

Iris

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ONESHOT SONGFIC. Brago and Sherry love each other though neither admit it. But when Sherry is wounded in battle, they confess in her final hours. BragoSherry.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Fiwen/39260/Iris>

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1 - Iris

NOTE: Hey, readers and reviewers! Welcome to my oneshot songfic, *Iris!* I've recently started watching Zatch Bell (the English version; I can't speak Japanese, heh), and after reading Sherry/Brago stories, I decided to give it a try of my own. This is my first Zatch Bell fic, AND my first songfic, so bear with me. I haven't seen many episodes with Brago and Sherry, so that doesn't help. Expect some OOC.

I basically just did this thanks to a case of writer's block towards my other story.

Sigh. I don't own Zatch Bell. Wish I did.

The song is "Iris" by the Goo Goo Dolls.

Iris

*And I'd give up forever to touch you
'Cause I know that you feel me somehow
You're the closest to heaven that I'll ever be
And I don't wanna go home right now*

"Sherry." Brago looked down at the wounded girl beside him, whose face was contorted in pain. She said nothing, her body trembling slightly. A large gash spanned from her stomach to her thigh, and there was a cold sweat on her skin.

The mamodo took off his cape and draped it across her fragile body, so strong and capable only moments ago. A growl erupted in the back of his throat as he recalled the battle...

"We need a spell now, Sherry," commanded Brago, and the girl nodded.

"Reis!" she called, voice full of confidence and will. The demon's hand shot up, and from it a blue ball of gravity, hurtling full-force at their enemies.

"Hand over the book now, and you won't have to suffer!" Sherry said, but the opposing team only laughed.

"We'd be fools to do that!" the mamodo chuckled, and prepared for another spell.

Lifting the black book, Sherry's azure eyes focused on the strongest attack they had. "Let's show them what we've got, Brago."

Without warning, the opponents shouted another spell, but it wasn't aimed for Brago. No, it hit Sherry instead, right across her stomach and thighs; she was knocked backwards onto the ground. She screamed in pain, blood beginning to seep onto her lilac dress. Brago knelt by her side, grabbing her arm and helping her to her feet. "We've got to finish this now, Sherry," he said, crimson eyes dilating.

"I know. Giganoreis!" Another ball of gravity burst from Brago's hand, hitting both the mamodo and the bookkeeper- and along with that, the book.

"Sherry." Brago repeated, placing a pale hand against her flushed cheek. It was warm, a sign of fever. "When I become king, that mamodo will pay for this."

Sherry made a small whimper, a look of surprise on her face. She wasn't used to hearing comments like that from Brago. However, the truth hovered in her mind, and she knew that the end was near. "Brago..." she whispered, and shook her head. "You already know I've been sick for some time now, but this..." She willed the tears not to fall, for she knew that he hated it when she cried. "I've already lost too much blood, I'm too weak..."

"No." The demon's ruby eyes met her own, and a strong bond passed between them. "You are not weak, and you will overcome this, just as you have all the other tribulations."

"This is different, Brago... Those were small feats... That attack was solid, and they hit me on purpose. They realized that you were strong, so they aimed for me instead... If I die, you have no bookkeeper, and you lose the battle for King. Either way, the battle would come to a draw..." She gasped, a string of pain shooting through her head. "We humans *are* weak... And unlike mamodos, we live only a very short time... This time is *mine*."

"No... Sherry?" Brago realized she had stopped breathing, but with a softinhale her heart started again. "This is not your time..." He gathered her into his arms and stood, eyes wide.

"I'm sorry..." she whispered, head against his shoulder. He shook his head and began to walk at a fast pace, stopping when he found a stream. Placing the girl down gently, he ripped off a piece of her dress and dipped it in the water, laying it over her wound.

*And all I can taste is this moment
And all I can breathe is your life
Sooner or later it's over
I just don't wanna miss you tonight*

"Brago..." Using every bit of strength she had left, Sherry pulled her torso up, crawling to lean against a tree. "We've fought many battles together-

"Hush."

"W-wha-?"

"Just be quiet." The demon sat beside her, frowning. "This isn't over yet. I will become King, and I *will* help Koko. *This isn't over yet.*"

*And I don't want the world to see me
'Cause I don't think that they'd understand
But when everything's made to be broken
I just want you to know who I am*

"I..." Sherry paused, wincing. It seemed years before she took another breath, and realized that the

enemy's spell had impacted her on the inside as well, not just her flesh. "I don't know how to say this... But..." Brago reached out and placed a finger over her lips, pupils almost shrunken to invisible.

"Sherry, don't say it."

"I'm sorry..." She reached up and took his hand, holding it her own. He made no move to pull it away, and felt a strong tug in his heart at the event. "And..." she sighed, burying her face in his shoulder, tears falling from her bright orbs. "I... love you..."

Brago winced; these were the words he had hoped not to hear. Their relationship had progressed steadily, and he knew that it was strong... But he wouldn't let himself go as far as love.

Placing a finger underneath her chin, he slowly lifted up her face, making it level with his own. As their eyes locked, scarlet against sapphire, he permitted that one thought into his mind, and knew that he had fallen for this girl, his bookkeeper- his friend. "Why does it end like this?" he rasped, hand moving to rest on her cheek. The skin was soft but fevered under his touch; her complexion was still as fair as ever. Gradually their faces moved closer, and after what seemed an eternity, her lips brushed his.

And you can't fight the tears that ain't coming

Or the moment of truth in the lies

When everything feels like the movies

Yeah, you bleed just to know you're alive

The kiss was subtle and sympathetic, and Sherry knew in her heart that even in the afterlife, she would still love this dark mamodo. "I'm so sorry..." she whispered, breaking the contact and falling limp into his arms, breathing her last.

"Sherry... Sherry!" Brago shook her slightly, hoping to find any sign of life from the woman, the only love he had ever known. The hard truth kicked him while he was down, and with a cry of frustration, he cradled her against his chest.

She was gone... Dead... Now, only existing in his mind.

He had known something bad would come out of love between a mamodo and a human... He just never believed that it would be him...

Standing with a sigh of agony, the demon picked up his black book and threw it down by the river. Someone, eventually, would burn it, and he would be sent back to the mamodo world. It wouldn't matter, really, if anyone never burnt it, for without Sherry, there was no one to read the spells... No one to stand by him...

No one to love.

And I don't want the world to see me

'Cause I don't think that they'd understand

But when everything's made to be broken

I just want you to know who I am

NOTE: MEH DON'T FLAME! And if you do... Be nice! I would like to know what you thought of it...

So reviews are welcomed. Gah, there was so much OOC it's not even funny...