

# 13th Desciple

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*Harikiri, in her 665th year, must struggle with her evil past and decide who she loves more, Ani or her dead boyfriend, whome she has a chance to revive.*

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# 1 - The Evil

Disclaimer: Don't own YYH or da characters, so just bite me.

13th Disciple

Prolouge: The Evil

"Who are you?" The woman whispered to the mirror. To her astonishment, her reflection began talking back to her.

"You." It promptly answered. The woman trembled.

"No." She whispered.

"Harikri." It said. "You...are the one that will bring us back. You will sell your sould to the devil and gain the power to ressurect you clan."

"They were evil. They deserved to die." She protested.

"Maybe, but not until they took power of the lands. they weren't supposed to die until they served their purpose, and you were to perish with them. But you cut off their destiny."

"And I'll do it again, even if it means killing myself."

"Now now, Harikiri.....You know that those Brothers are a threat and stand in the way of the clans ressurection."

"How?"

"Ani wields the gold orb, and the only way to take it is to kill him."

"I will not. And don't even THINK about touching him."

"Let me finish, we can't kill him with his brother around. Toguro is too powerful. But not as powerful as you. Toguro posseses the blue orb. With the blue orb, you can defeat Ani. But to get Toguro's orb, you must kill HIM. Now with his orb, there will not be ANYONE to challenge you. Not even the strongets demons themselves can look at you without turning to dust. With that much power you can ressurect you clan. And your dead boyfriend, what was his name? Ah, yes.... Mage."

"He... Mage...."

"What about him?" Her reflection said tauntingly.

"Mage was a good man, we all loved him, he loved me, Mage is dead. What else?" Harikiri hissed, anger bubbling through her fear and curiosity

"You could bring him back."

"....."

"I know what lies within your aching broken heart. Just kill the brothers, you'll have Mage back and all the realms at your feet, on their knees."

"I-I-....What about Ani?" Harikiri whispered.

"Now tell me...Who do you love more? Ani? Or Mage?"

"....Mage....But he's dead!"

"Not for long. Think about it, Ani doesn't want you. He wants the Evil."

"I can't hurt Ani. I don't even deserve him." Harikiri whispered falling to her knees, trying to hold her emotions in.

"It's vice versa. He's nothing. You are the 13th disciple. You have the Supreme Evil in you. You just don't use it...It's more powerful than any orb. Now..listen to your mother. Mummy knows best..... Now, Heir of The Harikiri Throne Of the Doorways To Hell...I bid you.... Wake up."

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Likey? Got chap: 2 up!

## 2 - Heirs

13th Disciple

Heirs

Harikiri woke up from her restless sleep. She jolted into a sitting position breathing heavy. She looked down at Ani sleeping beside her. His chest gently rising and falling as he breathed. She quieted her panting and rubbed the perspiration off her upper lip and forehead as she stood. She ran her fingers through her matted stringy hair and padded towards the bathroom. She stood in front of the mirror, gazing at her own wine red eyes. She expected them to turn into the brown color of her mother's eyes or even the blood red color of her legendary father. She touched her cheek and ran her long crimson fingernails gently down her cheek. As she was examining her face, Ani stirred, and woken up. He yawned and stretched, watching Harikiri's slender silhouette in the bathroom.

"What is it?" He asked, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. "Got a pimple?"

"No." She thoughtfully answered. "I-I just..."

"Had a nightmare." He coolly finished her sentence. She turned to look at him and slowly nodded. "I see. Well, remember, it was just a nightmare, it can't hurt you."

"But it can hurt YOU..." She whispered. Ani lifted an eyebrow in annoyance.

"Sorry, I missed that, could you say it again and this time...louder?" He asked. Harikiri rolled her eyes.

"I was just talking to myself." She said. She turned back towards the bed and plopped down next to Ani. Ani glanced down at her.

"I.....I can hear you talking in your sleep, sometimes." He told her. She flicked her gaze up to him. "I just hear you talking about your heritage. Tell me, how do people in your clan die?"

"We slit our own abdomens open. That's how we get our names. It's a ritual suicide. By our 666th birthday, we cut ourselves." She said. Remembering the evil of her family made her eyes water and she let out a sob. Ani pulled himself next to her and put his arms around her shaking shoulders. She cried into his shoulder and let her fears and worries spill out onto him.

"It's ok, you've escaped it and buried the evil, right?" He asked. She shook her head.

"It's resurfaced." She cried into him.

"Kiri....This is your 66th year. It's only half a month until your next birthday." He softly said. She sniffed.

"I KNOW!" She wailed. Ani realised his mistake and sighed. He waited and held her until she quieted down before attempting another discussion. "I must carry on." She sniveld. "I will revise out clan. I will bear strong sons and live up to the name of Toguro. But...The bloodline-."

"Will not matter if you refuse to let the family pasts follow and haunt us." He laid down with her still in his arms.

"I will bring us our own clan. And we will be powerfull, deadly, feared." She said, staring blankly at the wall.

"We are already feared."

"We will have a clan."

"And be the strongest."

"Yes."

"We will have many children and heirs." He said. He had a dreamy look on his face as he imagined the life ahead of him. Harikiri looked up and smiled. He looked down and locked his lips with hers. He could feel her pain and sadness melt away into comfort. They remained liplocked for several minutes until a knock sounded at the door. The kiss momentarily faltered, then started right back up as the couple ignored the knock. Ani's younger brother, Toguro, creaked the door open. He peered in and cleared his throat. No response.

"Let's get started."

### 3 - One HELL of a Roster

Thirteenth Disciple

Chapter three: One HELL of a Roster

Harikiri sat up at her desk, it was in the evening and she was still wearing nothing but a bathrobe, but it was ok, considering Ani was naked and still asleep. He had a look of pure satisfaction as he silently slept, his smooth chest rising and falling. Harikiri took out a charcoal pencil and a piece of paper, she looked over at the nude Ani and began to sketch him. She began drawing every curve, line, and muscle. Her pencil was smoothly gliding over the paper as she captured the sleeping demon perfectly. Smiling to herself she shaded in the shadows.

"So cute." She murmured. "You're so adorable and sexy!" She was getting ready to detail Ani's facial features when she felt so cold suddenly. The room grew dark and Harikiri was faced with her reflection again.

"Change your mind?" Her mother smugly asked. Harikiri stared.

"I don't know who to kill." She whispered.

"I am writing you a list."

"I don't want to hurt Ani. I love him."

"Mage would cry if he could hear that. You break his heart."

"Shut up."

"Look at your list, they tell you who you need to eliminate, the order in which you take them doesn't really matter, though, and the color orb they have. Got it? Take a look at it. Go ahead. Look."

Harikiri jolted a minute and stared around the room, it had returned to normal, only, it was dark outside and moonlight was pouring through the window. She sighed and began to go back to her drawing, but stopped, gasped, and dropped it. In her own slender handwriting, names were scrawled across it in bold black charcoal, just like her mother said.

1. Kazuma Kuwabara -Orange
2. Mitari/Seaman- Teal
3. Yusuke Urameshi- pink < (Authors Note: Hahaha! Sorry!)
4. Yukina- White
5. Kurama- Green

6. Shinobu Sensui- Black
7. Keiko Ukimora- Purple
8. Hiei- Red
9. Sakyo- Bronze
10. Bui- Silver
12. Toguro Otouto-Blue
- 13 Toguro Ani- Gold

She scanned the list. Her face growing pale. Ani softly groaned and stirred from his sleep. Harikiri suffed the paper into her robe pocket as Ani woke up, stretching. He sleepily gave her a smile and ran his fingers through his tangled hair.

"It's still night..." He whined. Harikiri nodded. She stepped behind her dressing screen and replaced the robe for a long white linen nightgown with a lavender design on the hem. She hated the cutesy-ness of it, but she wore because it was comfortable, it was a gift from Bui. She carefully tucked the robe with the list in it in her bedding trunk before returning to Ani. She flopped down beside him and stared at the wall.

"Are you alright?" He asked her. She nodded. She nestled herself into his strong arms, a sense of warmth and protection surrounding her in a warm envelope. She closed her eyes, no longer afraid, she knew Ani would protect her from anything as she began to drift off on his shoulder.

"I love you." She sleepily mumbled. Ani smiled, loving how soft she was in her arms and how pliable she seemed as she melted against him. She was like a soft eternal rose to him.

"I love you too." He said. He gently kissed her hair and tightly wrapped his arms around her. For a moment, her thoughts drifted to her list, one of her to-be victims was holding her and telling her he loved her. She couldn't see killing him, his death unfolding petal by petal at her fingers tips. She shivered at the thought.

"Are you cold?" He asked, breaking her thoughts.

"Yes." She lied. He sat up, reached to the foot of the bed for the extra blanket and pulled it over the two of them. He kissed her temple and laid back down. "Goodnight."

"Goodnight...Ani." Harikiri softly replied, though in her mind, she thought, 'Goodnight, Mage.'

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Chapter 4 review: Harikiri realizes a HUGE mistake, but how will the brothers take it?

## 4 - Continued Bloodline, and the M bomb

Disclaimer: Don't own YYH or the characters!

Thirteenth Disciple

Chapter 4: Continued bloodline.....and The Big "M" Bomb

"Oh....My GOD! I'm PREGNANT!!!!!!!" Harikiri screamed from the bathroom. It had been several weeks since the incident of the list and the last time Harikiri had come face to face with her mother/reflection. She had passed through her 666th birthday like any other, but now, she sat there wailing at the top of her lungs. What would Ani think he he found out she was pregnant with his child, and before marriage, they were only dating! In her hand, she held a positive blue pregnancy test. She was about to fling it at the door, but Ani burst in and saw her sitting on the edge of the sink's counter.

"Hey..." He said. "What's wrong? You've probably sent the whole zip code into a frenzy." He was about to ask something else but his golden eyes fell on the test his love held in her small hand. "Oh, god.....you're not....." He breathed. Harikiri sniffed and nodded. The look of shock on his face was enough to make her through her arms around him. He numbly placed his own two hands on her back.

"I am." She said. "I'm sorry." He took a moment to let that information sink in before her pulled back and gently held her face close to his.

"You.....don't have to be." He softly whispered against her cheek. "At least, not to me. This is what we wanted remember. This is just the beginning of something big.....Harikiri, you have come through for our plans....." He said. She said nothing as he took the test from her and examined it before asking a question.

"Er....how do you use these?"

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"Brother?' Ani asked entering his brothers bedroom. Toguro looked up from what he was doing and watched his brother. Ani sat next to him and smiled.

"Y'know....." He began. "I love Harikiri very much. I can't say there are tons of women who love and respect me for who and what I am, she's always been different. Regardless of how many times people



have told her what a little sadistic, murdering, psychotic, freaky, half-wit, shrimp-sized, loud mouth, obnoxious, insane, mentally-ill madman I am, she never hesitated to take my hand, kiss my lips and tell me how much she loves me and that she wants to spend the rest of her life by my side. That truly means something."

"Your point?" Toguro boredly asked. Ani, who was used to this sort of attitude from his brother only sighed.

"You're gonna be an uncle."

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"Ani...." Harikiri called. Ani looked over at her. "Did I ever tell you about Mage, the one who died?" She asked. Ani thought for a moment.

"You mentioned him....." He said. He sat next to her and placed his chin on her shoulder so his lips were not even an inch from her ear. "You know I love you?" He asked. Harikiri smiled. She turned her head to the side and allowed him to kiss her, his kiss was burning with passion and lust, for her. She melted into him as his tongue parted her lips and met with her own. He highly enjoyed the taste of her and pulled her tighter to him. She savored the wetness and the warmth of his mouth. When they finally broke the kiss, Ani gently tested his teeth on her neck and shoulder, gently nipping at the soft skin, leaving red marks on the delicate flesh. He drew himself back up and began whispering in her ear. "You're so beautiful...."

"You tell me every morning, day, and night...."

"And you're the greatest thing that's ever happened to me..." He silkily purred.

"You're feelin' awfully romantic, arn't you?"

"Perhaps....."

"I see....."

"Harikiri....."

"Mmm?"

"Do you know what I've always wanted to do?"

"What?"

"I've always wanted to see all three worlds.....and then teach my sons the martial arts...."

"You're gonna raise kids by yourself?" She asked.

"Well, I was hoping you would help me out with that....."

"Huh?"

"Harikiri...." Ani said, holding her close. "I...want to be with you. And spend the rest of eternity with my love....Will you marry me?"

"WHAT?" Harikiri screamed. She leapt off of the sofa and turned to look at him. "You're kidding!" She disbelievingly demanded.

"No." Ani quietly said, closing his eyes. "And if you want proof, here.." He left the room for a few minutes before entering again. He fell to one knee and placed a golden ring with a large princess cut diamond on her finger. She only gazed down at him.

"I....I" She stammered. "I would be honored to marry you and bear you children." She said. Ani smiled and stood. He gathered her into his arms and hugged her for a few moments.

"I love it when guys drop the 'M' Bomb....." She whispered

Chapter 5 Review: Ani finds that little list from the second chapter, and suddenly.....He and Harikiri don't seem like the loving couple anymore.....

## 5 - Mind Games

Disclaimer: Don't own yyh or the characters, hell, I don't even own the computer I;m tyoing this on.

13th Disciple  
Mind Games

"Harikiri...." The mirrior called. Harikiri looked frantically aroundyhe living room . The voice seemed to come from the ceiling. She looked up at the ceiling fan that had panes of mirrors behind it. Her own reflection was grinning ear to ear at her, when her own facial features were relaxed. "Harikiri-i-i-i-i...." The call grew to a sing-song chant that threw chills up Harikiri's spine. She looked up at Ani who was perched on the couch, reading a book titled 'Kazaan'. He apparently did not hear the voice as he didn't look up from the book.

"Ani?" She asked. He looked up at her, his golden eyes flickering with curiosity.

"...Yes?" He slowly answered.

"Do you hear anything?"

"Like what?"

"A voice, a womans voice." She explained. Ani arched an eyebrow and stared quizzically at her. He shook his head.

"Your minds playing with you....." He said.

"No. I hear it!" She implored. It was no suprise that her relfection was talking to her, but she was certain that if she could hear and see it, then Ani HAD to be able.

"There's nothing, Kiri....But if it concerns you then I'll just go and-"

"Harikiri!" The mirror called again. Harikiri leapt up.

"See?" She yelled. "I told you! I told you, but noooo! You NEVER listen to me!" She had quieted down, and looked triumphantly to Ani, but instead of seeing him trying to locate the source of the voice, he only sat there, giving her a look of both pity and confusion.

"I don't hear anything." He flatly said. "I don't want to upset you, but you need to lie down. You're just a little tired...." He sat up and pulled her out of the room. Toguro looked questionably at him as he passed them in the hallway. Ani led her to the room and sat her on the bed. She only nodded, deafly mumbling to herself as she lied down. Ani just watched her.

"Ok?" He asked. She nodded. He turned to silently walk away, leaving her to herself when he felt a soft confining hand on his arm. He stopped and gently gazed down at her.

"What is it?" He asked. She sat up and looked around through wide eyes filled with paranoia. It was enough to make Ani choke on a laugh rising in his throat.

"Stay with me?" She asked, scooting over. Ani realized it wasn't a question, but an order. He sighed and sat up on the bed next to her. He pulled her into his arms. He cradled her and rocked her back and forth, waiting for her to fall asleep. When she finally dozed off, he gently slid from underneath her and nestled her into the mattress. He was about to leave when Toguro stuck his head in the door.

"Hey, can I borrow a spare blanket?" He asked. Ani nodded and headed behind the dressing screen. He opened the large cherrywood chest and began to dig around. He pulled Harikiri's robe out and threw it over the top of the screen. A small folded up piece of paper fell out of the pocket, catching Ani's attention. He picked it up, but first got Toguro the blanket before looking at it. He sat in the desk chair and unfolded it. He saw a perfect picture of him, his pale face flushed and he smiled softly when he realized Harikiri had drawn him after their lovemaking. His smile faded when he saw a list of names and colors. Frowning he read it.. Then realizing the numbers, it then dawned upon him. This was a hit list. But the colors? He gasped when he saw his name at the end. He folded it back up and stuffed it into his pocket. He sat back in the chair, tightly closing his eyes. He remembered how it was written, in Harikiri's fine print. He angrily stood and began to storm out, but he heard a soft moan. He looked over at his wife-to-be as she sat up and rubbed her eyes. He shut and locked the door before turning to face her. She perched herself on the edge of the bed.

"What's wrong?" She asked. He shook his head before taking the list out.

"This." He said. It took Harikiri a moment to realize that he was holding her mothers list. "What is this? You planning on wiping me out? And my Brother? And Sakyō? And all these other people? Who the hell is this Seaman Mitari? Who...are these people?" Harikiri shook her head.

"I don't know a Mitari....." She said. Ani angrily cursed and threw it at her. It hit her chest and fell helplessly into her lap.

"I can't propose to you without you trying to kill me?" He asked. She jumped up.

"I didn't try to kill you!" She yelled.

"You were plotting!"

"Ani...please...." She said. "There's something going on. Something scary....I need your help."

"Oh, yes..." He sarcastically said. "What are you going to do? Kill me if I dont? You're just crazy."

"You're one to talk! You just strut around here like you're the stuff! I tell you, you are NOT the mighty god you think you are! You are nothing compared to Mage!" She clamped her hand over her mouth realizing what she just said. True, Mage was extrememely pwerful, but was he stronger than Ani? Yes...Yes.... Ani stared at her a moment, his eyes growing wide. He grit his teeth and slapped her, causing her to fall

back onto the bed. He pulled his arm back to do it again as he grasped her slender throat. He hesitated, then was perfectly still, with her struggling for breath. He released her. She held her stomach and fell back. He turned around but she called him back.

"Take it." She said. He looked down into her open palm and saw the engagement ring he had given her earlier. He turned his eyes downcast as he took it and walked from the room. He could hear her pull her small traveling bag out from underneath the bed. He ignored it and walked briskly down the stairs. He sat back down in the livingroom and continued reading, a small bubble of guilt growing in his stomach. A few minutes later, Harikiri came downstairs, holding a bag and some dresses on hangers.

"Where you going?" He asked.

"Look's like I'm leaving you." She said. Ani stood up. He grasped her hand as she reached for the car keys. She dropped what she was holding as he pulled her to him and roughly kissed her, jamming his tongue down her throat, as he was doing so, he forced the ring back on her finger. She struggled and fought back, and finally broke from his grip. She threw him a look of pure disgust before dashing back up the stairs. Ani closed his eyes and listened as the bedroom door slammed.

Chapter 5: Harikiri realizes that the list DOESN'T have to go in order, so she makes her first kill. And probably the most important.

## 6 - Mage and Homicide

Disclaimer: Don't own YYh or the characters, and I have to go to the bathroom....

13th desciple  
Mage and Homicide

Upon hearing a door slammed, Toguro walked out into the living room. He looked at Ani, who just sat on the couch, his arms crossed over her chest as he angrily scowled. He looked amusing to Toguro who just sat next to him and put an arm around his shoulders.

"Woman problems?" He asked. Ani nodded. "Im guessing she pissed you off, or maybe you pissed HER off.....So MY question is: She try to call off the marriage?" Ani snorted and laughed.

"Is it THAT obvious?" He asked. Toguro scoffed and took the end of his brothers hair. Ani sighed and leaned into his brothers, feeling rather tired. He momentarily relaxed as the arm around his shoulders tightened itself protectively. Ani found that he liked this closeeness with his btrother. His own hand placed itself on his brother thigh and they sat in silence, the only thing moving was Toguro fingers as they glided through Ani's hari. Ani glanced up at the clock and rose. "It's late. I'd better head up." He said. He and Toguro nodded at eachother, which in the Ani and Toguro language meant either, hi, hey, ok, Goodnight, or what's up. Grumbling to himself, he ascended the stair case and entered his room. He saw Harikiri had already fallen asleep. He plopped down next to her, not really caring if he woke her up or not. Wlshing he had stayed in the living room in the comfort of his brothers arms, he dozed off, not once thinking of Harikiri. As soon as his eyes were closed, and his breathing even, Harikiri's eyes snapped open. She headed into the bathroom and gazed into the mirror.

"Mama?" She asked. In less then a second her reflection began to move on it's own. It smiled back at her. She calmly stared at it. "WHat do I have to do?" SHe asked.

"You don't HAVE to go through the list in order...." The reflection said. "Just wipe him out now, before he hurts you. If Mage were alive, he would'nt be happy...Would you like to talk to him?" Harikiri excitedly gripped the sides of the sink as she deafly nodded. Her eyes went wide as her reflection disappeared and in it's place, was a man. He smiled back at her, he had long green hair and deep violet eyes. He had his usual tribal markings and the snake fang necklace that Harikiri had made for him. She gasped.

"Mage...." She whispered. The man softly smiled, causing the small scar on his cheek to rise. Harikiri remembered that scar, Mage had gotten it in battle, a spear grazed his face. She remembered how she fretted over him when he returned home, blood running down his face. But now, he just gazed at her.

"You're too beautiful for words." He calmly said. "You're beauty surpasses your memory." He said. Harikiri shut the bathroom door and stepped closer. Her eyes peered into his. And her lips longed for his, though she knew it couldn;t happen.

"What do you mean?"

"We promised each other, that no matter who died first, we would never find another."

".....I forgot."

"It's no problem."

"Anything else you want to tell me about this imposter?"

"I'm with child. His."

"....."

"Mage-"

"Don't speak!"

"....."

"I am disappointed."

"I love you!"

"I love you, too. That is why you must bring me back. So we can be together, forever, alone."

"Mage.....I..."

"You know what you must do Harikiri! So do it!"

"Mage....I have an urge to kiss you."

"Then do so."

"Ok." Harikiri closed her eyes and leaned forward. She pressed her lips against the cold glass, but instead of the cold, smooth feeling, she felt the warm softness of his lips. She waited for a few moments before pulling away. She looked longingly at him.

"You must go, remember what you are to do."

"Mage! I love you."

"Go now."

"I don't want to leave you!"

"I know, but you must do this."

".....ok." Harikiri waited until her mirror returned back to normal before turned and heading back to bed. Ani was still in his usual deep sleep. She crawled onto the bed and reathed under her pillow. Sighing softly, she wwithdrw a throwing knife from Ani's knife collection out from under the satin pillow case. She pulled her self to Ani and held the blade under his throat. It would be so easy. But she found herself gazing at him, his perfect skin, his long eyelashes, his slender eyebrows, his perfectly tapered nose, and his lips. She loved his lips. They were just so inviting. She gently scraped the blade against his cheek causing a thin line of blood to appear. He softly stirred. Harikiri looked down at him. His eyebrowed slightly furrowed and turned upward, telling her that she had hurt him. She held the blade back to his throat.

"For Mage." She whispered. But she couldn't do it. Instead, she took his arm. She examined it and gently ran her lips and cheeks over the soft skin on the inside of his wrist. she placed her cheek inside his palm and gently kissed his fingers. As she was doing this, she was gently twirling the silver blade around on his wrist. She then gently poked a hole with the tip of the blade on a dark streak on his arm. and replaced it to his chest. Kissing his fingers, she pulled back and sighed. And waited for death to take Ani in its arms.



## 7 - Psychopath

Disclaimer: I don't own YYH or the characters

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Pysychopath