

Shadows Dancing on the Walls

By kuki-kiichi

Submitted: March 25, 2010

Updated: March 25, 2010

The night makes the imagination do strange things.

*A story revolving around the members of Seigaku on a particularly eerie night.
(I don't own The Prince of Tennis or any characters)*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/kuki-kiichi/57743/Shadows-Dancing-on-Walls>

Chapter 1 - Blinding Shadows

2

1 - Blinding Shadows

“Don’t do anything rash! It’s not like you actually have a problem yet...”

“Oishi, please...” Eiji was trembling violently.

“Calm down, calm down, ok? You’ll be fine...”

“Oishi, I swear to God...there’s someone else here...Please, just...Please come over...” Tears had started to form in his eyes. His voice, faded slightly by the low quality of the web cam, had reduced to a harsh whisper.

“Ok, ok. I’ll be over...” Oishi said softly, seeing that his companion could not be consoled.

“Quickly...” He begged, and his friend, rising to his feet, nodded.

“Mom!” Momoshiro called down the stairs, but was not answered. “Mo-om!”

“You’re so lazy...” Ryoma’s young voice complained from inside a room nearby. His usual uninterested expression plastered on his face, the black haired boy was scanning the math book that lay open in his lap while he spoke.

“Ah, shut it!” The evening air’s familiar bitterness seeped from outside into the bedroom the younger boy sat in. The window in this room was propped up by a thick book, letting the night’s cool breath to blow across the only resident of the place, Ryoma. He yawned. Despite his nonchalant attitude, Momoshiro had his arms crossed furiously across his chest and was glaring down at the bottom of the empty stairs. “She should be able to hear me. She said she was cleaning the kitchen...” His deep eyes narrowed.

“Just go get it yourself.”

“Yeah, but...but the house is so creepy at night...”

“Do you have ghosts in your house?” He asked dryly, and the other boy shot him a harsh glare.

“No. But I can still get...I don’t know...” He muttered as he moved slowly back into his room. Ryoma rolled his eyes.

“You’re not going?” He set the book to the side and rose to his feet. “Don’t be stupid. There’s nothing down there, and if there is, it’s not dangerous.”

“You’re too practical, Echizen...” The older boy complained and rubbed the back of his neck.

“No, you’re just being stupid.”

“Come on, you have to admit it’s scary...” Momoshiro rubbed his chin and glanced over his shoulder cautiously. The only reply was a harsh, unwavering glare from the younger boy. “I feel sorry for Eiji...alone on a night like this.”

“A night like this?” The older boy flopped down onto a pile of pillows and magazines collected in a corner of the room.

“Fuji said something bad was going to happen.”

“Fuji...” Ryoma’s eyes widened slightly. The brown haired mystery of a boy named Fuji was an expert in matters of luck and intuition, though he rarely practiced the skill. “Fuji said that?”

“Exactly why I don’t want to go downstairs by myself,” He said seriously and folded his arms once again. Ryoma sighed.

“But I need that timer for my science project.”

“So do I. But we’ll just have to wake up early tomorrow and do it.”

“I’ll go get it.”

“You kidding?” Momoshiro sat up quickly, looking incredulously at his friend.

"You're just being overdramatic."

"You're just too lazy to wake up early!"

"Where is it?"

"It's on the kitchen counter, next to the coffee maker, I think."

"K," Ryoma said.

"Don't die!" Momoshiro called as he left the room. The stairs squeaked loudly as Ryoma passed down them, but the noise didn't seem to affect him. He passed through the dark living room, past the large windows, now framing nothing but darkness, and into a thin hallway. The shadows blinded him, and all he could see was the light pouring into the dark space from the entrance to the kitchen. His feet froze. Not a single noise disturbed the silence of the house as he entered the passageway. Momoshiro's fears evidently growing onto him, the black haired boy crept the length of the hallway on tip toe. "Mrs...Mrs. Takeshi?" He asked cautiously as he rounded the corner. There was no answer. Now the kitchen, overflowing with light, lay before him. The only movement was the curtains fluttering in front of the open window. Streaks of unrinsed soap covered the sink and countertops, and a rag lay amongst them. Ryoma moved carefully into the room, half expecting to be confronted by the ghosts he had been taunting Momoshiro about.

"Mrs. Takeshi?" He repeated, glancing at the pile of plates that appeared to have been set aside. The bottom one was shattered. He walked around the small dining table warily, not sure what he would find on the other side. To his surprise, the floor, where he had half expected to find a corpse, was empty. He shook his head rapidly, as a dog shakes his body when trying to dry himself.

He walked swiftly, trying to keep his head high, toward the coffee maker. Beside it sat a small, white egg-timer, as the older boy had promised. His thin hand reached to grasp it, but something stopped his progress. Ryoma whirled around.

But he was alone. His eyes wide, he snatched the timer and walked speedily to the entrance into the darkness of the hallway. The darkness consumed him once again. He passed through the shadows of the living room, this time not daring to look out the large front window. The stair's noise had doubled on his way up. At the top of the steps he heaved and sigh and shuffled into his friend's room.

"Ah, good. You're not dead," Momoshiro, who had migrated to the computer, said dryly, but was ignored. The timer slipped onto the floor with a soft thump. The older boy whipped around to see the source of the noise. "Uh...Echizen, you ok?"

"I...yeah..." He sunk onto the floor by the bed. "Can we...can we shut that window?"

"Yeah, sure," He said, with uncanny concern in his young voice. Then he rose and closed the window as his friend proceeded to shut the bedroom's door with his foot. "The door, too?"

"Yeah." The other boy didn't even bother to lift his eyes from the floor. A dense, heavy silence fell over the two of them for a few moments. The younger boy seemed deep in thought until his friend gestured toward the small white object on the floor, and said, "You got it, then."

"Yeah..."

"You ok? Did my Mom say something mean to you or something?"

"No... she wasn't there."

"Oh, that would explain her not hearing me...she's probably taking a bath..."

"Momoshiro..." He paused, and once again they were wrapped in silence. The uncton in his friend's voice convinced the older boy not to interrupt. "You know how horror movies always start with the helpless teenagers alone at home... and slowly....slowly, the cogs of terror begin turning until..."

"They die?"

"I was going to say until they're forced to face whatever villain it is." Ryoma grinned deviously and glanced over at his friend. "But, yeah. They always die."

"What's your point?" He voice was shaking slightly.

“Just...This is...Like a horror movie, isn't it?” He was smiling.

“Yeah...” Ryoma put a hand on the door thoughtfully, then laughed slightly.

“Looks like we're going to die, Momo.”

“Don't joke about that...” The older boy grimaced and turned back toward the computer he had been working on. “Just get your science project over with.”

“It said 'Ryoma'.”

“What are talking about? Are you trying to scare me or something?”

“No, Momo. A voice said 'Ryoma' while I was downstairs.”

“You're just being dramatic,” The older boy mocked, narrowing his eyes in an impersonation of the other boy.

“Yeah...” Ryoma sighed, though he was obviously not convinced. Apparently content with this false answer, Momoshiro turned back to the screen and began typing rapidly. The only noise in the room was the clicking of the keyboard. The single lamp above them seemed painfully far away from daytime as they sat in its light. Ryoma turned his face away from the door and opened his mouth to speak, but was interrupted. The chair crashed to the floor as the older boy jumped to his feet.

“Wh-what the hell? What was that?”

“The doorbell.”

“Wh-who...? Who would...?” As he was speaking, Ryoma opened the door and leaned into the dark hallway. He could see the door from his place at the top of the stairs.

“Probably whoever said my name earlier...” He said dryly, but Momoshiro pulled him back into the room by the back of his collar.

“Shut up!” He whispered harshly, then leaned out of the door himself. Another set of rings rattled the older boy's body in a violent shiver. “What do they want?”

“We should answer it.”

“Are you insane?” Momoshiro asked seriously, narrowing his eyes on the other boy. “Do you want to get killed or raped or...” Before he could finish, a yell, obviously originated from outside, peaked the two boys' interest. “What...?” The door began shaking under the weight of some heavy knocks. The older boy swallowed and made his way fully out of the bedroom.

“Oh my god...you think they're...” Momoshiro started, but faded out. Ryoma seemed to understand, for he did not raise a question. The frantic knocking continued, until finally a shout joined the desperate pounds.

“Momo! Momo! For god's sake, open the door!”

“Oishi!” The two inside cried in unison, and the older boy ran rapidly down the staircase, into the abyss of shadows surrounding the door. The door flung open, and the dim light of a streetlight seeped in.

“Thank god!” Oishi said, grabbing the other boy by the shoulders. Inui was behind, an uncanny grimace on his young face.

“Oishi! What's the matter? Did someone die or something? What's wrong with you?” Momoshiro asked, staring the frazzled boy in the face.

“What's wrong?” Ryoma asked from the top of the stairs. He squeezed the rail until his knuckles turned white. The usually calm Oishi was panting, sweat sliding down his strangely pale cheeks. His eyes, the pupils of which had contracted to nothing but specks, met Ryoma's.

“Eiji... Eiji is gone...” At this, Ryoma bit his lower lip harshly.

“He's not at his house,” Inui said sternly. All of Ryoma's muscles tensed until he was as good as frozen. “We tried calling the police, but they were gone. I called 911, but it says that line is disabled.”

“The...the police?” Momoshiro asked incredulously. “Are you sure he wasn't just, like...out with his family or something?”

“At two in the morning?” Inui's voice was harsh. This question, which Momoshiro couldn't seem to find

an answer for, stunned him completely. Finally, he began to appear shocked.

“He said...he said that someone was at his house...” Oishi’s eyes had fallen to the floor, but his hands, shaking, were still clutched to Momoshiro’s shoulders. Gaining control of himself again, the younger boy moved slowly down the stairs, dragging his legs as though he was walking through water. “I was afraid something might have happened to you guys, too...but...” He was shaking violently, as though he was sobbing, but no tears left his eyes.

“Why would you think that we would be in any...?”

“Takashi had the same suspicion as Eiji... I’m afraid that our group may be in grave danger...” Inui’s stern tone tripped over the word ‘grave’, and for a moment it sounded as though he was going to cry.

“You can’t contact the police?” Ryoma’s eyes were wide.

“No...”

“And then... then any grasp at hope is lost...” Momoshiro muttered, glancing at his friend. The younger boy smiled.

“He’s probably at the convenience store or something, knowing Kikumaru.”

“He’ll get killed at this hour!” Oishi gasped and whirled toward Ryoma frantically.

“Are your parents here?” Inui asked, stepping into the house. Momoshiro opened his mouth to respond, then turned toward the hallway that led to the kitchen.

“I...They should have heard the doorbell...and the shouting...” His eyes narrowed. He turned toward Ryoma. “You didn’t see my mom at all, right?”

“It looked like she had abandoned the kitchen...”

“She might be in the bathroom, give me a second...” Momoshiro moved pushed away from Oishi’s clutch and walked swiftly into the dark abyss of the hallway. Inui closed the door slowly behind him and flipped on a small floor lamp nearby.

“You...you think he’ll be ok?” Oishi asked, though it wasn’t clear who he directed the question to. Ryoma glanced up toward the third boy, and his eyes met with the glazed surface of his glasses. It seemed that they were agreeing over something, something that Oishi’s ears were evidently too sensitive to hear.

“I’m sure he’s fine,” Inui lied, drawing his eyes away from the other boy. Ryoma trembled slightly.

“Ok...if you say so, I’m sure it’s true...” Oishi laughed softly and rubbed the back of his neck. Soon the only noise that filled the empty space was Inui, who typed rapidly on his cell phone. His eyebrows narrowed.

“Kawamura...” He muttered, more to himself than the others. It closed with a small snap, and he shot another glance at the younger boy.

“Is something wrong?”

“He says he’s on his way here, but I...”

“But?”

“I told him that we should probably get to the police before that,” Inui stated, pushing his glasses to the bridge of his nose.

“I thought you said nothing was wrong...” Oishi insisted timidly, but Inui did not move his gaze.

“I didn’t say nothing was wrong...I said he’d be fine.”

“You mean, he’s...” His eyes widened.

“We shouldn’t be worrying about Kikumaru-sempai,” Ryoma interrupted casually, then muttered. “It’s us we should be concerned for.” Inui opened his mouth slightly, but closed it again. The ice of the question on his lips seemed too thin to tread.

“But...we can’t leave and have Takashi...” Oishi began, but Inui shook his head.

“I told him to meet us at Kaidoh’s.”

“It is pretty close to the police station, isn’t it?” The younger boy commented dryly, then shot a tentative

glance at his bespectacled friend.

Another handful of tense moments passed between them. The three of them hardly moved, as though the icy night air had frozen them in place. It seemed in those moments as though the slightest movement would snap the invisible string that was holding them midair.

"She not here..." He voice was nothing more than a sudden wind. Ryoma's head snapped upward toward his friend. The other boy stood perfectly still, framed in the entrance to the dark hallway, his violet eye wide and trembling.

"Your mother isn't here?" Inui asked sternly, and Momoshiro stumbled into the room.

"Wh...why would she have left this late?" He asked, more to himself than the others. Oishi's chest heaved and his mouth opened slightly.

"We should...we should head to Kaidoh's. His parents must be home..." Inui's voice was cold and commanding, much more so than it's usual existence.

"We can't leave!" Momoshiro yelled. "What if my mom comes back and I'm not here? She'll think I'm dead!"

"And if we walk around at this hour..." Oishi started, then dug his teeth into his lower lip. "I'm already worried enough about Eiji."

"But we can't stay here..." Ryoma muttered, and Inui's eyebrows furrowed over his glasses. The latter cleared his throat.

"I would really recommend we head to Kaidoh's, despite the risk."

"Maybe some of us could stay here and wait for Momoshiro's mom while the rest of us go to Inui's...er, Kaidoh's..." Oishi suggested, his voice trembling slightly. The chill of his tone matched with the icy air surrounding their group, and seemed to send a collective shiver through their already tightly strung emotions.

"But..." Ryoma grunted a rather dry laugh. "Who would want to stay here?"