

## Chapter 09:

### Kaira, the lone fighter

Snow fluttered down quietly from the pitch-black sky. No beam of light could break through the heavy blanket of clouds, whether it was the soft glow of stars or the radiance of the moon. Still, even if one of these lights would find a way to break through the darkness, it wouldn't be able to reach the ground because of those tall, white firs that stole the sky's sight. Snow-clad the ground shimmered slightly, and a little girl could be seen astray. In this icy cold the girl fought her way through the seemingly endless forest with its everlasting darkness and the piercing cold. The snow almost measured up to the little one's knees but yet it didn't hinder her from continuing on her way. She dragged herself forward incessantly. Not for anything in the world did she want to go back there.

She wouldn't turn around, even if the cold was to swallow her up whole and would force her to join its slumber. Going back was no option. Never.

The girl's breath took shape in the bleak air and for just a moment it stood out against the darkness, before vanishing without a trace. Her dark eyes were fascinated by that, and even though the thick firs would deny her the sky's view she looked upwards. She didn't do it out of hope to see a small light on the gloomy firmament; instead it was the pleading hope towards the sky to finally stop the fluttering snow.

Why did these little jots fall down from the sky in the first place?  
Why didn't they stay there, where it was so much better?  
Why did they have to fall down and spread this wintriness?  
...and why did they have to swallow everything whole?

The girl dropped her head again, took a deep breath and felt the coldness spreading within her, tormenting her from inside as well and thus she pressed her lips together as if that could still prevent the cold that had already immersed her...

Just when she wanted to drag on she stumbled over something hidden in the ground and fell into the cold snow, which gave her a hard and merciless hug, moistened her clothes even further and ate away at her skin so she quickly lost strength to continue her way. Motionless she stayed lying down.

„Do you think Green-chan prefers soft-boiled eggs or hard-boiled eggs?“ Accompanied from a groan which quickly made way for a yawn Green awoke, roused thanks to a commotion yet unknown to her - she only fully recognized it when she had turned around in bed for a second time. But no sooner than she had noticed she sat up in her bed as straight as a poker, turning off the alarm that just wanted to cry out at her. She had barely managed to get her legs onto the floor before the door to her bedroom opened and Siberu's head appeared in the doorway, with a wide grin Green most certainly didn't return.

„Good morning, Green-chan!“

„What the hell...“ was the first thing Green uttered disapprovingly on this 1<sup>st</sup> of December, even though she could already smell the pleasant scent of a hearty breakfast. When she stretched to see past Siberu she also caught sight of Gary, who sat at a bountiful table. Once he noticed her gaze he simply shrugged with his shoulders and Green got the message: he had just as little of a clue as she had and the whole thing had obviously been Siberu's idea.

„Pretty nightdress...“ This declaration captured Green's attention straightaway, because she likewise noticed what Siberu had already observed: the straps of her black nightdress had gotten out of place from her fitful manner of sleeping and thanks to that her chest wasn't entirely hidden below the black fabric. When this dawned upon her she grabbed her pillow and tossed it at the redhead.

„Get out of here, and be quick about it!“ Though catching the pillow laughingly he had gotten the unambiguous message and while Green got up to get dressed, he closed the door behind himself.

She didn't take long for picking out her school uniform, putting it on and getting ready; the girl wanted to know what this morning visit was all about after all. It was also the first question she asked when she entered the kitchen, still having a brush in her hand and doing her hair. But what she came upon in that room put her to silence for a moment; it had been a while since she had last seen her kitchen table as equipped as on this particular morning.

Apparently Siberu was fairly proud of it, even if he basically hadn't done anything but plundering her fridge and placing everything he could find in there on the table's surface. To Pink's delight, because thanks to that their whole supply of chocolate was served and obviously it was to be her breakfast; calories or caries couldn't stop her from her mission. Seemingly she had also forgotten that she should be against the early friendship between Siberu, Gary and Green; chocolate had turned into a dove of peace.

„Good morning, Green“, Gary said, while taking a sip from his coffee and turning over a page in his book, which leaned against a glass. By all indications nothing could stop him from being diligent for school.

„Good...morning“, Green greeted somewhat unsure about this early visit and Siberu knew how to use it for himself. He relieved Green of the brush and directed her to the table as if she wouldn't be able to go these two steps out of her own accord. As right and proper for a gentleman he also pulled out her chair and offered her something to drink the instant she sat down. But just when he wanted to pour her some orange juice, Green's wits came to life and she took the juice away from him.

„Don't think that washes with me, Sibi. You won't accomplish anything with it“, she said with narrow eyes, whilst pouring orange juice into her own glass. Of course Siberu wasn't deterred and sat down next to Green.

„Say, Green-chan, when I set the table I noticed that the content of your fridge has a rather European touch to it; you neither have rice nor soy and I didn't find any fish. And I was so looking forward to a Japanese breakfast!“

„I don't like fish“, was Green's simple answer.

„Oh, I never thought it would be possible to find a Japanese who doesn't like fish.“

„I'm not Japanese, I'm from Germany“, the Wächterin replied rather cool and factual to Siberu's cheerful question and her eyes had turned gloomy as well. Bewildered about this reaction the redhead cast a glance to his brother who only indicated a shrug, but signified that

Siberu shouldn't broach the subject again; he had no chance to anyway, because his attempt to add something else was held up when Green turned around to him as if struck by lightning, with a very whirled expression neither Siberu nor Gary could comprehend; Pink didn't pay attention.

„Wait a moment Sibi, there's just this *tiny* detail which catches my eye.“ Now her eyes didn't lock on Siberu anymore, but also on Gary, who had just started to butter his bread.

„Are you eating from the food *I have paid for*?“ Gary, who knew Green a while longer than Siberu, already guessed in which direction this accusation would take them and prepared for the worst. His brother was surrounded by innocence and inexperience though and just had to pick the wrong words: „Yep, that's what we do – but no worries, Green-chan, I already put the money into your budget-box!”

„Oh, that's...“ Promptly after giving his words a second thought she chocked on her orange juice. Just when Siberu wanted to pat her back in a helping manner, the coughing fit died down and the Wächterin was already carrying out what she wanted to say:

„How comes you know where *my* budget-box is hidden?!“ Siberu still didn't sense the danger he was in and said with a grin that he had taken a look around her apartment – and taking Green's expression into account one could clearly see that looking around should not have been enough to find her well-hidden budget-box. For a moment she was too stunned to retort in any way and she swallowed her words up a few times before she decided on some:

„How can you even dare to scour through my apartment?! My stuff has nothing to do with you, *absolutely nothing!*“

„But, Green-chan! Curiosity is no sin and...“ He got interrupted instantly:

„I'm not so sure in your case...“

„...I even put in a bit more than necessary!“

Gary noticed how Green's face calmed down considerably upon hearing this, but before she could react to it he reminded her:

“Green, don't tell me you're corruptible?”

„Money makes the world go round, Gary“, Green replied as if that would be an excuse; for perplexed Gary it wasn't in any case, but silently he watched when Green asked Siberu with sparkling eyes how much of an extra bit it had been. Gary couldn't get around thinking he was surrounded by idiots while he cleared up the used dishes as if he would have eaten here every morning. Though surprised about himself he asked his classmates whether they shouldn't get going; he didn't want to be late for school. Nobody of the trio wondered about it; suddenly it was natural they'd go their way to school together. Only when Green told Pink to have a nice day and closed the door behind her, she stopped with surprise.

Her eyes fell on the two of them, standing next to the banister rail. They were talking about something of no importance while waiting for her. They were waiting for *her*. It was the first time someone did. It was the first time she wouldn't go to school on her own – why did she only now notice that she had always walked the daily ways alone? Why was she so happy about not being forced to do it anymore, when she had never been troubled by it?

„Are you coming, Green?“, Gary asked and it was clearly pronounced that he was in a hurry, but it didn't change anything about the fact that Green was emotionally touched when she left their apartment building with the two of them.

When they arrived at school it came to them quickly that it was no longer a well-protected secret that Gary and Siberu were related. If they had planned to keep it a secret it wouldn't be of use anymore, because the moment they entered the classroom Sho sprinted in their

direction - equipped with a ballpoint pen and a notepad. Without paying any attention to Green questions spouted out of her mouth and her ballpoint pen magically flew across her notepad, even if the two brothers simply stared at her questioningly and sceptically and didn't say anything.

„So, the two of you are brothers? What's your age difference, how comes you have different family names? Why didn't you enter school at the same time and why did neither of you state that you're related in the official papers?"

„May I ask why our internal family affairs hold any interest to you?“, Gary inquired and his sceptical look was directed towards Sho when he folded his arms. Of course he wasn't set on giving out any answers, but Green noticed that Siberu was well pleased with this questionable attention Sho gave them.

„Oh, that's a simple one“, Sho said and a meaningful grin appeared on her face, when she pointed with her ballpoint pen onto Siberu.

„Siberu-kun (a grin spread over his face when she called him that way) managed to get first position in the 'most popular boys at school'-listing in only four days of time according to our surveys. Since I am a good reporter (Gary raised an eyebrow when she called herself one) I take my readers into account, after all this school's student body consists of 62% girls. And that's why, Gary...I am interested in your family's drama, because I and those 62% are interested in Siberu-kun.“

„Our family's "drama"?", Gary interjected while Siberu was hooked on Sho's interest; apparently it was no surprise for him that the girls had fallen for him. Luckily Siberu didn't have a chance to turn his enthusiasm into action though, since their teacher entered the classroom and Sho's headline had to be delayed because of the lesson; at least for now.

The sinister headline sadly could only wait till lunch break, which started off rather normal with the exception that Green shared a table for three with Siberu and Gary instead of sitting on one with her female school friend. She hadn't paid attention to it when they walked towards the tables, only when they already sat down and Gary taught her the lesson's content once again she noticed that what was usual for her right now wasn't at all. She had never sat anywhere else than next to Sho – not even when said one had been ill she had changed places; why did it suddenly feel so natural for her to sit like this next to Siberu and Gary?

They had barely gotten their lunch and sat down again when Gary started to warn Siberu with a very accusing undertone not to cater for any futile and fictitious headlines.

„But what kind of untrue headlines should someone like me bring into the world?“, Siberu asked, while looking around low-key to enjoy that people talked about him.

„I trust you to simply invent some kind of family drama just to get a headline and *I* have my objections to act as a device so you can satisfy your addiction for attention. Are we clear about this, Silver?“

„As if I would need to knock out a family drama just to get my title-story“, Siberu countered and grinned at his older brother, deliberating and boosting with confidence.

„I think...“, the redhead started whilst he took a bite from his sandwich, his eyes pinned on a few girls,

„...this school-life could get pretty funny.“

Green, who had followed his eyes, suspected bad happenings; bad happenings for herself, because she noticed the hostile looks again that pierced her, just because she sat on the same table with the currently most popular boy of their school – how would they react if they knew she had been together with him? These girls couldn't know that he had had an agenda with his

actions; for outsiders it had looked as if they had been a young couple. And they also looked just like one now, since Siberu put his hand on her right cheek, turned her face towards him and licked a blotch of cream from her face.

Green and Gary turned to stone that same moment Siberu did his little action with a meaningful smile and while Gary shook his head at a loss, Green retreated her head almost in disgust.

„What was that supposed to be?!“, Green bickered at him as she wiped off her cheek, as if Siberu would be poisonous. However, said one grinned and told her envy would encourage “business“.

„“Business“? What kind of *business* for god’s sake? No, no, no! I don’t really want to know, keep it a secret“, Green said with her index finger raised up and pointed towards Siberu afterwards.

„Don’t get too close to me, understood, Sibi? We’re over for good, it’s a clear ,no‘.“

„You know I don’t give up. I’m not made to lose.“

„You’ve long since lost, Sibi.“

„Oh, I don’t think so: there’s a rematch for all games and matches.“

„Gary! Please say something, your brother is driving me nuts!“ Hearing her emotional outburst he peeked over his lunch. He wanted to reply that he was glad not to be the one losing his senses because of his brother for a change, when he noticed that a fourth person had joined them. Since his eyes widened in surprise, but also clouded with presentiment, Siberu and Green noticed the fourth person as well: Sho stood behind them with a very active ballpoint pen, which speeded across her notepad up and down. Upon her exposure she grinned and said: „Hi, you three! Well, now you can give me all the little particulars, since you’re already doing well...“

„There are no ,little particulars‘...“, Green hissed, but Siberu ignored her remark skilfully and brushed his lunch aside before raising from his chair, joining Sho and putting his arm around her with a grin.

„Well in my view that’s different and I would like to state some things!“, Siberu said without paying attention to Green’s and Gary’s alarmed looks. Just as skilful Sho condoned her two classmates and used the chance to harvest the other girl’s envy by leaning against Siberu, who naturally didn’t mind it. Before Green could stop the calamitous stream of history the two turned around and the peace-sign Siberu made with his fingers could neither calm her anger nor her sense of foreboding. Grumbling she sat down on her chair again and turned towards Gary, who looked just as discontent as she felt.

„I have a bad feeling about this...“

„... and I smell a headline.“

After lunch break Siberu’s mood was conspicuously good, what didn’t do well for Gary’s and Green’s own sulkiness and most definitely didn’t make their day brighter.

A short while before the teacher would without doubt enter their classroom, Gary turned around to his brother and Green heard how he said something to Siberu in their demonical language, which sounded exceedingly sinister. The other students didn’t notice, and Green didn’t even have to turn around to know that Siberu’s only answer was a wide grin. Though the Wächterin had made an oath to herself that she wouldn’t pay attention to Siberu, she still turned around and said with a warning undertone in her voice: „Sibi, if you said something just close to-“

But in this moment the sliding door opened and their teacher arrived, and as was proper for good students they instantly rose from their seats and bowed. Green’s politeness didn’t go

further than that though, because she turned around to the redhead again when the students sat down.

„Sibi, what did you tell Sho?!“ Grinning he leaned back in his chair while playing with his pencil.

„Nothing but true stories!“

„“True stories“ – don’t make me laugh!“ Surprised Green turned her head towards her seating neighbour, since she was astonished Gary allowed himself to be kept from following classes: it was usually a sacred time for him! But indeed, it had been Gary who had commented towards Siberu, even if he did it without turning around and a whole lot more discrete.

„I think I know that better than you do“, Siberu replied with a grin and used his pencil to poke his brother in said one’s back. But before he could react to this action their teacher put an end to the redhead’s game:

„Nakayama, would you be so kind as to pay attention to my class?!“ Siberu didn’t answer, but straightened up in his chair again and acted as if he would listen. This facade didn’t hold up long though, because when the teacher had turned his back on the class to write on the board Green’s attention was focused on Siberu again, not paying attention to the alarmed look Gary sent her in turn.

„So, what did you say now, Sibi?“

„Well...this and that...about the two of us having had a relationship...about our tragical family secret...“ While Green could only stare at him speechlessly, Gary turned around so fast Green feared he had stained his neck: „Excuse me?!“

These words were a bit too loud though, which Gary got to know sooner than he would have liked. „THAT’S ENOUGH! Najotake, Nakayama und Ookido GO OUT, and hurry!“

Neither Siberu nor Green dared to say a thing, because Gary fumed with rage. Green was used to being chucked out and Siberu didn’t seem to mind...but it was Gary’s first time to stand outside of the classroom, forced to carry a bucket of water. He quietly cursed away to himself, something Green had not once heard him do before and Siberu did nothing but grin away with sheer joy; apparently the situation was absolutely to his liking.

„Well, since we’re outside anyway...“, Green started and addressed Siberu:

„...we can really talk about what you told Sho this time.“ Gary fell in beside and said:

„What ‘tragical family secret’ have you been talking about?“ Siberu put the water bucket he was holding down on the toecap of his shoe, and while he interlocked his now freed arms behind his head he balanced the bucket to and fro without spilling a single drop.

„Ah, you see, Blue...I just love to see you furious. That’s really an unmatched pleasure!“

„Are you implying this was nothing but a...joke?!“

„Cheer up and see the advantages, Aniki: this way we’re freed from that boring lesson and have more time for the three of us. I say we go to a...“ Gary didn’t seem to share this mindset, because he interrupted his cheerfully beaming brother:

„Silver! I don’t allow you to disabuse me from classes!“

„Well, at the moment you have no other choice and technically speaking you ended up in front of the door because of your own accord, or am I seeing this wrong?“

„*Technically speaking* it were your interactions which allured me into getting loud“, Gary replied cutting, but apparently thought better of it and with a sigh he said:

„But really, what am I expecting from you? You are still too immature to realize the advantages of an effective day at school.“

„Immature? No, I am just lacking careerist-genes, but you know what? I am really glad about it, or else I would probably look like you.“

„It could help you to be less arrogant and all the more modest.“

„Only those people who don't have enough to be arrogant are modest. Aside from that, arrogance appeals to the female gender – but of course you have no idea about that.”

„In addition to that...“, Green said, forcing herself in-between the heated argument of the two brothers, „...both of you are at the same level when it comes to arrogance, though you have different areas.” The two brothers stopped fighting, even if they still couldn't go without darting malignant glances to each other. Thus Green made it her mission to divert their attention by changing the topic to a calmer level:

„Sibi is right, if we have to stand around here anyway we can use our time better than with fights and arguments. And anyway, there's something I want to talk to you about...” The two Demonbrothers looked at Green questioning, which Green took as an invitation to continue:

„In case you didn't notice, in about a month and a half it's time for Christmas...and Sho's parents want to celebrate Christmas in Italy this year. That's why she asked me to celebrate with her and I thought to myself...” Green shrugged before she continued:

„...whether you might want to join. So, what do you say?”

„We usually don't celebrate Christmas...“, Gary said lost in thoughts, but Siberu seemed to have a different opinion:

„That's no reason not to do it this time. You can count me in!”

Gary sighed exhausted and said:

„Well, that means I must accompany you. I can hardly trust you to be alone with Green.”

Before Siberu could start another quarrel, Green said:

„Great! That'll be wonderful! On this occasion you can also get to know Sho's little sister, because she's also going to be there.” It seemed to tear Siberu's attention away from his brother when he heard about a new girl and he turned to Green at once, in order to get more information:

„Do the two of them look alike?”

„Well yes, there's a certain resemblance.“ Green interrupted herself for a second before she explained:

„Okay, maybe that's even a bit understated. They really look a *lot* alike. I mean all of them; there are five siblings. All of them have red hair, brown eyes...” While the Wächterin had explained this, Siberu's eyes had started to beam at her which made her realize that she just learned something new about her new friend: he obviously fancied red hair - most likely because he adored his own red hair so much.

„However, Sibi, Firey is...”

„Her name is Firey?”, the redhead asked with excitement obvious in his voice.

„... nothing like Sho. *Nothing*. I don't think she will like you.“ Apparently Siberu took this as a challenge, because he gasped disdainful and carried out an elegant gesticulation with his hand stopping on his chest.

„Nobody can resist me, Green-chan, nobody. And first and foremost girls.“ Both Green and Gary raised their eyebrows upon hearing this confident comment, even though Gary was already used to such commentary contrary to Green and his annoyance quickly turned to a sigh.

Just when Green wanted to indicate that she thought she was doing pretty good with her resistance, it occurred to her that she hadn't really had the best start about it either and maybe shouldn't talk too big. Instead she assumed:

„I think you'll meet your match in Firey.“

With these last concluding words from Green the bell rang redeeming and from one moment to the next the hallway filled up, which was why Siberu's words got lost in the shuffle:

„We'll see about that.“

It had been a truly exhausting day and sadly it wasn't over anytime soon. Green quickly came to this conclusion when Gary pointed out that they had to do an exam in math the next day - and of course she wasn't at all prepared for it, she had been too busy trying to forget about it. In other words: tuition was on this afternoon's schedule and Siberu would join them, because he didn't have in mind to let go of her; he himself didn't need any tuition, according to his own statement at least. Green couldn't really believe him to be a great overachiever like Gary and found out soon enough that she wasn't mistaken about it: Siberu said about himself that he was a master at copying someone's work - he would simply copy his brother's exam; what for did he have an older brother who was a school-careerist. Even though Siberu had whispered his idea to Green, Gary had still heard it; but instead of rebuking him, he quietly started to scheme a plan to rescue the results he had worked hard for from the clutches of his little brother.

They had hardly entered the staircase when Green's face darkened from one moment to the next, because she realized again that today was the first of December. In other words: the bills had arrived and were waiting in her postbox, eager to be taken by Green. While the two brothers continued to talk about something, Green used the key for her postbox and got three letters out of it. The first two were indeed bills, but the last one came out of a clear sky. „Oh“, Green said, before she kept silent and stared at the letter with huge eyes. Siberu seemed to be dying to know who could be the sender of the letter, since he looked over her shoulder to read the scribbling of the originator. But Gary was also interested, noticing the originator had to be from overseas since a foreign postmark decorated the stamp.

„Who sent the letter?“, Siberu asked curious, though Green immediately shook him off accompanied by the words that her private matters had nothing to do with him. Of course Siberu wouldn't be Siberu if he would simply accept it and so he plagued Green the whole way up with the same question. When they had reached the sixth floor she obviously wanted to rip his head off. The topic seemed to be something she didn't want to share with the Demonbrothers at all costs. Contrary to his brother Gary didn't take it bad or thought weirdly about it; it just got weird when the two of them noticed Green putting the letter in a drawer without reading it at all; a drawer that was secured with a padlock. „I'm changing clothes, wait a moment“, Green said and went into her room without further ado, leaving Siberu and Gary alone in the room. She had hardly closed the door when the redhead bend down and carefully examined the padlock.

„Silver, it doesn't concern us.“ Yet Gary had to admit that he had also gotten curious by what could be so important about the letter since she had locked it away. And with a padlock on top of it?

Siberu didn't reply, he was too busy and concentrated on inspecting the padlock, and only Gary's next question drew him back out of his thoughts and he replied to his brother: „It was a foreign sender. Judging from the stamp I'd reason it's from Europe. But I couldn't read the name, Green-chan held a protective hand over it.“ Gary didn't manage to answer something, since Green ran out of her room blustering. Any questions about what could have happened proved unnecessary when the two of them saw the shimmering little bell around Green's throat.

„I guess tuition has to be delayed.“

„Say, why don't we simply teleport there?“, Green asked, once again lying in Siberu's arms, even though they weren't chasing a demon over Tokyo's roofs this time, but simply running through its streets; however Siberu had still insisted to carry her. According to his own words he couldn't bear to watch how Green ran out of breath. The fact that she was in good shape herself fell on deaf ears.

„Teleporting would be rather foolish“, Gary said and continued:

„We could indeed teleport in the proximity of the demon, but that might easily go wrong, since we cannot calculate the exact position we will appear on. If we have bad luck, we could end up in his circle of attack and that is an unwanted risk we should not dare to take.“

„Right, that makes sense“, Green replied with a nod and just wanted to ask how one could learn to teleport, since she thought it was a really exciting concept, but they had already reached the Ichi-no-Hashi-park and instantly noticed that something couldn't be entirely right – since the park was entirely void of people, and that on an usual afternoon. The answer didn't make them wait too long, since the ground was shaking. Siberu let go of the Wächterin so she could prepare for her attack, which she started the moment she felt ground below her feet, activating her little bell so it would change its shape.

„I will take on the first attack!“ And just when a little Demon was seen between the bushes and trees Siberu jumped at him and avoided its first attack adeptly, to get ready for his counterattack. When Green wanted to hurry towards him to give short shrift with Siberu's help the situation changed dramatically; an unfamiliar voice resounded through the park and faster than one of the three could blink the demon disappeared without a trace, as if it had been an illusion right from the start.

„What the hell...“ Those words had barely managed to escape Green's mouth when the next thing already happened: Siberu got literally torn from the sky and pushed in the ground from an unfamiliar person, who held a long radiant something in her hands, which Green couldn't closely make out from the distance. It didn't take long for her to understand that this weapon had to be deadly, because even though the person was far away from Gary, the same weapon also appeared behind him and the same moment she closed in to kill Siberu, the one next to Gary moved as well. All of this happened within mere seconds and it was uncertain how it would have ended if Green hadn't stepped in:

„STOP IT!“

Both weapons froze in place at once – truly in the last possible second, since the weapon stopped only millimeters before it would have hit the carotid. Green could now identify the weapon as an overlarge sweep hand, though it was a sight more cutting than a normal one. Now that the danger was temporarily avoided Green used the time to give the attacker a closer look. It became apparent that the supposed male attacker was a ‚she‘ instead: a young woman, who was surely two or three years older than Green, with a serious expression on her face which was framed by short violet hair. Judging from her face she appeared like a woman who didn't have a lot to laugh about in her life: it looked as if the corners of her mouth were frozen solid and she would not have been able to smile at all. She wore a beige-coloured coat which couldn't give her too much room to move, but this didn't seem to bar her from acting swiftly - taking into account how quickly she had nailed Siberu into the ground.

The woman didn't sit up. She kept pressing the redhead down with her knee into the sandy tiles and stared at Green hostilely, but also slightly surprised.

„Why are you hindering me from carrying out my task?“ Her voice was hard, serious and strict and Green suddenly got the feeling that it was best not to tangle with her. But this wouldn't change her mind.

„Because I won't allow you to kill my friends!“ Astonished, no, closer to shocked was the look she got from the female stranger, but Gary sent her a similar look and even Green herself was surprised about the pluckiness she displayed to save Siberu's and Gary's skin. After all their friendship was still quite friable and the sole term ‚friend‘ was hard for Green to use, as if she couldn't really believe she had found just that in those two...and even so, she knew for sure that she would not allow something to happen to them – in order to tighten the friendship that was still papery till now.

Just what had her proper life turned to within only two months? Of course she had lead a quite unusual life since her birth, but the last months were just outrageous. She not only had to sacrifice her precious time to take out Demons, now her school days were demonically-tinted as well and exactly these demons were her neighbours and even her friends. Although these thoughts were accompanied by a sigh she principally didn't have an objection against it...and it was a good feeling to think about her ‚friends‘.

„Friends“? You're calling these two demons your ‚friends‘? Could it be you *misunderstood* something?“ Whilst the stranger said this her usually downward mouth turned into a mocking smile and apparently she wanted to explain further, but she got interrupted by a noise. Something on her ear began to beep and she had hardly touched her ear with her hand when a small floating microphone magically appeared out of nowhere.

„What is it?“, she harshly asked into the microphone and continued:

„I'm in the middle of a mission, Asuka!“ While she continued to talk Gary addressed Green in a whisper: „What is she saying?“

Surprise evident on her face she turned to lock eyes with her private tutor, who still had a sweep hand impedingly pointing at his carotid.

„What do you mean? I'd say she talks in no uncertain manner?“

„Wächter have their own language, Green. It's not possible for us Demons to understand you.“ Now Green was really taken aback, since she hadn't even noticed she had suddenly talked in a different language. When the stranger had talked to her, she had simply automatically replied...only now that Gary mentioned it, she noticed the spoken words hadn't been Japanese at all.

„What?!“ Green instantly turned around again upon hearing the female stranger's voice, who was now furiously exclaiming something into her microphone:

„That is impossible, Asuka! It couldn't be a brat like that, with such a weak aura!“ It appeared she had gotten yet another reply because her expression suddenly darkened and when the microphone dissolved again, the look she sent Green wasn't hostilely anymore, but truly filled with hatred. But it didn't change the fact that she finally sat up. Both weapons dissolved at the same time into thin air and the two demons could finally sigh with relief. Siberu straightened himself right away to attack her from behind, but Gary sent him a look that told him it wouldn't be the best idea.

Beyond any doubt the female stranger was seething with rage, but she forced herself to bottle it up. Green still felt quite uncomfortable when she stopped in front of her. She could not only see hatred in the strangers' eyes, but also disappointment she couldn't explain herself. How could she be disappointed in Green when they didn't even know each other?

When she opened her mouth the young Wächterin jerked as if the other female would plan on beating her. Nothing of the sort happened, but her words were just as severe:

„I am Kaira Toki Kitayima, Elementarwächterin of Time, first rank.“ Dumbfounded Green stared at the woman standing opposite to her; surprised that she had come to know her name, although quite obviously Kaira’s whole body language told her she struggled against even talking to her. She didn’t give Green time to introduce herself as well, since she continued immediately:

„Our holy rules say I should bend down my head for you, that I should honour and respect you. But I won’t do it! I will never bend my head down for someone who sympathizes with the enemy!“ And with that she left a confused Green behind, who couldn’t do anything but watch her disappear between the trees without exchanging further words with her. She didn’t have a particular reason to do it, but she stared at the odd girl’s back for a while until Siberu arouse her from her thoughts:

„So what did this fury say?“ The one addressed turned around to Siberu and forced herself to smile, even if her confused state made it rather hard to:

„I was just as little able to understand her as you.“

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