

Lone Demon

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Ayumi has face many things being a demon but now she must face her destiny as the Lone Demon with a friend as unstable as she is.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Goldenlight/56905/Lone-Demon>

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0 - Introduction

~~~~~Full Summary~~~~~

Ayumi is a demon child. She did not know this throughout her first year of high school and found out in the worst way possible. During her final exams her wings sprouted from her back. She fell to the floor while blood covered her new wings. She barely kept consciousness while someone who knew what she was healed her and erased her classmates memory. He let her heal but it wasn't long before he opened a portal to the demon world. He pushed her through leaving her in a weird universe with no one to rely on except herself.

After a year in the demon world Ayumi comes upon an injured demon. Though her instincts tells her to leave this girl to fend for herself she feels drawn to help. When the mysterious girl heals she won't stop following Ayumi. According to the girl her name is Kishiko and she was told to find the Lone Demon. Now Ayumi must face her destiny and try to handle an friend as unstable as she is

Ok so this is a story that is also a comic here's the link if you want to read the comic. IT is also here on Fanart Central but if you want the actual website that goes along with it well here it is.

<http://lonedemon.smackjeeves.com/>

Now please enjoy the story and review if you will :D

Uhm because I am just that much of a weirdo here is Ayumi and Kishiko talking :D  
(If you clicked on this then you already know of the language and violence warning so you have been warned... twice)  
[Note this is similar to the greeting on Lone Demon website. If you want the other Lone Demon website in which case you can pm me easier and stuff then well PM me. I like getting mail. Also Fanart would be AWESOME :D]

Kishiko: AYUMI!

Ayumi: Ehhh \*turns over\*

Kishiko: AYUMI!

Ayumi: Gah? \*blinks then glares\* IT IS THREE IN THE DAMN MORNING WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT?

Kishiko: Uhm well Akemi(Me) told me to talk to you.

Ayumi: Baka remind me to kill her later

Kishiko: She's holding Kaminari\* hostage until we talk. (\* Kaminari is Ayumi's pet demon tiger)

Ayumi: Kami? Ok I'm up \*mumbles\* So why are we doing this?

Kishiko: I don't know. To show them that the person writing this is clinically insane.

Ayumi: \*mumbles\* >:D

Kishiko: That face your making right now...

Ayumi: Yeah?

Kishiko:... It scares me.

Ayumi: Good I have to remember that to scare you later. Now to go find that kidnapper.

Kishiko: Wait!

Ayumi: What now?

Kishiko: I love you :3

Ayumi: O.O \*runs\*

Me: Thanks for scaring her away. Her take Kaminari while I go hide.

Kaminari: Mrr?

# 1 - Prologue

Ayumi sighed as she set her pencil down on the desk covering up partial of her test. She looked up at the board for about the hundredth time that day. Finals Today! It read, Don't Fail! She shifted her blue gaze back down to her test pushing some of her black with red fringed ends hair out of her face. I can't get past question one! She thought in despair.

She let her head fall to the desk making a thud noise. But if I don't pass my dad won't let me get my driver's license! Note to Self: I hate school... At that moment her forehead began to hurt and she let out a silent groan knowing she was going to have a giant red spot on her face. And desks are hard, she concluded. That's also when her back choose to begin its infuriating itch. It itched so much it almost hurt. Damn it and now my back itches. I. Hate. Finals! She felt like screaming that to the universe or at least the classroom.

"Ayumi!" Came the shrill annoying voice of her teacher cutting through her daydream. Ayumi stood up barely avoiding hitting her knee on the steel of the desk. "Yes? Sorry ma'am!" She apologized still in a daze. Before she could sit down and continue her futile attempt at testing her itchy back turned into searing pain. "Wha-?" She barely choked out before the pain became unbearable. Bloody black wings shot out from the area between her shoulder blades. She screamed in agony tears spilling into the bloody mess not diluting it the least. She fell to the floor in a heap. Her blue one shoulder shirt was turning blood red. "Help." She murmured weakly. A boy wearing all black stood up. His collar with chains jingled lightly turning the teacher's attention to him.

"H-hisoka sit down! Let the nurses take care of Ayumi!" she stuttered unsure of herself. Hisoka turned a cool look at the teacher with his uncovered hair. His other eye, The Eye of Death, was covered by a thin veil of red hair almost as red as his hidden eye. He could clearly read what she was thinking. What if she bleeds to death? What the hell does Hisoka think he's doing? Are those wings?

Hisoka turned his attention to Ayumi. He furrowed his brow. Could she possibly be the Lone Demon? He wondered. Well even is she isn't I can't leave her to bleed to death, he though bitterly as he bent down to pick her up. "Hisoka!" Came the teacher's sharp rebuke. "Don't move her!" Hisoka looked up at the teacher and sighed. He lifted Ayumi up and gave the teacher a calm look. "You don't remember anything. Hisoka and Ayumi never showed up for class." He told them his pupils widening slightly and erasing the class's memory.

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Ayumi shot out of bed and looked around. She twitched her ear trying to remember what happened. Wait! Ears? She thought her hands instinctively reached up to feel the huge cat-like ears on her head. She let her hand drop in confusion only to meet with something else just as furry. Tail? I have a tail! And I thought I was a freak before, she thought in exasperation. Hisoka came in at that moment. "So you're awake?" He asked casually. "Well get up then. I need to see your wings." Ayumi got up obediently,

wincing slightly as she stretched them out. She hadn't gotten a good look before but noticed her wings were jet black with red feathers in a small circle with a black streak through them at the top crook of each wing. The tips of the longer feathers were a dark purple. She flinched as Hisoka pulled at her wing. "Amazing," muttered Hisoka as he watched the muscles ripple beneath the feathers. These wings prove her to be the one, thought Hisoka as he let the wing go. "Ok now concentrate on retracting your wing." Ayumi looked at him in confusion. "Concentrate...Now!" Growled Hisoka. Ayumi flinched at his tone and quickly focused on the task. She could feel them folding themselves in and she bit her lip. It hurt badly but not as much as when they sprouted. "Good job. Now come, Ayumi I have some soup made up."

That is how most of the week went. Ayumi practiced with her wings and Hisoka helped her heal. The one day Hisoka handed her a towel and pointed towards the bathroom. "You reek, go clean up." he told her already leaving the room. "I'm sure in Hisoka's world that's putting it nicely." she sighed blushing slightly. She walked to the bathroom mumbling quietly to herself. An hour later she emerged wrapped in a towel and dripping wet. She looked around. Her clothes were missing. "Kuso!" she growled repeating her favorite Japanese swear. "What am I supposed to wear?" Hisoka walked in suddenly completely disregarding the fact that she was in a towel. She put her ears down and blushed as he dropped something on her desk. "Here's some clothes." he told her nonchalantly. "Uhm... thanks," she replied blushing even harder as his gaze swept over her. Please leave soon, she thought.

As soon as he was gone Ayumi threw the door close and locked it. "First he tells me I stink then he barges in when I'm naked." she growled still blushing in embarrassment. She pulled on the light gray shirt and the dark grey pants quickly. Then she put on the blue and black studded belt. "Hmm... Hisoka must really like grey and black," she said out loud as she pulled on the large white jacket that went to her feet. The cuffs were black and it had parallel black striped on both arms. The last thing she put on was a multi grey colored scarf. "What no shoes?" she scoffed. Then she caught sight of herself in the mirror and smiled. "Not bad Hisoka, not bad. A little gloomy but still nice."

While Ayumi was changing Hisoka grabbed a large sword off the wall. From the hilt to the tip it was easily half as tall as Ayumi. The hilt had points that tilted inward almost touching the blade. The blade had three gruesome spikes by the arrow like tip while the rest of the blade was like a regular sword. On the dark grey blade there was a dark purple streak. The grip was just wrapped in bandages and the pommel though thicker was also wrapped shadowing the mystery of the sword's true power. Hisoka took a deep shuddering breath then slashed forward pushing most of his dark force forward. A large gaping hole opened and began swirling many different dark colors. Hisoka took a deep breath as a tear slowly rolled down his cheek. "Forgive me," he whispered. He raised his head and wiped away the tear. "Ayumi, come here!"

Ayumi who had been fixing her jacket smiled at hearing her name. Another wing check, she speculated, walking in the direction she had heard his voice. When she reached the door she stopped in surprise at seeing the sinister swirling vortex. Hisoka beckoned her forward. Ayumi reluctantly walked forward and stood at his side. "Huh? What is this?" She asked finally able to form words. She got no answer and could only feel Hisoka's hand lightly on her back. Why is he so tense? She wondered staring at his emotionless face which in the vortex's light looked malicious.

When she looked away from Hisoka he pushed her. "Hisoka!" She yelled as the darkness overtook her. "I am sorry Ayumi. I can sense your power. You would be a burden to this world," he growled. Don't

trust. You are the Lone Demon trust will only kill you, he thought walking away from the closing portal.

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Leave me a comment and tell me what you think :D

Also please read the comic. The art's not good but it's fun to draw :3