

# Adventures in Death

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*Don't be fooled by the crappy title and slow start. it will get funny. i hope...*

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**Chapter 1 - Dead Beginnings**

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# 1 - Dead Beginnings

Mye couldn't believe this had happened. Dead. That what she was, dead. "Last time I try to become ruler of an empire," she muttered to herself, curving some of her pinkish-purple hair behind her long ear. Her tail, which was the same colour as her hair, was wiggling about feverishly. She looked around. Death wasn't how she imagined it to be. She expected some sort of blackness, then either walking into a light or falling onto a flaming pit, but instead she had spent what seemed like an hour in a queue, and now she was standing in a huge room that reminded her of a post office. 'The after life sure is organised,' she said to herself, looking down at the piece of paper she had somehow had in her hand when she appeared in the line. It just had her name, how she died and what she's done in her lifetime. At the bottom of the sheet was a number in large text. After staring at the number for a while, she realised that it was the queue number she had to go into. 'More lines!' she cried, a little too loud, and attracted the attention of several demons and other creatures. After what seemed like an eon, she reached the front of the line. The person, well, demon, inside the booth was almost human, apart from the wings that sprouted from her back. 'Sheet,' she said flatly. Mye handed her the sheet. The demoness examined it, then handed Mye a key. 'What's this?' Mye said, holding it up, and batting it a little. 'The key to your house.' Mye leaned forward on the desk, her eyes large and her mouth open in a large, amazed smile. 'I get a house, ALREADY!' 'don't get excited. It's pretty much a mud pile.' 'Oh,' Mye said, disappointed. She put her hands on her hips, and felt a lump in her pocket. Her smile reappeared, her fangs showing. 'Say,' she said, laying on the side, 'How much is 'living' money worth down here?' The demoness didn't look up. 'Pretty much twice as much as it was before you died, because it's rare that they manage to survive the dying process. Why?' Mye pulled out the large mass of money from her pocket, and showed it to the demoness, a cat like smile on her face. 'I'd like an upgrade for my house.' The demoness looked up, and saw the money in her hand. A smile spread across her face. 'What kind of house are you interested in?' 'A modern house just on the edge of a beach. Big TV. That kind of thing.' 'Sure!' the demoness said, snatching up the money, and clicked her fingers. 'Everything should be in order now.' 'Good' Mye walked off. 'Good thing I didn't take out all the money at once,' she thought to herself. As she went over to the door the demoness had directed her to, she looked back at the queues. It looked like one of them was having a tough time deciding if a pale man with black hair and a red cape should go to heaven or hell. 'I don't think he should, he did help kill Sephiroth.' 'But what did he do BEFORE that? I don't think one good deed gets him out of it!' The man looked bored of the whole thing, and now didn't care if he went to one or the other. 'Oh well,' Mye muttered to herself, looking back towards where she was looking. She reached the door, and gave another demon her key. 'Looks like your heading to the bad place.' he said, as flat as the other demon. 'WHAT!' Mye screamed. Once again, attention was drawn to her from the whole room. 'shoot,' she said. 'We get that a lot,' he examined the key, and then a small look of surprise came to his face. 'Guess you're getting a head start, though...' 'Can I go now? I wanna check out my house!' 'Not yet. You gotta go to the bar room first, meet a few people.' Mye's smile sank. 'This is sounding more and more like a social club...' The demon opened the door, and Mye walked into it, and was immediately thrown into a sort of town. A sudden voice came booming into her ears. 'The bar is to your left. Don't bother going anywhere else, you won't be able to get in,' it said. 'Pushy little...' Mye grumbled, then went into the building to her left. It looked like a regular bar, except the bartender and waitresses were all demons, some human looking, some not. Another feature that made it look more like a bar was the fact that it was packed. Mye wandered about, looking for a table. She saw a variety of people,

and...not...people. One table had a man with purple skin and hair, and blue clothing, another with red hair and dark skin, wearing tribal looking clothes. But the feature that stuck out the most was his HUGE nose. Mye snorted as she walked past, trying not to draw attention to herself. Luckily it was too loud in the bar for anyone to hear her. She reached a table in the back. There was a girl there, her face in her arms on the table. She was asleep. Mye nudged her shyly to wake her up. The girl awoke with a jolt, and looked sleepily at Mye. 'Ummm...' Mye said, 'It it okay if I sit here?' 'Sure. I was getting bored,' the girl leant back on her chair, and put her feet up on the table. She wore clunky black boots, and trousers that tucked into them. She also had a black shirt on that covered her arms and most of her neck. It all looked pretty tight. Her blonder red hair had slightly black tips, and was tied up in two big black ribbons. Mye sat down next to the girl. As she did, the girl looked at her tail. 'Nice friend,' she said. Mye looked at her tail, then sat down. 'Hehe. Hope you don't find Kitkans weird,' Mye said. 'Kitkans?' 'It's my species. And my name is Mye.' 'Mines Hope. To tell you the truth, I have little of it. I like to be called Jenna instead.' Mye laughed. 'I like you, Hope,' she teased. 'I told you, call me Jenna!' They both laughed. Mye noticed there was another chair. 'Who sits there?' she asked. 'Trust me, you wanna hope he doesn't get back from work any time soon.' ---After that they had pretty much talked and slept. Mye was the first to speak after the latest nap. 'Damn, I'm thirsty.' 'Just order a drink. They're free down here.' 'You know, this place is starting to seem more like Heaven.' 'Heaven and Hell really only exist to keep the bad and good apart. But life is a little harder down here.' 'Not really...' As Mye said this, Jenna waved over a waitress, and ordered two drinks. 'I hope they got alcohol down here,' Mye said, leaning back on her chair, looking at the ceiling. 'Yup. But it won't taste as good any more. Part of the whole 'Hell' thing.' They laughed together again. They continued to talk until the drinks came. As Mye took a large gulp of hers, a voice came from behind her. 'And who's this pretty face?' Mye swivelled round, and saw a young man, with hair the same colour as Jenna, and almost dressed in the same style. 'Oh, I'm sorry,' Mye said, assuming she was in his chair. Her tail began to swing innocently behind her legs. She began to walk away, when he grabbed her arm and swung her back into the chair. 'Nu-uh,' he said, wagging a finger at her, 'You're the first girl who isn't my sister who's sat with us. I'm not letting you go that easily.' 'Sister?' Mye asked. 'That would be me,' Jenna said, raising her arm. 'Haru, bug off her. You're gonna scare her off.' Mye looked back at Haru, to see that he had pulled up his own chair. 'My eyes are up here,' Mye said, realising that Haru was no longer looking at her face, but at her chest. 'I know,' he said, still staring. Mye growled angrily. 'I like your tail too,' he started to move down her body. 'No, you like what the tail is ATTACHED to.' 'Yeah, that too.' Mye growled again. 'This pervert is your brother?' she asked Jenna, her tail starting to flail about. 'Yup. HE drove me to covering up most of my body.' 'But he's your brother.' 'It's happened before.' 'To YOU?' 'No, but it has been know to-' 'WILL YOU STOP THAT!' Haru had started to nudge himself towards Mye. Out of the corner of her eye she saw his hand start to drift towards the seat of her chair. 'Stop what?' Haru said innocently. 'You know damn well what! Now stop it!' 'Maybe a drink would lighten you up,' Haru said, ushering the waitress over. Mye chose to draw the conversation away from it's current topic. 'So what got you down here?' she asked Jenna. 'Nothing big. Me and Mr. In-Your-Skirt over there just liked to run around, 'borrowing things' without permission.' 'Ahh, the joys of thievery,' Mye sighed. In the background, Haru was trying his tricks on the waitress, and had just deftly dodged a hit round the face. 'What about you?' Jenna asked back. 'Eh, it's kinda cliché.' 'You'll slip it in sooner or later.' 'Yeah, probably.' Haru slammed a glass in front of Mye. She looked at it. Then looked back at Haru, a look on her face that showed that whatever he was planning, she wasn't gonna let it happen. 'What?' 'I'm not drinking that after Jenna has.' 'Don't drag me into this!' 'She's right. It's your drink.' 'I told you, I'm not taking a drop until after I see someone else drink it.' 'Damn. I thought you wouldn't be so suspicious.' Mye knocked over her chair and started marching up to Haru, who had also got out of his chair. 'I knew it!' she yelled, 'This was some sort of drink that was gonna get you into

my skirt! Wasn't it?' Haru just stood there 'And look at my face!' He was silent for a moment, then he spoke 'Can you blame me?' Mye sank back into her chair, which Jenna had picked up again. She put her head on the table, and put her hands over her ears. 'This really is hell'