

Sin

By Sliver

Submitted: July 21, 2004

Updated: July 21, 2004

A stab at a Hao/Jeanne fanfiction... How ironic

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Sliver/5177/Sin>

Chapter 1 - Sin

2

1 - Sin

A/N:

Hmmm. Hao/Jeanne Fanficton, but not fluff. Not angst really either, I don't even know if it qualifies as a romance fic at all. I guess it's a mix of the second two. I haven't written anything in over a year, let alone fanficton but I think my long icy writes block has unfrozen! So I decided to try a Hao/Jeanne fic, though their not my favorite idea for a mankin couple, I simply love the irony of the idea.

And Hell, it fan fiction

And for gods sakes I don't really have to tell you that I don't own Mankin or any of its characters, you should know that already

Sin

By: Unlocked.(Unlocked is my other account)

How had this happened? Six years after the cancellation of the shaman fight...and she was alone. She was all alone, completely and utterly alone. The desert raged and she pulled her arms tighter around her frame as the sand whipped at her frail and delicate body, her eyes stung. She never imagined things would be like this.

She prayed to find shelter...prayed to God. For God was the only one who could help her now. After all, God was always right, wasn't he? God had a plan, and as long as she could believe in him he would make things all right again, things would turn out how they were supposed to . . . she just had to have faith. Yes . . . that was it . . . This was all part of Gods divine plan. This is what God wanted her to do. It was what she was sent to do.

. . .But why did such a loving God want her to be so lonely?

But before she could doubt her believe in the lord she had dedicated her life to, her prayer was seemingly answered. She shielded her eyes with her hands and squinted into the horizon. Everything was the color of the yellow sand. . .it raged and she had to clasp her eyes shut again at it pelted against her already raw skin. It burned. But she had seen something in the distance; through the sandstorm she had seen the outline of a large object . . . a cave. She trudged forward, the wind was at her back and pushed her forward, she was relived that it wasn't against her or she feared she might never reach shelter.

But as if to torture her further, to test the strength of her spirit the wind switched directions, beating at her from the side. It felt like needles, but she had inured far worse pain before, she could do it again. The girl coughed and she felt the sand enter her throat. She gagged and continued forward.

There was a light.

And it was the last thing she saw before she collapsed.

Jeanne awoke and realized it hurt to open her eyes. They were covered in sand and her weak hands came up to brush it from her face. She coughed again and sat up weakly. At first her vision was slightly blurry and her eyes stung but it was at a minimum she looked around and soon realized the source of the light she had seen before. A small fire was lit near the back of the cave.

Wait. . . Back of the cave? How did she get inside? Hadn't she collapsed before she reached its mouth? Or at least that's what she remembered happening. But more questions came to mind. Why was there a fire? If there was a fire, someone must have lit it, someone must be tending to it or else it would go out. Someone must have brought her out of the storm . . . Someone was there. She looked in all directions.

. . . But who?

"Well, well, well. Iron maiden Jeanne." She jumped in alarm and looked for the source of the voice. It sounded so familiar and sent uncomfortable shivers down her back.

"You sure have grown since we met last." She finally looked up. And there he was, looking much older and more mature than the last she'd seen him, but this was surely a face she could never forget . . . No matter how many times she had tried. Though his body had grown he still wore his hair long and loose behind him, and it appeared he was wearing the same tattered cloak he had been five years ago, except now it has grown a few new rips and tares. Her stomach churned and her blood boiled. It was unbelievable how one person could raise so much anger inside her.

She balled her fists and managed to say seated.

". . . Asakura Hao." She stated bitterly through clenched teeth. She regretted her previous wish for company, as far as she was concerned, being alone was better than being within miles of Hao. Hao just smiled, but it was a disturbing smile, smug and unnerving. She couldn't read it, surely he wasn't happy to see her, surely he wasn't happy to be reunited with his enemy, no, it wasn't that kind of smile. His grin was eerie, unpleasant and frightening. As if he knew something she didn't, as if he was up to something.

. . . but what else could you expect from a madman?

"What's that sour look for...Jeanne-sama" he asked Cooley, a sense of mockery in his voice

Jeanne...Sama...? He was teasing her. She felt her face flush in anger. How dare he treat her with such disrespect, it was insulting!

"Is that any look to give the man that just saved your Life?" He crossed one leg over the other, his dishonest smile never once faltering. "If it weren't for me Iron girl, you would have died out there. They would have discovered your bones hundred of year's from now buried under mountains of sand and think . . . 'its to bad no one was around to save that poor girl'"

". . . I hate you" she growled. It wasn't just an emotionless statement, it wasn't just something she said to fill the silence, she meant it, honestly, truly meant it. ". . . From the bottom of my heart Asakura Hao. . . I loathe and despise of you. How God could ever allow a monster such as yourself to continue on living is beyond me. . ." She was interrupted by the young mans laughter, and her face once more reddened with Rage. She stood up, her fists clenched at her sides and Hao continued to laugh.

"God? You haven't changed a bit Iron girl! Not a bit." She felt her body twitch, she imagined herself leaping him, attacking and tearing at him, she knew such fantasies were wrong, but at this moment half of her wanted to make them a reality. He was making fun of her again and it drove her mad.

"Damn you . . . Goddamn you . . . You are . . ." She couldn't find the right words. But Hao didn't let her talk again anyways.

"If you still believe in your Justice. Your God . . ." He sneered down at her with dark eyes and that same haunting grin. "Where is he now? Where's your Justice now?" He leapt from his ledge and landed softly in front of her. She backed up to put more space between them, not enjoying their closeness. But Hao insisted and followed her. Before she realized it he snatched her wrist. "You. . . Here with me . . . Such a pure little angel. . . In the same small cave as me? ME? The irony of it is delicious."

She wriggled free of his grip only to find herself pinned up against the wall of the cave. She trembled and moved in to slap him but he caught her again with ease. She felt her cheeks burn at his closeness . . . the heat radiating from his body . . . She couldn't move and only stared back at him with burning confusion and terror in her crimson eyes.

"Don't you find it funny?" He leaned in closer to her till she could feel his breath on her face. She shook her head, snapping herself out of her trance. Her body trembled and her knees shook. A strange feeling welled up inside the pits of her stomach.

". . . You don't frighten me, Asakura Hao." She spat coldly; pushing down the thoughts of how little space remained between them. She could not allow such sinful and perverse thoughts to influence her. "I'm not afraid of you, And you have no power over me!"

She Lied.

Hao chuckled and his lips sread back into the same smug grin. Not afraid of Him? The more he thought about it the more he liked the idea. She wasn't afraid of him? Was that really all there was to it? He licked his lips contently. No, there was more to it then that . . . Much more.

"Is that so, iron maiden Jeanne?" Her lips trembled as his hovered over them. She could almost taste him. It excited her, scared her, disgusted her and confused her all at the same time. "I don't think that's the whole truth."

'Don't think of him!' her mind screamed but her body remained silent and trembling at the soft, seductive sound in his voice, the way his words slipped off his tongue like silk. 'Its sinful to think such thoughts, it's a sin! A sin! Stop!' But she couldn't, she couldn't stop, she wanted those lips on hers, those hands...on her, all over her. She wanted that . . . that contact, that, forbidden feeling, that . . . passion. But all she could hear was the voice in the back of her head screaming that she was a sinner, that she was wrong.

She had dedicate her life to god, earthly pleasures were no longer something she was allowed to desire, passion of the flesh, it had been denied from her. And she had never wanted it. . . until now. She squirmed at her internal battle.

"You may not be scared of me Jeanne, but you are scared of yourself." She whimpered, trying desperately to calm herself. For some reason 'I hate you' couldn't escape her throat. She thought it, buy for reasons unknown to her it wouldn't allow itself to be spoken. "You want me, don't you Jeanne?"

No reply

"You want me, Jeanne, and it frightens you." Hao couldn't suppress his enjoyment, his lips spread wide, clearly taking pleasure in the way she squirmed at his words; his words that they both knew were the truth. In the heat of a second, everything had changed. Instead of wishing to be worlds away from him, she now wanted to be as close to him as she could get . . . And she knew it was wrong, and she hated herself for it. But she hated him more for making her feel this way.

Then without warning Hao leaned down and brushed his lips over hers, claming her mouth as his property. She jerked stiff and a wave of mixed feelings seemed to bombard her from all directions, Anger, Guilt, fear, and something else. On simply primitive instinct, she chose to relate to that unknown feeling and she let him take control.

Fire erupted inside her. So this was what a kiss was? She never knew another's lips were so soft, so . . . warm. She could feel herself burning up as well, her body flushed red and she let out a small plea of longing, a sound until know she didn't know she knew how to make. Hao nibbled at her bottom lip and she parted them slightly, alarmed when she felt Haos tongue slid into her mouth. She didn't know how to kiss, she didn't know how to do anything, which made her surprise even grater when she realized she was kissing him back

It was wrong. . . So wrong. . . So sinfully wrong. . . but she couldn't stop, her hands coming up to grip his hair tightly as she swirled her tongue against his. The taste of another person, the smell of him, the feel of his hair tangled and twisted around her dainty fingertips, it was enough to drive her insane. Hao pulled off and leaned back, his eyes dark pool reflecting her, she could see herself in his gaze . . . She could see her sing and it was gut wrenching. She didn't know weather to push him off, to cry, or to fall into his arms and to let him hold her. She felt anger and guilt take over her again.

'How...'she thought, "How did I let this happen?" Hao cocked his head to the side and lifted her chin with his fingers; she turned her eyes away from him and looked to the side. She couldn't help but feel disgusted with herself. This was Hao . . . Asakura Hao! The man she hated with all her heart . . . and this was his taste that loomed in her mouth.

“It’s a shame . . .” Hao said and let go of her chin, his eyes scanning her up and down for any sense of emotion. “. . . the way you think, to punish evil with justice. Your living in a fantasy you refuse to wake up” he shrugged and walked to the corner of the cave to sit down by the small burning fire. The sand still raged outside.

“. . .You are a demon Asakura Hao. . .” He stared into the fire, his face blank. And she wanted to sit beside him, she didn’t know why. . . but she was upset. . And she wanted someone to comfort her. . . she was tired of being so alone.

”As I said.” Hao stated flatly, she didn’t approach him “It’s a damned shame.”

the end

Like it? hate it? want to stab me multiple times with knives?

I understand...But leave a review anyways

Comment/Reviews/Flames, send em all over ;)