



~Prologue~

By Dan Adler Reitz

~An Early Morning in April~

The sound of a ship in the distance echoed throughout the area.

The seagulls screamed far above in the sky, as if they knew what had happened less than an hour earlier and tried to alert the cops all by themselves.

Shinji cursed those damned birds to hell as his head was already suffering enough without their constant screaming.

The cause of the suffering was simple. Less than an hour earlier, Shinji and some other people from the gang had been in a fight with a group of outsiders.

Of course, his team had been winning, they always did, but at some point, things went wrong, and that resulted in a 3 inch long cut right across his right eye, from the brow to the cheek.

The cut was not deep as far as he could tell, but the fact that it was a head wound, made it bleed profoundly and in a steady stream.

Shinji didn't know just how much blood he had lost, but since he felt like passing out any second, then it could be more severe than he had originally thought.

Blinded on one eye due to the wound, and a dreadful headache made him nearly unable to see with the other due to the pain.

How he had managed to get here was unknown to him. After he had been cut, he blacked out. The next thing he knew, then everyone was gone, and the sound of sirens faded into the distance.

And now, here he was, walking somewhere around the city's harbor district, bleeding, staggering and cold as hell.

Shinji cursed his luck. Why did he always get into these kind of situations? It was not the first time someone had pulled out of a knife during the gang fighting, but it had been the first time he had been hurt like this.

It was not like he could just go to a hospital. Not because he was afraid of the cops nor because he could not afford it. His family was loaded with money so that was not an issue.

No, it was due to the simple fact that his father would get very angry and yell and scream and whine once more.

Heh... Dad was maybe stretching it thought Shinji. The man who currently held that title was in fact his step father, and a cruel bastard on top of that. All that man cared about was money and profit.

That man didn't even care about his own daughter's death, so sure as hell he didn't care about Shinji, or his younger sister, only cold, hard, cash.

Shinji lost his balance as he stumbled into a trashcan and fell to the ground. His legs would no longer obey him. Instead, Shinji simply sat up, and leaned against the wall.

Maybe it would be easier if he just died here instead. Shinji could not help but smile at the idiotic thought he had just had. It would not be fair if he died, after all his little sister would beat him to death if he did, so that was not an option.

Sill, Shinji no longer had the strength to even stay awake anymore, or at least he felt like that.

Shinji slowly raised his head and looked around. Apparently he was at the edge of the alley. He could see a few people walk back and forth a few meters away. He was sure they had seen him, but had quickly looked away in disgust.

It was not that they didn't care, but more due to the fact that helping people in need was not something they did. Too much of a hassle.

Hell! even if he asked for help then he was sure no one would help him. Instead he simply leaned his head against the wall, and closed his one good eye. He could no longer feel anything in the right side of his head, not even the hand he had used to stop the bleeding could be felt anymore.

Screw them all! thought Shinji and smiled to himself. If he died here and now he was sure that those people who had just ignored him would feel sorry.

Shinji could feel the sunlight heat up his body, or at least the parts he could still feel. It was a nice heat, and his long hair slowly moved in the breeze. It was a nice spring this year. Not a lot of rain, which he really hated.

Suddenly he felt the sunlight disappearing, and it became colder and colder. Was this the end already? Maybe it was.

So be it, thought Shinji and smiled. At least he could die with a smile on his face and that thought gave him warmth.

"What are you sitting there for?" Asked a female voice all of a sudden. It was a warm and friendly voice, like that of an angel.

Shinji looked up, but was blinded by the sunlight, but he could see a girl standing a few feet away. He could only summarize that she was young, maybe around his own age. Shinji just closed his eye again. It didn't matter.

"I'm bleeding to death... What else?" Mumbled Shinji.

"What a silly thing to do... Why don't you go to a hospital instead?" Asked the girl kindly.

"Oh right! Let me just mount my steed and ride into the sunset." Replied Shinji, and turned his head away.

Just leave me here, alone, like everyone else does. Who needed the sympathy of others, when one had already resigned himself to his fate. Nothing happened next, except the sound of footsteps fading into the distance.

Did the girl really leave? Why did she even try to help? Or was she just curious? Stupid woman... Stupid world!

Shinji suddenly felt something cold and wet being pressed against his face. He let out a sound of pain.

"Oh hush you baby! It's just water." said the same female voice from before.

What was going on? Shinji felt very confused, and grabbed the girl's hand. He could feel that she was surprised over his sudden move.

"Why did you come back?" Mumbled Shinji.

"I can't just leave you here, or do you want me to leave?" Asked the girl, again with the kind voice.

"Do whatever you want." Said Shinji let go of the girl's hand.

He was not sure for how long she had been sitting there, but suddenly she stopped washing his face.

"That is all I can do... You need a doctor to look at that soon, or you may die." Said the girl.

"I don't got a clue where the nearest hospital is... Hell I don't even know where I am." Said Shinji and sighed.

A strange feeling spread across his chest and made him look up at the girl. All he saw was that she held out her hand towards him, her long hair blowing in the wind.

"Shall we go find one then?" Asked the girl and smiled.

As Shinji took her hand in his, he felt a level of warmth and kindness he had not felt in years, and a weird feeling in his chest, which just kept getting stronger and stronger. Shinji could not help but smile. This must be what it felt like to be touched by an angel.

The girl helped Shinji on his feet. He nearly lost his balance due to the sudden movement.

"Easy now, you already lost a lot of blood. Here, hold this against the wound." Said the girl and handed him a piece of cloth.

"I can't move my right around." Said Shinji and lowered his head, as if ashamed.

"Hold it against the wound for a second then." Said the girl.

Shortly after, Shinji could feel the girl tie something around his head.

"There, it may be primitive but it should hold for now." Said the girl.

"Not to be rude but... I can't see anything at all..." said Shinji and once again, he nearly lost his balance.

Much to his surprise, the girl stood in front of him, and grabbed him. The distinctive scent of a woman reached his nose.

"Easy. Let me help you." Said the girl, and put his around her own neck, and her own arm around his back.

"Thanks..." Mumbled Shinji, and together they walked in complete silence.

Shinji was not sure for how long they had been walking, but he felt like he could go on forever as long as this girl would help him. What a strange feeling, not like those you get from family or friends. Not even the thrill of the gang fights could measure up to this.

The girl's scent made him feel alive somehow. Shinji could not help but laugh over this silly notion.

"What's so funny?" Asked the girl a bit surprised.

"Oh... Just this entire situation." Replied Shinji.

"Well, just what did happen to you?" Asked the girl next.

"Me and the gang had an issue with someone from out of town. Things got messy and I got cut. But at least we won." Explained Shinji.

"And is that good?" Asked the girl, while sounding a bit confused.

"Of course it is. They tried to invade our turf so we had to do something." Replied Shinji with a firm voice.

"So what? I can't understand how people can thrive on conflict." Mumbled the girl.

"My entire life is a conflict... My step dad is a bastard, my grandfather is stubborn as hell, my mom... They don't care about me at all." Said Shinji.

"Hmm... Weird..." Mumbled the girl next.

Weird? Shinji could not see how it was weird at all. Struggle was all he had ever known.

"The weak lose, the strong prevail. Simple as that." Said Shinji.

"Are you strong then?" Asked the girl.

"Yes, You could say that." Said Shinji, with a proud voice.

"And your gang won the fight?" Asked the girl next.

"OF cause, we always win." Replied Shinji.

"Then how come you ended up like this, bleeding and all alone? What is it that you want to achieve with your strength? And at what cost to yourself and others?" Asked the girl next.

Shinji stopped walking. He had never thought about it like that. He didn't care about himself really, and as for the others... Some had the same belief as he did, in fact all the others felt exactly like him. Their ideals were superior to others, of that he was sure but... By any means necessary?

"What's wrong?" Asked the girl a bit concerned.

"What would you do in my stead? I have certain goals I want to achieve doing what I do." Replied Shinji.

"Well... I can't really answer that... I doubt anyone truly can." Replied the girl.

"Good answer." Mumbled Shinji, and began walking again.

"However, I think I would try and see how my actions affect the people who cared about me, before I went too far." Said the girl next.

"Weirdo..." Said Shinji and laughed, despite the headache.

"Hey watch it! You are in the care of this weirdo... Maybe I should throw you in the harbor instead?" Asked the girl with a cold voice, but clearly she was not serious.

"Okay! I get it... You do have a point with what you are saying but... I think it is too late for me to change my ways." Replied Shinji.

"It's never too late. You can still achieve your goals by other means than violence. All you got to do is change your priorities slightly. Violence should be the last option, be it a gang fight or a war. Of course you can always use force if you need to defend yourself or other people. Just don't go overboard." Said the girl.

"Heh... As I just said... Weirdo." Said Shinji and smiled.

"Hmpf! You're not cute at all with that attitude! Even though I'd say you are semi-good looking, ignored the blood and such." Said the girl.

"Semi? What the hell..." Began Shinji, but the girl interrupted him.

"We are here! Hold on here, I will get a doctor." Said the girl, and put Shinji down on a bench.

"Wait a minute!" Said Shinji and grabbed her hand.

"What?" Asked the girl confused.

"What is your name? I want to repay your kindness." Replied Shinji.

"I don't want money for helping you..." Said the girl.

"I know that already but..." Began Shinji, and ripped off his necklace.

"What's this?" Asked the girl.

"My insignia. If you ever need help with anything, call the number on the back and I will do whatever I can to return the favor." Explained Shinji.

"Is this... Some sort of gang insignia?" Asked the girl, while sounding a bit cautious.

"Kind of. The whole idea of our gang is to return what is given to us, be it good or bad. But don't use it unless you really need our help." Said Shinji.

"I can't accept this..." Mumbled the girl.

"It's not a present. I am letting you borrow that until I return the favor. I am going to need it back at some point." Said Shinji and smiled.

"You are a delinquent yet you have a code of honor? Now that is weird... Very well I'll keep it for now." Said the girl.

"Good..." Began Shinji, but the girl interrupted him once more.

"I still won't give you my name!" Said the girl and giggled.

"WHAT? How can I find you then?" Asked Shinji confused.

"Are you that desperate to return the favor? Very well... The clue is tied around your head... If you manage to find me, then I'll go on a date with you!" Said the girl and giggled again.

"How cruel..." Mumbled Shinji.

"Now, I got to go get that doctor, before you pass out for real." Said the girl and ran off.

Shinji could hear her walk inside a building and shortly after several other footsteps could be heard approach. She really had helped him out. He could not help but vow to himself that he would find that girl again, just as he finally lost consciousness.

Shinji opened his eyes, but found that he was unable to see anything. He quickly sat up, but became dizzy at the same moment.

"Young Master! You should not move just yet!" Said a familiar voice.

It belonged to Hayate Yokoyama, the senior man servant, working for Shinji's family. He was the closest to a father figure Shinji had ever had, even if Shinji had never told him so.

"What happened?" Asked Shinji confused.

"You were admitted to the hospital with severe head trauma. You lost a lot of blood." Replied Hayate

"Oh... Right..." Mumbled Shinji, who could vaguely remember something like that.

"You are lucky. Half an hour more and you would be dead. And you nearly lost your eyesight too." Said Hayate Next.

"What about..." Began Shinji, but was unable to continue.

"Don't worry. The wound will heal but you will receive a scar, that much is sure from what the doctor told me." Said Hayate next.

"Guess I deserve it." Said Shinji and leaned back in the bed, with a smile.

"Your mother sends her regards, and your father... Well, let's not go there." Said Hayate.

"I am sure he is busy as always." Mumbled Shinji.

"Well, since you are awake then..." Began Hayate when the door to the room suddenly opened up.

Shinji turned his head, at the sound of rapid footsteps, and before he could react someone jumped into his bed and grabbed him by the neck.

"Bastard! Idiot! Shrimp!" Yelled a young girl, with an angry voice.

"Oww! Aika that hurts!" Yelled Shinji.

"Shut up! You are in no position to yell! Stupid Fool! You could have died!" Yelled Aika next.

Shinji smiled, and put his hand on Rika's head. He could feel the short, soft hair of his little sister.

"I know... I am sorry..." Said Shinji and padded her head.

"If you ever do that again, I will kill you myself!" Grumbled Aika

"Right... I won't, I promise." Said Shinji.

"You better! Stupid brother!" Said Aika next.

The sound of a cane echoed suddenly into the room.

"Don't tell me..." Mumbled Shinji, and turned his head.

"I am afraid so. You're grandfather is here as well." Said Hayate, with a low voice.

"Crap..." Mumbled Shinji.

The sound of the cane stopped soon after. Shinji knew that his grandfather stood in the door.

"Let's go buy your brother some ice cream." Said Hayate and took Aika's hand.

"Yay! ice cream!" Yelled Aika. She was still young enough to be excited over something so simple, at least that was good.

Shinji could hear the door close behind them as they left. The sound of a chair being pulled out, reached Shinji's ears. He merely turned his head.

The old man, Nobu Fukujima, founder, CEO and director of Fukujima Industries could do this to people, merely by being in the same room. He had a certain charisma about him.

A few minuet's went by without either of them talking.

"I have something I have to do... But I need your help old man." Said Shinji.

"Then I will need something in return." Said Nobu-Jii, with the same cold voice as ever.

"I know... But it is rather complicated... I... I want to go to school..." Said Shinji next.

"Oh? And I do not even have to threaten you? That is indeed new." Mumbled Nobu-Jii.

"Not just any school... There is this girl..." Began Shinji, but Nobu-Jii interrupted him.

"DID YOU MAK HER PREGNANT?" Yelled the old man while clutching his cane.

"WHAT? No! I don't even know her name or what school she goes to but... I have to return a favor... She helped me..." Replied Shinji.

"My grandson, the might delinquent indebted to a girl? How... Odd that you would ever put yourself in that position." Said Nobu-Jii

"Whatever... Will you help me or not?" Asked Shinji.

"This is a might hard task you want to undertake. Do you have any clues as to where she might be?" Asked Nobu-Jii.

"Well, she said that the clue was around my head... She did bandage me up, but I am not sure what that mean."
Replied Shinji.

"Hmm... Very well. I will ask around the hospital. There may be someone who saw something. I will name my terms at a later date. For now you should focus on resting up." Said Nobu-Jii and got on his feet and walked towards the door.

At the same time Aika returned with a pair of ice cream.

"You leaving already Jii-San?" asked Aika.

"Yes. I have to go find a girl for your brother. Apparently, he did something to her." Replied Nobu-Jii.

"DON'T SAY MISLEADING THINGS LIKE THAT!" Yelled Shinji.

"A... A... A girl?" Mumbled Aika, and squeezed the ice creams in her hand so tightly that they broken into pieces.

"D-Don't listen to him! He is saying it wrong!" Yelled Shinji in his own defense.

Nobu-Jii closed the door just as Aika lost her temper.

"Pervert! Scumbag! Molester!" Yelled Aika.

Shinji screamed something but it faded away in the screams of pain.

"Ahh so good to be young." Said Nobu-Jii and smiled to himself and looked around.

"Ah! Nurse! May I have a moment?" Said Nobu-Jii and moved towards a nearby nurse who quickly got a panicked look on her face.

3 Months later, End of June.

Shinji looked at the sign above the gate, "Eden Private High School" was the name of the place. It was built 5 years ago, and served as one of the elite places where people sent their children to get a first rate education.

Both normal people and rich kids attended the school, which was possible because the owner did not run it for profit. It was some sort of charity act or some crap like that. Shinji sighed. It was typical that it was so simple.

"DAMN YOU OLD MAN!" Yelled Shinji out loud.

The owner of this school was his grandfather. That old fart must really have had a kick when he had found out, even more so over the terms he had later set in order to help Shinji.

"Having me attend this school until graduation... You bastard!" Said Shinji and cursed the old man to hell.

Oh well, thought Shinji. Better get started. He lighted up a smoke and walked inside. The plan was set. Find the girl, and thank her. She should be around the same age as him meaning he would have to start with the third-years and work his way down. It should not take long, but first then he had to enroll here.

The wind moved slowly across the vast campus. Even Shinji's long, silver colored hair moved in it, despite the large amounts of wax he had used to make it look good.

Shinji saw a pair of young girls sitting on a bench, talking lively to each other, however they stopped when they saw him. There were a few other students who quickly moved out of the way as he walked closer. Bloody cowards! Then again, Shinji was well aware of the effect he had on people.

That was the normal reaction he got, and the one he wanted. It was not often that someone of his caliber appeared around here. Especially not someone with a 3 inch scar across their right eye, and dressed ready for fight.

Having walked around for a while, Shinji could help but being impressed by this school. It was huge, and Shinji realized that he was lost, not that it mattered really. All he had to find the principal's office at some point during the day, so he might as well take a look at the school.

Shinji turned around a corner of one of the outlying buildings, next to the school stadium, when he felt a presence behind him. By instinct he turned around.

"What the hell do you dorks want?" Said Shinji, as he looked directly towards the three man team who stood before him.

"We were about to ask you the same thing!" Yelled one of them, a buy as big as a tree.

"What are you doing here?" Yelled one of the others, a short guy with a face like stone.

"We go to school here!" Said the third one, a nerd with thick glasses.

Shinji quickly looked at the uniform the three of them were wearing. The symbol of the school prefects were painted on their arm bands.

"Just great... Three morons already? And I have not even done anything yet." Said Shinji and smiled.

He knew these types of people. All they had were big words. he might as well scare them a bit, just for the fun of it.

"Who are you calling morons?" Yelled the log.

"Yea! Who are morons here?" Yelled rock face at the same time.

Clearly those two were the thugs of the outfit. Could easily be handled by a display of force. The third one, in the middle must be the brains.

"Smoking is not allowed in school! And you are also far too young to be doing it!" Said the four-eyes.

"Illegal for students of this school. But I have yet to sign up, so I am not bound by your rules yet, and even if I were then why should I follow them?" Said Shinji and blew smoke out of his mouth.

"Y-You dare to go against us? Do you know who we are?" Said four-eyes.

"The Three monkeys?" Said Shinji and smiled.

"H-How dare you! First you break school rules! Next you insult us? Who are you?" Said four-eyes next.

Shinji smiled broadly across his face, then he took of his jacket and threw it on the ground.

"I am your worst nightmare!" Said Shinji.

The monkey squad back down a bit over his reaction. Just a little more and they would ruin away, like their type always do.

"V-Violence is not a option here! We are against violence!" Said four-eyes.

"We are?" Asked the log a bit surprised.

"Since when?" Asked rock face at the same time. The two of them were perfectly in-sync.

"Well, I am not!" Said Shinji and cracked his knuckles.

"T-The gods will favor the righteous!" Yelled four-eyes.

Shinji laughed out loud. That was the silliest thing he had ever heard.

"The gods? Are you stupid or something? The gods no one!" Said Shinji and took at step forward.

"Divine intervention will happen!" Said four-eyes as he took a step backwards.

"Huh?" Said Shinji, and raised an eyebrow. These guys were beyond stupid.

"Y-Yes! Divine intervention will aid us!" Said for-eyes again.

"Well then let the heavens show their wrath against me! Yelled Shinji and laughed out loud.

Just then, water came from the sky and struck Shinji directly in the face.

"What the hell?" Yelled Shinji and look up at the sky, furious that someone had thrown water at him when a bucket struck him directly in the face knocking him on his ass.

"Ahh! The gods favor us today!" Said four-eyes and looked up the sky.

"Looks more like second floor to me..." Said log and scratched his head.

"Maybe third floor..." Mumbled Rock face.

"Shut the hell up and get this thing off me!" Yelled Shinji, who had the bucket stuck on his head, unable to maintain his balance.

As he moved around, he finally managed to get the bucket off, when he lost his balance and fell down the nearby stairs. The sound of metal and scream of pain and shock could be heard throughout the area.

Shinji rubbed his head. It hurt like hell! As he tried to get up, he felt something below his hand. It was big, soft and round, and it made moaning sounds.

Shinji looked down where his hand was at. He let out a scream when he saw that he was accidentally fondling a young woman's breast. She moaned a bit and then she opened her eyes.

"Ah! Sorry!" Said Shinji and quickly removed his hand and tried to get up, but slipped in the bucket and lost in balance and fell again. This time he buried his head in the woman's chest.

"M-Miss Kousaka?" Yelled someone.

The woman, a bit dazed still looked around. There were three students on the top of the stairs, members of the soccer team below the stairs and... Shinji slowly raised his head. The woman, suddenly realizing what was happening, let out a scream of fear.

"KYYAAAAHH! A PERVERT!" Yelled Miss Kousaka.

"Eh? What no..." Began Shinji, but before he could complete the sentence, the woman pushed him away from her.

Shinji staggered backwards, where he, with the bucket stuck on his foot, struck the railings and fell backwards.

"Wha...." Yelled Shinji as he flew through the air.

A mighty bang sounded when he landed head first, directly into a dumpster. As he looked up, he saw the woman was still screaming and pointing at him, surrounded by several male students. All he understood was the word Pervert and the fact that she was pointing at him.

The unified rage of the nearby male students lighted up the air.

"Oh Crap!" Said Shinji to himself, as he saw them. They ran down the stairs at a rapid speed. It would be useless to try and talk to them. There no other option other then retreat.

Shinji jumped out of the dumpster and landed on his feet. He looked down and saw that the bucket was still stuck on his foot. However now was not the time to worry about that, as an angry mob of twenty angry soccer guys were quickly approaching yelling things like Crush, Kill and Destroy.

"Screw this!" yelled Shinji and took off down the road.

Shortly after Shinji realized that they were gaining on him. They were trained runners, and he was handicapped with a bucket stuck on his foot. He could not out run them.

Shortly after a series of houses appeared. It must be club housing or something like that. Shinji immediately turned off the road and ran amongst the buildings. Somehow he managed to evade them as he ran inside a random building and closed the door behind him. He could hear them run past.

Shinji breath a sign of relief. He had bought a few minuet's. He saw down on the floor to catch his breath. He looked around the room. It was an old style building, much like a dojo or a shrine, not that it mattered.

Shinji tried to get the bucket of his foot, but it would not budge. There had to be something in here he could use to wedge his foot lose.

Shinji grabbed a nearby wooden stick and tried to get the bucket off. The sound of shattered glass and broken wood could be heard followed by a loud plop when the bucket finally came off. He threw the bucket away, cursing the damned thing.

"What is going on in here?" Yelled a female voice. Shinji turned around, and saw a girl, likely a student wearing a shrine-maiden outfit standing at the far end of the room.

The girl took a quick look at Shinji, then at the destruction he had caused.

"Y-You broke the vase of Megumi the Maiden...." Mumbled the girl.

"Eh? What vase?" Asked Shinji and looked around. She was right. The broken remains of a vase was laying on the ground.

"Y-you.... Demon..." Said the girl, and pulled out a wooden sword.

"Huh? What? Wait it was an accident!" Yelled Shinji.

"D-Demons must be destroyed..." Mumbled the girl and raised her sword, and then she charged at him.

"Crap!" yelled Shinji and jumped out of the way of the wooden blade, which with a single hit caused more destruction then he had done.

"Do not evade punishment!" Yelled the girl.

"The hell I will receive punishment breaking a stupid vase!" Yelled Shinji back.

"S-Stupid.... Vase?" Mumbled the girl next.

Shinji quickly realized that he had said something unneeded.

"T-that vase... Was over 1200 years old... And a holy relic of my family... First you break it... And then you call it s-stupid?" Mumbled the girl, who's knuckles turned pale with anger.

"Eh... Forgive... Me... Please?" Asked Shinji, as the panic spread across his face.

Just then the door opened up, and one of the soccer guys walked in.

"There he is! There is the molester!" Yelled the soccer player.

"Of fuck me!" Yelled Shinji.

The girl turned bright red with anger.

"Y-You are worse than a demon... You are.... You... Must.... Cease...To... Live..." Mumbled the girl.

"It's a misunderstanding!" Yelled Shinji.

"DIE!" Yelled the girl and jumped directly at him.

Shinji barely had time to grab anything to defend himself with. The hollow sound of the bucket being struck by the blade reached his ears.

In a split second he had managed to evade the strike, but it would not work a second time, he knew that by instinct.

"Later!" Yelled Shinji, and jumped out the window, with the bucket in his hand.

"Come back you coward! I, Nori Norihara shall kill you!" Yelled the girl out of the window.

"Rather run and live then stay here with a psychopath like you!" Yelled Shinji back.

The sound of foul language from the girl reach his ears once more, but it faded in the sound of angry soccer guys who was had now located him again.

Shinji looked backwards. It was insane. The mod of sport freaks had now been joined by a sword wielding psychopath. What had he done to deserve this? It was too much.

The chase continued throughout the school. No matter where he went, Shinji caused chaos. Broken ladders, stamped down flowers. The crowd just grew and grew as did his alleged crimes. Running through the girls dressing room, into the cooking department did not help either.

Molester, Flower Killer, Demon, vandal, and pervert were just some of the things they called him, which all faded amongst the things they yelled they would do to him. The more they screamed, the more he ran, and the more chaos ensured.

"WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH THIS SCHOOL!" Cried Shinji out loud, as a mob of a hundred people hunted him.

Finally Shinji ran inside a large building, with the crowd in tow, who were armed with clubs, swords, forks and various kind of kitchen appliances.

First, they all ran up the stairs, then down the stairs in the other end. Finally Shinji ran down a long corridor, bleeding, bruised, beaten and still holding a bucket firmly in his hand while screaming. The people in the hallway had no choice but to evade this running circus.

"Stay here you bastard!" Yelled a male voice behind him, but Shinji simply ignored him.

Suddenly, his leg struck by a cramp, and he lost his balance and fell to the ground.

"We have him now!" Yelled a male voice.

"No mercy" Yelled Another

Shinji cursed out loud and looked at the other end of the hallway where another crowd came running towards him. He was trapped. Both groups stopped a few meters away from him, clearly exhausted from the long chase.

"Finally! Kill him! Beat him to Death!" Were just some of the words which were shouted at him. Shinji just looked at both ends. There was no choice left but the fight. Something he had promised not to do unless in self defense.

Suddenly the door in front of him opened up, and a girl with short blond hair appeared. She looked first at the crowd on the left, then crowd on the right, then down at Shinji.

"AH! Bucket-San!" Yelled the girl in surprise. She bowed down, picked up the bucket, and then she walked back inside the class room and closed the door.

"Eh? What was that..." Mumbled Shinji.

"There is no escape! You will die now!" Yelled the sword wielding psychopath.

Everyone around him began to scream in anger, directed towards him.

His hair was a mess, his cloth ruined and he had countless scratches on his body. He slowly stood up. All this because of a stupid bucket!

"Who will be the first to die?" Yelled Shinji out loud.

The crowd grew silent, clearly surprised by his shouting.

"Who's first? I'll beat you all to death! You weaklings don't stand a chance against me!" Yelled Shinji next.

Just then the door in front of him opened up again and the girl from before came out.

"My name is Ayumi Tokihama. Thank you for returning Bucket-San!" Said the blond and bowed, then she walked back inside the class as if nothing was wrong.

A moment of awkward silence filled the hallway, but it lasted only for a fraction of a second before Shinji snapped.

Angry, annoyed, and furiously Shinji began kicking the door.

"Get the fuck out here or I'll tear this building down!" Yelled Shinji, and began beating on the door with his hands but nothing happened.

"If you won't come out, then I am coming in!" Yelled Shinji, and took a few steps backwards, and began running towards the door with all his might. However, just before he hit it, the door opened up. Unable to stop, Shinji plunged into the room at an incredible speed.

As Shinji passed the doorway he saw the blond stood next to the door, looking a bit confused. As he turned his head, he saw someone standing before him, but he was unable to do anything before the two of them rammed together.

Shortly thereafter Shinji felt something soft and sweet against his lips. As he opened his eyes and stared directly into the face of a girl. Shinji froze. Their lips were meeting. In fact, he was kissing her, even if it was by accident. Suddenly the girl opened her eyes and looked into his, then she apparently realized what was going on. She quickly pushed him away. Shinji managed to regain his balance and sat on the floor looking at the girl.

Short red hair, and bright blue eyes, and facial expression showing fear, sadness and surprise. Shinji rubbed his neck.

"How dare he?" Mumbled someone.

"That bastard..." Said Someone else.

Shinji quickly turned his head and looked towards the crowd which were standing in the doorway and was about to shout at them when he noticed the sword wielding psycho girl standing in the middle of the group. He could see the disgust in her face.

"I-In-Indecent... Behavior...." Mumbled the girl, and slowly walked towards him, flanked by several of the sport freaks.

Shinji quickly got on his feet, ready to battle.

"That was an accident! Stop misunderstanding everything you flat chested hag!" Yelled Shinji.

The sword girl stopped up, and lowered her head.

"Y-you...." Began the girl, but Shinji interrupted her again.

"It's not like it's a big deal anyway. And it didn't feel good either! Just try and fight me, and I'll send you all to the hospital." Said Shinji.

Suddenly everyone stopped up as if they had hit a wall. Even the sword girl had lost all motion. Shinji laughed.

"What? Are you already afraid of me?" Said Shinji.

"May god have mercy on your soul, because to Ogre will not." Said the sword girl, who then put her hands together and appeared to be saying a prayer.

"What?" Asked Shinji confused.

All of a sudden, a heavy aura filled the room. It was the intent to kill. Shinji had felt it many times before but never on this level. Slowly, he turned his head as sweat began running down his forehead. What he saw there, scared him on a level never before.

"Not a big deal?" Mumbled the girl, as she slowly walked forward.

"No, wait!" Said Shinji as he tried to back away.

"Didn't feel good?" Mumbled the girl next.

"S-sorry..." Said Shinji, and that was the last thing he managed to say.

Thugs, bikers and Yakuza he knew how to handle but this was something completely new; The anger of a girl! That was what Shinji thought before he found himself flying in the air, out the window from the first floor. He smiled. How stupid... Someone as strong as him... Thrown out the window by a girl half his weight...

Shinji crashed into the ground with a hollow bump, and just looked up at the sky.

"Ahh! Divine retribution!" Was the voice he heard.

He turned his head and saw the three monkeys doing some sort of victory pose... He would get them some day... This was their fault...

Shinji turned his head again, and saw the large crowd of people standing in the windows just looking down at him in pity.

"Shinji?" Said a female voice all of a sudden.

Shinji turned his head and looked up.

"H-hi... Hiroko... How's uncle today?" Mumbled Shinji.

"He is fine. Here are the papers. Just sign them and return them before summer break is over. You start in the middle of a school year so you have a lot of catching up to do." Said Hiroko and placed a set of papers on his chest.

"Now, everyone return to class. Chop, Chop!" Yelled Hiroko at the crowd.

"Eh? But..." Yelled everyone in surprise.

"No buts! Oh and someone tell Mizuki Rin to stop throwing people out the windows." Said Hiroko and then she walked away.

Shinji was just laying there in the grass... Beaten in every way...

All this... Before he even started school... And there was 2½ years left...

"Eden High my ass... THIS IS FUCKING HELL!" Yelled Shinji out loud as the crowd slowly dissipated.

A few hours later, Shinji had managed too, somehow, find his way back home. Beaten, bruised and battered he opened the front door, and staggered inside like a zombie from one of those old western films.

"I'm home..." Mumbled Shinji, as he collapsed on the floor, all worn out.

"Onii-Chan! What the hell happened to you?" Yelled Aika.

Shinji used the last of his strength to raise his head and look at her.

"Did you get into a fight again?" Asked Aika, with a very firm tone of voice.

"No... I went to school..." Replied Shinji as he passed out.

"SHINJI?!" Yelled Aika, and ran down beside him.

"I see the young master is home." Said Hayate as he walked by, while working to remove dust.

"That bastard got into a fight again!" yelled Aika.

"No, he did not. The young master did indeed go to school. I have already confirmed it with the headmaster of the school." Replied Hayate, while continuing dusting off.

"Eh? What sort of school is it?" Asked Aika confused, while looking at the pitiful state her brother was in.

"An elite private school. It seems he caused quite an incident today." Replied Hayate, while looking at Aika.

"It's too cruel! Why did they send him home like this?" Yelled Aika.

"I did not ask." Replied Hayate, and put down the

"Did they say anything useful at all?" mumbled Aika, and crossed her arms.

"Ahh yes they did." Said Hayate.

Aika turned her head and merely looked at him .

"Apparently the young masters hair is too long. It needs to be cut shorter." Said Hayate.

"Oh?" Said Aika, and cracked her knuckles, with an evil grin on her face.

The following morning Shinji woke up, feeling generally bad. His body was sore like hell and bruised left and right. Shinji sighed and got out of bed, still very sleepy.

Shinji walked into the bathroom and stopped up in front of the sink, his eyes barely open, and began to wash his face. It was the only way he could wake up in the morning. As Shinji washed his face, he slowly ran his fingers through his hair. Suddenly he stopped. Something was very wrong!

Shinji looked himself in the mirror, and realized what was missing on his head. All he had left were barely an inch of hair on his head. Shinji simply smiled as he held back the tears. His prided long hair was gone, and there was only one who would ever dare to do something like that.

"AIKA YOU BRAT!" Yelled Shinji so loud that the birds outside flew away in fear.

Meanwhile, Aika was in the kitchen having breakfast.

"Ah! Sounds like Onii-Chan is awake." Said Aika and smiled.

"It would appear that is indeed the case." Replied Hayate, as he poured another glass of milk.