Elements of passion

Chapter one:

"are you really sure about this rose?"

"rose, her blond hair blowing in the slight breeze that often hung around her smiled over at the younger woman, her silvery tails flicking lightly.

"Of course I'm sure about this Kuro!"

Kuro sighed, and tucked a strand of brown hair behind one delicately pointed pail orange ear. Her several fox tails swished as she followed the older woman through a forest.

The trees were tall, arching shadowy things, the leaves a dark dead brown. The usual forest sounds were absent from the area around the two elemental kitsunes, and the snarls and shrieks of some animal seemed to follow them. Kuro didn't know where they were going, but anything was better then what she was leaving behind.

It had taken the two several months to recover from a brutal attack. Kuro’s ex-master Murdock had found the two and after hours upon days of torture the two had managed to escape and seriously wound him. There were still over both of them several wounds that just refused to fully heal.

Racing the other through the trees, the lightning sky casting shadows over their lithe bodies the two came to a gap in the trees, a large valley spread out below them.

The land was lit by a soft silvery light in the predawn sky. The last few stars were fading and a silvery moon hung low in the dusky blue sky. A flaming orange sun was just starting to peek over the mountains, its golden rays cresting over the roofs of a small village. The sounds of life just starting to wake up filtered through the sky, birds cheeping, water lapping against boulders, leaves rustling in the trees.

“Wh, wh, what, is, where are we angel?” Kuro’s voice which always sounded so calm and soft held a bit of nervousness in it as she pressed closer to the woman against her. Rose kept silent, one of her hands gently rubbing the younger woman’s back as the sun peeked over the mountains a bit more, baiting the two in golden dawn light. Kuro smiled as she caught a glimpse of herself in the stream that ran alongside them. Her hair was a light brown windblown into a fluffy mass just above her shoulders. Her bright emerald green eyes had silver pupils that were able to see anything, while revealing nothing. Her seven thick, bushy tails seem to swim in the air behind her, moving in a magical way that appears impossible and hard to follow with the eye. A soft, silky pale orange fur covers her entire body, including her tails, but she also wore a black silk shirt and dark leather pants. Her paws are soft, but the barest glint of silver proves that she possesses wicked silver claws that are currently retracted, but could easily extend should she wish it. Across her back rests a pair of wickedly sharp twin swords able to be unsheathed at will. Kuro smiled and glanced over to her mates reflection smiling at the look on her love’s face, soft, tender, passionately arousing.

Kuro gently cupped Rose’s face in her hands, leaning over and pressing her lips to the older woman.

Rose’s long waist length silvery hair spilled down her back in gentle waves. Her bright silvery sapphire blue eyes Glint with an inner strength, a burning fire, Kuro knew far too well, Rose was violently passionate, and passionately violent. Nothing stood in her way when she was enraged. Rose’s four thick, silky tails float in the air behind her, moving in a magical way that appears impossible and hard to follow with the eye. A soft, silky cream fur flecked with silver covers her entire body, including her tails, but she wore a pale pink silk shirt and baby blue leather pants. Her paws appear soft, but the barest glint of silver from beneath her fur proves that she possesses wicked silver claws that are currently retracted, but could easily extend should she wish it. At her hip resting in a belt loop, is a coiled spiked leather whip the spikes glinting silver and crimson in the morning sun. To Kuro nothing was more beautiful, the sun hitting rose and making her look as if she had a silver aurora about her. Glancing down Kuro swallowed hard. There were kitsunes moving down there in the valley and she wasn’t sure what to do. She had never seen another of her kind, with the exception of Rose. But her mate wanted her to come meet her family so Kuro would do it to make the fox she loved happy.

Rose turned and wrapped her arms around the younger kitsune. This is home Kuro, this used to be your home till Murdock took you from us. You wouldn’t remember but it’s our home our family. Well my family… everything will be alright, I promise… no one’s gona hurt you and if anyone tries I’ll crunch their heads in and make their brains bleed out their fluffy ears.”

Kuro smiled softly, Rose’s sense of humor was just a bit morbid, but it was one of the many things she loved about her. Stepping forward she took the other’s hand in hers and they started the long walk down into the valley. Talking of nothing important the two past fields of flowers in bloom in bright vivid color, strange dear like animals with striped coats and what looked like horse tails swishing behind them. Further ahead there were small Kitsunes Kuro estimated them to be about two to four years old playing in a soft stream while older ones watched through alert eyes. The village was like nothing the fire kitsune had ever seen before, wood and stone houses with glass windows, much like a human town. There were venders alongside the road offering many things this place looked as if it survived on a trade system objects for other objects. It seemed simple enough. Kuro was too busy gazing at a set of double bladed swords and failed to notice the bump in the road, well failed to notice that was until rose pulled her tight against her suddenly a low hiss coming from her throat watch it love, you really want to face plant like that?”

Kuro looked down a soft blush suffusing her heavily scarred face. She felt rose gently stroke one of her tails and the two turned up another street. There were lines stretching from building to building with various types of clothing strung between them. There were communal gardens where fruits and vegetables were traded for, and off in the distance Kuro heard the bellowing of some sort of animal, the tang of blood wafting on the wind. She paused, her teeth sinking into her lip the hair on her body standing on end. A soft curse from Rose behind her and Kuro felt herself held in strong arms. “Soon I promise. We’ll be away soon just hold on a little longer pet.”

Kuro let a soft snarling wine escape her but kept moving. Rose steered her into a narrow alley between 2 abandoned buildings and up a flight of stairs before she let go of the fire kitsune’s shoulders. Kuro turned to face her warm heat surrounding her as flames licked over her body and Rose smiled. “Down pet. Down girl.”

Rose then pulled Kuro into her strong arms again and held her tightly, her hands tangling in Kuro’s fluffy mass of brown hair, tilting her head back their lips met in a deep heated kiss, their tongues dancing. Kuro wrapped her arms around Rose’s back, her hands sliding over the soft silk shirt tracing soft small circles down rose’s spine. Breaking the kiss Rose snarled softly “Feisty one aren’t you pet. I love it when you’re like this. Makes taking you much more fun.”

Kuro snarled a little louder and Rose paused, glancing down at the woman in her arms her hands gently rubbing her shoulders “Did the blood get to you again?” Kuro nods slowly her ears drooping. Rose smiled you know I wouldn’t deny you that love and you know I don’t hate you for it either.”

Gently Rose guided Kuro’s lips to her neck and Kuro quickly bit her small fangs into the soft skin of Rose’s throat, purring as she felt hot warm spicy blood fall over her lips. Kuro quickly backed off, a small spark quickly healing the bite mark at her lover’s throat. The lust for blood was one of the things she hated about herself but it was a part of her. The lust for blood was a trait from her former owner but it was such an engrained part of her, she didn’t, couldn’t ignore it. If she ignored it, it got to be too strong, too violent. She had tried to ignore it, to suppress it once and the results were. Bits of blood flesh and bone hanging over buildings, organs impaled on gates hearts hanging off of open rib cages, and just a broken bloody mess of demons… Kuro was trained to kill to lust, to bed, and to steal, and yet, it was Rose who had the bigger morbid gore streak, had the messier kills. The life of a demon was one filled with sex and blood and more sex. But demons were able to feel too. Demons had hearts. Rose smiled and the two headed deeper into the house.

“My home Kuro, Ma and Da won’t be home for a few more hours yet, but they know we’ll be here. It’s not that big, but it’s a cozy nest like thing. Two bedrooms, one on one end of the second floor, one on the other. 3 baths, one in each bedroom and one downstairs, kitchen, living room, den where my father can be found ninety percent of the time, and a yard of the best play trees any kitsune could ask for.”

It’s really really dam cozy Rose. And the view of that big, lake is just. I’m not the biggest romantic around but it’s really pretty.”

The two wandered over to the chairs in the living room, Kuro curling up in roses lap, the two settling down to snuggle for a few hours content just to be in the other’s embrace.

Chapter two:

Kuro opened her eyes a little while later to the soft rise and fall of Roses chest. She was content to lay there, her mind running over the thoughts that were running through her head. So much had happened to her, had she come full circle? If what rose said, if this was truly her home, that she truly was born here, then was she home? She didn’t feel like she was. But the village did present a feeling of home when she entered it so maybe. Just maybe. And what about Rose’s parents, what would they think of her, would they accept her? What would they expect. And if rose was right and this was used to be her home, then what about her parents, surely, they’d be, here? Surely they must know that she was back? But then if that’s the case then why did rose not take her to them? These were all questions she was pondering as the hours ticked by. She stroked her fingers over the faint scar of a bite mark on rose’s neck, her mind flashing to the night they mated for the first time. Rose was more then she could have ever hoped for in a mate, rose loved her deeply and, Rose loved her just as much. So what if rose was a herm, so what if she had a cock and nothing else it didn’t make her any less of a woman in Kuro’s eyes, it didn’t make her an object. Kuro’s thoughts turned progressively dirtier as she lifted rose up and gently cradled the sleeping kitsune in her lap, letting Rose’s head rest against her shoulders. The sun was slowly sinking past the lake outside the window turning the water into scarlet flame. Kuro’s eyes watered and she turned her attention to the room she was in. The walls were a soft cream color and the rug was a swirl of colors looking like auto leaves come to rest on soft green moss. Soft reds, oranges, golds and yellows were scattered over a soft dark green fluffy material, it felt and looked like some sort of fur. The furniture was well used, but well taken care of. There were blankets draped over the back of sofas and chairs as if the weather at night was rather frosty even though during the day it’s quite comfortable. Kuro watched the sun slowly fill the small room as the minutes past till she heard the opening and closing of a door and 2 soft voices talking. Rose stirred behind her and slipped out of the room.

“Ma, Da? Is that you?” Her tails whipped out of sight

Kuro followed more slowly lingering on the stairs gazing down at the 3 kitsunes on the floor below. The women rose was currently hugging was slender, and had a pair of pale green ears and tails swishing behind her. Her hair was the same shade of blond as her daughters and her eyes were a deep silver. There were no visible weapons that she could see, but doesn’t mean there weren’t any. Rose’s father on the other hand. The man sported 8 cerulean blue kitsune tails and had what looked like an ax slung over his back. His eyes were a stormy gray but they had a gentleness about them that Kuro found she quite liked. Kuro made her way to her mate’s side and she could feel the waves of happiness emanating from the taller woman. Rose was thrilled to be back with her parents. Which in turn made Kuro wonder about hers.

“Kuro. We’ve heard so much about you from Rose. I am Iaki, and this is my mate,” The green furred kitsune gestured to the man at her side as she spoke, “Soshami. It is a pleasure to finally meet you again after so many years away.”

Kuro bowed strongly aware of the age of the two in front of her, far older then her twenty-five years. “I, It’s a pleasure to meet you both.” The four made their way into the kitchen where Iaki asked rose to help her with the preparations for the evening meal and Soshami placed a hand on Kuro’s shoulder. Rose glanced over and Kuro saw her eyes flash ice blue. A low snarl came from her throat and Soshami held up a placating hand, “Relax petal I mean your mate no harm I just want a word.”

Roses tails were quivering and Kuro glanced between the two, as rose growled, “Don’t even think about giving her the if you hurt my daughter talk. We have been mated for 2 years and no one will take her from me, nor me from her!”

Soshami smiled softly that was never my intent rose. But if you want to be there when I talk to her then come on.” Rose pulled the Slightly nervous looking Kuro into her arms pressing her body to hers almost possessively that soft snarl still falling from her throat. Iaki smiled as she turned back to the fire over which was hanging a pot of something that smelled like fried shrimp.

Soshami lead the girls into the den, a room painted dusky blue with water scenes over the walls a sandy brown rug covering the floor light gray leather furniture tucked into the corners of the room. Kuro and rose both sat on a loveseat facing the fireplace and Soshami Sat on the armchair tucked behind a desk piled high with papers and various books.

Sighing softly Soshami sighed and Kuro gazed right back at him, her emerald eyes glinting in the light from the fireplace. Kuro glanced out the window, the silvery full moon hanging in the sky. Briefly she wondered where the day had gone. Then realized, they had been wandering the village since dawn, made it to rose’s parents house by sunhigh, and they spent the afternoon curled in the other’s arms. So of course the day would get away on them.

“Did you know my parents?”

Soshami leaned back in his desk chair a pained expression on his chiseled face. “Yes little one, I did know your parents. Losing you devastated them, but they were 2 of the strongest kitsunes I knew.”

Kuro glanced over, “You said knew. Who were they and what happened to them after.”

It was at this point Iaki entered, and Kuro caught the whiff of some strange mixture of herbs. Soshami sat back and sighed. “You don’t remember do you, anything. Iaki has a potion for you to take that will, unlock the memories if you wish.”

Kuro glanced at rose a silent question in her eyes as the orange kitsune whispered, “Are you sure you want to know? Murdok, made me, do.” Kuro’s hands were clenching and unclenching as she spoke. “He made me do, dreadful things. The killing, the hurting the. The, I was no better then his walking body with, his slave, his pet his. I’ll take that potion, and maybe telling it will help me.

Glancing around Kuro felt rose tug back on the hair at the nape of her neck. Letting herself go limp she felt roses lips brush against hers soft, then more demanding. Parting her lips Kuro’s tongue met roses in a long heated kiss as rose’s telepathic voice floated into her mind, “Nothing will make me love you any less. Nothing at all. You’re mine and I’ll spend the rest of my life making newer, happier, sluttier memories with you.”

Kuro’s eyes blinked open when rose backed off a satisfied smirk on her lips, her arms wrapping around her so she could rest her head on the older kitsune’s shoulder. Iaki sat next to her daughter and calmly gazed into Kuro’s eyes. Kuro felt a light pressure on her mind, a strange and yet comforting cool feeling. Her eyes started to close but she forced them open. Iaki’s silver eyes were glowing faintly now and rose’s arms seemed to be the only thing keeping her up.

Rose backed off and watched her mother trying to assess the damage to Kuro’s mind. Kuro, her fire demon, her little fox, her tortured soul. But rose loved her no less. Iaki backed off and glanced at rose let her sleep for a few minutes. Now your father and I are interested just how the two of you met. We don’t ask cuz we feel she’s wrong for you we ask because you up and left rose, and for years we couldn’t find you. We thought something happened.”

Soshami came to sit next to the 3 women on the couch and gently rubbed his daughter’s back. “Please petal, tell us?”

Rose sighed and began to talk, “It was several years ago and I needed to get away…”

Chapter three:

Four tails waved in the light breeze, pail silver and cream fur blown sleek by wind and rain rest against pale almost white skin. Long waist length silvery blond hair framed an angular face home to silvery blue sapphire eyes. Rose smiled softly as the wind blew, her body clothed by a pale pink silky shirt and equally pale faded blue jeans. She stood overlooking the soft rolling hills as the wind ruffled her tails. The sky was a dull misty blue and what little light that penetrated the haze overhead was such that no shadows were left. In a realm of demons and dragons and magic light was a funny thing. It shown in ways light shouldn’t show and wind blew in ways wind shouldn’t blow but it did. Rose sighed and trotted down the hill she was standing on and into the valley below. She turned and headed towards a field of gray stone like flowers surrounding a small indented clearing, the size of perhaps two intertwined kitsunes. Flicking her silvery blond hair behind her ears the wind kitsune sighed. "This place is so pretty at night, all glowing and fiery”

She glanced around at the dull stony gray flowers, their petals closed against the light of the day. Glancing skyward Rose sighed, she didn't want to go back to a village where she was ridiculed and badgered for being something she couldn't help. She knew that her parent's loved her, but other people, people she dated looked at her like some sort of bug, or worse, like some sort of sex toy. She couldn't help the way she was born. and demons, were demons, be them male, female or herms. Watching as a cloud raced across the sky Rose tracked it’s progress as it moved, sending up a silent prayer to whoever was listening that she wasn’t fated to be alone, unloved all her life. Launching herself skyward letting the wind carry her home Rose didn’t even acknowledge the two pearly tears that slid out of the corners of her eyes falling to the ground soundlessly dissipating into the gritty soil.

Landing in a cops of trees the four tailed wind kitsune made her way into the village where she and the rest of her kitsune kin lived. Turning as something let out a sharp whistle behind her Rose sighed. Kuraia, a water kitsune, shimmery powder blue tails, perhaps the softest silkiest and dangerous things rose had ever known. The two had a few nights together, but Kuraia was one of those kitsunes who thought rose was just a toy, just something to be used and discarded and rose at the time was just happy to be in another’s bed even if it always left her bitter the next morning… she hated to be alone unloved…

“What do you want Kuraia?”

“What Rose you don’t sound happy to see me, my fluffy pet…”

Rose bit back a snarl at the older water fox as the older woman stepped closer, so close that rose could feel their tails touch. Kuraia leant close and whispered, “You didn’t show up last night rose…”

Biting back another snarl Rose replied, “I wasn’t well last night and I don’t have to answer to you, you don’t own me. We’re not together…”

“We could be though. You’re the hottest thing on 2 legs, if you disregard the thing between your legs…”

Snarling louder rose Hauled off and slammed a fist into the Kitsune’s stomach as a hair raising snarl fell from her lips. “I’m not yours, never was, never will be. We may have had a few fun nights together, but that doesn’t make us mates.”

Sighing and turning away from the whimpering woman Rose leapt into a nearby tree and headed towards home. She just wanted to run, to hide, to curl up and shut out the world. Grabbing a few things from her room Rose sprinted out of the house, ignoring her parents, she didn’t want to see them, or anyone.

Retreating to the sky She flew hard away from the kitsune clan, not knowing when she’d return. Settling down in a large maple tree Rose wrapped her tails around herself and let the tears fall.

“I’m more than that, I’m more then sex on two feet. I know I am. But why don’t they see it… Mom, dad, I’ll be home, but not till I find something I’m missing, not till I find someone who loves me, for me, and not what I can give them.”

Letting herself fall out of the tree Rose started walking, keeping her silvery and cream tails wrapped around her so nothing snagged in them. The sun was setting now and with its fiery heat at her back Rose walked off into the shadows of night, off into the unknown, off to find someone who wouldn’t run from her.

She walked for years upon years… walked through the cold biting winter and the searing heat of summers. She hunted small demonic animals and took shelter where ever she could, trees, caves, abandoned houses, shacks. She didn’t want to see people and traveled mostly at night to avoid them as best she could. It was on one of these nightly walks under the silver light of a full moon when she ran into the last thing she ever expected to see. Well to be more exact the thing walked, more like sprinted, into her. A kitsune with bright emerald eyes, and dull straggly orange ears and seven pale orange fox tails. The younger kitsune collapsed back whimpering softly and rose knelt next to her.

“What brings one such as yourself out here little one?”

The younger woman just whimpered and Rose saw that she was covered in blood and scratches and a number of things the wind kitsune didn’t want to even fathom. Keeping her voice soft and soothing Rose in a rare moment of compassion scooped up the other woman in strong arms and headed into the forest where she had been staying for a few moons now. stopping at a stream Rose carefully undressed the fire kitsune and carefully began to wash her numerous injuries, all the while pondering who could do something like this and why. Rose felt something for the kitsune under her hands, and she didn’t want to know what it was. She was afraid to even guess what it was. The slightly tanned woman whimpered as the cool water touched her heated skin and Rose shushed her softly stroking her hair. “shhh, I’m not gona hurt you. I won’t hurt you. My name is Rose, what’s your name foxy one?”

“the kitsune opened startling green emerald eyes and croaked one word that made Roses brain do a nose dive, “Kuro…”

“it can’t be, the clan’s stolen child? No, nononono, she was so young, everyone knew that she was taken from us. It’s been thirteen years, thirteen fucking years she’s been missing and I just so happened to find her? What in the goddess’ name.”

“Kuro, can you stand?” Rose finished washing out all of the fire fox’s wounds and Kuro pushed herself to a sitting position using Rose’s shoulder for support. Rose found, for some reason she didn’t mind it one bit. This stolen child who was no longer a child had grown into, what, she didn’t know but some gut instinct told her that maybe, just maybe after years of looking of searching, maybe she might of just found her mate.

Gently lifting Kuro back into her arms Rose leapt into the trees, the fastest way to the cave she made her home. Her silvery tails streamed out behind her and she reveled in the feel of having someone to hold even if only for a moment while the wind rushed through her hair and fur and over her skin. It was near bliss and fated to end all soon as the two touched down outside a small well sheltered cave. Rose glanced down to find Kuro watching her through blazing eyes.

“Rose? You’re, a, kitsune?, I thought, I’d never, why did you…” Kuro’s voice cracked as she twisted and coughed.

Rose’s tails twitched as the fire demon’s body brushed against her and she couldn’t find the words to answer the other woman. Noticing that Kuro’s coughing had subsided Rose looked over at the other woman and was surprised to see her smiling softly.

“I don’t know why you helped me, but I appreciate it more then I can say. And as an aside, I don’t judge. We are, what we are.”

In that instant Rose knew that her fellow kitsune knew about the herm side of her and didn’t think anything of it. that it was a part of her. Maybe, just, maybe, she truly did find her mate after all.

Placing Kuro on a bed of moss and leaves Rose glanced around feeling rather insecure, then throwing caution to the wind she glanced back at the fire kitsune and smiled, “I hope you don’t mind, sharing a bed?”

“I’m used to bedding with others…”

Rose wasn’t about to ponder why that made her fur stand on end and why she itched to sink her paws into something but she pushed that to the back of her head for now. glancing over to the bed and seeing Kuro curled in the farthest edge of it her several tails wrapped around her, rose slipped out of her clothing and stretched out next to the other woman. Those burning emerald eyes watched her and Rose on impulse pulled the other into her arms and wrapped herself around the younger fire elemental. Kuro stiffened for a moment but then relaxed. Rose didn’t want to know what was going through the younger’s mind but for tonight it just felt good to have another naked body pressed against her. The two would talk come morning but for tonight they’d take what comfort they could even if it was fleeting only for tonight…

Rose sighed and looked at her parents. “Please understand. I, it hurt to be seen as nothing more then, a walking… thing! Kuro knew what I was the night I found her. And has never treated me like that. But gods there was so much running so much pain, so many nights where we just clung to the other in desperate relief we were still alive, but I wouldn’t trade the past 2 years for anything. She gives me reason… just as I give her strength, something to fight for, we’re the other’s reason to go on to live to fight and to defend. She’s all I need, all anyone could ever want in a mate.”

Chapter four:

Rose sighed, a deep sad sound, her hands softly stroking the body of the woman she loved. “I missed you both, but she needed me, she trained me, she cracked that stone ball around my heart and showed me how to love, for the first time ever. I can’t lose her. I know you both worry, that neither of you know her, but. Don’t.. just.” Rose felt something press against her cheek and opened her eyes to see Kuro’s emerald ones gazing back at her. “You’re not losing me, not now not ever. But your parents do have a right to worry. I’ll tell them everything, full disclosure. Since I can’t do anything less, honor demands it.”

Kuro gazed at the potion Iaki held out to her it was a dark muddy brown and she plucked a single hair from her head dropping it into the brown sludge like liquid. The glass frothed and bubbled till it was a light golden brown, flecks of light inside it. “I have the feeling this is gona hurt.” Sighing deeply Kuro downed the glass and felt her head begin to spin. Dimly she was aware of Iaki and Soshami laying her out on the couch as well as Rose’s body behind her cradling her. As the world around her faded Kuro knew, she had the memories, but they were fuzzy. Why oh why did she talk herself into suppressing them as she did for the 2 weeks it would take her and rose to get here? Now it’s gona be fucking hell to relive them. Almost instantly she was falling into blackness and a roiling ball of power howled from within her, warm, angry, scared all at the same time. Her body arched and rose rolled atop her, holding her down. Kuro closed her eyes and felt like she was standing at the top of a deep shadowy void, all that she could see were faint golden sparks flickering in the darkness. There was stone behind her, above her, and nothing in front of her. If she wanted to reclaim the worst memories she blocked then she had no choice but to jump. All around her was a swirling howling primal roaring wind. Kuro swallowed was knowing who she was, knowing her life before Murdok worth the pain she knew would come? Yes it was, it was her happiness. And wasn’t rose always telling her she deserved to be happy? She sighed, flared the flames around her and dove headfirst into the deep shadowy void. Above her,, in the waking world she screamed, a long wailing tortured sound, Soshami stood up and twirled several tails, a blue shimmering shield formed around the room as blips of flame shot off Kuro’s body. “You’ve picked a strong one petal. But she’s done good to you. You don’t need it, but I approve. And so does your mother… we love you take care of her… so strong in power and magic, and yet so mentally fragile. Everything has a price.”

Kuro fell for she didn’t know how long, it felt like her body was being flayed open, her blood was on fire, her skin felt as if it was tearing off in long thin strips. But eventually it all stopped, she eventually found herself face down on something soft and furry, or was it feathers. She didn’t know. Her mental self felt like death warmed over, her mind full of ghastly images blood, death and torture of all kinds. And yet, there were moments, times of peace as well as pain, it wasn’t all bad. Roaring rivers of blood, glowing crimson eyes, the most bone chilling laughter she had ever heard, The shriek of a whip, the screams of another woman, blood, so much blood, on her hands, between her legs, in her mouth, it was everywhere. A broken bleeding body, silver fur streaked with ribbons of crimson. Kuro coughed, her back was shredded, the skin hanging off. A four legged demoness with blazing orange eyes, and magic, lots of magic, swirling choking sexual magic, the thieving, the fucking the lusting the bonding to one so unlike herself. There were 2 kitsune’s running leaping through trees, making love to the other in a cave behind a waterfall, Pleasure and pain combined as bodies rocked and nails bit into skin, teeth sinking into silky skin as the world exploded in color. Rough hands all over the place, tearing at her skin, her heart, her soul, chains binding wrists and feet, a spiked collar being tightened around her throat as she was lead down a dim hallway, being latched to a bed, used, abused, over and over and over again till she passed out. A river, a man with glinting crimson eyes, a wad of cloth shoved into her mouth, roses broken bleeding body, the spark of life still in her eyes as the two ran through the woods. The long journey to the village and through it all the sense of, who am I, what am I. Her head lifted a fraction of an inch and she saw a pair of glowing orange eyes glinting at her from the darkness. Ishkari, it’s been a while.”

The fire orange eyes seemed to laugh at her as a tall winged red and brown and black demon stepped out of the shadows. The demon was taller then Kuro, by a good 2 feet, Her neck had a ring of spines around it that were laying flat and those eyes, Kuro knew what happened to those who gazed into ishkari’s eyes too long. “It’s time you remember my foxy pet. Memory suppression will only hurt you. Remember Murdok, remember your parents. Remember everything I’ve taught you in the past. And take care of your rose. It’s been a while since I’ve seen the two of you. I’d like to have the two warming my bed sometime soon after all.

The image of the demon called Ishkari and the shadowy void faded. Kuro opened streaming eyes to a room filled with dim firelight and the 3 other kitsunes sleeping around her. Iaki and Soshami curled in an armchair on the other side of the room and roses body intertwined with hers, their legs and tails wrapped around the other. Turning her head Kuro blinked out the window, the sky was getting lighter, she was out, all night… she turned her head only to see Roses eyes gazing at her. Kuro cocked her head and in a swirl of wind they were gone, laying side by side on rose’s bed. Rose smiled I’ve wanted you all day. You look more alert then you have been for the past few days… I hope things are alright? They won’t push you to tell them, not yet. Not now. not till you’re up to talking.

Kuro just smiled and sighed I remember everything. But I don’t want to talk, just yet.. I want… I want to be loved, want to know why I am, want to, know. I want you rose. Want you to take me. Like the first time…” She shook her head, one of her hands rubbing over roses body.

Quickly divesting the other of clothing they lay, arms and legs intertwined, one of rose’s hands pressed between Kuro’s thighs, rubbing her gently and one of Kuro’s hands wrapped around rose between her legs. The two clung to the other their bodies rocking lips meeting in heated passion. Kuro gazed at rose, her emerald eyes blazing as she leaned over kissing the wind fox, their tongues dancing, their passion spiraling to higher and higher peaks. Their bodies glistened with sweat, their hands roved and Kuro ground against rose like some sort of wild animal in heat. Rolling the younger kitsune onto her back rose pinned Kuro’s wrists above her head and settled herself over the other’s waist. Kuro’s eyes roved over her lovers silvery naked body, the pert breasts, the hardness pressing between her thighs and thought, “How could someone use her like a sex object. Rose is perfect. And goddess help anyone who tries to hurt her, again.

Whimpering Kuro bucked her hips against Rose’s hardness causing rose to back off a soft smile on her face. “Whose are you Kuro? Who do you belong to. You don’t get me till you answer.”

Kuro whimpered as rose bucked once against her before stopping, her free hand softly kneading her breasts. Rose smiled and tweaked one of Kuro’s nipples making the fire fox buck and moan, gently rubbing against rose’s thigh. Rose’s eyes turned hard and she used one of her tails to gently swat between Kuro’s legs, “I expect an answer when I ask you something ro… so I’ll ask again, who’s are you pet, who does your body belong to.”

Kuro whimpered her legs falling even more apart, her breaths coming in pants, “Yours, I’m all yours rose. Yours now and forever.”

Rose leant down pressing her lips to her lovers and settled more firmly between Kuro’s thighs, making the other woman purr in pleasure. Releasing the other fox’s wrist rose pulled Kuro into her arms, the two beginning to move against the other, embracing tightly the two lovers clung to the other as they rode waves of sweet release, again and again, and again till they were both spent.

Sometime later Kuro and Rose just lay on Rose’s bed talking softly, The two sometimes kissing and nuzzling against the other, Reaching down Rose pulled the blanket over the two of them both settling into a spent exhausted sleep.

Chapter five:

Several hours later the door to Rose’s room creaked open and Iaki peered in. Her ears twitched at the smell of sweat and sex that permeated the air. Her stormy gray eyes narrowed to see the two on the bed. A soft smile curved over her face as she silently moved over smoothing the covers over both of them, only to come eye to eye with Kuro’s sleepy gaze.

“Sleep on Kuro we know you need to talk, but for now you need to be loved. Sleep on. Tomorrow is another day.” Iaki sighed as Kuro closed her eyes. Iaki silently moved out of the room gently shutting the door. Heading downstairs she gazed over the village gazing at the slowly sinking moon. Her hands twisted a small flower around in her hands, the petals were closed, almost dead looking. As Iaki spun it, the petals slowly opened in her palm, a violently glowing crimson. She continued to spin the rose, crimson petals falling around her like rain. The petals looking like teardrops come to rest on the ground. Tears of blood of pain of heartache. Gazing skyward the earth kitsune murmured, “Talia, roko, you’d both be proud of your daughter. We don’t know everything’s that’s happened to her, not yet, but she’s home again. Our stolen child is finally home. Closing her fingers around the remains of the flower Iaki moved around to the garden around the side of the house, carefully tending the herbs that were there, she was what one would consider a healer, someone the little ones came to for skinned knees, illnesses, and just all round problems. She may have been born to heal, but make no mistake, she could harm as well. Ever have a rose stabbed through your throat? Iaki smiled wickedly as the sun blazed over her body. It was almost time to wake those two crazy children of hers up and hopefully find out what was behind Kuro. Oh she already knew but that fox was crying for help. Entering the back of the house She silently made her way up the stairs to Rose’s room only to see Soshami standing there his tails lashing and a frosty chill around him. Reaching up she quickly yanked on his ear as she hissed, “You knew what would happen. Don’t even think about pulling them apart, are you trying to break everything I’ve done in the past 24 hours? Our little girl isn’t a little girl but a grown woman. And you said it yourself, they’re good for each other. Now cool your tails before I stuff you into the nearest pile of blankets and make you stay there.”

Soshami sighed as the swirling frost around his body faded, “I know. It’s a father’s job to worry. But then again Kuro’s not your average kitsune. And neither is our rose

Iaki eeped as Soshami pulled her into his strong arms and kissed her softly on the lips. “They are more primal more savage more, violent then the two of us on a daily basis. And I’m hungry. What’s for eating?”

The two headed down into the kitchen to wait for the other foxes to wake up…

She was flying, where, she did not know, she was screaming, why, she did not know, she was in pain, how she did not know. she saw a flash of a bright light and then she saw herself falling down a deep dark cliff landing on something soft. Kuro awoke with a gasp and looked around franticly before her sleep filled brain caught up to her. Rose, the village, the kitsunes, the parents. The sex… She sighed in relief and gently detangled herself from her mate heading off to find food since she kind of didn’t eat last night. Stepping lightly into the kitchen Kuro came face to face with Soshami who smiled at her, “What can I do you for spitfire?”

Kuro blinked and glanced around, “Food.”

Soshami just blinked, “What kind of food?”

“Hot food.” Kuro was really not awake.

Iaki just laughed why am I the only one in this house who can be wide awake when they wake up. Oatmeal alright with you Kuro?”

Kuro nodded and glanced around well till rose came in and streaked to the table, her tails draped over the back of the chair she was sitting in. Kuro plunked down beside her, her tails still flicking nervously.

A short time later, The breakfast things were put away and cleaned up the 4 kitsunes made their way back into the den, Soshami bending over to light a fire in the fireplace. Rose tugged Kuro onto her lap and kept her arms around the younger fox as the two wriggled to get comfortable. Glancing around Kuro sighed, I know there’s a lot you want to know. But bare with me while I tell you. Her eyes were fixed on the fireplace, their flickering orange flames seeming to relax her. Her eyes glazed over as she began to speak of times long past…

Chapter six:

A full silver moon cast shadows on the snow covered ground as a blazing blue aurora blazed overhead. Two people trudged through the howling wind towards a building off in the distance. One a man with 2 faded black tails, and in his arms lay a woman with nine pale peach tails, her body was racked with convulsions as soft whimpers came from her. The man stopped for a moment to brush a few strands of hair out of the woman’s face before murmuring something and the two were gone in a swirling haze of shadows and violet mist. They reappeared in a room with many people running around as one of them pointed to a bed. “Roko, put her there. We’ll take good care of your mate. But in the goddess’s name you don’t need to see that.”

The man, Roko nodded quietly as his mate was wheeled off down a short hall. Roko paced around and around the small room he was lead to as he waited for some word from the other healers. It was only a short time later, a smiling elderly woman poked her head around the corner and smiled, “Congratulations, you have a daughter, a healthy 7 tailed little girl.”

Roko sprinted past the woman and over to his mate’s side, She was beaming her face glowing with a happiness the older kitsune had never seen before. “This is how it should be dear heart. Just like this… what will you call her?”

“Kuro, her name will be Kuro…”

Roko smiled, the small pail orange tails and ears, the mop of light brown hair and those childlike emerald and silver eyes. Kuro suited her, suited his spitfire quite well.

The sun was blazing, and the sky was clear as Kuro watched a group of older kitsunes sprinting through a field. Oh how she wanted to run with them, but she was still too young. There were blue ones, green ones, purple ones and one single white one. The white one landed after being shoved by a taller purple kitsune who said something the three year old fox couldn’t understand before running off. Kuro stood up and toddled over to the older kitsune lightly placing a paw on her arm.

“boy, mean!”

The other child looked at her through bright sapphire eyes and smiled, “Some kitsunes are like that, I’m used to it. I’m rose by the way.”

“Kuro! We friends rose?”

Rose smiled down at the younger still very fluffy child and nodded. Kuro’s ears perked up as she heard her father’s voice calling her and she pouted, “Kuro no wana go home.”

“Aww. Go. We’ll play soon.”

Kuro beamed over at the older kitsune and sprinted away into the trees. Her father scooped her up into his arms and swung her around where were you spitfire?”

“met friend I did I did. She’s rose.”

Roko smiled softly at his daughter, course he knew who rose was all the adults knew who all the kids were. “Rose is a good friend for you Kuro.” A very nice kitsune.”

As father and daughter headed into the trees, Talia ran to meet them, You’re home! You’re alright! The older firefox was frantic with worry.

Sensing something wrong with her mother Kuro tugged on her leg wanting a hug but Talia shooed the child inside. Something was wrong here, but she didn’t know what it was or how to make her mother stop looking so scared. A few days later after a rather torrential rainstorm Kuro was hopping through puddles a happy child like giggle coming from her whenever she got wet. Roko and Talia were just behind her or at least she thought they were. She couldn’t hear them or smell them. Glancing around she saw a man leaning against a tree, his cold crimson eyes watching her. “lost, little kitsune? I could help you…”

“Mommy and daddy told me not to talk to strangers. I don’t know you. So you’re a stranger.” Kuro backed up slowly, there was something about the man’s voice she didn’t like, and it was making her fur stand on end always a sign of unease or fear, or anger.

The man chuckled, his voice though soft held something in it that Kuro couldn’t figure out. “I’m Murdok. There, now you know me. We’re not strangers any more…”

Kuro just blinked and nodded as she slowly approached the hand Murdok was holding out to her. She felt his arms wrap around her and then they were gone. She couldn’t feel anything at all. Blinking open her eyes The tiny child gasped in horror as her body seized up in fear. she was in a cave. The walls were black with gouges in them from what could be claw marks. Crimson beads of blood dotted their rocky surface. In the middle of the cave floor lay a deep depression with crimson liquid in it, bloody bubbles and ripples were visible on it's surface. at one end of the depression stood a black dragon head with violet eyes like jewels. it's jaws were parted and a torrent of blood fell from it's mouth into the pool. Gleaming silver spikes circled the pool, rusty and coated in drying blood, flames burned orange on the top of each spike, casting flickering shadows on the walls and floor and pool of blood. Murdok set the quivering child down on the floor, his hands quickly divesting her of the jumper she was wearing. Kuro screamed and tried to run, but felt herself slammed into the ground, heavy black chains quickly wrapping over her wrists and ankles and over her throat.

“you’re mine now kitsune, mine to bed to harm, to do what I please. And you will do exactly what I tell you to.” Murdok started chanting a series of low hisses and Kuro tried to wriggle out of the chains but a Quick flurry of jabs left deep slashes on her stomach, over her legs and arms. Tears trailed down her face and Murdok’s chanting just continued to get louder and stronger. Kuro felt something sink claws into her mind and hold on. There was nothing in the three year old to fight with. She was too young. She was just too small too tired, too weak to push back against someone who was years older then she was. As the chanting faded a single tear slid down the child’s face, “Mommy, daddy… rose, I’m sorry…”

As Murdok finished his chant he looked across the room to the child spread naked amiss a pool of blood. There were glowing bands around her wrists and ankles and a spiked collar around her neck. She was too young to be much fun for him now, but there were other things she could do. Cleaner mostly. He had a few other women to go through before her time came.

Chapter seven:

Kuro paused in her talking, her voice horse as the rest of the room looked at her, there wasn’t a dry eye in the room. And they all knew it was only going to get worse from there. Iaki was kneeling next to her gently squeezing her hand, but Kuro couldn’t feel it, she was too busy shaking. Soshami was behind his wife and daughter a hand on each of their shoulders but even on his face could be seen tear tracks. Turning her head slightly Kuro tried to catch rose’s eye, her mate was biting her lip, her arms wrapped around the fox in her lap her own body shaking hard, the windows rattling, the sky outside turning a dark stormy gray. The four just stood there till they heard a knock on the door Glancing between the others Soshami headed to answer it, Iaki following close behind. Kuro turned in rose’s lap and just buried her face against roses chest. Rose enfolded the other in her arms her tails wrapping around her the two just clinging to the other as rose whispered, Why didn’t you tell me. Now I know sort of how much you trust me to mate you the way we do sometimes. Why didn’t you tell me Kuro… I could of backed off I…”

“You don’t know the half of it. angel you and your parents don’t know the half of it. are you sure you want to know everything? It only gets worse from here on out It gets more bloody more violent more…” Kuro just stopped talking the words dying in her throat, as rose pulled her tighter into her lap, her lips pressing against hers in a soft tender kiss. A loud door slam from downstairs made the two turn around and Kuro turned to see a dark skinned dark haired Kitsune standing in the door. She let loose with a hair raising growl recognizing the woman from rose’s story. The woman didn’t even spare Kuro another glance as she spun rose out of the chair and into her arms. Kuro didn’t need to see the look on rose’s face, the stiffening of her tails was enough. Launching herself out of the chair she pinned the Angry water kitsune to the wall, one clawed paw around her throat. “Keep, your paws, off of, my, mate bitch.”

Kuria smirked and blasted Kuro across the room ice crystals covering her upper body. “Your mate is nothing but a…”

Kuria’s words were cut off by the tip of a dagger under her throat. “Keep away from my daughter Kuria.” Iaki was in front of the ice blue kitsune and Soshami was doing his best to keep Kuro from launching at the other woman. Kuro snarled and Soshami leant over to whisper revenge isn’t worth it ro. Your mate is worth it remember that…”

Stepping back he watched as Kuro streaked to rose who ran a hand over her body carefully removing the ice shards in her skin. Tears were running over roses face and Kuro leant up softly wiping them away. Gently rubbing her cheeks. Kuria snarled as Iaki hauled her out of the room by her tails, “Dam it rose. You’ll be mine, and that precious slut of yours can’t say anything about it.”

Kuro pulled rose into her arms rocking her softly, murmuring soft soothing words too low for anyone but her to hear. Kuro felt the shutters through rose and glancing around Kuro stepped back, her and rose vanishing in a swirl of flames sending Iaki one telepathic message we’ll be back, but she needs me now… if the bitch touched her, she’s living on borrowed time till I find her…”

Kuro spun rose into a close by cave settling her onto a bed of leaves, gently running her hands over roses arms waiting for roses eyes to lock on to hers. When they did Kuro quickly divested the two of them of their clothing her hands still running over Rose’s body. Rose flinched, but grabbed her hand and trembling hard guided it between her legs. “She. Touched, me, there. She.. it was only an instant love but…”

Kuro gently held the quivering kitsune in her arms her hand not moving as she placed repeated kisses over roses face and lips. Gently enfolding rose in several warm fluffy tails she let the older woman cry herself out.

“I love you rose. And no self obsessed water brat is gona make me love you any less. She wants you, over my dead body and I’m not gona be the one dying. I’m the only one allowed to touch you there. The only one.” Kuro gently stroked rose till she glanced up and smiled a soft wicked smile, “Do you know the any number of things I could have you do right now ro, though neither of us are in the mood for that?”

Kuro just smiled and cradled rose in her arms, “I’m here for you too, I’m not the only woman who matters in this relationship. I still have so much to tell, but I don’t want to do it all at once…”

Rose leant forward and gently bit into the mark on Kuro’s neck, as Kuro leant forward doing the same thing. Rose slid her palm between the other’s thighs and the two lay there, fiery sensations crashing over their bodies. Sunlight filled the cave as the two lay interlocked in the other’s embrace, hips pressed together, legs intertwined, tails forming a silver and orange ball around them. Soft whimpering moans falling from both of them as rose finally moved inside Kuro the two clinging to each other. The two were slowly becoming surrounded by a flailing mass of lightning and fire that slowly trailed over their bodies their movements becoming faster, more frantic as their eyes met they both leant forward, teeth finding their respective bite marks and the two moaned against the other as waves of pleasure washed over them both in glorious sweet release. Rose sighed, and leant forward pressing a kiss to her mate’s forehead, “Dam it Kuro. You never stop amazing me with the shit you can pull. But dam that was… fucking intense. Do it again pet?”

Kuro just mumbled sleepily against her, “mmmrumphy can’t that takes a fuck load of energy, to extend the feelings like that and to use your own innate wind abilities without hurting you. Can’t do that for a while.. snuggle, now.”

Rose chuckled and laughing kissed Kuro once more before vanishing them back to the house the two curled in a tree in the backyard for a nap.

Chapter eight:

It was later that night and Kuro was sitting perched in a tree, her tails hanging over the branch when Soshami came out of the house. She sighed, she liked the silence the stillness of the night, but she knew the older male was protective of his wife and daughter, understandable really… but she just needed to clear her head. She glanced around the sky was a dusky black, bright silvery stars blazing within it and a low dull moon cast a dim light over the ground. Rose was helping her mother and the male kitsune leapt into the tree next to her. He studied her for a moment and sighed, a deep sad sound as she turned and looked at him.

"They're upset. they want to know everything about you, but what little you told us the other night, I don't want them to hear the rest. I don't want them to hurt any more than they are. Iaki because rose was her pride and joy and mine as well, but earth elementals are very sensitive to the emotions of their young. I don't want them to know how bad things were for you though they probably already know.”

“I don’t want to tell any more. I don’t want to tell anyone any more.. but I know if I don’t tell it’ll just keep festering. I owe your mate so much, so much and I don’t know how to repay her… but it hurts, it all hurts… People want to hurt me, people want to hurt rose… but I can’t lose her…”

Soshami pulled the sobbing Kuro into his arms feeling her tense as he softly stroked her back.

“Shhh, you have no good memories of men, but I’m not gona hurt you… Roko would be proud of you ro. Know that.”

“What happened to him, to them? Why aren’t they here?”

Soshami sighed as he kept his arms around the fire kitsune, They looked for you for years Kuro. A lot of people did. But… in looking. We don’t know what happened. But in all likeliness they’re dead. They never came back. And there are people who hunt demons. It’s been thirteen years Kuro and they were getting on in age to start with. They had you when kitsunes don’t have children any more, after several centuries..”

Kuro just sighed, a deep sad sound and nodded she had expected that. Didn’t make it any easier but she expected it. Gazing at Soshami she asked, “What do you want to know?”

He sighed, “Don’t give me all the sexual details, but Murdok is known as the enslaver… what were the last years like for you Ro?”

Kuro sighed again, “I’ll spare you the sexual details, at least…”

Her eyes dulled as she started to talk.

Kuro stretched and sighed, standing up from the tattered cot in the cell she slept in every night, with the exception of the nights she was expected to be in Murdok’s bed. Her days were the same, eat a bowl of bland cereal, clean the blood and other things she didn’t want to know about out of Murdok’s throne room, why a demon needed a throne room was beyond her. She had little contact with the other few slaves Murdok kept, and the rest of the people around just ignored her. Demons were all different some social, some loaners, some lorded having power over others, and some were the weak ones, the ones meant for nothing more than servant work. Kuro sighed, she was still sleepy from her afternoon nap, but her master called she had to answer. She had learned not to ignore him, the consequences sucked. She snarled at the spiky collar digging into her neck and the bands that bit into her wrists and ankles. She was bound, well and truly bound. She had never seen the sun, or the sky or the outside of Murdok’s compound except for the brief glimpses as she passed by the windows on her way to do whatever her “Master” wanted. Scars littered her body though you couldn’t really see them if you weren’t looking for them. Being a fire elemental had its advantages. Or at least, one with the majority of the access to her power bound… She sighed, she knew she had to run, to get away but she didn’t know how to… She didn’t want to be his slave, his pet anymore, but what else could she do, she was his as long as she could remember. Sure it wasn’t too bad in her younger years she was too young to breed as he put it, but now that she was past the age of sixteen, he had been brutal in his taking of her. Goddess he was disgusting. Sometimes he’d leave her chained to the bed for hours on end, bringing her to the edge, then stopping, sometimes he would take her over and over and over again, the throbbing organ between her legs making her feel as if she was going to rip at the seams. Sometimes he would just use her as his personal punching bag, whenever the mood struck him. She was pretty sure she’d lost all the blood in her body at least 3 times over the past 13 or so years. She would wake up hanging from the ceiling by her wrists, or her body spread between 2 posts as his hands roved over her. She couldn’t look away, she did that once and she found herself flayed with some sort of triple bladed knife till her skin hung off in strips. Trying to defy him earned her whippings, beatings, torture by fire, although that never worked, she just took in the fire and made it part of herself. Something Murdok never seemed to figure out.

Kuro sighed and knocked on the door to Murdok’s chamber and entered when she was told to. She dropped to her knees as soon as the door was closed her eyes fixed on the ground. The room smelled of sex, and blood and Kuro sent a prayer to anyone that would hear her that she was glad to of escaped the mood he seemed to be in. or so she thought…

“My friends pet, are bored. You’re the entertainment, or at least, your body is… now crawl over here like the bitch you are and get started.”

Kuro gasped as she felt herself be roughly pulled by the collar around her neck and a thick iron chain latched to it. Her head started to spin so much that she couldn’t breathe, couldn’t think, her body was being torn in two and the pain was unbelievable. She closed her eyes, unaware of the blood that spilled from her, goddess she was going to die, she knew it, she, was, going, to, die… she felt something building inside her, something overpowering, something primal and angry and this time, it wouldn’t lose. It refused to lose, now that her body could handle the power, the snarling primal thing was gona be dam sure to get the hell out of this chaining confining, place. The iron chain burst into white hot flames and the bands holding her wrists and ankles burst. Her tails flared with an orange fire so bright that the men in the room shut their eyes. Over the pale skin of her body burst fine orange fur, and her hands became more paw like, thick silver claws extended, razor sharp and ready to kill. A hair raising screech came from her as the fully awakened demon side of Kuro lunged for the nearest man tearing his throat out in one slash. The next man had his heart ripped out of his chest which was quickly burned. Murdok coming out of his shock lunged for her, sizzling red energy flying from him, quickly bit back a scream as Kuro’s flames licked at his skin. Bringing his hands together the ground was rocked by a massive explosion sending everyone, Kuro included sailing away. Twisting her body she plummeted through the rain of dust and debris, the gashes in her body healed with a thought as she landed on crouched legs. A roar of fury came from behind her and the terrified kitsune darted into the trees, up into sturdy branches. She used their springiness to get further and further away from Murdok and what he stood for, She ran far and fast, trying to just outrun all the pain, but at the same time reveling in the sudden freedom she felt flowing through her, the fire, the power, the strength in her body. “Kid gloves off. I’m a demon. No one likes it, too dam bad…”

Finally after hours of running she slid to a stop at the edge of a lush green field, her eyes watered at the sight of it and she sat where she was, just staring at it for the longest time as the sun crest the hills beyond. She knew she’d be hunted, she knew Murdok would stop at nothing to get her back, but she wouldn’t go back. If she had to thieve, kill, fuck anything she had to to keep out of his grip she would do that… she was free and she wasn’t gona give it up. Curling into a tight ball at the base of a tree she wrapped her seven tails around herself for warmth and gazed out at the sky, the trees, the sun for the longest time.

“Freedom, finally, freedom.” Kuro muttered as she drifted into an exhausted dreamless sleep.

“Kuro looked at Soshami and sighed I skipped the worst of it, but then again, maybe, that last night was the worst, it was the same mostly.”

A snarl of fury came from down below and Soshami turned to see Rose glaring up at him, Iaki right behind her, and neither kitsune looked too happy. Roses eyes turned to Kuro and the glare softened at the pailness of her mate. Flicking a tail, a sharp gust of wind blew the younger woman into her arms Rose still snarling. “How dare you, how dare you push her to tell you. How dare you make her tell you when you know what or suspected what things were like.”

Kuro whimpered in roses arms and rose gazed at her, her anger fading as she stroked the younger woman’s soft hair. “I know you wanted to keep me and ma safe da, but, she deserved to have me there… I knew all of this already.”

Kuro just whimpered softly her emotions already running crazy, “He didn’t want you to get hurt, didn’t want his mate to get hurt… don’t be mad?”

Iaki sighed and rested a hand on Kuro’s back feeling the distraught elemental flinch, “Sleep Ro that’s what you need right now, sleep.”

“Can’t sleep, don’t want to sleep, don’t want to dream… don’t want to see.”

Iaki glanced at rose who nodded and breezed the two out of the yard. Rose landed the two over a field of flowers in full bloom, a few thin clouds making the surrounding hills glint silver as she pulled Kuro into her arms.

“Shhh lover. You’re safe here. No one’s gona hurt you here… look round. And let me tell you how I see us..” Rose flicked a tail vanishing their fluffy robes into a pile out of sight as she just cradled the younger fox against her “I love you so much Ro… so fucking much. Here Have an image. You need something better to dream about something more than blood and death and pain…”

Chapter nine:

Rose gently lift Kuro’s chin gazing deeply into her eyes as a single image was shared between the two. The starry night sky, had streaks of blue, green and violet fire shooting across it in waves. the full moon cast in a silvery light on a snow covered plain dotted with higher snowdrifts and deeper pockets. two women lay intertwined in one of these pockets, one with short light brown hair, the other with long silvery blond hair. their bodies were intertwined with the others, their eyes closed as if in sleep or exticy. looks of pure joy graced their features. Several fluffy Kitsune tails trailed around the two in a fluffy mass. Small multi-colored wildflowers were in bloom around them, blues and greens and yellows and oranges all mingling into a fluffy multi-colored mass. the two women both having some of the flower petals in their hair. Snowflakes fell gently around them, as the aurora flits across the sky.

“this is what I see for us Ro, this is peace.”

Kuro finally looked around. And indeed, the flowers were bright and glowing and looked like liquid starlight come to rest on silver ground. There was no aurora blazing in the sky but it was still peaceful… She just sighed against rose and the two curled up just content to be in the other’s arms for the night.

“I know da cares about me and ma, and I know he doesn’t want us to hurt, so maybe I can’t hate him, I don’t hate him… I just wish he’d stop seeing me as his little girl.”

“You’ll always be his little girl. You’re his daughter and he’s protective of you. You’re his daughter for one, you, are a unique, female for 2, he’s allowed to be protective of you.”

Rose sighed and just nuzzled against Kuro’s breasts I know. I just wish… oh well, Ma wasn’t too happy about that. He’s a good man, but can be sometimes not thinking.”

Rose glanced down and softly carded her fingers through Kuro’s soft hair. She felt Kuro’s hands running over her back and sighed, The two lay drifting in and out of sleep for several minutes then were finally overcome by the gentle call of sleep’s embrace.

Kuro stretched and sighed glancing around she stood up gently cradling Rose in her arms. She leapt into the trees and started to wonder around looking for something to eat. They had slept late and both kitsunes were famished. Rose was still tired. So Kuro found a place to rest her sleeping mate while she scouted out the forest around them for food. She heard a rustle in the bush next to her but before she could launch herself treeward she found herself slammed bodily against a wide oak tree, a pair of cool black eyes glaring at her.

“Didn’t think I’d see you out here Kuro. Where’s rose hmm? Finally realize you’re not good enough for her?”

Kuro growled as Kuria’s claws dug into her throat, but she didn’t speak. The taller kitsune snarled louder slamming a fist into Kuro’s stomach, the icy wind that hung around the water fox making it near impossible for her to do anything. The world started to spin around her and Kuria let her fall to the ground, ice coating her fur.

“I’ll not tell you again Ro, keep away from rose…”

Snarling low in her throat Kuro pushed herself to her feet the ice cracking and leaving gashes over her body, “You don’t want her, you don’t like her because of what she is. Then why do you want me away from her.”

Kuria turned and sent another blast of ice at the fox making her crumple to the ground again.

“She’s the perfect mate. Female, but with the equipment to make any female happy. She’s amazing in bed. But you probably already know that…”

Kuria’s words were cut off by a blast of thunder so loud that it rattled the trees and leaves around them. Kuro glanced up but could only make the vague outline of someone standing in the trees through the glaring sunlight.

“Not yours bitch, and never will be. You just want me as nothing more than a toy. A whip made of lightning slashed through the air sending droplets of blood flying as Kuria leapt out of the way. Kuro pushed herself to her feet once more but almost instantly crumpled again, the ice seeping into her veins making her sluggish.

Rose let out a hair razing yowl and dove for the ice kitsune who turned and fled. Sending a crash of lightning after her Rose turned back to Kuro who lay bleeding and trembling as the ice slowly melted, most of the water soaking into her silky fur. Scooping the lithe flame into her arms Rose vanished and burst through the front door of her house. Ma, Da, bath. Hot bath… Kuria went after Kuro, again.

Chapter eleven:

The two elder kitsunes bolted out of the living room and clunked heads trying to get into the bathroom. Rose rubbed Kuro’s body softly trying to warm her up. Her eyes were glossy and she rest a cool palm on rose’s cheek, “it, won’t, kill me. Just, want to sleeep.”

Kuro coughed again her breaths coming in short pain filled gasps, “Bitch. Needs to…”

Rose smiled as she carefully pealed Kuro out of the torn robe she was wearing and her eyes flashed at the bruises over her mate’s body. Blood slowly trickled from the wound on her throat. Carefully lowering the shivering fox into the steaming water Soshami leant forward and passed a glowing paw over the bath, keeping the water heated. He gently rest a hand on Rose’s shoulder and pulled her into his arms. “Come on rose. Let your mother work.”

Iaki came hurrying into the bathroom a basket of herbs slung across her back. Soshami and Rose exited the house and He sighed, “I owe you an apology for last night sweetheart. It’s hard for a father to see his princess get hurt. You kept in contact with us, but that didn’t make it easy. I know how much you and Kuro mean to each other petal and I don’t want to take that away from you.”

Rose sighed and lent over hugging her father, “I know and I know you were protecting Ma as well. Kuro made me understand that. So I’m sorry too I shouldn’t of gotten angry at you. I guess. We’re gona have to learn how to be a family again aren’t we.”

Soshami laughed as he scooped rose up and spun her around, finally getting a small smile from her, “A family with one extra who has never had a family. At least neither of you need the little kitsune talk..”

Rose hung her head blushing, “Neither of us can have kids even if I was able to. But neither of us really want kits.”

Soshami smiled down at his daughter and a few minutes later Iaki exited the house, Kuro close behind wrapped in a thick, furry, robe. Rose gently rest her hands on Kuro’s shoulders and tilted her head to look at her, “She’s a bitch,”

“she’s an obsessed bitch.” Kuro sighed and softly nuzzled Rose’s neck.

“Kuria has been trouble since you left Rose. I won’t tell you what she’s been saying, but everyone who knows you knows none of its true. And even the village council knows it’s not true.”

Rose Soshami and Kuro all turned at Iaki’s words, “They’re saying I forced her, isn’t she.”

“No one believes it. at least no one who matters. It’s been dealt with.” Soshami sighed and muttered something uncomplimentary about Icy bitches.

The four headed into the village Soshami taking rose around to the markets and Iaki kidnapping rose to the clothing stalls.

“You need clothing.”

“I have clothing,”

“Robes will not do all the time Kuro. You need shirts, and pants, and what have you.”

Kuro sighed and followed the seemingly hyper earth elemental into a canvas hung stall. Several hours later a beaming Iaki and a slightly grumpy Kuro exited the stall, several bundles in their arms, pants, under things, shirts, boots. Kuro was now in a black shirt, black pants and black boots. The shirt was made of some silky material along with the pants, and the boots were made of the leather from some creature or another. Rose chuckled softly at the pair, “Ma did you buy out the entire store?”

“I may of left them one or two things, as well as a few more, things…”

Soshami just grinned to himself and winked at the disgruntled fire kitsune, “it seems our mates love to shop for things. Although they were right, you did need some new clothing.”

Kuro grumbled at the three of them again and glanced over her eyes picking up on a duel set of twin swords a bit away down the street. Soshami glanced at her and smiled then caught the look on her face, “What is it Ro?”

“it’s nothing, just. The last attack by Murdok, the one just before rose and I came here. I lost my…”

Soshami pulled Kuro behind him and the two entered the stall with all the weapons, Kuro found herself positively drooling at the assortment of blades and scythes and daggers on display. Pink ones, various colored ones, double bladed ones, all sorts of blades, and staves, and bladed sticks and just lots of sharp, pointy, things. Kuro let her eyes drift over the weapons till her eyes came to rest on a pair of gleaming silver swords, the blades were carved with spirals, and the handles were gold, dragon heads, the arching wings forming the pummels of the blades. Soshami came over with a wizened old kitsune, her eyes were a sharp piercing blue, and her ears as well as her nine tails were a deep shimmering gold. Her eyes took in the younger kitsune and Kuro saw approval in her gaze, “My name is ayara young one. I understand you are looking for blades to replace the ones ripped away from you by a coward? Yes, I believe I can help you.”

Ayara grinned at the blades that Kuro was eyeing. I think you need something a little more, specialized.. Come. We will take care of the warrior heart.”

Ayara nodded to Soshami, “I will have her home to you and Iaki and rose soon, but this should be done privately.”

Soshami nodded and headed out of the stall while Kuro glanced up at the much taller woman. There was knowledge in her ocean blue eyes, and understanding, and something Kuro couldn’t identify. The two headed into a back room the heat hitting Kuro like a wave, her eyes picking out the flames of forges and she smiled. It had been a while since she had been inside a warrior’s forge. Ishkari had taken her to one before, Kuro sighed and wondered what had happened to her old teacher, or at least where she was now. She could reach the demon mentally, and the demon could do the same to her, but she didn’t know where exactly where her old friend was. Ayara smiled and Lead Kuro over to a bench along the wall, “Hold out your paws Kitsune.”

Kuro did as she was told and Ayara placed several things in her paws, eventually stopping at 2 rods of shimmery blue crystal. The elder fox smiled as if she had expected it. and said nothing as she set the rods aside as several metals passed through Kuro’s hands, a few strands of shimmery silver joined the rods at the side. 2 strands of Kuro’s tail hair, and a few drops of her blood.

“Yes. This will be quite enough. Kuro, you have something ahead of you that no one has tried, and succeeded in before. Murdok still, lives. But you can stop him, your mate by your side you can both stop him. Give yourselves time to heal, to grow from time past and you can succeed. These blades will help you, of this I am sure.”

Ayara gathered up the items she had placed on the table and Kuro watched, the swords were simple, but beautiful at the same time. The blades were placed in 2 leather sheaths and Kuro was instructed to hold out her arms. The sheaths were strapped to her arms and instantly shrunk, till they were resting just against her arms, fitting almost like a second skin. Turning her arms over Kuro couldn’t see them, or feel them, but she knew they were there, almost as if the blades were a part of her arms.

“Flick your wrists, both of them at the same time to release your blades.”

Kuro followed Ayara’s instructions and in her hands were 2 3 foot long swords, wickedly sharp and deadly pointed. Dropping her wrists the tips of the blades hitting the ground, the two blades withdrew into her arms.

“They are a part of you. No one can take them from you, unless you die…”

Kuro looked up at the older woman, “How can I repay you Ayara,”

“Kill Murdok, that is the only payment I require of you.” The two headed up the sidewalk to Rose’s parents house, Kuro turned back to thank Ayara again, but she was gone in a glint of gold. Smiling she headed inside and was pounced on by Rose, “Shinies, let me see! Me want to see shinies.”

“Rose? Did you attack the sugar, again?” Kuro chuckled as she released her swords and rose purred much like a cat.

“Shiny and big and sharp and deadly, and did I mention shiny and big and sharp?”

Kuro just chuckled as she returned the swords and headed into the kitchen to see if Iaki needed help with the dinner preparations.

After dinner Rose turned to Kuro and asked, “It’s been a while since we’ve seen her, you have any more contact with Ishkari ro?”

“Ishkari?”

Both Iaki’s and Soshami’s voices sounded shocked.

“She was my teacher for a year or so, helped me embrace my fiery temper and a few other things. I take it you’re both curious?”

The two older kitsunes just nodded slightly.

“It was just after I escaped from Murdok, I was a rebel, a wild child. I stole things, most of which are hidden in various hideouts of mine, and killed demons who got pissed I stole from them. I had heard of a soul sucking fire spewing demon who had a stone that contained the souls of many demons, and I thought, hey this sounds like fun. Well it was fun, but not in the way I had first thought.”

Chapter ten:

Kuro grumbled to herself, how did she find herself in this situation, tied to a bed, an angry demoness glaring down at her. Oh right you thought it would be smart to rummage through the things of a demon that is much bigger then you, and who can rip your soul out through your eyeballs. So why did she decide to try and steal that big shiny orb on the shelf? Curiosity mostly For years she had been hearing about soul stones, and the stealer of souls, Ishkari. And Kuro thought it would be a challenge she could willingly accept. It had been only a few months since she had escaped from Murdok and she knew she was hunted she knew he’d find her eventually but she was gona find a way to stay away from him, even if she had no home to go to. Anything, even death was better than him.

It had taken her a few months to track down the soul stealer, and when she finally did she waited till new moon, when things would be at their darkest. She had slipped into the cave at the dead of night, keeping her movements quiet. The walls seemed to close in around her, and Kuro tried to quiet her breathing. Apparently not quite enough cuz the next thing she knew she was slammed hard to the ground But this demon didn’t look too happy, then again they never were, at least, the ones alive long enough to complain. So here she was, spread eagle on a bed of black silk, candles all round and a miffed demon gazing at her. Before Kuro knew it she was surrounded in flickering blood red flames and her body was screaming with mind numbing pleasure. She writhed against the bonds holding her, but she couldn’t move. Those flaming eyes kept her pinned where she was, unable to look away, unable to even blink as her body was bought to the brink over and over again. The demon then moved over her, keeping her body pressed to the bed as she began to move. A clawed hand ran over Kuro’s naked skin and she shivered feeling the gentle welling of blood as it dripped over her chest.

“So you thought it would be a good idea to steal from me kitsune? Let me show you what happens to those who steal from Ishkari.”

Ishkari’s eyes took on a hint of gray and Kuro felt the strangest pulling sensation, as if she was being ripped from her body. She opened her mouth to scream and almost instantly fell into blackness. Cracking her eyes open later she glanced around to find the demon still watching her. She was sitting back on all fours now, her tail wrapped over her front claws. When their eyes met Kuro knew she was in for more torture, but she suspected, things were bound to catch up with her sooner then later, though she always expected later.

Kuro awoke again to see Ishkari gazing at her again. “You have a lot to learn little one… I’ve decided I won’t, kill you, after all. No. but you will stay with me for the next year, doing whatever I ask you to do, and in return there are a few things I’d be willing to teach you.”

And so that’s how it went for a year, a trade if you will, Kuro’s skills and talents in bed in exchange for Ishkari’s knowledge of flame and soul ripping. The two eventually became sort of friends, but more allies, Ishkari helped Kuro find people to slotter, and Kuro found various things for the demon tormenter. They both eventually went their separate ways, but did meet up every so often for various things, midnight trysts for one thing. Random snuggling for two…

Kuro awoke one morning in midwinter to see Ishkari pacing next to her, her claws making a soft click click on the floor of the cave she dwelt in. Kuro couldn’t read the demon’s mood so she just stayed on the bed watching her through narrowed emerald eyes.

“I need to leave for a few days. There are, a group of people who have my allegiance and they wish for me to do something. Please try not to burn down the cave while I’m away my foxy pet..”

Kuro nodded and Ishkari leant over, her lips pressing against the fox’s. her hands were hard, firm, relenting as they kneaded Kuro’s breasts, teasing the nipples into erect perky peeks. Kuro panted, her hands rubbing at the stronger demon, feeling her muscles tense and relax as she growled. She quickly found herself bond to the bed with ribbons of fire that seared her skin as another tongue of fire lapt between her legs. Kuro grinned to herself, she was truly masochistic sometimes. But she didn’t mind. She had come to like the pain and pleasure combined. She bucked against the restraints as Ishkari rubbed against her leg a low growl coming from her. It was over as soon as it had started, the flames were gone and Ishkari was trotting out the cave entrance. “Do what you want, just remember to come back in a few days. There are still things I have to teach you…”

Kuro sighed and stretched, she needed to find something to do to occupy herself for several days. It was too cold to swim, fire kitsune, and cold icy water never mixed. She could get wet no problem but it was the icy cold that got her, so ice water, ice, shards, wouldn’t kill her just make her body go into a sort of hibernation for a little bit. Sliding into a thick furr covered fur lined cloak Kuro explored the area around the cave where Ishkari dwelt. There was a pool that Ishkari had told her could reflect anything the viewer wished to see, but Kuro had no one she wished to see so she left it alone. She figured she could check up on some of her hiding places so that’s what she started to do. Countless jewels and blades and other tiny nicnacks hung around the realm. If she truly wanted to she could check them all in a day but she wanted to take her time, to remember. She had come to love the taste of blood, lust for it sometimes. Murdok had made her lap the blood from his victim’s wounds and she had grown fond of the taste. Now the scent drove her mad, so engrained to tasting it from such a young age it was a part of her. So anyone she stole from she eventually killed. Ishkari was the first to catch her and for that she knew she was outmatched in so many ways. She didn’t wish to fight the demon who could tear her scull in two with a claw, or drive the spines of her tail… well Kuro didn’t want to think about it… This demoness knew magic that no other demon did, the magic of sex and it was something Kuro wanted to know, it was all hot and fire like… It called to the flame inside her, and she wanted it… Stepping into a small clearing the kitsune wrapped her tails around herself and sighed. She really really didn’t like water, in the dead of winter, and what was all over the clearing? Wet, running, water. It was enough to make anyone crazy. The fact the clearing was flooded with water only meant one thing. One of Murdok's men had found her. Or at least, one of her hiding places. She backed into the trees and into a low branch, from the smell of the air, no one had been here for several months. Was it time she move on from Ishkari, that was something she needed to consider strongly… Kuro spent the next few days checking her various hiding places and found the majority of them to be intact and free from Murdok’s tainted energy. The rest of the time she spent honing the skills Ishkari had been teaching her. Balls of fire formed in her paws that could be flung at enemies, a full body cloak of flames that can then be charged at someone. Her tails flaring into flaming streaming ribbons of flame that could shred someone in half. Kuro spent the hours around nightfall trying to tap into the darker side of her heritage. And she managed it to an extent, Bolts of shadow lightning arcing from her, the ability to shadow walk from place to place. She could even make herself blend in to the shadows for a time, so all anyone could see is a flitting blur though that only worked at night, or in dense forest.

Ishkari returned and in her claws rest a book written in some language Kuro couldn’t decipher. She perched on a low stone ledge as the demoness flicked through pages her tail lashing, as more pages turned Kuro twitched, her curiosity getting the better of her but she stayed where she was. Ishkari glanced up flinging the book into a corner as she gestured for Kuro to join her. “Come, I’ve showed you how to steal souls. Now let’s see how you do. There is a demon not far from here, terrorizing a village of humans. You must not be seen by any of them, but I want his soul.”

Nodding Kuro vanished in a swirl of blackness. She had heard of the same demon, a stupid mindless, thing that ate kids for lunch. Kuro was no fool. She knew that this wouldn’t be easy, then again, she always found the thrill of the hunt easy even if it really wasn’t. Landing in a tree outside of the village Kuro let her senses drift, there was nothing she could see, but the stench of demon was in the air. Along with the scent of blood. She felt the hair on her body stand on end and she closed her eyes pushing the bloodlust back down. She didn’t hear anything either, as if the village was under some sort of thick blanket. Magic was a complex thing, and She reopened her eyes catching a glimpse of something leaping over the roofs of houses. Her sharp eyes narrowed in on the creature, “Just what I was looking for. Play time… come here big boy.”

The creature streaked from roof to roof unaware that it was being followed. The hunter, had now become the hunted. Kuro leapt, digging razor sharp claws into the scruff of it’s neck before the two vanished in a flash of flame. The two landed in a clearing and the creature bucked trying to throw Kuro off of it. Releasing her claws she spun and landed in front of it her eyes glowing softly. “TSK TSK TSK, I hate demons like you, eating children.”

The demon didn’t reply just lunged for her. Holding out a paw the demon froze in mid air it’s limbs jerking slightly. Slamming her paw into it’s chest Kuro let her claws pierce the demon’s thick leathery hide. It’s eyes glared and a faint red haze showed in his gaze. Kuro’s paw glowed a light almost silver gray before she pulled it back and the demon crumpled to the ground silently. Turning her paw up there was a faint shimmery silver ball in her hand, closing her fist around it lightly the silvery mist became encased in a simple crystal ball that was then tucked into a pocket. She waved a paw transporting the demon’s body to Ishkari’s cave before returning there herself.

“You sent me it’s body… but where’s it’s…”

Kuro cut the other woman off by handing her a small glass ball.

“Not much of a soul if you ask me. It was one of the mindless idiots.”

Ishkari smiled and vanished both ball and body to where, Kuro didn’t know. Pulling the fox into her arms she muttered, “I think it’s time for you to move on Kuro. You’ve learned all I can teach you, for now. But first…”

Ishkari pulled the fox tight against her and into a long heated kiss. Kuro was then pressed against the wall as Ishkari purred don’t, move. I’ve wanted to do this to you for a while. She pressed Kuro’s wrists above her head as a clawed hand slid between the fox’s legs. Kuro shuttered and Ishkari just held her softly stroking her back, “You know I’m gona miss having you around, but I’ve got people who need me, and You need to move on. But I do have something for you.”

Ishkari and Kuro headed into the back of the cave and Ishkari pulled two leather sheathed swords from a wall, they were plain, but swords didn’t need all the fancy decoration anyway, they were both a gleaming black obsidian wicked sharp. Kuro purred and slung the two swords across her back. The two demons gazed at each other for a moment more before Kuro vanished in a flash of flames… They both knew they’d meet again, but it was time for the kitsune to move on.

Chapter eleven:

Kuro groaned, Her head felt stuffed full of stuff, of dreams, and she didn’t know what was up with these dreams. She had too much other stuff to worry about, about killing Murdok, about Kuria who wouldn’t quit, and now she was getting demented dreams? She didn’t need this, any of this… Placing a quick kiss on roses sleeping form Kuro leapt through the open window and into the woods. She needed to get away to clear her head, needed to understand why she felt like the world was falling around her fluffy ears. Kuro came to a stop on a rock that jutted out over a crystal clear lake that reflected the sun into a giant golden disk rippling in the wind. Sighing she slipped out of her clothing, there was no one around for miles upon miles and the sun felt good on her fur. She had too much to do. She felt like everyone was expecting a lot from her. Or was that the dreams talking. She snarled loudly dreams were just that, dreams. Kuro sighed and rolled over letting her head hang over the rock, sighing at the warmth of the sun on her bare breasts. She sat up after a minute and gazed out at the Moreland across the lake. She knew Murdok was out there but where? She sighed and idly ran a foot through the cool water. She never wanted rose to get hurt by him, but he had found them, and she had no clue how. Ayara silently landed next to her Kuro didn’t know why, but she felt a kinship with the warrior fox. There was something… about the golden one.

“How did you know I was here?”

“I often walk this lake in the morning, or when feeling troubled. I saw you sunbathing earlier so figured I’d come say hello. You seem troubled Kuro.”

“I just feel. Like… I’m putting everyone in danger. I don’t want rose hurt, her parents hurt, I don’t want any other kitsune’s hurt… but if Murdok finds me again… when he finds me. He’s found me once before. And it was rose who saved both of us last time.”

Kuro gazed into the pond, her eyes glazing over as memories assaulted her. The ripples and shimmers in the water warped till Kuro found herself in another memory.

Kuro and rose were running through a wooded area their breaths coming in pants as hounds snapped at their heels. The two frantic kitsunes leaped into the trees trying to gain a little distance on the demons chasing them, but they had already been running for hours upon hours with no break, these demons had endless energy and there were too many to kill. Rose fell with a silent scream and Kuro cursed. She landed next to her fallen mate and her swords were in her hands, 2 gleaming black, things coated in the blood of countless demons. Her flames blazed shielding rose and demons fell in bloody messes. Her body trembled as a few of the demon’s got past her guard and left bloody gashes over her legs. Her arms felt weak and before she knew it the blades were flung from her and she landed crumpled in a heap. One of roses hands reached for her and Kuro clutched it, Roses eyes frightened and yet when their eyes met Kuro saw a blaze of something in the other’s blue gaze. Lightning crashed around them and demons burned in screaming balls of death. But something was building behind the falling demons, something angry and amused. Kuro felt herself lifted up by the throat and gazing into a pair of glowing silver eyes, She snarled and the creature laughed.

“Now now Kuro, that any way to treat your former master? But what’s this? You have a mate?”

Kuro’s eyes blazed but Murdok just laughed as a soft whimper came from beside her. Turning her head slightly Kuro felt her blood turn to ice. The gerk had a hand around her mate’s neck. He had his hands on her, mate… Kuro thrashed and the hand around her throat tightened. Murdok laughed, a cruel mocking laugh and the shadows coiled around him like a cloak. The three were gone in a wash of shadows and Kuro fell into blackness.

Kuro awoke in a black room, no sight no sound, just cold bone chilling cold. She blinked hard, no there was a little light from a single candle in one of the corners. She twitched and felt heavy iron shackles around her wrists and ankles and around her neck. She knew she was in deep dog shit, and as she turned her head slightly her eyes caught a glimpse of a still form laying on the floor. Roses body was covered in bruises her cream and silver fur stained crimson. Roses eyes were thin blue slits as she lifted her head gazing up at her. “I’m sorry love. You told me, and I never knew, never believed, never wanted to.”

Kuro shook her head then regretted that as the room spun, “No. no one could believe this. Ishkari didn’t believe this. Murdok can’t be believed unless you experience it… the mind just refuses to comprehend what he can do, did do, what he does…”

Kuro glanced up as the door opened and a shadow like wraith clicked a pair of claws and the chains holding Kuro opened. She fell to the ground and Lunged towards the creature, receiving a heavy boot to the stomach.

“I wouldn’t try that again fox. The master wouldn’t be too happy if either of you were to die… though self defense I could kill you…”

Rose pushed herself to her knees a soft snarl coming from her, “You’d lie?”

“oh no. I’m pretty sure if provoked your mate would be good enough.”

Kuro felt roses hand slid into her own as the creature turned and shut the door snickering all the while. Kuro slumped to the ground and gently passed a hand over rose’s body trying to heal what damage she could.

“I’m so sorry love. I should never of went we never should of went back to the cave. But we didn’t know they’d backtrack… there was no way to know.”

Rose just sighed Kuro pulled the older kitsune into her arms. Kuro knew things looked bad. Rose was kitsune yes, but she hadn’t come into her full lightning blasting powers. She was close but not there. Murdok knew Kuro. Knew how she fought, knew how to hurt her. But sweet goddess she wasn’t gona let him hurt Rose. Not, her, rose, her mate, her soul mate…

Several hours later the door opened and a lance of pain jolted Kuro out of a dreamless sleep. She felt something wet on her back and she clenched her teeth. She didn’t budge, trying to keep her body still, That was till she heard a Yelp and soft whimper coming from Rose. She opened her eyes to find 2 of Murdok’s shadowy wrath’s pinning rose to the wall and Murdok’s crimson eyes leering at the softly whimpering kitsune.

“well now. you’re a pretty little thing…”

He took a step towards her and Kuro snarled, “Keep your fucking claws off of her.”

“Kuro, Kuro Kuro, Kuro. It seems, you do, have, a weakness.” Murdok turned to the two wraths keep her there. I’m not done nowhere near done with the sexy herm…”

Kuro’s body arched as her skin was nearly flayed off with one of Murdok’s blood whips, her blood was oozing out of small lashes covering her body as Murdok grinned dark fangs glinting and bought his spiky boots down on both of Kuro’s legs shattering them at the knees. Kuro Felt her Knees shatter and her palms took on a soft gray glow. Murdok sent a crackling ball of energy into her stomach and Kuro screamed. Her blood felt like it was on fire, and felt like there was ice flowing through her veins at the same time. Turning away from the sobbing fire kitsune he moved towards Rose again. Flames seared his back and Murdok turned, with a shriek of rage Kuro found herself slammed against the wall, thick bands of ice keeping her pressed there. Kuro could do nothing but watch as Murdok leaned towards her mate Rose for her part just glared as gashes appeared over her body, Murdok’s clawed hand slowly stroking the quivering kitsune.

“So. You’re the key to Kuro’s heart… I wonder what you scream like kitsune.”

Kuro saw his hand tighten around her mate and Rose’s eyes went cold, deathly, icy cold. There was something building in the air and Kuro couldn’t figure out what. The air in the damp cold cell felt heavy like it was filled with… Kuro cursed, and thought to herself, “Never ever piss off a kitsune’s mate it might be the last thing you ever do. But, will it be enough?”

The wraiths holding rose turned into oily smears on the ground as a beam of concentrated lightning burst from her. Bolts seemed to fill the entire room but Kuro didn’t feel them, the ice was making her body shut down and she thought she saw Murdok turning into some sort of shadowy creature and vanishing. Rose darted to where Kuro lay and pulled the freezing kitsune into her arms. In a flash of breeze the two were gone and the house went up in a blaze of smoke and fire and lightning. Rose had tapped her full powers and They both knew there was no looking back for either of them. Kuro kept her eyes closed as she felt rose press a quivering paw to her head, protecting her from the stinging wind. Landing several dozen miles away Kuro glanced up at Rose, only to see tear tracks making her way down her mate’s cheeks. Kuro knew what the problem was. Rose hated anyone touching her, where no one but her mate should touch. Though sleep called her, She pulled the other into her arms kissing over her face and lips gently. When their eyes met Kuro breathed a sigh of relief, Rose’s eyes though shadowed, still healed that fiery spark Rose would be alright. Kuro knew she’d be alright. Eventually…

Kuro shook her head trying to dispel the memory and felt Ayara’s hand on her shoulder, “You and your mate are strong, that would of broken lesser kitsunes most of the ones in this village for one. He hurt your bodies, but not your souls. You’re both strong.”

Ayara sighed again, Your dreams, put them out of your mind for now. Everything will work out as it should. Eventually.”

Kuro blinked and nodded She turned to say something to the golden fox, but she was gone. Kuro stood and vanished, appearing in Rose’s room to find her mate just waking up.

“Morning beautiful,”

Rose just smiled lightly and pressed a soft kiss to Kuro’s lips.

“Coffee, and lots of it… who ever decided to put two eight o’clock in the same day needs to have their limbs ripped off. Painfully…”

The two Kitsunes headed downstairs Kuro looking rather wide awake, Rose, looking, rather, grumpy. Glancing around the house Kuro realized that Iaki and Soshami weren’t in so she set about to making a simple fruit salad for the two. Kuro then glanced at Rose and a soft smirk graced her face.

“Rose. You, me, spar, now… it’s been a while.”

Roses tails twitched and her ears started to flick as she leapt over the table, Kuro ducking out of the way. The two darted to the kitchen door and out into the yard, neither landing blows of any kind on the other. Stopping in the middle of the yard the two elementals rocked back on their heels, bringing their paws together, their bodies becoming covered in a soft violet glow.

“Oh goodie. I can finally let my whip have some fun and not worry about hurting you ro.”

“You think your whip’s the only thing that’s gona be swinging this morning? You forget I have two blades that need a workout as well angel mine?”

The two foxes quickly lunged towards the other, before breaking apart and circling once more. Rose’s whip lashed through the air and Kuro spun away from it, batting the tip with the flat of one of her blades. Kuro dug the tips of her blades into the ground as Rose’s whip lashed a hairsbreadth away from her face. She used the twin swords as a volt spinning and catching the wind element on her upraised arm with one booted foot. Landing her two blades came up beating away the other fox’s own attack the two landing on their feet again both their tails lashing side to side. The two Lunged, spun, broke apart their weapons clashing, time and time again. Kuro smiled, Rose was equal to her in so many ways. They landed and the Glow around their bodies faded.

“There’s not much more I can teach you Rose. You can already match me move for move…”

Rose just grinned and slumped against the tree. Kuro smiled and headed inside to get them both something to drink.

Chapter twelve::

It had been several weeks, several sparring matches and a good bit of hilarity later when Kuro and Rose had decided to take a walk in the forest behind the house Iaki was in the middle of cooking their evening meal and Soshami was busy trying to distract her. Blowing up the kettle in the process. The two kitsunes headed out of the house and wandered down through the village, Glancing at several venders along the way. They made their way into the forest, leaving the sights and sounds of the village behind. The trees stretched high overhead, big, thick trunked monsters, with graying moss covered bark, and dead leaves drifting in every little breeze. Kuro wrapped an arm around Rose’s shoulders and Rose leant against her comforting warm body. The two didn’t speak, just wondered around, no set path in mind just two curious souls strolling as the night got progressively darker and stars littered the dusky black sky. The two kitsunes turned to head back to the house when they heard a high pitched squealing coming from a bit farther along the path.

Kuro and Rose turned and bolted, their tails streaming out behind them towards the squealing noise, Kuro’s swords quickly in her hands while Rose leapt into a tree to scout around. The two entered a small cops of rosemary bushes and Kuro stopped dead. Her ears pressed flat to her head and a soft growl came from her throat. In a glinting pool of blood rest what looked like a ball of fur. The color was hard to tell with all the blood and. It was crying pitifully and Rose slid off the tree to go and see what she could do to heal it.

Breathing deeply Kuro caught a scent, an all too familiar scent. It smelled like blood mixed with the tang of fear, and the smell of raw, tainted masculine power. She hissed her tails flaring as Rose stepped closer to her, the furball, now sleeping tucked against her. Glancing at Kuro Rose sighed.

“Why, would someone attack something so innocent as a furball? They’re innocent.”

Watching Kuro Roses hair stood on end and her tails started twitching, “Ro? Kuro? Angel?”

Kuro heard Roses whispered words but didn’t respond in any way. Her eyes were too busy scanning the trees. Something was here, something or someone and she was gona find out what, or who and where they were and she was gona rip them limb from stupid idiotic limb. Things weren’t gona end like this, not now, not again. She wouldn’t be his. She can’t be. Her vision blurred and Kuro’s mind was filled with a red haze, a red haze and a loud, primal snarling growl. She didn’t realize that the growl was coming from her own throat. A slight sting bought Kuro back to full awareness and She blinked to see the furball running into the woods and roses claws were lightly biting into her shoulders. A low growl came from her mates throat and her eyes were angry. Kuro gazed back, her own eyes reflecting confusion, not knowing why her mate was angry with her.

“Don’t you fucking leave me Kuro just don’t you fucking do it. I’m yours, now and forever and no stupid self bastardizing control freak is gona make me leave you.”

Kuro blinked, and blinked again. She just nodded and placed her paws over Roses, sending themselves spiraling into heated flames back to the house and away from that death scented clearing. Kuro gazed at Rose and sighed, “I need to go see Ishkari. You can come with.”

Rose just clung tightly to the shorter kitsune and the two were gone again. Reappearing in a rocky field The two picked their way through outcroppings of rocks till they came to a cave hidden in a small stand of trees. Too shaken to think clearly Kuro sent a blast of fire into the cave, a blast that was quickly rebounded back to her followed by a semi annoyed demoness.

“Kuro! You stupid idiot girl. Do you know what…”

Ishkari stopped mid rant and blinked at the cold anger she could see in the fire kitsune’s eyes. The softly spoken words however were in direct opposite to what Ishkari had expected.

“He’s here. You owe me a favor and I’m calling in that favor now. I want one of your feathers Ishkari and a promise he will not live once I set out to kill him. You’ll get his soul. But I want your word that he will not come back. At all.”

Ishkari just blinked down at Kuro as rose leant against a bolder.

“Very well. One feather. You need me. Burn the feather. I will come. But. Are you sure you want to do this Kuro. Everything has a price.”

Rose finally spoke, “My mate deserves her freedom she does not deserve to be haunted and hunted like some… animal.”

Ishkari gazed at Rose, her eyes revealing nothing and nodded slowly, “Very well.”

A small blood red feather fell into Kuro’s hand and she carefully tucked it into a pocket of her robe. Only after the feather was tucked away did Ishkari’s eyes change from a calm cool orange to being filled with, something akin to worry.

“Mind telling me what’s going on?”

“He’s found me. Found where I currently call home, he threatens me, my mate, my, family.” Even to her own ears Kuro thought her voice was on the edge of hysterics. Why was she not hysterical? She turned and glanced at rose who hadn’t spoken much in the past few hours. Oh right. That’s right. Rose… She couldn’t afford to indulge in hysterics now not when she had something to live for. Bidding the demon of torment farewell Rose and Kuro slowly trudged back home. Neither spoke much, They didn’t speak at all. There was nothing to say, nothing they needed to say. All their feelings were conveyed in the simple touches, the brief brush of a hand against a shoulder, or a soft understanding smile at random times. The two kitsunes entered the front yard of Iaki’s home when Rose fell to her knees, her teeth gritted in pain. A strong telepathic presence filled the air, and Rose slumped against Kuro who quickly caught her. A low menacing voice filled Kuro’s head and she hissed.

“You’re mine, now. I made you mine once, and I will make you mine again. You ran from me for 10 years. But that ends tonight. Your running is at an end. Say your good byes Kuro because in twelve hours. You will be mine. Your soul, your power, your body will be mine and I will kill all who stand in my way…”

Chapter thirteen

Kuro gently brushed Roses hair out of her face as she crouched next to her. Holding one of roses hands in a death grip, her fur was standing on end. Rose cracked open one eye then the other followed a few seconds later. Roses eyes now reflected the same sort of sick fear Kuro herself felt. Was she scared? Of course she was.

“Tonight ro. It’s tonight… He’s…”

Kuro just nodded and pulled Rose into her arms. Rose buried her head against Kuro’s chest murmuring words too soft for the flame kitsune to pick up. Kuro knew what Rose’s biggest fear was, she didn’t want her mate anywhere near the fight she knew was to come, but… she knew that she couldn’t fight alone, She didn’t want to lose Rose. She couldn’t, but Kuro knew, Rose didn’t want to lose her either…

Gently tilting Roses face up Kuro gently wiped the tears from her face, “I’ve been preparing for this for a long time Rose. I know a way his soul will never be able to come back and hurt anyone ever again. Ishkari owes me a favor… I know better than to tell you not to fight with me. Hell I want you by my side angel. I don’t want to face him alone even if I have to be the one to strike the killing blow.”

“You’re strong Kuro, you’re stronger then my parents, you’re stronger then me. But you’re right, there’s no way in hell I’d let you do this alone. We’re mates for life. However long or short it is… we’ll either both survive this or die. But one thing I ask… we survive this. I want us to take vows, in front of everyone. I want people to know without a doubt we’re soul bound.”

Kuro just smiled and pulled the other into a kiss. It was a kiss of longing, of promises, and neither dare think what else the kiss was. Neither of them wanted to think that it was a kiss good bye. Rose gently pulled away from Kuro before standing up and pulling the other to her feet. They headed into the house and Rose pulled Iaki and Soshami aside talking to them in low tones.

Kuro glanced at the three before absently wandering through the place she had come to know as home over the past 2 months. She lightly brushed her fingers over furniture and over tables as she wandered around, her thoughts turning down a darker path, one she wasn’t too fond of…

“Can I do this, he’s strong, it’s. I, don’t know if I… I’ve got people who care about me, but, how much of that is for me? How much of that is for who I can be? She found herself gazing out at the lake her hands clenched on the rail of the porch. Her mind flashed to something that Ayara had said that day by the lake, “You are far stronger with your mate by your side then you are alone. The strength of love, is far stronger then the power of fear.”

Kuro pulled a small flame red feather out of her pocket and sighed. She shook hard and placed the Ishkari feather back in her robe.

“If it takes everything I know, everything I am, I’ll have my freedom.”

A pair of strong arms wrapped around her from behind and Kuro leant back resting against Rose’s chest. The two just stood there, just holding each other. Kuro didn’t even notice Soshami and Iaki on either side of her as she tracked the seemingly rapid sinking of the sun. How had he found her. Why did he attack something so innocent as a ball of fur? Had it truly only been 24 hours ago that she had found the injured furball on a walk? Had it only been 24 hours ago that her and rose stood in this same place whips and blades flying? The answer was yes. Kuro’s fur crackled as an icy wind began to blow and she stepped out of the strong embrace of her mate and turned to face her as well as the two who she come to care about as her own parents. Her voice was level as she sighed. “I love you all. And I know you’ll be fighting alongside me. But. I, can’t thank you enough…”

There was nothing else she could say, nothing more that could be said. Kuro turned and vaulted into the howling deadly night. He was searching for her, and she knew it. She was going to find him and he knew that. Murdok was always going to be able to call her, had always called her, and she had always ignored it, had always ran from the insistent tugging in her mind. Had always ran, until now. Now she followed it, followed it till she found herself in a clearing facing him, facing the tormenter of her dreams and her waking moments. Murdok hadn’t changed much since Rose and Kuro had escaped from him. His eyes were still as cold as ever and his lips still curved in a wicked mocking smile.

“Come here pet.”

Kuro just stood there, several of her tails swishing behind her. Murdok’s eyes narrowed.

“You, dare, ignore an order from your master?”

Kuro just kept standing there, her face a blank unreadable mask. She wasn’t going to be the one to make the first move. She knew also that the longer she stalled would mean the more time she had for rose and her parents to catch up to her. A slight stinging lash appeared on her ear and she had to bite back a hiss, made all the more difficult due to the icy approaching winter wind. Murdok stepped closer to her his eyes glowing softly, “You serve me. Now obey me and come, here.”

Sensing the other 3 presences behind her Kuro finally spoke to distract Murdok from them. “If I serve you. Then where is the mark of my master. All that marks me is the mark, of, my, mate. And not one as loathed as you.”

She felt the blood run down her face as a glowing crimson lance of power struck her full on across the cheek. At the same time Murdok struck her a glowing blue battleaxe flew towards him distracting him… the fight was on now and when the dawn came she would be free, but, at what cost?

Kuro lunged, both her swords slicing into Murdok’s back, with a roar of rage he spun, sending her flying. Flipping in mid air Kuro landed on the ground, her tails a blaze and flames licking over the blades of her swords.

“I’m not yours, never will be again. You may of owned me once but that’s because I was too young to fight back. You’ll have to kill me because I will never serve you again.”

Murdok smiled almost as if he expected as much. Kuro leapt out of the way of a blazing lance of energy that just clipped her side. She felt the energy scrape bone and she went down, hard. Rolling onto her back she blinked hard to blink the blood out of her eyes and through the streams of blood She saw Murdok twist away from a snapping roaring plant of some sort. Trying to push herself to her feet Kuro fell back as a heavy boot sent her sprawling again. She closed her eyes expecting to land, winded but something had a hold of her. A hiss of pain escaped her as she cracked open one eye to see Rose, one paw glowing a pale blue resting against her. Kuro smiled weakly at her mate and tried to move.

“Stay still, I’m not done yet,” Heat flowed from rose’s hand and the pain slowly started to fade. The two glanced up as Murdok loomed over them a crackling ball of energy held in both his hands.

In the next instant two figures leapt for him from either side and the balls dissipated as they were all blown back in a massive explosion. Pulling rose behind her Kuro Plucked the feather out of her robe pocket and quickly turned it to ash. She didn’t want to look at the clearing because some instinct some gut feeling told her what had just happened. The soft whimpering from rose told her that her mate knew it as clear as she did.

“Mama? P p papa?” Rose’s voice didn’t sound like a strong fighter it sounded like a child crying for its parents.

Knowing they didn’t have much time Kuro cupped Rose’s face in her hands and made the taller kitsune look at her, “He will pay but I need your help to make him pay. Hold on to me rose. Just hold on for a little longer.”

Rose wrapped her arms around Kuro’s waist and Kuro’s eyes glowed a deep deathly silver. Murdok was pushing himself up and Kuro’s gaze met his. The air was filled with the sounds of shrieks and snarls and a loud strange shrieking. The ground started to shake and Murdok lost his footing. Lightning flashed across the sky and from within the purplish gray storm clouds fell a demon, it’s wings were spread, the spikes on its tail were a sharp glistening silver. Turning orange eyes onto the two still standing kitsunes Kuro knew this wasn’t her teacher, nor her friend this was Ishkari in all her soul ripping eating glory. There was a reason she was the demon of torment. Rose’s strength started to give and she fell to the ground barely conscious. A slight wind whipped around pulling the too, still, bodies of roses parents to rest next to her. Kuro didn’t look at them. She knew if she looked at them she’d ball like a child, and right now she had a job to do.

Murdok dove for her once more and Kuro met him lunge for lunge. She didn’t want his blood on her blades she wanted his blood on her hands in her fur. Wanted to feel bones shatter and watch as the life left his eyes. One of her fists crackled with a gray flaming energy and with a loud cry she slammed it right into Murdok’s chest. His hands scrabbled at her back, but against an enraged kitsune, he had no hope. One mighty yank and in her hand she held the man’s still beating heart. There was a deep rattling breath of air from somewhere and a ghostly gray form flew from Murdok’s body. Kuro didn’t have to turn to see what Ishkari was doing. She turned and still holding the bloody piece of flesh in her hand she closed her fist around it, crushing the organ into a bloody mess. Lightning still flew across the sky and spiraled down, shooting through the limp body of Murdok and Kuro glanced back to find Rose standing there alongside her. Bolts of lightning filled the clearing, turning everything in it to ash except the two tortured souls standing, surrounded by a sea of blood and death and pain. A flash of wings and Ishkari was gone. A moment later the lightning stopped and the storm clouds moved away. Kuro and rose both turned to watch the slowly lightening sky, neither saying anything. They had their freedom. But a high price. As the sun appeared on the horizon The two both thought they saw 2 multi tailed foxes streaking off into the clouds. And a soft feminine voice seemed to whisper on the wind, “There is no greater honor then to give up your life to save the ones you love. Live, love, be happy. We died the way we wanted to go, protecting you both.”

Kuro and rose glanced at each other and slowly trudged out of the clearing. They both knew they had their entire lives ahead of them and knew somehow they’d make their lives worth something. Ishkari was right. Everything has a price, but for freedom Kuro knew that rose’s parents would of not wanted it any other way. With rose by her side, Kuro walked away from her past, into the rising sun, into a far brighter future.