

# Imaginary

By Fiwen

Submitted: September 13, 2006

Updated: October 10, 2006

*SEQUEL TO IRIS. After her mamodo sacrifices its chance to be king by bringing Sherry Belmont back to life, Selina searches for Brago with the girl. After finding the mamodo, Selina stays with them, much to the demon's dislike. However, they find her useful for moral and physical support during battles- and for a friend outside of them. Little do they know, she has a perfect reason to travel with them- revenge on a certain mamodo.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Fiwen/39261/Imaginary>

<b>Chapter 1 - Sacrifice</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Chapter 2 - Revival</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Chapter 3 - Go Figure</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>Chapter 4 - Of Crucial Importance</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Chapter 5 - Reunited at Last</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>Chapter 6 - Brago</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>Chapter 7 - Training</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>Chapter 8 - Proving Her Worth</b>	<b>22</b>

# 1 - Sacrifice

**NOTE:** In a way, I felt almost challenged to make a sequel to “Iris,” since it would make for a nice little twist- if Sherry came back.

I’m assuming that some mamodos have the power to heal themselves/others... if not, then I’ve got poetic license. Teehee. I also thought this would be a good place to insert my newest original character, Selina.

If you haven’t read “Iris,” it’d be best if you went and did so. It’s only a chapter long, and it won’t take long at all to read!

**SUMMARY:** After her mamodo sacrifices its chance to be king by bringing Sherry Belmont back to life, Selina searches for Brago with the girl. After finding the mamodo, Selina stays with them, much to the demon’s dislike. However, they find her useful for moral and physical support during battles- and for a friend outside of them. Little do they know, she has a perfect reason to travel with them- revenge on a certain mamodo.

It’s not as crappy as the summary sounds. It’s hard to make good summaries, no? And yes, this **WILL** be Brago/Sherry (with a few little hints of Brago/Selina. Not much, though- nothing ever happens. Unless, of course, you WANT it to, and then you just mention that in the review.)

**Chapter One- Sacrifice** *Selina POV*

There was a river nearby... The sound of rushing water was in my ears, and I could almost smell the prospering brush around it.

“Just a little further, Yurie...” I murmured, holding tighter to the mamodo on my back. Her breath was deep and steady, but I knew she was not sleeping- instead, meditating. She was healing herself from battle, which we had, fortunately, won. The poor girl knew only one attack spell; the remaining two were only for restoring energy and cleansing wounds.

As we reached the bank of the creek, I laid her down in some soft grass, careful not to disturb her peaceful state. I smiled and stared upon her; such a gentle child. Light purple hair framed her face, the same purple as the book in my backpack. Beneath her closed eyelids were bright green eyes, a shining emerald that never ceased to glow, even in the most desperate of situations.

Kneeling down by the edge of the river, I noticed a black book on the other side of the rivulet, the same markings as ours. *No! Yurie is nowhere near fit to battle again, not so soon!* Glancing around for the foe, I saw a beautiful blonde woman leaning against a tree; she seemed to be sleeping. She had a calm aura about her, though she appeared a bit rough off. *Strange... Why would a bookkeeper doze off, and just leave her book lying there? It’s just asking to be burned...*

Then, something else occurred to me. Where was the mamodo? *Hmm... Probably hunting for some fish.* I sighed, and looked back to Yurie; she was still meditating. *Better hurry... Don’t want to put her in any harm.* Pulling off my backpack, I rummaged around in it until I found a bottle, and filled it with the cold

water. Placing it back in the knapsack, I quickly closed it, not wanting the book out in the open. *It's been months since the battle for King started... I wonder how many of her kind are left? Surely, at least half are gone...*

"Selina?" I jumped slightly at the voice, before realizing that it was Yurie.

"You scared me," I replied, grinning. "Are you healed?"

"For the most part, yes." Her eyes twinkled. "That was a close match we had, wasn't it?"

"Indeed, it was." I stood, placing my hand on the top of her head. "We need to go, and now. There's another mamodo on the side of the creek."

"No there's not." She gazed up at me, shaking her head.

"What do you mean? The book is right there!"

"I would sense them."

"Then... they just left their book there, out in the open?" *Why in the world would they do that?*

"Looks that way to me. We should go check it out."

"Wait- are you up for another encounter, so soon?" She said nothing, but the expression on her face told she was. "Alright then."

Grabbing my hand, Yurie started across the water, which came to my ankles and her knees. It was refreshing, and soothed the ache of my sore feet. I was surprised they hadn't been worn to bloody nubs, with all the running, training, and fights I'd done.

Reaching the other bank, I picked up the black book, furrowing my eyebrows. *This just doesn't make sense...*

"Oh my gosh!" Yurie suddenly cried, letting go of my hand and running to the blonde and falling beside her.

"Yurie, what-" I gasped as I saw the girl close up- a bloody gash spanned across her stomach and thighs; the bottom of her dress serving as a makeshift bandage. "We've got to do something! I think I've got some real bandages in my pack-"

"Selina, no..." Yurie's face grew dim, and for the first time, so did her eyes. "This lady is dead..."

"What?" I leant beside her, feeling for her pulse- there was nothing. "You're right..." I bit my lip, staring down at the book in my hands. *No doubt she is- WAS- the keeper of this...*

"I think I know what happened..." The child spoke softly, hardly audible. "Why the spellbook was just lying here..." She turned to me, tears in her jade orbs. "I can feel it... She was in love with her mamodo."

I'm thinking she was injured in battle... And when she died, he left, not caring anymore."

"So... He just tossed away the book, figuring someone would eventually burn it?"

"Precisely."

"Well, makes it easy for us!" I began to undo my pack, but a small hand on my forearm stopped me.

"No, Selina, don't do it."

"Wh... what?"

"I can really tap into this woman's emotions... They're so strong... Even in death..." She lowered her head, and I saw a tear drop onto the ground. "I want to help her."

"Is that possible?"

Nodding, Yurie took both my hands. "I can sacrifice my own chance to be King to bring this lover back to life."

"No... Yurie, no! Don't just... throw it all away like that!" *She couldn't do this... not after we worked so hard! And... not after what had happened to me...*

"You know I never wanted to battle anyways," she said with a smile, "just like my friend Kolulu. And... I know that if I do this, I'll be doing the right thing- something I can be proud of."

A hot, burning liquid began to well up in my eyes, and I sniffed, throwing my arms around her. "I'll miss you, Yurie..."

"And I you... If we have a benign king, I'm positive he'll let us come visit!" she pulled away, placing her hands on the blonde's chest. "Read the second spell."

I opened my bag and grabbed the lilac book, turning to the spell with a sigh. *It really is for the best, I suppose... "Aryiana!"*

Suddenly, Yurie began to glow, and as did the lady she was touching. The blood on her dress and skin disappeared, and with a soft *shaaa*, her bosom began to rise and fall once more. "When I'm gone," Yurie told me, her form fading away, "take her and find the mamodo- make sure they are reunited!"

Blinded by my tears, I could barely make out my mamodo's form as she disappeared, beaming the entire time.

**NOTE: If you flame, please be considerate of the author's feelings. Constructive criticism is welcomed, of course.**

## 2 - Revival

**NOTE: Chapter two has arrived! It gets more interesting this chapter.**

**I don't own Zatch Bell; that privilege belongs to Makoto Raiku. And times that disclaimer by two for the one I forgot to put in the first chapter.**

**There aren't many adjectives for 'mamodo.' It's rather annoying... So excuse the over-use of the word.**

### **Chapter Two- Revival**

*Sherry POV*

"Wh... Wha..." I groaned, my head throbbing. Blinking a few times before completely regaining my vision, I jumped slightly upon seeing a girl beside me, tears streaming down her face.

"It's alright," she said, smiling halfheartedly. Blue hair fell across her face, with dark blonde roots at the top- obviously dyed. Eyes the same colour as my own stared back at me; the black book rested in her hands.

*The black book.*

"Give it back!" I screamed, lunging forward- but something was different. *Shouldn't there be pain?* My hand fell to my thigh, and I realized that the gash was no longer there- and the skin was completely healed! Only a rip in my lilac dress remained.

"What? Where did-"

"-the wound go?" the girl finished, wiping away the liquid dripping down her cheeks. I held out the book and she grabbed it, clenching it to her chest protectively. "It was healed- by my mamodo."

The woman's eyes widened in panic, but I shook my head. "She sacrificed her life for you, eh-?"

"Sherry, Sherry Belmont." *Why would a mamodo throw away their chance to be King- especially for a failure like me?*

"Sherry. My name is Selina." She bit her lip, and then sighed. "She did it because she sensed you were in love, with the one whose book you hold. Tell me..." Pausing, she unclasped her backpack and began groping around. "Is it true?"

"I..." Running my fingers across the cover of the spellbook, I winced. *Brago...* "Yes."

Wait...

Comprehension.

My heart skipped a beat as reality hit me, right smackin the face. "Where's Brago?"

"Brago? If he's your mamodo, he's not here. Yurie- the one who healed you- decided that he'd left after you died, just tossing away his book to be burned."

I whimpered, raising a hand to my eyes, daring to shed the painful liquid. *He... Cared THAT much? To leave everything, and just wander until someone destroyed his book?*

"Sherry." She sniffed slightly, before tossing something my way. "We'll find him. I'll help you."

I picked up the bundle, unfolding a purple shirt and a long, black skirt. "I think they'll fit." Nodding, I blushed as I noticed that the tear in my dress showed most of my upper leg and stomach. *Yes... we WILL find him. I have no doubt he's fine on his own for now.* Standing, my legs were a bit wobbly, but at least I could walk. "I won't look." Selina turned, and I began to change.

"Why did your mamodo forfeit its chance for the throne?" I asked, stepping out of my dress and throwing it down. I didn't want to seem like a complete dud to Selina, seeing that she was willing to befriend me.

"She didn't want to fight. Yurie... had a kind heart."

*A kind heart? I've only seen one of their kind like that, Zatch Bell.* I didn't answer, not knowing what to say. My mind was still lingering on the thought of Brago, the demon I had somehow learned to love.

Rubbing my eyes, I suddenly felt dizzy, and lowered myself to the ground once more. *Probably just an after-effect from the spell Yurie used...*

"Wait." Selina grabbed my hand, eyes wide with apprehensiveness. "You said your mamodo's name was Brago?"

"Yes..." *Where was she going with this?*

"You're hunting after Zofis, aren't you?"

I was slightly taken aback at the exclamation, and furrowed my eyebrows. "I am, why?"

Selina's face grew solemn, and her gaze averted to the ground. "Yurie and I had an encounter with Zofis and his bookkeeper, once. We escaped, but barely. The keeper said something about a mamodo named Brago and his partner- they were searching for you."

"That... doesn't come as a surprise." I placed my hand against a tree and balanced myself as I stood, the black book in one hand. There was more dizziness, worse than before. *I must be dehydrated, too...* "Come on." Selina threw her knapsack over her back, placing a hand on my shoulder.

“I know we’ll find him, Sherry. The last words Yurie said before she disappeared, were to make sure you were reunited with him- and I intend to see is happen.”

I smiled softly, knowing I had made a friend.

**NOTE: Short chapter, I know! The next one will be in Brago’s POV, and it’ll be longer. Yay!**

**Sherry was probably UUBER out of character.**

### 3 - Go Figure

**NOTE: Yay, Sherry is now alive! Oh. And yah, I know that if a mamodo's bookkeeper dies, it's chance for King is pretty much kaphooey, but since Sherry's back in action, so is Brago! Who, coincidentally, is in this chapter!**

**And look! So are Koko and Zofis! –grr-**

**Mamodo has practically no synonyms, so pardon the overuse of the word.**

**Guh. Brago is such a hard POV to write in... It's so easy to make him completely and totally out of character.**

**I don't own Zatch Bell. Makoto Raiku does, however. Lucky dog.**

#### **Chapter Three- Go Figure**

*Brago POV*

I wandered around the forest aimlessly, occasionally kicking a rock or such, trying to vent everything that was balled up inside me. *Pathetic humans...* I let out a cry of frustration as I slammed my fist into an oak, leaving a good sized hole in the middle. *No... Sherry was anything but pathetic.* Continuing on my way- if one could call it that, I saw a young couple holding hands and laughing, the male carrying a picnic basket. *Curse it; I must be getting near a town.* Gritting my teeth, I took another route that seemed to lead deeper into the woods.

*Why do things always have to end up this way? Why did we have to team up with humans in the first place? It only brings pain...* Suddenly, I felt another mamodo's presence nearby. Climbing into the nearest tree, my eyes widened as I watched the creature and his bookkeeper pass by- none other than Koko and Zofis.

*"Let's rest here for a bit, Zofis," said the brunette, and he nodded. Oh, great. This is JUST what I need, to be stuck up here in this tree until they leave.*

*"I'm sensing a mamodo nearby," Zofis commented, looking about, "yet they are nowhere in sight."*

*"They'll show eventually, or we'll just have to find them." Koko laughed, a cold chuckle. I grimaced, knowing that the girl had once been Sherry's best friend. Most of her energy in battles came merely from the thought of saving Koko from her entrapment. Her demon used spells of fire, but he had the power to change people's hearts- as he had done his master's.*

*"So," the girl began, "how long 'till we find Sherry and Brago?"*

*"It can't possibly be too long, just have patience. I can feel that very few mamodo are left- twenty at the*

most, and sooner or later we'll have a run in with them." *No, you won't... Not now.* I slowly shifted my position on the branch, anything but comfortable. "Sherry is weak, unlike you, my dear. It will be almost too easy to defeat them."

*That's what YOU think. We were stronger than you will EVER be.* I clenched my fists, using all of my willpower not to attack the team right then and there. *Were...* It had been two days, two long, miserable days, since Sherry had died, and I still had full intentions of keeping my promise- I was going to free Koko from Zofis's grasp. *I've got to store energy, though... I can't just battle on an impulse. It's more difficult without spells, but I can still wrench her soul away from him-*

"Come on, Zofis, this is boring. I wanna battle!" Koko stood, and her partner followed suit. I waited until they were completely out of sight and earshot before dropping to the ground, heaving a deep breath. *Twenty mamodos left... We were so close.* Treading in the opposite direction of the others, my mind was racing. *What if someone burns my book before I can free her? Is her body still there, or has someone- or something- found it already?*

I turned upon hearing a large crash, and saw smoke rising into the sky- and then flames. *Looks like we aren't the only mamodos in the forest.* Deciding it would be safer not to stay on the main path, I pushed into the brush, raking through thorns and leaves. *At least she's in a better place now... There won't be any more pain or suffering.*

I trudged on for the rest of the afternoon, stopping near dark by a creek. Gazing down in the water, I placed my hand right on top, waiting until a fish swam under before grabbing it. *Sherry would always cook these. I still don't understand why; you get much more out of it when it's raw.* The thing flopped around for a moment until suffocating in my grasp, and I grunted.

After catching and eating several fish, I leaned back, staring up at the stars that were beginning to peek out of the night sky. *Where am I headed to, anyways? What else do I have to do, except free Koko?*

Shaking my head, I closed my eyes. *What will that girl even do, when she IS out of his confinement? Sherry was her only friend, and vice versa.*

I sighed, and remembered back to right before she died. She'd said the three words I'd given anything not to hear, the three words that I never let into my mind- *I love you.*

I never wanted to admit that I felt the same. For a demon like me, it wasn't characteristic, and it just wasn't likely to happen- but it had. *Naturally. The dark, proud mamodo fell in love with a human, of all things. It must be some sort of revenge from the gods for my condescendence.*

*Go figure.*

**NOTE: I don't like the ending of this chapter... I just couldn't think of anything else to do! There isn't really much Brago CAN do, not until Sherry and Selina find him! Which will be in the chapter after next! Yay!**

## 4 - Of Crucial Importance

**NOTE: Chapter four! Back to Selina and Sherry. This chapter is in Selina's POV; I'm making a pattern- Selina, Sherry, Brago. Unless, of course, one of them is in a situation in which they can't narrate, and then we'll skip to another character.**

**It's so much easier to write in the POV of an original character. Then YOU get to decide what they're like.**

### Chapter Four- Of Crucial Importance

*Selina POV*

Sherry and I slowly walked along the dirt path, not a cloud in the sky to block the sweltering heat from the sun. She had hiked up her skirt to knee-length and rolled up her sleeves, but I did neither. *I can't let her see what's beneath, and besides, I'm used to the boiling temperature.*

Occasionally, we would pull out the water bottle and take a swig, always making sure we were near the creek. If either of us got dehydrated, it would be bad for the other- especially if there wasn't any water around.

I suddenly felt a hand on my shoulder, and turned to see Sherry's saddened eyes. "We need to rest." I nodded, and sat down on the ground, leaning against the tree. Following suit, she still clung to the black book- as if she expected something to jump out of nowhere and steal it.

"It's always ten degrees cooler in the shade," I commented, trying to make our situation a little more optimistic. Sweat glistened on my face and hands, and it was no less on her. Reaching into my pack, I pulled out a ribbon and handed it to her with a gentle smile.

"Thank you," she breathed, pulling her thick hair back with a sigh. "Aren't you hot?" She motioned to my long sleeves and pants, but I shook my head. "I grew up in these parts, I'm completely comfortable with the warmth."

"Oh... I see." She rubbed at her eyes before glancing over at me. "Did your mamodo say that there would be any side-effects to my being healed?"

"She didn't mention any, no." At her worried look, I quickly continued. "But don't worry! I'm sure there are some; she just didn't have time to notify me before she left." *Why is she asking?*

"Maybe so." A gentle breeze flew through the hair, and I closed my eyes in relief. "How long was I dead, do you suppose?"

I laughed at the casual way she asked, and shrugged. "The wound still looked fresh, so I'm thinking about two or three days."

“That’s not *too* long... I just hope that Brago isn’t a long way away by now.”

“Hmm... I’m almost positive it’s not far.”

“You don’t know Brago.” She smiled, but even then her azure eyes were down turned. “I suppose you’re right, though.”

“What could he be doing, just wandering aimlessly?”

From her expression, I took that as a yes.

Rummaging around in my knapsack, I pulled out the canteen, offering it to Sherry. She took it eagerly and had a few sips before handing it back. “It’s almost empty. I can go refill it in the brook.” She began to stand, but I stopped her.

“No, you’re far too exhausted. I’ll go, you stay here and rest a little.” The ghost of a smile played across her lips, and I returned it. “Be right back.” *Poor girl, she’s completely give out... Perhaps it IS just an after-effect of Yurie’s spell... Or is she really just sick?*

Reaching the water, I dipped the jug into the icy liquid, sighing at the relief of the cold. A small fish swam by, and I remembered just how much mamodos liked them. And then, realization popped in my mind. *That’s it! We’ll follow the river; no doubt he’s staying near it for food and water.*

Feeling rather proud of myself, I sauntered back to our resting place to find Sherry asleep. Chuckling slightly, I set the bottle in my backpack and laid beside her, ready for a nap of my own. It was early the next morning when I woke, Sherry still deep in dreamland. I let out a little moan and stretched, not intending to have slept this long. Though I hated to do it, I reached over and softly shook the girl, smiling when her eyes opened. “Good morning.” She yawned and sat up, wiping the sleep from her cerulean orbs. “Is it morning already?”

“I’m afraid so, and we really should get going. I realized yesterday while I was out refilling the canteen that Brago is probably staying close to the river.”

“For food and water?”

“Precisely.” Standing, I threw my pack over my shoulder and began to walk; she followed suit.

After about an hour of trudging in the warmth, our pace began to slow. I was still going strong, but Sherry was having trouble keeping up. “What’s wrong?” I asked, after we stopped for the umpteenth time to rest.

“It’s... freezing...” *What the heck?*

“It’s at least ninety degrees out here! How can you possibly be cold?” I reached over and felt her forehead- she had a fever. *That would explain it.*

She tried to take another step but fell; fortunately I was able to catch her. The black book fell to the ground, her whole body limp. “Oh, lovely...” I let out a breath. “Has this ever happened before?”

“Mmm... It’s- I’m just weak from recovery, that’s all...” I could barely understand her words, and I could tell she was close to passing out.

“Don’t worry, Sherry. We’re going to find Brago, and we’re going to find him soon.” Placing the spellbook in my backpack, I turned away from her and pulled her arms over my shoulders, grabbing her thighs. Her headrested against one of her arms, almost touching myface- I could feel the cold sweat on her cheeks. *She’s so fragile... I need to find her mamodo, soon. I have a feeling he’ll know what to do.*

Clambering to my feet, I kept a tight grip on the girl’s body as we moved on, sometimes breaking into a full-out run. *Is this really an effect from being healed, or a whole new sickness?*

“Brago...” she murmured, and I winced.

The faster we found him, the better.

**NOTE: We find Brago in the next chapter! Wooh! And since Sherry’s rather out at the moment, it will be in his POV.**

## 5 - Reunited at Last

**NOTE: Brago and Sherry are about to be reunited! Yay! This chapter is dedicated to Twilight Memories, who is A- an amazing author, and B- is really wanting to see our lovers back together.**

**Oh. And please realize one thing. I know Brago does, technically, cuss a lot, but I really try not to use language in my stories.**

**GAH BRAGO IS SUCH A HARD POV TO WRITE IN.**

--

### Chapter Five- Reunited At Last

*Brago POV*

When I opened my eyes, they did not see stars, as I had expected, but instead the soft pastels of a sunrise. Sitting up, I shook my head, blinking once or twice. *Crap. I hadn't meant to sleep.*

Standing, I walked the few paces to the creek, already knowing it was going to be a sweltering day. The air was warm and muggy, even in the early hours. I cursed under my breath; I wasn't exactly a fan of hot weather.

Looking down into the water, I began to search for something to eat. Suddenly, my head shot up as I heard someone speaking in the distance.

"We're almost there, Sherry... I can feel it."

My eyes widened, pupils dilating. *Did I really hear that?* Climbing into the nearest tree, I sat on the lowest branch and tried to get a glimpse of who was coming. There was a young woman, carrying none other than my human on her back. Clenching my fists and gritting my teeth, I forced myself to wait until they were almost right under me before jumping down in front. "What the heck do you think you're doing?"

The girl gasped and about fell backwards, managing to balance herself and not drop Sherry. "Brago?"

I grabbed her by the neck, squeezing just enough to make it hard to breathe. "Put her down."

She obliged, slowly letting go of my bookkeeper and letting her slide onto the grass. "Let me explain-"

"You have *nothing* to explain," I hissed, tightening my grip. She grabbed my hand and tried to pull away, cringing.

“No, you don’t understand-”

“I understand *fine*.” I threw her to the ground, none too gently. Kneeling by Sherry, I noticed that her chest was slowly rising and falling, a blush across her cheeks. *Isn’t she dead? What the bloody he-*

“She’s not dead!” The girl crawled to my side, taking off her backpack and pulling something out. “My name is Selina, and I believe this is your book.”

I took the black book from her harshly, and then turned back to Sherry. *Her clothing’s changed...* “My mamodo sacrificed her chance to be King for this woman,” Selina continued, “and brought her back to life. She knew you two were in love, and felt she was doing the right thing, so-”

“Shut up,” I rasped, seeing my keeper’s eyes open.

“B-Brago?” she whispered, the corners of her lips turned into a small smile. *So she WAS alive.*

I nodded gruffly, furrowing my brow. *Is she sick again?* I glanced down at her hand, which had closed over mine. It was trembling with a cold sweat, and she appeared to have a fever. “She’s telling the truth. Her mamodo saved me, but it’s left some rather nasty after-effects, I hate to say.”

“You’ll get over them.” I moved my hand away, pulling off my cape and placing it over her fragile body. *She needs as much rest as possible if we’re going to keep on battling.*

“Here.” Selina held out a water bottle, letting some of the liquid drip into Sherry’s mouth. “We’ve got to keep her hydrated.” I turned to her, studying her features with a scowl. Mid-length blue hair and blonde roots- dyed, of course, a thin frame, and eyes the same colour as my bookkeeper, perhaps a bit darker. Her pants were ripped and her shirt had long sleeves, even in the heat of summer.

You could say she looked like a tramp.

“She’s asleep already.” Leaning back against a tree, she sighed and closed her eyes. “Want to know the whole story?”

I shrugged, staring at my human. *It doesn’t matter, now that she’s back.*

“Yurie- my mamodo- and I were stopping for some rest when we noticed your book, and Sherry. We thought she was resting as well, but found out she was dead. As I said before, Yurie could sense that you and she were in love, and wanted to give you another chance. She never wanted to be King anyways- fighting just wasn’t her thing. After the girl woke up, she changed into some of my clothes, since her dress was pretty much in pieces, and we began searching for you. She clung to your book day and night, it was obvious she wasn’t going to let anything happen to it.” She paused, opening her cerulean orbs and catching my gaze. “That all happened two days ago. Yesterday morning, when we started out after breaking, she sort of hinted that she wasn’t doing too well- asking about any side-effects to her revival and such. Not soon after that, she was out. I wasn’t going to just sit around and wait for her to get better... I knew the longer we stayed in one place, the farther away you would go- I never dreamed we’d find you this quickly.”

*That explains why she was carrying her... And her change of attire.*

“She’s such a beautiful lady...” Selina smiled tenderly, yet there was sadness in her features. “You’re very lucky.”

I scrutinized her, biting my tongue. *Why is she saying THAT?* “I have everything under control now. You can continue on your way.”

“About that...” *This can’t be good.* “I was wondering if I would be able to stay with you. There’s... a certain someone I’m sure you’ll meet up with, and I have some business to take care of.” *Great. A weakling like her is JUST what I need.*

“No.”

“I believe the decision should be up to Sherry.”

“No,” I repeated, knowing that if it were up to her, Selina would be staying.

“Why not?”

“Because.” *Stupid girl.*

“Tell me.”

“No.” *Why won’t she shut up?*

She huffed a breath, glaring at me. “If you think I’m too weak, I beg to differ. I-”

“Alright, *fine*,” I growled, crossing my arms. “Just don’t bother *me*.”

*She had better be all she thinks she is.*

--

**NOTE: Don’t worry, Brago. She is.**

**Selina POV next chapter- and Sherry starts getting better! Wooh!**

**A bit of foreshadowing this chapter. Yes, both of our heroines have some rather tragic backgrounds... May seem Mary-Sue-ish, but hey. Does make for some wonderful angst, no?**

## 6 - Brago

**NOTE: Already on chapter six! I would have updated last night, but my Zatch Bell DVD came in the mail! It had "Sherry's Rhapsody of Life" on it, so I watched it about five times. Teehee. I love the ending... With a passion. A *burning* passion.**

Own Zatch Bell, I do not. Nor Yoda.

--

### Chapter Six- Brago

*Selina POV*

The demon wasn't exactly what I had expected. I didn't imagine him to be Prince Charming or something of the like, but he did seem a little on the... *cold* side. *Well, perhaps he's different around Sherry.*

Glancing over at the girl, I noticed that the flush on her face had softened, and she was no longer trembling. "She appears to be getting better," I said to Brago, who was leaning against the tree next to me. He said nothing, but gave a stiff nod of his head. I bit my tongue, studying him. Burning red irises were barely visible in his eyes, black markings on the top and bottom. His lips were set into a frown, hiding razor-sharp teeth; his skin was pale and grey. *Hmm...* His attire was a black shirt over fishnet and pants of the same fur as the cape that covered Sherry's body. *He's just a giant puffball with lots of eye make-up.* I laughed softly, and his gaze shot towards me.

"What's so funny?" His voice was raspy, just enough to be menacing.

"Nothing," I replied, looking up at the sky, beginning to turn purple with the sunset. A few wisps of gentle clouds could be seen on the horizon, going down with the sun. Breathing deep, I savored the unique forest smell, mingled with the freshness of the creek nearby.

We had stayed in the same resting spot all day, letting Sherry regain her strength. She had woken up once, and pulled the book away from Brago, clutching it near her chest as she drifted back off. She was extremely protective of the thing- as was to be expected. In a way, it made *me* feel guilty for how I had always kept Yurie's in my backpack until needed. I sighed. *No need to linger on that now. She's gone...* I was, in a sense, happy that she was- she never wanted to battle in the first place.

"Brago." My eyes didn't move from the sky, but I could feel his staring at me. "Yurie and I fought once, with a mamodo named Zofis- and his bookkeeper, Koko."

"What about it?" he asked in a rather bored tone.

"Before they launched their first attack, they asked about you; they're looking to find you. Any reason

why?”

He huffed a breath. “I already knew they were trying to find us, as we’ve been trying to find *them*. Koko and Sherry were previously acquainted.”

“Is that all?” *There’s got to be an incentive.*

“Yes.”

As it had many other times, the conversation I started with the dark mamodo drifted to an awkward end-awkward for me, at least. *There’s something he’s not telling me... I can feel it. I’ll talk to Sherry about it some other time.*

Finally breaking my gaze away from the shadowing sky, I rummaged around in my knapsack until I found the canteen, taking a few sips. It was running dry, so I stood, stretching. Quietly walking to the brook, I refilled the bottle, and then sat down by the waters edge. Pulling off my shoes and pushing up my pants, I stuck my feet down in the icy liquid, smiling at the relief. I had ran so much since I found Yurie, that calluses had formed on the sides of my feet and heels, from where blisters had been.

“What are you doing?” I glanced up and saw Brago standing beside me, scowling as usual.

“Just relaxing. Is there something wrong with that?” I turned back to the river, watching a few small fish swim by. “Besides, I thought you didn’t want me to bother you.”

“I don’t.”

“Then why are you bothering *me*?” I smirked to myself as he made no reply. A few moments of silence passed, and jumped slightly when he did speak.

“I’m afraid your putrid feet might kill all the fish.” I gritted my teeth at his insult, and folded my arms.

“And what condition do you suppose *your* feet are in?” I growled, motioning to them.

He once again said nothing, this time walking away. I knew I hadn’t won, though. He’d get me back... Eventually.

Pulling my ‘putrid feet’ out of the creek, I dried them on the soft grass, not bothering to put my shoes back on. One could hardly call them shoes anyways; they were so tattered and worn. *I can buy some more in the next town we end up in.*

I had a strong sense of confidence in Brago; he was the strongest and the most focused mamodo I had seen yet, and his eyes burned with a passion for two things- the claim to King, and Sherry.

I was almost positive he didn’t know how his emotions for her were clear, but every time he fixed his orbs upon her, everything was obvious. He had pulled his hand away when she’d taken it after first being reunited, undoubtedly not wanting to show any gestures of love in public.

It was odd to imagine someone as threatening as him with her- and yet, if I really thought about it, it wasn't. Even in their body language they were very much alike- aloof and determined, not letting anything stand in their way.

*A love between a mamodo and a human... Who would have thought?*

--

**NOTE: It's late. Really late. And I'm tired as all get out. -le sigh- And no, that's not an excuse. I'm just sharing. :)**

**Next chapter will be MUCH more interesting, since Sherry'll be narrating, AND will be back in action. This was a filler chapter, giving some time to our favourite bookkeeper to regain her strength.**

## 7 - Training

**NOTE:** Hmm... I wish I've seen more episodes with Sherry and Brago. And I wish I knew all the Japanese names and stuff. Anyone care to send me a detailed list? X3 I know that it's Zophise instead of Zofis, and Gash instead of Zatch... And I think Burago and Sherie instead of Brago and Sherry. Meh. I like Brago and Sherry better.

**Zatch Bell- not mine.**

**Chapter Seven- Training** *Sherry POV*

I let out a soft grunt and wrapped Brago's cape around me tighter than it already was. *What kind of fur IS this, anyways?* Opening my eyes, I looked up at the demon, who was watching the sunrise. Selina was asleep beside him, facing away.

Brago's gaze turned to me, and I smiled softly. "Look who's finally up," he muttered in a bored tone, and I knew he was ready to get back in action.

"I'm feeling much better, thanks for asking," I replied sarcastically, sitting up and wiping my eyes.

"We need to train today, and make sure you can still cast the spells."

"Hmmp. Like I'd ever forget how to do that." Standing, I raised my arms and stretched. *I really do feel great... Just needed some rest, I suppose.*

"The girl is insisting on staying with us. Apparently she has some sort of business to finish with someone she believes we'll meet up with."

"Well, I have no problem with it. She did save my life, you know."

"It was her *mamodo* that saved your life." *Why does he have to be so contrary?*

"Selina *allowed* her to. So stop making excuses and get over it."

Brago frowned deeper and turned to the girl, shaking her awake. "Get up. We're going to train today."

She yawned and did as he said, smiling at me. "Glad to see you're up and going!"

"See Brago?" I commented, "At least *someone* around here cares how I'm doing."

He scowled and got on his feet, grabbing his cape. I let the corners of my lips turn up in a smirk at his silence. *It's wonderful to be back with him... Even IF he hasn't changed a bit.*

Clutching the black book tightly, I glanced around. "Let's move a little deeper into the forest. It should

be a pretty secluded area, perfect for casting spells.”

“Sherry.” Brago eyed me warily. “Are you sure you’re up for it?”

“I feel fine, healthier than I have in a long while.” I began to walk forward, followed by the dark mamodo, and then Selina. I was happy that she would be traveling with us, which surprised even myself. I had always considered myself alone in the world, especially after Koko had been entrapped by Zofis.

My eyes fell to the ground, memories flooding my mind... *I was never good enough... Never good enough for mother... Or Koko. She saved me, and I will save her...*

*No matter what, I will.*

“Sherry.” My head shot up at the sound of Brago’s voice. “This area will do.”

I nodded, and opened the spellbook. My thoughts of the past had caused it to glow, an aura produced by human emotion. “Aim towards that boulder,” I commanded, deciding to start off with the first spell.

“*Reis!*”

Suddenly, Brago turned his arm and shot the ball of blueish-purple gravity right by Selina, who shrieked and jumped to the side. “What the heck was *that* for?” she cried, pointing a finger at him.

“Testing your reflexes,” he replied matter-of-factly. “If you’re going to travel with *us*, you’ll be using them.”

I blinked a few times, and then agreed. “Always be on your guard. I’m sure you know that, having had a mamodo.”

Selina acquiesced, pushing a strand of blue hair behind her ear. “Don’t worry about me. Go on.”

“Now, Brago, if you would be so kind to hit the boulder this time.” Bracing myself, I went for a more powerful spell. “*Gravirei!*”

With a crushing force, the rock crumbled into dust, nothing against the intense gravity. *This is what Zofis is in for... He is going to pay- one thing I will NOT fail at. No matter what.* I wiped away a tear before calling out another spell, hardly drained at all of energy. I had enough emotion, enough pain to keep me going as long as I needed to... Until the end- until we won, and the fight for King was over.

*And we ARE going to win this battle... No one will stand in my way. Not Zofis, not Zatch...*

*No one.*

**NOTE: We actually get to see a BATTLE next chapter! Wooh!**

## 8 - Proving Her Worth

**NOTE: You know what's hard? Making up mamodo names and powers. It's annoyingly hard. It shouldn't be, but it is. I'm going to stop now, before I go into a rant... Which I'm prone to do. Eh. I decided on cosmic, just because.**

**Zatch Bell, not mine. Makoto Raiku, 'tis his. Lucky lucky lucky not fair. –sigh-**

### Chapter Eight- Proving Her Worth

*Brago POV*

If Selina was anything, it was an annoyance.

Sherry, of course, was the whole reason I allowed her to stay with us. *If she hadn't needed a friend so much, that blue-haired tramp would have hit the road a long time ago.*

Walking silently through the forest, I glanced over my shoulder at the girl, who was taking up the rear of our 'line.' It consisted of my human, book ready in hand, then me, and then Selina. "Hurry up," I commanded, before turning back and watching straight ahead.

Thrusting my fists into the pockets of my pants, I began to think of ways to ditch the woman. There weren't any solutions I could come up with that would leave Sherry content. Huffing a breath, I shook my head. *As long as she's happy, I suppose. Sooner or later, I'll be rid of this place and its pathetic inhabitants...*

*Which means the bookkeeper as well.*

Scowling, I pondered the condition for what seemed the first time. *If I'm King, I should be able to travel between the two worlds... And if I'm not-* I stopped my musings, mentally kicking myself. Of course I was going to be King, there was no 'if' about it.

"Brago?" My head shot up at the sound of my name, and I found Sherry looking back at me.

"Yes?"

She reached up and tucked a piece of blonde hair behind her ear, expression nonchalant. "Do you sense any enemies nearby?"

I paused, and could, indeed, feel the presence of an opponent. "It's not strong, or weak. They probably know we're here- so prepare for a battle at any time." I glared at Selina, and she quickened her pace, knowing what I was about to say.

"What do I do, while you two are fighting?" she asked, running until she was by Sherry's side. *Hmmph.*

*Stupid girl, figure it out by yourself.*

“Hmm... You know, I hadn't really thought about that,” she replied, and I rolled my eyes. “Cheer us on, I suppose!” She smiled, and locked her eyes with mine. “What do you think Brago?”

“I think you should have considered more of the cons of having *her* around, other than the pros.”

“You always have something nice to say, don't you?” Selina commented sarcastically. “Why can't you be nice, just for once?”

“Nice' isn't exactly in my vocabulary.” I swapped looks with Sherry, and a small smirk fell onto her lips. *It's good to have her back, however much a nuisance she might be.* We hadn't had much time to ourselves since she was revived obviously, so we hadn't discussed what happened before she died. She'd spoken that three-word confession, the 'I love you' that I'd give anything not to have heard. I truly, honestly, *completely* didn't want her to love me, but there was no use going to change the human heart- or what was in my own. I couldn't deny that I felt for her, I had changed since being sent to the human world.

The transformation was, in a word, horrible. I despised mankind, *loathed* their race, yet here I was, my heart exposed for one of the species- and even worse, my bookkeeper.

*I'll never hear the end of it when I get back.*

“They're getting closer,” I said, alert to every movement, every single *breath* that was taken. I noticed that Selina was still walking by Sherry, and if she called a spell it would go straight through the girl. Grabbing her arm, I wrenched her out of the way, forcing her behind me. “Stay back,” I warned, and she nodded. “Just try and keep out of the way. I don't want a weakling like *you* getting our book burned.”

She sighed, and rather exaggeratedly at that. “I *won't*, so don't fret about me.”

*I could care less about you.* Biting my tongue, I raised my arm in preparation for an attack. “Any moment now-”

As if on cue, a blast of light shot in my direction, and sidestepped it with ease. “You'll have to do better than that,” I hissed as a man stepped out of the brush, holding an ivory-colored spellbook. He was followed by a childish mamodo about half his height.

“Ha!” he replied, running a hand through his light green hair. “You haven't seen nothing yet! Xavier, a spell!”

Before his keeper could call one, however, Sherry had opened the book and was shouting my first spell.

“*Reis!*” The ball of gravity zoomed towards the enemy, knocking over the demon. Xavier only chuckled.

“Such a puny attack, wait 'till you see this! Let's go, Farent! *Bekaor!*” Out of the mamodo's hand came a burst of tiny light beams, hurtling towards us. I started to dodge the attack, but realized that the rays were splitting- heading for both Sherry and me! Throwing myself in her direction, I managed to pull her to

the ground just in time to miss the spell. She gasped as the book flew from her hands and landed on the ground several feet away- then picked up by Xavier.

“Hmmp. It’s too bad isn’t it, Farent? I was actually hoping for a real fight,” he said arrogantly. Farent began to laugh, and I lunged at him, pinning him to the ground with my legs and throwing punches into any available flesh. Xavier tried to cast a light to burn my book with, but couldn’t get the book in a position that it would light without the spell being blocked by my body. Suddenly, a fist rammed into his stomach, and he fell to the ground in pain, dropping the spellbook. None other than Selina grabbed it.

“Son of a gun,” she muttered, handing the book back to Sherry with a pleased smile. “Finish him off.”

“I’ve got you right where I want you.” Smirking, I didn’t move off of Farent’s trembling and bloody body as she called the finishing attack.

*“Giganoreis!”*

That was the end of that. No more Farent, no more ivory book. And for once, I was thankful Selina had tagged along. She was still annoying, of course...

Just a little less now.

**NOTE: That was a... bad ending. Meh. But I liked it... In a way.**

**That makes sense, mmhmm.**

**Selina POV next chapter! Should be interesting- she and Sherry have a girl’s day out! And in Chapter Ten- well, you’ll see. :)**