

Seirei

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This is a story about a 16 year old guy with powers! It's got spirits, and well....stuff! I tried hard on this one so please check it out!

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1 - A Boy's Past

It's 12am. The usually bustling streets are now silent, the cars now parked and the lights from houses penetrating the dark like fireflies are turned off. There are no chirping birds, no wildlife, it's as though time itself has stopped. The silence is unusual, few people would believe that Furiko street could ever be this quiet.

The silence was broken by the light tinkling of glass bottles falling over, it was soon accompanied by the sound of discarded newspaper being slipped on and the metallic sound of a trash can being knocked over. A youth stumbled about the main street moving this way and that with no real purpose, his movements were completely random. He staggered into a side alley and leant against the wall, he slid slowly to the floor.

Blood. Crimson red blood flowed freely from a wound in the youth's left shoulder to the hard concrete floor. He grunted and clasped the wound with his hand breathing deeply. Pain. It was nagging insistently at him, pushing his limits of endurance. He knew he had to do something about it soon or he'd pass out. The youth held his hand open palmed over the wound and through clenched teeth muttered, ``Asya lend me your strength" A glowing orange light surrounded his left arm and briefly illuminated the shadow-soaked alley.

It was healed, good as new. The youth stood up and walked briskly to the other side of the alley and away from the street. The firefly-like lights of the houses were already flickering on and probing at the darkness, trying to find out where the noises and light that had interrupted their silence had come from.

The youth continued onwards, this time in a certain direction. He left Furiko street and walked east towards the Ohiro district. A voice like the tinkling of fine china reached his ears, ``Brother are you all right?"

The youth's left hand twitched slightly and he answered calmly, ``Of course thanks to you..."

The china-like voice continued, ``We did it though didn't we? Me and you! Together!"

The youth continued on and muttered back, ``Yeah we did it.....together....." The bright neon lights, bustling streets and mild traffic melted around the youth as he walked onwards. He stopped at an intersection and turned right. After another 2 minutes of walking he found it, right where he had left it.

It was a Pyro-Bike. However to merely call it a Pyro-Bike was an insult! This was a fully tuned and customised *Flare-Tread XD!* The bike gleamed in the eerie orange glow of the streetlights, the engine was 4 prex compared to the usual 2 and it's full speed was roughly 400MPH. The usual tri flame symbol of Xeno-corp had been removed and replaced with a golden lightning bolt. The bike's high intensity beams of light tore the darkness apart, the 4 prex engine sang loudly into the empty, silent night. The youth smiled and muttered so quiet that only he could hear, ``Yeah...together"

The bike shot off into the streets of New Tokyo at 200MPH leaving behind a rapidly fading trail of light.

Everyone in the world is born with a talent. Some people can run fast, some are strong, some could write great poems and some could lead nations. Mine? I wouldn't call it a talent, I'd call it a curse. You see ever since my mom died I've been able to see and sense spirits. At first it was scary and unnatural but it soon became a normal part of my life, the spirits of the deceased were very helpful and friendly. I soon found out they could be too friendly...but what did I know? I was just a kid....it all started when I was 13...

The factory was dead ahead. It was huge at least 5 miles wide and the tall power storage towers seemed to stretch and touch the sky itself. The entire factory was surrounded by greenery, countless trees and hedges surrounded the plant, it was part of the New Tokyo Revival Scheme, the government trying desperately to replace what they had stolen from the land all those years ago.

It was a Nero Optics factory, a factory designed to develop new ways to deal with illnesses by affecting the nervous system. When it had first opened it had been heavily criticised but the now 3 year old plant had already succeeded in curing AIDS and was on the way to curing Cancer.

A young boy dashed down a nearby hill straight towards the factory. While running he panted, ``Nyuh....give up Ichigo, you too Atsuma you know I always win at Hide and seek!"

Two 17 year old spirits were gliding out in front of the boy, the both grinned. Ichigo shouted back, ``We'll see about that! If you manage catch us in this factory then we'll give you an aura boost!"

The youth halted suddenly, leaving an imprint on the grass, the spirits continued to glide forwards before realising they weren't being followed. They glided back. Atsuma said teasingly, ``What's the matter? Giving up already?"

The young boy breathed deeply, the wind gently caressed his hair and made his scarf dance elegantly in the breeze. He looked Atsuma straight in the eye and said, ``Are you sure we can go in there? And will you really give me an aura boost?"

The pair of spirits laughed, Ichigo calmly said, ``Of course we can go in! With the amount of tours they give the place is practically open to the public 24/7! It's totally safe and if by some miracle you win then we'll give you an aura boost!"

The boy hesitated, he knew technically he shouldn't be in the factory but Ichigo said the factory was used to the public so it was okay. Besides if he won the both Ichigo and Atsuma would give him some of their power, boosting his aura, with that he could maybe finally master a new spirit technique!

His mind was made up, he grinned and said, ``I'll give you a ten second head start!" The two spirits closely followed by a thirteen year old boy raced towards the Nero Optics factory.

There was a light metallic clank as the young boy crept forward slowly, he leapt out and said, ``Found you Ich....damn!" It had been like this for about 20 minutes. He had been chasing and losing them! He had never imagined the plant would be this....big! He lent on a huge gas tanker trying to catch his breath. It was time to think, the boy took in his surroundings.

He was in the containment facility, this was where the factory held all it's different equipment and formulae, he should definitely be careful in here. There were several giant gas containers each easily the size of a small house, maybe even bigger! The hard metal-grated floor seemed to shout whenever he took a step and the lights were dim. It seemed that there was no one around. The boy came to a conclusion, he would have to use a spirit technique.

He clasped both his hands together and closed his eyes. He slowed his breathing and concentrated, a cobalt-blue light enveloped him but his eyes remained shut. If you looked really closely you would see that the blue light that enveloped him was actually hundreds of tiny shining balls. Suddenly they all began to fade, one by one. The cobalt light grew dimmer and dimmer until there were only two tiny balls of spirit left. The boy grinned and whispered, "Gotcha!"

The two balls orbited around the boy and suddenly stopped, both pointing in the same direction. These two tiny spheres represented Ichigo and Atsuma's aura, the spheres were drawn to Ichigo and Atsuma, so they would lead him right to them!

For three minutes he followed the spheres, up and down staircases, round corners, through unlocked doors. Occasionally he would have to duck out of sight, most of the workers presumed he was another worker's child so he didn't have to be too careful. He noticed the spheres grew brighter and brighter as he went onwards, soon they were pure white, it was obvious that Ichigo and Atsuma were behind this door.

He hesitated. The door was big and there were at least 10 different types of locks, not only that but there were several signs saying things like "Do Not Enter" or "High Authority Only" The young boy took a step forward and the door slid smoothly open. The inside of the room held countless computer terminals and screens, lights were blinking from all directions. He walked inside and the door slid shut, he looked around. At the front of the room was a huge glass dome that provided a view of the workplace below. He looked harder and suddenly saw Atsuma gliding forwards! If he didn't catch him now then he would escape and they could be here for hours!

All deceased spirits have powers. It depends greatly on the circumstances, if someone was killed unexpectedly and held resentment then there was a chance they would turn into an Iki-Yashi, horrible monsters who pray on the living, however not all spirits end up like that. Nearly every spirit can move objects slight distances and whisper words to the living, very few people can actually see spirits though. As the young boy rushed towards Atsuma, Ichigo used what little spirit powers he had to throw a chair in the way. It all happened so fast! The chair appeared, he fell straight onto a control panel and suddenly there was a warning signal blaring out. He could see the employees below running this way and that trying to escape, soon they fell to the floor twitching. He looked on with horror.

"Ah, dangerous stuff that nerve gas!" Atsuma said casually.

"Of course! Look at them, twitching! That's unhealthy!" Ichigo laughed.

The boy turned around with a look of horror and screamed, "What Have You Done!!!!!"

The pair of spirits grinned at each other. Ichigo glided closer and said simply, "We were both killed in a train wreck ten years ago although I'd call it murder. See that man down there?" Ichigo pointed to an dead man in his mid fifties, "That's the man that designed the train we were killed on, if it wasn't for him we'd both be alive right now!"

Tears fell freely from the boy's eyes as he choked, "That's no reason to d...do this! Why me?"

Atsuma floated forwards and tutted, "Duh! You're the only one who can see us! That bastard got what he deserved! As for the others....well I guess that's their problem!"

The pair of spirits both laughed but stopped when they saw the boy. His fists were clenched into fists, he was shaking with anger, flames started to appear around his fists. Ichigo and Atsuma backed off slowly both thinking the same thing, it can't be his aura! Can it? The boy looked at them both with a fierce gaze, and lost control! He screamed, "YOU BELONG IN HELL!" A searing jet of green flame shot from both of his fists and wiped the spirits from existence.

He fell to the floor crying, his two friends....fakes, all these people were dead and it was his fault! He ran, ran from the room, ran past the bodies of the dead, ran out of the factory and as far as his feet would carry him.

It was 2 hours later. A man marched through the scene, he ignored the dead bodies, and nodded briefly

to his colleagues given the gruesome task of bagging and tagging them. He marched to the central control room and gave his ID to the sentry. It took a few seconds then he was allowed in. He looked at the DNA squads and ordered, ``Okay I want to know who's responsible right NOW!"
A woman clad in the black suit of a CSI reported, ``The DNA matching sequence is complete sir! The culprit....a thirteen year old boy by the name Taku Ryoshii!

So there I was. 13 years old, an orphan and now a fugitive from the law. It was on that day I realised that spirits couldn't be trusted and that they all belonged in the Celestial Plain, not here. As far as I cared they could all be exorcised....all but one....

2 - The past revisited

The Pyro Bike's engines stopped singing as the power was cut, the two beams of light were slowly swallowed by the darkness. Taku typed in the lockdown code on the small pad under the seat and the bike suddenly became totally secure. It would take a grade-A hacker to crack the custom-made codes. He got off the saddle and glanced back, it gleamed. Taku smiled the Flare-Tread was one of the two good things in his life.

He walked over to the Yukai-Yukai flats and made his way up the staircase. Being a fugitive meant that he could never stay in the same place for long. He arrived at the door to his apartment, it was gritty and looked like it was made of plastic. Unknown to anyone else it was reinforced with G-type steel, a substance like ordinary steel but three times as strong. Only recently invented, the stuff cost a fortune but Taku spared no expense on defending his home. If the Authorities found him then every bit of defence would help.

He keyed in the four digit code 3174 and the door slid open, Taku strode in. The apartment was a mess as usual. He looked around, the apartment was small and uncomfortable but he was used to it. He kicked his shoes off and wandered to the fridge. The door clicked open and looked inside, his face was bathed in a golden light as he checked what was edible...nothing. Everything was out of date. He took a beer and prepared a cup ramen.

A voice like tinkling china said, ``looks like we're out of food again, you should take better care of yourself brother."

Taku grunted, he was busy pulling off the top of the cup ramen, it soon tore off and he threw it aside. He waited for the kettle to boil and said, ``Don't worry Asya I'm fine....are you okay?"

Asya appeared before him. She was a spirit of a 24 year old girl, she wore a white dress with a permanent bloodstain on the right side. Her long blond hair hung down over her dress, she smiled, ``I'm fine, I think I'm getting stronger! I'm not as tired as last time! We sure showed that Iki-Yashi huh?

The kettle rattled and soon steam enveloped Taku, he picked up the kettle and poured the piping hot water into the cup ramen. He stirred it gently and said, ``I don't want you getting any stronger! I don't want you to fight! The Iki-Yashi are my problem, you shouldn't endanger yourself for me...why haven't you gone to the Celestial Plain yet?"

Asya complained, ``But brother I want to help you! You can't fight on your own!! Besides I'm in your debt! I won't leave you ever not after how you helped me!"

Taku slurped down the cup ramen and remembered the day he first met Asya.....

It was an all too common scene but that didn't make it any less horrifying. There it was, the car that had swerved to a fast halt, the little girl lying on the street not moving and the blood. It covered the car and formed a little puddle by the body. There were people rushing and screaming, people frantically calling the emergency services, people crying and one person simply leaning on a nearby tree calmly watching the scene.

Taku was 15 and watched the scene with disgust, such a pointless death...the future that could have been but now never will, people never learn. He looked to the left and saw her, the poor spirit of the girl, she was terrified. Taku sighed, walked forward and said lightly, ``Calm down....please calm down." The girl looked at him with a mixture of horror and curiosity, how could he see her? He sighed and said, ``listen carefully, I don't really know how to say this....but....well...you just... died....I'm sorry..."

Tears welled in the girl's eyes and she sniffed, ``What should...I do?"

The sun beat down on them, Taku hesitated for a second then patted her shoulder, an action no one other than him could do. He said calmly, ``The Joutsu will be here soon, they will guide you to the celestial plain, you'll be happy there."

She looked at him curiously and said, ``Jostu?"

Taku shook his head and said, ``The Joutsu. They are spirit guides, they guide spirits of the dead to the Celestial Plain, the final resting place of all spirits. I've heard it's nice, you'll enjoy it."

The girl sat down on the grass and deeply regretted that she could not feel the soft, prickly touch. She stopped crying and said, ``You look a lot like my brother...he was 15 when he died. He had a coat a bit like that but it was blue...please...could you wait with me, until they come?"

Taku laughed and sat next to her, he said, ``You know I've never met anyone else with a jacket like mine! I'll bet your brother has a great fashion sense!"

The girl laughed lightly and said, ``My brother always dressed strangely! He was like you....his hair was brown though and he had a ponytail...my name's Asya! What's yours?" She looked at him curiously.

Taku looked at her, he smiled and said, ``My name's Taku."

So the pair talked, for the next hour they shared stories, told jokes, they had instantly taken to each other. Asya was like the sister he never had and Taku was like the brother Asya had lost. So the bond had been formed and Asya decided that she wouldn't go to the Celestial Plain just yet and that if Taku refused then she'd haunt him, so Taku agreed.

Taku finished the last of the cup Ramen and threw the empty container in the trash. He stopped, turned to face Asya and said, ``Wait a minute how did I help you? I didn't do anything"

Asya looked at him and whispered, ``You talked to me....you became my brother...when I was alone you were there to help..."

Taku held Asya's hand and said, ``No problem sis! Now catch some Z's! Who knows maybe tomorrow will be a normal day!"

3 - A Normal Day

It was 2pm the next day. Taku was running as fast as his legs would carry him across the roofs of New Tokyo, he came to the end of a block of flats and leapt into the air gaining as much height possible. He landed and rolled heavily on the top of a department store and kept going. It was an Iki-Yashi, this time the spirit of an 18 year old male who had been stabbed at a night club. Refusing to accept his death, hate had consumed him and he had begun the horrible mutation into an Iki-Yashi.

Taku leapt into the air once again chasing after the Iki-Yashi, if he didn't stop it soon then there was a chance someone would be hurt, he wouldn't let that happen! Asya glided at full speed next to him and shouted, ``Brother use me! I can help!" Taku continued sprinting and once again leapt to another rooftop this time only narrowly covering the distance.

He regained his balance and cursed, ``shoot!...Fine!" He touched Asya's hand and concentrated, a hard thing to do when your running across the rooftops of New Tokyo. There was a bright flash of golden light. Taku had now for lack of a better word borrowed Asya's aura, adding it to his own. By using her aura both his physical and spiritual powers increased allowing him to jump and run faster as well as deport spirits and use more advanced spirit techniques.

The rooftop of the office block Taku was running on was coming to an end, the next building was at least 300 metres away. Taku braced himself just at the edge of the building and sprang into the air, he cleared the distance easily. Within seconds he could clearly see his enemy. It was huge, even by Iki-Yashi standards! The three crimson red circles on it's forehead confirmed it was definitely an Iki-Yashi, the three circles symbolised the good that had been lost, the evil that had been gained and the intervention that was needed. Taku cursed, the bastard was heading straight for Green Park. If it got there then possibly hundreds of people would die!

Taku called upon the extra aura bestowed upon him by Asya and jumped as high as he could, clearing about 8 buildings and landing in front of the Iki-Yashi. The monstrosity stopped in it's tracks and looked down at Taku, it could tell he had a much higher aura than the other people dashing about and now it was intrigued. Taku took a defensive stance and yelled, ``Everyone get out of here NOW! Head towards the Shibuya district!!" The people seemed to understand and soon there was a panicking crowd heading towards Shibuya, for the umpteenth time Taku regretted that normal people couldn't see Iki-Yashi, it made deporting them a lot harder.

Taku looked at his foe properly for the first time. It was a beast for sure, it looked a lot meaner than any other Iki-Yashi he had deported. Looks didn't mean anything in combat but if one were to compare the thin 16 year old in the red coat, white shirt and black jeans to this monster...

It was vaguely crab-like with two huge claws that looked like they could cut through even G-Type steel! It had six legs each about a storey high and covered with protective spikes, it's head was angular and looked like a serpent's, it mouth concealing a set of ragged fangs. Taku smiled and said calmly, ``Well ain't you the ugly one! What's the matter? See your reflection?"

The Iki-Yashi roared and brought down one of it's huge claws on the impudent human. Taku flashed briefly and was suddenly standing on top of the spike claw. He brushed a bit of hair from his eyes and said, ``You'll have to be a lot faster than that crab-breath!" Another roar reached Taku's ears but he ignored it and sprinted up the creature's arm, jumped and shouted, ``Asya lend me your strength! By the power of the sun and the stars I call upon you! Spirit technique 28! KAJOU BAKUFUU!" A searing hot blast of flame leapt from Taku's palm and hit the Iki-Yashi dead on, nearby cars were blown away with the sheer power of the blast.

Taku landed in a crouching position and got up slowly, he looked at his enemy. It was still moving! It had used its two massive claws to block the blast, the claws themselves were still attached! Not only that but they could still move! The Iki-Yasha moved forward and Taku took a step back. He wasn't sure how to beat something like this...it looked like his spirit techniques weren't enough. A giant claw descended from the sky, Taku rolled out of the way and grabbed a nearby metal pole, it was part of a broken parking metre. Once again the claw descended, this time Taku rolled forward and leapt upwards using as much force and spirit power as possible he swung the metal pole at the Iki-Yashi's head. The pole struck its target, the Iki-Yashi fell backward, crushing several buildings in the process.

The metal pole had shattered and Taku's left hand was covered in blood from where a spike had penetrated his defence. He caught his breath and flexed his hand thinking of a way to beat the monster as it struggled to get back up again. It was clear he would have to use a more powerful technique...he had only ever used it twice before and every time he had used it nothing had survived.

Taku stood straight with arms spread at his side palms open. He closed his eyes and concentrated, he had to gather all of his and Asya's aura to pull this off. Golden light radiated from Taku's palms, slowly it grew brighter and brighter soon the light was blinding, he took a deep breath and shouted, ``Kaihou Hira, Tenshi Enkou, GENSHIRYOKU KUJO!!!!" The Iki-Yashi flipped back up and charged towards Taku. He shouted and threw both palms forward, a ball of super-charged aura about 80 metres in diameter shot towards the charging Iki-Yashi.

The Iki-Yashi halted in its tracks but it was too late, it collided with the gigantic sphere of aura. There was a huge rushing of air, the ground shook and cracked, nearby building shattered and crumbled with the force of the blast. Taku shouted, ``DIE!" He threw another much smaller ball of charged aura at the Iki-Yashi, it combined and set off the other sphere creating an explosion of massive proportions. Taku flew backwards straight into the side of a parking lot. There was a flash of white. Taku got up slowly and looked around.

There was a huge crater in the street and there was no building with any windows left. All nearby objects had been blown away with the force of the blast. Taku stumbled over to the crater, trying his best to ignore the extreme pain and exhaustion. He reached the middle of the crater and found what he was looking for, a confused 18 year old spirit, he saw Taku and said, ``I....I....what was I?"

Taku coughed and spat up blood he said weakly, ``Don't worry about it, you'll be fine." He lifted his blood-soaked arm and said lightly, ``N...Na....Nakitama!" there was a silver light and the spirit glowed brightly. It hovered upwards until it was totally out of sight. He was in the Celestial Plain now, it wasn't his fault becoming an Iki-Yashi. Taku smiled weakly, and fainted. Taku thought he heard Asya's voice, he summoned all of his energy and whispered, ``Another normal....day..."