

Untitled Love

By missymiss

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A story of a girl

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Konichiwa. Kohana said excitedly to Mizuki, Her light pink hair flowing in the wind. Mizuki was talking to Souta Ling but had turned around to say hi to Kohana. Yo, what are you so happy about this morning? Mizuki said with a little bit of sarcasm. Everyone knew Kohana was always happy, perfect in everyway to the untrained eye. The only one who could see past Kohana's fake exterior was Mizuki. Mizuki was the only one who knew how truly depressed she was, the only one who knew of the cuts on Kohana's upper thighs that were so cleverly covered up by her short school uniform skirt. No one but Mizuki knew how fake she really was. Kohana continued to smile her fake smile even though you could see the sadness in her adorable lavender eyes. Mizuki had a feeling that Kohana had gotten into another fight with her father James, but wasn't going to say anything about it. Hana, you remember Souta from Chem. class last year. Well he was just telling me that we probably should try out for the school musical. Mizuki said. Kohana smiled, Umm which musical? Kohana loved musicals; she thought they were wonderfully delightful. Umm, I think we are doing the RENT. Kohana squealed with delight, Oh my gosh, I love that one. It's like my all time favorite musical ever. Zuki shook her head slightly, messing up her choppy electric blue hair a tad bit. Yo, umm Souta maybe you should escort Hana to class. You know since it's like the first day and all. Why? Souta asked questionably. Cause Ms. Ditz here would probably get lost or fall down the stairs and hurt herself or something stupid like that. Zuki said looking over at Hana who was greeting people happily while trying to get through the school door, so that they could go to class. Okay, umm I guess I can walk her to class. Souta said as all three of them entered the school. He grabbed Kohana's hand lightly and led her to their homeroom class. Kohana turned sideways a bit and waved at Zuki, who in return gave her a quick salute. Kohana smiled sweetly then turned back around to talk to Souta. Just then Kiyoshi came up to Mizuki and said, Yo Ritsunami how was your summer? Mizuki turned a light pink, but her blush quickly went away. We've known each other since the second grade, why do you insist on calling me by my last name? I don't know, why do you call me Kiyosenpai? They stopped standing around in the hallway that Hana left Zuki in, and started walking to class. I call you Kiyosenpai cause umm that's your name well I mean it's a nickname, but I call you senpai cause you're a year older than me. Well knock off your making me feel old. Mizuki smiled a little, Yeah whatever loser. We better get to homeroom, who do you got? Kiyosenpai said as they neared to the classrooms. Umm Mrs. Weatherbee, with Hana and Souta. Really that's great. Kiyosenpai said excitedly then quickly changing his tone. Umm I mean that's umm cool that you guys have the same teacher as Mamoru and I. I mean I guess. They walked into room 420 only to see that the teacher had not arrived just yet, but in her place they saw Mamoru sitting at the teacher's desk with his feet up. Kohana was coloring a pretty picture of a muffin, as Souta flirted with her mercifully making her blush. Yo, what's up homey? Mamoru said looking away from Kohana to Kiyosenpai and Mizuki, and then he gave Kiyosenpai a two fingered salute. Nothing much captain. Kiyosenpai said being a tad bit sarcastic. Kohana looked up from her artwork, which by now looked like a big purple blob. Hia. Kiyosenpai I didn't know you had this class. Kohana said not realizing Mamoru was even in the room. Umm yeah. Now run along and go play with your dolly's princess. Kiyosenpai said. Kohana and Mizuki knew he didn't mean it they could see the sadness in his eyes when he said it. I'm sorry Kiyosenpai did I say something to upset you? Kohana said innocently. No, just quit calling me that. Okay Kiyosenpai, it's just a name it's no reason to get your boxers in a bunch. Mizuki and Kiyosenpai could tell Kohana was getting agitated cause the whole time they were trying to talk to one another Souta was flirting with her. Telling her how beautiful and lovely she was. Finally she snapped, she wiped around and told him off. Knock it off you freak, do you

think I like all the attention your giving me. No I don't I try to stay out of the lime light. Do you really think I am the type of person who needs to be told I am beautiful? I hate hearing that I am beautiful. Do I look like some attention grabbing slut who needs to hear those words. Huh do I? Kohana said in her beautiful British accent. Both of her parents came to Tokyo from Britain. She twirled around saying, I don't need this shoot right now. Then she walked out of the room in rage leaving everyone in the classroom except a few in confusion. Mamoru got up from the teachers desk and walked calmly out the door after Kohana.

What do you think your doing? Hum. Mamoru said after finding Kohana in a corner hidden away from others eyes. Her eyes were filled with tears. I'm sorry, I&.. I cant go on any more. Kohana got up and pushed Mamoru out of the way and ran out the school doors. She remembered to grab her coat because if the cops saw her they would take her back to the school. She ran to the old elementary school. She knew she would be safe there cause nobody has really been there since the fire. She walked in through the double doors into the charred remains of her childhood. She walked into her old classroom and locked the door. Luckily since it was towards the center of the school it wasn't damaged to bad. Kohana sat in a corner and started to rock herself back and forth. She pulled out a knife that she concealed on her upper thigh. She started to slash away at herself not caring if she could hide the marks. She hoped she would just die of blood loss. She slashed at her wrists. Finally she dropped the blade and sat there motionless, watching her blood drip out of her wounds. Kohana started to laugh hysterically feeling pleasure in her pain. Slowly she started to drift away. She slowly closed her eyelids and let the darkness consume her. Then it happened she was awakened from her death with a bright light. Her cuts were completely healed the only trace that they ever excised was the pool of blood she was surrounded by. A tall figure stepped out of the shadows in the dim lighted room. He spoke in a deep voice that sounded familiar to her. Why did you do this to yourself? Why couldn't you just act like the perfect person you pretend to be. Why cant you be a good little experiment. The way I made you. She knew from that intent who it was.

Dad, what are you doing here? Kohana asked a little frightened. Kohana my dear child, I thought something happened to you, and look here you are my precious. I am not your precious; I am not your doll. I don't want to be your experiment anymore, what would mother say if she saw you now. She would spit on you with shame. Kohana couldn't say anymore because her father quickly glided over to the corner she was in and slapped her across the face. You think she would spit on me? Anger building in his voice, then turning to rage. You're the monster who killed her. With your bare hands, not me, you!!!! James grabbed her arm roughly and pulled her up. You, from now on will do as I say, or I will erase your mind and the memories of all the happy things in your life will be gone, your mother, your friends everything. Don't try my patience. Now dust yourself of your going back to school. He knock her hard against the wall. She slid down to her knees, she felt weak and helpless. Get up my perfect child, lets go back to the school new I sure your teacher will be wondering why you missed the first part of class. Let's go we don't want you to be any later. James said in a calm voice even though he had an evil grin on his face. He offered her his hand; she slapped it away and got up slowly, yet wobbly on her own. James walked her back to the high school with a triumphant grin on his face. Kohana lagged behind a few feet. They got close to the front doors, James looked at his daughter. Come here my dear. You look like a doll that's just been broken. Kohana did as she was told. James messed with Kohana's hair, fixing it and straighten the bow on her uniform. Yet again she slapped his hand away she calmly said looking up into his emotionless eyes, Don't try to fix me I'm not broken. She gave him a quick glare and spun around and walked into the school thinking, I bet people are still talking about how I acted earlier, and Mamoru would probably think I am a liar, a fake. Who am I trying to kid I am a fake. She walked

into the classroom with her head hung low. She took a seat at the back of the class. She could feel the class's eyes on her. She looked up with her bright eyes and flawless fake smile and said, Umm I am sorry did I disturb the class. Mrs. Weatherbee was taken aback, from what she heard from the other students, she thought Kohana was crazy or something, but instead of being crazy, Kohana was a very polite girl. No. Actually dear you're just in time to go to lunch. Alright class you are dismissed. The class got up and headed towards the lunchroom, Kohana of course lagging behind. Mizuki, Kiyoko, and Mamoru slowed their pace and waited for Kohana. Kohana slowly caught up to them, not really paying attention because she was too deep into her own thoughts to realize them, she started to walk past them when Mamoru grabbed Kohana's arm, making her flinch with pain. Kohana slapped his hand away thinking it was her father again, this action made Kiyoko and Zuki gasp. I'm not broken, I'm not I swear. Kohana fell to her knees. Zuki got on the ground too and attempted to comfort her fallen friend, it was no use Kohana brushed her off, Kohana was trembling, her eyes squeezed shut, not wanting to face the people she loved and held so dear to her heart. All of a sudden Kohana felt a different pair of arms wrap around her, at first she tried to get loose but soon after she found that she couldn't. When she finally settled down she realized that she was being carried bridal style. She, for once felt safe, she snuggled into her carrier's chest thinking, What's going on, who is this, why do I feel this way&& Mmm he smells good. With that thought she drifted off to sleep.

Kohana woke up in a strange bed. She sat up and looked around thinking, This room, it looks like a boy's room, and that smell it's the same smell of the person who was holding me yesterday. Kohana gasped, and then she felt a slight movement coming from beside her. She looked to her left towards the wall. Lying next to her was the one and only Mamoru Hiroshi sleeping soundly. Kohana's mind started to race, What am I doing here, with him, in his bed, what's going on, is he the person who carried me yesterday? She looked at him thoughtfully, and then her face went bright red after realizing that Mamoru wasn't wearing a shirt. No it couldn't be him, I mean we have hated each other since the fifth grade, but that still doesn't explain why I'm here, oh my god, maybe he kidnapped me and wants to make me his sex slave. She was so deep in thought she hadn't realized that Mamoru was awake, staring at her. He touched her hair, twirling it in his fingers. Kohana snapped out of her daze. She turned and looked at him, her eyes wide in fear. No men had ever touched her, except her father and Souta, and let's not forget her mystery man. He dropped the strand of hair he had been playing with. Are you alright, you look a little pale. He said genuinely worried. Would you be alright if you woke in a strange bed with a boy? Kohana said not even thinking of how her words could be interpreted. Your right I would be scared if I woke up in a bed with another boy. He said trying to bite back a laugh. You know what I mean. I don't know, besides I woke up with you in my bed this morning and I have no idea how you got here. I figured you were a gift for the heavens above. Wait, so you have no idea how I got here. Nope, umm, is that a problem? Yes, I need answers. The last thing I remember was freaking out at school and then falling asleep. Well, I guess that is a problem now isn't it. Knock it off, you&& She didn't finish her sentence; she just buried her head in her hands, and started to silently cry. That's when she felt it, those arms, they were wrapped around her. They made her feel safe again. She lifted her head out of her hands only to find that the arms she had felt so safe in weren't there; in fact Mamoru wasn't on the bed any more he, well, she didn't quite know where he was. So if it wasn't him then who was it? Mamoru walked in and threw a pink baby doll tee shirt and a pair of low rider jeans at her. Here put these on. My sister Amai's out of town and she's about your size so I figured you could wear them. He grabbed her hand and led her to Amai's room. Oh arigatoo Mamoru-san. Umm& can you please leave. He stared blankly at her for a couple of seconds then said, Yeah, I'll be in the shower, if you need anything my mother is out in the kitchen. Okay. He turned and walked out the door, down the hall, into a small room. Kohana closed the door and took off her school uniform. She looked down at her body in

worry. I hope he didn't see the scars, hum, wait&. Where are the marks from yesterday&? Oh yeah my dad&. What did he do to me? She changed into the outfit Mamoru had handed her, he had been right it was a perfect fit. She unbraided her hair letting it fall onto her shoulders naturally. It had a slight wave to it; and curved around her face making her soft lavender eyes stand out more than normal. She added a little mascara, some light pink eye shadow, and some lip gloss all courtesy of Amai. She had to admit she looked umm what is the word oh yea, cute. She heard a slight rapping at the door. Umm come in. She said in a cheery voice. Mamoru walked in and literally did a double take. You look cute. He said with a slight blush, he quickly shook it off. Arigatoo Mamoru-san. My mom says it's okay if you stay here. Kohana stared blinkingly at him. Why on earth would I stay here? Well yesterday you didn't seem very stable; Mizuki told me you were having problems with your father. That's why you stayed with me last night. He looked away from her, I wanted to make sure you were safe. Kohana had turned red at the sound of this. Don't get any weird ideas okay. I only did it because I wanted to make up for that thing I did to you when we were twelve. Oh it's alright; I already forgave you for that. But umm, arigatoo but, I couldn't stay here I don't have my clothes or some of my things for school. It's already been taken care of. Mizuki dropped off your things this morning. He turned about to walk out when he turned back and said, Promise me you won't hurt yourself any more. I don't want to come in here and find you dead in my sister's room. Oh my gosh he cares about me. I would hate to have to explain to her why there is blood on her bedroom floor. On second thought maybe he doesn't. Be ready to leave in an hour. He said walking out the door, shutting it behind him. Where are we going? Kohana thought puzzled.

Mamoru came back an hour later and knocked on the door opening it slowly at the same time. What he saw made him blush slightly. He opened the door the rest of the way revealing a peaceful looking Kohana asleep on Amai's bed, slightly hugging a stuffed pink cat. He walked in and sat on the edge of the bed, watching her. His eyes caressing every part of her body. Gods she beautiful. She never grew up she's still playing pretend. Only now the risks are a lot higher. Kohana's eyes started to flutter, and then they opened. Instantly he was mesmerized by them. They both blushed slightly turning away from each other. Ummm what did you want Mamoru-san? Kohana managed to say, stuttering. I was&.. I mean my mother was wondering if you wanted anything for breakfast before we left. Mamoru said still looking away from her. Ummm sure, it's been a while since I've seen your mom. They got up and walked out into the kitchen. They were greeted happily by Mamoru's mother Nancy. Oh my look at you, the last time I saw you, you were twelve or so. Oh yes these were umm happy times, weren't they? Mother how about we get her something to eat. Oh yes dearie, are you hungry Kohana? Not really but if it's already made I guess I'll eat it. Alright, come this way dear, into the kitchen. Okay, thank you ma'am. Oh it's no trouble. They ate breakfast quickly and with little conversation. Mamoru looked up from his plate and said, Kohana, are you ready to go? As ready as I'll ever be. Kohana said with a worried smile.