

# Henka: 'Switch' by me, Kita!

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# 1 - Henka: Switch

~\*~ NEW NOTE POSTED ON Sat. 6-26-04!! ~\*~

REVIEWS WILL MAKE ME UPDATE!!!

I HAVEN'T WRITTEN THE LAST CHAPTER YET (CHAPTER TWELVE) BUT I HAVE WRITTEN CHAPTERS ONE TO ELEVEN!!!

LEAVE A COMMENT AND I WILL UPDATE FASTER!!!

^::: ok, now onto the original intro thing for this fic . . .

~\*~

Henka: 'Switch' by me, Kita!

Warning: Probably will become Kura- & Hi-kun shonen ai ^-^::;

Konnichi wa, minna-san! ^-^

Ok, I guess this sort of thing has been done before . . . but I haven't seen a switch between Yusuke and Hi-kun, so . . . that's how I got the idea for 'Henka' . . . ::evil laugh:: . . . lol ^-^::;

Funny how I'm being inspired to write all these little fics . . . and not the sequel to my Hiei CYOA . . . heehee . . . ^-^::;

Anyways, this is a slightly lighter fic . . . involving body-switching, humor (hopefully ^-^::;) and just all-around WEIRDNESS . . . lol

Hope you guys like! Reviews are always read and appreciated! ^-^

Btw: This starts out in Yusuke's POV . . .

May decide to change it later on, though . . . ::many sweatdrops:: . . .

Ok, don't mind me . . . just go read!! ^-^::;

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

Kurama hastily immobilized the witch by way of a few (dozen) vines . . . shouting for me to hurry . . . I quickly fired the rei gun at her just as she began to magick away the plants . . . in a burst of energy she released herself, flinging a ball of ki in front of her to dull my attack . . . then there was a flash of blinding light . . . something knocked me over onto the ground, face-up . . . almost burning me from the inside-out

. . . and next . . . nothing.

Kuwabara was on the other side of the clearing . . . Kurama, seeing I was in one piece, went over to help the carrot-top off the ground . . . stupid Kuwa . . . he'd made an all-or-nothing attack, which, of course, had ended in failure . . . -- huh . . . typical . . . then I noticed Hiei coming toward me, speaking in his snappish way,

"Hn. Are you alive, Detective, or just lazy." I gave him a cocky smirk in return as I stood up.

"I'm lazy, of course! Duh! Being a ghost is WAY too boring." He 'hn'ed at my comeback, then we all headed back home (a.n./ to the ningenkai . . . the fight was in the makai ^-^;;)

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

I walked in the front door, thankful that Mom wasn't home . . . Botan had healed me, mostly . . . the burns from the female demon's defensive energy remained, but she had said they were nothing to worry about . . . they were mostly invisible, anyway . . . I took a quick shower, then decided to go to sleep . . . it'd been a LONG day . . . stupid toddler and his stupid cases . . . these were my last thoughts as I drifted off to sleep . . .

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

I shivered . . . it was suddenly cold. I grumbled as I got out of bed to go close the window . . . but when I swung my weight onto the floor my feet met . . . NOTHING.

My breath was taken from me in a silent scream as I fell past the branches of some tree . . . catching hold of a sturdy one by some lucky twist of fate . . . I hoisted myself up with both hands, not caring that I suddenly seemed lighter . . . my heart pounding a mile-a-minute as I just sat there, panting at my amazing luck at still being alive . . . after a few minutes I began to relax from my state of panic and start to rationalize.

WHAT THE HECK WAS I DOING IN SOME TREE?!?!?!?!?!?

I think for sure I would have remembered falling asleep in such a strange position . . . then I heard footsteps come across a floor above me and looked up to see someone sticking their head out of a window. As it was dark I couldn't see their face . . . I tried to calm down and feel out their youki, but before I could do anything, they spotted me in the lower branch, puzzlement and concern clear in their voice as they spoke.

"Hiei? What happened? Are you alright?" Then I recognized him . . .

"Kurama!" I yelled, jumping up. He moved back, allowing me to land inside his room. He looked at me closer, and I could see puzzlement clear in his green eyes. I backed away a little, starting to feel nervous.

"Hey . . . Kurama . . ." I began, but stopped when I noticed my voice . . . had my tone ALWAYS been that low?? He stepped forward, bending down to my eye level . . . hey, wait a minute! Kurama was just a

LITTLE taller than me . . . he shouldn't have to bend over THAT much . . .

"Yes, Hiei?" He said, meeting my gaze, worry furrowing his brow . . . . whoa . . . who was he talking to? Was Hiei behind me or something? I quickly looked over my shoulder, but, seeing nothing but the open window, I turned back to him.

"Hey, Kurama, who're you talkin' to? Hiei's not here . . . and how come you got so tall all of the sudden?" Surprise reflected in those green depths, and he backed away, straightening a little.

"What . . . Hiei!?" I laughed, but again in that annoying lower-than-average voice.

"Your brain get fried or something, Kurama? I'm YUSUKE." He looked utterly shocked for a moment, then regained his composure and walked over to me again, bending down and looking me straight in the eye. He stayed like that for a few seconds, before I began to sweatdrop . . . profusely.

"Uh . . . Kurama . . . the look you're givin' me is sorta freaky . . . mind stoppin' now?" I asked nervously. He shook his head slightly, closing his eyes for a moment, then stood up, forcing a smile.

"Of course. Gomen, Yusuke—"He motioned for me to follow him, and I did . . . he stopped at the door to the bathroom, turning to me.

"Now, Hi—Yusuke . . . I'm afraid what you're about to see will be very . . . ah . . . hard to accept—"

"What are ya talkin' 'bout, fox boy?" I interrupted, wondering why he was so nervous . . . his behavior was very un-fox-like. Kurama sighed and gestured me into the bathroom, flicking on the light when I was in front of the medicine cabinet. I gasped when I saw Hiei staring back at me. The red eyes widened as I looked straight into my reflection's ruby stare . . . I raised a hand to my face, and the mirror-Hiei-me did the same. After a few more 'tests' like this, I turned to the fox, bellowing my confusion and rage.

"WHAT THE H—L HAPPENED, KURAMA?!?!?"

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

Awful place to leave off, I know, but I couldn't stop it!! I wanted to post this fic soo much! ^-^;;;

Will update . . . when I feel like writing for this again . . . T.T;;;

Also, if anyone reviews I may be spurred on to update sooner . . .

If you review then I know that someone has actually READ this. ^-^;;;

Otherwise, when an author gets no reviews, they assume no one's reading it . . . and so don't update as much . . .

. . . u.u;;; that's a fact for a lot of writers on fanfiction.net, actually . . .

- Kita out ^-^;;;

PS

. . . . . ano . . . I forgot what I was going to say!! T.T;;; lol

‘Yusuke’: Hn. Baka sakusha.

Kita: o.o;; . . . uh-oh . . . I hadn’t thought of this . . . Hiei now has possession of Yusuke’s massive amounts of spirit energy . . . O.O . . . this fic—WILL NOT END WELL!!! . . . especially for me T.T;;

‘Yusuke’: Hn! Like I would want to STAY stuck in some baka hanyou’s body!

‘Hiei’: Hey! You’d better take that back, Hiei!

‘Yusuke’: Hn. Why should I?

Kura-kun: ^-^;;; Could you hurry and get this straightened out, please, Kita-san? It is all very confusing . . .

Kita: ^-^;; . . . ano . . . sure . . . jus give me a few chapters to write it in . . . twenty or so should work . . . :: evil smile::

‘Yusuke’: ::death glare directed at Kita:: I want my body BACK, onna. NOW.

Kita: ^-^;;; ano . . . ::nervous laugh:: . . . now?!? How about later, Hi- kun??

‘Yusuke’: ::reaches for his katana that isn’t there, glares at her, then remembers something and starts smirking evilly::

Kita: 0.0 ::thinking / I really really REALLY don’t like the look on his face right now . . . / ::

‘Yusuke’: ::his smirk broadens, and he holds up his right index finger . . . its beginning to glow . . . ::

Kita: O.O—RUN AWAY!!!! I’ll update when I can, minna-san!! ::disappears off into the sunset, ‘Yusuke’ behind her:: ^-^;;;

Kura-kun: ^-^;; I wonder if she realized that what she just said rhymed . . .

‘Hiei’: Huh . . . hope Hiei doesn’t run into Keiko along the way . . . . . O.O!! OMG!! HE COULD KILL HER!! ::runs off, following the trail of dust left by Kita and ‘Yusuke’ ::

Kura-kun: ^-^;; ::starts to slowly walk in the direction where Kita, Yusuke and Hiei ran off into, muttering under his breath:: Oh, kami . . . why’d I ever agree to be a tantei?? If I’d just sat quietly in spirit jail and served my time, I’d have never gotten so mixed up with these people . . . but NO, I had to play the ‘caring best friend’ and let Hiei have his freedom . . . ::sighs:: . . . I’ve gotten soft . . . ::Kura-kun disappears into the horizon:: . . .

Btw: I came up with the nickname 'Kura-kun' because usually when you give someone a nickname, you shorten their original name. I didn't want to go around calling him 'Ama-kun' because it just didn't sound right. So he got the name Kura-kun. For Hi-kun, well . . . I jus shortened his name so it was more like a nickname (Hiei-kun sounded too long and formal . . . since his name IS Hiei that choice didn't work out too well . . . ::nervous laughter:: . . .). ^-^;;;;;

NOW I LEAVE YOU ALL CONFUSED!!! MUAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!

::gets whacked on the head by Hiei::

Kita: ::is swirly-eyed:: . . . @.@ . . . oro-ro . . .

'Hiei': ::is ticked off:: Don't DO that, Kita!! I thought Keiko was a goner for sure!

'Yusuke': Hn. Baka ningen . . .

Kura-kun: -.-;;; ::sigh:: . . .

Ja ne! ^-^;;

~\*~ NEW NOTE POSTED ON Sat. 6-26-04!! ~\*~

REVIEW KUDASAI!! ^-^;;;

Eleven chapters to go . . .

( I'm also on fanfiction.net under the usernames 'jus Kita' and 'jus Kita again' . . . well JA! ^-^;;; )

~\*~

## 2 - Baka kitsune: Stupid fox

Disclaimer: Didn't say it in the first chapter, because I spaced out. -.-;; Don't own yuyu, Kurama, Hiei, or Yusuke (so far --^). Again, for this chapter; don't own anything having to do with Yu Yu Hakusho.

If I did, then Kura-kun would be on a secluded island, free of fangirls, tending to his roses and living alone with his kasaan in simple happiness. =^-=

Hi-kun would be on another island, where countless numbers of demons would challenge his skills daily, making him a better fighter.

Yusuke . . . don't care what happens to him ^-^;; Guess I'd stick HIM on an island with an annoyed Kaoru (RK), a ticked-off Sango and Kagome (Inu-Y), an angry Keiko, and a grouchy Genkai . . .

He would be SO DEAD lol.

Btw: This chapter is in Kurama's POV . . . and please review, because I have a sneaky suspicion that absolutely NO ONE is reading this . . . ::unhappy tear:: u.u.

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

I sighed at Yusuke's profanity, closing my eyes briefly before opening them after a while to look down at a very irate little youkai that was now staring, unbelieving and confused, into the bathroom mirror . . . no matter that they had switched minds, the short Jaganshi's body was still half koorime, half fire demon, possessed a third eye, and, despite the lack of its true owner's personality, still incredibly . . . attractive . . .

I blinked. No, I couldn't think that way now. If I gave in to the physical attraction I had for Hiei, then I would lose his trust for certain . . . and that would destroy any chance of—

“What happened, Kurama?” Yusuke asked, Hiei's voice sounding strangely confused and frightened . . . something I never thought I would hear. I sighed again.

“I'm not quite sure. Perhaps we could discuss it on the way to your house, Yusuke.” He looked at me, those crimson eyes that were usually so intense and focused . . . now I could read them like a book. I felt a stab of pain each time I looked into those familiar eyes and found someone else staring back at me . . . someone who was most definitely NOT my demon friend and fighting partner.

“Why MY house, Kurama?” Yusuke asked in that oh-too-familiar baritone, though it missed the sharp, annoyed feeling Hiei laced his every word with . . . I shook myself out of the trance. I had forgotten that he was ningen. There were some things I needed to clarify.

“Just follow me. I'll explain on the way.” I walked out the door, Yusuke following behind. We had walked for a while in silence, and I noticed Yusuke looking up around at his surroundings . . . Hiei was

considerably short, there was no way around it.

“So, Kurama . . . why are we going to my house again?” He said slowly, and I knew that he was just as aware as I was that the voice he spoke with was anything but his. I sighed for what felt the fifth time that night.

“If my assumption is correct, then Hiei is most likely in a situation very alike to what YOU are experiencing, Yusuke.” There was silence, and I looked down to see Hiei’s small mouth hanging open in utter confusion. I looked hungrily at that mouth, those lips, I wanted to—no. I couldn’t. He wasn’t Hiei. He wasn’t . . . I forced out a smile and explained bluntly.

“Since you are in Hiei’s body, he is most likely in yours.” I said, hiding the pain I was feeling. Hi—Yusuke nodded his head, the cloudiness dissolving from the red eyes, and turned them forward once again. The rest of the walk was in silence. The sun had long set, and I could now remember what Hiei had said to me only a few hours before . . .

(::flashback::)

“Hello, Hiei.” I said to the silent figure who, just as silently, had entered my room a moment before.

“Hn.” I received in response from the window sill. I chuckled, and put down my book, turning to the short Jaganshi.

“Yes, what is it, Hiei?” I asked in a simple, no-nonsense manner. He glanced at me out of the corner of his eye, then resumed staring out at the world again.

“Hn. I don’t need your help, if that’s what you’re thinking, kitsune.” I chuckled.

“No, of course not . . . gomen. I was mistaken.” I said, a teasing undertone in my voice.

“Hn! Baka kitsune.”

After a while I began to get ready for bed, as I had nothing else to do. I turned off the light and started to change quickly into my night clothes. I was just putting on my upper clothing when Hiei spoke again.

“You almost got yourself killed today, fox.” My head shot up, looking across the dark room to find Hiei still staring out the window. I finished buttoning up my shirt before answering.

“That’s happened to me many times over the years, Hiei. I’m not sure my life as a youko would have ever been exciting if it didn’t involve a little risk.” He ‘hn’ed, and then turned his head to face me, crimson eyes locking with my own emerald ones.

“You used all of your reiki to hold those vines, Kurama. In addition to your physical wounds, it’s miracle that ningen body of yours didn’t collapse.” My eyes narrowed as I met his stare.

“Ningen are tougher than you think, Hiei. And stronger in some aspects.”



“Hn! There will NEVER be a day when a ningen is stronger than me, fox!” He said, holding most of his annoyance in check. I replied evenly.

“Then what about Yusuke? HE beat you.” Those ruby eyes glittered with anger at the memory, and his next words came out in a low growl.

“Revenge is nothing without patience, baka kitsune.” And he flitted out of the room, though I could feel him settling himself in a branch by my window. I sighed, briefly wondering why I was going to bed so early tonight, before drifting off—

(::end of flashback::)

And, a few hours later, I was to be startled awake by a loud crashing sound coming from outside my window. I brooded inwardly, my eyes cast down in deep thought. I wondered how Hiei was adapting to all this . . .

“—ama.” Now I realized Yusuke was poking my arm. I looked down at him . . . it was really rather odd . . . having to look so far DOWN at someone that was usually at my height.

“Gomen, Yusuke. What did you say?” He pointed at something in front of me. I turned to face it and sweatdropped at the name next to the door. We had arrived at the Urameshi residence, me being too lost in my inner musings to notice it. I took a deep breath and knocked, praying to Inari that Yusuke’s mother would not be at home.

.....

When no one answered, I tried again, knocking a little louder.

.....

I was about to knock again when Yusuke pushed the door open and walked inside. I dropped my hand quickly and followed him in. I suppose it WAS his house, after all . . . he ran upstairs to his room, me following close behind, to find a very annoyed-looking, average height black-haired boy staring at us from a chair, his arms crossed and the brown eyes set into Hiei’s trademark death glare. When Yusuke entered those eyes flashed momentarily, and the spirit detective froze. That gaze then traveled to me, and I felt a surge of electricity run through me. This . . . was Hiei. Yusuke was the first to break the silence, and I noticed Hiei’s eyes narrow as he heard his voice spoken through another’s mouth.

“Hey Hiei! Anything odd happen recently?” At this, my friend stood, appearing in front of us not in an instant, but rather quick, nonetheless. Then I remembered that their speeds were nearly equal.

“Hn. What do YOU think, baka ningen.” The youkai-turned-teen said in Yusuke’s usually rebellious, but now calm and cold, voice. His gaze slowly shifted to me, and I felt a surge of pain again. The hidden emotions behind the eyes were most definitely Hiei’s, although . . . the color and the height of them most certainly were not. I swallowed, finally speaking.

“Hello, Hiei.” Being a sharp demon, he naturally noticed my momentary hesitation and his eyes

narrowed at what he most likely perceived as pity.

“Baka kitsune. You’d better have a plan for this.”

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

^^ Guess what?!? I just saw the uncut version of Kurama’s fight in the Dark Tournament against Karasu . . .

It was very bloody. ::shivers::

BUT IT WAS SO COOL!!! =^-=

Especially when youko Kurama appeared . . . =^-=

Truly worth the \$25 to buy it . . .

::sighs:: There’s one day’s babysitting wages gone down the drain . . .

BUT IT WAS SO WORTH IT!!! lol

Again, please please PLEASE review . . . otherwise I feel like this fic is a waste of time and effort . . . because it seems like no one’s reading it . . . ‘cause no one’s reviewing . . . ::sighs unhappily:: . . .

- Kita out

u.u... (a trail of tears . . .)

Ja ne, minna-san.

### 3 - Ningen: Human

0.0 . . . . . I GOT THREE WHOLE REVIEWS!! YAY!!

=^-^=

Arigato to Curry and Tesu!! =^-^= You've made me feel that this fic is worth writing (for now, at least ~-^!!

And to Moose-chan . . . thanks so much lol!! I remember your name, I read a lot of your fics . . . and they were all good (though the names escape me . . . heh heh, bad memory @.@ oro!!). ^-^ Thanks for the compliment, too!! =^- ^=

And so it shall continue . . . heh heh . . . ^-^;;

Btw: Don't worry, Curry(hey that rhymed ^-^;!!) Kura-kun won't have to think up something . . . that WOULD be a lil too unfair for the poor fox . . . he's having enough problems dealing with them as it is! lol ^-^ I wrote the beginning of this chappie LONG BEFORE you reviewed the fic, so no worries!!! =^-^=

This chapter is in Hiei's POV

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

I continued to look, annoyed, at the fox. He was obviously very uncomfortable, though the baka ningen in my body didn't realize it. I wondered at how strange it was to be at Kurama's eye level . . . to be able to look straight into those expressive green depths . . . I growled at my inner thoughts, trying to will them away, but apparently the kitsune took it as a sign of impatience. He clouded his eyes, trying to keep the inner emotions hidden, but I could discern the youko's nervousness even though the detective couldn't . . .

"I'm not quite sure, Hiei. Perhaps the best thing would be to—"

"You'd better not say Koenma, fox." I growled darkly, interrupting him. The LAST person I wanted to see right now was that weak fool of a demi- god. Kurama smiled apologetically at me.

"I'm afraid so, Hiei . . . unless someone . . ."

"Hey!" Yusuke said, waving a hand in the air, that reached to just about where Kurama's chin was. I shifted my now narrowed gaze to the source of the sound, silently angered at the person now inhabiting my body causing my voice to come through in such a relaxed and casual manner.

"Yes, Yusuke?" Kurama asked, shifting his gaze down to him . . . wait . . . what was that flash . . . just now—Yusuke was looking up, and I chuckled inwardly at how short the delinquent must feel . . . all the while keeping the mask of annoyed indifference on my face.

“What’s WITH you guys? I’ve been TRYING to get your attention!!” He complained, then mumbled the last part under his breath. “I hate being short . . .” I chose to ignore the insult . . . for now . . . besides, Kurama sighed, clearly as impatient with the situation as I was.

“Gomen, Yusuke. What were you going to say?”

“Well . . . why don’t we go see Grandma, Kurama? Maybe she’d know.” The fox thought for a moment, while the tantei stared up at him, his form relaxed and impatient, before I broke the silence.

“Get out.” I practically growled, Yusuke’s voice promising almost certain death (a.n./ hope you guys see the double meaning here!! ~-^). The red eyes widened, and he backed away. I growled again, hating to see myself look so . . . open . . . and . . . AFRAID . . .

He stuttered for a moment, then regained his rebellious attitude. “Why should I, Hiei?” Every word he spoke in my voice was slowly grating on my resolve not to kill him . . . but if I murdered THAT baka, I’d also be killing myself . . . and then there’d be no chance for me to get back . . . despite my inner thoughts, my hand twitched . . . absently reaching for the hidden sword that . . . wasn’t there. I growled, intending to maim the baka with my hands alone, but Kurama took a step in front of me, allowing Yusuke to take this chance to run downstairs. I looked straight at the kitsune, for once not having to crane my neck upwards to stare him in the eye. His gaze was soft, and something was hidden behind them . . . hn. What did I care for someone else’s emotions . . .

~Kurama.~ I tried telepathically, hoping that my mental abilities still remained . . . if my youkai mind still held enough power to . . . he looked blankly at me, and I tried again, louder this time.

~Oi, fox!~ Still nothing . . . and those green eyes were now looking puzzled as to why I wasn’t saying anything. I tried one last time, all of my being hoping that he could hear me, and letting anger take over.

~BAKA KITSUNE!!!~ His eyes widened instantly, and he reeled slightly at the shouting words, before recovering and responding.

~H—Hiei?~ I scoffed, glad to hear my own voice, at least on the mental plain.

~Hn. Who else would it be, baka.~ His brow knotted in confusion.

~But—how are you able to . . .~ Kurama didn’t finish the sentence, so I spoke, annoyed.

~Hn! I’m still a demon in the HEAD, fox. Any powers linked to the mind, I still . . . have . . .~ I trailed off and looked away, hating myself and the body I’d been thrust into . . . then I felt Kurama’s hand on my shoulder, and glanced up to see the emerald depths looking at me kindly.

~We’ll find a way to fix it, Hiei. Don’t worry.~ I kept his eyes for a moment, then freed myself from his hand and walked out into the hall.

~Hn! I didn’t say I was worried, fox. It’s just annoying every time I hear that baka speak.~ The redhead came to stand next to me.

~Of course, Hiei. I just meant we'll be sure to find a way out of this situation.~

~Hn. Baka kitsune.~ And we walked down the stairs, side by side.

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

We found Yusuke cowering under the table, and then I remembered with amusement the exchange from a few minutes ago. Though I hated to hear the detective's voice come out of me, there was now no choice . . . that baka wasn't telepathic . . . like Kurama was.

"What are you doing, detective." I stated sharply. He looked up, then glanced at Kurama, who nodded, his eyes glinting with a bit of carefully concealed mirth. Carefully, the now short Yusuke stood, and looked from me to Kurama a few times.

"Well, detective." I began impatiently. "Shouldn't we be getting to Genkai's." He nodded, and led the way to the door. I started to follow, then realized Kurama was still at the table. I turned and saw him writing something on a piece of paper. I spoke curtly to him from the hall.

~Oi, kitsune. Let's go.~ He looked up, then placed the finished note on the table before walking past me with a slight smile.

~What was that all about, fox.~ I asked him telepathically as we trailed behind Yusuke in the dark. I could tell he seemed a little embarrassed.

~It was just a letter.~

~Hn. No, really.~

~Yes, really.~ I rolled my eyes, then got to the matter at hand.

~Who was it for, kitsune.~

~ . . . Yusuke's mother.~

~Hn. Why, fox.~

~So she wouldn't be worried about him. I did the same for my kaasan, Hiei.~

~Hn. Baka sentimental fox.~ He chuckled softly.

~I suppose . . .~

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

We had been walking for a while, when I suddenly heard a voice that sent chills up my spine . . . chills of disgust, that is.

“Oi, Urameshi!!!” I growled softly to myself, not looking back or stopping.

“HEY!!! DON’T PLAY DEAF YOU PUNK!! I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME!!!” I heard a small chuckle from my side and looked sideways at Kurama, who was trying to discreetly hide his laughter (a.n./ IMPORTANT!!! BTW: The REAL Yusuke went up ahead to see how fast Hiei actually is, thus leaving Kura- and Hi- kun behind to walk, as neither the fox or the reikai detective’s body can hold that amount of speed for an extended period of time . . . jus so ya know! ~-^).

~Hn. Baka kitsune.~ I commented in my mind . . . with a smile he sighed, then stopped.

“Yusuke.” He called out softly, purposefully calling me by that human’s name as I kept on walking, though slower than before . . . hopefully that baka fox would come to his senses and catch up with me . . . preferably soon. The kitsune sighed again.

~Hiei . . .~ The mental tone sounded almost . . . pleading? I stopped and turned around to be certain, only to find not only Kurama standing behind me, but . . . HIM, as well. I glared at HIM, hoping my intense hatred burned through the ningen mask. The carrot-top cocked his head stupidly.

“Whoa . . . Urameshi. You’ve been practicing Shorty’s death glare, huh . . . trying to scare off demons with a look, is that it? Although—” He said in that baka way of his. “Looks won’t do you any good, it’s power that counts, right Kurama?” I hadn’t noticed I’d started to methodically make my way over to them, until I heard Kurama’s voice, sounding a little louder as I closed in.

“Actually, Kuwabara, looks DO matter. I know of many species of animals that will make themselves look more frightening than they are . . . and succeed in scaring off possible attackers.” By now I was standing right in front of them, my hate-filled eyes locked on the baka as he spoke again.

“Yeah, well . . . I didn’t know Urameshi was THAT scared of this job . . . ha ha ha . . .” My left eye began to twitch slightly as he continued. “And . . . if that’s true, doesn’t that mean that since the shrimp’s always acting so tough, the guy’s actually really really weak?” Missing my katana greatly, I did the next best thing. My fist connected with his face before an instant had passed, sending the baka flying away into the sidewalk. I saw him land, crumpling to the ground, unconscious, a small bit of blood leaking out of his nose.

“Hn.” I turned, satisfied, and began to walk away again. I heard Kurama sigh behind me, and he spoke, his mental voice growing fainter as I widened the distance.

~Hiei, I shall have to take him home now.~

~Hn.~ I grunted although I could feel his slight exasperation.

~Let us hope Genkai will have an answer for this . . .~

~Hn! Baka kitsune.~

~Fine, then. Good-bye, Hiei.~ He said, sounding a bit sharper than last time. And then I felt his youki

traveling farther away, laden down with the baka I had immobilized. I shoved my hands into the pockets of the green uniform, and growled to myself as I continued walking to the mountain temple that was that old onna's home . . .

I hated my height.

I hated this ningen form.

I hated the detective.

I hated Genkai.

I hated the baka.

I hated Koenma.

I hated . . . EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING IN THE THREE D—N WORLDS, D—N IT!!!

. . . . . no . . . . .

I suppose that wasn't true.

I didn't hate Yukina, after all . . .

—my katana . . .

. . . . . or . . . Kurama . . . . .

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

HEY, MINNA-SAN!! Lol

Btw: If anyone's wondering why Yusuke went to bed with his uniform, on, it's simple.

Yusuke's so lazy, he changes the night before.

That way, he can sleep in later. ~-^

Please review . . . if people besides Tesu-san and Curry-san and Moose-chan (^-^;;;;) are reading this please tell me you're reading!!! Then I'll feel that this fic is 'loved' enough and perhaps even add new chappies regularly . . . but hopefully at least at a semi-fast rate lol.

Don't know when the next update will be . . . jus writing at my own pace for this fic. ^-^

Ja ne!

- Kita out

