

The Water Summoner Kuri

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Kuri is a blind Water Summoner who is an old friend of Nuriko and Chichiri (and also in love with him). She must travel with the Suzaku company to help Miaka beat her best friend and arch nemesis Yui, and summon Suzaku.

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1 - Chapter 1

Chapter 1

Kuri sat down in the chair in front of a mirror she had made herself. It was a sunny day and warm, too. It had been horribly stormy during the last week in Qu-Dong, that it was a relief to see the sun.

While sitting in front of the mirror, Kuri slipped her purple strapless wrap around her body, over her black baggy pants, which were cut off at her shins, and low-cut short-sleeved shirt. Then, she tied a black sash with purple ends around her waist. The ends were uneven, but she didn't care. After that, she tied up her shoes, which covered the remaining leg, over pastel purple stockings. Then, she took her long maroon hair and wrapped black wrapping over it, in two long ponytails, and clasped the bottoms together with silver clasps.

When she had finished, as if on cue, there was a knock on her wooden front door. Kuri wondered who it was. Ever since she moved her life there, a year before, she knew no one and no one knew her. She had only ever gone out to get clothes (only once), and food. The villagers always looked at her weird. She dressed weird to them, and had a different dialect. They were simple people, and not easily open to much change.

As she got up, Kuri flipped her two ponytails over her shoulder. She opened the door to find a tall man, older than she (she was 16), with white-blonde hair, and a muscular body standing in her doorway.

“Are you the Water Summoner Kuri?” he asked, his voice deep. She looked him over a second time with her grey eyes.

“Who wants to know?” she asked. He frowned at her, but knew he wouldn't get an answer from her unless he told her. Her attitude was legend, but she had suddenly `dropped off the face of the earth'. It had taken him months to find her.

“The Emperor of Qu-dong has bidden me find her and bring her to the palace. He wishes to have an audience with her. Now, are you her?” he said, impatiently. Kuri sighed.

“Yes, I am the Water Summoner,” she answered. He welcomed himself in. She closed the door, angrily at his rudeness. “And who are you?” He turned to face her.

“I am Nakago. General of the Qu-Dong army and a Seiryu Celestial Warrior.” Kuri's eyes widened.

“Seiryu? So, the legend is true, eh?” She smirked. “Is that why you're here? Is that why your emperor has bidden you to find me? Because you need help with your priestess?”

“Yes,” Nakago said, very seriously. “Her Eminence needs your help. The priestess of Suzaku has also appeared and to beat her, we need you.” Kuri got serious as well and leaned up against the wall. She saw something appear behind Nakago.

“Why don't you come back tomorrow? I'll decide whether I'll help you with your 'priestess',” she said. He did not want to agree, but finally did. Kuri opened the door for him and he stopped next to her.

“Until tomorrow,” he said to her, and flashed an evil, but handsome smile. She closed the door after him and turned back to the figure now standing where Nakago had been. He stood there with blue hair and a mask, to hide his secrets, and show his face to be always smiling.

2 - Chapter 2

Chapter 2

“Chichiri!” Kuri exclaimed, smiling. She ran to him and wrapped her arms around his waist in a hug. He hugged her as well.

“It’s been far too long, Kuri. No da,” Chichiri said. He let go of her and took his mask off. He let it drop on the ground, then kissed her cheek.

“Yes, it has,” she replied. Kuri looked down. “I’m really sorry I disappeared. I just had to get away.” Chichiri smiled and put his fingers under her chin, lifting her head. Her eyes met his soft ones.

“I understand. But, I have important matters to discuss with you,” he said, seriously. His smile disappeared and he dropped his hand from her face.

“Anything within my power,” she said, without thinking. She had known Chichiri since she was little. He was, of course, older than she was. But not that much older. When she had been studying at the Temple, where she learned how to control all of her power, he had been an older student. The older students had to help the little ones out and teach them the way they did things then. Chichiri was assigned to Kuri. He had been only a teenager, and at the top of his class. When he left, he would always come back and visit her. She couldn’t say no to him that easily.

“I know Nakago has already been to see you, but the Company of the Priestess of Suzaku needs you. No da.” Kuri looked away. She hated being pulled into things like this. She wanted to say no, even to Chichiri. But, he was her best friend, and like family. The only one she had left. After she had left the Temple, (Chi)Chiri had taken her in. He had killed his best friend, and probably more, and didn’t want to go back. When she was 15, she just up and left in the middle of the night. It had, no doubt, taken him long to figure out where she had been. Finally, she nodded.

“But, we must leave now. Nakago will be-”

“You think you can get away so easily, Water Summoner?” Nakago yelled. He burst through her door, power flowing around him. Kuri growled, loudly. She folded her hands, ready to attack. Foreign words flowed out of her mouth, strange characters formed in the air around her, and water burst from them. It went fast to Nakago, but he threw a ball of energy at her. It parted the water and came for her. She put her arms up to block, but it hit her wrists and pushed through to her eyes. Her water disappeared before it could hit Nakago. He smirked. Kuri dropped to her hands and knees, sparks from his power still surrounding her wrists and eyes.

“That's right, girl. Bow to me,” he said and laughed. He started towards her. Before he could reach her, though, a red shield separated them. Chichiri stood behind Kuri, who was not lying on the ground, unconscious.

“If you think it will be that easy, Nakago, you are very wrong,” Chichiri yelled, angrily. Nakago looked down at the girl and smirked.

“I will let you off easy, for today,” Nakago said, then was gone. Chiri let the shield down and wiped sweat from his forehead. He quickly went to Kuri and turned her over. He sighed and gathered a few of her belongings into his bag. The mask, which was still sitting on the floor, was also stuffed into the bag. Then, he grabbed Kuri and pulled her through his transporting hat. The power that surrounded her wrists and eyes shot a few sparks, cutting through his shirt and pants, leaving cuts on his shoulder and leg. Chichiri frowned.

“What is this power?”

3 - Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Chichiri entered the Hong-Nan palace through his hat. He was still carrying an unconscious Kuri in his arms. The power around her wrists and eyes had stopped flowing. Her wrists had been badly burned.

Chichiri stood outside the Emperor's throne room. He kicked open the door to find Hotohori, the young Hong-Nan emperor, sitting on his throne. Tasuki, Tamahome, Miaka, and Mitsukake were also there.

"You're Majesty!" Chichiri exclaimed. Hotohori quickly stood up, out of his throne. Tasuki looked at the girl, then at Chiri's leg, then his shoulder.

"What happened, Chichiri?" Tasuki asked.

"Nakago. He attacked her as we were about to leave. No da," Chichiri answered. He turned to a servant, who was standing near by. "Prepare a room," he commanded. The servant bowed and left quickly. Mitsukake was already examining Kuri's wrists.

"I can take away the pain," he said. "But, I cannot take the burns away. We'll just give her bandaging to wrap around them."

"Her eyes were attacked as well. No da." Mitsukake went from her wrists to her face. There were no marks of injury on the outside, but when he opened her eyes, he gasped. "What is it Mitsukake?" Chiri hoped it wasn't too bad. She had always been his responsibility, and he loved her. He had always tried to protect her. He didn't know what happened back there. He let her get attacked.

“This girl will be blind. Nakago must've hit her when her eyes were open.” There was silence. A few minutes later, the hesitant (as to not want to interrupt) servant came back into the throne room.

“The room is ready,” he said, after bowing. Hotohori dismissed him and hurried Chichiri into the room. Chiri laid Kuri onto the bed. His arms were tied, but even so he used them. He sat her up against him and untied the sash around her middle. After he took it off, he took the purple body wrap off and laid her back down. Hotohori told everyone, but Mitsukake and Chichiri, to stay outside for the time being. Mitsukake took her shoes off.

“There might be something I can do, though, it will not be great. But it will prevent her from running into big things,” Mitsukake said as they all sat down by the bedside. Chichiri and Hotohori looked at their friend with curiosity. “If I give her this,” he said as he held up a small vial of clear liquid. It was one of his potions. His many potions.

“What will it do?” Hotohori asked.

“She will be able to see faint outlines of larger things, such as a person or tree. But only very faint outlines,” Mitsukake answered. Chiri and Hotohori nodded. “But, we'll have to wait until she wakes up.”

“Yes, of course,” Chichiri mumbled as they stood up. He looked down at his friend's limp body. Hotohori went over to Chiri and grasped his shoulder, firmly.

“Come,” was his one-word command. Reluctantly, Chichiri turned away from Kuri and followed the other two out.

Later that night, six of the seven Suzaku constellations (this is pre-Amiboshi and Chiriko) sat in a circle on the floor of the throne room. Everyone, including the servants had gone to bed. It was very late. Hotohori wanted it so no one would hear their private meeting.

“So, this small girl is the famous Water Summoner?” Tamahome asked, remembering the quick glance he had of the girl in Chichiri's arms. Chiri nodded.

“Yes. Her name is Kuri,” answered. “She may be small, but she's very powerful.”

“Yes,” Nuriko agreed. “I've seen her. She may not remember, since it has been so long, but she's saved my life. Then one day, she was gone.” They spent some more of the night talking, but finally went off to bed.

4 - Chapter 4

Chapter 4

Kuri opened her eyes. At least, she thought she had. Her hand flung to her face. Yes, her eyes were open. So, where was everything? Why was it so dark? She felt around until she felt hair. She frowned, wondering who it could be. Her hands touched something cold. She was so confused. Whatever it was came off easily, though. Then, she felt warm flesh.

“Chichiri?” she asked, aloud.

“Yes?” he asked, sleepily, picking his head up from the side of the bed. She took the mask all of the way off his face and held it. “Oh! Kuri! You're awake!” he exclaimed. “You've been out for two days.” He took the mask from her hands and set it on the small bedside table.

“What happened? Why can't I see you?” There was silence. She reached out with both hands, searching for him. “Chichiri?” He took her hands in his, but did not say anything. “Please answer me.” He sighed.

“Nakago attacked you. Do you remember?” he said, finally. Kuri nodded. “He hit your wrists and eyes. Your wrists are badly burned and you'll have to wear bandages around them. You're eyes, however,” he paused in mid-sentence. “You have gone blind, Kuri, to put it bluntly.” Her expression showed disbelief. “But, Mitsukake, a Suzaku Warrior, and out healer, told me if you take his potion, you will be able to see faint outlines of larger things, such as people.” Kuri nodded and lowered her head.

“So, I'll never be able to see again?” she asked.

“Well, Mitsukake also said that if Nakago should die, his curse might lift.” Drops of water started to fall on Chichiri's hands, which were still holding Kuri's. He looked so helpless. All he could do was assure

her that it would be O.K. Though, he knew, that in the long run, it wouldn't be. "I'm so sorry, Kuri." Chiri let go of her hands and grasped her in a tight hug.

A few minutes later, there was knock on the door. It was either Nuriko or Hotohori, who had both been dropping in to see how she was doing. The two separated.

"Enter," Chichiri commanded. Nuriko enter. He was surprised to see Kuri sitting up in bed, finally.

"Who is it, Chichiri?" Kuri asked. Nuriko smiled, as did Chiri. Nuriko stepped closer.

"Kuri?" he asked. Her expression turned to confusion. She knew that voice from somewhere. But where? It had been so many years since she'd heard it. That couldn't be-

"Ryuu?" Kuri wondered, out loud. Nuriko chuckled.

"That's right!" he exclaimed, happily. "But, they call me Nuriko now."

"A Suzaku warrior, eh?" Kuri laughed. Chichiri got up and let Nuriko sit there.

"I will let you two talk and bring Mitsukake later," Chiri said. Kuri smiled and Nuriko took her hands after he sat down.

"Thank you, Chichiri," Kuri said as her other friend left. She turned back to Nuriko. "So, how long has it been Ryuu- Nuriko?" she asked, curiously. She honestly didn't remember.

"Ten year, I think. It's been ten years since you went on the foreign training mission. I remember you saved my life that one day, with you water, then you were gone a few days later," Nuriko said. Kuri

nodded, remembering.

“Ya. You were ten and I was six. My parents had me go to the Temple and train to be a Water Summoner. You have no idea how much I missed you. When my parents died, they kept me because I was the best student. And now I've gotten myself famous,” Kuri explained. They talked for another hour before Nuriko sent for Mitsukake.