

More than Bargained For

By SoraYamato

Submitted: February 8, 2007

Updated: February 8, 2007

*A fic that I'm probably actually going to go somewhere with.
Hope you enjoy- please ignore spelling errors and such*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/SoraYamato/43238/More-than-Bargained-For>

Chapter 1 - Sports Carnival

2

1 - Sports Carnival

Chapter 1: Sports Carnival

“HEY!! My hat!” Michelle chased after her hat being borne away by the wind, as Kenny chased after Michelle.

“Michelle! Wait up!” He panted. Finally catching up to Michelle he bent over, out of breath, before looking up the tree they were standing in front of, the runaway hat caught in it’s upper branches.

“Ah! How’re we going to get it down now?” Kenny exclaimed, staring in dismay. Michelle also stared for a moment, before jumping into action. Kenny looked at her in surprise as she scrabbled around on the ground.

“What are you doing Michelle?” She stood, with an armful of rocks.

“What does it look like? I’m getting my hat down.” She replied before launching the first stone into the tree.

“Oh. I see.” Kenny bent and gathered his own armful of missiles and started throwing, but unlike Michelle... his throws didn’t come anywhere close to the offending hat.

“Watch out Kenny!” She exclaimed as one of his poor shots bounced off the tree and fell back towards them.

“I’m Sorry! I didn’t mean it!” Michelle laughed.

“Of course you didn’t. Can you see Tyson?” Kenny looked around, squinted at the Sports Carnival area, and then pulled out his laptop to use the zoom to study the crowd of students at the canteen, and found Tyson.

“He’s still in the crowd! Right in the middle,” Kenny cracked a smile as Tyson suddenly began yelling at a senior from another school who tried to shove in front of him, “at least we know we’ll get lunch.

Tyson’s not giving up.” Michelle smiled.

“Pity Dramikun’s in the lab, then I’d have had my hat down ages ago!” She snapped her fingers. “Kai! He’d have brought Dranzer for sure!”

“Last call for the under 17 boys’ 50m sprint! All boys in the under 17’s 50m sprint to the marshalling area!” The strident tones of the announcer called over the P.A. system. Michelle and Kenny looked at each other as Michelle’s face fell.

“Isn’t that?” Kenny trailed off as Michelle nodded.

“I have to get my hat down now! Before I miss that event!” A random group of guys walked past at the precise moment to hear Michelle’s distressed exclamation.

“Whoa- check out the babe!” Before either Michelle or Kenny could identify who had spoken, they’d been relieved of their ammunition and a group of males from all the schools competing were throwing rocks trying to dislodge Michelle’s hat. Kenny sidled up to Michelle.

“Do you think they know that you’ve already- mphf?” Michelle whispered in Kenny’s ear, her hand over his mouth.

“Don’t say anything! If they get my hat down- who cares?” She removed her hand as Kenny nodded, a mischievous smile settling over his face.

“That’s a good idea.” Stone after stone after stone rapidly flew into the tree, some coming close, but to no avail.

“The first heat of the Under 17 boys’ 50m is about to begin. All students please clear the track.”

“What! No!” Michelle spun around in alarm trying to identify the boys in the first heat.

"Hey, who's that?" The low murmur caught her attention and she turned back to the crowd at the tree. They'd stopped throwing stones were staring at the tree.

"Kenny," Michelle whispered, "what's going on? Why did they stop?" Kenny pointed.

"Look there, some guy is climbing the tree!" She squinted and her eyes fixed on a flash of movement roughly halfway up the tree.

"Who is that guy?" The boys closest asked each other.

"I've no idea. Someone from Whitney Prep I think." Another answered, eyes fixed on the climbing figure.

"How do you know that?" Some junior asked, a dumbfounded look on his face.

"His uniform, squirt. He's wearing the Whitney Prep uniform." A different boy answered. This comment was loud enough for the other males around to hear, and they all looked to the closest Whitney Prep guy...

"Hey, isn't that the new kid?" One suddenly asked before an elbow jabbed into his ribs.

"Check it out!" As the mysterious person walked out along a branch, Kenny crossed his fingers and Michelle held her breath as the slim branch bent beneath the unknown student's weight. Grasping the hat firmly in his hand, he made his way back to the trunk of the tree and began sliding down the tree, much quicker than he went up.

"Interesting..." Kenny mused, "He's not climbing down; he's controlled falling."

"Controlled falling?" Michelle queried. Kenny nodded.

"He's sliding down the tree, with one foot on the trunk and slows himself even more by landing on the lower branches." Watching carefully, the figure's last few halts on the branches became far more obvious, but both Kenny and Michelle gasped in horror as the 'hat rescuer' appeared to miss the last branch and was going to smack into the ground. Instead, he-

"He's a SHE!" Kenny blurted out in surprise as the new girl from Whitney Prep darted out an arm and caught the last branch before dropping neatly to the ground. Michelle studied the girl as she walked over, also noting that the disgruntled would be 'heroes' were walking away.

She wasn't a tall person, but not short either. Her dark hair was neatly tied back except for bits that had been pulled out of its tie by various twigs and branches. Kenny was still gawping.

"Here." She said, holding out the hat to Michelle.

"Uh, thanks." Michelle smiled at the stranger, who turned and began to walk away the moment Michelle took hold of her hat.

"Hey, wait!" Michelle and Kenny called in unison, Kenny finally breaking out of his shocked state. She paused, looking back at them over her shoulder.

"What's your name?" She looked at Michelle in a slightly surprised manner, before turning around.

"It's Raven."

"The finals of the under 17 boy's 50ms is about to start. All supporters should be trackside!"

"Ah! We missed his heat!" Kenny exclaimed, "Michelle we've gotta go!"

Michelle paused for a moment, before coming to a decision. Grabbing Raven's wrist, Michelle began running to the finish line, dragging Raven behind her.

"Hey!"