

Mercurial Anathema

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Shanna was once your average 24 year-old. But after she met Gin, her adventure begins!

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Chapter 1 - Meetings & Beginnings

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1 - Meetings & Beginnings

DISCLAIMER!!!- A Pro-Orihime story. I don't own Bleach, but I own Shanna.

It was a clear, blue day. Thin clouds crawled across the sky. A tall, thin girl of 24 looked at those clouds, caramel eyes mournful. The wind picked up strands of her long brown hair and sounds of an argument as well. She groaned, "Don't they ever stop?" For the past five years, all her parents ever seemed to do was argue, no matter who was there. She looked out to the fields, the tall grass golden and flowing, mind wandering. But then, out of the corner of her eye, she spotted something move. Something white. As she looked closer, the white thing turned out to be a man in a long white coat, holding a map. "Heh, poor guy's probably lost," she thought. She looked back toward the house, but, as expected, her parents were still arguing. "I won't be needed for awhile, lemme go help him..."

"Stupid Aizen-sama," Gin Ichimaru thought bitterly, frowning at a homemade map. "His directions are so confusing, I feel like I've been walking in circles." But then, breaking his thoughts!

"Ohayo! Ya need help, Misuta-san?"

Gin looked up to see a brown haired girl in jeans and a black T-shirt waving and walking toward him. He quickly put on a smile.

"Ohayo! Yeah, couldja help me out?"

The girl looked at the map. "Whoever drew this did NOT know how to give decent directions. There's at least an extra ten miles on here! Here, lemme just give ya a ride to Takatani Ramenya! Gawd, that has to be the best place evah!"

"Realleh? That's great, then. I gotta pick up sum orders, and it would've realleh suck if the food wasn't good."

"Good?! It's the BEST!" the girl threw her arms in the air as they walked toward the house. "Oh, by the way, what's ya name?" Gin was taken back by the directive-ness and randomness of this question, but he recovered quickly. "Ichimaru Gin, my dear girl, may I ask yours?" Gin replied, putting on an air of politeness in order to throw her off. It worked. "Erm, Murasaki Shanna, atcha service." Shanna said with a mock-British accent, bowing clumsily and pretending to tip an invisible hat. Both burst out laughing at the stupidity of it all. They reached the back deck. "Well, c'mon inside. I hafta let my folks know I'm leavin' first. Runnin' AWOL is kinda rude 'round here." "But what is this guy really up to?" Shanna thought suspiciously to herself. "He's got the smile o' a content fox, yet I get the feelin' that this ain't no innocent cub. Hmm, maybe, jus' maybe" she shook herself mentally, "We jus' gotta see." "Mom! Dad! I gotta go now!"

As Shanna left to talk to her parents, Gin was left to look around the house. There were a many multicultural objects, and pictures of three people, an older couple with a younger Shanna. "Musta traveled a lot." Then Gin noticed something that struck him as odd. "That woman" he picked up a photo with a young Shanna and an elderly woman with small, square glasses, "she looks familiar." Then suddenly the surrounding spiritual pressure rose quickly. "Damn, a hollow, here? That's no good." Gin ran towards the room Shanna was in when-
KA-KRASH!!!

The roof had crumbled down as a large cobra-like hollow had come down, eating the soul of an elderly

man, as three bodies lay motionless on the floor. Not far from Shanna's body, Shanna's soul looked at the monster in horror. "What's goin' on? Where did that monster come from?" then she looked in surprise at her new outfit, a black shihakushō and a sword on her belt. "Where did I get these things? And this sword? I dunno, but I gotta fight!" unsheathing a four-foot katana, Shanna charged at the cobra, which was just turning its attention on her. Then a voice spoke; "korose, Shinso." A blade extended over Shanna's left shoulder and split the cobra's mask on two. But instead of blood spilling, as Shanna expected, the hollow slowly vaporized into nothing. Shanna turned to Gin as he sheathed his sword. "Did you jus'..?"

"Yep, I got rid of it."

"So what happens now?"

"There's nuthin' we can do here, regular humans can't see us soul reapers."

"Soul reap-. Wait, whaddya mean 'regular humans can't see us'? I saw you!"

"Yes, because ya have to ability to see ghosts."

"So, I'm like, a ghost now too, or sumthin'?"

"Yep, you could say that."

"And that's my dead body over there."

"Yeah, pretty much."

Shanna thought this over. "OK, this is totally weird. I'm a disembodied soul. This guy just saved my @\$\$\$. And he kinda does fit one of the two prophecies Obaasan gave me! what do I do?"

"Ichimaru-san."

"Yeah?"

"I owe you."

Gin just stared. "What? Why do ya owe me? All I did was jus' get rid of that hollow."

"Yeah, and you just saved my soul, no pun intended. I won't just let my debt go unpaid, even if it means servitude!"

"Well, I gotsta talk to Aizen-sama 'bout that, but we still need to go to Takatani Ramenya first, then we'll go to Huecto Mundo to see if you can stay. But, realleh, you don't hafta make it up to me." But Shanna waved this away as they walked out of the house and down the street. "No, I insist. I was moving tomorrow anyways, so it doesn't matter. The rest of my relatives are dead, and I'm single so I don't hafta worry that much about who I'm leavin' behind!" Shanna stopped, shaking, trying to control her emotions, "I have no-where else to go, I don't know what else to do! You're th' only one I can turn to, Ichimaru-san, a man I barely even know!"

Shanna was about to say something else when a large, white monarch butterfly flew between them. "Ichimaru, have you gotten our orders yet?" said a man's cool voice. "Neh, sumthin' came up."

Shanna's jaw dropped. "AAAHH!! TALKING DEMON BUTTERFLY!!!"

sweat drop "Um... Aizen-sama, this is Murasaki Shanna. Shanna-chan, Aizen-sama's, um... voice."

"Your boss is a butterfly!?"

"No, we use butterflies to communicate long-distance."

"Like cell phones?"

"Yeah! Like cell phones."

"OK! I get it."

"Enough introductions, Gin, why is a soul reaper here?"

"Well, at first she was jus' a human that was gonna give me decent directions, then a hollow attacked, ate her parents, and apparently turned her into a soul reaper."

"Has she been to the Soul Society yet?"

"The what?"

â€œApparently not. Well, it would be best to have another one of us on our side!â€

Shanna perked up at Aizenâ€™s words. â€œRealleh? I can stay with ya guys?â€

â€œI donâ€™t see why not.â€

â€œAwesome!â€ Shanna jumped ecstatically. â€œMy stuffâ€™s already in da car, so after we pick up ya orders, itâ€™s off to!â€ Shanna froze in mid-dance, â€œsay, where are we goinâ€™, anyway?â€

â€œHuecto Mundo, Murasaki-chan, and we donâ€™t use cars. We soul reapers travel much differently.â€

â€œOh. So how are we gonna get there?â€

â€œYouâ€™ll see, but first, letâ€™s get your baggage.â€ The butterfly fluttered over to the blue Suzuki. â€œIs this your car?â€

â€œSure is, Aizen-sama.â€

â€œWhereâ€™s your baggage?â€

â€œAH, theyâ€™re in the trunk. Hold on a minute.â€ Shanna went over to the driverâ€™s side, opened the door, and popped the trunk.

â€œInteresting,â€ the butterfly â€œsaidâ€, â€œthatâ€™s all it takes?â€

â€œYeah!â€ Shanna replied while opening the trunk and removing three large suitcases, â€œHavenâ€™t ya ever driven a car before, Aizen-sama?â€

â€œNo, we donâ€™t have any in the spirit world. Actually, we know very little about the human world at all.â€ Shanna gave him a funny look. â€œWhat?â€

â€œNuthinâ€™, nuthinâ€™. Guess Iâ€™m gonna hafta teach ya, thatâ€™s allâ€

â€œWell, that would be helpful, I believe. Is this everything?â€

â€œYep.â€

â€œAlright. Gin, I sent Ulquiorra to get our orders, so you can bring Murasaki-chan straight to Huecto Mundo. I will see you there.â€

â€œAlrighty then. Lemme get that for ya.â€ Gin grabbed a bag while Shanna held the other two. Gin seemed to randomly poke the air, but then a small grayish dot appeared. It grew into a large portal. Inside showed white sands, a clear night sky, and a large crescent moon. Gin wore an expectant smile; Shanna squared her shoulders. â€œWell, no turninâ€™ back now.â€

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