on the floor and bent down next to Lysumo's wrists and looked closely. There was a patch of dark blue on his wrists. But Midoshi couldn't tell because of his light.

Shiori Hikari! Midoshi whispered. The light changed to white.

Midoshi saw Lysumo's natural skin color and his blue clothing. He looked back at Lysumo's wrists; the patches on his wrists were most definitely blue. Midoshi gave a small smile and went back to his room.

He clicked on the word document "Blue" and typed, "Lysumo Kuromia shows first signs of transformation. It won't be long until his father comes back."

Midoshi then started laughing quietly.

"I hope we will meet very soon, Lysumono."

Midoshi opened a drawer of the desk and took out a wrist band. On it, it read:

Name: Kuromia, Lysumo

DOB: Unknown

Age: 10 years

Birth Mother: Hirosake, Kiroi

Birth Father: Kuromia, Lysumono

Spirit Book Color: Blue

9 - New Knowledge

Chapter Eight: New Knowledge

Shinji awoke in his father's bed. Outside, night had fallen; the moon shining bright and a small amount of stars were scattered. Shinji yawned and got up, noticing that his father wasn't in bed. He stood up and walked out of the room.

As he went down the hallway, Shinji heard talking downstairs. Shinji went to the stairs and stopped at the top. He crouched and looked down through the railing. At the table, Mr. Kuromia was talking to Ice who sat opposite of him.

Between them sat a figure. The figure had the same exact features as Ice's reflection in his dream, except for the cape and headband. Shinji swallowed some moisture and started down the steps.

Ice looked up from her conversation with Mr. Kuromia and spotted Shinji.

Konbanwa, Shinji. She said smiling.

Uh& Hai, Konbanwa& Shinji said with a bit of fear in his voice. He reached the bottom of the stairs and walked next to Mr. Kuromia. Papa& Shinji placed his arms around his shoulders. Akumu& he whispered in his ear. Shinji then rubbed his cheek against Mr. Kuromia s, giving a hint what he wanted.

Mr. Kuromia looked at Shinji and then at Ice.

Ice, you can come back tomorrow night. We ll continue our conversation then.

Okay, She got up and went to the door. Keep the figure since I was supposed to give it to you. Oyasumi.

Oyasumi, Ice. Mr. Kuromia closed the door behind her.

When Mr. Kuromia turned around, he saw Shinji sitting on the sofa taking his shirt off. He went over to Shinji and sat beside him.

Shinji, he said placing a hand on his shoulder. Shinji looked at him. May I ask what your nightmare was about?

Shinji looked at him but then looked away.

You& Shinji started. You were in it. And I went over to you. But you stopped me and another you appeared.

Mr. Kuromia s eyes widened with fear.

One was serious looking, as if he was older. And the other was just like you now. The serious one walked away and took someone out from behind him, Lysumo. Shinji paused and looked at Mr. Kuromia.

Mr. Kuromia looked at Shinji and immediately held him. Shinji felt him trembling and his embrace tightened.

Don t say anything more. He said. I think it s time to tell you everything.

Everything&?

Well, Mr. Kuromia let Shinji go and looked into his eyes. I m going to tell you as much as I can tonight; starting with the reason why Ice was here.

Mr. Kuromia got up and went back to the table where he picked up the figure Ice had left. He placed it between the two figures on the coffee table: the glass and angel and the wooden dragon.

You see these figures don t you? Mr. Kuromia asked. Shinji nodded.

These are from Ice and her parents. The angel is from her mother, the dragon from her father, and the hybrid from her.

Hybrid&? Shinji questioned.

A hybrid is a hanyou, Halfling, half and half, etc. Like Yin& Mr. Kuromia pointed at the dragon. &and Yang together. He pointed at the angel. But the angel is supposed to be a white phoenix, not what it currently is. Japan is really getting into the western culture. Siding that&

Mr. Kuromia arranged the figures in a straight line; The Angel on the right, the dragon on the left and the hybrid in the middle.

Ice and her family have the yin-yang curse upon them.

The yin-yang curse? What is that?

This curse has lasted for twelve of their generations thus far. But at the present time, it is the thirteenth generation; which is Yamina, Ice and Kagura.

What about Haji? He is the oldest sibling. Shinji asked.

Haji doesn't have the curse for he is the girls' step-brother. They have different mothers. Also, Haji lives in a different house than the girls. Anyway, the yin-yang curse is a curse that the females or males always have or make three babies; one after another, whether they like it or not. Yin is always born first, then the hybrid and then the yang. Also, the three children are the same gender. Currently, the three children, Yamina Ice and Kagura, are three girls.

That doesn't sound so bad though.

Hold on, I'm not finished. There are a few other things besides that detail. Those with the yin-yang curse always have a short life. The maximum so far was 39 years old. So by now, the girl's father could be dead. But on average, those with the curse lived up to 32.

They don't even reach over the hill? Shinji asked.

Mr. Kuromia shook his head.

Papa&?

What is it?

Do Ice, Yamina and Kagura know this? Shinji then turned his gaze back to his father.

Mr. Kuromia fell silent. He stared at the door.

Yes, Mr. Kuromia looked back at Shinji. I suppose they do. Anyway let s continue.

Wait, is it even okay to be talking about Yamina, Kagura and Ice?

It s okay. They won t know.

At the girls house, all three were minding their own business.

Kagura was reading, Midnight Moon.

Ice has such a way to be cruel in the end. She said flipping through the book. I ll go ask if I can read The Crescent Moon later.

Yamina happened to be reading The Crescent Moon.

I m glad I got Ice into shounen-ai. Yamina smirked. She then turned to the next page. When she read a few paragraphs, she blushed. Wow& I knew that they were bound to be a couple. She kept reading and then blushed deeper.

Ice was in her room typing away on the computer. At the top of the open word document, it read, The Crimson Moonlight

Damnit, she said. This is harder to type. I shouldn t have made this so complicated.

But then, all three of the girls sneezed.

Someone is talking about me& All three of them said.

Okay, if you say so.

Where was I? Oh yes; I met the girl s parents once. But it was in the hospital where the girls were being taken care of. They were leaving too; leaving all three girls in the hands of the doctors and nurses. You were three when I met them.

Wait, you actually met the girls parents? What did they look like?

Sorry, but I don t remember. But she asked me for you to marry Ice when you were older and that s the only thing I remember. I still wonder how she knew I had a son.

Me& marry&?

Yes, she sounded desperate for you to do so. I didn t know what to say. Mr. Kuromia paused for a moment. There s another thing I remember. The father also asked the same thing. Also, when he turned around, I thought I saw transparent, black, dragon wings. I must have been seeing things for when I looked back they were gone and both parents left, talking about how he should die.

What happened to their mother? Shinji asked.

I believe she's still alive& Mr. Kuromia said with a little doubt in his voice. Though I'm not entirely sure. But I know that she's not living with them

Before Shinji could ask, Mr. Kuromia continued.

Moving on, these figures actually represent the girls: The angel, Kagura, the dragon, Yamina, and the hybrid is Ice.

Wait& Shinji said, pausing.

What is it?

I see significance in Yamina's name. Shinji said thinking. She has the word, Yami in her name, which means darkness; which fits the criteria of a dragon. But Ice and Kagura's names&. Well actually Ice's name is Korina. Anyway, their names don't have significance. What was their father's name?

Yoru, why?

Doesn't Yoru mean night?

Mr. Kuromia thought. Yes.

What about their grandmother?

Let's see. Mr. Kuromia thought again. I think it was Hi.* Why?

Hi means day. Night and day. Get it? Shinji asked. If part of Yamina's name means darkness. Kagura's name should mean light.

I see your point. Mr. Kuromia said. You have to ask Kagura if that is her actual name.

On the clock it read 1:25 A.M.

I think that's all I can tell you tonight; it's getting late. Go take a shower, I'll be right up.

Okay. Shinji went up the stairs and went to the bathroom, his hair gleaming dully behind him.

Mr. Kuromia looked back at the door.

Girls, I sense something horrible might happen to you tonight at this very hour. He thought.

*Author note: pronounced He

Kagura was leaning onto Yamina's shoulder asleep while Yamina was watching a movie on the TV. Ice was at the dining room table taping her pencil on a pad of binder paper with her head resting in her hand.

Got any ideas Yamina? she asked, still taping.

How about Ryu captured by Oukami?

No I did that a few times in The Crescent Moon, remember? Ice sighed, putting her pencil down and leaned back in the chair.

Oh yeah, well I'm dry.

There was a knock at the door.

What the&? Visitors at this hour?

Ice got up from the table and went to the door. But before she could open it, it burst open and a ball of energy shot Ice across the room, into the opposite wall, breaking it.

Ice! Yamina got up and went to her. Kagura awoke and rubbed her eyes and looked at the door.

Alright you doges, where are they? Haji s voice sounded.

Kagura whimpered and ran over to Yamina, who was helping Ice up.

Rushing footsteps were heard and all three of the girls were pinned to the wall by Haji and his gang.

Haji was wearing a silver headband and a matching cape.

I ll ask again, where are they?! Haji yelled into Ice s ears.

Where& are what? Ice choked. She was pinned by her neck.

Those stupid statues of the dragon, angel and hybrid! Haji squeezed on Ice s windpipe and she gasped. I know they re here. Now where are they?!

Though luck, Yamina said. We& already got& rid of them. She smirked. Slow as always, Haji.

Shut up, you dog! The guy holding her squeezed on her windpipe.

Kagura started crying. Stop it! Why do you even want those things anyway?!

That s none of your concern! Haji barked. If none of you are going to tell me where they are then there is only one option. Haji glared at the three girls cat ears. I ll make you three& He smiled wickedly. &lose your ears and tails.

Yamina, Kagura and Ice gasped and their pupils shrank. Their voices disappeared and was replaced with immense fear. Of all things to happen, it was much too early for the three girls to lose their ears.

Let s get this party started. I always wanted to lose these stupid fox ears. Haji said to his gang.

Afterwards, search the house for the statues.

Haji s gang laughed with him and they started ripping the girls clothes off.

Author note: Haji s gang is 12 people total and are his age, 17

10 - The Effect of Fear

Chapter Nine: The Effect of Fear

Ice hauled Kagura on her back with Yamina ahead of her. Both Ice and Kagura glasses were gone. With what little strength the two had, they escaped their house with a slim chance of being harmed. All three of them wore tattered clothes that were stained in various places. Bruises and scratches were littered on them and if I have to say it, dried blood was leaking between their legs. The moonlight revealed their pale faces and tired eyes. The night was cold. So cold, that they could see their own breath. Their breath came in shaky gasps and their legs trembled with each step. Their ears and tail were gone.

Ya&Yamina&? How& much&farther& is it? Ice gasped, adjusting Kagura on her back.

It s just& up ahead. Yamina breathed. Come on&

Yamina waited for Ice to catch up to her. Ice was panting and her balance was wavering.

Here& let me help&

NO! Ice shouted slapping Yamina s hand away. I got her&. Just&just don t bother. Ice readjusted Kagura again, accidentally causing some blood to drip from her arm onto her already bloodstained sleeve.

Seriously, your energy is much lower than mine. Also, you re bleeding. Let me carry her. Yamina took Kagura off of Ice s back and placed her on her own back and turned away from Ice. I don t want to end up carrying both&

Yamina heard a thud. She turned around and saw Ice on the ground.

&of you. Yamina finished. She sighed and turned her head to look at Kagura. Please tell me you have enough energy to at least hold onto me.

As an answer, Kagura s arms wrapped around Yamina s neck.

Good. Yamina went back over to Ice and picked her up. Holding her in her arms, Yamina walked over to the house ahead.

It was Shinji s home.

Mr. Kuromia was in the kitchen drinking green tea wearing nothing but a bath robe. His hair was wet and a towel was draped over his shoulders. His eyes narrowed and looked at the door. He cautiously placed his cup down onto the counter and went over to the door. He heard a thud right outside of the door. He opened it.

What the&!? On the front steps, Yamina, Kagura and Ice lied in a heap. Quickly, Mr. Kuromia got all three of the girls into the house. Once inside, Mr. Kuromia carefully took the girls tattered clothes off and covered their chests and private areas. He got the first aid kit and looked at Kagura first. Her wounds weren t too bad; just bruises and rough handling. He patched Kagura up and went to Yamina.

Yamina was slightly worse. Like Kagura, she had bruises and some tough handling. But she had scratches and dried blood was trickling from them. Mr. Kuromia cleanup up the blood and also patched her up. He then looked at Ice.

Mr. Kuromia s eyes widened. Ice was injured the most; her left arm was bleeding freely and it was

leaking onto the wood floor. She had probably reopened the wound. He quickly cleaned it from infection and wrapped it. When he was doing so, he had felt her skin. She was cold, as if she was just thawed from a block of ice.

Thunder sounded off in a distance and Mr. Kuromia looked outside the kitchen window from where he was. Dark clouds shaded the very early morning, light flashing in the midst of them. Mr. Kuromia felt his nerves vibrate with electricity. Feeling this, he clenched his fist and finished cleaning and bandaging Ice's wounds. He then went into the kitchen and wetted a cloth. He used the cloth to clean the blood up from the wood floor. Afterwards, Mr. Kuromia carried the three girls to the living room and placed them on the sofa. He then took a piece of paper and wrote a note to the girls and left it on the coffee table. Mr. Kuromia looked back out the window and saw rain falling and the clouds still flashing with captive lightning. He moved his bangs out of his eyes and sighed deeply. His eyes started to glaze and his mind started to get hazy. Mr. Kuromia rubbed his eyes and got up, closed the sliding door to the living room and went to the stairs.

Oh no, you don't. Midoshi's voice said in Mr. Kuromia's head. He stopped at the foot of the stairs.
I don't what? Mr. Kuromia thought back lazily.
You're going to your pup, weren't you?

No.

You were. I can sense it. Midoshi appeared behind Mr. Kuromia, wrapping his arms around his torso, pinning Mr. Kuromia's arms to his sides. Mr. Kuromia didn't make a move.

Your nerves are pulsating, vibrating with electricity. Which electricity, in my terms, is ecstasy? Am I right? Midoshi licked teasingly at Mr. Kuromia's neck. Mr. Kuromia blushed and his legs went watery. He closed his eyes and his lips quivered, trying to keep his moans in. Your Heat Session is very special because it only happens when the weather is like this.

Outside, there was a flash of bright light along with thunder and Mr. Kuromia moaned at the same time, now red at the cheeks. His legs gave out making the towel that was still on his shoulders slip off and onto the floor. Since Midoshi was holding him, he caught Mr. Kuromia and held him up.

If lightning strikes anywhere in this town, in this city, you'll be lost in your electricity. You'll be helpless and weak, only looking for relief. Your eyes filled with desire, not caring who you'll do it with. Just like the first time.

Mr. Kuromia was panting now, his head limping. His eyes lost their focus and a headband and a cape appeared on him. The headband was dark blue with lighter blue strips going around the top and bottom. The cape was also dark blue, but it was speckled with the same shade of light blue like his headband.

Oh, so you were wearing them. Just making them invisible; how clever of you. Midoshi slipped his hand through the opening of Mr. Kuromia's robe. But does that mean that you wanted me to hurt you like I did on my last visit? Oh dear, your *uke* self is starting to come back isn't it?

Midoshi moved Mr. Kuromia to the dining table and placed him face up upon it. Midoshi removed the top part of Mr. Kuromia's robe where he admired his chest.

As beautiful as always. Midoshi leaned forward and made fluttery kisses on Mr. Kuromia's neck to his stomach. I don't want to be away from you again. You are my first and only love. he then continued. As he was doing that, Mr. Kuromia was staring at the high ceiling above him, his pupils growing and shrinking. His head moved to its side where he saw his cup of tea still sitting on the counter, its steam raising. From the other side of the steam, it seemed that it was enveloping Mr. Kuromia and Midoshi.

A student of SBU High the age of seventeen sprinted around the building to the back where the school

spring dance was going to be held. His short emerald hair wavered behind him as the wind passed through. His bright green eyes were narrowed, trying to keep the wind out. He wore a green uniform and held under his arm was a green spirit book.

You guys, I m here! the young man said.

What took you Midoshi? We had to replace you. A young man said.

Sorry, the teacher held me after class to ask about something. Midoshi said apologetically. Who did you replace me with?

A seventh year like us. The young man answered. He s with the dark blue clothes and silver hair. He knows the levitation spells, like you do. He s over there. The young man pointed to the opposite end of the yard. Midoshi looked.

The young man mentioned had his back to Midoshi. His shoulder length hair was moving slightly; he must be casting the levitation spell. Midoshi went up to him and watched him work. His face was relaxed as he concentrated on his spell with his eyes closed. He was levitating a string of fake roses onto some tree branches. The line nestled on the selected branches and the young silver haired man let out a sigh of relief. He then opened his eyes. Midoshi blushed, his heart racing. His eyes were shimmering in the sunlight like polished metal with water sprinkled on it. Midoshi fell in love with such a site.

Oh hi. The young man said turning to Midoshi. My name is Shinjimo Kuromia. What s yours? Midoshi blushed deeper. Um& Midoshi Kurushii. He cautiously placed a hand out. Nice& to meet you. Shinjimo shook his hand. What s with the nervous act? Do you like me?

Midoshi shook head. No of course not! We re both guys&

If you say so. Shinjimo looked at his face. You sure are going red. Go splash water on your face or something. Shinjimo then turned around and started walking off.

Wait!

Shinjimo turned back around. What is it?

L-Let s hang out sometime. I want to get to know you more.

Shinjimo looked astonished at first. But he then smiled. Sure why not?

Really? Midoshi said happily. Great! Let s meet after class.

Sounds great. Shinjimo smiled. See you then. With a flash of light, Shinjimo disappeared.

For the next few days Midoshi and Shinjimo spent their free time together. Within the school, both of them always met at the roof top that was fenced of to prevent anyone from falling. Up there they studied and practiced battling with each other. Outside school, the two always roamed the streets and roads, talking about various things. Midoshi always tried to make a conversation to forge a bond to bring both him and Shinjimo closer. But Shinjimo always changed the subject without answering. There were also times when Midoshi wanted to go to the Scattered Forest. But Shinjimo denied it. After a few days, Midoshi spent his time in the library looking at books about the Scattered Forest.

Hey, Midoshi said one time while they walked down a road. How about a stroll through the forest& What? Why all of a sudden?

What, we aren t allowed to do some exploring at dusk? Midoshi asked coming to a halt. Or are you afraid?

Of course not afraid, Shinjimo said stopping in front of Midoshi. I&I just don t want to, that s all.

I sense lying in your voice& Midoshi said slyly. I think you re scared.

I m seriously not! Shinjimo turned to Midoshi. I ll prove you that I m not scared. Let s go! Shinji started walking to the right where many houses lined up in rows.

Midoshi cleared his throat.

What? Shinjimo asked fiercely.

It s that way& Midoshi pointed to the left; Shinjimo turned red. To the left was an empty road and in the end of it was the forest.

I-I knew that! Let's go. Shinjimo grabbed Midoshi's wrist and walked off to the left. By the time they were in the forest, night had covered the sky. The stars were black and only a few managed to overcome the darkness. The trees emitted an ominous aura, sending chills up Shinjimo's spine. The branches looked like odd hands just waiting to come down and grab what they can. Though Shinjimo felt veiled fear, he also felt a sucking sensation that drained his power of words, leaving him practically helpless.

Is something wrong, Shinjimo? Midoshi asked, an evil grin forming and eyes flashing. He could see that ice was forming along Shinjimo's spine.

I feel strange&. That's all&.

Fear perhaps? Midoshi asked.

No& of course not&.

Fear is a powerful thing&.

Then what is it?

I don't know&.

For one who possess the Power of Words to feel fear&.

Then what is it? If it isn't fear, then what is it? There's always an answer even if it is something you don't want.

That power will be drained&.

Midoshi snuck behind Shinjimo and quickly embraced him from behind; Shinjimo gave a small shout.

You are afraid aren't you? Midoshi whispered. Without waiting for an answer, he continued. I noticed from our time together you always avoided going to this forest. I wondered why. So I did a little research.

Shinjimo was shaking from Midoshi's sudden embrace. What was he doing?

I didn't find anything that would strike fear in you because of this forest's legends or such things. So I assumed that you just didn't like being here. And what do you know, it's true&.

Fear is a powerful thing. It's so powerful it drains a person's power of words&. So you can't defend yourself with spells.

Midoshi leaned forward and pinned Shinjimo to the forest floor. Shinjimo's hair gleamed in the moonlight, revealing his true beauty. His hair was pushed aside, away from the back of his neck.

Midoshi took out a silver dagger that was stowed away within his clothes.

W-what are you doing? Shinjimo asked. Get off of me! He struggled underneath Midoshi. But Midoshi placed pressure on a certain place on Shinjimo's back and paralyzed him.

Too much struggling will make the cut too deep. We don't want that do we?

Midoshi took the dagger's point and placed it onto the back of Shinjimo's neck and drew an M on it. Blood leaked and Midoshi lapped it up with his tongue. Shinjimo made no sound during this but he did shudder as Midoshi cleaned up his blood.

My gift to you for years to come.

Thunder sounded above the two.

You have a task to do once *he* is born. But for now, you don't have to worry.

Rain started to fall as more thunder rang.

Midoshi stood up and got off of Shinjimo. Behind Midoshi, lightning struck the tree, lighting it ablaze.

Shinjimo stood up slowly and turned to Midoshi his head down. Midoshi lifted his hand and in it, a small flame from the burning tree appeared.

Eat the flame for the Red Book's element is fire& from your sapphire seeds, it shall be born.

Shinjimo took the flame without resistance and ate it whole. It slid without leaving any trace of heat into his stomach where it disappeared. He held his head up and revealed blank, lust filled eyes.

Very good& Midoshi walked up to Shinjimo and pressed his lips to his. Shinjimo accepted the offer.