

# NOT YET NAMED

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*Making it up as I go along, excuse me if it's crap.*

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# 1 - Belief?

Do you believe in destiny?

I didn't. Not until I met Kai.

Kai was a strange one. He was a sad, lonely old man. Well, not old-old. He was forty-three when I first met him. Like I said, not old-old. But older than me. I was only twenty-one the day we met.

He actually saw me on the street. He followed me. I know what you're thinking. Stalker? No. Kai was nothing like that. He just noticed me, and when you are looking for someone with specific qualities and you notice someone with those qualities what else can you do but follow them?

I was taking a shortcut home from work. I slipped down into a dark alley, and Kai followed. He tapped me on the shoulder. He asked for my wallet. Of course, I declined and, long-story-short, we engaged in a fight. It was over quickly. He beat me. I hadn't expected it from him. He'd seemed so weak and frail. He held my wallet and waved it in front of me as I lay on the floor, gasping for breath. He threw my wallet back.

"I don't really want your money, lad," he said. He had a strong Irish accent. I hadn't noticed before. "But I do want you?"

It seems funny now. Looking back, I was so angry. And scared. But I'd never admit that to Kai.

"You want me?" I spat, getting to my feet. "Are you a mugger, or a fracking bumboy? Make your fracking mind up!"

Kai laughed. "Neither. I'm a talent-scout, of sorts. You're a good fighter, lad. I know talent when I see it. And you're talent. I have a proposition for you."

God knows what made me trust him. But I did. He took me back with him and that was the end of the days of my freedom.