

Poor Us

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Just a short Xellos/Filia fic.

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1 - Poor Us

POOR US

Xellos casually walked away from the bludgeoned bodies, a sweet stench of blood and sweat filled the atmosphere. Such carnage was typical among humans. Mazoku too, though their motives were always more intelligent Xellos decided. Humans with their petty emotions just had to constantly conflict with another, resulting in much humor and delight for the Mazoku race.

His latest mission had been to create a war between two kingdoms of interest. For what purpose he did not know, he just knew Beastmaster Xellas had ordered as such, which was good enough for him.

“Now that I am done, perhaps I should return to Beastmaster and report...” he said allowed, wonderingly. “Though it would be nice to grab a cup of tea after all my hard work this month.”

“Namagomi!” Shrieked Filia, almost dropping the plate in her hand. Carefully she placed it on the counter, and reached for the mace concealed under her skirts.

Xellos smiled, as always, noting Jillas and Gravos were not at the shop this day. “And hello to you too dear Filia, long time no see!”

Filia held out her mace menacingly, glaring in rage. Xellos didn’t understand why she was particularly angry, but he did know it tasted delicious.

“Where have you been this past month?!” She exclaimed.

Xellos raised an eyebrow and blushed. “My, my, you missed me, huh?” He rubbed the back of his neck, smirking. “So you do care...”

Cold steel came crashing down over his head. “Idiot demon!” Filia took a seat near the counter, folding her arms, glaring, as she watched Xellos rearrange himself. “Of course I didn’t miss you!” Her eyes and voice lowered. “Val did.”

Xellos grabbed a seat out of thin air and sat near her, crossing one leg over. “Infants have the capacity to miss people?”

Filia set out tea for them on a small table she usually used for molding clay. “Of course. He sadly thinks of you as a father. Poor Val...”

“Poor Filia,” Xellos took a sip of his tea, enjoying it. No one made tea quite like Filia.

“Poor Filia?” She echoed, sipping from her cup, setting down the cup.

He nodded. "Ah, just as Val thinks of me as a father, Filia thinks of me as a husband."

Filia gasped, drawing back. "How dare you make such accusations?!" The mace appeared once more in her hand, ready to strike. As it came crashing toward Xellos, he ducked this time, Filia falling face first on the floor beside him.

Xellos sipped his tea casually as if nothing had happened. The Dragon pulled herself up, panting in rage. She was outraged and prepared to show him the full extent of her anger. Knowing what she'd attempt, Xellos grabbed her by the waist and whirled her onto his lap, continuing to sip tea. "My dear Filia, transforming would not be in your best interest."

Filia let out a disgruntled sigh; of course the Mazoku was right, as always. The townspeople could accept she was a Dragon; however, her destructive rages may not go down well in their favor. She felt her rage subside as a gloved hand caressed her neck.

"Poor Xellos," sighed the Lesser Beast, setting down his cup, placing his now free hand around Filia's waist, leaning her closer to him.

Blinking, slightly blushing, she allowed him to lean her closer. "Poor...Xellos?"

"Poor Xellos, thinking of such a selfish, violent Dragon as a wife."

Filia closed her eyes. "Poor us."

Author: Kawaii Amethyst

Neh, not the most dramatic or original of short stories, but at least it kept me busy until I had to go out to catch the train. :P

2 - Track Six

“And then she stormed out, making me look the like the bad guy!” growls Ryuko, kicking the door.

“If you break it, it’s coming out of your allowance,” responds Yuki, typing at his home office’s desk. He’s been listening to her ramblings for half an hour, the same story over and over of Himeka Nakano’s furious vilify. Her story changes each time to make it seem worse and worse, perhaps because it seems worse the more she goes over it.

“Who does she think she is?!” Barks out Ryuko, “Like she’s any better, she’s nothing but a perverted little hussy anyway. Did you know she reads yaoi manga? She has a big collection in her room too! She’d sure make good friends with Uncle Tatsuha. And you know what else? Himeka even wears short clothes in public just to turn on old men for kicks - she is so gross! I don’t know how I’VE put up with HER for so long. And she has a nerve to talk THAT way about ME!”

Ryuko goes to kick the door again, when Yuki turns around to face her. “Why are you really mad?”

“Because she called me a bimbo and made me out to be some sort of pampered princess!” She angrily replies. “That’s really funny coming from a rich snob like her!”

“If you’re going to answer me with lies, I have nothing more to say to you.” Yuki turns around and continues with his typing.

Ryuko rolls her eyes, “Whatever. I’m going out.” Stiffening, she storms out of the apartment, slamming the door.

Yuki looks back, narrowing his eyes.

@~ TEN YEARS AGO ~@

Fluffy white snow blanketed the land as far as you could see. The green of the grass was replaced by the frosty shower of snowflakes that continued to fall from the depth of the grey sky. It had snowed heavily for two days, and then slowed to a light shower.

Ryuko was excited to finally go out and play in the snow. She even dressed her doll Kumagoro in an identical pink parker just like her’s. Her parents took her to the park to play with the other children. Ryuko couldn’t spot any of her friends, so she decided to say hello to the others there. Before she left to make friends, she asked her parents for something to eat. Feeling peckish themselves, they asked some of the other adults to look out for her while they went to get something from a local café.

Dusting off some snow from Kumagoro’s face, Ryuko skipped up to three older boys who were making a snowman. She waved to them and said, “Hi! My name’s Ryuko! That’s a really nice snowman!”

“It’s a snow soldier,” one corrected her, “We’re taking on this brat who said we throw snowballs like

sissies!”

“Hey, maybe we can get this girl’s brothers to help!” Laughed another, “Reinforcements!”

Ryuko and Kumagoro looked at each other, confused. “I don’t have any brothers, and nor does Kumagoro.”

“Who were those guys who left you here then?”

Ryuko beams a smile, nodding, “Oh! They’re my daddy and papa! They’re really nice and – “

“Excuse me?!” Barked out one boy, all of them turning to stare at her, “They’re what, both your dads?”

“Yep-yep!”

The boys all laughed, “Holy crap, her dads are fags!”

Ryuko blinked, scratching her head. “What’s that? Is it bad?”

“That is so gross!” Winced one boy, “Be careful guys, we may get AIDS if we breathe the same air as her!” The boys all mockingly backed away from her.

Ryuko squeezed Kumagoro close to her chest, her heart raced in a mix of anger and confusion. She didn’t understand the words, or the their meaning, but she could tell by their tones it was something horrible about her fathers.

“Don’t be mean!” She yelled, “Or I’ll tell!”

“Oooh!” They laughed, “Gonna tell those pansies? Like they can do anything!”

Ryuko went to hit one, when another slapped her across the face. She fell back. Her white face marked red by the slap. Ryuko felt her face, tears swelling in her deep emerald eyes. Gathering Kumagoro, she hastily ran from them, crying. The boys made noises and threw snow at her as she ran.

Racing away as far as she could from the park, she found herself blinded by cold tears. It wasn’t until she ran into something that she was able to stop. Ryuko, still crying, wiped away her tears to find she had run down a girl a little younger than her.

Dark blue eyes locked onto her’s in confusion. The girl beneath her smiled widely, and poked Ryuko in the nose, “Your nose is blue!”

Ryuko gasped, jumping to her feet. The girl still smiled, rising to her feet. She wore a cosy coat, blue leggings and a pair of black boots. On her head was a fluffy blue beanie, poking out the back was long shiny, reddish-brown hair. Ryuko’s eyes wandered to a pile of snowballs.

The girl noticed her staring at them, and beamed another smile. “I’m in battle! I’m going to kick butt, I am! No one makes fun of my hat! Stupid sissy boys!”

She blinked, realizing she must have been the girl those boys were talking about. Worried that she may be mean to her too, she began to walk away.

“Hey, wait!”

Ryuko turned away, clutching Kumagoro defensively. “Yes?”

“Could you...help me?”

Later~

Ryuko and the girl, who said her name was Himeka, stood behind the slippery dip with a plastic bag each full of snowballs. The boys had finished their snow soldier, and had readied at least six times as many snowballs as they had.

“Can’t we just tell the grown-ups?” Moaned Ryuko, “I don’t want to get hurt again.”

Himeka clutched a snowball. “Tell the grown-ups? What are you, a wimp?”

“What’s that?”

“Don’t worry about it,” she whispered, “I’ve got your back, and you got mine too, right?”

Ryuko forced a smile, taking a snowball, “Um...ok...”

Himeka jumped out from behind the slippery dip, “HEY, SISSIES!”

The boys turned around, a snowball whacked the bigger one in the eyes. “Damn shrimp, get her!”

Himeka blew a raspberry, throwing a few more snowballs from her plastic bag as she ran. The two shorter boys ran after her, throwing whatever snowballs they could carry. Ryuko ran in the opposite direction, running to the snowballs the boys had made, stamping them back into the snow. She didn’t notice the taller one coming up behind her. As he went to punch her, Himeka threw a large sludgy ball at his head. Ryuko turned around; gasping from surprise as the boy blindly wiped away the gunk covering his head and face. Clutching Kumagoro tightly, Ryuko headed toward the two boys who were closing in on Himeka. Using Kumagoro, Ryuko jumped up and pushed the head of the snow soldier off its body. The head fell on top of the boys, forcing them to the ground.

“Do you give up?” Demanded Himeka.

The taller boy, who was still dealing with gunk tried to laugh while sneezing, “Give up to some brat pre-schooler, never!”

“Let’s just go,” said one of his friends.

“Fine then, I’ll tell your parents on you,” warned Himeka.

“Do that, and I’ll tell YOUR’S what did to us.”

“So...you’re going to tell them that their four year old daughter BEAT you up?”

The three boys stared at her through the snow and then looked at each other. Without a word they walked away. Himeka leapt in the air, laughing. Ryuko hugged Kumagoro, smiling.

“You’re only four?” Wondered Ryuko, “You’re really smart then!”

Himeka cockily put her hands on her hips, winking, “Yeah, I know, I know.”

“Hime-chan!” Called a man, “We got you lunch!”

“Ryu-chan, we’re back!”

Himeka and Ryuko’s ears expanded when they heard their fathers call them. “Yay, lunchtime!”

The two girls ran to meet them at the benches of the park. They were surprised to see their fathers talking to each other like good friends, until their eyes focused to see who the other was.

“Hi there Mr. Hiro sir!” Greeted Ryuko.

“Mr. Shindou, hello,” greeted Himeka, bowing, “I haven’t seen you in a long time. You too, Mr. Yuki.”

Himeka and Ryuko stared at each other in confusion. “You know my daddy?” They gasped, “Then you’re...oh wow...hi!”

Ayaka knelt down in the snow, rubbing their heads, “How cute, they’ve been playing together! I hope you two have been getting along well.”

“Yep!” Replied Ryuko, “And we beat up some mean boys!”

Himeka slapped her forehead.

Ayaka continued smiling, “We’ll talk about that later.”

@~FIVE YEARS AGO~@

Himeka’s E-mail:

Hey There Girl!

We’re having this festival next week at my school. My kendo club’s set to put a performance. I’m so excited! I think my mother’s more excited though; she’s been calling all the family to come watch. It’s sooo embarrassing! -_- Do you think you could come to watch too? I could show you around my school too!

~Himeka

Ryuko's E-mail:

OMG! THAT IS SO COOL! I WISH I COULD GO, BUT I'M GROUNDED. I DIDN'T STUDY FOR MY MATH TEST YESTERDAY AND ONLY SCORED A 13, SO PAPA SAYS I'M GROUNDED FOR 2 WEEKS. THAT IS SOOOOOOOOOO MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAN!!!! AND MY KEYBOARD IS LIKE STUFFED! IT'LL ONLY DO CAPS, STUPID THING!!! SORRY, I'M REALLY PISSED OFF RIGHT NOW. KUMAGORO'S PISSED TOO. OH, HE SAYS HI BTW.

CATCH YA, I HAVE TO STUDY FOR MY SCIENCE TEST, IF I DON'T STUDY, THEY'LL PROBABLY LOCK ME IN MY ROOM OR SOMETHING. >.<

RYU-CHAN & KUMA-CHAN

Himeka's E-mail:

Whoa,

You are one mad chicky! @_@ Did you get your keyboard fixed? I can't say I've been grounded lately, though my father was disappointed that I only for 95% on my last English test. I was distracted by this cute boy outside; I think he was the son of one of the teachers. It's so cool when boys come to the school; you're so lucky to be in a normal school. Being in an all-girl's school can be so lame.

The club's been working hard to get ready for the school festival. A few have been whining that I've been pushing them too hard. What's wrong with perfection? We're going to be performing in front of our parents and some of the most important people in Kyoto after all! Hey, you SURE you can't come up? Beg your dads!

~Himeka

Ryuko's E-mail:

Hiya,

Papa got my keyboard fixed, he says I'm still grounded and can't go up to Kyoto to see your festival. He says I can next year if I'm a good girl. I think he just doesn't want to go up because of Uncle Tatsuha. I have more to worry about with that mega weirdo - he has it easy!

I passed my science test, but not by much. I don't like science it's boring. I love Japanese, it's easy peasy. I'm coming third in my class. My teacher says I write really nice stories, and should be a writer like Papa when I grow up. What do you think?

Ryu-chan & Kuma-chan

Himeka's E-mail:

Hey there!

We're nearly ready, only three more days until the festival! Everyone's been totally hyped about it, and decorations are already being hung up. THIS IS SO COOL! Oh yeah, and I dyed my hair black like a real Hina doll, I'll send a picture next time!

You a writer? That wouldn't be too bad; writers make a lot of money, right? Would you be a romance writer like him?

I got this cool DVD today, it's a mix of music videos and I found of Bad Luck! Sweet stuff, it had a close

Ryuko presses the doorbell to the Nakano family home. Himeka's family always stay with her father's parents when they're in Tokyo. She could easily guess her so-called best friend would be here, probably doging about Ryuko to her family.

Himeka's grandmother opens the door, "Oh, hello Ryuko. Have you come to see Himeka?"

"That's right, is she here?"

She nods, allowing her to enter. "Hime-chan's in her room watching TV."

Ryuko smiles, "Thank-you ma'am!" She walks through the hall until she reached Himeka's room, without knocking, she opened the door and quickly closed it behind her.

Himeka turns around, and then returns to her TV as if no one was there.

"Very mature Himeka," Ryuko sarcastically says, "And to think, you're supposed to be better than ME."

Himeka folds her arms, "I don't think I'm better than you – I know I'm better than you."

"Is that so?"

"Unlike you, I earned my high status in society. When people look at me, they see an intelligent young woman who works hard for her grades and does everything to perfection. Unlike you, you're just a buffoon who happens to have the DNA of a famous singer, and be raised by two famous guys. You're nothing special. I don't know why I bothered to be your friend."

Ryuko narrows her eyes, gritting her teeth in anger. "Why are you saying these things? Why NOW?"

Himeka still doesn't turn around. "Because after you ran out my dad began to worry about you too. And why? Because of you being a freakin' baby."

Ryuko walked up behind her and got her in a headlock. Himeka's eyes bulge out, as they roll around on the bed.

"Baby am I? I must have learnt it from you then!" Growls Ryuko, "You always have to be the centre of attention, the one in charge! You drive people insane! You're not better than anyone; you just think you are because you don't bother to look at anyone else! You may as well marry your reflection!"

Himeka throws her off, and slaps her across the face. "SHUT UP! That's not true!"

Ryuko slaps her back just as hard, "You know I'm right. You're no better than me, you just hide your stupidity with fancy clothes and big words."

Grimacing in anger, Himeka takes her by the hair, "You brat! You have no right to speak to me like that!"

Ryuko punches her in the cheekbone, Himeka falls onto the bed, taking some of Ryuko's light brown hair with her. Ryuko feels the side of her head, tearing at the eyes. "Damn it!"

"That'll teach you!" Laughs Himeka, feeling her cheek mournfully.

Ryuko and Himeka each out to hurt each other again, when their eyes turn to the TV. On it are a younger Hiroshi and Shuichi, singing and playing guitar at school. They didn't sound very professional, in fact they were a little out of tune, but they were obviously enjoying themselves.

"They look so happy," says Ryuko.

Himeka nods, "Yeah. I found this in the attic yesterday."

Ryuko sits away, and begins to watch the video. Himeka sits at the top of her bed, nursing her pillow. They watch in silence, paying no attention to their bruises and bleeding. Their eyes wander to each other's every so often.

Himeka decides to break the silence. "I'm glad they improved."

Ryuko smiles, "Me too. Papa's right, Daddy does have zero talent at lyrics."

Himeka nods, "Yeah, not his greatest work."

They return to silence. Ryuko turns her head to Himeka; "You're so stuck-up."

Himeka cockily smiles, "You're such a baby."

The door bursts open, Hiro and Shuichi look around in terror and scream when they see their bleeding bruised girls.

"Are you two ok?" Begs Hiro, rushing to see Himeka's bruised cheek.

"What happened?" Demands Shuichi, rubbing the side of Ryuko's head.

Himeka beams a smile, "We're cool Dad, relax. Ryu-chan and I just had some talking to do."

"You beat each other up!" Yells Shuichi.

"That too," cutely adds Ryuko with a giggle. "There was some talking – technically."

"Mum, why didn't you come in and break them up?!" Demands Hiro, as his mother appears at the door, wiping a dish.

She shrugs, "They're best to be left to their own devices to work tiffs out, even if their devices include trying to kill each other."

“What sort of logic is that?” He cries.

Mrs. Nakano closes her eyes, grinning, “I do believe the scientific term is Hiro-Shuichi-ology.”

Hiro calms down and stares at Shuichi, both embarrassed. Himeka and Ryuko beam a smile, doing the V sign to the other.