

Banishment

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A new breed of bender teams up with a banished Prince to save her old village, but both of them have their own selfish plan. Can this girl and her friends really save the world, and can they make the fire prince turn around? (oc/zuko)(other pairings?) .. goes with my fanart

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1 - A New Breed

Banishment an Avatar Story [01] A New Breed

Vowed as a sworn enemy of the Fire Nation, I grew in a small resistance Earth village from the age of six. There I was trained in many martial arts, broad swords, and even some archery from a fire nation rebel whose father was part of the Elite. One thing that I was forced to learn on my own was bending. In our group there were many from each nation, even some rebel firebenders, but in the midst of this there was no other like me, a shadowbender. I think that it is safe to assume I am the last that remains. Our people were banished. Once, after the war had broken out, we were allied with the Fire Nation, but being the way they were and sucked all the use they could out of us, they banished us out of the city. Then, they began their hostilities against us, as well as the rest of the nations. Because of our previous alliance, Earth and Water would not accept us. Air, though nothing more than lonely monks, we were able to tell that our intentions were not ill-minded. With their help, the remaining shadowbenders were scattered into resistances, but more were eventually killed along with the airbenders. This village has fought, and many we have lost, but we keep rebuilding. My family members were ones that had been martyred, but their sacrifice will not be in vein. I may be alone, but no one is ever truly alone. With my friends and their abilities, we shall put an end to the tyranny of the fire nation and live in peace, with the memories of those lost still in tact.

Akira Kage. That is who I have come to know myself as. Three of my closest friends and I have trained as much as we could to reach this point. Now, we have surpassed even our masters. Shadowbending and visions, Earthbending and Telepathy, Waterbending and healing, Firebending and archery. Four girls, four masters of talents they possess. With these talents we have decided that we were going to protect our home. Together we are the Spirits of the Forest; together we have been able to elude the fire nation and take down the few to cross our path. This is how we have been living, and this is how the fire nation will meet their downfall.

Prince Zuko: banished prince and rightful heir to the fire nation tyrannical empire. He is on a wild goose chase for the head of the Avatar. Foolish, since he has been gone for 100 years. But I know where he resides, hiding. Two years since this boy has been home, now the age of sixteen. The same age as my friends and I. Our skills seem to be equally matched as well. His heart is filled with bottled up emotions and he can't control them. That's not too healthy. Sudden outburst and a short temper: characteristic of a fire bender. A scar, preventing his vision, is making him oblivious to everything, every plot, around him. A trust, reserved only for his retired uncle of a military general. With retirement comes a new wisdom of the needs of his own people and the lives of others. And a love. A love for what has been lost, and a love for what he refuses to lose. A son and a nephew, his own flesh and blood. Retired General Iroh is someone only after the well being of his nephew, and any other living being. He is full of ancient lyrics and is unlike many firebenders. He trains Prince Zuko, but his efforts may become futile unless the boy releases some of the bottled emotions. An interesting pair, those two are perfect.

Burning. The oxygen around me is being burnt out of the air. It's harder and harder to breathe. It feels like

I'm holding my breath. Now the fire is getting to me entering every crevasse and pore of my body, even soaking up the sweat. I try to let out a scream, but my mouth is too dry. I begin getting lightheaded and I pass out.

I shoot up in the still darkness. There is a slight breeze that reaches my skin and Goosebumps arise as it flows over the sweat lightly dampening my skin. I hate feeling vulnerable. I've been raised to take care of myself and anyone else that happens to be important to me. Failure would result in death, and I have some unfinished business to accomplish before I die and the fall of a very sadistic man. I got up out of the small cot I use for a bed and walked out of the hut I reside in by myself. I walked to the small river that sat at the edge of the village and in my backyard. The moon was still out and I could tell that dawn would soon be approaching, so I decided to use the little darkness I still had left to practice my bending and meditate. For me, manipulating the shadows was quite easy but not as useful as another bending. I cannot create, only manipulate, and then it is mostly used as shield and escapes. Lucky for me I master fighting techniques as well.

The shadows are used best as defensive weapons, rather than offensive, like fire. This is because my race was isolated and kept to them. The skill was developed to protect one's self and family in the dead of night. In fighting, though, we did not believe in torturing with the elements, so we used swords and arrows, providing a quick and silent death. When the sun began to peak over mountain border and my motions had become less fluid because of fatigue, I decided it was time to begin to meditate before the rest of the village was awakened. But before I did so, I knelt down in front of the river and washed my face. I reached down and cupped the water in my strong hands and brought it up to my face, not bothering to attempt to dry it. I breathed in as I felt the water bead and roll over my features, my nose, my eyelids, and the scar of three parallel lines running from my left cheek, down to my neck. I breathed out as the water ran over the red raw skin of the scar. Many a time I had been offered to have one of the healers fix it, but I already knew that their efforts would be useless. Besides, this scar was a memory to me, of my people and my past. The night I obtained the scar, I lost many things, but also gained a lot. That night, my parent died, along with half of the village, including the rest of the shadowbenders. At that time, I did not have the gift. As I watched the houses burned, tears were flooding my eyes, and the more the flames rose, the more vengeance grew in me. But I was young, only six. I ran through the woods, never looking back. At that time I believed that I was the only survivor, but I knew nothing of the others. I sat on a rock on the outskirts of our diminished town, by the river. Across the river from where I am now. As I cried, my dark hair fell to frame my face and my dark brown eyes became red. As I cried, I did not hear the approaching footsteps and a low growl. Once the creature was in front of me, I looked up, a gasp of shock escaping me. I was forced to stare into the golden eyes of a black wolf standing in front of me. Something in my body willed me not to move and I obeyed. The animal began to nuzzle its head on my lap and I hugged it, crying into the scruff of fur on its neck. For some reason, comfort began to come over me and I pulled away looking at the creature. It licked my hand, and the next thing I knew, it was bringing its mighty claws down against my face, taking skin with it and I screamed out before I passed out. I woke up the next morning, with people surrounding me and a warm blanket wrapped around me. Sympathetic and relieved looks were staring back at me and I rose to my feet, not saying a word. I looked at my reflection in the River and saw that my dark hair had turned a bright blonde and my eyes were now a cold grey. There was a wound of three lines from the wolf on my face and when I touched it, darkness rose from the tips of my fingertips, and I knew that I was now a shadowbender.

I looked down at my reflection once the water had dripped away. I brought up my skirt and patted my face dry and let it flow back down, around my ankles and cover my pants, except for a large slit that tore all the way up to the band around my waist. I found a small boulder and took a seat, cross-legged, resting my hand in my lap. From there I shut my eyes and examined the inside of my eyelids as I cleared

my mind, hearing only the water. I concentrated on my breathing. In and out, in and out, deep and shallow, in and out. As I did so, my shadow faded out and in against my body from under me.

Serenity.

"KIIIIIIIRAAAAA!!"

A sudden jolt of surprise, threw me off balance and out of my concentration. I landed on the side of rock on my butt.

So much for meditation. I mentally groaned and let out a sigh of annoyance.

Three teenage bodies collided with mine and we found ourselves in the river. We were in the shallows, so I found myself on my butt again, but this time, completely soaked. I let out a small scowl and sharp growl as I looked at my friends, them too, soaked.

Hoshi. The young fire bending rebel. She is my best friend and seems to understand me than the others. It of course has to do something with the fire nation, but that s not worth mentioning. She is the one who taught me how to use a bow, and she is truly the master of archery. She seems to have a knack for reading peoples facial expressions and eyes. Though, my eyes give her the chills. She has a temper that is easily flared, but is sarcastic and loving. She has long black hair, common of fire nation infants. and wears clothes of their color, though she is no longer loyal.

Kasumi. She is the water bender of the group. She is an optimist and stubborn about it. She came from the South Pole, traveled north to find a master, but when he wouldn't teach her, she took lessons from the healer and brought them back to us. She's compassionate, but deadly with her Sais. She wears her traditional blues, but never the furs because of the warm climates. She has long dark brown hair, with two small braids in the front. This is tradition in her clan of women.

Mori. She was the stubborn level headed girl. She is an Earth bender with abilities that not all have. She can communicate with other in their mind. A skill they call telepathy. This makes her out to be a bit cocky and she knows a lot about everything with reading the vibrations of the ground. She is skilled with a fan and had taught us all, just like I taught them the broad swords. She has short brown hair that has a reddish tint. She always wears Earth tones of brown and green, while I wear black and deep purples.

Together they are my best friends, my sisters. Together, we are the spirits of the forest.

"Nana wants us to go down and bring the blankets and crops down to Yume at market. We're staying there over night and walking back in the morning. She wants us to get an early start though." Hoshi stood up and offered me a hand as she walked out of the water, using her fire to dry herself. I raised an eyebrow at her and she put her hands on my shoulders, taking the hint to dry me as well. Kasumi and Mori walked out as well and Kasumi did a few hand motions, draining the water out of her and Mori's clothes then she raised it over Hoshi head and dropped it, letting the water cover her. Her and Mori laughed as I stood smirking at Hoshi shaking figure. She trembled with anger and the wet stops on her dried instantly, causing steam. She glared at Kasumi until she hid behind Mori's laughing body.

We all headed up the hill and back into the village where we met at Nana's house, grabbing what we

were supposed to bring. Then we all went back to our huts to pack. As I knelt down over my pack, MY eyes began to come unfocused and my vision blurred.

A vision.. my head began to throb. I clenched it and tightened my jaw.

Fire Nation at the harbor. But there are no flames. A small ship. I'm following the old man aboard? That must be why there are no flames. My friends are just looking at me. They're not fighting? Hoshi has a smirk. Planned? They are going to follow me, aren't they? But why? Whats our plan? Prince Zuko? smirking at me? He has a plan, too... ahhhh.. trobbing again!

Panting, my vision came back to me and my pain slowly began to subside. Sweat was rolling down my face.

"Akira? You ready?" I took a deep breath and stood up. I looked over at Hoshi and nodded my head.

"A vision?" She asked, taking in my condition. I simply nodded again.

"You can explain on the way." I nodded one last time and walked out behind her. My sack slung over my shoulder.

Banishment an Avatar Story [02]

2 - Captive

Banishment an Avatar Story [02]

A parade of girls marching through the forests with packs two times their size and weight. An excellent target for those fool enough to try and rob them. At least, I think that's what that man thought before we let him use his shin bones to pick at his remaining teeth. You just don't mess with the spirits of the forest. About half a day's walk to the port city where Yume and her small shop resides. There, we are greeted by every resident, knowing all 25 total of them. Though, because of the bay, many estranged men have come across our path. In the small tea shacks many have even proposed marriage. Fire-bending soldiers that have been away from the comforts of their flashy, rich lifestyle a bit too long. It always ends up in broken noses and wrists though. *sigh* Men. Along the way I had explained my vision to the others, but we only pushed it off, considering that it could just as likely be something to happen years from now. We approached the backroads of the city, storm clouds slowly approaching on the horizon. Hoshi knocked on Yume's door awaiting an answer. When nothing came she opened the door and we all let ourselves in. "Yume?" Worry was ringing high in Kasumi's voice. I put my parcel down, near the door and the others followed suit. Usually there was life and working buzzing in the back room of Yume's shop, but the silence was almost deafening. I grabbed my broad swords in my hilt and draped it over my shoulder. "Kira?" Mori's face contorted with confusion as she silently tried to coax my pacing mind. My face was tight with anticipation as I walked slowly to the door of the main room, my eyes not faltering. An eerie squeak whined from the wooden door's rusty hinges, and I pulled my body, quickly and expertly through the tiny space I made. "Now!" A fire bender had shot flames at Yume who was standing a foot in front of me. She let out a terrified scream and her body recoiled, awaiting a terrible burn. I pushed her down below the counter and moved my hands, moving the shadows from my skirt, up around in front of me to block the flames. Shadowbending only works so much with firebending, lasting through only one attack before it is shattered and swallowed by the light of the flame. But that one attack was all I needed. In his moment of astonishment, I took the opportunity to pull out my swords and kick him square in the chest, forcing him on the ground below my figure. I stood on his chest holding the blades across one another and deadly close to his main artery. He shook in fear as he looked up and met my cold-grey stare. Fire came blazing at me from another direction and I looked up, not removing my swords, for it to meet me head on. Before the flames could lick my face, Hoshi stood in front of me redirecting the flames into her bloodstream, fanning her anger. More Firebenders came out and Kasumi and Mori had joined the fight. I hit my captive with the blunt handle of my sword, knocking him unconscious for the time being. I moved on to another man, extremely tall and bulky. I forced my momentum into his stature, but he did not falter and I was slightly thrown back. A slight gasp escaped me as he took me from around my neck, one massive hand stretching all the way across. My body felt numb as I was temporarily unable to breathe. "Kira!" One of my friends cried as they fought off their own attackers. I began to struggle after a moment after adrenaline set in. The man laughed and mocked me for my last of brute strength. I scowled down at him and he squeezed tighter. This man deserved to die. I brought my swords up and sliced the quickly across his arm. He dropped me and I landed low on my feet. After a deep breath I stood up and charged, leading my blade through his abdomen. He stumbled back and blood spurted out of his mouth as he coughed. His eyes glazing over and one last gasp before he fell. Everyone had stopped to look at me and the act I had just done. At that point the firebenders dropped their weapons and stood, staring in awe. I stood panting and my body became temporarily

numb again with surprise. My hands were held behind my back by my wrists. I dropped my swords, not able to move them. "Now, that wasn't very nice, was it?" A male voice drawled in my ear. My chin rose high in the air as chills spread through my numb body, relieving me of my numbness.

3 - Bargain

[*Banishment 3: Bargain*]

"Don't mess with my crew" The voice echoed manically in my ear and the grip on my arms tightened. Again, I growled, my eyes lowering into a cold glare at nothingness. "Let go." I managed to say through gritting teeth. "Since you killed one of my men, it is only right that I return the favor." I could feel his grip get hotter, though it never tightened or slackened. "Don't even dare." This boy was getting personal. He was not going to even TOUCH one of my friends. And if he did, I would make sure that he never feels again. "No? Well then, let my men go and I'll spare your friends." I nodded, but continued glaring. Rage built up in me as I felt the vulnerability settle in me. As the last of his men walked out he released me and pushed me forward, away from my weapons. As I turned to face him, I noticed that he was a boy, as I expected, no more than sixteen. Taking in his feature a brilliant red scar covered half his face, from his eye to his ear. Then I recognized him as Zuko, the banished firebending Prince. My mouth was now gaped, matching his expression. I shook myself out of my shock, not even contemplating why he would seem so astonished. I smirked as I stared at him. "Ah, ladies. It seems that we are in the presence of royalty," I could feel their smirks behind me as my voice rang in melody. "And how would you know that, peasant?" He asked with a scowl. Part of me took offense to this comment, but I just let it pass. "The golden trim on your jacket. The fact you already have your own crew at the age of sixteen means that you are very high up on the firenation foodchain," I half lied, the coy smile never leaving my face. "*The smug look doesn't hurt either*" Mori mocked in my thoughts. My smile only grew. I began to pace forward to retrieve my swords that were lying at his feet. Confusion again raised in his face every step that I took. I dropped down to my knees as if in reverence to him. I picked up my blades while down there. "Get up." He said with a scowl, but I could detect a hint of smugness in his voice. I arose, clashing my blades for emphasis that I was not weak. Then I drew my eyes back into his colder ones, ice radiating off my colorless ones. "You see, your majesty," he cringed, "I am no simple present." He raised his eyebrow in question. "As a firebender I take it you are searching for the Avatar, the last Airbender. Am I correct?" I got no response, so I continued knowing I was right, "Well wouldn't your overlord be pleased with the capture of the final shadowbender?" I brought my shadow up and contorted it to caress his face. He shivered from the cold touch. "Why would you freely give yourself to me?" He asked, skeptical. "In exchanged." I said, sheathing my sword and turning to walk back to my friends. As my back was turned to the Prince I winked at them. "For what?" "Leave this town alone. Do not let your men terrorize the good people that make a living and serve you with no prejudice. And, you shall not harm any of my friends, nor your crew, as long as my presence is with you. Deal?" I stuck out my hand for a shake to bind us. He thought for a moment, then glared at me, searching for any sign that he could not trust me. He never found it and he let out an almost inaudible sigh. "Deal." We shook, and his hand felt welcomingly warm against mine. Our eye contact was never faltered. ~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~* I followed him and his uncle onto their small, iron, navy ship. I looked down at my friends and I could see the feign sorrow in their eyes. *Follow me.* I look deeply at Mori. *Of course.* She nodded.