

SoulTouchers (ultra manga story ish)

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Some ish for me an Nanu to pwn ppl in (no big deal)

Comments are always appreciated

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0 - Chapter 0

Chapter 0

Long ago, the humans on this planet were much different than they are now. They could tap into the elemental forces that existed around them and would soon use these “powers” to create society. The land was utilized to farm, making food plentiful and human life prosperous. Until a pit of greed grew amongst them. Users of similar abilities would band together, claiming their right to what was once shared. The prosperous nation, that once was, had split into individual tribes and clans, each with their own agenda and morals. Some created peaceful alliances, coexisting and cooperating while other clans waged war on the world, and swept the lands clean of goods on military conquests. Decades of unstable life followed, while clans grew to have nothing but bitter hatred for anyone that wasn't kin.

Those who were born with the gift of elemental ties would use their powers for selfish ambitions, revenge of fallen comrades, or complete and utter world dominance. Before long the unthinkable had happened and every tribe had fallen to a single man and his army. He plunged the entire nation into the flames of hell and while the citizens, whether they were birthed with powers or not, were rotting away into ashes, the King and his tribe, Fire Eagles, dined on their misery. The Fire Eagles set out on a mission to eliminate all elemental users, assuring their place on the throne. One by one, clans began to disappear at their hands.

After years of oppression, the 4 strongest elemental users all rose from their burnt villages and together stood up against the King. In a battle of great catastrophe, the 4 “Soultouchers” gathered up every man, woman, and child with powers in a final stand against the evil empire. After countless deaths on both sides, only 2 Soultouchers remained, mortally wounded, to stand up against the King. His bellowing laugh filled their hearts with doubt as cockily he waited for their attacks. Knowing they couldn't possibly win, the Ice soultoucher mustered up all of his strength and in a sudden burst of light had almost stopped time for the King. Furious, the King stepped forward, locked within his slow-motion prison. They knew it wouldn't hold him so they began a ceremony to call upon their tribe's guardian beasts. It became known as the “Three Day Minute”, the King was still stuck in a sluggish state while the 2 sat stationary for 72 hours. Reaching within themselves, they called upon their spirit animals, to help guide them and use their powers to their fullest extent. The 2 soultouchers had touched their spirits and burst into an explosion of power. The soultouchers of Darkness and Ice imprisoned the King in an ultra-slowed prison in a different dimension accessed by a controlled Black Hole. The soultouchers drained the last particles of their strength to seal the King and died with victorious grins, hands clasped in rejoice.

The few people that survived lived on to tell the story of the great war, and even fewer of those people were fortunate enough to bare children with the elemental ties that once populated the planet. Since then, history has told of many great warriors, kings, assassins, thieves, bandits, heroes, and peasants all alike that can strangely bend certain aspects of reality. In some cases these were the indirect descendents from the Ancestors that once lived, each with different percentages of Ancestor-blood residing within them. They lived amongst a society that both shunned them and glorified them. Worshipped them, yet looked down upon. And this is where the story begins.

1 - Note From Father

Chapter 001: Note From Father

The sound of bare skin slapping against wet rock was pulsating through the cave. But not the rhythmic sound of a single pair of feet. It was a stampede. The sound of dozens of in-debt slaves screaming, scrambling. A single boy, short but wielding a sword almost as large as he, shifted through the masses silently. Each civilian that crossed his obscure path swiftly dove to the ground as quickly as he could hop to his next victim. A group of 4 slaves slid around to a halt to face the cloaked boy. They squinted in his direction trying to glimpse the scene but couldn't grasp the situation. What they saw looked like the adolescent boy skipping around like a lagging video game. They each simultaneously flung their arms to their sides with their palms wide open pointing at the young man. Flames suddenly burst around their hands and they unleashed a volley of flame spheres upon the boy. As they all approached him at incredible speeds, the boy stopped moving and started to walk towards the group. He smirked and his eyes began to glow a brilliant blue that illuminated his whitened teeth, showing a sharp, jagged, demonic grin. The blazing balls of heat each started to slow as they neared him and the instant that one got within a few inches of him it would slowly frost over and fall to the ground, shattering into solid ice. The awe-struck slaves were frozen in fear. Their panic-driven strikes launched hundreds more of the projectiles (divided between the four of them) but the results were not altered. Once there was a brief moment of pause in the flames, the boy's smile disappeared with the glow and he turned around. As he walked away the four slaves fled for their lives to escape with the other slaves.

"frack!" The kid yelled as he swung his fist into a stone wall. He walked into a bright opening that led to outside of the cave. As he exits the sun flares the world into illuminesence. He flips his hood backwards, off of his head and his light hair shines bright with royal blue highlights as the sun reflects off. He sticks his sword into the dirt of a forest floor as his shoes stop crunching through loose gravel. He pulls a small, dirty and wrinkled piece of paper from a pocket in his embroidered jacket. The writing on it is in a very well-written script that stands out perfectly from the darkened paper. As his eyes glide through the sentences an older man's voice recites them in his head with a warm and familiar-feeling tone.

"Son:

You've made me proud. My son, the Soultoucher. You've shown so much talent. Please remember all of the lessons of our tribe in swordplay. In my closet are the items I would've liked to give you once you completed your training in both your Ancestor abilities and swordplay. Our clan's prized possession: the Lightning Blade. Also a guild's hooded robe, boots, and gloves. They should have embroidering on them. Seek out the others. With the other embroiderings. I'm sorry I couldn't watch you grow to your fullest. I'll always love you.

~ Father"

2 - The Others?

Chapter 002: The Others?

“**F**uck!” I yelled as I shoved my fist into the cave wall. Pain rattled through my bones but my tolerance numbed it instantly. My feet stopped dragging through rocks and started to slide into soil. The sun blinded me as I shook my hood off and stuck my sword into the ground. I reread my father’s note. His last words. His will. They weren’t here either. The ‘others’.

It’s been about 7 months since my family was massacred. I was getting water for my little sister one night because she had a fever. I came back to a village in bloody ruins, houses burning down and familiar faces charred to crisps. I ran straight to my home, at the center of the village. As I flung the front door open, my mind was permanently stained with the horrors. My family, cousins, uncles, aunts, grandmothers. Maids, friends, neighbors, guests, travelers. All severed. Scattered body parts and torn cloth soaked in red jumbled around in my house. My movement was shivered. I was trembling. In anger. In guilt. In sadness. In torment. My body seemed to bounce towards my sister’s room, spilling the water I’d gotten for her all over the ground. I arrived and saw her body in the back corner. Tears welled up in my eyes. All my life I’d been taught to control the cold yet I could feel an incredible heat building in my eyelids as they swelled. Her head was severed and lying next to her limp body. Her clothing was burnt and shredded. Remains of her underwear still strung around her legs, blood pooled between her small 11-year old thighs. I notice a trail of blood leading out of the room from the back door, into the hall leading to my parents’ room. I opened the door and followed the trail, seeing bits and pieces of satin cloth. I recognized them because they pieced together to my mother’s beautiful turquoise dress she had worn today. But now shreds were lying in small embers and flames amongst the halls. I opened the door to my parents’ bedroom and the tears in my eyes stopped flowing. They suddenly froze onto my face and my heart pounded my chest. My mother was face-down, lying across the floor. Her dress was torn off lying on the bed next to her. Her entire back was in embers, skin burnt off. Flesh seared through. I turned around and left the room. I wandered towards the dojo, on the other end of the hall. My bedroom was connected to the other side of my dojo. As I slid open the dojo doors, I saw a hellish vision. Bursts of flame were sprouted about, spread across a dozen bodies clothed in bright satin red robes rimmed in dark red and orange symbols. They were all lying in pools of blood, sliced to bits. A smile slightly emerged from my cold face.

Father. My brain rung as I ran through the soupy bits of invaders and into my room.

I saw my father sitting in the chair at my desk, his body lazily slung over it. His back was scorched and covered in needles, arrows, swords slashes, and knives. In the corner of my room was a slim looking dagger, almost as long as a short sword. It was pinning another red soldier to the wall through his chest. I walked over to it and thunked it out of the corpse’s sternum. On the hilt my clan’s spirit animal, the dragon, is carved in. It was his. My dad’s. I looked over at him lying on my desk from this angle. His arms were strewn across it as if he was covering something. I looked at his side and see a large gash oozing blood into a thick pool on the ground. The man that was pinned to the wall was the one that finished my father. I walked to my desk and under my father’s messy hair I saw a note.

Since then, I've been trying to find these "Others" that my dad wrote about. After investigating a little, I found out that these robes are from an ancient assassin's guild that is supposedly long gone. I dug a little deeper and learned that the last few survivors were held captive, in slavery, before they died. I figured that one or two of them might've had a kid. Rumors also started to reach my ear that one of the youngest (yet most wealthy) survivors, a middle-aged man, had his hidden village raided and his daughter and wife raped and killed. His son was missing. I started to fill in the blanks. The training me and my sister have been going through our whole lives weren't for nothing. I am the descendant of a member of an assassin's guild. My peers, the other members, are missing. I am the son of a survivor. And I don't think I'm the only one. I've been raiding slave-captivities around the country for 3 or 4 months now. I've yet to find anyone bearing the same robes. Only other flame soldiers that hunt me down. Other mercenaries and assassins. Hitmen and alchemists. Killers and thieves. Rich and poor. I earned a national bounty, apparently, and a pretty hefty one too. My head would bring wealth upon a family for generations. Who'd pay for it? Who wants me killed so damn bad? Well, aside from the slave-traders who throw in a couple hundred or couple thousand here and there after I raid their slave caravans (maybe accidentally freeing a couple). After leaving my desecrated village, I made a few discoveries about the world around me.