

The Mysterious life of Captain Kuro (with my OC)

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Okay, this is like the other one, but different. This has my OC in it and couple of sentences are changed. Comments would be grateful, please!^^ Thank you!^^

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Chapter 1 - Kuro's Morning Madness	2
Chapter 2 - Life's Pretty Straight Without Pants	4

1 - Kuro's Morning Madness

Captain Kuro lie in his cabin, fast asleep, curled up like the kitty he was, the waves of the sea slowly rocking the ship back and forth, back and forth, back and forth...

Kuro's sharp eyes bolted open suddenly. "JANGO!!" he screamed, closing his eyes and clearing his head. "JAAAANGO!!"

Jango raced in..well, more like moonwalked in..in that special way of his, holding his hat on his head with a gloved hand. "Hai, Kuro-sama?" he asked to leader of the Kuroneko pirates.

"Puke bucket, please.." choked the dark-haired captain, holding a hand over his mouth. Jango, with the speed of something...that moves...moderately..fast...a stoat!..grabbed a crude-looking bucket and brought it over to his captain. Kuro promptly grabbed the bucket and proceeded to vomit -- although, it sounded much more like a cat coughing up a rather large hairball. Nagase thought while sitting in the crows nest and while covering her mouth, "Now I think I'm going to puke just by hearing that."

"Arigatou, Jango.." muttered the captain when he finished, and shoved the bucket back to Jango. Jango promptly took the bucket back and tossed the contents out the window of the captain's quarters -- SOMEONE would mop it up..or slip in it. Either would be good.

"You're welcome, Captain Kuro-sama!" no sooner had the hypnotist said these words, when a massive, metal claw was pointed right to his throat -- Kuro had sat up, and put his gloves on.

"Jango? WHAT have I told you about calling me that?" growled Kuro, glaring in Jango's direction.

"Ano...Ano...To..stop?" Jango asked, hoping it was the right answer.

"YES." hissed Kuro, moving his claw away from Jango's throat.

Jango rubbed his throat and gave a quick sigh of relief. "Kuro-sama? May I call you that?"

"Hai." responded the captain, searching for his spectacles -- which were sitting on his forehead.

"Kuro-sama, why can we not call you captain? Every ship needs a captain, and you have the captain jacket."

"I don't want any of you calling me captain, because I hate you all and will kill you in your sleep." Kuro snarled, his glasses falling down to his nose. He pushed them up with the palm of his hand. Nagase said to herself with her right eye twitching, "Charming. Real charming. Not."

Jango sniffled,

"Oh Kuro-sama," he said, awe in his voice. "I never knew you loved us all so much!!" and with that, he threw his arms around the captain's neck. Kuro shuddered and scowled at the hypnotist's display of affection,

"DON'T touch me..it sickens me.."

"But Captain! We had no idea we meant so much to you!!" cried Jango, giant tears flowing down his face in a comical way.

"GET OFF!!!" shouted the very irate kitty-man. Jango took this (finally) as a sign to back off -- kitty doesn't like to be touched.

Kuro sighed and pushed his glasses up with his palm again, "So, what's in the news today?" he asked, shrugging his captain's jacket higher up onto his shoulders.

"Absolutly nothing sir!" the hypnotist stated, gleefully.

"Nothing?" asked Kuro, raising a brow. "Noth-- oh, wait, SOMETHING!"

"Something now? What KIND of something?"

"A..special something!"

"Jango.." growled the captain. "Stop beating around the bush."

“Fullbody said he would be stopping by...”

“FULLBODY???” screamed the insanely irate Kuro-sama. “WHY IS HE COMING HERE?!”

“He..feels like it?”

“FEELS LIKE IT???” screamed Kuro, his teeth now fangs and stress marks popping out all over his face. Jango began to cower in fear.

“Sir, I can always--” began Jango, suddenly confused when Kuro leapt up and started rumaging through his laundry. This is the part where Nagase laughed her butt off:

“WHERE’S MY PANTS?!” he yelled, kicking blazers around.”WHERE ARE MY MAGIC SHOES?!”

“Sir, they aren’t magic. They simply let you dance around and teleport..”

“I don’t give a flying cat! Where are they?!”

“On your feet..”

“And..My pants?”

“You threw them out the window. You said you’d never need them again.”

“JANGO!!” Kuro yelled, smacking the other man on the head with his palm.

“I’m serious sir!!” the hypnotist cried, “You said they were far too confining and hot!!”

Kuro gave a great sigh. “Wonderful. Peachy. Crap crapity crap crap.” he growled, stepping out of his cabin and onto the upper-deck, in a black shirt, his pirate-captain jacket, and a pair of plaid boxer shorts with little black kitties on them. He cleared his throat as Jango walked out to join him, confused by the matter.

“Men! Starbucks..erm..STARBOARD bound! Find a port!” he yelled out to his crew. Nagase smacked her forehead and groaned when she came down from the crow’s nest.

“Kuro-sama? Why?” asked Jango.

“We..are going to buy PANTS!”

“...Kuro, no offence, but I think you just FINALLY lost your mind.”

Kuro just gave her a sceptical look with his arms crossed.

2 - Life's Pretty Straight Without Pants

The Kuroneko pirates followed their captain's orders as quickly as possible -- pulling into the nearest port town they could find; and praying that they had a place where Kuro could get some pants (as, they all knew, he'd most likely go nuts if he couldn't find some..).

"Alright Kuro-sama, we're in a port. Let's go and...Kuro-sama?!" cried Django, frantically looking about for the captain.

"Whahaah!! I am up here Django!" called Kuro -- whom had staked himself out atop the kitty-head at the front of the ship. "And now, with my magic shoes...I will do my magic dance to bring me to the pants!"

"Django?"

"Yes, Nagase-kin?"

"I really think that he HAS definitely lost his mind and I now feel like I'm the smart one...sometimes."

"Can't blame you. But Kuro-sama and I are friends."

Nagase slowly turned her head, looked at him with a puzzled face, and said, "Friends? He hates you, me, and the rest of the crew."

"...So?"

"Why do I even bother?"

Then Kuro tripped...and fell...off the boat...onto the rock-hard ground...face first. Django shrieked in horror -- sounding like a panicking child.

"KURO-SAMA!!" he cried, jumping off the boat, and racing to his dear captain's side. "Well don't just stand there, help me pick him up."

Nagase groaned under her breath as she walked of the other side of Kuro.

They pulled the man up off the ground -- his face making that distinct sound you hear when you pull some road-kill off of a freshly-paved road. "Kuro-sama!! Speak to me!!"

"...You'll...wonder where...the...yellow...went...when you brush...your teeth...with FIRE!!" Kuro shouted, in a daze, complete with the swirly eyes.

"Uhhhh...ok...ay..." said Django, unsure what to think. Nagase snapped her fingers and said, "Kuro. Kuro! Kuro, snap out of it!"

Kuro then shook his head quickly to clear it.

"JANGO!! YOU'RE TOUCHING ME AGAIN! AND NAGASE I TOLD YOU NOT TO TUCH ME AS WELL!" he hissed.

"Yipes!! GOMENNASAI, KURO-SAMA!" Django shouted, as they pulled away from their captain. Kuro, whom wasn't exactly expecting them to pull away so quickly, fell and hit the back of his head off the ground.

"...ow."

Nagase sighed and helped him up. After Django had apologized profusely to Kuro for the whole ordeal earlier, the three of them continued in, onwards into the town, in search of a pants shop.

"Here's one.." said Django, pointing to a shop. Kuro read the sign on the shop.

"Pantaloons..?" he inquired, raising an eyebrow.

"Those ARE pants...aren't they?" asked Django. Kuro slapped him upside the head.

"I don't WANT Pantaloons you narrow-minded, moon-walking...coat...wearing...MAN...with your...HAT and your...GLOVES!!" Kuro shouted, "I just want my PANTS!"

"Wow! REAL smooth, Kuro!" Nagase said sarcastically.

Kuro looked at her and slapped her upside the head as well.

“OW!” Nagase cried in pain.

She groaned like a six-year-old.

The three passed more shops -- “Short-Pants”, “Bell-Bottoms”, “Pedal Pushers”, “Clam Diggers”, “Slacks”, “Trousers”, “Jeans”, “Britches”, “Leggings”, “Corduroys”, “Knickers”, “Jodhpurs”, “Chaps”, “Hot Pants”, “Chinos”, “Overalls”...Needless to say, Jang’s hat had been swatted off many a time..

“DUNGAREES?!” screamed Kuro, a massive vein about to burst in his forehead. Django cowered in fear, “DO YOU HONESTLY THINK I’D WEAR DUNGAR --” he stopped, and he looked over Django’s shoulder, his eyes suddenly glowing with happiness and tears, his mouth changing into that resemblant of a cute little kitten’s...

“PANTS”

A sign that said pants. Just pants. No fancy-shmancy Dungarees for our kitty-boy! “Oh happy day!! PANTS!!” cried Kuro, racing towards the shop. He was so happy, he smacked right into the door! Silly boy that Kuro is. Nagase covered her mouth, trying to hold her laugh. “Ow you MORON!!” he screamed, attempting to tackle the door, before he realized, that this door was, in fact, a door and didn’t actually...umm...how would you put it...DIE?

“Umm...Sir? That’s a door...” said Django, going over to his captain.

“I KNOW that...I just want it to DIE!!” Kuro hissed, kicking the door with his 'striped magical' shoes.

Nagase sighed and said walking towards him, “I’ll get him.” She grabbed both of his arms back and dragged him. “NAGASE!! PUT... ME...DOWN!!”

And she did, but she purposely dropped him. “OW! I didn’t mean like that.” Kuro said, his eyes closed due to the pain.

“Well, you told me to put you down, and I did. Nevertheless, if you would just OPEN the door, don't you think it would be MUCH easier?”

He stammered, stopped, got up, and slapped Nagase’s again, but harder.

“OW!! IS THERE ANY GOOD REASON THAT YOU HAVE TO SLAP ME AT THE BACK OF MY HEAD?!”

“Plenty of good reasons. For an example; you have a big mouth.”

Nagase fold her arms across, looked away, and groaned with her right eyebrow twitching.

Django gave a great sigh, a massive sweat drop...and then just turned the knob and let Kuro in. Nagase was where the window is, still with her arms crossed. “Buy some pants, sir.”

With a great amount of fervor (yay, I learned a new word!), Kuro raced into the store. He was greeted by the wondrous sight of pants...Everywhere...Feel the pants...Love the pants...lick the pants...lick the pants...and that is just what he did. “Lick the pants...Lick the pants...” he said, as he licked the leg of a pair of black pants. Nagase looked at him, traumatized, and said while she was traumatized, “Now I’m concern in number of levels.”

“Stop licking the merchandise, you psycho!!” yelled an angry clerk. Kuro looked over to the man, and then licked the pants again. “I TOLD YOU TO STOP LICKING MY MERCHANDISE!” the clerk roared.

“Then start licking mine!” retorted Kuro, whom proceeded to grab the crotch of his boxers as he spoke. “GET OUT OF MY STORE!”

“You get out of MY store!”

“We’ll take the one’s he licked..” said Django, hoping to ease the tension between the two. The clerk smiled happily to Django, “Just take them...and your psychopath too.”

Nagase looked at the clerk with a serious look on her face. Now, I don’t know about the badgers, but the chinchillas have the butter -- erm, I mean...I don’t know about you, but Kuro never overly enjoyed being called a psychopath. Psycho was okay -- but he didn’t like those extra four letters tacked on at the

end of the word. Nagase uncrossed her arms, and just when she was about to walk out the store she said, "We'll be outside when you are done, Kuro." The clerk looked at Nagase scared and thought still looking at her, "Kuro? CAPTAIN Kuro?!"

She made an evil smirk and a laugh to go with it. Kuro's claws blocked the clerk's view of him seeing Nagase. He looked up and saw Kuro adjusting his glasses. He hissed at the clerk, and then ran him through with one of his claws.

"NOBODY CALLS ME A PSYCHOPATH!! ESPECIALLY YOU, YOU STUPID-BUTT-GOAT-RAPE!!" he screamed, as the man let out a painful cry and proceeded to die of blood loss as he was impaled upon the middle and index claws on one of Kuro's gloves. Django and Nagase just waited ---

"Ah..." he said to himself, "He'll sleep well tonight!"

After Kuro finished off the clerk, he tossed a few pieces of gold onto the counter. "Thank you very much!" Kuro said to the dead man, before heading out the door. "Come Django and Nagase! Get my pants!" he said. Django quickly grabbed the pants and raced out after his captain, "Haaaai, Kuro-sama!!" he said, with a smile. Kuro noticed Nagase was not doing what he told her to do. "That means you too, Nagase." Kuro said almost looking at her.

"What am I?! You pack mule?!" She said, accidentally. She gasped and quickly covered her mouth, trying not to say anything else.

"Nagase-kin..." Django said looking at her.

Kuro stopped walking and so did Django. Kuro turned around and looked at Nagase with her hand still over her mouth. He walked around Django and towards her. She uncovered her mouth and said walking back, "Kuro, I-I didn't mean to say that. It just slipped. It wasn't my--oof!"

No sooner had the "former" marine said these words as she fell, when all five of Kuro's massive, metal claws of his left hand was pointed right to her throat, she was painting of fear and could not move. "Next time you say something like that again, I *will* kill you. The same way I did to your father and everyone in your village. Do you understand me, Nagase?"

"Y-yes, Sir."

"GOOD!" Kuro hissed, moving his claws away from Nagase's throat. He took one of his gloves off, grabbed the back of Nagase's shirt, jerked her up, hand her a pair of his pants, and walked away from her. She caught up with Django and continued walking. Django looked at Nagase and thought,

"Nagase-kin."

Kuro, Nagase, and Django soon reached the ship again. By the time Kuro managed to get into his pants, Fullbody had (somehow) found them and proceeded to board. "Django, Nagase! What a pleasure it is to see you two!" Fullbody said, with a clap of his hands.

"Wonderful to see you too!" Django replied.

Nagase smiled and node her head as her agreement with him.

"Hello, Fullbody!" said Kuro, cheerfully, "Get the hell off my ship."