

Falling Star II

By fmaghostwolf

Submitted: January 17, 2008

Updated: January 18, 2008

*The beginning of the second novel.
I know it's much better than the first, unfortunetly. I've been spending more time on this
beacuse I have more access to this copy than the first novel.
I'll fix the first one soon.*

1. Falling Star II

A loud yawn was heard from the other side of a large elm door, followed by some grumbled curses under his breath. Kiyoshi, a cold, bitter young man, though graced with charming looks and extravagant musical skills, had been rudely awoken from his pleasant dream groaned quite loudly as he pushed himself out of bed and sat on the edge. He then yawned, sleepily scratching himself and stretching his arms over his head glancing over to a thin, starry-eyed young male smiling a couple of feet away. He was tall and lanky, and wore a blue tee-shirt accompanied with black pants with a light blue outline around the pant legs and around the pockets; he also had silvery grey hair with light purple dyed bangs which covered over his right eye.

"Good morning sleepy head." He chuckled softly, waving at the sleepy drone of a person before him. Kiyoshi pulled out a cigarette from his pack which laid open on his nightstand and lighting it up with a Zippo he had taken out from his plastic black and clear drawer. He inhaled, then quickly exhaling the smoke. "What do you want?" he asked, grumbling in a cold, bitter tone as the smoke slowly rose to the ceiling. His somewhat long, dirty blonde hair was tangled and unkempt from the continuous movement while asleep. Kiyoshi ran a hand through his hair, attempting to straighten it out; but with no luck it remained tangled wildly as if having a mind of its own. "I wanted to get you up, you have a guest!" The young adult exclaimed ecstatically as he pulled the curtains open and looking out of the window onto the small metropolis below their castle. Kiyoshi averted his eyes from the suns awful rays and groaned again, laying back down, and his cigarette in the hand which lay dangling dangerously over the bed. Pulling the pillow over his head with his free hand, he slowly shut his eyes, trying to return to his bliss of a dream.

"Kiyoshi, please get up, it's 4:30 in the afternoon." The boy scratched his head, standing back up and gently rubbing Kiyoshi's arm, moving into a position where his leg stood treacherously close to the lit cigarette.

"Give me a minute...frack...And shut that damn curtain too. I can't see a damn thing yet." Kiyoshi replied, his voice muffled under the fluffy pillow, refusing to remove his head from under the warm and dark confinements. The boy sighed, shutting the curtains, hiding Kiyoshi from the bright world yet again.

"Honestly Kiyoshi, you need an alarm clock or something to get you up. I can't keep doing this..."

"Then just don't keep wasting your time Kaz..." Kiyoshi shot back, pulling his head out from under the pillow. Just as he did so, he noticed a teen was standing in the doorway wearing a black tank top and jeans, leaning against the wall with his arms gently folded over his chest. The other pushed his orangey-red hand from his eyes as he ran his slender hand though it, holding it back to see. "Hey there sleepy head," he cooed.

"Boy toy, get your @\$\$ out of here." Kiyoshi replied in a muffled growl as he covered his lower half of his body with his sheets. Sitting up in bed, Kiyoshi stretched again.

"Kyo, why are you up here?" Kazutria asked.

"Kiyoshi s friend wants to see him right now..." Kyo grinned, emphasizing on the word now. He stood out of the way to reveal a slightly taller boy; another teen who had light brown hair and soft purple eyes, wearing a blue jacket with a lighter blue button down shirt accompanied with dark brown cargo pants. Kyo pushed his bangs out of his eyes once more, continuing to smirk

at the sleepy lump of a person on the bed.

"Why, hello Fujisaki." Kazutria smiled, walking to the door to greet him merrily. Fujisaki smiled, "Hello yourself."

"Yuri wanted to see you so badly that he came all the way over from Japan to just see you Kiyoshi...I guess there's something important you guys might need to discuss, like how you're going to...Oh I don't know... discuss the band's stance now?" Kyo snickered, taking in the opportunity to, in the slightest chance, make Kiyoshi even a slight bit embarrassed and knowing full well that Yuri had a bit of a crush. Kyo knew that now seemed like the most vulnerable point to strike. Alas, Kiyoshi brought the cigarette to his lips, inhaling and exhaling again, rubbing his face with his free hand.

"We all know I'm not wearing anything right now...right?" he began. The three of them looked to Kiyoshi, whose eyes were closed as he rubbed his face more out of pure annoyance with everybody in the room. A sweat drop formed on Kazutria's head as Kyo looked at him with disgust; though Fujisaki looked away, reddening quite a bit.

"We didn't need to know that Kiyoshi..." Kazutria chuckled.

"Yeah well, if it'll make you leave then so be it." Kiyoshi replied, then turning his attention back to Kyo, "Boy toy your trick for trying to make me uncomfortable is failing miserably...Try again when you have something more deep...more...embarrassing...Like for example, you sleep with a small teddy bear named 'Mr. Stuff.' You also wear corresponding pajama bottoms with the occasional shirt almost every night." Kiyoshi yawned again, putting out his cigarette out on a guitar-shaped ashtray at his desk. Kyo's jaw dropped while his face flushed with anger and embarrassment. He couldn't believe what he had just heard. Slowly, he backed out of the door and stormed off down the hall, now as mad as ever. Kazutria sighed, looking over longingly to the spot where Kyo previously stood. After arguing with himself for a long period of time he walked out to find Kyo.

Fujisaki continued to linger in the doorway, refusing to enter, but refusing to walk away after Kaz and Kyo. Kiyoshi finally mustered the energy to get up, pulling the sheet with him and wrapping it around his waist until he reached the bathroom to grab a towel. With a quick fix, he switched his sheets for a soft, black and blue towel with a large blue K stitched in the middle of it. He continued to ignore the presence of the seventeen year old as he walked into the shower, turning it on and stepping in. Fujisaki finally moved into the dark room, turning on a lamp which sat on a desk illuminating the room around him with a soft blue hue. Sitting in the chair, he began to curiously flip through Kiyoshi's work.

"Don't you be touching anything in there, Kiyoshi said loudly over the sound of water pelting his body. Steam quickly seeped out of the cracked door of the bathroom as Fujisaki quickly fumbled the papers, trying to put them back as they first were. Meanwhile, Kiyoshi had just gotten out, seeing him scramble to put the papers back onto the desk. He sighed, tightening the towel around his waist. His defined body glistened with the small residues of water which dripped from his long hair and down his neck and which traveled to the rest of his body. Fujisaki reddened, looking up at Kiyoshi.

"I...I came back..." He softly stated, though Kiyoshi didn't say anything. Instead, he lit up a new cigarette and began reading the paper.

"D-doesn't that mean anything to you?" Fujisaki stuttered nervously, sitting more attentively in his chair, awaiting a response, any response from the twenty-two year old. Without any luck, Kiyoshi continued to read. He reached for his reading glasses on the bureau next to him, then placing them over the bridge of his nose. The small, black print became much clearer for

Kiyoshi to read. Fujisaki fiddled with his fingers, not knowing what else to say. He opened his mouth slightly, about to say something else.

"No..." Kiyoshi interrupted. Fujisaki stared at him wide eyed; he trembled a bit out of anger and sadness.

"B-but I came back..." he stammered again.

"And you left before as well...I remember stating that I wanted nothing to do with you." Kiyoshi said calmly. A tear trailed down Fujisaki's face as he looked down at the floor

"I see..."

"Yuri, you left us...you chose to leave over staying with the band and I. Don't expect me to just forgive you right on the spot. You ask for way too much, everything has to be your way, doesn't it?" Kiyoshi asked, not looking up from the paper. Yuri slammed his fist down on the desk, clenching it tightly with more tears rolling down his now scarlet red cheeks, softly to his chin and breaking off, hitting his lap and hands which lay limply over each other.

I m proving to you right now that I do indeed care about you...and that's still not enough...Kiyoshi what do I need to do to get you to believe me? Do I need to stand in front of a crowd and scream it to the world? Do I need to do whatever you ask...Please Kiyoshi tell me!" Yuri yelled, standing up and wiping his eyes though Kiyoshi neglected to look up.

"So now you're going to ignore me? Is that how you solve your problems?! By ignoring them until they leave?! Rest assured I'm not going anywhere this time Kiyoshi, so you're just going to have to deal with how I am now!" Fujisaki continued to yell, hyperventilating from all of the anger pent up inside of him for so long. Unexplained emotions overwhelmed the teen so much; he lost control of his inner most thoughts. Everything that crossed his mind came out of his mouth within a matter of seconds. Still emotionless, Kiyoshi continued to read through the tantrum.

"Kiyoshi you mean everything to me. I know I'm insignificant compared to you...or compared to others you care about. But these feelings are real. I&I have trouble expressing them is all. I'm even admitting that I do. Doesn't that mean anything to you? Kiyoshi speak to me!" Tears were now streaming uncontrollably down his now red, moistened face, "You don't care about me! You don't care about anything or anyone! Not Kaz, not Kyo, Not Abel nor Cody nor Cade or anyone!!" he yelled, pulling Kiyoshi's paper out of his hand and tearing it up into thousands of small fragments which scattered all across the floor around him.

Cody, a small ten-year-old boy with long slivery hair and soft golden eyes looked up from playing a videogame with Abel, a fair skinned, black haired deviant older lad, though insanely well toned and a close friend of Kyioshi s. "Did you hear something?" Cody asked in a curious, yet soft childish voice. "Nope...You're just pausing so I'll get distracted and you'll win you sly devil." Abel laughed, pushing Cody a little. Cody waited a moment, not hearing anything else and getting back to his game, smiling while he slightly nudged Abel s arms. Cody was owning, big time.

"Kiyoshi you don't care what happens to anyone! You don't ca-" Yuri continued to rant, but got cut off by Kiyoshi's abrupt movement. He stood up, his towel still wrapped around him. Kiyoshi didn't walk away. Instead, he stood before Yuri glaring down at him. His reading glasses

flashed with the light emitting from the desk lamp, concealing his eyes in its reflection. "Now then, don't say that to me. You haven't the slightest idea how I feel..."

"You don't feel for anything or anyone!" Yuri screamed, raising a fist and about to punch him but Kiyoshi caught his wrist, pulling himself down to Yuri's face level.

"Now you listen to me...and you listen good...You said on countless occasions you'd change..." he began, tightening his grip on Fujisaki's arm, making the teen flinch uncomfortably from the pressure and pain being inflicted on his dainty wrist. His eyes narrowed angrily, as he pulled Yuri closer to his face. "Are you still listening to me?" Yuri nodded slowly. "Good. Now then, I still see no change. I see the same child as I did before..."

"Kiyoshi I..."

"However..." Yuri stopped mid sentence after hearing Kiyoshi begin speaking again.

"However...You came back...so I can only commend you on that..." he reached over slowly, about to meet his lips to Yuri's. Fujisaki's eyes widened, tears still streaming down his cheeks which were soaking his neck and traveling down to his shirt and chest. Kiyoshi soon pulled away soon after almost seemingly about to kiss him, and looked away. "But that's all." he finished, letting go of his wrist and walking to the dresser as if nothing had occurred. Yuri continued to stand in his spot, shocked and amazed; baffled that someone as cold as Kiyoshi had almost kissed him. Yes, him. After being so cold, being so antisocial and remaining in complete solitude. He had almost met his pink, soft lips with Yuri Fujisaki. Yuri wiped his eyes, as the tears ceased from flowing. Kiyoshi had slipped on his boxers and pants when Yuri was trapped in his deep state of thought. Kiyoshi groaned, pushing him out of his room. "Get out of here...Go downstairs and hang with boy toy and Kaz for a while. I'm done with you." he said in his usual, bitter tone and slamming the door closed. Yuri leaned against the large piece of glazed wood that separated him from Kiyoshi. He softly slid down it, sitting in front of the door, feeling somewhat relieved.

2. Simmering Down

Kazutria ran back up the stairs, panting loudly. He looked at Yuri, who was sitting in front of Kiyoshi's door. His face was hidden by his brown bangs and an awkward smile was strewn across his lips. Kazutria jogged over, kneeling down in front of his friend. "Fujisaki are you alright? Did Kiyoshi hurt you in any way? Speak to me please..."

"Kaz, I'm alright...I'm just shocked at some of the things he said, that's all." He smiled, knowing that wasn't the real reason why. Kazutria sighed in relief. "Wonderful, you're alright. Kyo on the other hand isn't taking things so well. Do you think you could help me calm him down a bit?" Kazutria asked, scratching his head. Yuri laughed standing up again, "Sounds good. I see that he and Kiyoshi get into arguments all the time." he stated, walking side by side with Kazutria. "I guess you could say that...Kyo gets worked up very easily, and Kiyoshi knows how to fuel the fire just right, so to speak" Kazutria replied. A sweat drop formed on his head. Yuri chuckled, covering his mouth with a hand. They both made their way downstairs, seeing a little boy with light blue hair tackling an adult over playfully. The black haired, blue eyed man fell over laughing and turning over to pin the little boy down. Skyler yipped loudly, jumping onto of the man and nipping his arm. The Burmese mountain pup held a firm holds of Abel's arm, biting down hard. Abel jumped, yelping in pain as the puppy growled. He finally let go, running to Cody and hiding behind his legs. Cody blinked, looking down at the pup. "Skyler...what's wrong...?" he asked. The dog merely growled at the tall black haired man. Abel winced, walking to the bathroom to clean himself up. "That wasn't very nice, Skyler" Cody scowled at his puppy, who continued to glare out at others from behind his master's legs. As soon as Kazutria and Yuri came down, Skyler growled lowly at them as well. Cody looked down again, then back up at the two who continued to walk to the kitchen. Cody called to the bathroom, "Abel I'm going to talk to Kiyoshi for a second!" he said, running upstairs; Skyler high tailed behind him. Abel nodded, wrapping up his arm after soaking it in warm water. "That crazy dog..." he mumbled.

Cody knocked on Kiyoshi's door, panting. He had no idea that Kiyoshi's room was that far upstairs. Skyler skidded to a halt next to Cody. As soon as Kiyoshi opened the door, the energetic puppy jumped at Kiyoshi, rubbing against his legs affectionately; almost feline-like. Cody blinked in confusion. Kiyoshi bent down and pet his dog, "Skyler you're getting bigger...you should get taken outside more often. Cody, mind walking him twice a day outside? It only needs to be like 15 minutes..." Kiyoshi stood back up, the dog standing on his hind legs and resting his paws on Kiyoshi's shin; yipping ecstatically.

"Sure thing Kiyoshi...But I have a question." Cody stated, looking up at him.

"What?" "Skyler bit Abel...and gave a dirty glare and growled at Yuri and Kazutria when they came downstairs...but he's so kind to you and me...Why is that?"

"I couldn't tell you...Maybe because I adopted him, and you and I both share the responsibility of taking care of him. He just sees us as his family and doesn't want anyone harming us I guess. He's becoming a good guard dog. I read online that Burmese mountain dogs get very big when they're older. It'll be like an older brother for you...only with fur...and who gets to do whatever." Kiyoshi looked down at the pup. Skyler was wagging his tail very quickly, yipping again happily from all of the attention he was receiving.

"I guess you're right Kiyoshi" Cody knelt down, petting his dog that began licking his face. Cody laughed, trying to push the pup away. "If you don't have any other questions I can help you with...I'm going to get back to work on some things." Kiyoshi looked to Cody, stepping out of his room and closing the door behind him. Cody nodded, standing back up and walking with

Kiyoshi down the stairs. "What are you gonna do Kiyoshi?" the young boy asked. He walked quickly to keep up to Kiyoshi's pace. He stuck his hands in his pockets as Kiyoshi did. "Just this and that...writing some new material for the band."

"If Abel's part of the band now, what's he going to do?" Cody looked up.

"How do you mean?" "What is Abel gonna do? Um..." Cody thought a moment, "What is he going to play?" "Oh..Guitar..."

"And Kyo?" Cody asked, holding onto the rail as he walked down the spiral stairwell. Kiyoshi thought a moment, and then chuckled. "They're going to have to duke it out...Nah...That's no fair for boy toy...I guess they both can play. We just need someone...No...We need someone to play bass. But I'll have them deal with that soon enough." Cody reached the last step, stopping.

"Isn't his name Kyo?" Cody asked. Kyo had overheard Cody sticking up for him. His heart melted with joy as he softly smiled at the small eight-year-old. "I call him boy toy; it's like a pet name..." Kiyoshi shrugged. Kyo glared at his rival, but eased up when he saw Cody about to speak again.

"But that's not his name...and that's not a very nice name to be calling him either." Cody sighed. Skyler ran around him, barking and wagging his tail merrily. Kiyoshi chuckled. "Call him whatever you want, you're not changing my mind though." he said, finally leaving. Cody sighed, but turned his attention to his hyperactive puppy. He smiled, running around the house with his pup following close behind. Kiyoshi walked into the kitchen, bumping into Yuri and Kazutria who were sitting at the kitchen counter. Kiyoshi opened the fridge, pulling out a beer and some leftover Chinese food. Putting it on a separate plate, he put it into the microwave, heating it up for forty-five seconds. He leaned against the counter behind him, looking up at the ceiling. Yuri looked over to Kiyoshi longingly and Kazutria smiled. "Hello there Kiyoshi...it's very nice of you to join us...You..."

"I'm going back upstairs." Kiyoshi interrupted, cracking open his beer and taking a sip. Kazutria scratched his head.

"Very well then..." he finally sighed as Kiyoshi left the room and back upstairs. Yuri snapped out of his daze, which was almost like a trance. "So, where's Kyo?" Fujisaki finally asked.

"What about me? What is it now?" Kyo asked from the doorway.

3. An Unexpected Guest

Chapter III An unsuspecting guest

Kazutria blinked and averted his attention from Yuri to Kyo. "Did I miss something or what?" Kyo asked. Yuri and Kazutria smiled at him. "No Kyo, you didn't miss a thing. Are you feeling any better?" Kazutria asked, pulling out a seat for him. Kyo walked over sitting down and leaning back on the hind legs of the chair. "Yeah, a little thanks." He stretched, pushing his arms far over his head and yawning. "The sun room feels great when you need to relax." Yuri looked around. "Whose house is this by the way..." he scratched his head, almost embarrassed to ask. Kazutria stood up. "This is one of Kiyoshi's estates. Would you like me to show you around for a bit?" "That sounds awesome" Yuri answered, jumping down from his chair. Kyo blinked. "So now you're going to leave me? I see..."

"Kyo come help me. You know your way around here too" Kazutria smiled. Yuri turned back to see Kyo slowly get up from his seat, sulking. "Not really..."

Meanwhile, Kiyoshi reached the top of the stairs and walked to his room door. He put his hand on the knob and turned it clockwise, pushing in. Putting his food down on the desk, Kiyoshi walked to his balcony door, realizing that it was open. The cool breeze pushed all of the lighter objects around the room, ruthlessly tossing them to and fro, side to side without any planned destination. He cocked his head a bit confused, shutting the doors slowly and locking them. He turned back to the empty room quickly. His eyes darted from left to right, surveying every corner of his room. After coming to the conclusion that it was safe, he returned to his desk, taking a sip of his beer and began to write. Kiyoshi put on his glasses and reached up to turn his desk lamp. It clamped to the edge of his desk. Something moved behind him. Kiyoshi shot straight up, pulling his glasses off and holding onto the back of his chair which was not on its hind legs. "Come out now..." he said to the empty room, as if to receive an answer. There was no answer, however more movement was heard from around his bed. Naturally, Kiyoshi glanced over and quietly began sneaking towards the sound. "Talas if you're in there I swear I'm going to ring your fucking neck out... he called softly. There was still no answer, but it was definite that there was someone in there. He finally reached the side of the bed, pulling down the sheets a little to see Adian, the drummer of RaGe laying in his bed all curled up and fast asleep. Kiyoshi jumped back not believing what he was seeing. "No way!" He called, angry and confused. Adian sat up, rubbing his eyes, "Oh, good afternoon Kiyoshi...I didn't know when you were coming back so I fell asleep..."

"Adian what are you doing here?!" Kiyoshi asked coldly, returning to his desk.

"I wanted to drop by and say hello!" he smiled, yawning and stretching. Kiyoshi looked around the bed, noticing that Adian's clothes were scattered all around. He sighed. "I presume you're not wearing anything either..." "That's right!" He chuckled, scratching his head.

"Which also means you're soiling my new sheets..." Kiyoshi shook his head, getting back to his writing.

"Kiyoshi you can't tell me you don't sleep naked either" Adian laughed standing up with the sheet tucked around his waist. Kiyoshi stopped writing.

"I do, you're right...But at least I know where I've been; unlike you" He sneered, resuming his writing.

Kazutria and Kyo were walking side by side as Yuri hung a foot or two behind them, looking around at everything. Kazutria and Kyo had shown him the den, the dining room, the kitchen and sun room, the pool, the game room, and were now moving upstairs to the bedrooms.

Kazutria began walking up the spiral staircase, but turned around. "The first floor is for guests and the second floor is for the band mates and VIP's" He chuckled, continuing on walking. Kyo walked on Yuri's right side, hanging next to him. He noticed that there was a third floor and a fourth floor as well. "Kaz, what's on the third floor?" Kyo asked.

"That's where we keep our instruments. There's a whole bunch up there I had no idea Kiyoshi could play. He can play the trumpet, saxophone, drums, acoustic, electric and bass guitars, the violin and lots of other cool stuff!"

"The violin? Sounds girly to me" Kyo laughed. Yuri continued to think about Kiyoshi. He smiled warmly, not catching what anyone was saying. They reached the second floor walking by Kiyoshi's room. Kazutria pulled the doors open and revealed his room to Yuri and Kyo. Yuri gazed in awe, slowly walking into the large room. Hanging on the wall across from the king size bed was a 50" plasma screen TV. Five feet below the TV was a 6' by 6' fireplace with wood already burning brightly inside. On either side of the TV about 3' away were large windows that almost ran up the whole wall. The bottom half was clear while the top half was covered in stain glass. There were couches and comfy chairs. A computer with a large desk, which was used for writing songs, a private bathroom with a crystalized shower and sink, a large wardrobe and much more. Kazutria smiled, walking back down the hall. He knocked on Kiyoshi's door. "Are you ever going to come out and converse with us?" Kazutria asked the door.

"I think he should just live in that little cave of his..." Kyo growled, folding his arms across his chest angrily. Kazutria hushed him and turned to Yuri. "What you saw before was only a tiny part of Kiyoshi's room. You'd wonder why this hall was so large if it only had three rooms in it. The other room is right down the hall, which is about the size of my room. It has some different features and furniture, but it's more or less the same. Kiyoshi has the largest room on this floor; his room's bigger than mine. Yuri's eyes widened. He knew Kiyoshi's room was very large when he was in there, but seeing Kazutria's room and picturing it to be much bigger was almost unbelievable. Kazutria knocked on the door again.

"Kiyoshi you there?" he asked.

"I'm having some problems, come back later." he called.

"What do you mean?" Kazutria opened the door, seeing Kiyoshi writing and Adian sitting on his bed, naked, with a sheet wrapped around him. "That's my problem...He just snuck in here and he won't leave me alone." Kiyoshi said, not looking up and continuing to write. Adian smiled. "Hey Kaz!" he exclaimed happily. Kazutria scratched his head, chuckling nervously. "What a...Unexpected surprise, Adian, nice to see you...Where's Cade and Sanoi? Did they leave you or something?"

"They went out for a day or so. I don't remember where they said they were going, but I decided to come here to see Kiyoshi and you guys!" He smiled, walking to them. Yuri's jaw dropped and eyes narrowed at the intruder. Flaring thoughts raged through his head, but he kept calm and looked out the door. Adian wrapped his arms around Kiyoshi's neck, "I missed you all so much!!" he said gleefully. "Get off of me!" Kiyoshi called trying to pull out of his grasp.

Abel finally managed to wrap his wound tightly and get out of the bathroom. "We got to teach that dog not to nip people like that anymore" he thought, looking around for Cody and Skyler. "Hmm& Abel thought, walking into the den and seeing a little note. He carefully picked it up and looked at the 8-year-old writing. "Abel, I took Skyler out for a walk. I know why he bit you now! We'll be back in 15-20 minutes. -Cody" Abel smiled, putting the note back on the table. "Such a sweet little boy," he said to himself, sitting down on the den's sofa and turning on the TV. He quickly flipped through the channels before turning it off and lying down sprawled on the cushions. He yawned, exhausted from the day and rested his eyes, falling asleep.

4. Unwelcomed Memories: Kiyoshi's Past.

"What Kiyoshi? Didn't you miss me?" Adian asked cheerfully, rubbing his face against Kiyoshi's. Kiyoshi stood up, trying to push him off, but with no avail. He sighed, slowly giving up the fight. His arms folded on his chest as Adian slowly slipped his hands off his neck and around Kiyoshi's waist. Kiyoshi blinked, shoving his hands in his pockets, growling lowly; his glasses flashed over his eyes, hiding them from everyone while he looked up and out the window. Yuri slowly clenched his fist shut, extremely jealous of Adian, who seemed to have the gift of being extremely flirtatious with anyone he so chooses. Kazutria chuckled, scratching his head not knowing what to say. "Well," he finally managed to speak, "it was nice seeing you again, Adian. Yuri and I will be—" "Staying and hanging with you guys..." Yuri interrupted, speaking lowly. Kazutria glanced over to Yuri who was still boiling mad. He thought for a moment, looking back to Kiyoshi. Kiyoshi is never this mean toward Adian—Actually—they love to hang around with each other. I know that Adian's single—and if he still is—and Kiyoshi's acting even colder now— Kazutria thought for a moment, looking at the two men. Kyo laughed, unable to hold it in any longer. He fell to the ground, clutching his stomach and trying to catch his breath. "Someone has a lover! I knew you were into boys!" he hollered, laughing profoundly. Kiyoshi sighed, "You couldn't be anymore wrong, boy toy..." Kyo instantly stopped laughing, jumping back onto his feet. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"I'm...Uh....Um...." Kiyoshi stuttered.

"He's engaged..." Kazutria figured out finally saying his reasoning aloud and blinking with widened eyes. Kiyoshi looked down, angry, knowing that he had finally been figured out. Adian let go. "Are you serious? Kiyoshi's engaged?! To whom?!" He questioned, holding onto his arm still and jumping up and down slightly, curious as to where this conversation was heading.

"Hn..." Kiyoshi sneered, turning away and walking to the window. With one slight jerk of his arm he broke free from Adian's small grasp on his arm. Kiyoshi blankly stared out the window and onto the slow-going metropolis below him. Everything was coming back to Kazutria now. Memories from the past poured into his head, reminding him of everything that had occurred in Kiyoshi's life, well, as far as he knew about his friend. He thought for a moment.

"Ella Barrows..." Kazutria said softly. Everyone but Kiyoshi looked over to him. Kazutria was still reminiscing on old memories, trying to put the pieces of the unsolved puzzle together.

"Who?" Yuri and Adian asked in unison. Kazutria looked up, his face long and pale. "Ella Barrows...She's from the nobility as well...When he was younger they were said to be wedded when they turned 18..." Yuri turned to Kiyoshi. "So is he..." "No...his parents died when he was six...Since then he's been with us for a couple years, then in his foster parents' terrible care until Cade picked him up when he was twelve....He ran away from there when he was seventeen...." Kazutria's eyes remained open and blankly staring at Kiyoshi, who continued to glare out the window. Kiyoshi sighed, pretending not to mind any attention to the story of his engagement as it was becoming more unraveled by the minute. He leaned further out the window, now propped on his elbows on the windowsill to get a better look at the small figures of people slowly moving below him. He reached for his desk, pulling out a headset and carefully placing the ear pieces into his ears, turning on some rock music he had recorded himself. "Foster care?" Yuri asked. Adian looked down. "I heard about that from Cade...Kiyoshi had a miserable childhood..." He sighed. "Why? What happened exactly?" Yuri asked inquisitively, all of his rage diminishing from that point. Kazutria and Adian sighed. Kyo turned away, hearing this sad tale before. "I'm going to head downstairs..." he peeped softly, leaving them and jogging down the stairs,

relaxing in the sun room. Adian began to speak, fiddling with his fingers once more, only this time more slowly and sadly.

"When Kiyoshi's parent s home was burning in a blaze of fire, he pulled his mother out of the burning mansion. He was six years old when his father perished in the flames and his mother died in his arms. We have no information on who set the fire...but it had to have been an enemy of the Wells-Cleaver family..."

"We then took him in after seeing him alone and sitting behind a tombstone at the funeral. Poor Kiyoshi didn't have a family to fall back on." Kazutria replied as his bangs covered both of his eyes vs. only the right side. His voice changed from being merry and happy-go-lucky to dreary and woeful in a matter of moments. Adian continued to look down as Yuri's eyes widened, continuing to listen to the mortifying tale of Kiyoshi's past.

"He then ran away from Kazutria s house when he was 9 and was caught by the local police who brought him to an orphanage. He was adopted by Taria and Loki Smith. Taira was a part time adult movie store employee and a complete drug addict. She used most of the money she made buying heroin for herself when she should have brought food home for the family." Adian said softly sniffing slightly from the draft of the wind from the open window. He sat back down on Kiyoshi s bed, laying on his back and looking up at the curtains which were pulled open from earlier.

"Loki was a good guy though...He worked long hours into the night and early morning. He tucked Kiyoshi into bed at night after Taria had fought with him about misplaced money she thought he had stolen, and the chores she had forced him to complete because of her lack of motivation to do nothing more than to inject herself with those horrid drugs. There was another in the family, Roy, the son of Taira. She remarried after her divorce with another man, though we are unsure of his name. She took custody of Roy, who was one year younger than Kiyoshi. Taria always favored Roy and never let Kiyoshi have anything at all. He was forced to cook and clean, deprived of elementary school learning every now and then, and had to take care of the house most of the day. He was a practically a slave there; the only one showing him any sort of compassion was Loki. When Taria and Loki divorced, she took Kiyoshi into her custody as well, and worked him twice as hard as before. She was always heard slapping him around and kicking him down every now and then from completing a task not to her approval. After 3 more years of abuse, somehow...Roy and Taria disappeared. Kiyoshi was living on his own again, and refusing to be re-caught by the orphanage and to be put up for another adoption. Some say he didn t want to meet another family as cruel as the one before him. Others claim different. Nonetheless, Cade soon found him, hiding in a box under a tree and took him in until the age of 17 when he just, disappeared yet again. Kazutria said softly as well. Tears streamed down his face but he soon wiped them away.

Adian softly glanced over to Kiyoshi, who seemed to have ignored everything that had been said about his past. Yuri blinked, horrified, and mortified. He slowly began to walk over, but was stopped by Adian and Kazutria who had both lifted an arm to shield him from Kiyoshi. "Not now..." Kazutria said softly, choking up. He turned and left the room, running to his and slamming the door. Adian walked out of the room, walking downstairs to see Abel lying in the den, sleeping soundly though turning every now and then on the leathery blue cushions under him. His body indented with the soft fabric after a while until he moved into a different sleeping position. Adian sat on the couch next to him, relaxing and closing his eyes, trying to regain himself. After a brief period of silence in the house, Adian picked up a pair of pants and threw them over his legs quickly, writing a note for anyone whom it may concern. It was a brief note on his sudden absence and that he was going into town for a bit to shake off some previous stress. Smiling slightly, he placed the note on the kitchen counter taking to the door and down the dirt path, out the gates, and to the town. Yuri however stayed. He slowly walked closer to

Kiyoshi but was stopped.

"So...you know more about me..." Kiyoshi said softly, looking unaffected by the whole thing as he pulled the earpieces out. Yuri choked up, thinking about the horrible things he said in the past about him being a rotten orphan on their stay in Russia. "I...I didn't know Kiyoshi...I..." "So you seem to assume...and jeer at me...kick my while I'm down..." Kiyoshi didn't look back. He kept his focus on the hustle and bustle in the town below him.

"Kiyoshi no, that's not it at all..."

"I'm still betrothed as far as I know of. That must tear some strings in you fluffy..." he said sighing.

"Why are you calling me fluffy?" Yuri questioned softly.

"You're soft, too soft, and almost fluffy. It's not a good nickname mind you." Yuri sighed heavily, but cooled off. "So...you think you love me..." Kiyoshi started up again. Yuri's eyes widened gradually. He stuttered. "How...How'd you know?"

"You're not too difficult to figure out you know fluffy." Yuri eased up a bit, relieved a bit. "But I don't quite believe you."

"What do I need to do to prove it? I'll love you no matter what Kiyoshi I swear!" Yuri pleaded, inching closer. His hands clasped together slightly, on the brink of getting onto his knees and literally begging for Kiyoshi's cold, painful love.

"That's quite enough of your nonsense..." Kiyoshi said lowly, looking over his shoulder with one eye to see Yuri beginning to break down.

5. The Conversation

"Kiyoshi I love you...give me another chance to prove myself. I won't blow it I swear!" Yuri pleaded, now inching even closer to Kiyoshi. Tears streamed down his cheeks, and step by step he crept closer. Kiyoshi continued to watch him. "You wouldn't want anything to do with me if I told you the untold part of the tale. He replied lowly and glancing back out the window. He placed a hand over his other and bent his elbows to place his folded hands under his chin. Yuri was on the verge of running over, but instead stood about six feet away from Kiyoshi, shaking uncontrollably and wiping the tears away from his face. "I...I want to know Kiyoshi..."

"I'm sure you would just leave me here again; right at this instant and find someone to take care of me for good..." He shot back, leaning more out the window. Yuri shook his head, forcing a smile. "J-just tell me Kiyoshi...Get to your point." he almost ordered in a shaky voice. If he was somebody else other than Kazutria, Cade or Cody, Kiyoshi would have told him off. Instead, the twenty-two year old hesitated for a moment and inhaled, then exhaling deeply.

"The sudden disappearance of Taisa and Roy was my doing...I found a gun in that old witch s underwear drawer and shot and killed them both..." Yuri stared blankly at Kiyoshi, unable to speak.

"That's not all. Oh there were more of that witch s family roaming around those parts...I killed them all too....Overall there were 12 people; each one more brutal and heartless than the next. What Kazutria or Adian didn't mention was that every couple of months or so there was a 'Family Reunion.' Cousins, aunts, uncles...all put me to work...I was nine for Christ s sake...nine fuckin' years old and being put to work for those lazy bastards...it s so cruel...so low..." He said sternly, clenching his fist. Yuri was still in his state of shock, dropping to his knees. "I...I'm beginning to understand..." he thought to himself, his eyes wide and his pupils dilated as he placed both hands over his head.

"Loki was not permitted to take custody of me because she made him look like a slacker crack addict with no life and no responsibility all together...Lousy witch...I'm glad I killed her..." He spat, very angry at this point. Kiyoshi s eyes narrowed like they had before when he could handle so much anger without letting out some exhaust from being pent up for so long. "I'd kill her again and again...and that little porker of a son Roy too if I could."

"I...Is that why your eyes narrow...w-when you're upset?" Yuri finally blurted out. "Pardon me?" Kiyoshi turned to look at him completely, his eyes narrowed fiercely and glaring in Yuri s direction. Yuri jumped, almost feeling his cold glare penetrate his soul. "N-nothing, don't even worry about it..." He quickly stammered. Kiyoshi continued to watch him, but slowly looked back outside the window, his eyes easily softening up to their original state. "You're the only one who knows about their deaths...I trust you won't tell anybody..." he growled, almost as if it were a threat. Yuri caught on, he knew that this was a serious matter and Kiyoshi was very traumatized by it all. The last thing he needed was to be interrogated for things that had happened nine to thirteen years ago. "W-What did the police do?" he asked. Kiyoshi blinked. "What kind of dumb question was that fluffy? I told them that someone broke in and killed them all while I was outside, lying on the ground with a blanket. That was the truth; I slept outside a lot. But I killed

them. I just didn't tell them the 'whole' truth." Kiyoshi said, running his fingers through his hair to push it out from his eyes. Tears were still streaming down Yuri's face as he tried to remain strong.

"Wipe your eyes...It's embarrassing...Show a little strength...God only knows you have it." Kiyoshi rolled his eyes, shutting the window and sitting back at his desk, where he continued to write. You should just leave and give up now. You can't even hold yourself together long enough to hear my story." Yuri got angry, wiping his eyes again. "I am strong..." he said softly moving over and sitting on Kiyoshi's bed. Kiyoshi chuckled, shaking his head.

"You're not...Stop trying to pretend what you think you are. This isn't some magic fairy-tail dream land where you can pretend to be who you want to be and actually think you are somebody." Kiyoshi sighed, standing up and putting his papers in a folder. Other works seemed to be piling up in it as well. Kiyoshi shoved his papers into the folder and placing them into a drawer, locking it. Yuri clenched the sheets tightly, looking angrily over to Kiyoshi and shaking slightly. "I am strong..." he replied again, only this time a little louder than before. Kiyoshi chuckled, waving Yuri off as if he were joking around, "I've heard it before, now you're sounding like a broken record." In that moment, Yuri charged over to Kiyoshi grabbing his wrist. Kiyoshi stopped laughing and darted his eyes over to the teen that had his arm. He looked at him questioningly as his hand slowly curled into a tight fist. His knuckles cracked one by one as his fist grew tighter. Yuri swallowed hard, but kept his firm grasp on Kiyoshi's arm. "I am...and I'll prove it to you too," Yuri stated. Kiyoshi finally stood up, ripping his wrist out of the teen's slight grasp. He sneered, walking to the door to leave but was stopped by Yuri again; his other wrist grabbed. Kiyoshi growled, whirling Yuri over and pinning him against the door. Yuri let out a soft yelp, flinching a little from the shock but still holding onto Kiyoshi's arm. His grasp had lightened a bit. "I've had enough of your bullshit," Kiyoshi said neutrally pinning his arm against the door. He forcefully grabbed his other arm and held it above his head. Yuri tried to squirm out of his grasp, but the hit to the door had cost him his breath.

Attempting to regain his composure again, Yuri panted loudly, squeezing his eyes shut and tilting his head up in a bit of pain. Tears continued to stream down his cheeks as yet again, he tried to pull free. With no avail, Kiyoshi stared at the ignorant teenager, smirking. "Typical teenage behavior...I never had any of that...It's the ignorance I can't stand really. It's a sign of weakness." He sneered; now holding both of Yuri's wrists in one hand. "Your wrists are small enough to hold in one hand even...you're almost like boy toy...very feminine like qualities." Kiyoshi chuckled moving his face closer to Yuri's. Yuri refused to speak or even look at Kiyoshi. He turned his head away from him and his eyes were welling up quickly, growing puffy and red in the process. "Aw...Are we going to cry and ignore me now? Did I say something mean?" Kiyoshi mocked, stroking his face lightly. Yuri continued to turn away from his touch until Kiyoshi grabbed his jaw and forced him in his direction. He sighed, but a skewed smile soon took place over his lips. "Well...I see you no longer have any sort of feelings for me..." He said, slowly inching his face even close to Yuri's. Yuri stubbornly kept turning away from the other, wanting nothing more than to leave the place instantly. "There's nothing I can do to convince you anymore, so now I've given up on you Wells-Cleaver."

"Oh aren't we the big man? You're what, seventeen? And calling me by my last name now? Aren't we the little tough guy, fluffy?" Kiyoshi chuckled, thumbing Yuri's cheek softly.

"Knock it off I don't want it anymore." Yuri growled, trying to pull his arms out of Kiyoshi's

hands. He then tried to kick, but Kiyoshi instantly pushed his body softly against Yuri's. Yuri turned a bright red, trying to push away. His legs were held to the door by Kiyoshi's. His bare chest was up against the cloth of Yuri's shirt. Yuri shivered slightly, basking in the warm feeling of another warm body on his. His face reddened more as he inhaled deeply, trying to keep his body in control. Kiyoshi brushed up against the teen again, provoking him to lose that certain control. Seeing that Yuri held everything in, he thought it would be the right time to make him or break him. "Very well, yet again, I want nothing to do with you...However...there's a catch this time," he smirked. Yuri swallowed hard again but shook it off. "So what are you going to do? Try to win me back? Believe me it's not going to work." He snorted proudly continuing to turn his attention the either the elm dresser or the guitar cases lined up along the right wall.

"Oh you'll come crawling back to me after a while fluffy...I'll just experiment with new faces and see what really gets your blood boiling; after all, you don't wish to have me anymore so it seems. He smirked, slowly taking his body off of Yuri's. Yuri chuckled.

"Yeah, that's unlikely Wells-Cleaver."

"Au Contraire...I saw how enraged you were when Adian was hanging on me...and how Talas always seemed to be touching me...I noticed it more with Adain because he's more in contact with the band..." Kiyoshi let go of his wrists, moving him away from the door.

"I'm not the one going to win the affection back...you're going to win it from me...and that's how it's going to be. I won't be as kind as I was before. But I'm sure you'll find a way to prove yourself...You're only seventeen. But think of something quick. I'm a twenty-two year old raging with hormones telling me to do as I please with my body. But you don't care about that. So you worry about you or how you're going to win me back. Okay fluffy?" Kiyoshi chuckled sarcastically, and then shaking his head, opening the door and leaving his room leaving Yuri alone, completely horrified.

"W-what am I going to do..." he said to himself, taking a seat on the bed. Kiyoshi's hard words had really gotten to him this time. He held his face, about to sob uncontrollably until he looked up, thinking about how he was going to get over Kiyoshi.

"He's such a hard @\$&I won't have to deal with his cold, bitterly sarcastic nature much longer...And he'll eventually try to get me back...I know it...He has feelings for me somewhere in that void of a heart he has." Yuri thought, standing up and walking to the guest room; his new room. He laid down on the king size bed and slowly shut his eyes drifting to sleep.

6. TrepidNight Crashes the Party

There was a knock at the main door. Cody energetically ran over to it pulling the doors wide open. He smiled, "May I help you gentlemen?" he asked as he greeted the three strangers at the door. A man with a black tuxedo with a black hat with a red band around it and with blue hair stepped forward. He put out his cigarette in an ashtray which stood next to the front door. "Is master Kiyoshi available?" he asked proceeding indoors. Another man with brown hair and blue tips followed, escorting a man with a cape and hood, which drearily hung over his head and hiding his eyes and nose. The only part of him visible was his mouth, which flashed a toothy grin at the little boy.

"He's in, but I don't think he's expecting guests now...Consider coming back a little later maybe?" the eight-year-old asked, trying to push them out the door. With no luck, he was picked up by the scruff of his shirt by the brown haired man, who smiled at him. "But this is very important adult things...And who might you be? I don't seem to recall you litt-" he paused for a moment, remembering back to the concert.

"Oh...I see now...You're the boy Kiyoshi took in...Aren't you? Your name's Cody, right?" He asked smiling and placing him down. Cody tilted his head, a bit confused. "Yes, I am...how'd you know that?" he asked, stepping back defensively. Skyler growled angrily at the intruders as the man stepped to Cody, an evil grin spread across his lips. In that moment, the puppy leapt forward and bit the man in the leg, sending him jumping back.

"Owww! Damn that puppy has sharp @\$@ teeth!" The man howled in pain. The suited fellow chuckled.

"What's so funny Hojo?! It really hurts!"

"Talas it's a puppy, calm down." Hojo smiled, squatting down and smiling at the pup, which sniffed his hand and bit down onto him. After releasing Hojo's hand, the puppy's now red stained teeth continued to flash at the intruders, signaling that he was the dominant one in the area. Hojo winced, but merely grabbed a handkerchief and held his hand in it to keep it from bleeding profusely. The last man finally bent over, petting the dog unafraid. Skyler blinked, not understanding why he wasn't cowering as the other two had. Talas and Hojo averted their eyes from the other man's behavior.

"Sir&I thought you didn't like dogs?" Talas asked, wiping blood off of his leg.

"Au Contraire...Dogs are very loyal, friendly creatures... I don't prefer them, but they're good...for most of the time" he smiled. Cody backed up more, sprinting up the stairs. Kazutria and Kyo caught notice as the frightened boy whizzed by them. Kazutria instantly stood up, walking out into the main hall where he was confronted by the three strangers. He stopped in the middle of the threshold that connected the den and the main hall, watching. His eyes narrowed as he held the side of the wall, digging his nails into the glazed wood. Kyo stood behind them, then next to Kazutria watching the three. Talas waved and Hojo smirked. The other man stepped in front of them. "Good evening, Kazutria; same to you Kyo." He began,

bowing politely.

"What do you want," Kazutria snapped. Kyo glanced over at Kaz, horrified from this sudden dominant, angry behavior he was witnessing from his lover. "He&He better not be taking from Kiyoshi...I don't...know how much I can take if he actually is... Kyo thought to himself, still holding firm ground.

"I'm just here to see Kiyoshi...Is that such a crime...Master Kazutria?" the man asked, grinning. Kaz clenched his fist, about to lunge out and strike the man.

"You have no business here, Sven." Kazutria hissed, clenching his free fist tighter.

"I'm not here to quarrel with you, I wish to see Kiyoshi...We have some things to discuss..."

"No you don't, you're not laying another finger on him." Kazutria sneered, turning away. "I'd suggest we see him now..." Sven said, in a sing song tone. Cody came downstairs accompanied by Kiyoshi. Skyler trotted in front of him, growling fiercely at the strangers. Sven bowed again.

"Its good to see you again...I..."

"Cut the crap, what do you want?" Kiyoshi abruptly asked, holding Cody in his arms and pushing the dog back with his leg. His eyes and presence gave off a cold, icy glare that froze Talas and Hojo stiff. Though, Sven continued to smile, unaffected.

"Where's the jewel...?" he asked softly.

7. A Brutal Encounter

Kiyoshi chuckled. "What on earth are you rambling about now? A jewel? Hmmm..." he replied sarcastically pretending to think. "It'd be in your best interest not to play dumb with us now." Sven spat, his attitude now completely changed from calm and collected to looking as if he were about to explode with rage. Kazutria had never seen this side of Sven before. Whatever this jewel was had to be very important to him. Sven took another step forward, asking again more agitated,

"Where is the jewel?"

"What do you mean? The Jewel of Sacred Rock or something?" He chuckled, knowing this was only making Sven even more upset and almost to his last straw of anger. Sven's teeth grit heatedly under his hood as he pulled out a sword from inside of his cloak. Kazutria jumped back and bumped into Kyo who scurried behind the wall. Talas and Hojo nodded, slowly walking back and standing in front of the main door. Kiyoshi slowly lowered Cody and pushed Skyler out of the way. "Cody...Take your dog...and kindly get out of here...the adults need to talk..." he spoke softly, not letting his eyes off his rival.

"The jewel..." Sven grinned evilly, stepping forward with his sword drawn and pointed in Kiyoshi's direction in an attack-like stance.

"Cody, everything's going to be alright...you just...go play with Fluffy over there." Kiyoshi nodded toward the stairs, signaling to Yuri.

"Who's fluffy?" Cody stammered, very afraid.

"Yuri...Go toughen'm up for me..." Kiyoshi nodded. Abel walked into the room, yawning and stretching with his eyes closed. "Mmmmmmm that nap was heavenly...I can't bel-" he stopped, noticing the man in the hood holding a large sword before him; the tip of the blade softly touching the tip of his nose. Abel raised his hands to his head, backing away next to Kiyoshi. "Who's this guy" he whispered lowly. Sven took one final step, about to lunge.

"That's Sven..." Kiyoshi answered, pushing him out of the way as Sven brought his sword down in-between the two. He whirled around, cape following quickly as he continued to push the offense and searching for his target. Kiyoshi turned to the stairs, grabbing the marble ball at the end of the rail and spinning himself in the direction of the right wing. He skidded to a halt in the middle of a doorway, turning down the hall and to the sun room. Sven quickly followed breaking the door down with one slash of his blade. He laughed evilly, proceeding after Kiyoshi with great speed. Abel chased after them, but was soon blocked by Hojo and Talas. "Private business...I'll let you know when Kiyoshi's funeral is later though."

Talas smiled, getting into a fighting stance. Hojo stayed silent with his arms folded across his chest. "Well, Kiyoshi's the greatest thing that I've ever met in my life...I don't plan on losing him to you losers." Abel chuckled, jumping forward and punching Talas in the jaw. He leapt off him, dashing for the sunroom when he was again, stopped by Hojo who had grabbed hold of his arm. Hojo smiled, and then threw him across the room, watching him slam into the kitchen wall.

A body sized hole, now indented into the fine stone crumbled beneath Abel as he flinched in pain, picking himself up. "W-wow that guy's strong...but if he has the strength...Talas must have the agili..." But before he could finish speaking his thoughts aloud, Talas dashed up to him, kicking him in the face. "Serves you right..." He mocked, wiping the blood off his lip with his bare arm.

"My, aren't we quick, Mr. Wells-Cleaver," Sven said loudly, looking around the blackened room, "I know you're in here...Resisting the inevitable is useless...Come out now and maybe I won't kill you..." He smiled, standing in the middle of the room. Kiyoshi slowly made his way over to the cabinet where he had kept his weapons. He silently pulled out a revolver, though didn't intend on using it. After, he pulled out a sword of his own. As he closed the door; it made a slight creaking sound catching his foe's attention. Instantly, Sven looked his way, dashing over. Almost as if he were a blur, Sven moved with incredible speed. He darted left and right, attempting to throw Kiyoshi off and have him confused. He brought his arm up, and then slammed his blade back down, clashing blades with Kiyoshi. He flipped back, holding his sword in front of him and arching forward. Kiyoshi clutched the end of the sword with both hands, pointing the blade in Sven's direction. Meanwhile, Kazutria had tried to burst into the room and help in any way that he could. The door pushed slightly open, but then there was a muffled noise; a scream being silenced by a hand. Hojo held Kazutria in front of him walking into the room. Kiyoshi looked over, extremely angry; his eyes began to narrow in Hojo's direction. Kiyoshi's blade dipped slowly, the tip of his blade clashing with the glazed floor.

"Yes Kiyoshi...let your anger take control...We all know what you've done...and what mistakes you'll make later on!" Sven cooed, beginning to walk around his prey like a hungry tiger. His steps softly pitter pattered around the room, almost silently. Snow began to gently fall outside, soon becoming a dangerous blizzard. Kiyoshi withdrew his sword, placing it back in a sheath which was attached on his back. Sven continued to walk around him.

"Don't play stupid...I know what you've done. I know how they were killed...why...when...where...I know more than you think Mr. Wells-Cleaver&" Sven lowered his sword, putting it back into the loop of his pants. He held both of his hands behind his back, stepping closer to Kiyoshi who was now looking at the floor, with disgrace flushed on his face.

Yuri finally awoke from his sleep. Stretching and yawning he pulled himself up and walked to his door. Sleepily reaching for the knob, he heard a desperate cry downstairs from Kazutria. He then flung the door open, running down as fast as he could. Cody and Skyler were huddled at the top of the stairs. Yuri ran past them, jumping down the last couple of steps and bolting to the door. Abel was out cold, being dragged by Talas to the couch. "For Christ's sake is he heavy..." he whined, placing him up against the couches cushions. Kazutria was held up, his mouth covered by the hand of Hojo. Kyo ran over to him about to punch the intruder with the black suit, but instead he stopped, remembering that the one he loved was in the way. Kyo growled lowly, "Let him go, now!"

"No can do sport," Hojo replied softly, his attention turned to the rivals in the sunroom.

"You put him down right now or so God help you both!" Yuri yelled, storming into the room.

"If I said no to him...Do you really think I'm going to say yes for you to? Let's be honest here kid&you're no threat to me at all; neither of you." Hojo shrugged. Kazutria calmed down a

bit, seeing that he wasn't getting hurt, nor did they intend on hurting him. He shook a bit, but it was from being levitated off the ground. Kyo and Yuri took a step back, glaring at Kazutria's captor. Talas came back into the room, wiping blood off his hands and pulling off his shirt, using it as a rag. "Wow, not only is he really heavy, but he bleeds a lot too!" Talas chuckled, wiping blood off of his face and hands with the already tainted cloth. Yuri's eyes widened. "You didn't...kill...A...Ab-"

"Killed? No...I kicked'm. He punched me...Wasn't very nice so I just got'm back. So after he hit me, I just went with the adrenalin; I guess I was too fast for him to react quickly enough." Talas scratched his head chuckling. Both Yuri and Kyo let out a sigh of relief though soon focused on the brawl in front of them.

"So...Where's the jewel..." Sven demanded again, this time almost touching Kiyoshi who was still looking at the floor at a diagonal angle. Sven grabbed his chin, pulling Kiyoshi's chin down so he would meet his eyes. Kiyoshi glanced down at him, but looked away. Sven was noticeably smaller than Kiyoshi, but no more than a couple inches or so. Yuri crept next to the sunroom, pushing the door open to see Sven holding Kiyoshi's face, and Kiyoshi looking away. He covered his mouth, trying to not make a sound.

"Kiyoshi...I know you have it...Kazutria doesn't...and as far as I know...you're the only pathetic Wells-Cleaver left of your family..." Sven grinned, slightly brushing his body up against Kiyoshi's. "Your family...nice people...but they were very ignorant and oblivious to the rest of the society among them. You know this; and I pity you honestly...You don't have anyone to fall back on."

"Neither do you, so don't go on about feeling pitiful for me. You're stooping this low and hurting people to get your way. You're just a spoiled brat, getting everything you desire. I pity you." Kiyoshi sneered. Sven smiled, moving his hand from beneath Kiyoshi's chin and grabbing a good chunk of hair on the top of Kiyoshi's head, pulling him down to the ground. Kiyoshi winced in pain, now on his knees. Yuri's eyes widened, as he tried to creep more into the room without being detected by the three intruders. The moon's beam reflected down from the window on the ceiling to the ground where the two stood; their silhouettes merging into one. Sven stood straight up, grinning. He pulled off his hood and looked down at Kiyoshi, kneeling him in the face. Kiyoshi toppled over, groaning with pain as blood trickled from his lower lip and onto the glazed, hardwood floor. Sven walked over to him slowly. "Where is it...You're the only Wells-Cleaver!" He ordered again, kicking him once more. Suddenly, the doors which lead outside began to creak; the knob turned and it slowly opened.

"453 Terrance Grove...Kiyoshi Wells-Cleaver...Are you in here?" A voice asked sternly. It seemed as low and cold as Kiyoshi's. There, a shadow penetrated into the room, followed by another smaller one.

"Kiyoshi...It's been a while&mind if we catch up?" another voice asked. It was softer, but very similar to the first.

"Y-You have no business here!" Sven snapped whirling his attention to the silhouettes in the doorway. His cape flailed behind him as the winter's snow harshly protruded into the room.

"Hold your tongue..." The first voice snapped back. Sven backed up slightly, becoming more nervous by the second.

"Looks like little brother needs some help." The softer voice chuckled, unsheathing a large sword and leapt forward.

8. The War Wages On

While jumping into the air, he hit the moon's beams which shone in from the glass roof. An outline of a young man was now shown. Though it was hard to see from the light behind him, he was wearing a blue and white vest with a blue tank top and long navy blue baggy pants. He had shoulder length hair waving freely behind him his facial features and his designs on his clothes were not visible from the lack of light in the room. The other, taller man stepped into the light, showing a glimpse of himself as well. He had very long hair raven-like hair; small strands held together by baby blue beads in various places. He had light grey/bluish eyes, crystallized fragments scattered around his pupils. He was wearing a medium sized red jacket which only zipped up half way. It had black lace strung in a beautiful pattern around it and clipped together with a sterling silver buckle. Underneath that was a white frilled shirt turned out and came over the jacket a slight bit as a neckerchief. He was wearing long black pants and wearing a pendant very similar to Kiyoshi's. The smaller boy was also wearing the same pendant, though of a different color than the other two.

Sven continued to back up. "It...It can't be..." He stammered. His eyes widening as he turned to flee from the house. The smaller boy leapt in front of him, his back faced to the door where Yuri had been hiding and waving a finger in a commanding manor. "Now, now...You've done some damage. It's only fair to receive your end of the pain." He chuckled; pulling his sword up then bringing it back down, clashing his blade with Sven's who tried to quickly retreat. As the smaller boy became more visible, more of his facial features had become noticed among the others. He had a blondish brown hair, though lighter than Kiyoshi's, and had the most extravagant baby blue eyes, which were as cold as ever. The younger man opened his eyes slowly, his pupils shimmering with the light from the moon which oddly enough, continued to shine through the window above, regardless of the whirling blizzard outside. He leapt forward again, relying on his speed and agility to catch Sven off guard.

"It...It can't be...Y-you died!!!" Sven stuttered "So...you're Sven de Beauchamp. I remember you, but I expected you to be much more clever and witty than you seem..." The taller man chuckled, walking closer to Kiyoshi and kneeling down next to him, "You doing alright there pal?" he asked, gently picking the motionless body off the floor, and propping him against his knee. Kiyoshi pulled away. "I don't know you...what are you doing here?" He replied harshly, trying to pick himself up and move away. The taller man laughed softly, turning his attention to his comrade who was turning on the offense again. "Kiyoshi don't worry about it...everything will be alright."

"Yeah Kiyoshi, we've finally found you. We can live together again." The other boy chuckled, but soon a grunt of struggle was heard as he continued his brawl with Sven. Sven finally managed to worm out of his attacks and fled to the door. He whistled loudly and bolted out, his cape flailing behind him and cloaking his body in the process. Talas ran for the door and Hojo dropped Kazutria, trailing behind him. Moments after their leave, the horse drawn carriage was heard quickly speeding away. The shorter man sheathed his sword again, walking over to Kiyoshi. He stood up straight, looking down at Kiyoshi, but speaking louder than he would be next to someone as close to him as his comrades were. "You can come out now...it's safe" he said aloud, referring to Yuri who was still behind the door. Yuri trembled a bit, but finally

managed to pull himself together and get out there. Kiyoshi pulled his arm away from the stranger.

"Kiyoshi take it easy, we're here to aid you." The younger man said trying to convince him that everything was going to be alright as he continued to hover over him. Kiyoshi pushed away, trying to escape the clutch of his two rescuers. Kazutria picked himself off the floor, rubbing his rear from being previously dropped. He inched carefully into the still dimmed room, walking the same distance as Yuri had and stopping at least thirty feet from the scene. Kyo joined Kaz moments later, clutching onto the other man's arm nervously, and his dainty hand trembling noticeably on Kazutria's bare skin. Kaz inhaled deeply, moving his slender hand onto Kyo's shoulder trying to remain strong as he watched the two new intruders hover over Kiyoshi.

"I don't even know who you are, so how do I know I can trust you?" Kiyoshi snapped, pushing himself up off of the taller man's thigh and unsheathing his sword in a swift pull, having it make a loud slash-like sound. He pointed it in their direction after retreating a couple steps backward, shifting his eyes from the two figures before him. His blade shimmered with the moon's soft gleam as he tilted the sharp end towards the two. The intruder's facial appearances and details of their clothes were hidden in the shadows yet again as one of them chuckled, taking a step forward and drawing a blade of his own from the depths of his coat which he carelessly tore off, holding it over the ground. "I see you still have that spunk." The softer voice spoke up. A slight grin curled on his lips as a chuckle followed. He was the owner of the blade being pointed in Kiyoshi's direction. "I like that about you Kiyoshi. That hard-core manner of yours gives you that... Well... That striking yet inexplicable, serene presence." He continued to speak, taking one final step and raising his blade even now at his chest height, dropping his cloak to the floor.

Now tell me...Is your cold, icy approach to others as intriguing as your swordsmanship? Or has your noteworthy talent diminished! The younger man laughed aloud, traveling at an amazing speed towards Kiyoshi who, being extremely caught off-guard, raised his blade in defense and squeezed his eyes closed for a brief moment. The sound of the two blades clashing together had Kazutria, Kyo and Yuri jump with fear from the loud explosion of sound which screamed throughout the room like an angry siren. Kiyoshi re-opened his eyes, seeing the younger man for a second before he vanished back into the shadow, giving Kiyoshi the opportunity to clasp a firm hold onto the hilt of his sword. He clenched his knuckles onto the leathery surface, listening for any sounds emitted from the other.

Sparks flew from a blade which was dragged against the marble surface near one of the three exits of the room. The sound was deafening, enough to shatter one's window and eardrums if exposed to the noise for a vast amount of time. The three allies held their ears, unable to withstand the unbearable scream of the sword screeching against the floor. The taller man continued to watch, his face becoming more visible as the moon had reached a certain, diagonal angle. More and more glimpses of the stranger's face was slowly being revealed to the three bystanders watching from the sidelines. The man's face was soft and neutral, much in comparison to Kiyoshi's; the resemblance of the two was remarkable. The facial characteristics of this stranger emitted the icy, irate presence Kazutria had noticed in his best friend's appearance. Kaz held onto his ears, opening one eye and studying the still intruder as the battle waged on. Kiyoshi turned his concentration to the back door where the two had entered, seeing small sparks fly from the marble.

Clutching his hilt even harder he too leapt forward after become aware of the sparks disappearing little by little. He met blades with the younger man, striving for the offence, but meeting the other in the same position as he was. It was a stalemate; both dexterities were equally matched; enough so that nobody was in a limited situation. Kiyoshi continued to strike down on the other's blade as much as the other beat down on his own. The younger man took one step backward, flipping over as Kiyoshi swung his blade once more, only to meet nothing with his blade. Confused, Kiyoshi looked around and then, without warning, his blade, which had been raised at about a seventy-five degree angle before him snapped, dead center.