

Chaos: The Series

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Rated: PG

Genre: Humor/General

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Chapter 1 - Prologue to Terror

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FANFIC INFO:

Title: *Under Construction*

Rated: PG

Genre: General

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Summary: An evil man has died. Just before he arrives at his final destination, he is given a second chance at life, only if he can fulfill his mission: To protect the life of a young Neko girl. Seeing it as a simple task he accepts. After all, what's the worst that could happen?

CHAPTER INFO:

Title: Episode 1: Prologue to Terror

Genre: Humor/General

Warnings: Mild Violence

The pale-green muscle man stood to his feet, brushing away a few strands of his long blonde hair. He couldn't remember what had happened... Taking that back... He could remember bits and pieces... He could remember a man, seemingly native to the planet, his black hair pointed in all different angles, which seemed a very undignified look. He remembered him and his best friend, a toad-like creature, Medamatcha fighting this guy.

The stranger seemed much stronger than the natives. He was one of the select few from the planet who actually knew how to use energy blasts. The man gritted his teeth as he remembered seeing this strange human for the last time. He had just thrown his best attack at him, his mouth-blast, only to have it reflected back at him. Decapitation was, indeed, not funny.

So did this mean that he had died? The thought continued running through his mind. It would seem so. It would be the logical thing. Where was he? He surveyed his surroundings. Everything was white. Looking down, he realized he was standing on a mass amount of nothing. The afterlife was awkward.

"Angila. We've been expecting you," an elderly voice came from behind.

Naturally, Angila turned to see who the speaker was. It seemed to be a short old man in a white-pearly kimono holding a wooden staff. The only bit of hair that was on his head was the gray eyebrows that laid under his many forehead wrinkles.

"You!" Angila started. "Who are you?"

"I am Kito. Keeper of..." The old man went silent for a small amount of time.

Growing impatient, Angila demanded, "Speak up, Old Man!"

"Mind your manners, boy!" He said as he slammed his staff down on Angila's head, resulting in an unusually loud thump, followed by Angila's grasping of the victim spot.

"Darn you," Angila muttered as he clenched his free hand into a tight fist.

"I'm sorry, but my memory isn't what it used to be! You have to give us elders time to think!" After hesitating for a moment, he went on to say, "Fate! That's right, I'm the keeper of fate! That means that you had better watch it."

Angila raised an eyebrow. "Fate?"

"Not just anybody's fate... 'your' fate! Actually everybody's fate... Dog's to... And cats... and mice... and monkeys... and-

"Get on with it!"

"Patience, please!.... In a nutshell, the rest of your after life rests in my hands."

Angila's eyes grew wide. "My after life in your hands?" He could feel his stomach turn. How he would spend eternity depended on a man that could not even remember his title.

"That's right! You had better be glad that I'll be gracious enough to let those last few actions slide by. Of course, that isn't going to help you very much."

Angila cocked an eyebrow. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that you've done some pretty bad things in your lifetime. You were involved in many mass murders, extinctions of races, supporting an evil tyrant, and jaywalking in Canada. Never once have you ever been to a church service! Not once!"

"What could you possibly expect? I was under the rule of a dictator. Besides that, where in the few galaxies I've helped destroy would there be a church?"

"Earth... Kutow... Narka..."

Angila glared at him. 'Smart mouth...'

"Watch it!" Kito said, once again hitting Angila with his staff. "Ha ha! I can also read minds!!!"

Angila gritted his teeth as he grasped his head.

"Well, it seems that there isn't much hope for you. Now, allow me to direct you to your final destination."

Angila stared at him, eye twitching just a bit as he silently gulped.

"Master Kito! Master Kito!" A slim man with black-rimmed glasses and short dirt-blond hair, bangs down -barely below his eyebrows- ran up to Kito.

"What now, Juno?" Kito asked.

Juno bent down and whispered something in Kito's ear.

Kito's eyes widened. "What?!?! Again?"

Juno nodded.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Send someone else."

"But, sir... There's no one else willing to take his place. They're all too scared of her."

Kito scowled. "Okay, okay, fine. Let me handle this."

Juno raised his eyebrows. "You're going down there, Master?"

"Of course not! What do you think I am, crazy? I don't have a death wish!" Kito pointed at Angila. "He's going!"

"What?" Angila asked, tensely. What ever it was, it didn't sound like a bit of good.

"Him, sir?" Juno asked.

"That's right," Kito stated. Turning to Angila, he told her, "I'll make a deal with you. If you fulfill this task that I'm about to give you, I'll let you into Heaven. But if you decline it, or take the task and fail, then I'll bring you back and send you straight into Hell for all eternity. What do you say? Will you take the task?"

"What's the task?" Angila asked.

"Will you take the task?"

"What task?"

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"Will you take the task?"

Angila snarled. "What is the task?!?!"

"I can't tell you that until you take the task."

Angila let out a deep sigh. "Fine, I'll take the task... What do you want me to do?"

Kito slapped on a serious face. "The task I will give you is not going to be easy, but it will teach you patience, kindness, and persistence." Kito looked at Juno. "What are you waiting for? Give him the file."

"Uh..." Juno nodded his head. "Yes sir," he said as he handed the file over to Angila.

Angila took the file, opening it up once he received it. On the very top of the small stack of papers was a picture of a young girl. She had fluffed-up brown cat ears, surrounded by her long brown hair. She had dark green eyes and was wearing -he presumed- the latest in teen fashion: She wore a pair of faded jeans with white and baby pink tennis-shoes, and a long sleeved baby blue shirt. Her fluffy, brown tail was curled in front of her legs.

Angila looked at the picture behind it. It was of a brown cat, same tail at the girl's, same eyes, etc.

"Her name is Megumi Sakamoto, but she has chooses to go by Juliet Janas Shakespeare," Juno reported.

"Juliet Janas Shakespeare?" Angila asked. 'Such an odd name.'

"That's right. Everyone calls her Janas. She is a really big fan of Shakespeare and his work. She has convinced herself that she is the last descendent of Shakespeare, but judging by our records, she is not. She can transform into a cat at will, so watch out for her closely."

Angila glared at the picture, "Why do I need to know all of this?"

"Because..." Kito smiled. "You're going to be her unofficial guardian angel."

"Guardian angel?!?!" The statement, obviously, took Angila by surprise. "Why me?"

Juno and Kito looked at each other.

"No more questions!" Kito ordered. "There are a few things you need to know before you go. We are going to allow you to work under the sun and in hot weather, but we are gonna get rid of all of your superhuman powers, making you as powerful as the common man."

"No power?!?!" Angila scowled.

"Well, if you don't want to take on this task-

Angila sighed, rather roughly. "Okay, fine. No power. But how am I supposed to protect her if I don't have any power."

"We will give you that power when you need it, as long as you need it. In the mean time, if you abuse her in any way, we will bring you back and we will instantly direct you to the gates of Hell. Same thing for anybody else. Either I or Juno will come down there every now and then to check up on you. Everyone will see you, but no one will see us."

"Don't you think it would be a little odd, if I walked up to her door and-

"Good luck!" Kito interrupted, as he clapped his hands very loudly, causing a large black circle to open up under Angila, which made the man fall through in a matter of seconds.

Juno stared blankly at the circle as it closed back up. "Um... With all due respect sir... Don't you think that we shouldn't have sent him down there so fast?... You know... answer all of his questions... Give him more information."

"You shouldn't worry so much, Juno! I'm sure he'll figure it out," Kito replied, rather confidently.

"You're right, sir. I'm sorry." After a short pause, Juno stated, "So you really think that it was a good idea to send that particular man... sir"..."

Kito smiled. "Nope!"

Juno swiftly stared at Kito with a worried expression.

~*~*~*~*~*~

Angila awoke in the mass clutter of dirt and rocks. He slowly raised himself up, feeling around his neck afterwards. 'Was it a dream...' He surveyed the area around him, seeing the ship he arrived in totally

defaced, the sky as clear as it could be, and no sign of any of Slug's warriors around. He was alive. He was decapitated, but here he sat living and breathing... Under the sun, of all places. None of Slug's warriors could ever do that. Including himself. Apparently, that was no dream...

Angila smirked. "Idiots..." As he dusted himself off, he commented, "They were foolish to send me back like this. No way, I'm going to go through the trouble of looking for her."

He looked over toward his right. Just beyond the forest, he could see the top of some tall buildings.

Angila frowned as he stated, "I guess if I'm going to start living here on Earth, then I should at least get a change of clothes."

~*~*~*~*~*~

Angila glanced evilly at the many people who looked at him so oddly. It was quite peculiar, being stared down by everybody one comes across. It was as if none of them had seen an alien before. 'Foolish, Earthlings... they really need to get out in the galaxy more often...'

He took a look at the streets before him. It was very busy. Cars zooming by here and there...

Ridiculously tall buildings, though several shorter than most, were placed along the sidewalk. Getting a change of clothes and finding a shower were two of the few things on his mind. How he would find a clothing shop, alone, was beyond him. He snarled, 'What could these people possibly do with all of these buildings... Why not stop at the basics?' He leaned against a building. "Honestly, I think that it's all a waste of space."

As he raised his arms to cross them, a long, narrow object fell into them. Angila flinched, eyes widened. After overcoming the shock so quickly, he looked at the object in his arms. It was a girl... A Neko, as a matter of fact. She looked familiar.

The girl opened her eyes from the tight squint and raised her ears back up slowly, seeming to observe that she hadn't become the latest style of paper. After a few seconds, she finally noticed that someone was holding her. She looked up at Angila, as he looked back at her with a raised eyebrow.

"You... saved me..." she stated. Silence... The young girl smiled brightly. "You're so cool!!!!"

Swiftly, Angila removed his arms out from under her, causing her a small fall. "I can assure you that it was an accident," he told her.

The girl shot up. "It was no accident! It 'twas fate! It 'twas fate that brought me into your arms!!!!... At least I think it was..."

Angila glared at her for a moment. "So," he started. "Where did you come from?"

"Me?" the girl blinked. "Well, when my mom and dad got married and decided that they wanted a baby-

"-I mean," Angila interrupted, bead of sweat, streaming down the side of his face. "Where did you fall from?"

"Oh, I didn't fall! My ex-boyfriend threw me off the top of the building. He didn't like me anymore. After what he just did, I don't think I like him any more, either!"

'She couldn't be...' Angila thought as he felt that he knew why this person was so familiar. "What's your name, girl?" he asked straight out.

The girl's smile grew wide. "My name is Juliet Janas Shakespeare! The last descendent of THE great William Shakespeare!!! But you can call me Janas for short! ... Hey, where are you going?" Janas, asked Angila as he started to walk off.

"Away from you," He answered back.

"But, why? We just met."

He stopped in his tracks and turned to face her. "I have my reasons, girl."

"Giving up on your job already?" the familiar voice chimed in.

Angila looked towards the source and snarled. "Kito..."

Kito shook his head. "Tsk, ts, tsk... For years you have worked under a merciless tyrant who would have killed you in under a second for doing so much as looked at him wrong. You have fought many battles, almost dying in several. You even helped in guiding your ship from colliding into this very planet. Yet, you can't look after a young girl. That's a shame..."

For a mere moment, Angila glared at him, then responded, "I'll have you know that I am more capable of being a warrior than I ever will be as a babysitter. You couldn't find another job?"

Janas, in the background, could only raise an eyebrow as she watched this new person talking to, seemingly, no one.

Kito frowned, "What happened to that optimistic attitude of yours? Did it die to? You're one of the few people that were given a second chance!!! You can stay here and watch over her, or burn forever in the dark pits of the underworld! Which will it be?"

Angila sighed. "Fine... I'll stay."

"Okay, then!" Kito exclaimed. "What are you standing around here for? Introduce yourself to her like a gentleman!"

After staring death at him for a mere second, Angila looked at the somewhat bewildered Janas. "My name's Angila-"

"Angela? You're a funny looking woman," commented Janas.

Angila could only glare down at the girl. "It's Angila, not Angela. Also take note if the fact that I'm a male. I've always been, always will be. Understand?"

"I don't know... You don't look much like a guy," the young Neko stated.

Frustrated, the man yelled aloud, "Well, I am, so deal with it!!!!"

"I'm... sorry...", Janas said, ears down, as she stared up at Angila, ever-so innocently, eyes becoming dewy.

Angila glanced to the side, noticing the deranged evil eye Old Man Kito was giving to him.

Groaning in his mind, he looked at Janas, saying, "... Look, I'm sorry... I've just had a hectic day. I'm not in a very good mood right now." He continued in thought, 'Who would be after they getting their head blown off?'

Janas's ears rose back up, as a joyful grin spread across her face. "It's okay... Hey, can I ask you a question?"

"Do I have a choice?"

"No you don't... You look really weird. Are you from Wisconsin?"

Angila raised an eyebrow at her, bead of sweat streaming down his face. "... No..." he answered.

"Oh..." Janas remained quiet for a moment. "Then you must be from Geek!!!"

Angila glared at her. Kito laughed aloud, disappearing in a puff of smoke. Kito... Just you wait...

"How about Canadia? Are you from Canadia?"

He continued to tell her, "No, I'm not from Wisconsin, I'm not from Geek and I am not from Canadia!!! I'm from outer space, you stupid girl!!!!"

"Really?" Smile growing larger, she stated, "Then you're a Martian!!!!"

Angila swiftly face-faulted. After getting up, he sighed heavily. "Okay... Fine, I'm a Martian... Whatever makes you happy... On to more pressing matters... Where can I find some clothing stores? More importantly, where can I find a shower?"

"What about your flying saucer?" The Neko asked.

"...My flying what?..." The foreigner raised an eyebrow at her.

"You're flying saucer? All aliens have one, right?"

"I've never heard of any species of aliens having this flying... whatever."

"Really?"

"Just hurry up and direct me to a shower."

Janas thought for a moment. "I guess you can come to my house and take one."

Angila's eyes widened a bit at the offer. "You, a helpless, young female, are inviting ME, a powerful stranger into your home..." He continued in thought, 'I've never seen one so foolish...'

"Yeah."

"And you live by yourself?"

"Yeah... How'd you know?"

Angila glared at her, bead of sweat running down his face, as he asked, "What are you thinking?"

Janas stared blankly at him, before saying, "I don't know. Just trying to make friends, I guess..."

Silence...

"That's not a very good idea..." Angila said. "You could get killed doing that."

Janas's ears turned down as she asked the man, "Are you telling me that I shouldn't trust you?"

"Of course not!!"

"Then what are you saying?"

"I'm saying that if you continue to invite people like you're doing now, then you could end up mercilessly slaughtered."

Looking up innocently at him Janas stated, "That's bad..."

"Of course it is!" An idea slithered on into Angila's brilliant mind. "I think that I know what you need."

"What?"

"You should hire a bodyguard"

Janas raised her ears at the suggestion. "You know, that's not a bad idea?" She asked aloud, "But where would I find a bodyguard?"

'...She's so naive...' Angila smirked, "I think that I could very well qualify for one."

"You? Really?" Janas glared at Angila's muscular arms. "You are pretty muscular and strong-looking. And you did save me."

"...Why don't I make you a deal?" Angila asked the girl.

"I'm listening?"

"You need a bodyguard and I need a place to stay."

"Yeah?"

"If you let me live somewhere in your house, I'll make sure nobody touches a single hair on your head."

Janas stared up at Angila, blank look on her face. "You mean like radioactive hairspray?"

Angila frowned. "What I'm trying to say is that I won't let anyone hurt you, as long as you provide the shelter."

"Oh. That sounds good to me!" The girl said, smiling once more.

"So do we have a deal?"

"You got it Angela!"

"ANGILA!" The foreign man shouted with a snarl.

Kito: And so our story begins...

Juno: Mr. Kito...

Kito: What is it, Juno?

Juno: Chapter 1 just ended. Our story began almost 300 lines ago.

Kito: What?!?!?

Angila: Stupid old man... --;;;

Janas: That wasn't very nice, Angila.

Angila: I don't care.

Kito: You should! The producers should dock your pay!

Angila: What pay? This is a fanfic!

Kito: Then the author should kill you off! :P

Janas: Now, now boys... I think that the two of you should apologize for being naughty to each other!
Come on now, let's give each other a hug!

Juno: o. o;;;

Angila: - _-;;;

Kito: ^ _____ ^

...

Kito: *Hits Angila on head with staff*

Angila: *Grasps* DARN YOU, OLD MAN!!!!

Juno: Eh-heh... Mr. Kito... Why don't we go on to the next chapter before someone gets killed... ^^;

Kito: Good idea!

Angila: You just don't want me to beat the crap out of you.