

Naruto: Mutakami Hisako- Origins

By YunieXTidus

Submitted: March 24, 2012

Updated: May 30, 2012

Hisako has always believed she was invisible, nothing out of the ordinary. Soon, she will find out just how unique she really is.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/YunieXTidus/59483/Naruto-Mutakami-Hisako--Origins>

Chapter 1 - In the beginning...	2
Chapter 2 - Bloodsung Omen	4

1 - In the beginning...

Origins

It all began with a tryst. A simple midnight tangle in the sheets with a simple Konoha woman. Everyone feels loneliness, even war-hardened veterans. An emptiness begins, deep inside, to mirror the emptiness of the midnight streets haunted by one such as him. An emptiness that can only be sated with flesh against flesh, the warmth of another so close.

She never expected anything from him, though he --and only he-- had her heart. He came when he was nearby, and only came for one thing; her body. After the deed was done, he stayed for a few moments to hold her, at her request. When she drifted off to sleep, he dressed silently and left as he came, a shadow. He never wrote. She never asked for anything different.

That night was the last night her love ever came to her again.

10 months later...

Howls of pain could be heard echoing down the halls of the maternity ward of Konoha hospital. Izanami Mutakami was laid out on a hospital bed, surrounded by nurses and covered in sweat. In between howls, the only intelligible words she said were "Hokage... now..." A frantic nurse set off at full sprint for the Hokage tower.

The third Hokage sat at his desk, buried in paperwork, but when the doors to his office burst open, he looked up, surprised. "Hokage-sama! Forgive my intrusion," the nurse gasped out, her short brown hair matted to her forehead. "It's Izanami Mutakami, sir. She's gone into labour, and has requested your presence. She gave the impression that it was urgent, my lord," she finished with a deep bow.

"Sit down, my girl, and catch your breath. So the time has finally come?" Sarutobi stood up without another word and vanished, a single leaf left in his wake.

Appearing at the bedside of the woman who had sent for him, he immediately dismissed all nurses but one, who not but two years from now would help in the delivery of Naruto Uzumaki.

"Mutakami-san," the Hokage called out gently, "the time has come."

"You... you knew?" She asked between gasps.

"I am the protector of this village. If there is someone I consider a possible threat, I keep tabs on them. I know who it was that fathered this child. I know what needs to be done."

"T-thank you, Lord Third," Izanami sighed, tears leaking down her already tear-streamed face.

After several more agonizing hours, the child was finally born. The nurse looked at the child, astounded. Never had she seen anything like it. She cleaned the child, then gently laid her onto a pillow amongst a circle of candles of varying colour and height, which the Hokage had created while the child was being delivered.

“Lord Hokage, may I hold her please? Before...”

“The longer it is delayed, the better the chance of it not working,” he replied, already gathering his chakra. “Her power must be sealed before it is too late.” He quickly bit his thumb, drawing an intricate symbol across the infant’s sternum. “I will do everything in my power that she may live a normal life amongst us here at the Leaf.”

During the entire process, the child uttered not a sound, staring avidly at the Hokage with an intelligence that unsettled him greatly. Even at this age, he could feel her chakra, far beyond that of a normal infant.

The moment the seal was complete, the infant began to wail, tears flowing from her vivid blue eyes. Sarutobi slumped against the wall, pulling his hat off and wiping his brow with it. He looked at the child with concern.

“We shall not speak of this. I will inform the council, but this must be kept from becoming public knowledge. If this child were ever to learn her true origins... God help us all.”

2 - Bloodsung Omen

The flash of a knife. A thin stream of blood.

Dark blue nail polish. Blood-red clouds against a black backdrop.

The sparkle of cerulean scales. Tumbling azure locks of hair.

A burst of power. Agony. Loneliness. Despair.

The slow, deliberate drag of a kunai across a Leaf headband. The toss of the headband to the feet of three unseen people.

Receding footsteps.

Darkness.

The same dream. Always the same. She never understood what it meant, less as a child, more as she grew older. She did know one thing, from the very first time she was plagued with the dream. Dark days were ahead.