

Midnight Moon

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A sad story about two half demon siblings trying to get through their life. (One-Shot)(Status: Complete)Please Comment!

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Midnight Moon

Written by: J. E. Chin

(A complete fiction)

Scroll I: Scarred Demon

Aka and I were demon siblings that lived in Midnight Village. Both of us lived on our own there.

My name is Dark Obsidian. I was the older sibling; used to be seventeen. I have long dark hair that was always tied into a braided pony tail that went all the way down to my waist. On one of my pointed ears is an earring that gave me power. Though, my fellow enemies didn't know it. The earring was gold and shaped like an Asian dragon. It hung from my ear by its fangs. I wore a black haori that I inherited. I am half dark and fire demon.

Aka Obsidian was my younger sibling; used to be eight. Her height is about up to my waist. She had dark, long, red hair that goes to her stomach. She just lets it blow in the wind. Both of her pointed ears have earrings on them also giving her power; though she doesn't know how to use them yet. Her earrings were just a gold chain with a ball of fire at the bottom. She wore a red kimono that had floral designs on it. She was also a half demon, like me. But, she had a weak heart.

Amongst the demon world, half breeds are the lowest of the chain. But Aka and I didn't care. Our elemental power combination was the strongest. Everywhere we walked; the other demons would sense our aura and run away or just continue what they were doing. Or at least that is what I hoped. Our goal, you ask? Our only goal is to survive.

"Dark, when are we going to eat?" Aka asked. She was riding on my back with her head resting on my shoulder.

"Soon; I can smell some food up ahead." I said patting her head.

"Wake me up when you find the food." Aka yawned. She smiled and went to sleep. I also smiled and

continued walking. Aka was really light as I held her. It was almost as if I was holding nothing. She always had a peaceful aura surrounding her every time she slept. It was soothing.

It was early in the morning. The light was shining weakly between the tree leaves. The only sound heard was the crunching branches and dried leaves I stepped on. The air was a bit frigid. But it didn't bother me or Aka.

As I got closer to the food source, I heard clanking noises, as if someone was pounding on a piece of metal. I also heard whistling noises of arrows and then thunks of hit targets.

"Perfect! That was a dead center shot, Mitsurugi." A man said.

A village! Of all the luck. I stopped abruptly at the edge of the forest, took Aka off of my back and kneeled out of sight.

"What's the matter, Dark?" Aka said. She had woken up.

"Shh! Be as quiet as snake or the mongooses will hear!" I whispered. She nodded to show that she understood.

"What was that?" The man called Mitsurugi said looking toward our direction.

I looked through a hole of the bush and narrowed my eyes. The man had great hearing for a human. He looked like a samurai; I could see his sheathed sword at his waist. I growled deep in my throat.

"Did you hear something?"

"Yes." Mitsurugi dipped the arrow tip into something, strung it back and took aim.

"Aka, hold onto me tight." I instructed.

Aka climbed up my chest and wrapped her arms around my neck.

"Go!" Mitsurugi released the arrow and I shot out of the bushes.

But I fell on my back about seventeen feet away from the brush. I felt excruciating pain in my upper leg. I looked and saw that the arrow had hit. It was right between the bones. It was so painful, I couldn't even stand now.

"Got you! See, my hearing is true and so it my timing. This demon could've killed the whole village." Mitsurugi said triumphantly.

"Please, I was only looking for food for my young sister!" I shouted. I tried to sit up, but my punctured leg wouldn't even move. "I didn't mean to come across this village."

"Dark, I'm still hungry." Aka whispered to me.

"I... know." I started to pant. My vision went slightly blurry and I started to sweat. What was wrong?
"What did you... strike me... with?"

"None other than my famous poison-tipped arrows; you will die in a few hours unless you can get the right plant to cure it. Or..." Mitsurugi unsheathed his samurai sword and walked over to me and Aka, who was holding onto me even tighter, was shaking in fear. "I can slice your head off and sell the young one."

At that moment, Aka let go of my neck and started to run.

"No, Aka, stop!" I shouted while trying to reach her.

Some samurai that were in their huts came out and unsheathed their swords and surrounded Aka.

"Dark, help!" Aka shouted toward me. She was shaking violently from what I was seeing.

Fire burned in my eyes. I had to save her! Without thinking, I yanked the arrow out of my leg, which broke the muscle tissue, and ran. I had to save Aka, even if it takes my life.

But, a crowd of village people gathered holding up spears and sword in my way. I narrowed my eyes and took a mighty front flip with my good leg over the crowd.

A whistling noise caught my ears attention and before I knew it, another poison arrow struck me. This time, somewhere between the shoulder blades. A stream of blood crawled out of the corner of my mouth as I landed to pick up Aka and leaped again out of the way of the samurai. I landed on the ground and rolled over twice. The arrow broke, but the head of it sank a bit deeper, causing more pain.

"DARK!" Aka, who had come out of my grasp, ran over to me and pulled to arrow head out of my back. I grunted when she did so. "Are you okay?"

I didn't answer. I felt like blacking out; So much poison, so little energy. My wounds by now, was constantly leaking my dark blood onto my clothes. I just lied there, face down, helpless.

I felt the ground vibrate as all the samurai, including Mitsurugi, surrounded us.

"What shall we do with them?" Asked one samurai.

"Let's put them to their misery!" another yelled.

"Out of the way!" Mitsurugi shouted. Some samurai moved to make a path for him. "I shall cut their heads off!" he shouted. The rest of the samurai shouted in agreement.

"STOP THIS FOOLISHNESS!" I heard a woman shouted over the samurai.

"Huh? Oh! It's you, Priestess Sahara!"

"Leave those demons alone!" Sahara commanded. "From what I have heard, both demons meant no

harm.”

The samurai had cleared a path for her. I raised my head and saw that she was indeed a priestess. She wore a red and white haori and she held a long bow in her hand along with a pouch full of arrows slung over her shoulder. But I didn't see anything else because my eyes started to cloud. The next moment, I was unconscious.

“Dark!” Aka's voice echoed in a distance.

I felt my conscious returning ever so slowly. I opened my eyes and gave a sniff. The smell was unfamiliar. But I then felt a warm presence next to me. I looked and saw that it was Aka, who was asleep, clutching my arm.

“Are you okay?” a voice said.

“Who goes..., oh. It's you.” I said about to sit up. But pain struck my back like a bolt of lightning and I fell back. Blood then trickled out of my mouth. I still felt dazed. What a horrible way to survive.

“I guess not. You still have a bit of poison in you.” Sahara said, soaking what looked like a cloth in a bucket of water. “You'll be fine in a few hours. But you got a terrible fever earlier.” She walked over to me and placed the wet cloth on my forehead.

“Why are you so nice? Usually, humans would run in fear or battle demons until they were dead.” I said wiping the blood off.

“I am not like that. I have a respect for those that have certain misfortunes; Demon or Human.” She said smiling. “Especially, if they are taking care of a young one.”

She was about to move Aka off of my arm, but I stopped her doing so.

“Leave her there. I don't mind.” I said stroking Aka's soft red hair. “She makes me feel like a parent when she nearby.”

“And you like that?” Sahara cocked an eyebrow.

I nodded as Aka turned her body to face the side of my body. I put my hand on her small shoulders and went back to sleep.

I woke again; this time to the sounds of an ocarina's melody. I looked at Aka. She was still asleep. I checked around her pink sash. There she usually kept Mother's ocarina.

The ocarina was dark blue and shimmered in moonlight. Aka would always clean it no matter if it was clean or not. She played it from time to time praying that Mother and Father would come back. I didn't mind. She was young and she needed to pray for something.

I had my strength back. So I walked outside to find that Sahara playing Mother's ocarina. She was leaning against a tree with her eyes closed. Fireflies were flying around her, illuminating her glossy face in the darkness of the edge of the trees.

She looked so beautiful. My obsidian eyes glimmered at the sight of her like that. I started to feel all tingly and warm inside. What was wrong with me? My heart picked up a fast pace. I touched my chest where my heart was. I felt it pounding at the wall inside.

I never felt this before. It was relaxing and soothing at the same time. All of my pains and worries went away in the breeze of the soft wind. The soft wind was the music that was being let out of the ocarina, passing through my heart.

"Oh! Dark! How are you feeling?" Sahara said walking over to me.

"Huh?! Oh," What I was feeling drained out of me as soon as she stopped playing. "I'm fine, really! Ur... that melody you were playing... where'd you learn it?"

"Oh! I'm sorry. Your sister handed this to me. And well...! Uh... I mean..." Sahara seemed a tad nervous. Why?

"Is something the matter?" I asked calmly.

"No, nothing! I used to have an ocarina and my mother taught me her favorite melody. It's supposed to warm people's hearts."

"I see. It warmed my heart by nearly a hundred folds. Please tell me what this melody is called."

At this point Sahara was blushing. Was it because of what I had just told her? Or was it because she was surprised that the melody warmed my heart?

"Urm... The melody is called, 'Morning Light'. It's said that if you stand in the morning sunlight, your body warms up and so does your heart."

"It suits it. I'll be heading off in the morning anyway."

"What? Already? But your wounds—"

"I am a demon. And so is Aka. Both of us cannot stay here for long, for others may be after us. And they too are demons."

"Oh, I understand. Is it because both of you are Halflings?" She whispered.

I went silent. For nearly three minutes there was dark silence.

Then I asked, "How'd you know?"

"Aka; she told me. She told me that both of you were together alone ever since your parents —"

"DON'T SAY IT!" I yelled. Sahara gasped greatly.

"I'm sorry! I didn't mean to touch any of your nerves, I swear!"

"I never wanted to hear about them! I don't want to remember them! Not ever!" I continued to yell. "They tried to kill us! They were ashamed of having half bread children! Then they left us with the Samurai basterds!"

Though I didn't know it, Aka was a few ways behind me, her eyes wide. She never knew what happened to our parents. She simply thought that they had just died from old age or a disease. Well, at least that was what I told her. She was a baby when our parents tried to kill us. So I had to make up a story so that she wouldn't think the same way I did; Hatred toward them.

"Dark... is that the truth?" Aka said.

I turned and saw her. Tears welled up in her gray eyes. It was a sight I didn't want to see on her face.

"Aka ... I... I can explain...." I took a step toward her and she took a step back, shaking her head.

"No... that can't be."

"Aka ..." I took another step.

"NO!" Aka screamed. She ran inside tears falling from her eyes.

"Aka! I can explain!" I yelled after her.

"Dark, leave her alone for a bit." Sahara said putting a hand on my shoulder. "Huh?"

I turned to look at Sahara. She was looking at the ocarina. It was glowing red. I only guessed what would happen.

"Toss the ocarina away!" I said. I immediately took it and threw it in the night sky. And there it shattered into tiny pieces, never to be played again. The pieces fell to the ground and stayed there glimmering in the moonlight.

"What in devil's name...?" Sahara said kneeling down to look at the broken pieces. "What happened to the ocarina?"

I stayed silent. The truth is, I didn't know what happened to it. All I knew that I had some how hurt Aka's feelings. So, I decided to sleep in the forest tonight. At least there Aka won't bother me and I won't see her sad face. It breaks my heart every time I do.

“Where am I?” I asked myself.

I was somewhere very unfamiliar to me. Everything was blood red. It reminded me of the small string of hairs in Aka's hair.

The trees' leaves were all red. Even the bushes were red. What in the world was going on?

I walked for about an hour and I found a village.

“What the hell!” I exclaimed.

The village was blood stained. From the smell of it, it was human blood! The stench was horrible. My nose could barely stand it. After all, I was half demon.

I walked through the village. Every hut was covered with blood and corpses. What a horrible sight!

I looked ahead and I saw a young lady. She looked like she was thirteen years old. She was wearing a red kimono with faded floral designs. Her hair.... Her hair... was red with small strands of hair that was even darker red. I knew that hair style. I knew who it was.

“Aka! Is that you?” I yelled.

“Dark?” the older Aka said. She turned and looked at my in horror.

“What's the matter?” I asked coming closer.

She took a step back.

“Look what you did, Dark.” She said and a scared voice.

“Me? What are you talking about?”

“When I came back a ghost, I find that you slaughtered every one here.”

“What?! But I've never been here!”

“Yes you have. Your scent is mixed with all of the blood and corpses.”

“But I—”

“Just admit it. You were on a killing spree!” She ran over to me and slashed at my arm. I didn't even have time to make a single move. I jumped back and I felt that my arm was bleeding freely.

“Dark? Dark. Dark! WAKE UP!!”

“Huh?! What happened?” I asked as I bolted upright. I narrowed my eyes because of the torch Sahara was holding.

“What...? Why'd you wake me up for? It's still night.”

“I know. But, look at your arm! Did you get in a fight?” Sahara said pulling my sleeve up, revealing fresh bleeding slash marks.

“What! When did I get that?” I said bringing my arm closer. Something was wrong. This was the same exact place the older Aka had struck me. But how is that possible? It was only a dream.

“Wait a minute...” I went closer to the wound and sniffed it. “Oh no.... Sahara, take me to your hut.” I said to her.

“What? Why?”

“Look, just take me, quickly!” I added.

She just nodded and led me to her hut. As soon as she pointed out which hut was hers, I ran inside.

“What's the matter?” Sahara asked me. She came inside and stood in the entry way.

I was facing the far corner of the hut with my back to Sahara.

“You know I'm a half demon, right.” I said my back still toward her.

“Yes. But how does that matter?”

“Because I'm a half demon, half demons lose their demon blood temporarily at certain times.” I paused to face her.

She gasped.

“And that time is tonight for me.” I continued.

That night was the night of the crescent moon; my transformation night. I really hated those nights. I'd be

a vulnerable human. My hair and eyes would turn dark brown and my claws would disappear and turn into human nails, leaving me without a weapon. Even my powers go away.

“Dark, take the top part of your haori off.” Sahara said.

I turned red. “What?! Why?”

“It’s all torn and ripped. Didn’t you notice?”

I blinked. I looked down at my haori and the top part was torn in certain places.

“Oh. I guess I didn’t. Here,” I took it off and threw it to Sahara. “Go ahead and fix it.”

She caught the haori but went silent.

“What?” I asked. “If it’s my arm, it stopped bleeding.”

“No. How did you get all of those scars?”

I didn’t say anything. There were lots of scars all over my torso. Some of them were single while others were in pairs or even in a group of four. I have been attacked many back in my early teen years and some were self inflicted.

I went over to the corner and stood there. The truth behind my scars is something I don’t want to reveal to Sahara. Even Aka doesn’t know about them. Though, I can’t hide the truth from them forever.

I looked up and saw that Sahara was still staring at me.

“What?”

She widened her eyes and shook her head violently making hair swing from side to side. She then stopped and walked out quickly.

I was not quite sure of it, but I thought I saw her blush. I ignored the thought, sat down and went back to sleep.

Scroll II: A First Time for Everything

I woke the next morning to realize that I was still a human. The crescent moon, from what Sahara told me, was going to be out for a few more days; I groaned.

“Where's Aka? I didn't see her all night.” I said to Sahara.

“Yeah. I didn't see since she got upset.” Sahara said handing the rest of my haori to me.

I slipped it on, tucked it in my hakama, and tied my sash to secure it.

“Yuck! What is that smell?” I protested. I sniffed my haori and drew my nose back quickly. A strange smell was coming from it. “What did you soak this in? It has a strange odor.”

“Herbal water. It gets the dirt spots out quite nicely.” Sahara answered smiling.

“Gee, no wonder why it smells like strong herbs.” I said darkly. Suddenly, my stomach growled. I groaned.

“Hungry are we?”

I blushed and nodded.

“Don't worry, I'll cook breakfast.” Sahara smiled again.

“I'll go look for Aka.” I said adjusting my haori a bit.

“Oh! Dark, be careful there are—”

“Yeah, yeah. Call me when breakfast is done.” I then left.

“Dark! Wait!”

I just ignored her; I needed to find Aka before she gets into more trouble.

The morning was a bit brisk but still warm. My dark brown hair slightly waved in the light breeze. My human ears twitched slightly; I was listening for any sounds or movements.

“Half-Freak!”

“You're a bad example of a human!”

“Stop it! Leave me alone!”

“Aka?” I looked around and found some village kids throwing rocks at Aka. “Hey! Stop it! NOW!”

“Dark! I'm—”

“Later Aka. You kids should know better not to pick on others, especially if they are part demon.”

“So? What if they are?” said one of the children.

I went over to Aka and gave her some instructions. After a few seconds I gave her a stick that was about two thirds of her height, got behind her and gave a little shove. “Go on,” I said encouragingly.

“My brother is right.” Aka recited, trying to sound convincing. “Even part demons are as dangerous.” She looked back at me. I gave her a wink, telling her that she was doing it right.

“He is smart when it comes to demons because,” She purposely dragged the stick behind herself as she encircled the children. “He is also part demon.” As she dragged the stick, it made a circle in the dirt.

She finished the circle and dropped the stick where she stood. She then leaped away.

“F.Y.I., Dark and I are part darkness and,” Aka gave a glare, causing the children to flinch. “Fire element, which is the strongest combination.” The children went wide eyed.

“Now?” Aka whispered to me.

“Yes.” I answered.

“**Hono No Yami!*” Aka shouted.

(*Hono No Yami= Flames of Darkness)

At this moment, all of the children ran away.

“Dark,” Aka said.

“Yes?”

“Are you sure I won't get in trouble for this?” Aka asked gripping part of my haori.

“Don't worry. As long as you're with me, you're fine.” I said patting her head. “What were you going to tell me?”

“Oh! Dark, I'm sorry.”

“Sorry? Sorry for what?” I questioned.

“Dark, look out!”

“Wha...? AH!” a sudden constriction surrounded my lungs. It wasn't tight; but it was tight enough for it hurt. I fell to my knees and started coughing constantly.

“Dark!” Aka yelled.

“Step away Demon!” someone shouted.

I looked over and my eyes went wide. Five monks stood at the edge of the village. All of them were positioned themselves as if they were protecting someone. All of them wore a purple robe and a staff at hand. Most of them were bald but the monk standing in the middle had a full head of dark red hair. He knew that there would be red headed monk? His bangs were slightly frayed and he had a pony tail that went down to the middle of his back. His name was Sohma Iishimari.

Aka didn't listen and she went over to me and wrapped her small arm around my torso. She was more afraid of monks than Samurai.

“Aka,” I said through my coughs. “Run... and find... Sahara.”

Aka, even with fear, listened to my requests. She let go of me and ran in the opposite direction of the monks.

The monks, for some reason, just let her go.

After seeing that Aka was out of sight and off to find Sahara, I slowly closed my eyes and went unconscious.

I woke sometime later, though I did not know how long I have slept.

I got up and looked around. I was still in the same spot I was before I lost consciousness. The monks were standing in certain places that formed a pentagon. It looked like they were chanting something. I, on the other hand, was completely clueless. I looked up at the sky and saw that it was night. But I didn't see a crescent moon. I scratched my ear in confusion.

But that's when I realized; my ears were pointed again! I must have turned back into a human when I was still out of it.

I panicked. I took a few steps back and tried to leap out of the surrounding monks' way. But, as soon as I did, I felt electricity shock me. I dropped back down like a log and rolled to my side, fully paralyzed. Then an invisible force, or so I thought, positioned me to face upward and sprawled; my legs and arms pointing in the direction of the four monks and my head pointing at Ilshimari. At this point, I couldn't even move.

My head was looking at the night sky. But now, the quarter moon was in my view.

I suddenly felt dizzy. It was like I was sick or something. My brain felt paralyzed and fuzzy. My vision went in and out of focus. Heat, for some reason, crawled up my neck. I even started to sweat! I felt the desire to take my clothes off, but I couldn't do that: I was paralyzed. What in seven hells was wrong with me now? This feeling was much different from what I was feeling when Sahara was playing that melody of hers. I've never even felt this before in my life! It was as if I was *needy*.

"Now," I heard Ilshimari say. "Purify this demon's soul and release it by our combined Shikigami powers, so that it shall never bother anyone again for all eternity."

The ground started to glow blinding white. But, it almost seemed like the outline of a star in a circle; the monks were the five points of the star.

"**Tamshi No Tsuki!*" Ilshimari yelled.

I felt immense pain in my very body. I cried out soundlessly as my pupils shrunk as the pain pursued.

I am stronger than this! I thought. *I must fight back!* "****Giniroi Kokoro No Yoru!*"

A shattering-like sound was heard and wasn't paralyzed anymore. But I still felt the same: *needy*. Willing to find an answer to my feelings, I forcefully leapt from my current spot into the forest and ran. I only knew one demon that can help me, and he was nearby; I can sense his aura.

After an hour, I couldn't run anymore; all I can do is walk. This *needy* feeling grew more intense as the minutes passed. I needed to find him soon.

Another hour passed and I hadn't found him yet. I was lying in a crumpled heap on the forest floor, moaning. I had taken the top part of my haori off and it relieved only a piece of this feeling. Luckily, I was concealed behind a bush, so no one could see my scars and my condition.

Was I going to die because of this?

No. I thought dully. *I need to find Kitsune.*

Kitsune was my caretaker when Aka and I were young, about seven years ago. He was only a decade older than I, but he was helpful. He taught me how to fight and defend for myself and to defend Aka. I

met him a few days after my parents left us. He's our only family now.

Before long, my brain was starting to hurt. I kept, occasionally, mumbling "please" for some time. I even started to pant. I had no choice but to sleep and hopefully be better in the morning.

(*Tamshi No Tsuki= Soul of the Moon")

(**Giniroi Kokoro No Yoru= Silver Heart of the Night)

When I woke, I felt straw against my side and back instead of grass. I looked around and saw that I was in a cave on top of a mound of straw. A wind blew and I shivered. I looked down and saw that I was completely nude. Only a boar skin blanket covered my hips to my knees. I still felt the same, but it was less intense than before.

"Finally awake are we?" A voice said.

I looked around and stopped when a velvet black fox tail behind partially covered legs entered my view. I looked up and saw a young man with long pointed human ears, amber eyes and long black hair.

"Kitsune!" I said in surprise. I tried to get up but my arms didn't cooperate.

"Whoa, careful." Kitsune said taking hold of my forearms. "You're in Heat right now."

"Heat? What is that?" I questioned.

"Oh! Is this your first? Well let's see," Kitsune sat down cross-legged in front of me. "It's a time when male animal demons go into, ahem... let's just say a relieving urge of a sort of mating session. The kitsunes are the most sexual when it comes to Heat."

"Have you gone through it?" I asked.

"Yes. But you have to get relieved as soon as possible. Or else it will get out of hand. I learned that the hard way."

"How?"

"Let's just say that on my first time, I did it with another male."

I didn't give him a face. Right now, I was in shock. "Or else it will get out of hand" Does that mean I do it with anyone? I asked.

“Yes.” He answered. He seemed pretty calm about this whole “Heat” thing. “Even if it's a human, another demon of the same gender, or chan. That's one of the things you have to try and avoid.”

“What if I did it with a male and he was willing?” I awkwardly asked.

“Well then it's okay. Chan is the one you must avoid, especially with the humans.” Kitsune said seriously.

“Why?”

“It's a rape to the humans. So avoid villages when you are in Heat.”

Kitsune explained some more and my heat was increasing still. I was sweating even more when Kitsune was finished.

“Any questions, Dark?” Kitsune asked

“None. I need relief.” I panted.

“I'll be happy to oblige.”

“What?! But... oh never mind.”

A few days later, in the evening, I was sitting in the cold lake water washing off the *contents* off of myself.

“Do you feel better?” Kitsune asked tiredly. He was with me during my heat session.

“I hope I didn't hurt you too much.” I worried.

“It's okay. I was willing.” He smiled.

I smiled back.

“First time for everything, right?” Kitsune stated.

“Right.”

The next morning, I got dressed in my regular clothes. Apparently, Kitsune had washed them in the lake

the day he took me back to his cave before I woke. I waved goodbye to him and went off to find Aka. I haven't seen her for a while now and she's probably worried.

It took me until nightfall for me to get back to the village. But, chanting caught my attention. I peered through the bushes and I saw the same monks from before. This time Aka was on the ground sprawled instead of me. My eyes narrowed. I knew what they were going to do. I have felt the pain and I didn't want Aka to feel it too.

Before the monks finished chanting, I sprinted out of the bushes and shouted, “**Kabe No Kiniroi Taiyo!*”

A bright light enveloped the monks distracting them. I ran to where Aka was, scooped her up and ran away

(*Kabe No Kiniroi Taiyo=Wall of the Gold Sun)

Scroll III: Haunting Memory of the Past

“**Rikuchi No Yama!*” A young boy's voice shouted.

A calm wind blew across my eyes and invisibly through my heart. My eyes fell and my heart slowed it

pace, even though the adrenaline that was pumping through me continued. Before I was calmed completely, a warm light enveloped me and unconscious Aka and, from what I believe, transported us somewhere. Then, I hit solid ground, my eyes shut tight.

(*Rikuchi No Yama= Land of the Mountain)

“AHH! BIG DOG EARS! How cute!!!”

“Hey! Get away! They're fox ears and... argh! Stop yanking them!”

“Hey! Get back here! I want to touch them more!”

“*Yamita!”

I opened my eyes and I smelled mountain grass. What was I doing on a mountain?

I got up saw a beautiful site. I was actually near Mt Fuji-sama! But still, how did I get here?

“Yay! They're so soft!”

“Hey! Get off of me!”

I looked over in the field and saw that Aka was sitting on top of a boy's back and was yanking his ears atop his head. The boy looked familiar but I didn't know how.

“Looks like Aka is getting along with Kitsune Shounen very well.” Kitsune's voice came.

I looked beside me and saw Kitsune sitting with one crossed leg while the other was bent upright and was supporting his arm.

“How did we get here?” I asked.

“Kitsune Shounen transported you two here, that's how.”

“Kitsune Shounen?” I questioned.

“He's my younger half brother. He, apparently, is half fox.” Kitsune growled.

“Half...? I can see why he has fox ears atop his head.” I looked toward Kitsune and smiled. Kitsune Shounen looked like him in every way; well, except that he has fox ears on top of his head. “Why does he have the name Kitsune Shounen?”

“No, actually, his real name is Kitsune; the same as mine.” Kitsune said as he got up. “I just added

`Shounen' so that others can tell us apart. Okay, get off Aka. You're hurting his back.” Kitsune added toward Aka.

Night had curtained me and the rest of the group quickly. We took shelter in a den Kitsune had dug out. But it was not exactly warm. I took no notice of it.

Howling caught my ears and I bolted straight up, only to make contact with the padded earth above. I rubbed my head and peered over the edge of the den, looking for the source of the disturbance. I then turned back to see if anyone else had awoken.

Kitsune was still slumbering with Kitsune Shounen in his arm as if he was a rag doll and Aka was curled into a ball near my feet. Neither of them had heard the noise.

Another howl caught my ears. This time leapt out quietly and stood at the den's edge. My eyes hunted for the source, but no avail.

Without thinking, I started to walk around the field. The moon was still out. An eerie feeling surrounded the area. Something was not right.

After a while, hunger burrowed within me. I hadn't eaten since two days ago. So, I went around.

(*Yamita= Stop it)

My nose started to pick up a scent.

“Is that what I think it is?” I asked myself. The smell smelled like something roasting on a bonfire. As my hunger bothered me, I went after the smell. I didn't care what it was, I was starving!

The smell led me to a bonfire with twelve roasting fish at the edges. They looked fully cooked already. My mouth watered as I moved closer to the delectable fish. Oh, how I couldn't resist!

I reached for one of the fishes and started eating. Oh the taste that I have missed for quite a while. I finished the first one quickly and went to the next one. The same method was repeated for twenty minutes until all of the fish was gone.

“Ah, that was delicious.” I said using a skewered to pick some of the left over fish meat out.

“You shouldn't be out here, Mr. Dark” a voice said.

“Huh? Oh,” I turned and saw Kitsune Shounen standing behind me. “What are you doing here?”

“I was going to ask the same thing. I should warn you though,”

“Warn me? About what exactly, Kitsune-chan?” I asked.

“About the No women and No man that are around here, of course! They can appear,” he looked side to side. “*Anywhere!*” He said wiggling his fingers.

I cocked an eyebrow. “Really? You have any proof?”

“Hmph.” Was his only response and he disappeared.

“What the...?” I looked around but he was no where to be seen. “How did he do that?”

I started to head back to the den. But fog started to gather. I needed to get back soon or else I'll get lost for hours. The eerie feeling surrounded the area again, this time it was very strong.

“*Dark...*” A voice echoed.

I ignored it, but not entirely.

“*Dark...*”

“Who's there?!” I yelled into the fog. I was walking aimlessly, disregarding my sense of direction.

“*Don't tell me you have forgotten... already.*”

That voice. It was so familiar. How?

I suddenly felt hands grab my forearms and a head leaning against my back. I froze with eyes wide.

“Hello there, Darconious dear.” A woman's voice said.

“*O-Okurafu?” I said cowardly. Shivers went down my spine continuously.

It was her, my mother, Crimson Obsidian. Aka was her near exact reflection: the hair, the eyes, and the calming aura. But, Mother was a human and Aka was a demon. She always called me “Darconious” and I hated it; even though it was my real name.

“I'm glad you remember.” She said lovingly. “Oh, you're shivering Dare-dear. Don't worry,” She motioned my body to sit down; it obeyed. But she remained standing. She was quite shorter than me I must admit. “Ogasa is here.” She wrapped her arms around my neck and her kimono covered my shoulders. The warmth nearly put me into a daze. I was flushed with a little passion; I could feel it on my face.

“Oh how I have missed you to be in my arms.”

“You... abandoned me... and Little Aka ... to those Samurai.” I said weakly.

“I had nothing to do with it, Darconious Kitsune Obsidian.”

I growled weakly. I hated my full name. Did I forget to mention that I am a fox?

(*Okurafu = Mother), (Darconious - Dare- cone- e- us)

“Come now, don't be like that.” She said hypnotically. She caressed my chin and neck gently. Rubbing back and forth, calming me.

And sure enough, it worked. I flushed greatly and fell back against her chest. She grunted, but still held me up. She knows my weakness.

“Now then. Let's see how much you have grown.” She said.

She backed up and sat with her legs under her. She took my head and placed it on her lap, then turning it side ways. She then pushed my ear a little toward my eyes and examined.

“Ah, they are just starting to form. That means you had *it* once so far.” She turned my head so that it was facing upward. I felt her fingers trace something that was only a claw long behind my ears in the same spot. She then removed her hands and placed them underneath my inner clothing of my haori, feeling the build on my chest and rubbing it at the same time. I moaned. She just smiled and removed her hands.

“Do me a favor,” She said pulling out a small piece of pottery. “Drink this,”

She held it above my mouth and took the fabric off that was covering the bottles entrance and slowly started to pour.

I opened my mouth unconsciously and drank the substance. All I tasted was water: Pure Water. It was delicious too. I took the bottle without thinking and drank the whole thing in one gulp like a human man aching for sake.

But, I suddenly felt dizzy. I got up and walked around, swaying dangerously. Then, the ground lifted up and met my face as I fell unconscious.

I was ten. Young and energetic without a care in the world. Aka was only one but she still had that calming aura.

At this time, I had an eye patch over my right eye and my hair was only a small short ponytail.

Aka was crying as the flames roared around us along with a whole group of Samurai. I held her small body tight and close to me in my arms.

"It's okay." I said to her. "Mother and Father will come and protect us."

She still cried.

I was huddled against the corner of our hut back in Midnight Village; the village of the demons. The samurai had come to fill their desire to kill demons, half-breeds or not. Why the demons in this village? Why not the ones in the forests?

A crash was heard and standing in front of me was my father, Yami Obsidian. He was a ruler of the Eastern lands. I was his reflection.

He started to talk to the samurai, trying to reason with them. My father held his sword at his side. But, something was dripping from it.

I looked up and saw my father face me with the look of anger in his eyes. His eyes were deep red. He raised his sword high; my eyes went wide.

"*Chichue.... Doushoote...?" said my young voice.

"You *are* Worthless." He responded. But he put his sword down. He then turned and left the same way he came.

"Worthless?" I repeated.

The samurai came in closer. Then they charged.

Without thinking, I jumped through the hole my father made and ran toward the forest with tears running down my eyes. I was called worthless. How cruel was it that my own father would call me that? How?

(Chichue, Doushoote = Father, Why)

A few days after that day, it was raining. I hadn't eaten anything because I was never taught how to hunt. I was sitting in a tree with young Aka tied to my back. I was crying with my face buried on my knees. Though I can barely hear it through the rain.

"Hey," a voice said through the rain.

I looked down and saw an adult demon. He wore a clump of fox fur on both shoulders and armor that went around his front and back. Along with a blond fox fur tied around his waist draping over his upper legs. Under that was tattered a hakama. He had black shoulder length hair and a matching long glossy

fox tail to match. And longer than average pointed human ears.

“Come down here.” He said.

I started to shake. What did he want?

Before I knew it, I had leapt off of the tree branch and started to run. But I didn't get too far because the demon grabbed me by the sides of my stomach and picked me up.

“AH! Let go of me you demon! Ah, don't kill me!” I cried. As I did Aka started to cry.

“Whoa there young kit. I'm not going to hurt you.” He put me down and untied Aka from my back.

“Hey! Give my little sister back!” I yelled jumping up and down; he was three feet taller than I.

“Hold on. It's okay. It's alright” He said calmly to Aka.

And sure enough, she did calm down.

But then, both mine and her stomach growled loudly.

“Looks like someone's hungry. Come on you.” He picked me up and put me on his shoulder. He then started walking away from the forest into the mountains.

I opened my eyes slowly. I was in the lake bare skinned. The early morning light was shining near the mountain. I realized that someone was caressing my chin and neck again. But it felt like someone else's hand. Who?

I let out an exhale and started keening.

“Finally awake are you? You gave me a scare.” Kitsune's voice came.

“Don't... stop.” I moaned.

“Sorry, have to or else.... Never mind.” Kitsune said removing his hand.

I sat in the lake for a few more minutes. A breeze blew and I shivered. But I stayed in the lake. But then, it hit me.

“What happened to me?!” I asked alarmingly, making Kitsune jump in the air a foot.

“Oh now you remember? Okay, well,” He scratched the back of his ear. “Aka woke me up in the early morning saying that you were gone and missing. So I went and looked for you. I only found you in a few

minutes because you were near the lake which is near the den. A no woman was absorbing you into her body. So I got you out and killed her. But blood got all over you. So I took your clothes off and gave them to Aka to clean somewhere else; Shounen accompanied her of course. Then I put you in the lake, gave you a quick wash and tried to wake you up.” He explained.

“Okay.... But did I say anything or do anything?”

“Urm... you... didn't say anything. But you were twitching as if you were having a seizure.” He said lowly.

“Kitsune! The clothes are dry!” Aka's voice said from a distance.

I looked back and saw Aka running with my clothes in her arms. But then I looked down at myself and started to blush. I then ducked down under water. Why did I do it though?

“Oh? Where's Dark?” she asked.

Kitsune pointed out where I was.

I blushed even more, only this time of anger. I felt so tormented sometimes.

Scroll IV: Five Years Later...

Five years slipped out of my grasp before I knew it. I had grown few inches and so has Aka. She had grown to be as tall as my shoulder from my original height. Now that she was thirteen, her hair had grown a few inches and was a bit redder. Her ears had extended two centimeters and claws have formed on her fingers at last. Her eyes have darkened; now they were nearly black. Now Aka was able to control here elemental powers and her fears. Her training with me has given her strength. Before she could not even hit me. Now she lands about more than a dozen hits.

I, on the other hand, had grown mentally and physically. My ears also had extended a few centimeters and my claws only a centimeter. Now I was as tall as Kitsune, even though he was thirty-two years old, he still remained the same height. I had, unfortunately, obtained some more scars across my arms and chest. The things that the no woman was rubbing were demon markings that have grown longer every time I was in heat. Now two black stripes curved three centimeters under my eyes that went back over my ears to the place the no woman had rubbed.

“Well, we're off.”

“What? Already, Dark? Come on, stay for a boar.”

“Kitsune-kun, Dark and I need to go. We have the whole island of Japan to explore!”

“We're not going to explore that far, Aka.” I said. “We're only traveling until we find a place of our own to live in.”

“I was only joking around.” Aka said.

“Yeah, I know. Well, we're off.” I waved goodbye to Kitsune and turned to leave.

“Hey! Wait, Aka! Wait!”

Aka and I turned around and saw Kitsune Shounen running toward us. Behind him was one of his young adult foxes he commands, running. The fox was Kitsune Shounen's height. He was about two inches taller than Aka.

Only some fox demons have that gift and he had it. Aka had it too, but I was unfortunate.

“What is it, Kitsune-san?” Aka said going a bit pink.

“Urm... I want you to have Chouwa.” Kitsune Shounen said, scratching the back of his head and going red.

“Chouwa?! But why? He's your best fox you raised. I couldn't.” Aka disagreed shaking her head.

“Please, I want you to remember me by having one of my foxes.”

“Won't they make a fine couple?” Kitsune said scooting over to me.

“What...What do you mean by that?!” I exclaimed quietly.

“Think about it. Why else would Kitsune onii-chan give up one of his best foxes?”

“I don't know. Why?”

“He loves her. Listen,” he went closer to my ear and whispered something.

My body shivered at the sound of what he was telling me.

My face then turned red and I said, “When it's his turn, he'll only do it with—”

“Mm-mm” Kitsune smugly said. “It's a surprise that he's deciding on his true love already. It's too early now. He even told me.”

I slowly turned my head toward Kitsune Shounen and Aka and, for some reason, imagined them getting

married. I shook my head to get the image out.

“So, does that mean Aka loves him back?”

Kitsune nodded again.

“You'll learn more on your own, very soon.” Kitsune said putting a hand on my shoulder.

“Okay, I'll accept him. But keep this in return.” I panicked when Aka was about to take her pink sash off until she said, “Dark, can you hold my kimono shut?”

I sighed in relief and went over to her and held her kimono shut for her. She then took her sash off, ripped it in half, and tied one of the halves back onto her kimono.

“Okay, you can let go. Here,” After I had let go, Aka went over to Kitsune Shounen and tied the other half of the sash onto his armor until it was a little bow. “Please remember me by having part of my sash.” She then gave him an unexpected kiss and ran over to me, blushing.

“Let's go, quickly.” She said blushing even more. She took hold of my haori and started to drag me.

“Bye, see you later!” I said waving my free arm at Kitsune and his surprised brother. Chouwa ran over to me and Aka and stayed with us.

He then caught up with Aka, went between her legs, and scooped her up onto his back which cause her to gasp.

“Warn me next time, Chouwa.” Aka said patting his head.

“Be careful!” Kitsune shouted.

“Chouwa sure has gotten big.” I said giving him a scrap of meat. He took it in his mouth, sat next to Aka, and started eating it.

“What do you mean?” Aka asked stroking Chouwa's glossy blond head.

“When you were a year old,” I started. “Chouwa was a kit, like you; though he was older. Kitsune had only taken care of him for only a certain time. But, in that time, Chouwa would always carry you on his back, like he did this morning.”

"I don't remember that, Dark."

"Well, you *were* only a year old. So, I didn't expect you to remember. You two were so cute together. You'd fall asleep on his back and he'd take care of you as if you were his little sister. He even let you use him as a pillow. I trusted him so much, that I would even leave him alone with you."

"I didn't even know that. Thanks Chouwa." Aka said nuzzling his neck. He just keened in happiness and nuzzled her back.

Scroll V: Shattered Powers

Aka and I continued our journey to the west, where a town has captured our attention for a while. Also, it was said that a demon sword smith has been living there against his will along with his disciple. Kitsune told me all this a few months back, though, he sounded upset when he told me. I asked what was wrong but he just said, "Nothing.", lowly.

"Hey, Dark,"

"What is it?"

"It's about Kitsune-kun. He's been acting strange lately." Aka said, looking toward me with her near black eyes.

"What, you mean ever since he told us about the village we're going to?" I asked sternly looking back at her.

"Yes. He seems to be... well... worried about something."

"Like what?"

"I don't know..., a relative maybe?" Aka suggested.

"Maybe. But I don't know anyone that both Kitsune and I know." I said, scratching my head. "We might as well find out."

Nightfall came quickly. Aka and I had set up camp in an opening surrounded by trees and brush. I had built a fire and Aka gathered small sticks to keep it burning.

After we had eaten, I went to lean against one of the trees and fell asleep. Aka had curled next to Chouwa and nestled there to sleep. She had done that many times when Chouwa was around.

I awoke in the middle of the night to a rustling noise in the brush near Aka. I got up quickly and cracked my fingers, making them go stiff and in their attack position. I then slowly moved toward the spot, claws ready to strike.

"Dark? What are you doing?" Aka mumbled to me.

"Shush. Something is in the bushes." I answered. I got against the tree next to the source of the noise and waited.

As soon as it moved I slashed at it, making the leaves and twigs fly.

“Huh?”

A small girl was kneeling and covering her head. She looked under Aka's age. She wore a tattered light blue kimono and a water lily in her hair like a hair clip. No ears were visible because she was covering them and her eyes shut tight, not letting me see what color they are. Her hair color was blue and there weren't any claws.

“Don't hurt me. I was sent here to spy on you.” The young girl said. She kept her head ducked. “I was just following orders.”

“It's okay.” I said kneeling down to her. “I was just being protective of my younger sister.”

“Hey! I can protect myself!” Aka said angrily.

I ignored her. “What's your name?”

“Mizu. Mizu Shinrin.” She answered still frightened.

“Who sent you?” I moved my hand to touch her head, but she quickly slapped it. In the fraction of a second, I saw a fin like ear that was revealed in a split second.

I gasped. “You're... a Water Sprite!”

At this moment she got up and ran off while yelling, “Kendo Sensei!”

I stared at the direction she had run off to. A water sprite! I couldn't believe my eyes. At this time, Water Sprites were really lucky to have around. But their lucky power only lasts for a certain time.

“Dark, was that a real Water Sprite?” Aka asked as she propped herself on her elbows.

“Yes,” I answered still looking in the some direction. “It was.”

Author's note: Hello there. The Japanese uses here are not 100% accurate. So I am sorry for that. Make a note of this. Every time you see a border with this design “~~” It means the point of view of the story changes over to Aka's point of view. When you see this border design “==” It switches back over to Dark's view. This won't happen often. This story was made mostly of Dark's point of view. It will switch over when... ahem... *certain* events happen in the story. And, if you see this border, “***” it will go into my view of the story. Thank you for your patience.

The next morning, I got onto Chouwa's back, and followed Dark to the village. I still felt a bit tired, but I was okay. But, Dark was not acting like himself. He kept pulling at the collar of his top haori and then loosening it a bit, which revealed parts of his shoulders. What was he doing?

But all of a sudden, Chouwa started to slow his pace.

“What's wrong?” I asked him.

“It's Dark-sama's aura.” He said to me. To Dark, he would hear nothing. But to me, I can hear Chouwa speak. Meaning that only I can understand what he is saying.

“What's wrong with it?” I asked.

“His heat session has begun since sometime last night.” He said.

“That is not good.” I knew of what is become of Dark when he is in heat, for I had witnessed it before by accident. I looked around for a long strip of fabric of some kind. I needed to make a blindfold that way Dark won't leap onto me. I then looked at my sleeve and sighed.

‘This was my favorite kimono’ I thought. I then ripped the edge of the sleeve wide enough to cover one's eyes.

“Chouwa, you know what to do.”

“Yes, Aka-sama.” He ran to catch up to Dark and nudged his nose on Dark's lower back. Dark didn't seem to notice.

Being careful not to hurt Chouwa, I climbed onto his head, stood up and quickly tied the fabric around Dark's head like a blindfold.

“Hey!” He yelped. “I can't see!”

“That's the point, baka.” I annoyingly said. “Keep it on until you are out of sight of anyone.” I got off of Chouwa's head, sat back down on his back, and told him to go next to Dark.

“Fine.” He said lazily. I could feel the heat that was radiating off of him.

I grabbed his sleeve and told Chouwa to run. We needed to get out of sight and away from the village; Dark was partially dragged along the way.

It was the afternoon. By this time, Dark couldn't walk. So he had to ride in Chouwa's back. Face up that is. We were still some ways from the village, but wasn't too far now.

We stopped by a roaring river to take a rest because I had to take Dark off of Chouwa because he was starting to fidget a bit. And that irritated Chouwa. I then dragged Dark to the river so that he could have a drink. He was still blindfolded.

“How much father are we from the village?” I asked myself. I was lying in the small patch of grass looking at the sky.

“How far do you think?” Chouwa said lying next to me.

“I don't have a single thought. But we should get there by night—” I suddenly heard a splash. I bolted upright and looked around. Dark was no where in sight!

“Dark! Dark where are you?!”

“Cool Water. I'm lying in cool water...” I heard Dark's voice sing. It almost sounded like he drank many bottles sake. I ran over to the river and saw that Dark was facing up and moving down stream fast. He also still has the blindfold on.

“You idiot. Get out of the water!” I yelled at him.

“Look there!” Chouwa said. He indicated at the end of the river. I looked and gasped. The river ends as a waterfall!

“Dark! I mean it! Get out of the water!”

He didn't hear me. And then, before I knew it, he had fallen off the river and went down the waterfall.

“DARK!!!!”

I fell through the layers of mist along with the water behind me. I heard Aka yell my name through the mighty roars of water. Though, I hardly noticed it because of my heat.

It felt like forever as I fell next to the tall waterfall growing as I went down. Why didn't I yell? Or make a single sound? Did I unconsciously know that I was going to die? But no, I still had enough awareness to say one spell that may save me. All I have to say is...

“**Tsubasa No Kuuki!*”

My falling rate slowed down a bit, but something else happened. I heard a shattering noise right next to my ear with my earring. But, my earring wasn't there anymore. Then the blindfold fell off. There in front of my eyes were the remaining pieces of the earring. My power all used up.

Tears welled up in my eyes and I reached for the pieces. My only power of the elements, my power

controller, gone.

Before my spell abandoned me because of the earring, I grabbed the pieces and fell even faster than before.

I hit the water hard, making a pillar of it above me. Before I lost consciousness, I mouthed out, "Aka"

(*Tsubasa No Kuuki= Wings of Air)

A hooded figure went by a river near the waterfall. He then took out a newly made sword and dipped it in the river, cleansing it. He then took it back out and flicked it. "*Biiiiiiiiinnngggg*" It went in a high pitched manner.

"Ah," he said. "A nice tone. A nice tone indeed." He then heard a loud splash. He looked up just in time to see a pillar of water go back down. He waited for the water to calm and then saw a bubble pop at the surface.

"Now, what was that?" He sheathed the sword without looking and went into the river. But as soon as he got close enough, he gasped.

"It's a young man!" He exclaimed. "He's in heat too. Poor lad."

He dragged the young man to land and examined him.

"Let's see. Fox demon, in his early twenties, been through about fifteen heat sessions, a constant fighter judging by the scars, and he's still alive." He said.

"What's this? He's clutching something." The hooded figure opened the young man's clutched hand and saw silver pieces of a dragon earring. "This must have been his power controller."

He closed the hand back up and threw young man on his back and rushed him to his home village that was a ways ahead.

Scroll VI: Dark's Method

“Dark! Dark! Where are you?” I called out.

Chouwa and I had climbed down the cliff next to the waterfall. The waterfall was big alright, but not big enough to kill someone.

“Chouwa, can you pick up Dark's scent?” I asked him.

“No,” he said putting his nose near to water. “His scent disappears right here. He was on land though. Someone must have carried him off. But there's this.” Chouwa handed me a strip of fabric. It was Dark's blindfold.

“Damn it!” I said to myself punching the ground. I then got back up and got onto Chouwa's back. “Go to the nearest village.”

“But, Aka-sama, we'll be seen!”

“I don't care. Dark is in heat. If he was carried off by someone into the village, we got to get him out and into the forest!”

Chouwa stayed silent for a minute. He then said, “Yes, Aka-sama.” He then started running to the west toward the closest village.

Soft crackling noises caught my ears attention. I felt hay against me instead of my wet clothes. I also felt sweat all over.

I opened my eyes slowly and gave out a small moan. I then started coughing while spitting up water at the same time.

“Whoa there lad, you inhaled a lot of water.” Someone's voice said.

“Kitsune?” I asked. But then I coughed up more water.

“Kitsune? My, that name sounds familiar.” The man said.

“Who... are you?” I choked. I turned over to face the man who saved me.

In fact he wasn't a man. He was a demon. Messy short dark hair covered his dark amber eyes. His top haori was covered with soot and loosely open, revealing his muscular chest. Two gold ring earrings hung from both long pointed ears. His hakama was torn at the bottom and three-toed feet stuck out from them. And a long fox tail was wavering behind him.

“Me? I'm Kendo: The demon sword smith.” He answered.

“Demon... sword... smith?” I repeated. It sounded so familiar. I couldn't think straight because of my need.

“Yeah. I was forced to live here because this is the feudal times. So the warriors in this village need

weapons made by demons. But that's rare to come by." Kendo said.

I stayed silent. I turned to lie on my back and stared at the ceiling. I started to pant.

"How long have I... been asleep?" I asked weakly.

"Just a day. I found you face down in the river near the waterfall."

"Where's my blindfold?"

"Blindfold? You weren't wearing one when I found you. Why? Do you need it?"

"Yes. It ensures I don't go leaping onto..." I widened my eyes. I then shot up and asked, "Where's Aka?!"

"Aka? That name also sounds familiar."

"I've got to go find her!" I got up on my feet and wobbled to the door way.

"Now hold on a minute!" Kendo said. He got up and took hold of my forearm.

"Let go of me! I have to find Aka!" I wrenched my arm out of his grip and headed for the doorway.

"Not while you look like this!" He leaped onto me and pinned me to the ground, back first. "Look at you! You wearing nothing but the boar skin blanket I wrapped around your waist!"

I stayed silent. I stared into his amber eyes and admired his glossy dark shoulder length hair with fogged eyes. These characteristics seemed familiar some how. Where did I see them before?

His long pointed ears was pierced with silver colored leaf earrings; one on each side.

"You," I muttered unconsciously. "You... remind me of someone." I said, my eyes glimmering.

My arms seemed to have a mind of their own; one wrapped around Kendo's neck, while the other stroked his right arm.

"I can feel it." I said unconsciously again. "I can feel your heat."

At this point, Kendo gulped. He then got off of me quickly, and then backed away.

"What's the matter?" I said, getting up and moving toward him. My need was taking control of my body. I can see that Kendo was a bit flushed because of his light heat. From the looks of him, his heat just started an hour ago.

Dark then pounced onto Kendo and he fell backward. Kendo then tried to shove Dark off of him but Dark didn't move.

"Get off of me!" Kendo demanded.

"Why?" Dark said sheepishly. "I'm not going to do anything." He curled his body next to Kendo and placed his head on Kendo's chest above his heart.

"You move me in anyway, and I'll unconsciously hurt you in a rough molesting like way. All you can do is breath and talk." Dark closed his eyes and fell in a trance like sleep.

"Who is this person? He seems familiar, though I can't put my claw on it." Kendo whispered. He made an attempt to move but abruptly stopped remembering Dark's words. If he moved, he would move Dark; which results pain.

"Dark!" Kendo heard someone shout outside. Then the bamboo net that was covering the entrance flew aside and a girl with red hair a fox larger than her stood in the opening.

"Damn, too late." The girl said. "Oh, Kendo! Nice to see you!"

"Have we met?" Kendo asked.

"It's me, Aka Obsidian. Remember? I was only two was I saw you."

"Oh! I remember now. Mind getting him off?"

"I can't; once he's asleep the person he's lying on can't move. You do and move him, he does sex with you. Very unfortunate for you."

Kendo frowned. "Then how am I supposed to eat and etc.?"

"You... don't. You're going to be hungry for a while. Sorry. It's Dark's own method of relieving himself."

"By starving the person he's resting on? How is that relieving him?"

Aka turned around and said, "Look for yourself."

Kendo looked at Dark moving his eyes only and said, "Oh...."

"How long am I going to be like this?"

"...Until Dark is fully relived." Aka said, deeply flushed. She left the hut and said, "Come on Chouwa."

Chouwa bowed his head to Kendo and followed Aka.

Scroll VII: The Crescent Moon Blade

A few days later, Dark was asleep with a blanket over him in the corner of Kendo's hut, resting from his heat session. Aka was cleaning Kendo's hut while he went to eat. Apparently, Dark made quite a mess....

Anyway, Aka was trying to keep an eye or both eyes on Dark. She had a feeling that even if his heat is over, something was wrong. Chouwa told her likewise. Occasionally, she would take a break and sit next to Dark while he slept. She could feel the heat radiating off of him, but it was disappearing slowly.

"I'm back." Kendo said coming through the entry way.

"Welcome back, Kendo." Aka said, while getting up from her spot.

"Has Dark woken up yet?" he asked.

"No, he hasn't. Though he should be awake by now."

"Really? I thought he'd be really exhausted." Kendo went over to Dark and kneeled down.

"Dark, wake up now." He said prodding him. "Get up Dark. You need to eat something before you get skinnier than now."

He didn't move for a minute. Then opened his eyes slowly, groaning at the same time.

"Welcome back. You've been sleeping for a while. Now how long was it? Five days?"

"Three, Kendo. Three." Aka corrected him.

"Ah, yes. But that was rude of you to do what you did to me, Dark."

Dark stayed silent. He blinked a few times and asked, "Where am I?"

"You're in my hut in a village to the West of Kitsune's Mountain home."

At this point Dark shot up from the bed and yelled, "Kitsune!? You know him? Where is he?!"

Kendo was just staring at him with an expressionless face as Aka had run to the corner facing it while covering her eyes.

"Ahem... may I suggest you put some clothes on and go take a bath. You're all sticky and... ahem... you are scaring Aka."

Dark looked down and gasped. He sat back down quickly and put the blanket back over his lower half.

"Where are my clothes?" He asked.

"They are next to you. Aka, go outside with Chouwa. I'll call you when he's done."

"Okay..." she answered. She then got up and went outside.

"So, how long has it been, Dark?"

"I don't know. I didn't recognize you earlier. You've changed." Dark commented putting his hakama on.

"So have you. How many heats did you have to use your method?"

"Twice. The other demons usually find me when I'm in heat and they're the dominate ones. And that was during the last five years that I have been living with Kitsune and his little half brother." He threw his top haori over his shoulders. His under haori was already on.

"I see. Well, come on. Let's go to the hot springs."

"Hot springs? There's one near by?"

"Yeah. Aka can come along too if she wants. I'll go ask."

I watched as Kendo got up and left to go outside and ask Aka if she wanted to go. I've only been to a hot spring once. But, I got dizzy and passed out. Kitsune had to drag me out of the water and cool me off. By the time I came to, Kitsune had left; Aka been by my side of course.

Kendo came back in holding Aka in his arms. Her arms were wrapped around his neck and her head was leaning against his shoulder. She was asleep.

"Chouwa said she fell asleep on his back. She was exhausted from looking for you." Kendo whispered. Even though Aka was thirteen, she was small compared to Kendo's size. He also must be able to talk to foxes.

"Let's go. She can join us when she wakes up."

"But.... You're in heat. It's not exactly safe to go somewhere at this time."

"Oh, don't worry. I've been in heat many times. I can keep control until the fourth day."

Taking in his words, I sat up and walked out. Kendo came out holding a sword with a crescent moon shaped hand guard on it in a crystal blue colored scabbard.

"What's that for Kendo?" I asked.

"It's one of my new ones. If I cleanse it in the hot spring, it'll be a beautiful sword."

"Really? What's the sword's name?"

"A name? I was thinking of 'Crescent Moon Blade', its sort of has a ring to it. Plus the sword has a crescent moon shaped hand guard, so why not?"

"That's a name fit for a master sword." I complimented.

Kendo smiled smugly. He always liked to take compliments. After all, he was professional demon sword smith.

That afternoon, I sat in the hot spring and thought. Something was different about me. I don't know what, but something was a miss. I didn't feel as powerful as before: before I fell down the waterfall.

"Is something the matter?" Kendo said looking at me sideways. "You seem disturbed by something."

"It's nothing." I lied. Something was bothersome, but what?

"Is it your power controller?"

"Huh?" I thought for a minute; my power controller? "Oh no!"

I felt around my left earlobe. It wasn't there! I finally remembered that it broke when I fell. No wonder why I didn't feel the same.

"Damn it... My powers are going to go wild if I feel too much of one emotion." I said as a drooping look was added to my face.

"I can make you a new one." Kendo said proudly. "I haven't made one in a while."

"But doesn't it require a hair from each parent of the user? Both of mine are dead to me; and they are dead."

"Oh.... But how do you even know?"

"I can feel it because of my hatred toward them *that one night*."

“That seems to be a bit of a lie. But I'll take the reason anyway.” Kendo said. “Give me your arm.”

“What are you going...? AH!” I yelled. Kendo had bitten into my arm viciously.

His eyes had turned red and his hair was moving as if wind blew gently under him. But then, he turned back to normal and let go of my arm; His fang marks deep within. He then reached out for his sword he had brought took the scabbard off and let my blood from his mouth drip over the sword's wide arc.

I have never seen such a sword. It was double-edged and it was nothing like a samurai sword. The tip of the sword was like a spear which narrowed down until it reached the hilt.

The blood on the sword suddenly disappeared and started to glow red. The glow vanished and Kendo smiled. He then took a mouthful of the spring's water and spat it out onto the dirt.

“Okay, all set.” He said.

“All set? Why in seven hells did you bite me?!”

“It's so that the sword can be yours. It'll act like your power controller.”

“Tell me that before you bite. Now I need to bind this before I bleed to death.” I said covering the marks with my left hand.

“No problem. Give it here.”

“Oh no! You're not touching this arm again! I don't want another bite!”

“I'm not going to bite, young kit. Just give it here.”

Flustered with anger, I stretched out my bleeding arm to Kendo. He placed his hand over it and muttered something. In two seconds a white light came from his hand.

“You're all done.” He said removing his hand.

I looked at my arm. The bite marks were gone and the bleeding ceased.

“How did you do that?” I questioned.

“My powers.” He answered. “How else?” He took sword and dipped the blade into the hot spring. He then took it back out and swung it away from me, launching the water of its arc. He then brought it close to his and he flicked it, making a low ringing noise.

“The most powerful sword made and it goes to a great young friend of my son.” He whispered absently, his eyes glistening at his handy work.

“What?! Your son is Kitsune?!” I exclaimed.

“Whoops, did I let that slip?” He asked. He sighed and said, “Yes, Kitsune is my son. But we've been separated for some time now. I miss him dearly.”

‘No wonder why Kitsune seem upset when he told us about the village.’ I thought.

Kendo sighed again and placed the sword back in its scabbard.

“How did you guys get parted?”

Kendo didn't answer. He got up from the spring and went to put his clothes on. Was it something I said? I looked at his tail; it wasn't moving, even though Kendo was moving himself. I had upset him.

Later that day, Dark wondered why Kendo was upset. But he focused on other things. Aka hadn't woken up since she fell asleep on Chouwa, who was guarding her the whole time. Concern enveloped both Chouwa and Dark. Kendo didn't notice because of his heat. Was Aka really as tired as Chouwa had said? Or was it more than that? Dark couldn't even talk about it with Chouwa because of his lack of the ability to speak the foxes. He only hoped that she would wake up soon.

Scroll VIII: Fortnight Death, Demon Moon

I watched over Aka for several days. But she has yet to awaken. Her breathing grew slow and her body was frail. She kept muttering something, but I never caught a single word. She kept tossing around in her sleep, even after we had left Kendo's village. I also kept my ears strained, listening the Aka's heart beat.

Even though I have a new power controller, which is the Crescent Moon Blade, I worried.

"I wish I could understand what you are saying, Chouwa." I said scratching behind his cheek bone.

He had a worried look on his face and his tail drooped. I never even seen him like this. Was something wrong?

I tried everything I could to communicate with Chouwa. But nothing worked. I tried speaking the fox language. But it sounded like that I was speaking gibberish. Then I tried body gestures. But, I looked like a fool when I did that. I even tried making Aka's unconscious body into a puppet just to communicate! Desperate, aren't I?

After many failed attempts, I sought out help.

I thought of Priestess Sahara at first, but then I haven't seen her since those monks had tried to purify and kill me. So, heck? Why not? I started toward her village.

“Dark?” Aka's voice echoed.

I turned around. I saw nothing but darkness.

“Look what you did, Dark.” Her voiced echoed again.

“Did what?!” I shouted into the blackness. “What did I do?!”

“When I came back a ghost, I find that you slaughtered every one here.”

“A ghost?! Aka, stop this! Now! I never slaughtered anyone but my enemies!”

“Yes you have. Your scent is mixed with all of the blood and corpses.”

The village from my dreams five years ago appeared in front of me. This time, I was near the corpses and cover with their blood.

“No! I did none of the sort!” I yelled, looking into my bloody palms.

“Just admit it. You were on a killing spree!”

“NO!” The gash that was inflicted five years ago reopened and bled freely.

I ran into the village and tried to reach the other side. But I met with someone as if he was placed at the edge of the village as a message or interference.

He was sitting in a puddle of fresh blood; practically bathing in it, ten feet away. His top half of his body was bare and covered with blood and scars: *my scars*. His hakama ripped in varied places. His long hair tied into a ponytail that was also covered with blood. Claws dug in the earth and head down dripping blood.

It was *me*.

I gaped at myself. I took a step back and he got up slowly.

As he rose, his right hand that was dug in the earth drew out a red sword in its matching scabbard.

But it wasn't red. It was actually drenched in the blood. It dripped off of the scabbard and revealed a dull blue one. It was The Crescent Moon Blade.

He lifted his face and I yelled soundlessly. My eyes grew wide. Yes it was me, but something was really wrong.

His eyes were a scary light blue that was surrounded by black. The stripes on the side of my cheeks were jagged and extended over his nose and connected there. The fangs were twice as long, making them point out adding a vicious look.

Was this the true demon me?!

Before I knew it, he was only a foot away from my face.

“Look up.” He said. His voice was much deeper than my current voice.

I didn't move.

“I said... LOOK UP!” He caught hold of my neck and forced me to look up.

What I saw made my eyes go wide again. A red moon. My eyes shook in their sockets.

My demon self let go of my neck and I continued to look. I was hypnotized by the sight.

Dark's eyes were locked onto the red moon. His eyes were blank and his conscious slipping away from him.

As the red moon grew larger, Dark's eyes followed its magnificence without moving his feet. He started leaning back with his eyes still locked with the moon.

He then fell backwards with his right hand flung in front of him. But Demon Dark caught it. Demon Dark's other hand was securely holding onto Half Demon Dark behind his back.

Demon Dark looked into Half Demon Dark's empty eyes.

“Wonder why the red moon enchants you?” Demon Dark said, closing in on Half Demon Dark's face.

“It's because,” He continued. “It's your full demon transformation night.”

With the hand that was clasping Half Demon Dark's hand, he closed his eyes and pressed a light kiss onto his lips.

Dark woke with a start and fell out of the tree he was sleeping in. Continuously, he got fell on the thick branches and scratched by the limbs and leaves. By the time he got to the bottom, he had scrapes and cuts on his face and hands. Why did sleep in a high tree?

He jolted up right and started wiping his mouth furiously. He blushed as he did so.

“I can't believe that happened!” I shouted to myself.

Remembering that it was only a dream, I stopped wiping my mouth.

It has been a fortnight since Aka didn't wake.

I looked around and saw that Chouwa was looking over Aka. His tail didn't move and his ears were against his head in a sad way. I went over and looked.

“Is something the....”

I strained my ears. It was the last time I ever did.

My eyes watered and I pick Aka up and cried into her body. She was dead. Her heart no longer beats in her chest.

One of her earring started to glow. It then came off and levitated to Chouwa and attached to his ear. His body began to glow a bright white and he changed.

Normally, no one ever sees this happen to a fox that has an owner. Because the owner is dead and no one else is around to see this. I was the first.

Chouwa changed into his human form. Every fox feature, except his tail and ears, changed into human features. Chouwa was now going to be a human looking fox demon.

Half of his blond fur coat changed into his long hair while the other half changed into his clothes. His yellow eyes reformed into human looking ones. His limbs lengthened to become hairless human arms and legs. His ears were in the place of human ears and his tail remained in the same place.

When his transformation was complete, he looked at me and said, “I am finally human.”

“I can understand you.” I sobbed.

“Yes. But it's unfortunate For Aka-sama.” Chouwa said touching Aka's head. “It too bad that she can never see me like this. Unless I die and my soul lives.”

I remained silent. But I clenched Aka's body tighter and cried more.

I was too hard for me to bare. My only real family was gone. She didn't even had her first kill yet. All these years that I've trained her was wasted, like dust in the wind.

That evening I buried her body near our home village: Midnight Village, a.k.a. The Demon Village.

I then went off with Chouwa on an adventure to no where. I didn't have a destination. I was and will forever be a wandering demon.

When we settled in a forest near a village, I went up a tree and looked at the stars.

Chouwa had gone hunting and came back with a boar. I was waiting for it to be done cooking.

"It's going to be a while before it's done Dark-sama." Chouwa shouted up the tree I was settled in.

"Fine." I answered. I looked back up at the sky and gasped. It caused me to fall out of the tree like before.

"Goodness! Are you okay?" Chouwa asked when I reached the bottom.

"Keep away!" I yelled grasping my head.

"But...why?"

"I said GO!!"

"As you wish, Dark-sama." Chouwa then left in a hurry.

I started yelling at the top of my lungs as I felt immense pain in my whole body. What I saw, at the top of the tree, moments ago, was... The Red Moon.

Dark started tossing himself around. The pain was powerful and beyond his control. His claws painfully and slowly grew to their full extent; his fangs did the same. His demon blood over powered his human blood and took over coursing through his veins. Dark was ramming himself into the trees, making his head bleed and the bark splinter greatly.

He hunched over and ripped his top haori off revealing his scars and growing muscles. One eye opened and looked toward the village nearby. His eyes now have light blue pupils that are surrounded by black.

He got up and looked around. He located The Crescent Moon Sword and picked it up and ran toward the village, snarling.

Author's Note: The next part is too gory for me to write. So it will skip over to the next morning. Sorry! (Edit: I have typed the gory part, but it's at the end of the story. Read it if you want.)

The next morning, I woke up with my nose filled with the scent of human blood. I bolted up and regurgitated as I saw what I had done.

It was exactly like in the dream: blood and corpses everywhere you look. I wiped my mouth and realized that I was drenched with human blood.

“No...” I muttered shakily. “It... can't be.”

I looked around again. I then clawed my arm to see if I'd feel pain. And I did.

“NO!!! IT CAN'T BE!!!”

*****Final Scroll: The Midnight Moon*****

(100 years later)

Dark stared at a cave's ceiling for countless hours. His eyes were full of drought. He couldn't bare Aka's death any longer. It drove him into insanity. He didn't say a word nor did he bother to move. But he knew he had to move on.

He got up slowly. The weight upon him dragged him crating difficulty for him the have any guts to move so much. Once he got up, he walked to the entrance of the cave. He looked up at the orange sky. Very late in the afternoon Dark calculated. The clouds had turned into a pinkish color along with lots of orange. He walked off to the side of the cave and left Aka's grave of her ashes.

The only thing he had that remained of her was her earrings. They were silver when they used to be gold. Her powers in them had diminished when she died. Her earrings hung on Chouwa's ears.

He left The Crescent Moon Blade at Aka's grave. It was stuck into the ground with the tip of the blade; the scabbard next to it on the ground. He hoped that when his son, Shiro, who is fourteen, grew up and had a family of his own, he would also bare a son and let the Obsidian family name be carried on for centuries to come. His very young daughter Kuroi, who looked like Aka except for some aspects, would raise a family of her own. She and Shiro were seven years apart.

His wife, Ai, had died by being attacked by a random, yet powerful, demon; which left him to raise his teenage child and young kid alone.

He reached Midnight Village. He and his son and daughter were the only ones who inhabited it now. Most of the land was still burnt from all of that time long ago. He only bothered to make a hut that would give him and his family shelter. No one has ever stepped foot here as long as Dark could remember.

“Father!” a girl's voice sounded off.

Dark looked over and saw Kuroi and Shiro running over to him. The must have been hunting; Shiro was carrying fish in his hands.

“Look what Kuroi caught by herself.” Shiro said placing six fishes down.

“Good. That's enough for all of us.” Dark said pretending to be happy.

"Father, is something wrong?" Shiro asked catching his act.

"Kuroi thinks Father doesn't feel well." Kuroi said. She has a habit of talking in third person. "Kuroi can sense it."

"Nay, don't worry. Just start a bonfire to cook the fish with. Go get wood from the forest, Kuroi." Dark said. He then looked at Shiro.

Shiro nodded.

"Alright! Kuroi will be back!" she answered. She then went off into the woods.

Dark and Shiro waited until Kuroi was out of earshot.

"Did you visit Aunt Aka's grave and mourned in the cave again?"

"You can say that." Dark responded looking at the sky; it was now near the moon's shining time. "Help me tomorrow night."

"Help you? With what exactly."

"I'll tell you when it's time. Promise me you'll help."

Shiro looked into his father's graying eyes. He saw the truth behind their dull sheen. He knew what he was going to do.

"I promise."

"That's my son. Promise me this also."

"What?"

"Take care of Kuroi better than I had done with my sister, your aunt, Aka."

"I promise on her grave."

Dark smiled.

"Kuroi got the wood!" Kuroi shouted.

"Just put it over there!" Dark shouted.

"Father, I'll miss you." Shiro said quietly.

"I'll miss both of you." Dark hugged his son and then called over Kuroi and gave her a hug too, saying it was for catching many fish on her own.

That night, they ate in silence around the fire. Afterwards he put Kuroi to sleep and called Shiro to the roof top of their hut.

“So how are we going to do it?”

“I haven't thought of it yet. I was thinking of you bringing me down.”

“But I don't even match half of your power. I don't stand a chance.”

“Who ever said I was going fight back? Listen,” Dark dropped his voice and looked around. “I'll be at the start of my heat very late in the afternoon tomorrow. Meet me in the cave. And then you can do whatever to kill me.”

“But, I don't have the heart to do so.”

“I'm sure you'll find it. But before you enter that cave, pray for you aunt and leave a Sakura at her grave.”

“You mean the flower, right?”

“Yes. Good night.” Dark leapt down from the roof and left to the forest.

Shiro stared after him and lowered his head. How was he going to kill the great Demon Ruler of the South-Western Lands: His Father?

The next night, Shiro noticed that his father wasn't in the hut. He checked if Kuroi was asleep. He sighed in relief seeing that she was. Moving quietly, he went outside and went into the forest where he had last seen his father.

The moon was out and it was near the top of the black sky. He pushed through the darkness in the forest shoving brushed aside and out of his way.

Shiro hoped that Dark didn't kill himself already. But he then pushed the thought aside, knowing about his promise to help his father die.

Then his nose picked up Dark's scent. There was a scent of blood, but he also smelled something unexpected. He ran.

There, lying on the ground in a heap was Dark. He was lying next to Aka's grave and holding onto the blade of his sword as blood dripped down the arc.

“Father!” Shiro shouted. “Are you willing for your body to be dried from blood?!”

“No...” Dark mumbled. “I am giving... the sword more... blood so that... no one... but our family can... use it.” He then let go and turned over onto his back.

“Father...” Shiro went to touch his father's bleeding hand. “You do know,” he paused. “...that you are in

your heat. Right?" he placed his hand on top of Dark's palm.

"Yes... I do. Though it... came later then... I had thought." He turned his gaze toward his son, while tightening his grip. "Darkness is... covering my eyes slowly and... pain is subduing me. Though it may not look it..., it is."

"What about the promise I made last night?"

"I haven't... forgotten. Take... the blade... from the mount." Dark instructed.

"The Crescent Moon Blade?"

"Yes... quickly."

Shiro got up and took hold of the hilt of the blade and yanked it out.

"Now run... me through... with it. Then put it... back in the... mount."

"What?! I would never—!"

"Just... do it. If you were... in my place, you... would say the... same."

Shiro hesitated. If he killed his own father, it would scar him for life. But his father was suffering; he didn't want him to suffer.

He then decided.

"Are you ready?" Shiro asked.

"Yes." Dark then closed his eyes.

Shiro's own eyes cried. But not of tears. But of black liquid. It ran down his face like water. He raised the sword above his father's heart.

"Goodbye... Father." He trusted the blade downward and closed his eyes at the last second to avoid seeing the blood squirt. Though he couldn't avoid hearing it. He then took the sword out, placed it in the mount and fell to his knees sobbing.

Footsteps approached and Shiro turned around. Standing in a short distance was Chouwa in his human form. His face was expressionless, but he was sad for his young master, Shiro. Chouwa opened his arms and Shiro ran into them.

"Was it his wish?" Chouwa asked gently.

"Yes..." Shiro nodded into Chouwa's clothing.

"Then I won't question any further, Shiro-sama."

Chouwa let go of Shiro and went to Dark's body to bury it next to Aka's.

Shiro looked up at the sky. His black tears matched it. Up above was a full moon at the very top of the sky. He knew the time and it scarred his mind for life: The Midnight Moon.

End of Story

*Story 2: The Crescent Moon *

“Life is hard when

Memories haunt your mind.”

“He just stood up and unsheathed the blade,

Which glinted in the moonlight,

Shining behind him.”

Through countless searches, the Crescent Moon Blade is found. But it's no longer in Japan. The blade that was stolen has now moved across the sea and through the land to a new era, the Modern Age. The year is now 2002, and a new, special generation has been born. The 13th generation of the Obsidian Family, Ryu Obsidian, is now nineteen years old and in college. Living with the Crescent Family in his own household up in the mountains of Northern China, which is where the blade has been located.

Having a tragic incident with his father, the horrid memories haunt him. But when he learns his family secret, everything twists around constantly. Now that he is weaved into all of this, he has to find the solution to one mystery: himself. Why is he a special person? Why is he attracting unfortunate events, such as death? Why do demons want his power so badly? Join Ryu Obsidian and his ancestor to find the answers to these twisted and complicated inquiries.

