Dark Shards: Lights and Shadows
by Misty_K

Summary

It didn't take a genius like Light to notice that there was something off about his reflection. For one, he was sure that his eyes were not red. He did not smile like that. Light thought he might be going crazy when it starts to talk to him.

REWRITING (Now at Chapter 11)
The wicked man stared back at him, his red eyes glowing menacingly as he smiled. The smile wasn't friendly either.

It was a smile full of evil, of malice.

The smile of someone who wants to see the world burn. He could see what it wants, the desire of it mirrors his own.

Justice.

A world without filth or sin.

A clean utopia.

The man - 'it', wants a new world as well. A world without crimes nor sinners. A clean world. But in its version, the only sinner is itself.

A dark shadow was cast across its face, "We will create this world."

He stared helplessly at it. Its lips were spread into a wider grin, "We will rid the world of filth."

"Filth..." he uttered.

"We will strike down whoever opposes us," it coaxed.

"Strike..."

That smile invited him, tempted him, incited him to do as it says.

"Come," it says, its red eyes glowing ever sharper.

He reached out for it-

A knocking sound startled him.

Light found himself staring at the mirror, clear water still dripping from his face. He pulled his hand back, where it had hovered near the cold, reflective surface.

"Light," a muffled voice called from the other side of the door, "What are you doing?"

Light blinked at the image of himself, confusion etched on his face as he wonders what the hell happened before his mother had knocked the door. He stared, his mind faintly picking up that something must've been there.

A fly maybe?

He stared at his reflection, diligently searching for signs on his face on what it might be.

Nothing.
Whatever that was, it's gone now.

"Light?"

"I'm fine," he said, loud enough for Sachiko to hear, "I'll be down soon."

"Hurry up for breakfast before you're late!"

"Yes, mother," he said, patting his face dry and smoothening his hair. He wouldn't have it if a strand was to go out of place. Light hung the towel and took a last, puzzled glance at the mirror, before walking out of the bathroom.

As the door slowly creaks close, a distant laugh started up. A black and red cloud swirled in the mirror as the cackles grew even louder, echoing in the confines of the bathroom. The door clicks shut and the voice disappears.
The day that he met L, he remembered that it looked brighter than usual. It was spring, the sky was clear and the air was choked with pollen, carrying with it the scent of flowers and the coolness of winter that had been reluctant to part from the city. It was still cold enough that Light left the house with his thick woolen sweater, worn over one of his white shirts with its collar showing over the top. It was his usual style and he'd happily went with it for his first lecture in To-oh. He'd worn a pair of brown trousers, one of a few similar pairs he had in his closet. He wasn't ashamed to admit that he had more than one pair of the same clothing.

What if one of them were dirtied or damaged in an unfortunate incident? And if he had to wear a particular shirt that day that matches with his trousers, what were he to do if he didn't have a pair ready? That would be disastrous!

A gust of wind blew, shaking the trees that lined the school fence and dislodging a fresh flurry of pink petals that circled about the air. It whipped at his hair, sending the brown locks flying about in a disarray as petals scattered around him, eventually settling on the ground as the wind died down. Light made a sound of annoyance as he stopped with fix his hair with one hand, running through the locks and patting it into place. A student his age sneezed as he walked by, muttering a quick apology as he hurried away.

Light glared as he thought about how unhygienic that was. *He didn't even cover his nose!*

When he thought his hair should be neat enough, Light continued on his way through the school gate, where incomprehensible murmurs surrounded him and grew in volume as he strode further into the campus. A great number of students were either rushing to class or huddled in groups, chatting as they stood or slowly walked to their next lecture. A couple guys let out shouts as they ran by, attracting the annoyed glances of other students.

Light recognized them as his schoolmates back in Daikoku, shaking his head at their immaturity. God wonders how they even made it here, they must've been the bottom few at the entrance exams, how lucky.

Other students he recognized were from the same prep school that he went to. They spotted him as well and waved. Light smiled back politely, while his brown eyes stayed vacant.

They were mere acquaintances, Light felt nothing upon seeing them again. He remembered that these are people that belonged to a mindless flock, had no actual individuality to speak of and were utterly boring, each and every one of them. Quite like everyone else that were in his high school.

Well, no matter. Light didn't think it would ever benefit him other than his image by associating with them, when there are things that he is currently up against are far, far greater, making them look like ants that he could easily crush underfoot.

And he don't even need the Death Note to do that.

A prickling sensation began at the base of his brain, feeling somewhat like a voice nagging at the back of his head. It caused Light to stop in his tracks, puzzled as he tried to listen to it.

Then it was gone, as if it was never there.
Light shook his head, dismissing it as he continued to walk towards his class.

Now where was he? Oh, right, greater things.

L.

Ever since L had appeared, things have gotten much more interesting around here. He was confident that he could easily dupe the NPA even if they somehow figured out that Kira was no natural phenomenon. There was only so much that the police could do. But the greatest detective in the world on the other hand, would be a definite challenge, one that Light would gladly accept and relish his victory over him (or her?) much later.

What had struck Light had been L's first appearance on television, sort of, where he was baited to kill Lind L. Tailor that time. He had boldly challenged Kira after that, daringly using his scarce knowledge of Kira's ability to kill and gambled with that. It maddened him and thrilled him at the same time. They said that L had never failed to solve a single case in his career, and they were all difficult and bizarre ones as well, such as this one. L said that he would solve the Kira Case and bring the mass murderer to justice.

Light smirked.

*I would like to see you try, L.*

Because so far, Light was aware that he had managed to thwart most of the detective's attempts to identify and corner him.

L's first major move was to send the FBI agents to tail his suspects, which he wisely deduced were related to the police force. With some careful and outlandish planning on his part, Light was able to trick the name out of the FBI agent, Raye Penber, where he later manipulated him to kill the other agents on this case. With all his tails dead at the same time, L would be at a loss about who killed them and likely get into trouble about it, as Light had seen from the hacking the NPA and saw that they had no idea about this.

Light had thought himself safe until Penber's fiancée showed up. It was an oversight on his part and he was lucky enough to have run into her before she found L and provided him with vital information about Kira. It would have landed him in a rather unfavorable position. Light manipulated and successfully tricked her name out of her before she could provide L with that advantage and sent her to her death where no one would ever be able to recover her remains.

Although, what she had mentioned while Light was focusing on lying and skirting around her are without a doubt, the truth. Misora had clearly loved her fiancé and was determined to exact revenge on Kira at the cost of her life. Light felt he had to admire that of her.

Such a pity that a strong and respectable woman like that had to die.

He strolled down the walkway, hands in his coat as he thought about the fact that he was against killing the innocent. The agents and Misora are a necessary sacrifice in his mission to rid the world of evil-doers, where all he wanted was to create a safer place for the good and innocent people.

It was necessary, he told himself again.

L had tried camera surveillance next on the families that he suspected most. By then, Light was sure that L had him as a prime suspect. He didn't think that his father or the other officers would approve of that, so he went with the guise of having a few suspects which L probably didn't bother to hide that well. The sixty-four hidden cameras in his room are a telling sign when there's only
one camera in every other part of his house, including the bathroom.

Pretending to not know that people are watching him bathing was an especially infuriating thing. He hoped that L had the decency to leave his sister alone, or his mother, ugh.

It wasn't that hard to ruin L's plan. Light admitted that his idea was ingenious, if using the Death Note right under L's watchful eye was anything to go by. There was no evidence left for him either, it had been crushed in the back of the garbage truck right inside the bag of potato chips. Light wanted to turn to one of the cameras and laugh in his face right then. But no, that would make everything that he's working for fall apart, so he quelled the urge, he could do that for real when L had lost.

L's activities had gone quiet since then and Light reckoned it won't be long before he makes his next move.

And he would be ready for it.

A deafening flap jolted Light out of his thoughts, the noise coming from right behind him, followed by an ear-shattering "BOO!".

Not this again.

Light turned to give the hovering Death God a quick sidelong glance, finding a menacing grin directed at him, though he could kind of tell that it is in fact a disappointed pout from spending time with Ryuk all day. It was a particular ability that he wasn't thrilled to have picked up.

"Eh? I didn't manage to scare ya this time?"

The brunette ignored it as he continued on his way, pretending to brush an imaginary something out of his hair, maybe the onlookers will think that he was bothered by a flower petal that fell onto his head and go on with their day.

"How boring!" Ryuk whined, as he jumped up onto a non-existent surface and laid there while he continued to drift with Light. "Ya think something would have happened by now, it's freaking quiet around here."

Light made his way into the school building, while the Death God's gravelly voice grated on his nerves, "Boring, boring! I want entertainment! Or give me an apple at least, Light-o!"

A certain skill that Light had been grateful for having developed from being around Ryuk is now being put to use, as the teen purposefully strode through the halls as if he had heard nothing.

"Don't ignore me!"

Light suppressed a sigh, figuring that Ryuk might actually be about to lose his mind with boredom as the Death God started laughing, apparently amused by the hurrying students who passed through his body like busy specters. He twisted his body about in the air in strange and disturbing shapes and Light had a feeling he might be considering touching someone with the Death Note just to get a good scare out of them.

Light rounded the corner, face morphing into a smile as he caught sight of two girls that he knew back in high school. They crowded about him, chattering excitedly when they realized Light was registered in the same course as them. He exchanged a few polite words while Ryuk's eyes were directed at one of the girl's cleavage, seeming to bulge out more than usual as he shamelessly
The brunette kept it short, saying that he had a class to go to, prompting the girls to continue on their way as well. When they were out of sight, the smile immediately melted and Light went back to wearing an impassive mask, even the gleam seem to dissipate from his dark eyes as they turned dull.

'What a waste of time,' he thought, as he ran a hand through his hair in annoyance.

The teen finally reached his destination, turning into the lecture room and making his way up the stairs towards the back, where he'd most preferred to sit.

That was when his eyes were attracted to something that stood out like a sore thumb.

He turned, his eyes involuntarily latching on a black and white living creature. That particular creature was perched in the middle of the wooden bench, his way of sitting obviously didn't belong among humans. Light had almost thought he was a marble statue, from how pale and bizarre he looked, almost like an unusual piece of art created by an equally if not more eccentric artist. On the top of his head is a haphazard mess of hair that reminded Light of a certain cartoon hedgehog, the tresses sticking up in spikes that looked like he could cut his finger on it if he were to touch them. He had black, round eyes that seemed too large for his face, like the artist had mistakenly carved them too big and it was too late to fix it. Under those eyes are dark shadows that looked like that artist had smudged black paint on it and it remained there, permanently, unable to be wiped off.

The guy was wearing an oversized white T-shirt that hung sloppily over his frame, same with the baggy jeans on his legs. The crouch that he sat in made Light think of thin, emaciated demonic creatures from old folktales. It gave the impression that he is just as thin and emaciated, not to mention sloppy. He had his bare feet on the edge of bench, his filthy and yellowed sneakers discarded under the seats.

The lecture room had been filling in with students for a while now, yet the area around this particular male is deserted. Light didn't question the mentality of the masses, he wouldn't choose to sit next to this guy either unless he was paid at least ten bucks to do it.

As if he had been listening to his thoughts, the strange male's eyes snapped over to him, somehow startling him a bit more than Ryuk's loud scare had been. Unwittingly, Light couldn't help but think how strange his eyes were, looking more like two pools of infinite darkness than sight organs. They were blank, but Light suspected that he was able to hide his thoughts skillfully when he sensed that this guy is anything but an airhead.

Whether he was a buffoon or not didn't quell his freakishness in the slightest, so Light tore his eyes away from him immediately and made his way down the row towards the window seats, as far away from him as possible.

He felt those eyes boring into his back, which was something he'd expected.

What he didn't expect was when he settled down on the corner seat and pulled out his materials, the strange guy had soundlessly slinked across their distance, crawling right across the bench, over the gap and perched right beside Light in the same crouch, this time facing him bodily. The brunette turned and started, seeing the dude blatantly staring at him, his thumb on his lower lip.

A low chuckle behind him made Light feel like hitting the shinigami in the face to shut him up.

Instead, Light forged a friendly smile on his face as he asked, "Can I help you?"
The stranger tilted his head comically, the movement resembling that of a bird's or more accurately, an owl, because of his huge pitch-like eyes.

"Yagami Light?"

The brunette really shouldn't find himself surprised that the stranger knew his name, he had been pretty famous after all with all his records and achievements, people should know him especially as the one who scored a full-mark on To-oh's entrance exams that were renowned to be extremely difficult. However, when his full name was spoken, he was utterly baffled and wondered how the hell did he know that when he had never seen him before, indicating that Light should stay away from him if he wanted to retain his usual, flawless mental capacity.

"Yes?" He blurted, feeling slightly intimidated.

The stranger stared at him blankly for the longest moment, then, as if tugged by invisible strings, a small smile quirked at his lips as he impishly stated, "Nice to meet you."

He proceeded to turn away and faced the front as if nothing had happened, leaving the brunette thoroughly flummoxed in every way.

His eye twitched.

Light's ears rang slightly as laughter erupted behind him. He knew without needing to turn that Ryuk had doubled over and is guffawing his heart out at the ridiculous scene in front of him, probably at Light's expression too. The Death God fell through the table behind as he rolled away and roared in laughter.

He was about to open his mouth and snap at the guy when the chattering crowd in front scattered in a flurry, returning to their seats as the professor entered the room.

Light silently grumbled to himself and reluctantly left him be, scowling as he turned to face the stage.

It was nice and quiet for a while, that was until Light had the distinct feeling that he was being watched. He glanced to his left and indeed, the dark-haired male was staring at him, looking as if he might suck on his thumb at any moment.

The professor droned away in the background and Light heard only bits and pieces of it as the weird guy is really distracting, the prickling sensation eating through his skull as he continued to stare.

"… and such is the constitution of the Criminal Justice System. Uh… you over there at the back, yes, you in the white sweater. Can you tell us more about the Constitution Code?"

Light hid his smirk behind his hand, rejoicing at the fact that the weirdo was called out for obviously not paying attention. Now it's time to watch him fumble to answer the question to his satisfaction.

The raven stood and answered in an equally bored tone, "The Constitution Code provides for the highest legislative system of the government, consisting of eleven sections and 103 articles in total." He did not blink even once as he spoke, staring at the professor blandly, "Under the first section, the Emperor is "the symbol of the State and of the unity of the people", the Emperor's role and the roles and limitations of the Imperial Throne is covered under Articles 1 through 8. In Article 9 is the Renunciation of War where the war potentials of Japan were relinquished, a means of settling international disputes, making up the second section. The third is regarding the
individual rights of the people with Articles 10 to 40, where Article 13 is the core of the section, asserting the right of the people "to be respected as individuals" and, subject to "the public welfare", to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness". Section four-

"Alright, that was quite sufficient," the professor stated, his expression was of mild annoyance, "You may sit."

Light didn't manage to hide his astonishment either at the level of detail that the male gave and that he was actually prepared to recite the whole make up of the Constitution. So far, it had been frighteningly accurate and his quotes had been exactly as they were written in the text, he knew this because he did have it memorized by heart, quite effortlessly. Some students were flipping through their six codes for that confirmation and were stealing glances at the strange guy with an apprehensive light in their eyes.

Light stole a glance at him as he impassively sat back down, still torn between deciding whether he was truly smart or that he had nothing in his head, and that the information he had given was memorized many times over.

Apparently not, as the stranger caught him staring and turned, flashing him a quick smirk that irked him rightly so.

Just who the hell is this guy?

The lecture went on uninterrupted and Light returned his attention to the board, questions still plaguing his mind about the mysterious character beside him.

At some point, he'd scooted closer to him, such that Light could feel the warmth from one of his leg radiating onto his side. He shifted slightly more towards the window but it seemed that the male was annoying persistent, as he kept shifting closer and almost forced him right up against the window.

Ryuk's chuckling in the background was not helping one bit.

Light glanced at him in annoyance, his expression is clearly telling him to back the fuck off.

He didn't seem to care as he leaned closer and Light had nowhere to run to as he muttered, "Well, Light-kun."

Light's eye twitched at the familiarity that the honorific held, the audacity of the guy attaching it to his first name when he had no idea who the hell he was. Who was he to call him 'Light-kun?'

Again, the male didn't care or notice at the surge of fury Light seemed to display as he continued, "Just to let you know this."

Light's mind was screaming at him to go away when he grew even closer and whispered in his ear.

"I am L."

Then his vision went red.

Chapter End Notes
A/N: Finally, I have finished rewriting this chapter. I actually had most of it done a few days ago, the only part that was missing was the professor's question and L's answer. Like holy shit I was wondering for days what the heck I should use for that, I knew nothing about law, much less Japan's law. In the end I used that and to be honest, I think that it wasn't that hard, like most of students looking to study law would probably have memorized the content by heart but since I am pretty much at a loss, let's just pretend they didn't. XD

Wondering if I should edit the prologue too, I feel like leaving it alone but also changing it at the same time. What do you guys think?
Prisoner

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Taskforce building.

Light stared up at it from the sidewalk, his eyes dark with grievance, provoked by none other than the arrogant, idiotic, sadistic pest known as L.

It wasn't the first time he was here, so he wasn't terribly surprised that the building that L had decided to use as his base seemed to be lacking of the reprehensible grandiose that the reclusive and creature-like detective apparently possessed.

The structure itself looked to be ten stories tall, much like the others around it, made of concrete and glass, looking nothing but ordinary just like everything else. It was to blend in, he presumed, in the quiet area of business that deals mainly with storage and miscellaneous tasks that the main figures and their employees do not bother with. Only the occasional car or truck drove by the roads here, contrasting with the busy streets of Tokyo that remained just a couple blocks away. The faint noise of construction barely disturbed the silence, like a breath upon the unyielding stone.

Even with all its purpose to look inconspicuous, something about the building seemed out of place even in this rural, silent area. The first thing that gave away was the fact that the establishment is featureless and nameless, when everything else around it by convention held a brand or a name. The second is the dark entrance, the tinted glass doors that obscured the happenings on the inside, making it look foreboding.

Light wasn't really bothered by that fact even if it looked more like the case by the minute. Truthfully, he hadn't really wanted to be here in the first place, he had no desire to see the location or L again if there is nothing important for him to attend to.

He was called.

Demanded for, summoned, ordered, take your pick, we all know cordiality is a thing obviously absent within the detective.

The reason he was here was even less appealing, for the last time he had seen L, he was in the campus. He could still recall with clarity the smirk that ran across L's face as he held Misa's phone and told him that she had been captured on the suspicion of being the Second Kira, which means that L is targeting him next with evidence from her.

It was not something that he would worry about, as he'll find his way around it eventually. However, with the addition of a third party such as Misa, his plan was bound to lose some of their certainty, especially when he ran a higher risk of being caught because of her and her ridiculous blunder. He had specifically told her not to come see him during this time. Still, she insisted all because she was that obsessed with him. He didn't think responding just that slightly would have caused such a fervent reaction in her, or that he would forced into it because of that blasted white shinigami that follows her around.

Now he's in this mess all because of those two.

Light made his way towards the building, his face grim. Watari must have seen his arrival, as the door was opened to let him in, revealing the man who nodded at him in greeting. He kept his face
devoid of expression as he gave a small bow back, while his thoughts were rampaging, rushing about in a mess of frustration at Misa, anger at L and resentment at Rem.

He was led through the lobby like before, his footsteps echoing off the tiled floor in the deserted room, unlike Watari whose footfalls were silent even with his sleek loafers.

Light followed him into the elevator, walking down the empty hallways and into a room that he hadn't been in before. They were in the basement of the building, where most of the Taskforce had relocated from the sixth floor that held the workroom. The room had dark gray walls and was almost bare except for a few desks, a wall full of monitors and the offending entity that is L who is perched upon a chair and had turned to stare at him like a creature who regards all with condescension. On the largest screen in the center showed footage from a white room that is as bare as the one that everyone else are in, the bright lights in it made the image almost painful to look at. In the middle is a metal board where Misa was strapped against, her movements restrained by black harnesses that ran about her wrists, neck and stomach, that much he could see. Her eyes are covered with a thick blindfold, her pale form shivering in the thin dress that she was put in, the material as colorless as the rest of the room. She was clearly afraid as he could clearly see that her lips were trembling.

"Please, Misa doesn't know anything about this," she cried, her usually perky voice reduced to weak quavering sobs, "Please let Misa go!"

"Ryuuzaki," Light uttered, his voice soft with apprehension, "What is the meaning of this?"

He could see that the others were just as uncomfortable about the sight as he is supposed to be, the most sensitive them all, Matsuda looked down steadfastly at the documents, sieving through them quickly while Aizawa stared grimly at the sight. His father was doing just about the same thing as Matsuda, occasionally glancing at the detective in disapproval.

L stared at him while nibbling on his right thumb. He plucked it away from his mouth and settled his hand on his knee, wiping on it slightly. Light cast a look on it like it might contain all the mysterious illnesses in the world and thought how utterly unhygienic that was.

"We have found several pieces of evidence in her apartment that points her to being the Second Kira," L muttered, "Those are in the tapes that she mailed to Sakura Television, the stamps, paper from the notebook, the ink from the pen that she used, they all matched." He reached over to the bowl beside him and grabbed a red jellybean out of the rainbow colored mess. L tossed it into his mouth and stated with a crunch, "We also found Amane's hair, fingerprints and other things on the second tape, which leads me to believe that she is the Second Kira."

Light watched as she tugged at her restrains with a terrified desperation.

"But is this really necessary?" He stated, as if truly concerned about her (not really, she's just a pawn for him to use).

L studied a lime green jellybean, making a face at it before flinging it into the trash next to him. He grabbed the blue one and bit into it with a crunch, "The Second Kira is able to kill with just a face, I'm just making the necessary precautions."

Light made an effort not to roll his eyes as L stared back at him, the other half of the jellybean peeking out at him as his hand held on to the candy in his mouth.

"Sure," the teen uttered.
A soft whimper was emitted from the monitor as Misa continued to struggle, Light would have ignored it but he had to play the part of a caring boyfriend, so he cast a worried glance at her. Besides, Rem was in the cell right next to the captured model, glaring at him menacingly.

Damn the shinigami, it wasn't like he wanted her to be caught so quickly because of her stupidity, it was a good thing that he took her Death Note before this had happened. The next thing he have to worry about now is that her stupidity might cause her to start talking. And that is when everything about would begin to fall apart.

"Light-kun," L said, his voice slightly muffled as he chewed on the remainder of the blueberry-flavored jellybean. "You are now the prime suspect of the Kira Case."

A loud bang startled the quiet within the room and all turned to the source of it, seeing sheets of paper fluttering about the former Chief's feet.

Soichiro ignored the fallen stack of papers, gaping at L, his face slowly turning red as he burst out, "What? What do you have to accuse my son of being Kira?!"

"Yagami-san," L grumbled around a handful of jellybeans he had stuck into his mouth, "Do you not know that Amane Misa has been coming into contact with your son lately?"

That stumped the older man as he continued to stare, his face slowly paling.

"Since the evidence strongly points to Amane being the Second Kira, her association with him coupled with the timing of the second tape adds on to his suspicion," L swallowed with an audible gulp and took a sip of his sugary tea. "Moreover, your son's profile fitted Kira's the most, it would be natural to think as such."

Soichiro slumped in his chair and ran a hand over his tired face, "I suppose."

"Great, we shall interrogate him soon," L said cheerfully, as he grabbed another handful of candy from the bowl, meticulously picking out the lime ones and tossing them into the trash as he continued, "Is that alright, Light-kun?"

Light tried not to grimace in disgust as the detective cramped the mass of jellybeans into his mouth, turning his face into an unassuming mask as he said, "Of course, Ryuuzaki, I have nothing to hide."

He glanced at the screen, where Rem ran a clawed hand through Misa's hair as she whispered gently, yellow eyes watching him through the camera somehow.

It would be better for him if both of them were gone.

Light wished that he knew how to get rid of a shinigami without repercussion, preferably destroying them completely. His dark eyes shifted onto the girl and he wished that he could kill her as well and make all his problems go away.

Maybe he could use this situation to his advantage.

His gaze turned to L, who stared at him with his all-seeing eyes as he chewed, those coal-black irises always seemed to follow him, and they always seemed to know what he's thinking.

Oh, how he hated that.

'Kill him,' his mind whispered for him.
'Gladly,' he thought.

He felt the darkness within his mind twist into an invisible smile.

Then, it vanished.

It wasn't long that Light found himself back in the same room, eyes downcast and fists clenched tightly by his side, giving off the image of uncertainty and barely restrained desperation.

He sensed confusion in the air, set off by the other occupants in the room who are currently staring at him. The atmosphere seemed interrupted, like they were in the middle of uncovering something strange before he himself had popped up and added more strangeness into the mix.

The screen that had been showing the image from Misa's room constantly had been switched to show the list of criminals that had died recently, all his handiwork.

Light knew the reason, it was because Misa had given up her ownership of the Death Note and now have lost her memories of everything about it.

And soon, he would follow.

That was all according to his plans, his 'girlfriend's' behavior with her missing memories must have thrown them off. By ridding himself of his own memories, he would genuinely believe that he is not Kira and that would put L off his trail, since he is stupidly all-knowing and all. Then he would direct L's attention onto a new target that he had Rem find. L might not believe that he was not Kira but there would be nothing attaching him to that fact and L would eventually have no choice but to let that go.

This could work.

Light smirked, no one was able to see it because it was directed at the floor, hidden behind a curtain of his fringe.

The smile melted off his face and he raised his head, catching the sight of L perched on the chair, fiddling with his lower lip. He went through the motion of taking a breath, "Ryuuzaki…"

"Yes, Light?"

For once, he wasn't seeing L stuffing his face with candy or dessert of any sort, the immediate vicinity seemed to be absent of any form of sugar whatsoever and that included tea or coffee that usually accompanied the members of the Taskforce.

If he were to admit it, the way that L pressed and pulled at his lip with his thumb was really distracting.

It was… unsightly.

Yes.

That's exactly (definitely) the word he's looking for.

Light told himself to stay focused and muttered hesitantly, "I think…"

He faltered, ran a troubled hand through his hair just to show how extremely troubled he is and continued in a voice that gradually fades off towards the end, with a well-placed tone of pained
"I think I might be Kira."

Another bang. Soichiro seemed extremely prone to dropping stacks of papers when he's badly startled.

He turned as his father shot up from his seat, face pale as he spluttered, "Light! What are you saying?!

"Dad," the teen gazed at him as if distressed, "I think I might be going mad. I can't explain it but… I feel like I have been Kira without knowing it. The thing that happened with the FBI agent, Penber… I met him before he died. And about Misa, I got into a relationship with her right around the tape broadcast."

Soichiro spluttered again, although Light wasn't sure whether it was because of his confession or the fact that he got into a relationship with the model – could be both.

L began chewing his thumb, eyes narrowing as he studied his suspect in this new development, wondering what he might be up to.

"If she's the Second Kira," Light muttered, his voice fearful, "It's very likely that I'm the First. But I just…"

He appeared to struggle with his words, his face conflicted as he uttered, "I don't know anything about it. I can't remember anything."

Light's chocolate hued eyes flickered over to L's and watched as he drew a connection between Misa's memory loss and what he is talking about. He resisted the urge to sneer at him and adopted all the innocence that he could muster, all the confusion and pain he could bring onto the image to himself as if he had been considering this line of thought and had been thinking about it for a while.

It had this exact effect on Soichiro, as he fell back onto his chair with a thump, while the others stared at him, speechless.

L tugged his thumb from his lip, wiping it on his jeans as he considered the teen.

"I have observed you, Light," he said slowly, studying his face to see if he could discern anything from it, "That was while you were under surveillance. I have not noticed anything amiss."

Light gasped, willing his face to drain of all color, "You put cameras in my house?"

This incited a wave of discomfort among the others in the room and they didn't dare to look him in the eye, even Soichiro somehow looked guilty about it; Light found that amusing. Only L remained unaffected, he simply eyed him and nibbled on his thumb again, not particularly bothered to clarify or explain himself.

"But Ryuuzaki," Aizawa spoke up, after enduring the awkward silence in the room, "Yagami-kun was not always under surveillance, there were times where he had left the house and were no longer under our observation. He could have easily killed people during those timings."

Light smirked inwardly, looks like the detective's genius was not able to cover the entirety of the issue here.

"That's…" Light tugged on the sleeve of his jacket distractedly, "I think Aizawa-san is right, no one would be watching me during that time, I could've unknowingly snuck off and done god-knows-
That shudder at the end was entirely for effect and it worked well on everyone that is not L, he resisted another urge to smirk at him.

Instead, he contemplated L earnestly, with all the honesty that he could muster into his expression, "I might have to be kept under constant observation, so you would know if something is wrong, when I'm not myself. For all I know, I could be killing in my sleep or something and have no memory of it. Just- I can't stand…"

Light broke off in a weak, fumbling voice, he had captured anxiety on his face so well that it should be used as the ideal demonstration for all in the art of deception (he generously called it acting). It wasn't hard to try to guess what he was getting at, as he was the son of Soichiro Yagami, the walking example of purity and true virtue who stood on the side of righteousness and justice.

The entire Taskforce is putty in his hands.

All except L, that is.

The detective scrutinized him disbelievingly, his wide eyes narrowed in the slightest degree as his thumb rested on his lip, one of his front teeth peeking out from under his pale lip and pinching on the pad of the digit. Light found himself wondering had he kept his teeth so white when he cramped himself of sugary sweets all the time, they should be yellowed or rotted even with the knowledge of proper dental care that L shouldn't possess. It probably doesn't smell as good as it looked, he told himself and settled with that.

Light stared back at him, his eyes wide and honest, willing the detective to take up his suggestion.

L pulled his thumb away from his mouth and sighed softly, "Very well, I shall have Light-kun imprisoned along with Amane."

"Ryuuzaki!"

As expected, papers tumbled out of Soichiro's lap yet again as he stood and gaped at the detective, like a startled lion whose slumber had been disturbed by a lowly predator, "You can't just agree to put my son under confinement!"

"I find it completely reasonable."

"But-!"

"He asked for it."

"L!"

"Dad," Light called, catching the attention of the flustered man, "Please, I can't live with the fear that I might be Kira without me knowing, I have to do this."

"But Light…" Soichiro looked dismayed, almost shattered, the worst that Light had ever seen him.

"Weren't you the one who taught me that justice is above everything?" Light pressed as much as he dared, gently, without ruining the image of the good and just and undisputedly perfect son, "Everyone of us serves the system and we can't be selfish, we have to give away parts of ourselves for the sake of the others and fulfill our designated duties. I am your son, Dad, and my purpose is to stand with justice and carry it out to protect the innocent. I can't be protecting the innocent if I
myself have doubts about my own behavior."

Light stared at his father intently, and stated softly his line that is the clincher, "So Dad, please, let me."

His father looked torn with despair, his tired eyes gazing at his beloved son's face. He collapsed blankly into his chair with a loud creak, looking akin to a limp sack of flour to Light.

L watched this interaction with mild interest, while Matsuda stood awkwardly to the side, having gotten up when Soichiro looked as if he would pass out. He then proceeded to flit about between them to gather up the fallen papers while muttering quick apologies to the older man and his son.

The detective swiveled around in the chair and pressed a button on the microphone on his desk, "Watari, please make the arrangements, thank you."

He played with his lower lip for a few seconds, almost distractedly, before turning to face the crestfallen man, "Yagami-san?"

Soichiro tilted his head to peer at him with weary eyes, "What?"

"You are required to provide a cover story for Light-kun's absence," L said, "I find that the one with you finding Light-kun in a relationship with Amane and disowning him out of disapproval is the best choice."

Soichiro began to glare at him wordlessly.

"That's just a suggestion," L muttered, turning to face the monitors, "Watari will bring Light-kun to the cell in about fifteen minutes, so please get ready."

Light let a weak smile grace his face, appearing apprehensive and relieved at the same time, "Thanks, Ryuuzaki."

There goes the second phase of his plan. Perfect, he thought to himself darkly, his almost-black eyes glinting as it reflected the light of the screens and L's silhouette as he stared at the back of the detective's head, finding himself imaging what it would look like, bloodied and battered, lolling back on his neck before his entire body falls out of the chair.

L seemed to have sensed his thoughts, turning around to peer at him with such an intensity that he thought the coal black eyes were going to burst into flames at any moment. Light looked startled, before returning the stare with a weak smile. The raven-haired man narrowed his eyes clearly for the first time and returned to what he was doing.

The smile slowly curved into a smirk at how the detective knew and didn't know so many things at the same time, all because he wasn't able to catch him.

That satisfied him, as well as the fact that he is one more step closer to L's death.

Seventy-two hours later, Light found himself seated against the cot in his cell, wrists bound together behind him by steel handcuffs. He wore a black long-sleeved shirt and black pants, looking quite the part of a captured convict.

Only three days have passed since he came under confinement and already, he's getting tired of this.
How far he had fallen, from the judge that dishes out the punishment of death onto hardened criminals became the very image of a convict himself, trapped in captivity at the mercy of the authorities, even if it's just L. Actually, the detective is above every form of authority ever known to the world justice system, so that counts.

Light grumbled at the senseless thoughts and sighed.

He was uncomfortable, his arms ached, his back ached, he's tired and he sort of needed to go. His ass is sore from sitting on the hard ground all day and sitting on the cot makes no difference as they were both rock solid. Light didn't think he would resort to lying on the ground or the bed anytime soon, he still have his dignity to keep, at least until his body couldn't stand it anymore.

His knees had been drawn up to his chest for at least an hour now so his heels are beginning to become sore as well. He shifted into a different position and instantly felt better, even if it was just slightly. Light can't imagine having to stay in this godforsaken room until his stand-in appears or until L thinks that he can't uncover any more information from confining him within this room.

All that depends on the speed where Rem finds this new 'Kira' for him to even have a shot at getting out of here. He knew, well, expected L to be stubborn and cage him for longer than was effective so it might take much longer.

The other shinigami whining in the corner of the room is not helping.

L must've seen the annoyed frown on his face as a click echoed from the speaker and the deadpan tone filled the room, "May I know what you are thinking, Light-kun?"

No, you may not, Light thought indignantly, slowly easing his expression as Ryuk lamented loudly about apples and pretzels.

He ignored the question and raised his head, put on his innocent face and asked, "What's happening out there, Ryuuzaki?"

"The criminals have stopped dying."

L's answer was immediate, as if the detective was challenging him about the undeniable fact and that he should just confess now.

No way in hell, idiot.

"I see..." Light muttered, his voice weak as he caught a breath, "That just means..."

"Are you confessing?" L's voice bordered on demanding and Light stifled a chuckle.

"No... I can't," Light stated meekly, his gaze lowered to the floor, staring at his pale toes. "How can I possibly confess when I don't remember doing anything wrong, or even being Kira? The fact that they have stopped dying is not going to be a strong enough prove, it would be much better to catch me in the act than to rely on that."

There was a long pause, before another click sounded.

"As expected, Light-kun is extremely stubborn."

Light's head snapped up, his eyes wide as he gawked at the camera, as if appalled, "I'm not Kira!"

Another pause, before L blandly stated, "We'll see about that," and left him in silence.
Asshole, Light shot back in his mind, knees curling into himself in a display of torment.

He gave up the act after a while, it's rather pointless and taxing on his muscles as he leaned his head against the cot, staring at the ceiling lamp.

*Any day now, Rem.*

---

Three days became five, and five became ten and L found himself feeling almost as tired as the figures on the screen.

L had been seated in front of the wall of monitors for the most part, leaving only to use the bathroom and squeezed in about two showers, that was all. He ate and drank on the same chair and as for sleeping, about three hours of napping were done at a time in the same exact position, he probably moved even less than Light did in the cell, taking his eyes off the screen for barely a second once in a while.

Currently, the detective had seated in the same crouch for more than three hours, deftly licking the last few drops of ice-cream off his spoon while his large eyes stayed glued to the screens.

The first largest screen showed Amane from the front, her head drooping to the side as she tried to sleep. Spending all day in the cell fastened to the board blindfolded and ignorant of the time have evidently messed up her body clock, especially when the blonde had been barely able to sleep in her first few days of confinement. To the left of that are four smaller monitors, showing different angles from the cell that switches every ten seconds.

The screen in the middle showed Soichiro, who had requested to be confined along with his son. L had found the idea absurd that one would willingly allow themselves to suffer when someone they love is suffering. But he supposed if Soichiro said that he was also doing it to avoid interfering with the investigation because of his feelings, he would allow it.

That monitor was the only one showing the former police chief, there wasn't actually a need to keep an eye on him as much as Light and Amane.

The remaining screens to the far right showed Light, sitting in the same position against the cot at the same timings for ten days in a row. Compared to the model, Light's internal clock was extremely precise, even if he didn't actually know what time it is. Sure, Watari's visits to deliver meals might have helped but Light's timing is just inhumanly accurate. L had quite obviously taken note of Light's everyday routine over the last ten days.

First, he would wake up in the morning at six-thirty exactly and take care of his bathroom needs, aided by the elderly gentlemen since his hands are bound (he was quite reluctant in the first two days). He would return to sit on the cot until Watari came back with his breakfast at seven which was finished and cleared around seven-thirty. From then until ten, he would be sitting against the bed in this exact position, shifting every once in a while when his limbs began to fall asleep. At 10:00 exactly, he gets up and paces around the cell. At noon, he would eat lunch that Watari brings in. He also takes the opportunity to use the toilet and return to sit on the bed until four in the afternoon. At four, he begins to glare at the front camera pointedly, which was occasionally done during the other times but they were not as obvious as in that instant. At six, Watari brings in his dinner and Light ate, went to the bathroom before returning to this one position. He gets up at eight to lie on the thin mattress. L could tell that he wasn't asleep because his eyes were open. When they weren't, L relies on listening to his breathing pattern. At about ten, he falls asleep.

It certainly sounds boring, having to watch someone in similar positions over a long stretch of time
but L was trained to do this sort of things and pick up slight changes around a person where others could not tell. Whenever Light sits down in his spot, his eyes would go blank, as if dazed but L could practically see the gears turning in his head. Well, what else is one supposed to do with nothing in a cell such as this, other than thinking. L knew that Light is up to something, if he is Kira, he would have already planned something in advance.

If not, why would he willingly let himself be watched around the clock like this?

The detective felt it had something to do with Amane's apparent memory loss, perhaps one of Kira's ability was to transfer their consciousness onto another like some sort of otherworldly entity? He had heard of strange things like this happening and the human world is still fumbling to explain this. Perhaps Light is one of Kira's host which he consciously had control over and is moving it onto another person to try and skirt around him.

However, he might have to consider the possibility that Light is actually innocent.

What if it was just like he had said, that something strange is happening to him that he was not aware of and was seeking help? If Kira is an entity that can be moved onto different people, then maybe it could also have a mind of its own and control their hosts instead. If so, would Kira actually be possible to capture and destroy?

L had been watching, he had seen the instances where in the long stretch of doing nothing but thinking, Light's expressions switches quickly between dazed and annoyance, as if something in the room was disturbing him. There was conscious effort where Light's expression turns blank and L deduces that whatever that he appears to be aware of is entirely invisible, no one else had seen anything amiss within that room. Unless the changes were due to his thoughts, it could hint to the presence of an unseen creature, maybe even Kira itself.

L would have to expect the scenario in which Light would lose his memories like Misa in the near future.

He chewed on the spoon in frustration until the metal felt unpleasant on his teeth. He left the spoon in the sundae glass and stared hard at the three figures on the screen, where exhaustion had caught onto Light and made his head droop.

There was no way to know which of these possibilities are true without further observation so L kept watching. He watched until the teen eventually dozed off, a first in ten days. Still, he watched, waiting for a sign to appear.

In another three days, Light's memories will disappear, along with the darkness that were in his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Edited: 13/10/17

A/N: ... Gosh I hate school. Anyway, yeah the chapter is longer now, I upgraded L from eating one jelly bean at a time into eating a handful at a time, character elaboration and other things... My favorite part in here is actually L just deadpanning
"He asked for it." XD Well, he literally asked for it.

Thank god for the approaching weekend, I need it. (SOB)
That time Light first saw Kira, he'd almost lost it.

It was night, or rather, three in the morning. L was seated by the head of the bed, nibbling on the edge of his thumb as he stared boredly into the darkness. Light was on the bed beside him. The teen was curled up on his side and faced away from the detective, fast asleep. The only sounds that can be heard from him are a series of low, soft, rhythmic breathing. Admittedly, that was making the insomniac slightly drowsier than usual. The low glow of the moon speared through the windows by the bed, illuminating the metal chain laid upon the covers. One end of it had disappeared beneath the covers on Light's side while the other end is attached to L on a cuff. It was decision made by L when Light came out of his confinement two days ago.

In the end, L wasn't able to connect Kira's killings that had started up again to his number one suspect all because Light had lost his memories thirty-nine days ago. The event occurred in just a few seconds. The transition had been undetectable but the change in Light before and after the loss had been glaringly obvious.

He was watching Light as usual while he enjoyed a piece of chocolate fudge cake. It was clear that the endurance that the teen put on at the start was beginning to crumble away. He was lying sprawled across the concrete floor instead of sitting in his usual spot, his brown hair that became matted from having not washed it properly hid his expression as he lay there quietly. Despite his efforts, L knew that his reactions were harder to control as his stamina wears away. The differing pattern in his breathing were telling, where it speeds up and became more erratic at some point, before he made a conscious effort to calm down.

L played with the spoon, flicking it up and down with his teeth as he stared.

Five minutes later, Light asked about the state of Kira killings outside. He had been asking about it around the same time everyday while he was confined. The killings had stopped, he said. They had stopped for a while and that only increased Light's chance of being Kira. Light made a huffing noise that sounded like a chuckle and went silent.

He recalled that the conversation continued with him commenting on Light's disheveled appearance. He mentioned that he hadn't looked very good. Frankly, he had looked like he was about to pass out, judging from how lethargic he had become. He looked awful, or was supposed to.

What L didn't state was that wonderment that Light had managed to keep his attractiveness about him even in this situation, stuck in an almost featureless cell, wearing ratty clothes and probably harboring the stale smell of not having showered. The thought was unbidden and unwelcome so L left it at that, dropping it in a box in his brain labeled 'things to be discarded later'.

The strangest thing happened in what Light said next, about the awful situation he is afflicted with and comparing it to the importance of his innocence. Light had mentioned that to protect his innocence, he must throw away his pride. L felt that the sentence 'get rid of it' held some sort of significance, as Light had raised his head and stared at the camera with an intensity in his eyes not unlike blazing fire while he stated that.
Before L could even begin to discern what that might be about, Light's body had suddenly went limp and his head hit the floor with a 'thud'. L stared at him, puzzled and slightly stunned. He thought that he might have finally reached his limit and passed out.

The detective was about to ask Watari to go check on him when the teen suddenly shot up like someone rudely woken from a nightmare.

What happened next was something that was unexplainable, even to himself.

Looking upon Light Yagami's face in the next moments is like looking into the face of someone who is not him. There weren't any changes, not physically but at that moment, the teen had looked so different from the Light he knew that for a few seconds, L wasn't sure that he was even looking at the same person. Also, there was a sort of innocence that seemed absent in him before.

Not that he hadn't been, or rather, hadn't pretended to be innocent. L had been able to tell that Light's behavior before had all been an act, a façade that he put up for the sake of others. But this, the teen hadn't even begun to do anything, L was able to tell from looking at him alone.

That was not the only thing that changed. The detective was unsure whether anyone else had noticed that his irises seemed to take on a lighter shade of color, looking more amber and gold than the dark brown that he usually saw.

Even the tone of his voice had changed, when he spoke, his voice sounded gentler, softer and extremely confused.

That was how L had immediately came to the conclusion that Light had lost his memories.

While the others scrambled over the change in development, L had mostly ignored what happened next. What is the point, when Kira had already slipped out of his grasp?

Now he had kept his prime suspect chained to him, to observe him. It was also as a precaution, in case Kira would return. Based on the observable difference between Light and Kira, he would be able to tell immediately when that happens. However, L speculated that the time that Kira returns might be the time that his plan have already taken effect, which meant that his life would be at the mercy of the mass murderer.

This is the only logical action. L will have to keep watching him closely and figure out what plan Light had put in place, before it's too late. Even if he knew the fact that Light is Kira is true, no one else on the Task Force would believe him unless he provides them with solid prove, bewitched as they are.

L felt a sharp pain on his thumb and winced, plucking the abused appendage out of his mouth and inspecting it. The skin wasn't broken, which is good, but he supposed he should stop gnawing on it whenever he gets frustrated or anxious before that actually happens.

He turned to peer at the youth, whose soft breathing barely disturbed the air. L noticed that whenever he exhaled, his breaths escaped his lips in the form of little puffs, an amusing aspect that he had discovered while Light was still in confinement.

As the teen entered the next stage of his sleep, he began to twitch and mumble incoherently, a behavior that L had not seen at all before Light has lost his memories, even before his confinement. After that, it became a regular occurrence, a normal event in Light's sleep cycles.

This observation makes it undeniably unsettling, as if the previous Light had control over his own actions even as he sleeps, when such a thing is not supposed to be possible.
L continued to stare at the youth, wondering what dreams he might be having, for Light's thoughts are unpredictable, according to the detective.

Just like no one else.

Light found himself sitting at the desk in his room, staring at an open notebook.

He blinked, confused, for the last thing he'd remembered was... nothing. He knew that his name is Light Yagami, knew that he's seventeen years old, a freshman at To-oh University and is studying Law and Psychology there. He also knew that he met a strange boy in his class called Ryuuzaki and Kira is the most dangerous mass murderer in the history of mankind.

What he didn't know was what he had done prior to this very moment or why does it feel like he was not supposed to be here.

Light looked around his room, his eyes settling on the familiar gray curtains, the green bookshelves containing all his novels and study materials, the doors leading to his balcony and the ridiculous pink bunny plush that his sister had gotten for his last birthday as a joke.

He had put it in the closet where it would never see the light of day but Sayu made it a point to keep pulling it out and placing it right at the head of the bed. It happened too many times that he just didn't bother anymore, leaving it in plain sight for all to see.

Speaking of which...

His gaze returned to the notebook on his desk, the open pages blank. It might belong to Sayu, since she occasionally comes to his room to ask for help in her studies, other than messing around with that stupid bunny. Light never recalled owning a notebook like this, it was too thin for taking notes. The notebooks he usually used are not this big either, they are merely A5-sized books, or he would use papers instead.

Light curiously flipped through the book and was greeted by numerous blank pages, having been untouched. The book cover is solid black in color, blank as well; the back is the same. Light wondered what he was doing with this entirely featureless notebook and where it had come from.

He started to doubt that it was Sayu's as she shows a prominent dislike for having black objects in her possessions. Her belongings are always full of color, she wouldn't want to own something like this.

Light was puzzled and thought that it might be better to ask his family about that, in case it belongs to any of them or that they know something about this.

With his mind made up, Light stood and turned to walk out of the room, only to stumble backwards as he gasped.

Standing across him is a man, Light had not seen him there before or hear his door open.

The teen scrambled to grab a penknife from his table and pointed it at him, only to falter when he noticed something really strange.

For a second he thought he was looking into a mirror but dismissed that immediately, for the man had looked almost entirely identical to him except for a few distinguishing features.

His hair was cut and styled similarly to Light's, right down to the soft and silky quality of each
strand of hair that he naturally possessed. Instead of the golden brown that Light has, the man's hair is colored dark red, like blood. His skin is paler than Light's, almost resembling L instead. His eyes were red just like his hair, sending a chill through Light when he noticed that they seemed to glow as he stared at him.

The man wore the same clothes as he did, a white collared shirt and brown trousers, Light's graduation gift from his father on his wrist.

He stared at Light impassively, while the other gaped at him, before his lips twisted into a smile, one that is cruel and crooked and not like anything he has seen before.

It snapped Light out of his trance and he raised the knife again, demanding, "Who the hell are you?"

The man just smiled silently, the seconds ticking pass and making Light more and more frightened by the second.

He began to back away and that was when the man moved, charging at him in a blur and causing him to crash into the desk with a pained yell. The penknife fell out of his hands and the man took it with his pale, crooked fingers.

His eyes gleamed as he raised the blade high in the air and plunged down into Light's throat.

L sat watching as Light began to thrash in his sleep, panicked cries and whimpers slipping out of his lips before he jerked awake, his bound hand flying to his neck, causing the chain to jingle loudly in the darkness of the room.

Harsh breathing filled the air as Light attempted to calm down, his hand slowly moving to grab the covers while his chest rose and fall rapidly. Slowly, he turned to look at L, seeming to be unsurprised to find the detective perching by his side, staring at him.

"A nightmare, Light-kun?" L questioned, tilting his head in a manner he knew annoyed the teen.

"None of your business," he said groggily, his voice losing the bite that it is usually directed at him during the day. Light proceeded to turn away from him and tried to go back to sleep.

L still detect a certain tension in his shoulder that could possibly be caused by himself or the dream that Light obviously had earlier. He wondered what he had dreamt about that caused such a reaction in him, like someone had attacked him and was about to tear out his neck.

The silence dragged on and L slowly returned to his original position, staring into the blackness of the room as he waited for the time to pass.

He supposed he brought the boredom onto himself, since he was generous enough to stop working while Light is sleeping as the glow from the laptop and the typing noise disturbs him and impede his brain from functioning at its usual capacity during the day.

It's tough being the nice guy.

…

Sometimes.
The next day found Light sitting at his computer, skimming through articles reporting deaths that might have a connection to Kira since the time he was confined.

The killings have begun in the middle of it after it died down. While the heart attacks were clearly Kira's doing, the amount of deaths that had occurred are less numerous than usual. Most of the victims are still criminals but Light begin to notice that some of them are businessmen. He delved deeper into the issue and discovered that these men are corrupt and have cases of fraud or have embezzled money from their company in the past.

He supposed that wasn't really a deviation from Kira's usual behavior but the fact that they consisted of mostly businessmen is a cause for suspicion.

As Light compiled the list of people killed, L sat next to him staring boredly his own screen and munching on some fresh cherries.

The teen found himself glaring at L in disgust as the detective dipped the fruits that were perfectly good for eating on their own into a bowl of cream that had sugar mixed into them, bringing it to his mouth to suck on the cream for a bit before eating the cherries whole.

Light tore his eyes off of him and went back to his work, before his mind slowly began to wander, going over the events that happened recently.

Those that stuck out prominently are his period of confinement, the dismay and fear that suddenly appeared in the midst of it when he knew that he can't be Kira, no matter how much the evidence had pointed to him.

It's just… not right.

What he remembered the most though, was not this.

The memory that stuck out the most was the one of his father, busting both he and Misa out before throwing them into the car and driving off like a mad man.

He could vividly recall the choking fear and panic that enveloped him as the car shot off onto the road, as his father revealed that L had decided that he is Kira and was going to execute him through Interpol. Initially he had thought his father was trying to help him on the basis that he wasn't Kira, for him to survive and clear his name by finding the real culprit.

But no, that wasn't the case at all.

Soichiro had taken them out instead to kill him with his own hands out of shame and despair more than anything. He tried everything he could, to get his dad to come around because he really isn't Kira, that it was all a mistake. He can't deal with this injustice.

Of course, his father did not listen and pointed the gun at his head.

Light can still picture clearly in his head his dad's grim and ragged face as he solemnly uttered, "See you in hell."

After that, he couldn't decide whether to straight up pass out or purge all the built up fear and tension in his body by throwing up. In the end, he just sat, frozen, as his father drove them back to the building after it was revealed that it was all a plan by L to determine whether he was Kira, based on whether he would kill his father to save his own skin.

He couldn't forget the anger that he felt at the detective afterwards at causing him such fear and
trauma that might plague him for his entire life.

Frankly, he's still pissed about it.

Light didn't think that he would be able to look at a gun in the same way ever again.

A sucking noise broke his train of thought and he turned to peer at the source of it, his head resting upon his hand as he stared at L with lazy spite as he licked the sugar-clad cherry before popping it into his mouth.

L flicked the remaining stalk into another bowl and picked up the next stalk of cherries, covering them with a generous coat of cream and proceeded to suck at it.

At some point, he noticed Light staring and glanced over at him, his tongue sticking out mid-lick.

Light realized what he was doing and turned away immediately, pretending to resume his work and hoped that L wouldn't be up to any funny business.

Unfortunately, that wasn't the case.

While he wasn't looking, L stuck both cherries in his mouth and chewed on them noisily, letting out hums of appreciation loud enough only for Light to hear. He knew Light was easily annoyed and wasn't surprised to find him glancing back at him with narrowed eyes.

The detective tossed the stalks into his spare bowl and picked out another one, dipping it in the cream and began licking at it suggestively.

He noticed Light's eyes widening marginally at this inappropriate gesture in mortification, only to be distracted by Matsuda appearing next to him.

L stopped playing after that, stuffing the cherry in his mouth, including the stalk, while Matsuda offered Light his coffee.

"Are you alright?" He asked Light, who had looked distracted as he placed his mug carefully by the computer after thanking the man.

"I'm fine," Light smiled and L felt an irritation rise in him at the man who seemed to be more emotionally perceptive than he had let on as he looked like he didn't believe his words.

Maybe this is why people began to place more importance on EQ rather than just IQ, L supposed Matsuda could be useful for one thing rather than another, something to note down for the future.

Matsuda didn't mention anything as he smiled back in the most friendly manner, "Alright then, you can always ask me if you need help, Light-kun."

The teen nodded silently, letting out a soft breath as the other man walked away.

Light decided to himself that he should ignore the detective from now on, just to keep a hold on his temper as well as his already fraying sanity from the living absurdity beside him.

It was hardly a minute later when he heard his name being called by the ridiculous man.

Light paid no heed to it as he tried to focus, switching between the websites, reports and his own list that is slowly growing with Kira's kill count.

"Light-kun," that voice came again, settling on his ears like persistent fingers.
The brunette faltered in his work, before gathering his focus to retype the name correctly.

It shattered completely when L called him the again, more insistently until he took a deep breath and turned to him with a blandly uttered, "What."

"Hold out your hand," L said simply.

"What?" Confusion took over his features at what was asked of him.

"Hold out your hand, Light-kun."

The teen was suspicious, but curiosity still won out as he did as the detective asked.

L proceeded to drop something red in his open palm and it took Light a moment before he saw clearly what it was.

A knotted cherry stalk.

With Light's vision, it was easy to see the moisture that still clung to the red stem while it laid in his hand, the feeling of it were sticky and damp and most decidedly gross while the slimy spit began to pool in his hand.

The teen flicked it away with a yelp, attracting the attention of his father who looked up in surprise.

L's eyes followed the path of the cherry stalk in wonderment as it sailed through the air, before landing quite impressively in Aizawa's cup of coffee with barely a splash. The oblivious owner of the mug was across the room at that point in time, having a quiet discussion with Mogi.

"Wow," L uttered that at the same time that Light shrieked his name.

The reclusive man turned to him while teen continued, horrified "What'd you do that for?!"

"Did Light-kun not like his present?" L questioned, having little effort at appearing confused, "I made it specially for you."

Light looked as if he was about to implode on himself at the moment, feeding into his amusement, "Like? That was gross!"

"But I tied it using just my tongue."

"That doesn't mean that it wasn't disgusting!" Light snapped, "Not everything that comes from you is amazing, you demented freak!"

"Light!" Soichiro reprimanded him on his choice of word.

L secretly laughed to himself as Light's face flushed in shame as he retreated sullenly to his work.

He shot a glare at L where his father won't see it as the detective picked up another cherry and returned to his daily snacking with contentment.

It wasn't long before Aizawa, who was still oblivious of the happenings returned to his desk and sat down with a sigh. Light glanced over at him as he took a sip of his coffee and started when he discovered the cherry stalk floating in the middle of his drink.

Light pretended he didn't know anything about it when the man turned to L, who sat eating his
cherry like nothing happened.

The brunette was deep in his work when a knock startled him out of it, it was as if the sound had come right next to his ear.

Light blinked at the open notebook in front of him, the blank pages now filled with lines of indiscernible scribbles. He was confused, wondering when he had begun to use the book. If he did, it probably didn't belong to any of his family members.

He wondered what he was doing, having forgotten about it despite the intense focus he had just a moment earlier. His computer is on, the screen showing a series of pictures attached to blurry words. The only thing that stuck out to him is the time on the toolbar, showing 23:51 in white.

Light squinted at the words but it didn't appear any clearer. He was about to check his settings when the knock came again from his bedroom door.

He minimized the window and stood with a long suffering sigh, thinking that Sayu might've come to disturb him because she couldn't sleep.

Light half-flung open his door, intending to dismiss her when he was greeted with a dark and empty hallway.

He was puzzled, as he looked left and right but found no one. He wondered if he was imagining it, or Sayu might be pranking him.

Light stepped into the hallway, the lights were all off and navigating in the dark would be hard if he were not an occupant of the house.

He crept over to Sayu's room, opening the door and finding his sister asleep.

He thought that she might still be tricking him and walked in, touching her cellphone that was left on the nightstand. It was cool, so she had not been awake recently, since his sister had a tendency of using it when she can't sleep.

Light was bewildered and went to check his parent's room, finding his mother asleep as well.

When he found nothing on the second story, he decided to return to his room and investigate the notebook when a distant knock sounded from the front door.

He paused, glancing quizzically into the darkness of the first floor.

He looked about another time, seeing if that woke anyone up. The lights were off as his family kept sleeping and the rapping sound came again, just a little louder this time.

Light sighed when he resigned to his fate that he had to be the one to open the door. He started down the stairs as the knock quickly turned into a continuous thud-thud-thud.

He threw a hand out to the doorknob in annoyance when the knocking abruptly stopped.

Light froze as well, his hand hovering in the cool air. A chill begin to permeate his chest when he had a feeling that the person on the other side of the door knew that he was about to open it, without him answering the knock or turning the lights on at all. There wouldn't even be a shadow for them to see at all.

Light slowly lowered his hand, staring at the doorknob cautiously as he took a tentative step back.
The next thought that passed through his head is how ridiculous that is.

But, just in case, Light stepped forward to look through the eyehole to see who was there.

All that he see was, however, darkness.

The lights were all off, literally. The porch lights that usually glowed yellow throughout the night were all off, the lights by the fence gates were off as well, when they were supposed to be on like the porch lights. The most peculiar were the street lights, they were the ones that were most definitely supposed to be on. Instead, all he saw were darkness, even the clouds were obscuring the brightness of the moon.

Still, Light was able to see the indistinct shape of a person standing at the front door, patiently waiting.

He had a bad feeling about this, as the figure was still, as if knowing that eventually, he would be let in.

Light took a deep breath and asked in a voice that could be picked up from the other side of the door.

"Who is it?" He asked.

Suddenly, the wind picked up as the bushes begin to rustle, the clouds begin to move across the sky, revealing the dull glow of the moon that illuminated the dark red of the person's hair, his pale skin and the chilling eyes.

Light gaped in terror as a smile spread across his face as the red eyes focused at him through the eyehole. The lights that were off began to flicker, giving him a horrifying display of the smirking face and the glowing eyes.

"It's just you," he said quietly, his voice a replica of a lower, darker and more sinister version of his own voice.

The door suddenly flung open, causing Light to stumble and fall over from the force.

Fright gripped him as the man stood smiling at him, beginning to walk into the house.

Light scrambled away on the floor, his pounding heart struck with every thud that the man's sneaker made as he stepped closer and closer towards him.

His eyes were full of glee as he laughed scornfully, "Oh, it's just you, Light…"

Light clamped his hands over his ears, shutting his eyes as the words echoed in his mind in dark whispers.

It's just you.

It's just you.

Just you.

L's eyes jumped over to Light as he twitched violently, his panicked breaths filling the air in a suddenness that L was unfamiliar with.
It was strange, as the teen didn't show any signs of dreaming until this moment when he awoke.

L watched curiously while Light clutched onto the covers until his knuckles turned white, a startling contrast to the rest of his skin. He was shivering as well, as he tried to slow his breathing.

Light sighed when he achieved a certain level of calm, turning to face L who he already knew was watching him blatantly from the same spot as yesterday.

"Another nightmare, Light-kun?"

The teen sat up slowly, raising his hand to wipe the sweat that had apparently gathered on his brow. He let a shaky breath as he answered, "Yeah."

L stared at him harder after that at the unexpected answer.

Light thought back to his dream, the red-haired man that looked exactly like him, the glowing red eyes and the chilling smile. An uneasiness crawled across his skin and Light felt dizzy with apprehension when he recalled he had a similar dream with the same man with the same frightful smile.

A gasp escaped him as he abruptly stated, "Ryuuzaki, bathroom."

L sighed as he hopped off the bed and let the teen lead him to the connecting bathroom. He waited as the door was swung closed as far as it could go before the chain stopped it. He heard the tap turn on and leaned against the wall as Light splashed his face with water.

The detective jumped when a sharp scream tore out of the room, prompting him to open the door and rush in.

What he saw was Light standing before the mirror, frozen in terror as he stared at his own reflection.

L blinked and glanced over at it, seeing nothing but Light's stricken face and his own puzzled expression.

"Light-kun?"

The brunette didn't notice him as he kept staring, mouth open as he took a step back and stumbled. Again, L peered at the mirror and still saw nothing.

"Light-kun?" He called in a louder voice, worried when he still didn't respond.

L touched his arm cautiously and he jumped, his wide eyes flickered over to him.

"Are you alright?"

Light began to shake his head, then decided against it as he eyes flew back to the mirror, seeming to regard something. "I-it's nothing." An embarrassed smile was put on as he uttered, "I must've been really tired, I'm seeing things."

He gave a little laugh and L was nothing but unconvinced while Light muttered, "It's nothing, I'm going back to bed."

L cast a final glance at the mirror, before following Light out of the bathroom.

What he didn't hear was a low laughter that came from it, as a certain red-haired man with a
wicked gleam in his eyes watched them leave, seen only by Light and no one else.

When the lights were turned off, there was nothing but two pinpoints of glowing red that were its eyes. The laughter echoed about the room, fading as the glow slowly disappeared.

Chapter End Notes

Edited: 28/10/17
A/N: ... (falls asleep)
It wasn't everyday that L found himself at a lost.

Correction, L rarely ever finds himself lost, or confused, perplexed, bemused, discombobulated.

L set down his sugary tea and nodded to himself as he mused, disregarding the repulsed look that Light sent his way, as if the detective is a lunatic and a disease that had to be avoided at all costs.

Discombobulate, that one is quite the word, it's amusing too: to confuse, disconcert, upset or frustrate, sometimes in an amusing way. That last part is rather fitting, this current situation is ridiculous: the world's greatest detective, able to tackle all manner of complicated and bizarre cases in the way that no one had ever seen before is utterly thrown off by none other than one eighteen-year-old boy, who may or may not be the world's greatest mass murderer.

Well, anyway, it's not everyday that L found himself discombobulated, and when he does, up to three things could happen.

One, he might get depressed.

Two, his queer tendencies might be more drastic than usual.

Three, he would find it fit to cause more misery on his favorite victim, aka Light.

Or, there is a fourth option, all of the above.

This unusual occurrence didn't happen overnight, rather, it had been a while. Ever since the time three months ago, when Light's memories have fled him. It'd gotten worse ever since then, not the three things but the confusion that L had revolving around the teen. To put it more specifically in two words: sudden changes.

There was not one, but two changes that L had observed in him.

The first was easily the transition between the Light that had memories and the Light that does not.

For the second, there is something stranger revolving around it.

If the detective were to think about it, he would say that the change have happened while Light had been in the bathroom two weeks and five days ago, that one time were he had screamed while staring at the mirror as if he had seen a ghost.

L certainly hoped it wasn't Bloody Mary or something, he'd had enough of supernatural beings after the mention of death gods.

No, he definitely isn't afraid of ghosts, it'll simply be troublesome if he had to deal with them in the investigation.

Anyway, back to the point, the second transition in Light had been slightly more subtle that the first, where the teen had begun to behave strangely after that point in time.

Light said that he was tired and wanted to go back to sleep that day and he did went to bed. The thing is, he didn't actually sleep, L could tell from his breathing and the lack of the dreaming stage while he lay there. In fact, the teen had slept even less than L had let him ever since that day.
This is a concern because Light did not let go of any opportunity to catch up on his sleep, L knew that from the way that he is excessively obsessed with health and his looks, he probably did not want to end up looking like a ghost like the insomniac.

L speculated that it had something to do with the strange increase in his nightmares, where it had occurred on an average of once every two days. That was during the first week. Later, Light had taken to the new sleeping schedule of three hours per day, effectively adding eye bags and faint shadows onto his face, as well as a slight decrease in emotional control and focus.

That didn't hamper the investigation, though, not at all.

In addition to that, Light had become more distant and less courteous to everyone around him, which seemed to come as a shock to them except for L, who is only mildly perturbed by that.

L didn't miss the worried glances that Soichiro throw his son every now and then. Matsuda also did the same, but on a less frequent scale. Aizawa seemed puzzled and slightly irritated at first at the lack of respect, then he took it in stride and seemed to forget about it until he had to talk to Light again. Mogi's reaction only consisted of the widening of his eyes, that was all.

The detective also noticed Light's strange tendencies to glance at the mirrors. That was at first before he realized that he is doing the same to every form of reflective surface. Not long after that, he avoided them like the plague, then covering up all the mirrors in their room with thin blankets that he had dug out of the closet.

L was stunned at first, staring at him while he did that without a word. It was really, really strange and bewildering because the detective is under the impression that Light is in love with his reflection, given his vanity.

Never, at any point did he ever take the blankets down to check his features, not even while brushing his hair, one thing that L found Light enjoying during their first few days of having been chained together and during the surveillance.

Thinking back on it, L thought that he is perhaps even frightened of whatever he saw in the mirror. When L asked him about it, he just clamped up and went silent for the entire day, another puzzling behavior as it differs slightly from the usual. The action is the same, but the mood that accompanied it is not of childish annoyance but of sullenness, with a hint of fear.

L was having a thought that Light had developed some sort of psychological illness, or that it had been present for a while but have gone undetected.

"Light-kun."

Light twitched, then turned to face him wearily, "What, Ryuuzaki?"

"Could you pass the sugar?"

Light stared at him, "It's just next to your cup, Ryuuzaki."

"Yes," L said in a tone that implied that he's an idiot, "I can't reach it, however, so would you do the common courtesy of passing that bowl of sugar?"

"Don't you have enough for your tea?" Light grumbled, his body language indicated that he was going to ignore it and return to his work.

"Yes," the detective said again in that subtle 'duh' voice, "But I don't need it for the tea."
Light glared at him, annoyed, "What the hell do you need it for, then?"

L stared at him for a few long seconds, before saying, "I'm going to take the sugar cubes… and eat it."

Light stared at him in equal parts apprehension and disgust, pushing the bowl of sugar such that it slides across the table to him "You're insane."

"Not as much as you are," L muttered, tossing a cube in his mouth and stated with a crunch, "Is Light-kun ready to see a shrink to assess your mental health?"

"No, thanks," the teen said, turning back to his typing. "My mental health is fine."

"Perhaps that is what Kira thinks," L mentioned, licking his fingers. Meanwhile, Light's fingers had stopped as he stared stonily at the screen. "Perhaps Light-kun is having issues in his mind, where he is actually Kira when he thinks he is not."

Light's fingers curled up, turning into fists as L said with a little smile, "Perhaps a visit to the doctor is due?"

What L got as a reply is a hard punch to the face.

It took over ten minutes of yelling and pulling from everyone among the Taskforce to stop the fight, five minutes of harsh lecture from Soichiro to Light as well as L (the latter wasn't so pleased about that), and five minutes of him asking his son whether he is okay.

Light apologized, said he's fine and mentioned that he'd rather spend more time to crack the case than to mull over the issue between him and the detective.

With that, it was almost like the fight had never happened, save for a couple of bruising on the both of them as well as the heightened tension in the air that was not there before.

That was another thing that L didn't get.

The sudden desire, the need, the zeal that possessed Light in his pursuit of the case. Sometimes, he even offered to stay up when he wasn't pretending to sleep to work on the case alongside the insomniac. It was puzzling and L asked why he had poured such an effort into it.

"I want this case to be over as soon as possible," he said, "I want to clear my name and also for there to be as little deaths as possible that would be caused by Kira."

He detected idealism in the last part of what was said but the rest doesn't fit into the puzzle.

Before that incident with the mirror, Light had never expressed such a need to solve the case, not to the point of sacrificing his time that could be used for his vanity and especially, sleeping. Light didn't skip out on eating, strangely. Because from what L had experienced and was familiar with, logically, Light would miss out on eating as well.

Unease bit through him and the mark showed up on his thumb.

He hoped that Light won't end up like that case.

L was tempted to ask but he didn't question anymore, because there are too many similarities. If that was peculiar, Light didn't show it. Instead, he went back to his work, until three in the morning when he couldn't take it anymore and demanded to go to bed, another inconsistency in this new
pattern of behavior.

One similar feature is that they have too much pride to admit that anything is wrong. Light and him, with the most likely possibility that there is something wrong.

L tore his gaze away from the teen, who had strangely not noticed anything. As far as L had observed, the teen always seemed to know when he was being watched and would always react as if the detective was a giant green bacteria.

Not this time.

While he worked, L eyed the mug of coffee that have been left unattended beside him and an idea slowly forms in his head, spurred by the three evils sparked by his confusion. L glanced at the brunette, who's scrolling through the articles at an impressive speed and most definitely blind to all other sensation around him.

L smiled to himself in satisfaction.

Carefully, he reached his cuffed hand over the table and hooked a long finger around the handle.

L glanced at him again, where Light still doesn't notice a thing.

He pulled the mug towards him, the cup sliding across the wooden surface with barely a sound, it was the chains that had let out a small jiggle from his movement. L checked once again if Light was aware that his coffee was being stolen and was silently thrilled to find that he was too focused on his work to know about it.

L smirked to himself and picked up the bowl of sugar that he had apparently lost interest in, because seriously, L losing interest in sugar? *Never.* Unless he is plagued by the three evils and Light is the culprit. That warrants a little payback. If L doesn't get his sugar because of that little punk, then he'll be the one to get it.

One by one, he dropped the pristine white cubes into the coffee, admiring the little sparkles set off by the grains that were compressed into the adorable compact shape as they tumbled into the brown liquid and disappeared from sight.

Once L had mixed half the sugar from the bowl into the drink, he grabbed his teaspoon and stirred the drink up as silently as possible. That probably didn't matter as Light didn't appear to notice anything. If he heard, he would think that was for L's tea and wouldn't care enough about it to look.

L pushed the mug back to where it was and waited patiently for the best reaction he could ever get.

Ten minutes later, Light finally reached over to take a sip of his coffee.

L was internally jumping in joy when the boy's eyes bugged out in the most hilarious way he could ever imagine. The shock made Light take an involuntary swallow and he set the mug down with a slam as he choked, coffee flying from his mouth and landing everywhere it was able to touch.

All the occupants of the room turned to stare at him as he gagged as if he was about to die. Light was fumbling about clumsily, wanting so badly to get rid of that disgusting taste from his mouth and throat but was unable to.

When he finally recovered enough to stop his persistent hacking, he set the most toxic glare anyone had ever seen upon L and screamed, "YOU FUCKING BASTARD!"
L stared back at him innocently, "Yes?"

"Ryuuzaki!" Light roared, "I know you did it, you piece of shi-"

"Light-kun's coffee was too bitter," L said in response, "I was simply trying to sweeten it up."

"You wanted to kill me!"

"Now that's just dramatic."

If anyone had ever seen a face turn lividly dark, they would say Light's did.

"I'll show you dramatic!" He snarled.

"Light!" Soichiro shouted in warning, anger marring his face as well.

Light didn't seem inclined to listen, his eyes glittering with fury. L stared back at him, if Light hadn't been blinded by rage, he would have seen the slight change in his expression as he did.

L hopped off his chair, Light followed, standing up with such force that his chair rolled back and hit Matsuda's desk, where the other man flinched at the little bump.

As he stormed towards L, the others stood, ready to break the two up when L did the unexpected. The detective turned and walked away.

The teen was surprised, startled even, his steps faltering at his opponent's sudden retreat and fury was beginning to give way to curiosity. Light ignored that, insisting to himself that L had some weird plan in mind and the retreat is a ruse to get him to let his guard down before he strikes for real.

"Wha-"

"It appears that Light-kun is in need of a change of clothes," L interrupted. This made Light pause, looking down to see that his favorite cream sweater is indeed ruined by trails and spots of brown. It was beginning to smell like roasted coffee as well, it wasn't a bad smell but Light didn't want that on him.

He shook the distraction away and looked up with a glower, "What is your deal?"

The detective stared back at him silently, the dim light that he is in making him look solemn. Light shook that thought away as well, as L muttered, "Similarities."

"What?" It wasn't hard to tell from his tone that he is confused, as well as believing that whatever L is doing is nothing but a dirty trick.

Light was startled when L suddenly started walking, dragging him away by the cuff. "We'll be back once we are done," L announced to the Taskforce, before disappearing out the door with the angry teen in tow.

Soichiro stared after them worriedly, while Aizawa stated more to assure himself than the older man, "They're probably not up to anything, don't worry about it."

Needless to say, nobody believed that.
L stood silently by the door as he watched Light rummage through the closet with more force than was necessary, occasionally mumbling to himself whether he should just take a shower, as well as other things.

"Fucking insane-" Light growled under his breath as he went through his clothes on the hangers, "Stupid bitch-"

"I heard all that," L stated blandly.

Light tossed a glare over at him, "And why do you care?"

The detective shrugged, "Light-kun seemed terribly mad."

"You think?"

"Light-kun isn't even looking at his clothes."

The teen snarled at him and snatched a random piece of clothing from the closet, it happened to be his black cotton shirt, that should match with his trousers well. Light let that fleeting need for coordination take charge of his mind for a moment, before it was replaced with a regular pulse of rage. He roughly tugged the dirtied shirt over his head and began to put the shirt on.

"I guess I could apologize for the prank," L said but it sounded more like he was considering to himself.

Light glared at him, pausing at the fourth button, "For trying to kill me with sugar."

"Sugar doesn't kill," L said incredulously.

"Diabetes does," Light growled, tossing his shirt into the hamper, "I hope you die from that soon."

"That isn't very nice."

"And when have you ever been nice?"

"Good point," L considered, "But I haven't been mean either, besides, that statement is very Kira-like."

If Light was angry, the look he had on his face indicated he was beyond that point at that moment, "Everything I do just points to me being Kira, doesn't it!?"

Before L could say anything, Light continued shouting as he slammed the closet door, "How many times do I have to tell you, I'm not fucking Kira!"

"You could be," L responded with an almost smile.

Light was about to yell at him, then realized what's he's alluding to and bellowed, "Would you be serious for a fucking second you demented freak!"

"I realize Light-kun could take a joke."

"Light-kun is not in the mood right now!" He roared, looking like he wanted to strangle the man.

"I am quite amused."

"GAH!"
L let a chuckle slip out and stopped when he witnessed Light rubbing at his temples like it hurt. It wasn't the first time he had seen it, where the teen does that occasionally while they were working or eating. It only told about the consequence of him not sleeping and that would only get worse.

"Is catching Kira really that important to you?"

"What?"

L set a scrutinizing stare on him, "If that is really the case, we wouldn't be arguing about silly things right now and would have been back to work on it a long time ago."

Light stared at him as if he had grown another head while he asked, "Tell me, what is the real reason for you forgoing sleep?"

For a second, the teen looked like he had been struck, before chuckling, "The hell are you talking about, Ryuuzaki? Of course catching Kira is important to me."

L gave him a disbelieving stare, "Hand."

Light rolled his eyes and held out his arm, hardly even flinching when L slapped the cuffs back onto his wrist with more force that was necessary. He didn't expect L to give the chain a hard tug right after, causing him to stumble forward until he was almost nose-to-nose with the detective.

The teen tried to twist away but the detective held fast as he said roughly, "Look into my eyes, Light-kun, and say that again."

"The fuck-"

"Convince me that it's really about catching Kira and not about something else."

Light glared at him and L could see that his anger is faltering, fueled by another stronger emotion behind it, just a little push and he would be able to see it reflected in the brunette's eyes.

"Is catching Kira really that important to you, Light-kun?" L asked, tilting his head slightly.

Light stared back into his eyes, undeterred by the challenge as he growled, "Yes."

"Enough to even forgo sleep?"

"Yes."

"That was a lie," L said, his grip tightening.

He witnessed the beginnings of a panic on Light's face but the latter kept it masked as much as he could, while he demanded, "Let me go."

L paid no attention to his words, just stared intensely, thinking that if he could cause the other's calm to shatter then he would be able to find the answers.

"It's none of your business," Light said, pulling on his arm, "Let go!"

"It's none of your business, L."

The detective gasped at the sudden flash of memory, that line that was delivered to him with deep loathing and Light took that opportunity to escape his grasp, casting him a look that conveyed, 'what the hell is wrong with you?"
"We should return," L stated, "They will be wondering where we went to."

Light gave him a strange look but seemed too shaken to ask anything before walking off immediately. The detective followed him out without a single word.

As they walked down the hallway, L said, "Light-kun should rest more."

The teen turned, "Why should I listen to you?"

"It is detrimental to your health," he continued, "If Light-kun is underperforming because of the lack of sleep, it would hinder the investigation as a consequence."

"So that is your ulterior motive," Light said, "You are worried about the progress of the case."

It was silent as they walked through the empty hallway. It was when the two reached the elevator, while Light pressed the button for the sixth floor when L spoke.

"Perhaps," he muttered.

Light huffed, "Figures."

L turned to glance at him at that.

They didn't talk again for the rest of the day.

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A loud beeping assaulted his ears.

Startled, Light opened his eyes, finding himself sitting on a bench on a pavement. Ahead of him is a stretch of familiar road that he remembered passing a thousand times when he was in high school but not quite. There are a couple things that didn't quite make sense.

He didn't remember there being a street in the place of where the old shops are. He didn't remember there being a bench where he is sitting, or the vast expanse of giant screens on the buildings in front of him like there are on Shibuya Square. And across the tarmac in front of him, instead of cars, there were people of all shapes and sizes and all sorts of background, walking in different directions and making the scene look disorientating. He turned behind him and saw another stretch of path, this one with cars on it. That was where he had heard the beeping from, perhaps from an annoyed driver at the slow traffic.

Light remained seated, not sure where he is supposed to go and where he is supposed to be.

With a lack of anything else to do, he looked up at the screen and caught the news broadcast on channel 9, the lady newscaster, donned in a beige suit jacket and wearing way too much powder spoke about advancement of the train system and the pursuit to add more rail lines. Light was not interested in that. Instead, his eyes were attracted to the text rolling across the blue line on the bottom of the screen.

'Crime rates at a record-breaking zero percent.'

He gaped, unsure what he is seeing is actually happening.

Light rubbed his eyes but the words have disappeared off-screen. So he waited and it showed up again a few minutes later, confirming that that is indeed a fact.

"You must be kidding me," he uttered in disbelief.
"I don't think it's that funny," a voice said beside him.

Light spun around in surprised, he didn't know when someone had came to sit on the bench next to him, or that this person looks and sounds exactly just like him. Spooked, Light shot up to his feet, staring at his almost lookalike who wore a smirk on his face.

He was exactly as Light had remembered him, red hair, red eyes and pale skin. He was wearing the same exact outfit that Light wore, beige jacket and brown trousers. The man was leaning back on the wooden bench, his hands behind his head and his right leg crossed languidly over the other, the perfect image of 'relaxed'.

A light breeze blew through the area and Light had to resist the urge to fix his hair as habit bid him to. A cold chill permeated through him when the man reached up to ruffle his hair in the same manner that Light always did. While he does that, the clouds overhead passed over the sky, blocking out the sun and covering the area in shadows. And when that happened, the red eyes glowed.

"Well?" The man asked, startling Light, "It's what you want, isn't it?"

"How did you-" Light faltered, as he latched onto a more pressing question, "Who the hell are you?"

There was a flash of teeth as he gave a maddening grin and asked, "Whatever do you mean, Light?"

"Stop calling me 'Light'," the teen glared, "I mean what I asked."

The man sighed, as if this is bothersome, he adjusted his position so that he sat, leaning forward as he said, "As I've already said, Light. I am you."

He smirked, while Light stared at him, "And you are me, we're the same, Light."

The teen stuttered, remembering the reflections and growled, "No, we're not."

The man stood and Light backed away, stopping when a passer-by brushed by behind him and shot him an annoyed glance. He turned back and the man smirked.

"If we're not, then how else would I know this is what you have envisioned?"

"What vision?" Light asked, almost afraid that he knew the answer.

The man spread his arms, his open palms facing the heavens, "This, Light. The perfect world, a world without crime, one where the innocents are able to walk freely without any fear."

Before Light could escape, he grabbed onto his shoulders and spun him around forcefully, "Isn't this what you've wished for?"

The words are still rolling across the screen and the man continued to speak by his ear, "Isn't it your desire to create this world? A world without crime?"

"I… yes," he blurted.

He felt a smile curve behind his ear.

"But it's impossible," Light said, brushing him off to face him, "It's only an ideal concept. The perfect world doesn't exist, it's useless to pursue it."
He chuckled, "Tsk, tsk, Light. Where has your ambition gone?"

Annoyed, Light snapped, "What?"

"This isn't like you, Light," he said, "It isn't like you to give up, just like that. The Light we know is relentless, passionate and fearless. You are a sorry excuse for yourself."

His temper flared, "Excuse me?"

"Of course, I don't believe that," the man said, "You are lying."

Light paled, before his expression turned back to anger, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't even bother trying, Light," the man said, laughing, "We both know what's the truth here."

"Then what are you trying to say?"

"What if I told you that the ideal world is achievable?"

Light looked at him suspiciously and demanded, "How?"

The man smiled and his eyes seemed to glow bright red as he said, "Rid it of evil."

"Kill them?"

"Exactly my point, Light…"

Realization dawned on him and Light paled even more and he began to back away only for someone to crash into him. Light barely noticed it as he kept staring at the man.

"Wait, you, you're-"

"Exactly who you think I am, Light," the man laughed, "But that makes you too."

"No, no- That can't be…"

Kira's hand shot forward and grabbed him, pulling before he could escape into the crowd. Light struggled and called for help but no one seemed to care. It was like nothing is happening and the crowd continued walking.

"Don't get me wrong," Kira hissed, getting his attention, "They deserved to die, Light. Those low-lives, the criminals, the rotten part of the society. It was because of them that the innocents are made to suffer, when they should be walking free, with no fear from evil. They fucked up everything, Light and they are able to walk free."

"Isn't a safe world what you want for your family? For Sayu?" Kira's grip slowly loosened when it seemed like Light isn't going to run away, "And what of Father, working his fingers to the bone because of these rotten crooks. And what of Mother, Light? Managing the household on her own and waiting, always waiting for Father to come home."

Kira walked away, as Light stared after him, hanging onto every word, "The justice system is null and crooked. It needs to be rectified, it needs to be absolute, the rotten cannot get away with their crimes."

Light kept staring, understanding because this is what he'd always thought all along and uttered, "They need to be punished."
Kira turned to him, pleased. Fire danced in his eyes and his voice were thick with power, words coiling about Light's mind. "The perfect world, free of filth and crime is achievable only if we work together."

The red-haired man stepped towards him and this time, Light didn’t step away.

Kira stopped right in front and him, "We can create this together, the perfect world," the words slithered into his ears.

Kira extended a hand in front of him, meant for Light to take it as he smiled kindly, "What do you say, Light?"

Light's eyes flickered to the hand, unease and doubt filled him at such words of promise. He hesitated, wondering if he should accept it. This is all exactly what he wants but he doesn't trust Kira quite yet. He looked into the face of the man who continued to smile invitingly.

"Join me, Light."

Light glanced at the hand and reached out.
L sat in the workroom, munching on some cream puffs that Watari had bought from a pastry shop nearby. It wasn't too bad, he could now see how it was well-liked with the custard and fresh cream filling. Too bad for the company that the goods isn't as popular here as they are overseas, mostly due to the fact that Japanese generally aren't a fan of snacks like these.

Well, L is, as long as the puff came along with a generous topping of chilled chocolate cream, caramel sauce, honey and strawberries. Those are added by Watari because L was genuinely after the authentic Hokkaido milk taste that these puffs had to offer but had found them too plain.

Now, this is perfect.

The detective took a huge bite out of the coconut-sized puff and hummed happily in appreciation, flecks of cream sticking to his nose but he didn't seem to notice.

Light was the only one in the room with him, ignoring the loud smacking noises that L seemed to make deliberately just to annoy everyone else around him as he went through the statistics of various large corporations.

Today, he left his coffee mug on the right of his computer instead of the left, lest the sugar incident happens again. It's a little inconvenient for him as he had reached for the mug several times out of habit, only for it to come back empty as it had been moved to the other side of the machine.

But god, anything but the sugar prank.

Also, Light didn't appreciate being left alone with the detective any longer because that just opened more opportunities for the sugar fiend to torment him since there's nobody else around to stop him. Maybe except for Watari, but Light figured that the old man would be on L's side anyway so that doesn't really count.

Speak of the devil, here he comes, pushing the metal cart into the room.

"Your tea, sir," Watari said, as he set a fresh pot of tea, along with a cup and a heaping bowl of sugar.

"Thank you, Watari," L said, his voice muffled with a mouth full of pastry.

"I see you are enjoying the cream puff, Ryuuzaki," Watari said in amusement.

"Mmhfnph," L replied, busy with his food.

The old man chuckled and Light raised an eyebrow as he observed the interaction between the two.

When he left, the detective swallowed his food loudly and reached for another one. Before he could stuff that into his mouth, Light asked, "Has Watari been working for you long?"

"Work for me?" L turned to him, puzzled.

"Doesn't he?"
"Nope," L said, biting into the puff with a huge 'nom'.

"So you work for him, then?" Light questioned, curious now.

"Nuh," L took a while before swallowing, smacking his lips, "It's more like a mutual partnership."

"What kind of partnership?"

"That's classified information," L said, grabbing another piece of cream puff, letting out a soft sound of despair when a strawberry slid off the top. He picked the fruit up, tossing it into his mouth and continued, licking his fingers, "Let's just say he's my caretaker."

"That doesn't make sense."

"Mm-hm."

L didn't say anymore after that, preoccupied with his midnight buffet.

Light sighed and turned back to his work, glancing at the clock that stated one in the morning. Maybe he can keep this up until two, it doesn't look like L is too bothered to care about the time just yet, seeing how many pieces of puffs he still had left.

Light didn't think he would want to dream again… tonight.

The teen shook his head and focused on the task before him, ignoring the eating noises coming from his left.

"Hey, Ryuuzaki."

"Hmm?"

L turned to the brunette, licking on the remnants of the chocolate cream on his fingers. It's now half past one and he's craving for a bit of ice-cream. Too bad Watari won't let him have any more, it wasn't like he was working on anything anyway. He just doesn't feel like it when he was so sure that Light is, or was Kira.

"I think I've found something."

L bit the pad of his thumb and pushed off the desk with one of his foot, sliding right next to Light to look over his shoulder, The chain let out a loud clinking as it rattled against the chairs. L didn't miss the teen flinching when he got too close. Light shifted away slightly, casting a glare that was tamer than all of those sent towards L, before moving back to the screen.

"Look at this."

L studied the screen, finding graphs on company shares over the past month.

Almost all of the companies showed a fall, while the only corporation that saw a sharp rise in capital…

"Yotsuba Corporation?"

"You find it strange?"

"Indeed…"
Light did some typing into his computer and more windows are pulled up while he explained, "So I did some digging into this and found that businessmen who had association with rival companies had been dying, some by illnesses and others from accidents, except for these three."

The last three windows that popped up are the death details of another three leading businessmen.

"Heart attacks?"

"I've looked into their medical history and found that two of them didn't have any heart issues or illnesses relating to their hearts in the past, neither do their family history held any records of heart attacks," Light said, "The third one did have a heart attack two months ago but survived and had to undergo bypass operation. The medical files showed that there was only one clogged artery, the others are all clean so there shouldn't by a relapse this soon, this had to be-"

"Kira's doing," L said, "And the other deaths that are not heart attacks revealed that Kira can kill others in more ways other than a heart attack. Great job, Light-kun. Send the files over to me and I'll give the others a briefing tomorrow."

A little smile slipped onto Light's face at the compliment before it was immediately chased away by a yawn.

"Tea?"

"No, thanks," Light said, waving his hand before turning to glare at him, "And when are you going to return to your side?"

"I have to watch you, Light-kun," he said, "So I have to be close."

"You're a little bit too close!"

With that, he shoved L's chair, causing it to slide back into his spot. He'd pushed a little too hard, though and the detective was almost squashed into the desk.

"It seems like your focus is a little bit off," L muttered, pushing himself back into the correct spot, "So, tea?"

Light turned to glower at him.

L sat wriggling his toes victoriously when Light was annoyed enough to accept his offer of tea. Light wasn't in as a good mood while he sat next to him and brooded. Watari came in with another teacup and filled it with the pot of tea that he had brought in earlier, setting next to Light.

The teen warily shifted it to the other side of his computer, he really didn't want a repeat of the sugar episode.

L didn't seem to notice a thing.

Light tentatively took a sip of the tea that L usually drank and found that it wasn't too bad.

Ten minutes later, the teen found that he couldn't keep his eyes open no matter how hard he fought against the sudden surge of weariness. Light yawned, lying his head on the table, his head facing L's side of the desk.

Next thing he saw was L leaning into his field of vision, nibbling on his thumb.
Then, he smirked.

*You goddamn filthy bastard*, Light thought, the last thing he did before he slipped into oblivion.

Light stirred awake, disturbed by the sun shining into his face.

He groaned, his hand coming up to rub his face. The teen found himself lying on the bed that he and L shared, the duvet covering him until his chest, it looked like he had barely moved throughout the night, which is an anomaly these days. He didn't remember coming back to bed, he did remember that he found Yotsuba, though.

Light lifted his head, turning to glance at the clock and was mildly puzzled to find his chair by the side of the bed.

He stared, wondering what it's doing here.

Then it all came back to him.

Light turned to the other side of the bed, finding L sitting in a crouch, a laptop placed in front of his legs. His arms reached to either side of his folded legs, his fingers busy at work. He looked as if he had worked all night. L didn't turn to him but Light knew he was watching.

The teen sat up, "Why did you do that?"

L slowly turned towards him, "What, Light-kun?"

There was a flash of anger in his eyes and he demanded once again, "Why, did you do that, L?"

"I thought I told you to call me 'Ryuuzaki'."

"*Fine, Ryuuzaki,*" Light growled, "Now why the hell did you do that?"

"Light-kun is tired," L said, returning to his work, "But he refuses to go to bed."

"You didn't ask."

"I did," L grumbled, "A number of times and you refused so I stopped asking."

"Mind your own damn business," Light said, glaring at him as he tossed the duvet aside.

L recognized that as a cue to go to the bathroom to for his morning routine, so he left the laptop and crawled across the bed, hopping off before he gets pulled off by his arm.

"It is a factor that might affect the case," L said, stuffing his hands into his pockets, "So I took precautions."

"It is *not,*" Light tossed back, walking into the bathroom, "I found our suspects perfectly fine, thank you very much."

"Precautions, Light-kun."

He started when the other stabbed a toothbrush in his direction, missing his face by an inch, "That. Does not warrant you to give me your spiked tea."

"For your information the drugs are in the teacup, not the tea," L mentioned and Light emitted a
low growl. The detective ignored that and said, "Besides, your health is at risk if you do not have adequate sleep."

Light gave him a deadpan stare, "Look who's talking."

The teen proceeded to brush his teeth while L stood off to the side, waiting for him to be done.

When he did, Light seemed to have calmed down slightly and asked, giving him a sidelong glance, "Now why did you do that?"

"What?"

"You didn't give me an answer, Ryuuzaki."

L stared at him, his hands deep inside his pocket and Light waited.

"That's classified information," the detective said eventually.

Light's expression steeled.

"Out." He pointed at the door but there was no bite in his voice.

L gave him a quizzical look.

"Out," he gritted his teeth, "I'm taking a shower."

The detective complied, unlocking the handcuff and leaving to stand outside the door while he waited.

He wasn't particularly bothered by Light's anger.

He'll get over it, eventually.

What L didn't expect is the fact that 'eventually' proved to be exceedingly boring.

It was two days after the tea incident and the Taskforce is hard at work, delving into the Yotsuba case with renewed energy, trying to find who exactly is Kira within the corporation. Light is as usual, absorbed in his work and ignoring L, who's munching on cookies and twirling in half-circles in his chair.

What's unusual is that they have not spoken for two days.

L had nothing to say to the others other than work and he wasn't looking forward to be acquainted with any of them, so that just left Light.

Who refused to talk to him for two. Full. Days.

Annoyed, L gave an aggressive crunch to the cookies and they disintegrated, crumbs flying everywhere onto him, the chair and the floor.

Light wasn't even bothered to send him a disgusted stare at that.

L brushed cookie crumbs off of himself, picked up a stray chocolate chip on his shirt and tossed that into his mouth. He turned to the boy, "Light-kun."

It was as if Light hadn't heard a single thing, L knew he wasn't deaf so he tried again with the same
"Can I have my report please?"

Light's fingers came to a stop, before he started typing something into the keyboard.

A few minutes later, there's a beep coming from L's computer. The detective opened up his e-mail and found the report in the inbox. The subject read, 'Here's your report, asshole.'

He clicked on it and more words popped up, along with the attachment.

'Go fuck yourself' and 'L's stupid, useless report'.

L huffed at the childishness and left that alone, taking a sip of his tea.

He then proceeded to unhappily chew on his thumb. L didn't think that dealing with grudge-bearing, inconsequential idiots is part of his job requirements.

Two full days, for god's sake.

L let out a loud sigh.

Unfortunately for him, that was when Matsuda had chose to walk past the both of them. The bachelor heard that and took a few steps backwards.

"Ryuuzaki, are you okay?"

The detective turned to him slowly, giving him the image of a very bored and depressed wind-up toy, "I am fine, what is it?"

"Ah, it's uh, nothing," Matsuda gave an awkward laugh, "It's just… you seem a bit blue, there."

Light stumbled in his typing and had to backspace a few times to get rid of the senseless words. L noticed that immediately and an idea formed in his head along with a wicked, internal smile.

"Oh, is that so?" L played with his lip, "Then perhaps I might be a little… depressed."

Light's typing sped up marginally, though nothing is showing on his face… yet.

"Why? What happened?"

L gave another sigh, this time softer than the first, he didn't need the others in on it at the moment. His gaze crept onto the ceiling, as if thinking, "It appears that I might've angered Light-kun again, now he's ignoring me."

Matsuda turned to Light curiously, where the other is currently performing the art of 'nothing is happening right now' quite perfectly, "What did you do?"

"I think I might've," L's thumb froze in place on his lip and his eyes flickered to Matsuda, "Went a little too far… that night."

Light stumbled over his typing again. This time, he'd stopped completely, staring at the screen in shock.

Matsuda's eyes widened comically. While he had leaned in to listen to L at first, he now stood up straight suddenly, backing away, "Oh, wow, um. I didn't know you guys were in that kind of
relationship."

Soichiro's ears would've pricked up at that moment if they could as they latched on to those words immediately.

He spun to face them, "What relationship?!"

At the same time, Light had spun to face Matsuda, "We're not in that kind of relationship!"

All other eyes in the room turned to them immediately, startled by the commotion.

Matsuda was stunned, frozen in place like a statue as both Yagamis set their intense gaze onto him.

L was guffawing internally at the ridiculous scene. He didn't quite keep his cool as a little chuckle slipped out. That was a bad move, as both Soichiro and Light set their glares onto him.

"Explain this!"

"You scumbag!"

"Light!"

Light glumly kept quiet but his livid gaze is still set onto L, while the detective looked back and forth between the father and son pair, slightly unnerved by the identical looks they were both sending him.

Everyone else kept staring and Matsuda took the opportunity to slip away and join the crowd.

"Now, perhaps we should keep calm and-"

"You're in a relationship with my son?!"

"-listen…" L turned to stare pointedly at Soichiro, who returned that with a glare.

"Dad!" Light protested, "We're not in a relationship!"

"That isn't what I'm hearing from Ryuuzaki!"

"He's being stupid."

"I'm not-"

"You're saying Ryuuzaki has a sense of humor?"

"-being stupid…" This time, L turned to stare pointedly at Aizawa, along with the two Yagamis.

"Uh," the man cleared his throat, "I apologize."

"Can you people stop interrupting me?" L questioned, visibly irritated.

"Not before you explain to me what the hell is going on around here?" Soichiro demanded, "What's with all this, 'Light is mad at me' and 'went a little too far that night'? What on earth did you do?"

"It is not what Yagami-san is alluding to," L said boredly, as if the older man is the lewd one here.

"He spiked my drink," Light accused immediately, pointing at L.
"That was for a good reason," L shot back.

"And what the hell is the fucking reason?"

"Language, Light!"

The teen deflated but he kept his glare leveled at L.

"What did you spike my son with?" Soichiro demanded, looking ready to pounce on the detective.

"Drugs that induce sleeping."

"He has trouble sleeping?"

"According to my observations, he'd been sleeping less."

Soichiro glanced at his son in confusion, while Light was glaring at L for informing his father about it.

"You didn't tell me anything about that," Soichiro said, a stern look beginning to form on his features. Then he glanced at L and awkwardly asked, "Does he have anything to do with-"

"God, no, Dad," Light uttered, paling at the very thought of it.

"How flattering," L said as he pouted.

There was the sound of someone clearing the throat and the skirmish stopped immediately. Everyone in the room turned to look at the doorway, where Watari stood with his silver cart.

"Tea?"

Light turned to his father, "Dad, can we talk about this later?"

"Fine, alright," Soichiro said, returning to his seat. He gave one last accusatory look at L as he said, "Later."

Thus, the workroom retained its boring silence once again, mostly.

While they were returning to their room that night, Light didn't expect to be pulled off in a direction that is not the bedroom.

"Ryuuzaki," he stumbled after the other, "Where the hell are you taking me?"

"I've decided, we'll talk."

"I don't want to talk to you!"

L ignored his childish outburst and tugged harder on the chain, "Too bad, you're coming with me."

"Ryuuzaki!"

Against his will, Light was dragged to the elevator, taken to the highest floor that it could go and taken to the staircase. L made him climb up four flights of stairs. Light turned to read the sign and it wrote 'Roof Access'.

"Why're we going to the roof?" He asked.
"To stargaze," L said with a little smile.

Light shot him a look, "What? Are you fucking serious?"

"No," L deadpanned, the smile melting off his face as he continues to drag Light, "Besides, Tokyo is too brightly lit for us to see anything but satellites."

"I knew that," Light grumbled.

"Also," L said as he pushed the door open, "Be rest assured that I won't push you off the roof."

"Somehow that made me less sure of it," the teen argued, tugging the chain towards himself.

"Stop being so stubborn," L managed to pull him out the door, "You want to know why I gave you sleep-inducing drugs, don't you?"

Light gave him a calculating look, then silently let the other pull him towards the middle.

The roof was… well, the roof. Other than the gray-walled stairwell that they just came from, the roof was empty except for a couple of satellite dishes and an antenna behind and above the stairway. In front of them was an empty helipad, the outlines painted in white. The floor of the roof looked and felt like it was made of concrete. Around the border of the roof is a line of metal railings and near that is a angled grid that was the roof drain.

Beyond the railing, Light could see the Tokyo nightscape below him.

Intrigued, Light made his way towards the edge, sending L a look that dared him to try pushing him off. L merely raised his cuffed hand and seemed to have raised a brow though Light can't really tell because off all that hair (frankly, he didn't think he'd seen L's eyebrows before).

The brunette then settled by the railing, staring down at the city below him.

They were so high up that the people below looked like mere ants to him, their features entirely distinguishable except for the general color of their tops. That applies to the vehicles as well, the busy streets making them look like multi-colored insects while the buildings looked like toys made out of building blocks. The glow of the lights made the city look fictional.

Light felt a sense of satisfaction looking at life below, as well as a sense of insignificance. It was strange and he liked it. He also liked the cool night breeze that blew across the roof, unobstructed by anything since they were so high up.

He could feel L's gaze behind him and cast a glance backwards.

L slowly came over to stand beside him, his hands deep inside his pockets. While Light was leaning over the railing, the detective did not touch it.

"There was this person I once knew," L said, looking straight ahead of himself, "I suppose I could call him a friend but truthfully I never knew him that well."

"An acquaintance, then?"

He nodded, "There was only a handful of people on this world that have ever seen me, so this relation was as close as he could get."

The detective was silent for a while before he uttered, "I suppose that for this to make sense, that person was considered my student."
"Student?" Light questioned, "So he was learning to do the things you do?"

"To be a detective, yes," L said, "He aspired to be like me, L, and I shall not disclose his name so I'll call him 'A'."

"Very generic."

"Right, so A wanted to be like me. He was young and ambitious, he was intelligent as well, exceedingly so, almost on par with you and me. He was also a hardworking individual and there was a high possibility that he might succeed in his dreams."

"However," L said solemnly as he stared at the dark sky, "As he grew older, more were demanded of him. A's ambition was still the same but the pressure on him kept growing more and more, much more than he could handle. Eventually, he committed suicide."

Light stared at him as he continued, "He sliced himself in the arms, once across his wrist and another along his entire forearm, on both of them. By the time he was found, his body was already cold."

L kept staring straight ahead as he said, "The signs were right under my nose, the way he carried himself yet I have done nothing to prevent it. It was a terrible loss."

At that, L turned to face Light and with a serious look in his eyes, he uttered the words like an oath, "I will not allow something like that to happen ever again."

Light gaped at him while the detective turned away, "And that is my answer."

The teen took a breath and turned back to face the cityscape, floored by what L had just told him. He figured that suicide is a topic too serious for L to even lie or joke about and decided to believe his story, mostly.

The two stood in silence for a while, before Light asked, "Hey, Ryuuzaki."

"Hm?"

L's tone made Light dismiss the tiny percentage of his brain that said L was lying while he mentioned, "You said that person 'A' is an acquaintance and you were concerned enough about him to regret his death. If being an acquaintance was enough to make you try to intervene, that means that I am one as well?"

L stared at him in silence for a while, before muttering, "Yes, Light-kun is an acquaintance of mine... and more."

The detective gave a tiny smile and said, "Light-kun is a friend, or rather, my first ever friend."

"Wait, so you weren't kidding?"

"No."

"It wasn't a tactic to make me, as someone you suspected is Kira, to lower my guard so you could catch me or something?"

"No, Light-kun," L reiterated, "Am I really such a distrustful person?"

"I don't know, ask yourself that," Light rolled his eyes. "Also, did I exhibit suicidal tendencies or something to make you go that far?"
"Well, it was very similar to what A was doing before he died."

That made Light go silent and the two simply stared at the city below for a while.

"Hey Ryuuzaki."

"Yes?"

"You're a friend too."

Light flashed him a false smile as he added, "If only you weren't such an asshole."

"How nice," L said blandly, "So I suppose I am an almost-friend?"

"Probably."

"Wait, what does Light-kun mean?"

Light pushed off the railing and started to walk back towards the stairwell, "Let's go back inside, it's getting cold."

L stared at him, perplexed. He quickly followed the teen to avoid getting dragged off, "Light-kun, I demand to know your answer."

Light didn't reply him and made no mention of the almost-friend thing as a petty little payback over the next few weeks, resulting in a happy Light and an extremely frustrated L.

Chapter End Notes

Edited: 21/12/2017
Light stood in the middle of the strange city square, staring silently at the pale hand in front of him. His own hand hung in the air, frozen along with his indecision.

While they stood, world continued to revolve around them. Light could hear the humming and honking of vehicles on the road behind him. The path in front of him is still jam-packed with people, their figures flashing by in a blur, footsteps echoing off the concrete along with the rustling of clothes. Above him, the sun is still absent from the scene, the faint darkness igniting a chill in the air. Enveloped in the shadows of the clouds the large screens seemed to flare, switching between the news, the entertainment channel and advertisements.

"Well, what is your answer, Light?"

He raised his head, looking into the still-smiling face of the red-eyed man.

Light lowered his hand slowly.

"Let me think about it," he said.

Kira seemed surprised, then laughed, eyes gleaming in mirth, "Why the hesitation? The Light we know isn't a coward."

"Why 'we'?" Light noticed, "It doesn't make sense because what you said earlier is 'I am you', 'you are me' and 'we're the same'. What you're saying make it seem like we're not."

Kira let his hand drop and spoke with an air of nonchalance, "It's just a matter of speech."

"You know me," Light mentioned, "For some reason you resemble me and you know my habits and everything else about me." He set his eyes onto Kira and concluded, "You act like me, so that must mean I know you too."

"That certainly sounds like a possibility."

Caution found its way onto Light's features, "You're trying to trick me."

"Nonsense," Kira smiled and the brunette caught a subtle glow in his eyes. "What makes you think that?"

"Because I know myself," Light stated, continuing to study the other at the same time, "You try to soften me with words and spur me with what would set me off. It's basic manipulation."

"And what if what I said were to be true?"

Light went silent for a bit, considering that factor before saying flatly, "I don't trust you."

"Then what shall I do to gain your trust?"

Light noticed the attempt to steer away from the main issue and demanded, "What are you?"

"Whatever do you mean, Light?"

"Shut up," He growled, "If you're trying to trick me, then you're not me and if I were you, there would not be any gaps in my memories!"
"So you've noticed," Kira smiled as he tilted his head.

"Kira."

"I don't know, perhaps I might be your other self," he challenged, "You learnt that in psychology, didn't you?"

"I do not have dissociative personality disorder," Light emphasized almost angrily, "If I do, I won't be talking to you like this and if I do, we would not have the exact same behaviors."

"You wouldn't know," Kira said with a shrug, "Perhaps you belong to the category called 'the insane' and I am just a vision you have conjured up." He gave Light a serious look, "Or I am making you believe that we're the same."

Light's eyes narrowed, scrutinizing him for a moment before he pointed out, "You speak in circles."

"Not unlike what you do when you're pulling the strings, huh," Kira stated, realizing that Light had indeed caught onto him.

"What are you?" Light demanded, "If you're not a personality split off from me then what the hell are you?"

"Light-kun."

The teen started, looking about as he looked for the source of the annoyingly familiar voice but not seeing anyone around him other than Kira and the throng of unidentifiable people in front of him that began to look really strange.

"W-what the hell?" Light blurted, taking a step back as the scene began to twist and melt before his very eyes, the edges of his vision dissipating into the darkness while he stared in alarm. The buildings looked like they were physically bent and warped as they dissolved into black along with the sky, the cars, the road and even the people.

"Light-kun," the call was a little more insistent and Light looked around for the detective while the world began to crumble before him.

The darkness squeezed ever closer and Light stared in horror Kira's body began to twist into an unrecognizable shape. He silently hoped that it was merely due to his vision and not actually happening to the other, as undesirable as he is.

Even in the distortion, Light could still sense the other's grin as Kira gleefully stated, "Until next time, Light."

And he disappeared, swallowed up by the darkness along with everything else.

"Light-kun."

Light wearily cracked open an eye, strangely unsurprised to find the pale detective leaning over him, his large black eyes boring into his skull. The white image of the detective burned even more into his brain as his face was illuminated by the moonlight, causing him to look even more ghostlike than usual.

As a deterrence to that 'ghost', Light reached out and shoved his hand in L's face to push him away.

The 'ghost' gave a muffled protest while the teen rubbed his own face, trying to regain his bearings.
He felt as if his mind is trapped in his body that seemed too sluggish. His dream was much too vivid and much too real that it took Light a few moments to absorb the fact that he is in the Taskforce building, trapped in L's bedroom.

"I see Light-kun is awake," L said cheerfully, as though he's unaware that Light had abused his face just a second ago.

"What time is it?" He asked, reality taking a while to sink in.

"Three-fifty," L answered, "I woke you up so that I could acquire some cake."

The teen silently sat up and rubbed his eyes.

While he did that, L shuffled over to perch beside him, shifting his face an inch away from the other's to study him.

"Light-kun seemed uncharacteristically calm," he commented as he tilted his head.

SMACK!

The detective was sprawled across the bed in the blink of an eye. Light stared down at him, his arm stretched out and his hand clenched into a fist. As expressionless as he looked, it wasn't hard to miss the twitch in his eye.

"You happy now?"

"That was uncalled for," L said as he sat up, ignoring the throb in his cheek.

"You were way too close," Light growled, "And why the hell did you wake me up in the middle of the night for such a stupid thing!"

A faint glare took hold of the detective's face.

WHAM!

The next day found Light sitting sullenly at his desk, nursing the bruise on his cheek.

Looking back at it, he did come to the realization that he pretty much asked for it by punching L in the face and not expecting the other to return the favor. That, and calling his snacks a 'stupid thing' because as chilled and ridiculous as L always seemed to be, Light had momentarily forgotten that the only things that L had ever been seriously dedicated to are his sugar and sugar cravings.

On one hand, he could use the excuse that he was really tired from the lack of sleep such that his normal brain function has been impeded (as L had annoyingly pointed out as a warning once). On the other, he happened to be very concerned about his latest dream.

So that worry had found him in the workroom the next few days, hooked up to his machine not for the purpose of finding more information about the Yotsuba Corporation but something else.

Anyone who looked at the tabs on his screen would be seriously concerned about the names of the websites and articles he has up.

'Demonic possessions', 'Exorcism', 'Serious cases of personality disorders', 'Recurring nightmare', these combination of titles made the horror of the Kira Case pale in comparison. Although if anyone were to look at his screen, they would probably think that he'd finally gone off his rocker.
That might be reasonable enough, seeing that he have a sugar demon accompanying him all day and all night such that the incurable crazy has rubbed off onto him.

While Light skimmed through a site that talks about various type of demons and what they want from the beings in the mortal realm, he had apparently missed the chair beside him slowly rolling closer without a sound and a certain annoying person had leaned over his shoulder, staring intently at his screen.

He'd realized that too late when a really loud, obnoxious voice rang by his ear.

"Is that PORN?"

The shock was so great that Light almost had a non-Kira related heart attack.

He shut off the monitor immediately as a reflex and realized that it was an extremely bad idea as it gave L's words more credibility, the stupid oaf had been loud enough to alert the whole room, evident from the four pairs of eyes now staring at the both of them.

Light stared back at them, especially the one he calls 'Dad', who's looking back at him in complete shock and the beginnings of disappointment.

"It wasn't-"

"Then would Light-kun care to explain why you turned that off?" L, the incarnation of devil himself challenged.

It was safe to say that Light experienced the most awkward silence of all awkward silences in his life. He wasn't too happy to find that Matsuda's face had turned bright red.

"Wow, Light," the bachelor commented, sounding perturbed and mildly impressed. "I didn't know you had that in you."

Soichiro turned to glare at him.

Light lowered his head.

"Oh, is Light-kun ashamed?" L questioned 'sympathetically', fiddling with his lip, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that out loud."

"You…"

"Hm?"

"YOU FUCKING BASTARD!"

The others were startled at the sudden yell, staring agape as the teen bodily attacked the detective, sending the both of them crashing to the ground in a flurry of fervent growls and punches.

"Godammit," Aizawa groaned in exasperation.

Light managed to gain the upper hand as he pinned L to the ground, throwing punches in his face with unbridled fury. His attacks are only halted when L's foot slammed into chest, sending the brunette tumbling off of him.

That was when Soichiro and Matsuda had thought to intervene, when Light scrambled towards the other with a frightful snarl.
"Stop it this instance!"

Unexpectedly, the teen ignored the command of his father and pounced upon the detective, looking like he was determined to strangle the hell out of him once and for all.

At that moment, the door hissed open, revealing the figures of Watari and Misa.

The blonde had looked bubbly and thrilled upon the prospect of finally seeing her boyfriend again, right until the moment she set her eyes upon the ruckus in the middle of the room.

"What is Ryuuzaki doing to Misa's Light!" She exclaimed, her shrill voice distracted Light from slamming his fist into the detective's nose, where L used that opportunity to plough both his feet into the teen's face.

"Light!"

It took a while but they finally managed to extract the two off of each other, now covered in fresh bruises and bumps from their latest scuffle. Soichiro stood over them with a stern look that would make a lion cower in fear, while Light and L looked anywhere but at each other and the man himself.

Misa looked on at them (well, just Light) in worry and turned to Matsuda who stood beside her.

"Um, what happened?" She asked.

Matsuda gaped at her anxiously and muttered, "W-well, I think Ryuuzaki was kind of mad at Light."

The model looked confused, "Huh?"

Matsuda glanced at the two and cupped a hand to whisper, "Ryuuzaki was mad because he was looking at- um, uh…"

"Looking at what? What was he looking at?"

His next word was barely audible, Matsuda was blushing as he uttered, "P-P-Porn…?"

"WHAT?!"

That attracted Light's attention, he turned to glance at them, immediately put two and two together and leveled a glare at tattletale.

The bachelor felt it and turned to him timidly, shivering under the intense wave of anger like a rabbit in the headlights.

L was silently chewing on his thumb for the longest moment before pointing the other one at the brunette, "He started it."

"Ryuuzaki…" Light's head snapped back to L as he gritted his teeth, looking ready to have another go at him.

"Light!" Soichiro barked and he shrunk back in what seems to be shame.

Meanwhile out of earshot of the three, Misa emitted a gasp of disbelief, "Light looks at those dirty things?"
"Uh…"

She ignored Matsuda's attempt to intervene and sobbed, "But- but, isn't Misa enough? He doesn't need to look at those, Misa is ready if he wants to see…"

The bachelor turned beet red.

"…to touch…"

He choked.

She set her tear-filled gaze upon Light as if in appeal, "Misa belongs to Light, he can do anything to Misa!"

Aizawa stared at her and cleared his throat, "Um, I think you should leave."

"Light can only look at Misa alone!" The model suddenly gasped, as if coming to a realization, "Wait, Misa thinks she figured it out!"

She pointed angrily at L, "This must be Ryuuzaki's fault, he's after Misa's Light and is trying to turn Light away from Misa by using such dirty tricks!"

The detective looked at her in utter boredom but didn't bother to contradict her statement while Light stared at her in confusion.

"Misa-"

"Stinky-zaki! You think that Misa won't be able to tell, it was because no one wants your ugly mug," Misa accused, "Misa's Light is trapped with him day and night who knows what he's thinking of doing!"

"Misa-"

"Maybe he did it already, because Misa isn't here to protect her Light!"

"Misa-"

"His innocence!" She cried dramatically.

Mogi spluttered, his stoic image beginning to crack as a hint of amusement began to crept onto his features. Not wanting to attract anyone's attention, he lowered his head and covered his mouth, hiding the slight smile with his hand.

However, it wasn't difficult to miss the faint trembling of his shoulders and luckily for him, they were preoccupied with the main spectacle in the middle of the room.

"Misa!"

Misa gaped at Light for shouting and sobbed, "Now Light's mad at Misa!"

"What the hell is going on," Aizawa grumbled, looking like he's done with it all.

"Misa, don't being ridiculous," Light exclaimed, looking disturbed, "Nothing of that sort happened!"

"Then why is Light looking at the dirty things?"
"I was not!"

Soichiro turned to L with a dark scowl. He noticed and looked up for a long moment before finally relenting, "He was not."

"See," Light soothed, "I didn't look at any of those, I only have eyes for you."

L gave him a sidelong glance at that moment, taking the opportunity to observe him.

"R-really?" She blurted.

"Yes, really," he said.

"Light-kun says that but he has not moved from the couch at all."

There was a pause, before Light turned to glare at him, "That's because of the stupid chain, you moron."

The detective gave him a scrutinizing gaze, "Hm, really?"

Light glared at him and was about to utter something particularly nasty at L when there was a shrill ringing.

They turned to the source of it, where Misa jumped as if suddenly realizing, "Oh, that's Misa's!"

She fished out her pink cellphone, decorated with all sorts of trinkets hanging from it and answered in a high-pitched cutesy voice, "Hello, Misa Misa here!"

They watched as she talk on the phone for a brief moment. Misa hung up with a loud 'bye' and replaced the phone in her pocket, "Misa has a rehearsal in thirty minutes, so Misa will be leaving."

She looked over at Light with a solemn expression and pounced on him suddenly, settling in his lap while the teen emitted a painful sounding 'oof'. He tentatively hugged her back.

"Misa will miss Light."

"I'll miss you too," he mumbled.

Aizawa rolled his eyes at the display, while L was the only one who blatantly stared at them.

"Bye, Light." She kissed him on the cheek once and left the room with Watari.

L studied at the unfortunate soul chained to him, "That was very unenthusiastic on your part."

"Shut up," Light snapped, "What do you know?"

A crooked half-smile appeared on his face, "More than you think, Light-kun."

Soichiro glared down at the both of them, "We'll have a talk."

"Yag-"

"Now, Ryuuzeaki."

"Right," he mumbled.

"With my son."
"Alright."

"Alone."

"Fine," L said, "We'll move to another room."

"Alone, Ryuuzaki," Soichiro stressed, "My word is final."

"Fine," The detective peered up at him, "I'm only doing this out of respect for you, Yagami-san."

L stood up, dug inside his pocket for the key and unlocked the cuff on Light's end. The teen rubbed his wrist, the skin beginning to bear marks from being trapped in the confines of the metal for so long.

"You can use the interrogation room, it's just down the hall to the left," he added, "The cameras and microphone will be left on, however."

Soichiro glowered at him.

"It's for security reasons, of course." L explained, "Your son is still under suspicion therefore I have to continue to watch him even when he is not by my side."

"Fine," he said huffily, "I'll just accept that."

Soichiro then proceeded to leave with his son to the designated room.

________

Light followed his father into the room, where he closes the door behind him.

They were in a room with white walls and a gray floor, it was bare except for a metal table, chairs and a single lamp that was turned off. The two father and son chose not to sit and instead stood by the door, where Light resisted the urge to fidget.

"Son," Soichiro grumbled, "I want you to answer me honestly."

Light felt like escaping the room, he'd never been caught in this sort of situation ever since that time he'd pulled Sayu's hair when he was six. He steeled his nerves, preparing for whatever lecture/scolding his father is going to give him next.

"What exactly is your relationship with Ryuuzaki?"

Light blinked, "What?"

Soichiro looked troubled, "I mean, are you in any sort of, um, uh, indecent relationship with him?"

All of Light's brain activities came to an abrupt standstill, "Indecent?"

"You need to tell me, son," he continued, "Is he forcing you? What exactly is he doing to you? You're still a minor, we can press charges-
"

"Dad, no," Light said in a hurry, "That's not it, it's all a misunderstanding!"

Soichiro gave him a skeptical look, "But you've been strange, lately."

"It has nothing to do with him," Light said, trailing off to give his father the image of shame and sincerity, "I was just tired, that's all and there's the confinement. I was also stuck in the buildings
since July so I just felt a little cooped up. I'm sorry if my behavior has been disruptive lately."

"Okay…" Soichiro didn't look convinced, "So you don't have feelings for him?"

"I already have Misa, Dad," Light said firmly, feeling nauseous at the thought.

Soichiro gave him a long look and finally accepted that, "Then what about Ryuuzaki?"

"Oh, no, he hasn't done anything weird," Light confirmed. 'Other than annoying the hell out of me,' he silently added.

"So what he has been doing, there's no meaning behind it?"

"I don't think so…" Light uttered, "Ryuuzaki is a recluse after all, so he probably doesn't behave normally like other people."

Soichiro nodded, "That's a relief, from how it looks it seems like he's flirting with you."

"Flirting?" Light looked puzzled, "I don't understand."

"Teasing you," Soichiro explained, "Playing harmless pranks and he was only targeting you alone, he wasn't interested in anyone else so that made me worry."

"Maybe that's Ryuuzaki's way of socializing," Light reasoned, "He did say that I was his first and only friend before."

On the contrary, Light began to think otherwise.

Soichiro nodded, "Yes, that sounds reasonable. That's much better."

At the same moment, L sat nibbling on his thumb in frustration.

"The audio isn't on," he muttered irritably as he watched the footage from the interrogation room.

Light's face was just out of sight as well, his father is covering it so he can't read the teen's lips or see his expression, just Soichiro's, which doesn't give him much regarding Light's replies.

The detective sat twirling about in his chair while he waited for the two to return, his wrist is still trapped within the cuff, so the chain is dragging about on the floor and making clacking noises.

It wasn't long before Matsuda approached him.

L stopped and peered up at him, "Yes?"

"Uh, are you two okay?"

"Certainly," the detective answered, "Why did you ask?"

"You guys just seem to quarrel a lot," Matsuda said, "And Light-kun does have Misa-chan as his official girlfriend."

L stared at him in mild confusion (that means he's very confused) but waited for him to continue.

"It doesn't seem like a healthy relationship."

Oh.
"We're not in a relationship," L answered blandly.

Matsuda looked surprised, "Wait, huh, what? Oh, I know! You guys are only doing it!"

Aizawa glanced over at the shout, saw what was going on, rolled his eyes and went back to work. Unlike him, Mogi continued to watch.

"Doing what?" The detective asked seriously.

"Doing- uh, um…” Matsuda looked flustered, then whispered, "Well… being fuck buddies."

"What is a fuck buddy?"

As a response to that, Matsuda gave a shriek and frantically shushed him, while L kept staring at him in confusion.

"Like, uh, having s-s-sex with him but just remaining friends."

L then gave him a look as if he's being a nuisance, "I did not have sex with Light-kun nor am I in a relationship with him."

Matsuda stared at him, "Wait, are you serious? You guys aren't dating?"

L shot him the blankest stare he could muster and said in a weary voice to make it as clear as possible, "No, Matsuda-san, we're not dating nor are we fuck buddies of any sort."

The detective swore Matsuda actually looked disappointed at that and said in an equally flat tone, "Now please get back to work."

The bachelor turned and obediently made his way back to the desk in silence, passed Mogi who pretended he hadn't been listening in to the conversation.

It wasn't too long before the door to the workroom opened, revealing the father and son pair who returned to their seats in silence.

Light glared at L once and held out his left hand.

L replaced the cuff in silence and it was like nothing ever happened that afternoon, save for a couple of bruises on both of them.

"Bye, guys!" Matsuda said happily as he grabbed his coat and left.

The two genii who are now left alone again did not acknowledge him, absorbed in both of their screens.

Well, not really.

Ever since Light had returned from the interrogation room, his mind had been plagued with thoughts, strange thoughts that involved the possibility of L flirting with him. He had never thought of it that way and only dismissed it as the detective being out to torment him with his lunacy until his father had pointed it out.

It can't possibly be but there's no other explanation for it other than the fact that he's a recluse who sucks at being friendly or he's just playing around and thoroughly enjoying it.
Light can't wrap his mind around the thought that L might even like anyone romantically, as he seemed way too blunt and emotionally obtuse for that.

He glanced over at L who's been staring at the same screen for five minutes and definitely not registering what he's seeing, which could most likely mean that he's busy thinking about cake and all that horrendously sweet stuff.

Light told himself again that there's no way but he needs something to back it up.

He psyched himself up for this one, which is appearing as friendly and harmless to the sugar fiend, "Hey, Ryuuzaki."

L blinked and turned to him, "Yes?"

"Hold out your hand."

L simply stared at him, Light caught a hint of suspicion in his features, "What is it?"

"Shut up and give me your hand."

"I see no beneficial reason in doing that."

Light glared, "Just do it."

L gave him a skeptical look and eventually obliged.

Light took it in hand, noting that L's hand is cool and dry and not disgusting and sticky like he'd expected it to be. The teen let it hang for a while, focusing on the detective's reaction and not the fact that he's holding a dude's hand like he would a girl.

L stared back at him for a long moment, "What is Light-kun doing?"

"Observing."

Light noted that the detective sounded awkward, like he wasn't too happy and was perplexed with what they're doing.

"If you're done observing…"

He nodded in satisfaction, releasing L's hand and concluding that there's no way that the detective had ever had a crush on him.

"Thanks," he said and calmly went back to work.

There was a long pause where he was stared at.

"What was Light-kun observing?" L asked curiously.

"It's nothing, don't worry about it."

"It sounds like something I should be worried about."

Light ignored him as he was too busy feeling thrilled that L isn't in any way infatuated in him. And neither was he, so all was fine. Now all he has to do is to figure out how to get rid of the thing in his dreams and solve the murders that is still happening out there.
Now he wasn't feeling too thrilled about that.

After Light went to bed that night, L sat beside him in the dark, staring at his hand.

He studied his palm, then turned to look at the back, wondering what it was that Light was trying to do. No one has held his hand before, other than Watari when he was younger. Somehow, it didn't feel the same. With Watari's it had been warm but having Light hold his hand, it was warm and fuzzy.

He couldn't figure out the fuzzy.

The detective turned to look at Light.

He'd never felt so confused in his life.
Light sat at his desk and stared at the thin black book. He still couldn't figure out the mystery behind it, where it came from, why is it in his room and most importantly, why he couldn't read a single word that is written in the notebook.

It was unnerving, as no matter how many pages he had flipped through, it was full of indiscernible scribbles and markings, like words that are too far away to be made out. Light had thought it was just that at first but he couldn't be sure, so he had Sayu read one of the lines for him.

'Yamaguchi Nobuya,' she read, then asked why Light had her read it for him.

He made an excuse about testing her ability to read names.

As it turns out, the page only contained names.

And he still couldn't see any of them.

After his comment, Sayu complained that he's lame and left before he could get her to read anything else. So here he is, sitting in his room and trying to understand this weird occurrence.

It got nowhere, so Light switched on his PC and went to search for the name 'Yamaguchi Nobuya'. About a million results are spat back out at him, with at least seven social media links for the name and twenty more for an artist with that name. He wondered if that was it, the name that Sayu read out was the name of an artist.

Somehow, his gut feeling thought that wasn't it but he couldn't know unless he got the rest of the names in the book.

Light clicked to go to the next page and scrolled down, just as he heard his mother call him for dinner.

"Coming!" He replied and promptly left the room, closing the door behind him.

On the screen, the last link read 'Murderer Yamaguchi Nobuya Dies from Heart Attack'.

"What are you doing cooped up in your room?" His mother asked as soon as he appeared at the top of the stairs.

"I was studying," Light said.

"Huh?" Sayu uttered as she fixed an incredulous look upon him, "But it's going to be summer break soon!"

"I was just reviewing some materials before the holiday starts, so I don't forget," Light said in his own defense as he walked down the stairs, cursing himself when he realized he'd forgotten what the date is. Well, at least it puts him in a better light in front of his family.

"Okay, Mr. Hardworking," Sayu rolled her eyes, her face brightened, "Oh, guess what, Dad came home!"

"Really?" He smiled.
"He's in the kitchen," Sachiko informed, "I'll get the fish so we can all start eating."

As she left, Sayu took the opportunity to jab him in his side.

"Ow, Sayu!"

She giggled as Light raced after her for revenge.

When he entered the kitchen and saw who was sitting at the table, he stopped.

Sayu, who was prepared to keep running for her life was puzzled when she saw her brother just standing at the threshold.

"Nii-chan, what's wrong?"

Light kept staring, because the person sitting at the dinner table was not their father.

It was Kira.

The red-haired man stared back at him and flashed a smirk right back at him.

"Light?"

Light snapped out of it and turned to regard his mother, who was looking back at him with a concerned expression on her face.

He turned to Kira, who still has the same expression on his face. It was then that he realized that none of his family members are able to see him. He started to wonder where his father actually is but said nothing of that matter.

"It's nothing..." He muttered and went to take a seat across Kira, where he usually faced his father and feigned an air of normalcy. "Let's eat."

"Let's," Kira said in a pleasant imitation of his voice, his lips curling even more in amusement as the mother and daughter pair joined them, the perplexed expression remained at Light's earlier reaction.

Sayu turned the television on during dinner, staring at the screen while she ate.

It was some sappy drama with Hideki Ryuga, as usual.

This time, instead of chiding her for watching TV while she's eating, Light simply stared at Kira, who ate dinner as if nothing was wrong. It irked him, as the red-haired man who had no place in his house acted perfectly at home within it.

Light was even more unsettled as this imitation of himself copied everything he did perfectly.

He held his chopsticks casually but firmly, his first chopstick, the one above, held securely between his index, middle finger and thumb and moved only by his first two fingers. His second chopstick is held between his thumb and his palm, still throughout the entire time he used it.

Light noticed that because he himself had researched it, the correct way to hold chopsticks and he had trained himself to hold it properly and perfectly since he was young.

It was even more obvious when Kira is next to Sayu, where she held the chopsticks loosely and her
thumb incorrectly followed its movements.

Kira picked out the fish bones daintily, he picked up the bowl whenever he was going to take a few bites of his rice and put it down whenever he picked something from the side dishes. He had a particular way of going about picking food from the sides, first he had some from the plate of stir-fried vegetables, then had some grilled teriyaki chicken, stewed fish, steamed eggs that Sachiko had portioned out for everyone, he ended it off with a sip of miso soup, holding it with both of his hands and tipping it back to meet his lips. He then proceeded to have the sides starting again from the vegetables, continuing in a cycle and alternated his sides with rice.

It was a perfect echo of how Light would eat his dinner.

He set down his chopsticks, having lost his appetite.

Kira noticed it and smiled, "What's wrong, Light?"

Light stared at him, schooled his expression to show nothing as he glanced at his mother and Sayu.

"Feel free to speak to me," Kira said, munching on some chicken, "They won't notice a thing."

Light eyed him cautiously, trying to discern whether the red-eyed man was tricking him.

Finally, he demanded, "Why are you here?"

They didn't react to his statement and simply continued eating and watching TV.

"I did promise you that we'll meet again," Kira said.

"Why are you in my house?" Light asked unhappily.

Kira shrugged, "What can I do? You happen to be dreaming of this place."

Light glared at him sullenly.

"Have you perhaps figure out what I am?"

The teen kept staring as he drank more soup, "Are you a demon?"

Kira chuckled and set down his bowl. His eyes flashed red, "I'm afraid I can't answer that."

His hands clenched into fists, about to attack the strange man when he said, "Because I don't even know what I am."

"What?"

Kira sighed and seemed almost solemn as he stated, "I am neither a demon nor a spirit, nor am I something split off from you, Light. I simply, exist."

Light hesitated, watching him carefully for any signs of deceit.

There was none, and he didn't know what to do with this information.

"What do you want?"

Kira set his chopsticks down and looked right back at him.

"A purpose."
Light found that idea absurd, "You want me to give you a purpose?"

"You've already given me, back then."

The brunette stared at him in confusion and thought through all the possibilities where he could've even done in the first place.

"Wait, you don't mean-" Light gaped at him, horrified as he whispered, "I'm the one who made you Kira?"

"That's exactly what you did," Kira informed, as the teen leaned back, away from his own creation, "You brought me into existence, you gave me a purpose, one which is to cleanse this world and make it safe for the innocents again, for them."

Kira gestured to his oblivious mother and sister, who are staring at the screen as Hideki finally confesses his true feelings.

Light's gaze was directed to the two, as Kira affirmed, "You did it for them, and for Father too."

The teen watched as Sayu shrieked as Hideki kisses the girl, and their mother lecturing her about squealing in the middle of dinner. He watched as she sheepishly apologized and caught him staring. She smiled, and Light felt convinced.

Kira seemed to feel the shift as well and continued, "So I don't see a reason why we shouldn't work together."

Light turned to face Kira, his eyes hazy.

"Join me, Light," a dark smile began to creep onto his face, as he coaxed, "Join me and we can make this happen."

"I-" Light looked confused.

"Say yes," his red eyes flashed as he urged.

"Ye..." Light's eyes cleared up as he shook his head. He looked at Kira and said, "Sorry, I don't think I can do that."

Kira's posture stiffened, "Why not?"

"I can't kill people," Light said firmly, "It doesn't matter if they're good or bad, killing is wrong."

"You gave me that purpose before."

"I might've," Light muttered, "And I can't change what I've done."

Kira took on a soft, accommodating tone, "Why don't we finish it, since you've already done it?"

"No," Light glared, "I will not let the murders continue."

Kira's expression turned cold. Light noticed a pale hand moving to brush his hair back, his gesture of annoyance.

"You know the justice system is null," Kira began.

"No, it isn't," Light snapped, "Not completely."
"What do you mean?"

Light hesitated, "There's L."

Kira snorted, "You don't actually believe that he is upholding justice because he truly believes in it."

"It may not be the case," Light glowered at Kira for laughing at him, "But I'm working with him, I'll be able to make a difference this time."

"Yeah?" Kira challenged, "And what happens when 'Kira' is finally brought to justice? Will you be able to continue to work by his side, or uphold the justice that you're so devoted to?"

"That's…" Light trailed off.

"There's no way around it," Kira said grimly and stood up, "Think about it, I'll come for your answer another time."

Just like that, the red-haired man disappeared into the blackness, along with everything else.

Light opened his eyes to the darkened sight of the ceiling, disorientated by his vivid dream. He sat up, feeling strangely alert and tired at the same time. The eighteen-year-old was puzzled to find no disturbances and turned to face the detective who lay next to him, fast asleep.

L was curled up on his side, mimicking his crouch whenever he sits.

Until now, Light wasn't sure whether he had become the greatest detective because he truly believed in justice, or did it because he was bored. He believed more in the latter, because there was a point in time that he stopped believing in justice, because of everything that was wrong around him and there was nothing he could do about them.

But L, he brought a difference. He is able to change what is wrong with the world and if Light were to work with him on that, the world will change for the better.

However, to truly uphold justice, once they find the evidence for it, Light will have to be imprisoned, maybe given the death sentence.

Because he was Kira.

And past actions that he had no knowledge of, no matter what reason caused it, is no excuse for the murder of many, convicts or not.

At that moment, Light thought the idea of justice is a terrible thing indeed.

He decided, he would do as much as he could for this case before the truth is uncovered.

As much as he could.

L said at his desk the next day, doing nothing but eating and thinking.

It was a slice of strawberry cake, consisting of layers of light, fluffy sponge cake, thick and creamy strawberry cream that has the hint of a soft sweetness that strawberries of premium quality has, filled with slices of fragrant strawberries, thick vanilla cream, topped with more strawberries and chunk of white chocolate that are placed precariously on the cake, the decorations themselves are of similar height to the cake itself.
L barely noticed the taste as he observed that Light is no longer looking at strange websites looking to exorcise demons, or seeming to be deeply concerned about something that his eyebrows were severely scrunched up.

He was absorbed in the Yotsuba Case, digging and scrutinizing every source he could find on every of the influential Yotsuba Corp. members that told of their background and their personalities. Currently, he's mainly on the fifth person, Shingo Mido, building his profile and adding on more information that he'd found on the other members.

The others are partly on the same task, as well as creating the list of convicts who had died via heart attack and others who are likely killed by Kira, and monitoring Yotsuba's activities and compiling various statistics that had to do with their corporation.

As for L, he's mainly thinking about what happened yesterday.

He took another saccharine sweet bite out of the cake, still wondering what it was that he felt when Light was holding his hand.

It reminded him of Watari holding his hand when he was still a child, lost and having nowhere else to go. Watari was the one who gave him a place to call home, that day when they both stood in front of the building with the tall gates made of wrought iron.

Everyone he ever knew was gone and he was all alone, until Watari came forward and took him in. He wasn't really happy about it in the beginning.

But when the older man took his hand and brought him to his new home, it sparked a warmth in his cold chest.

This felt different.

L had never held anyone's hands for over a decade and a half after that. He had virtually no contact with anyone else and no one had touched him, out of either respect or fear. The direct skin contact was strange and unnerving and the feeling that came from it was even stranger.

A warm fuzziness.

L thought that it might have something to do with his experience of prolonged lack of skin contact, there is a thing about it being important for people.

Sure, there are instances where they accidentally brush against each other because of the close proximity between them caused by the use of the chain. They are different, though, because holding hands was direct and intentional on their part.

L also wondered whether it had something to do with Light being his first and only friend, that it would make him feel something from touch.

Still, it felt too strange for the reason to remain just that.

L turned to Light, who remain oblivious of his surrounding as he rapidly scanned through the articles, picking out information and transferring them into his documents.

It looked as if he was racing against time.

And L tried to figure out what on earth his 'observation' was supposed to be about.
L thought back to his basic education about human psychology and communication.

The purpose of physical contact in body languages is to reveal positive intentions and establish intimacy and trust.

In the case with Watari, it was to show support, guidance and authority. L was a mere child that time, alone and lost and Watari was the one who took him in. He was established as a guardian and a father figure, supporting L in his time of lost and allow him to build his confidence in the older man as someone who would take care and protect him.

That purpose is definitely not the case with Light.

Holding hands to show respect and friendship, as prevalent in Arab, some African and Asian cultures seemed out of the question, as Japanese are not known for holding hands for that function.

There remained the last possibility: romance and affection.

L found it a little hard to wrap around his mind that Light would have such an intention, the teen had strongly indicated that he was adverse against a romantic relationship of any kind with the detective and Light had a complete lack of reaction to that incident, other than a sort of satisfaction that came with the results.

It was when L was beginning to figure it out.

Judging from the complete lack of emotion and reaction, and the clinical tone and approach he had towards the contact.

Wasn't it an experiment? About what?

L thought back to their recent interactions before that occurrence and finally came to a conclusion.

Light was testing whether he had any romantic feelings towards him and he was satisfied that he got nothing, that was exactly because L had nothing.

That gave him a new question, what did he do that Light had to test that to see for himself?

L glanced at the teen, trying to puzzle it out.

He gave up a few minutes later and went back to eating his cake.

It was dinner time when Light announced that he had finished his profiling on the Yotsuba Group.

He sat, facing the room in his chair while they looked at him for what he might've found. L was just licking the last of the cream smeared on the fork.

"After looking through the records and information of the Yotsuba members, the most likely candidate to be Kira is... inconclusive."

There was a sense of disappointment in the air, not against Light but against the situation itself. Still, Light could not help but feel bad that they didn't manage to get anywhere even after all the work.

"There are some individuals who are more suspicious than the others, though," he informed, turning to his laptop that is currently connected to the large screen in the center.
"There are eight members in total. First, we have Kyosuke Higuchi, who is the head of Technology Development. From the reports, he generally seemed to be a greedy man who cares only about himself. Next is Shingo Mido, the Vice President of Corporate Strategy and the Director of Financial Planning, it was mentioned somewhere that he dislikes financing, despite his position in the group."

Light pressed the left button on his keyboard and another picture appeared, "This is Suguru Shimura, the Head of Personnel, he was stated to be a paranoid man, which is a quality that Kira has, and it also coincides with his current activities. Next is Arayoshi Hatori, who is the Vice President of Marketing. He is the illegitimate son of the company president. If he is Kira, his motivation might be creating chances to prove himself to the president."

"There are also others within the company who has the potential to be Kira, currently, these are the most suspicious. However we also can't dismiss that fact that people who are the least likely to be him could be Kira," Light turned back to his laptop, "I'll send the files to your accounts for reference."

"Thank you, Light-kun," L said, "We shall continue to monitor their activities, as well as Kira's killings."

To his right, Light shoulders stiffened almost imperceptibly, L mentioned nothing about that as he continued, "So there's nothing to do for now but to wait and see."

"Are you just going to watch while the death count rises?"

L turned to face Soichiro and caught the stern look on his face. Perhaps that is the reason why Light seemed upset, Soichiro was the one who taught him about this after all, judging from his admonishes whenever his son did something wrong.

That might be something worth considering, he thought.

"Not entirely," L admitted, "I'm working on it, it might take a while."

The older man didn't look satisfied but it was enough to keep him from badgering L until he does something about it immediately.

"So there's nothing to do until then?" Matsuda questioned.

"No, there is," Aizawa grumbled, "Read your report for god's sake."

"Okay…" he muttered, "But what about after we're done?"

"Then think of a solution!"

"What if we can't think of a solution?"

"Whatever, go eat your dinner if you have nothing useful to add!"

"Okay."

With that, the bachelor happily left the room while Aizawa began his work.

A few moments later, he stopped, "Wait, did Matsuda just manipulated me into giving him a break?"
"That appeared to be the case," L said, staring at his empty plate.

"That idiot Matsuda?" Aizawa was dumbfounded, "I can't believe it."

"Perhaps Aizawa-san needed a break too."

The older man went silent, he looked conflicted as he stared at the stack of papers in his hands.

"In the meantime," L turned to face Light, who looked back at him quizzically, "Is Light-kun interested in a game of chess?"

"Checkmate."

Light stared at the chessboard incredulously, his pieces all trapped with nowhere to go.

Five moves. Damned L bested him in only five moves, what the hell?

The brunette gaped at him, his expression slowly turning into a glower as he realized that the bastard had tricked him. L had let him win the first round by a small margin and neither of them were playing seriously. He led him to think that it was going to be the standard, the bait that he loosely constructed.

"Wow, that was quick!"

Light suppressed a growl at Matsuda's voice, blaming L for making him suffer this humiliation.

"Would Light-kun like a rematch?" L asked innocently.

He was being taunted, that statement was another attempt to bait him.

To what? Play seriously?

"I don't mind if Light-kun decides to call it a day," L said pityingly, "I understand if he couldn't handle it."

Light's eye twitched in annoyance.

Who the hell do you think you're talking to?

"We'll go another round," Light smiled, "After all, it's only a game, there's no need to take it seriously."

I'm going to crush you, he thought.

"My thoughts exactly," L let a tiny smile show, it was one of amusement, "I'll go easy on you, Light-kun."

The teen quelled the urge to whack him hard across the face just once, "Well, what are you waiting for, Ryuuzaki? Set up the board."

He noticed a faint curling of his toes, before L silently set the pieces back into place.

Then he thought, he might have found another game to play.

Light shifted so that his posture was directed at L, his elbows resting on his thighs, his fingers interlocked, sending a signal to get his opponent engaged. He smiled, "How about we make it
more interesting, Ryuuzaki?"

L looked up at him, "What do you propose?"

"A penalty," Light said, "We'll do a best out of five, loser will have to do whatever the winner tells them for three days."

The detective thought about it, "On one condition, Light-kun will not give me an order that will force me to reveal my identity or anything associated with it in any way."

"Deal."

L set the last piece into place, "Let us begin, I'll let you be white."

Light smiled to hide the irritation on his face, "I'll make you regret that decision."

"Go on," L taunted, "Make me."

The brunette moved one of his pawns forward.

Darkness, it was a space, a manifestation and not quite.

There was no sight, nor light. No taste, sound or smell. There was no sensation, no such thing as heat, or the cold. No life and no death.

There was nothing else with him in the void, none of existence but he himself.

He floated in the vast, empty blackness. Just there, hovering, existing, something tangible yet intangible at the same time. He felt everything and felt nothing all at once. He was everywhere and nowhere at once, the only thing in the vacuum of non-existence. And the darkness was peaceful.

Then it happened, a sudden flash of red.

An unpleasant pulse travelled through him, through the darkness that used to be safe.

The red was gone, out of sight but he felt it.

It was still there, watching, a dark, crooked smile on its face.

It twisted, spread wider, far beyond what the darkness could comprehend.

Fear coursed through him, the invisible veins in the dark.

Soon, it was no longer just the red, or the fanged sneer.

Limbs extended out of it, limbs like the thick, boneless arms of the octopi, denser than the non-existent darkness, blacker than what could be sensed. They grew, longer and blacker and reached for him, where he was everywhere and nowhere, wrapping around everything it could find.

He felt the slimy, sinister touch of the appendages, everything it found was turning into pitch, darker than black.

It consumed him, ate him whole, as his non-existent self screamed and struggled and scrambled, to flee away from this darkness that changes him.

Like a serpent that chokes its prey, injecting dark venom into him and devours him.
And he was gone, nothing else remained but the pitch-like darkness.

You are mine.
A/N: Well, this chapter is out. Like, finally.

First off, I want to apologize but this chapter sort of killed me, along with studies and all the final year stuffs and teachers pressuring people and stuffs. I was meaning for this to be out wayyy sooner but no. To be clear, I had attempted this chapter three times, well four now and it doesn't look right for the most part. Then I decided to go read some other fandoms to get some uhhh, motivation…? Well, whatever it was, I wanted it back. And I fell down a really deep rabbit hole (cough thorki cough). …No I am not into incest. In my defense, I preferred the more innocent… stories… yes… I suppose that's right.

(awkward silence)

Uh, so enjoy the chapter? I apologize if it's a little shitty, heh.

He won.

L really shouldn't be surprised that he had won, he usually does. Well, always.

He thought about how the game had played out yesterday and admitted he did cheat a bit in the beginning. It was an attempt to bait Light to attack him and it worked well.

Too well, in fact.

L had counted on him striving to put him in his place. What he did not expect was that Light had managed to keep a cool head to corner him on almost every turn. Taunting him during the game would be unscrupulous, especially in a match like this so L did none of that.

Light had claimed the first deciding round and L, the second. L managed to win the third round by a small margin.

What L thought the most unnerving over the course of the three games of chess was the fact that Light would have won instead of him, if Light had not made that slight blunder in the beginning. By the time he had realized it, it was already too late to salvage it, unless L also made some mistake of his own. It was not to be, as L had put every ounce of his focus and patience into that. Nevertheless, the teen made an impressive show of perseverance right until the very end.

L was thoroughly amused by the frustrated look on the teen's face. It was quite the strange expression, seeing it on Light, his deeply furrowed eyebrows and the slight downward curl of his lips.

It was adorable, in a funny way that L almost felt sorry for him.
Unfortunately for Light, the detective planned to make full use of his prize.

"Well, Light-kun," the detective shot a brief smirk as he happily wriggled his toes, "I believe you should put the game away now."

Light, who was staring distastefully at his feet, shot a glare at him, "Your orders do not take effect until tomorrow."

"You can't add new rules to your game," L fiddled with his lip, letting Light catch another flash of his victorious smirk. "It takes effect the moment Light-kun lost, which was at 9:14pm precisely. You have 71 hours and 59 minutes left, so enjoy this."

"I didn't say anything about the time when the penalty starts."

"I shall not disturb Light-kun in this ridiculous game while you sleep," the detective stated, tapping his lips with his thumb. "Shall I stop the countdown as long as Light-kun sleeps, or shall I be merciful let the hours pass by?"

Light glowered at him, "Let it pass."

"Hm? I wonder which option is better?" L made an act of pondering and gave him an impish smile, "I'm leaning towards the first one."

"No, Ryuuzaki!"

"Well, if you insist, I'll stop the countdown."

"I will murder you in your sleep!"

"Good luck with that," L said as he let out a chuckle, "Now for my first order, Light-kun should put the board away."

Light glared at him, refusing to move.

"Light-kun..."

"I'll make a deal with you."

"Oh? Light-kun is seeking a bargain, huh?" L gave him an innocent, inquisitive look, "What shall it be? Suffering through some sweets with me? Going on a date with Misa? Or wearing my shirt and jeans for a few days?"

Light seemed to turn paler with every suggestion.

Before he could answer, L added, "I would only consider it if Light-kun chooses to do any of the three, or all of them."

Light shot him an incredulous look and softly muttered, "The first one."

He swore L's smile turned evil right at that moment.

It was gone before he could determine whether he could confirm what he saw.

"As you wish," L said, "I'll get Watari to prepare one for tomorrow."

"What exactly will that be," Light asked, worried now.
"You'll see."

"I have to eat THAT?!"

The whole room turned towards the sudden shout, where they see Light and L at their desks. L was in his chair, nibbling nonchalantly at his nail. Beside him, Light appeared to have shot up from his chair, as it rolled away from him slowly. He stood gaping at the sight behind him.

It was Watari with his cart that he usually wheeled snacks and tea in with. On it was a large, two-tiered white cake that looked more at home at a wedding. On it were intricate decorations, the first layer held a sort of vine made out of chocolate, colored in various shades of green and made to look realistic. Chocolate roses dotted the cake here and there, as the vine climbed all around it. There was even a butterfly perched on top of one of the flowers. It had looked so life-like that it seemed as if it were about to take flight at any moment. On top of the cake was the top of the entire plant, containing more leaves and roses that looked as though they were reaching out for the sky.

"Yes," L said and even Aizawa could almost hear the smile in his tone, "I had it ordered and made specially for you, all the way from France."

Everyone stared at the towering cake in astonishment.

"You did what?" Aizawa blurted.

"I ordered a cake."

"Yes, but…"

"It's a deal I made with Light-kun."

The brunette finally recovered enough to protest as he gestured to the cake quite clumsily, "I can't possibly finish that!"

"What do you mean?" L said, "I haven't even had Watari add the finishing touches yet. Watari, please."

They stared as Watari pulled a jug of golden, viscous substance from the cart.

"What is that?"


"Watari, no!"

Light let out a cry of despair as the older man proceeded to slowly pour caramel all over the cake.

"It's part of the deal," L said while Light stared at the cake in horror, now with thick caramel dripping from the chocolate leaves and roses.

"Ryu-"

"Light-kun has to finish the whole cake."

Light turned to him stiffly and plastered a strained smile on his face, "Why don't we share the cake, Ryuuzaki? You would like some, won't you?"
The detective proceeded to stare at the cake. He seemed to be in a deep thought as he considered Light’s suggestion.

"That sounds like a great idea," L said, "I would like some cake, I really do. And that one over there looks especially delicious."

Light was partly relieved to hear that, perhaps he could just have a slice while L takes the rest, that might be something that saves his life from an early demise from diabetes.

"Of course, I have foreseen that."

Light spun to look at him.

L smiled as he said, "That's why I have ordered two cakes."

At that, Watari left and promptly came back with another cart with a much bigger, four-tiered white cake, filled with all sorts of fruits, biscuits, chocolate, candy, syrup, whipped cream, sugar and nuts on every layer. On top of it is a large black L that, if one is familiar with the detective's preference, would know that the entire thing is edible.

"One for you and one for me," L said, "I could share some of mine with Light-kun if you wish."

His expression crumpled.

Light sat at his desk, staring blankly at the excessively sugary piece of chocolate cake he have yet to touch, the bulk of it slathered in smooth, thick caramel that doesn't look like anything that could be eaten. What's worse, Watari had generously added parts of the decoration to his plate. Chocolate roses now oozed a thick, white liquid that he figured to be vanilla cream that had previously been contained within them. They formed tiny puddles here and there, wherever the roses were placed.

As if that wasn't enough, he can smell the cloying sweetness of the cake from here.

Light forced down the urge to throw up. He turned to face L and conveyed with his eyes that he hoped the detective was joking.

Beside him, L had already started on his second piece of cake, along with all its chocolate, sweets, syrups and biscuits and still enjoying it thoroughly. Watari wordlessly cleared away his used plate and refilled his teacup, one which L began to drop sugar cubes in while he ate the cake with his other hand.

Soichiro stood behind them and questioned, "What are they doing?"

Matsuda seemed equally puzzled, then made a noise of affirmation and nodded to himself as he finally remembered last night.

The former chief stared at him, "What?"

"I think Light-kun lost a bet."

"A bet?"

"A game I think," Matsuda pondered, "So this is the penalty?"

"I could never imagine that he would agree to this."
"I didn't either," Matsuda thought he could imagine Light's pain from here and commented, "Poor kid."

Light silently bristled when he heard that.

L, who ignored the hushed conversation behind him finally took notice of Light's staring. He turned, and raised a brow. Not that anyone would see it, though, so it looked more like L had cast Light a bland stare.

"Yes?" L inquired.

"I hate you," he muttered.

L didn't seem too bothered by his statement, turning back to shovel more cake into his mouth, "Tell me something I don't already know."

"I'm doing to smother you in cake."

"Sounds like a great way to go," he mumbled.

Only clinking noises were heard as L finished up his cake. Watari cleared the plate away and placed another in front of him, with more cake, sugar, fruits and chocolate. L happily took another bite out of it and Light turned away in disgust.

The teen stared at his own plate, reluctantly picked up his fork and speared it through his cake. As he expected, the thick layer of chocolate gave way easily, the fork cutting a creamy path through it like putting a hot knife to butter. He managed not to cringe in disguise and broke away the small piece.

Light stared at it.

L watched him out of the corner of his eye as he continued to devour his own cake.

Light slowly, slowly brought the cake to his mouth, his eyes squeezed shut as he does the unthinkable.

*Don't think. Don't think. Just chew and swallow.*

He failed and registered every bit of the sensation. It was smooth, it was creamy, it was disgustingly, cloying *sweet*. The chocolate that had just begun to melt spread all over his mouth, everywhere that it could reach, like some sort of abominable disease.

Light swallowed quickly and the sweetness clung to his throat, its taste lingers in his mouth.

He started to think about the amount of times he will spend brushing his teeth today when L suddenly said, "Is Light-kun going to finish that?"

Light turned to stare at him blankly, he looked like he had died inside a little.

He worked his jaw and winced at the faint taste of chocolate, "No?"

"I'll have some of it, then."

L reached over, took the plate and stuffed half the cake into his mouth without a word.

Light stared at him in equal parts horror, disgust and confusion, "I thought you said I was supposed
to eat all of it?"

"Let me tell you something, Light-kun," L mumbled with his mouth full of cake.

Light waited.

He said nothing as he chewed and finally gulped it down, his tongue flicked out to capture any stray smear of chocolate or crumbs.

"I actually ordered two cakes for myself," he took another bite, his speech became muffled again, "I have no intention of letting Light-kun eat an entire cake except to pull his leg."

The teen stared at him incredulously, "You… You tricked me?"

L turned to him as Watari took away both plates and replaced it with a new piece, "And you fell for it, congratulations."

His expression slowly transformed to form a deadly glare, "I will kill you."

"Mm-hm," L hummed casually as he continued his feast, "Some tea, Light-kun?"

"No, thank you," he snapped, turning away from the infuriating man.

L smacked his lips and informed, while he crammed another piece of cake into his mouth, "Your end of the deal has been completed, so I will allow for the time to pass while Light-kun sleeps."

Light glanced at him briefly.

"However, that also means that the penalty starts now," L gave him a small, crooked smile, "I wish Light-kun an enjoyable experience."

"Light-kun, please pass me that piece of paper."

Light glanced at him, where L pointed at the stray document that was placed between them. He thought he hadn't notice it there before and he didn't know who had put it there. The teen was half-convinced that L had put it there himself, if only to test how far Light's resolve went.

He wasn't going to back out from the rules that he made up himself, so he picked it up and placed it into L's outstretched hand.

L snatched it over and held it up in his pincer grip. He seemed to be reading off of it and Light left him to that, resuming his own work.

It was less than a minute later that L issued his next command.

"Would you look into this for me?"

Light peered over, having no idea what L was alluding to.

"This car crash, this morning," L said, beckoning him closer to take a look at his screen. "Kira could be connected to this, so please investigate, find out what you could."

Light pulled a face, "Can't you do it yourself?"

"I'm busy."
"With what?"

A small smile crept across his face, "Cake."

Light stared at him.

L stared back.

"Fine," he snapped, turning back to his computer to search on it, even when he knew, L did not think it was related to Kira at all.

It was part of the deal, after all.

"Light-kun."

"What?"

"Tell Mogi-san to search for this," L stated abruptly as he held a list to him.

Light wanted to punch him in the face, the bastard wasn't even looking at him!

He muttered under his breath and took the paper, then realized that he wasn't going anywhere with the chain connecting the both of them. Light unhappily called Mogi over, silently apologizing for the older man's inconvenience.

Soichiro watched in puzzlement as L sent his son on another task, when there is absolutely no reason for them as the two are constantly next to each other. At first he wondered if this was another prank, or L was pulling something strange or Light was being forced into it somehow because there was just no way his son would take this calmly having seen most of their interactions until now.

He stood, propelled by the strong intention of going over to confront L.

Aizawa noticed, "Chief?"

"What are they doing?" He demanded.

Aizawa glanced over and caught another instance where L unnecessarily sent Light to take the tea from Watari instead of waiting for him to come over.

"Oh, right, this. They made some kind of bet last night, something about the loser having to obey the winner for, I don't know, three to four days?"

"Another one?" Soichiro turned to look at him, "Why didn't I hear about this?"

"You left before they started their game," he shrugged.

Soichiro looked torn between continuing on his previous course of action, to go over and get L to stop all these nonsense by sending his son on all sorts of stupid errands. However, Light had said nothing about it and presumably agreed to this bet so he might seem like he was overreacting.

He sat down and resigned himself to just watching them, making a note to himself not to interfere unless this bet of theirs went out of hand.

What was Light thinking when he agreed to the bets anyway?
Soichiro watched, helpless as L sent him on another pointless task.

The second day started out similarly, with L making him do everything while he himself lounged around and eat the remainder of his cakes.

Suddenly, the influx of orders stopped. Soichiro found himself witnessing a rather queer scene, where L crouched as he stared unblinkingly at Light and Light sat facing his computer screen.

It didn't look like Light was doing anything out of the ordinary but he thought he got a sense of frustration from L as he tore his eyes off of Light and stared at his own screen.

Seeing that nothing happened for the next couple of minutes, Soichiro reluctantly turned his attention back to his work, keeping an eye on the two just in case.

This is wrong, this is all wrong.

L sat gnawing on his thumb, thinking about how things have taken such a turn. He didn't sit staring into the darkness all night, thinking about a thousand more ways to annoy the brunette with this bet that the teen have conjured up to, at the very least, irritate him. The results of the games have backfired so beautifully and yet, what is this atrocity that had turned up instead?

The detective had spent the first few hour saying nothing, to send Light into a short period of paranoia, waiting anxiously for the commands that wouldn't appear.

L thought he had looked strangely vacant during that and figured that he wasn't allowing him the satisfaction of his anxiety.

He had called his name, making him think that it would start.

But no, it was just to ask him what sweets he should get for dinner that night, even though L had already decided what he would eat that day, and the day after, and the day after the day after.

Light showed no reaction whatsoever.

L let him wait for a while more, before suddenly bombarding him with unnecessary orders.

He had watched intently, diligently scoured for any hints of annoyance that would simply highlight his day.

There was none.

He was dumbfounded, even the teen's eyes that were quite expressive these days showed absolutely nothing. It was as if he wasn't actually there.

The detective made him run even more, the moment he sat down he was issued a new order, L did not allow him to rest for more than a second and the commands kept coming, one after another. He was expecting Light to explode after about two minutes of this but the teen was calm and annoyingly blank.

The thought that Light might be trying to irritate him passed through his mind. It was possible but there has to be something in his eyes at least, a flash of emotion perhaps, a sudden hesitation to get his anger under control, some kind of determination in his demeanor to get through these.

Nothing.
There was absolutely nothing and it invoked the feeling of unease within him, it was as if Light had decided to shut down at some point between yesterday and this morning.

L refused to believe that Light would take this without a word. By the time L had stopped and Light can finally sit down, his screen had shutdown on its own due to inactivity. Light stared silently at his screen for a moment, before gaining some semblance of mind to turn it back on by moving the mouse.

He looked like a lifeless robot.

L didn't like the thought that entered his head.

Eventually, Light resumed his task, the monotony of his typing and clicking served to unnerve him even more.

If Light had done this to irk him, it had certainly worked.

The detective sat silently, locking the teen in his sights, not allowing a single detail to escape. He wanted to catch some form of emotion, anything other than this void of a person in front of him.

There was none.

How on earth did he manage it? L wondered whether it was truly the absence of thought and feeling. If not, he couldn't figure out just what kind of resolve that the eighteen-year-old had childishly taken on overnight to be able to ignore such absurdity like this.

The visage of A entered his mind unbidden.

No, it couldn't be. Although, this absence does bear a resemblance to *that*.

It doesn't make sense, though. Light was fine the past few days, there was no signs of strange behaviors that might've led to this. But this sudden ability to ignore him to such an extent does not make sense either.

L did not like the look in his eyes.

The detective decided to just play along for now, subtly keeping an eye on the teen as he continued on his work blankly.

The tea that he had made Light bring over is still on his desk, faint wisps of heat rising out of it, the darkened liquid let out a scent that made L wrinkle his nose over how unsweetened it is. The bowl of sugar still sat untouched next to it.

L reached for it, intending to dump them all into his tea when he was struck with an idea.

Considering how much Light loved hygiene and his clothes…

He suppressed a dark smile.

If the commands didn't manage to drive him up the wall, this would do the trick.

L pulled the bowl closer to himself, took the sugar cubes and begun to stack them up one by one, as people usually see him do. He did it carefully, aligned the edges perfectly such that the tower looked like a tall, white, solid tube.

Soon, it went over his monitor and continued to climb higher.
L acted as if his long arm couldn't quite reach the top of his tower and in one feigned, clumsy movement, he made his chair slide over slightly. He finger crashed into the tower, it collapsed, pieces falling apart and flying everywhere.

White sugar landed on the desk, on his keyboard, the floor and even on Light, who blinked once at the sudden hailstorm of sweetness. Some of the Taskforce members noticed and stared at the scene wide-eyed.

L held the final cube in his thumb and finger, and muttered, "Oops, I seemed to have caused quite the mess."

He waited for the reaction that never came.

L stared at Light who remained staring blankly at the screen as if he's a statue.

He blinked, once, twice and had to control himself not to blurt out what he is really thinking about this unearthly occurrence.

He very calmly said, "Would Light-kun clean this up for me."

It was quite possible that Light is trying not to lash out so L decided to test that further.

He moved and picked up the pieces of sugar that was on him, on the desk, the keyboards and placed them in a pile on the table. Light proceeded to bend down and started on the sugar on the floor.

L was taken aback, in fact, he was speechless, unable to comprehend what is happening right in front of his eyes.

This is too much.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Soichiro moving closer, his expression livid.

L hopped down of his chair, quicker than anyone had witnessed. The detective grabbed his arm and caused him to drop the sugar cubes that he had been picking up.

"Come with me," he said as he dragged Light off without hearing a reply.

"Hey, wait a minute!" Soichiro wasn't allowed a chance to demand an answer when L took off with his son.

He made after them but they have already disappeared from sight. He looked up and down the hallway, seeing nothing. Soichiro returned to the workroom, lost with anxiety over the state of his son.

L slammed the door shut and turned to face the teen, "What the hell was that?"

Light stared at him blandly, the emotionless gaze creeped him out a little, "What?"

L managed not to splutter as a reaction and wondered how on earth Light almost managed to drag that out of him. He composed himself and demanded, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"This is an order, Light-kun," L said firmly, "Tell me, what is the matter with you?"
"What do you mean?"

His expression hardened, "You can't ask me questions."

"How am I supposed to know what you mean, then?"

"Why on earth are you behaving this way?"

"In what way?"

"Being so… strange!"

"Define strange."

L lost control then, as he growled and advanced on the teen, his expression morphed into one that resembled anger but not quite.

An emotion flickered in Light's eyes at that and he struck out as a reflex, nailing the detective in the jaw. Light's eyes widened, he hadn't mean to punch L in the face.

He backed away, "I'm sor-"

L snarled and pounced on him. Before Light knew it, he had fallen into the bed. Cold hands fell on him, One trapped his wrists above him, while the other closed in around his neck but did not squeeze. His brain caught up to him and he stared up, his shocked eyes meeting a dark, swirling pair.

The detective looked like he was mad and in that moment his eyes were so expressive that he worried he wasn't looking at the same person.

Then there's the matter of the hand around his neck.

"Tell me what's wrong with you," L growled, his voice tight.

Light just stared at him.

Slowly, the anger in L's eyes were replaced by surprise, as he began to register their positions and the fact that he had apparently lost a hold on his emotions.

Then, his expression bled away into nothing.

L was silent as he backed away and released Light, who stared at him like he'd never seen him before.

"Won't you answer me?" L asked in a lower and more controlled voice.

Light shook his head slowly.

L scrutinized him from the side of the bed, as the teen tentatively sat up and watched him, as if expecting that he would explode into violence at any moment.

The detective gathered that he would learn nothing and turned, hiding his frustration and astonishment at his lapse in control.

"We shall return to the workroom," L said.
As he led Light out, he softly added, "I apologize."

Light said nothing in response and the silence between them stretched throughout the day.
A/N: Well, hello people, it has been a while isn't it? Months, in fact. Hehhehehe... Wait! Don't kill me, I have excuses. It was my final year at school so there's these exams. I tend to work on my stories all the time so I was convinced to stop focusing on my stories and on my studies instead, which was really boring. I finished the exams a month ago but well, I have citizenship issues to settle and moving issues so I didn't have time. And when I did, I tried to continue from where I left off and well, I have no idea how to do it! It was way too long since I touched these and was absolutely lost on how to continue. So it took me a while to reacquaint myself with everything and this story especially. Just as I was losing hope and was about to give up and not continue this for even longer, a review came! It was on the fanfiction website and well, it gave me the motivation to try harder to continue this story. So here we are! I apologize if it seems a little shorter than usual but it'll get better, I promise. Until then, please enjoy my meagre offering of a chapter and please don't be mad :(

For those who are subscribed to other stories, I will be uploading those soon as well. See ya!

"…ra."

L blinked, startled out of his musings. He turned to look at Light who was fast asleep next to him. The teen seemed peaceful, so L wasn't sure if he had imagined the voice when he was preoccupied with coming up with a new plan to deal with the new Kira. The detective stared at him, watching for any signs of disturbances.

It wasn't long before Light frowned and shifted in his sleep.

"Kira..." he mumbled, then turned over to face away from L.

The mumblings were nothing strange but it was the first time that L had heard something audible coming from Light while he was sleeping. L settled back into his crouch, troubled.

He was brought back to his earlier worries, was Light the victim? Or the unknowing instigator who had purposefully made himself unknowing? Or were it all a psychological issue? The boy had been exhibiting some rather strange behaviors, not mentioning the drastic changes in his behaviors.

Or did he know? Was that why Light had refused to say anything about his problems, his refusal to sleep and sudden fixation on staying awake?

To avoid his dreams?

L glanced over at him, where Light showed no other signs of moving.

It does make sense, he had suddenly avoided sleeping one day and had troubled nights where he
was rudely awoken by some sort of fearful dream.

However, it could also be that Light is slowly remembering about himself as Kira. L could not dismiss that possibility as well, if Light's nightmares were due to the things that he had done while he was Kira, when he was without Kira's influence. As someone without the memories of the terrible things he had done, it is highly likely that he would be highly disturbed by those memories.

The detective looked over to the mirrors that are all covered up by the blankets.

Light could also be avoiding his own reflections over either the fear or disgust of seeing himself when he had remembered what he had done. That was plausible, regarding the environment that the boy had grown up in. However, that was before the other change, where L felt that Light had shut himself off completely. Was it due to him realizing that these were not mere dreams?

If so, were the reflections that he had been avoiding of Kira?

That would explain the latest theory but it might allude that Kira and Light were not the same person and that Kira was some sort of supernatural entity that could transfer itself between people once it was cornered. If that were the case, how on earth would they even sentence Kira if they manage to catch him?

L sighed, unable to make headway in this conundrum. There were too many unknown variables, mainly because of the supernatural aspect of the case. L had done disturbing cases, he had done highly confusing cases with intelligent crooks, he'd done highly dangerous ones where he had come close to losing his life but never was he unable to come up empty-handed for so long.

Perhaps, if he was able to get Light to reveal something soon. Until then, he will have to play along with Kira's plans, for if the entity was indeed moving between people; it is certainly trying to lead him into some sort of trap. In the meantime, the detective will have to come up with precautions of his own.

It will have to be a gamble then, if he were to rely on Light for parts of the answer. It will depend on whether Light does indeed see him enough of a friend to prevent him from meeting his end. Whether Light even has the ability to provide him with something, if Kira was the one influencing him and not the other way around. If he were to speak, L might be able to help him if that was what he needs.

Light was just done with his morning shower and making his way out of the bathroom when he spotted a rather large object in the doorway. L was looking straight at him, expression blank and certainly making no move to let him out.

Light sighed, having grown tired of his eccentricity. "Ryuuzaki, what are you doing?"

"Light-kun still has not answered me," L said, still staring at him.

"What the hell?" Light looked at him incredulously, "You don't just crowd people like this, do you have no social tact or something?"

"Light-kun is avoiding the question."

"Move, you overgrown idiot!"

"Why do you still not answer me?" L demanded, having blocked the way out of the bathroom.
"There is no answer!" Light growled in frustration as he tried to shove the detective out of the way. For a person who looked so scrawny, the brunette would have never guessed that he was so hard to bodily move. "Now would you get out of my way?"

"There is obviously something bothering you," L said, determination glittering in his eyes, "I'm not going to move until Light-kun tells me what."

Light glared at him, "We have work to get back to, Ryuuzaki. Stop being so stubborn and move!"

L huffed and continued in a softer tone, "Light-kun, I am concerned about you. Am I not your friend? Am I not allowed to be worried about you?"

The teen was at the peak of his annoyance and had run out of patience ages ago. He looked L dead in the eyes and snarled, "Why? Do I look like I'm just going to stupidly slit my arms like a spineless idiot if I don't tell you?"

Silence ensued as both genii stared at each other, anger blazed in Light's eyes while L's dimmed into cold shock.

"Perhaps I should not have told you about that," L muttered after the long pause.

Light got right up in his face at that.

"So? What are you going to do about it?"

L glared back at him, his mind made up, "Hand."

Light held his arm up, challenging him.

The detective slapped the cuff back onto his wrist, Light managed not to wince as the cuff struck his skin with a harsh, burning sting. L then proceeded to drag the teen out of the bedroom, deliberately not giving Light to prepare or fix anything else about his appearance. The other said nothing about it, determined to not let L get the satisfaction of having riled him up even further.

"Tea?"

"No, thank you." L growled.

Watari raised his eyebrows, for L had never been this rudely dismissive towards him before. He glanced at Light, who similarly sat glaring at his screen and almost completely ignoring everything else that goes on around him. Matsuda, the most emotionally attuned of the group had pretty much avoided the immediate vicinity of the two, in fear of having a fight break out with him nearby.

Well, perhaps he might have to take a look at the camera footage to figure out what's going on between the two.

As Watari walked away and out of the room, Soichiro approached them with an uneasy look on his face.

"Ryuuzaki."

L half-turned towards the older man.

"About the issue of the new Kira," he half-reminded and half-demanded, "Are you not going to do anything about it? The numbers of deaths have been going up."
L blinked at him.

Soichiro, undeterred by the staring, looked back at him as he waited for an answer.

"Yes, you did ask for a solution didn't you, Yagami-san?"

Soichiro looked mildly puzzled at that, "Yes, I did."

"Hm, yes, I have worked on it," L mentioned lightly, the casual look on his face a mismatch with his earlier demeanor. He nibbled on his thumb briefly, "Light-kun?"

Light turned to face him stiffly, anger plain on his face and much more obvious than the fury brewing within the detective.

"What?" He snapped.

Before Soichiro could tell him off for speaking like that, L cheerfully asked, "I did tell you what you have to do for me, right?"

"What?"

"I didn't? Oh dear, it must've slipped my mind."

L didn't provide much more after that. Light bristled with anger that L had dared to make him prompt another time.

"What, Ryuuzaki?"

"Light..." Soichiro started.

"It's nothing much," L said pointedly, "We need to get closer to Yotsuba, if Light-kun did not figure it out already, I have expected more from him."

Light managed not to punch him in the face as he glowered at the detective.

"Of course, that meant a little infiltration. Just a small one, mind you," L supplied, "We would not want the whole operation blowing in our face."


"It is not a lot," L said, "I want Light-kun to convince Amane Misa to work for Yotsuba."

Light stared at him, "What are you saying?"

"What, Light-kun did not know?" L goaded, "Yotsuba wishes to release a video advertisement and someone such as Amane Misa is perfect for this role. I would expect more from Light-kun to pay attention to opportunities such as this."

Light growled at him, "What does this have to do with anything?"

L smiled at him, "Light-kun isn't concerned that I am sending his lover to do such a dangerous mission? No wonder I have suspected Light-kun of being Kira, he's such a selfish, self-centered, cruel little boy."

Soichiro gaped at him, "Ryuuzaki-"
Light sprung from his seat and pulled L to his feet by the front of his shirt. The detective slipped off his chair as the force caused it to clatter to the floor. L managed to regain his footing before he hung from where Light was holding his shirt.

"Say it again, Ryuuzaki," Light hissed in his face.

L regarded him calmly, "It is as I've said."

The detective swiftly hooked his hands behind Light's head and slammed their foreheads together. The teen gasped in pain and surprise as he released L's shirt and stumbled back, looking back up to growl at L.

"You're a cruel and selfish boy," L continued, presenting no reaction to the pain from the head-butt.

Light let out an incomprehensible, animalistic snarl as he lunged for the detective. 

L was ready for the tackle and shoved back violently, causing Light to fall over and slam onto the floor with him on top.

"Stop it, the both of you!"

The two are deaf to the shouting of the others as they swung and kicked at the other, rage coating their vision as they growl and snapped at each other. The members of the Taskforce made a frantic dash towards them and struggled to put them apart. Aizawa was the unluckiest of them all, having been hit by a stray punch once or twice in the midst of trying to stop the scuffle.

"I knew this would happen," Matsuda whined as he peered at them apprehensively.

"Shut up and help us, Matsuda!"

"Ah, okay…" The bachelor muttered as he approached them.

He then proceeded to stand reluctantly at the edge of the fight.

"Matsuda!"

"Okay, okay!" He hesitated, "I don't want to do this!"

"MATSUDA!"

"Ah…"

Eventually, he joined them and managed to pull the two away from each other, where they glared at each other balefully, looking ready to jump back into the fight as soon as they are free of the iron grip the Taskforce had on them.

"Seriously," Aizawa complained, ignoring the throbbing pain above his brow, "Why are you guys always, always fighting?"

"Maybe we should keep them separated for now," Mogi suggested, "Until they cool off."

"That's not a bad idea," Soichiro said, looking none too pleased with them, "Uh, about the key…"

"I have one right here," Watari said, having materialized out of nowhere with a silver key in his
hand.

"Oh," Soichiro uttered, puzzled at his appearance, "Thank you."

"I shall bring Ryuuzaki to another room and speak to him," Watari mentioned, a mildly stern look on his face.

"I'll do the same with Light," Soichiro said.

L and Light pretended they have heard none of that, for they have yet let go of their anger and remain glaring at each other until they were forcibly turned away from the other. Watari proceeded to drag L out of the workroom while Soichiro set his son down on the empty couch.
"What is it with you now?"

They were in one of the smaller rooms in the Taskforce building, still on the floor where they kept the workroom. The room was unused, yet it was furnished to appear as a small office, complete with a large desk, chairs and a wall with bookshelves, filled with various books and decorations. L was seated down on one of the chairs facing the desk while Watari looked at him calmly with his arms crossed.

Watari saw that his charge was reluctant to answer and prompted, "Well?"

L cast him a glance and muttered, "It's nothing."

Watari stared at him silently where it served to set the detective on edge.

"Before I arrived and found you in a squabble with that boy," L tried not to bristle at that word choice as he shifted uncomfortably under the stare. "I was looking through the footage to see what might have caused you to behave like a fractious child."

L turned to him, the seemingly empty stare holding a semblance of worry.

"You told him," Watari stated, his tone light and non-accusatory but L could sense the undercurrent of disappointment within it.

"I wanted to help him," L muttered weakly.

Watari gave him an incredulous look, "With what?"

The detective said nothing more and Watari sighed, seemingly defeated.

"Even so, it was not an excuse to divulge such sensitive information, especially since he is your prime suspect," he said, as if L did not know better, as if he was an ignorant child.

"I know what I'm doing," he protested.

"Do you?" Watari questioned. "You were angry at him and lashed out emotionally when I have taught you countless times not to let yourself be controlled by your feelings. This is a dangerous case, L, so you can't let yourself be compromised by becoming invested emotionally."

L was silent, unable to reply and unable to explain why on earth he had let himself done the one thing that he was not allowed to do in this line of work.

"You have befriended Light," the older man started, "What are you doing to do if he turns out to be Kira? Are you able incarcerate him? Are you able to remain impartial and sentence him to death?"

The detective kept his head down, his thoughts racing.

Of course, he would be able to sentence him to prison.

But death?
He was unsure.

Watari sighed at the silence, "If you are unable to do so, perhaps we should pass the role to someone else instead."

L's head snapped up at that and he stared at Watari's blank face.

He was serious.

"No," he said quickly. "No, I can do it. I can sentence him."

Watari kept looking at him.

"I can sentence Light-kun to death," L said firmly, inserting his name to show that he did not dissociate the teen that he sees as a friend and the male that is a Kira suspect. "I can do it, Watari."

He nodded, "I shall trust you, L."

Watari began leading the detective back towards the workroom and added, "However, if you show any signs of weakness from now on, I shall have to take you off the case."

"Understood."

In the workroom, Aizawa was nursing his injuries where he was hit a few times when he tried to pull Light and L apart. Matsuda and Mogi appeared to be trying to stay out of it as Soichiro cast a stern look on his son at the sitting area.

"I have expected you to be more disciplined than this Light," he snapped, "And this wasn't the first time we're talking about this."

The brunette seemed unable to look his father in the eye as his gaze was cast to the sight, staring at nothing while he was lectured.

"Are you going to tell me what's going on?" Soichiro demanded, "What on earth has possessed you two to snap at each other like rabid dogs?"

"It's nothing, dad," Light mumbled, hiding his face by lowering his head.

"Nothing?" Soichiro snapped, causing his son to flinch. He adopted a slightly softer tone, "Light, I have never seen you bodily attack anyone before, anyone. And yet, here you are, grappling with Ryuuzaki every other day, more times that I can count."

Light provided no reply so he continued, "Has Ryuuzaki done something?"

The teen shook his head, his hands curling up into fists on his thighs.

Soichiro noticed that and started to sound concerned, "Light, you can tell me."

"No," Light's voice sounded strange and Soichiro was highly puzzled at the sudden difficulty in speech, "He didn't… didn't do anything wrong."

"Light?"

Something landed on the fabric on his jeans and it took a second for Soichiro to realize that it was a tear.
"Light?" Soichiro stepped forward, very worried now with that knowledge.

Light flinched away before Soichiro could touch him, quickly turning his face away where he was able to catch a glimpse of the teen's simmering eyes.

"What has Ryuuzaki done to you?" He demanded, grabbing his shoulders as Light struggled to hide his face from everyone in the room.

"No, he didn't..." Light struggled to speak through the growing thickness in his throat as he trembled with emotion, "I'm sorry."

**Sorry?**

Before Soichiro could form any sort of sentence to respond, the door hissed open. The taskforce turned towards it and saw Watari and a subdued L enter the room, the chain dragging behind him.

Light glanced at them briefly, and then swiftly twisted his face away before they could see.

Unfortunately, L did catch the sight of his face and halted in his tracks.

Soichiro's worried expression turned into a harsh glare at the sight of the detective.

"Ryuuzaki!" He snarled, surging forward towards him.

Soichiro only made it a few steps before Light quickly grabbed into his coat. He turned back to his son who still hid his face by having it lowered.

"No," he hiccupped and managed to form a shaky sentence, "It's not his fault."

Soichiro ignored Light, convinced that the detective had done something and turned back to the detective who stared blankly at them, "You tell me what you've done, Ryuuzaki."

"I-"

"Dad, please listen," Light struggled, "He didn't-"

"Why are you defending him, Light?" Soichiro turned to look at him, his accusatory tone immediately softening when he caught his expression when Light had raised his head in a panic, "Did he threaten you?"

Light struggled to answer, gasping as he shook his head, "No, no."

He hurriedly wiped at his eyes, embarrassed.

Before Soichiro could question him, Light blurt out, "It's nothing, dad, I'm just... stressed, that's all."

"I'm sorry," he whispered, ashamed.

L had not moved, staring at Light while the others tried not to be involved in their affairs. Watari did not appear bothered by the situation, softly mentioning that he will be monitoring the building and took his leave while he cast L a meaningful glance.

"Then maybe you should stop doing the case," Soichiro responded after a long moment.

Light startled, looking straight at his father with tear-filled eyes.
"What?"

"This is clearly not good for you," Soichiro started, "You've displayed too many extreme responses in such a short time, I'm worried."

"No dad," he protested, his voice still thick but he was quickly regaining control of it, "I'm fine."

"No, you're not," Soichiro said firmly, "You will stop helping with the case, I want you home." He turned to glare at L. "I don't care what he says."

Light leapt to his feet then, "No, I want to stay to help."

"Light," Soichiro asserted, "I said no."

"Dad, please," Light tried to persuade him, "What about the people that Kira is killing? Don't you care about them? About justice?"

Soichiro began to look angry, "Do not try to play that card with me, you are my son. Nothing will be more important!"

Light, on the other hand, began to look anxious.

He turned to L, "Are you not going to say anything? You can't let me be taken off the case just like that!"

L looked startled as he was addressed suddenly.

He looked hesitant to answer, then muttered, "I am of a mind to agree with Yagami-san."

Light looked at him, betrayed before he continued, "However, it is better for Light-kun to remain here to help with the case… he had been a valuable asset."

Soichiro's eyes blazed at the detective's respond, "Ryuuzaki!"

"I cannot let him off the case," L stated.

"And yet you keep provoke him," Soichiro accused, "And caused him mental and emotional harm. I did not say anything before when you somehow convinced me to pull off that stunt with the pistol. But now that the effects are becoming apparent, I can't remain quiet anymore."

"Dad-"

L looked him in the eye then, "I assure you that I will no longer deliberately cause such harm to Light-kun. It had been proven to be detrimental to the progress of the case."

"The case?" Soichiro growled, "Is that all that you care about?"

"Of course," L answered, unfazed by the show of aggression by the older man, "I am here to solve a case, not to make friends, I am already taking a significant amount of risk revealing my face to all of you here, you cannot expect me to become involved with any of you people."

Light appeared to look struck but remained silent on the topic.

Soichiro's eyes hardened, "I want Light off the case."

"I will not allow it."
Before Soichiro could form any kind of respond, Light hurriedly grabbed his father's arm.

"Dad, it's fine," Light insisted, "I'm fine. We can get this case done quickly and then forget about all of it."

"Light…"

"Please," he muttered, "I want to do it."

"I have never denied you anything, Light," Soichiro said, "But I cannot agree to this."

"Dad, I'm begging you," Light stated, "I want to help. I can help. So please, let me stay."

Soichiro saw the unshakable determination in his eyes and finally relents.

"Fine," he sighed, clearly unhappy about it, "But if there are any more incidences, I will have to have you be sent home then."

"I'm okay, dad." Light insisted, "I promise."

Soichiro cast a final venomous glare at Ryuuzaki before stepping to the side to let L put the cuff back on his son.

L approached Light who now refused to look at him as he raised his arm.

The detective took it in hand and carefully attached the metal back around the teen's wrist.

"We should get back to work," he mentioned dully and proceeded to lead Light back to their desk while Soichiro stared at them unhappily, wondering if he should have gone through with his request after all.

The silence between Light and L continued throughout the day.

What Light had mentioned as an excuse to his father was in fact, the truth.

He was under a high amount of stress.

He was stressed because he knew he had been Kira.

Even more so when there's an entity within him that is now Kira, who is haunting him, who had tried to manipulate him back onto the path where he killed others, a being invisible to others that he could no escape.

Even more so when he had to keep it all to himself. Light has always been good at keeping secrets and hiding the truth. But this was too much. He had killed. He was a killer.

Even more so when he had to see the Kira Case through, which would lead to his inevitable demise.

Because he was a killer.

And even more so when L kept demanding the truth from him, truth that he could not reveal because he did not want to know how L would react. He doesn't want to be executed. He didn't want to see his or his father's disappointment when they find out.
But he had to keep going. He had to finish this, because he's a killer.

He was trapped.

Now he's tinged with melancholy, as L had stated earlier that the Taskforce is nothing to him.

That meant him too.

Light reasoned with himself, that it was a good thing, because he needs L to finish the job. He was the symbol of Justice after all. He had to do it. He had to be able to.

If not, Light would not be able to believe in him, that it was possible to stand for Justice without resorting to Kira's methods. His previous methods.

While that was all said, he still couldn't come to terms with it.

What had he done?

Light grappled with that the whole time he had realized he was Kira, who he had presumably given birth to some sort of thing that haunts him in his mind and that he was eventually going to have to be caught and sentenced.

It was too much that he can't keep a lid on the storm of emotions, that a gentle tone from his father had been the final straw.

He did not deserve care or concern from anyone because of what he had done.

Pretending had never been so difficult.

While Light brewed in his anxiety, L stewed in his guilt.

He was shocked when he had seen that Light was crying. The guilt had come when he realized that he had been the cause of it.

He had asked for too much and it seemed to have broken him emotionally.

He was supposed to be impartial. L was supposed to be able to remain neutral and do what is right. He was supposed to be able to do that, even if the subject had been family or friend.

He was supposed to be the symbol of justice that will bring down any criminal.

Yet he felt like such a hypocrite.

L had already seen Light as a friend, no matter how infuriating the other might be at times. He had too much emotions invested in him to be able to judge him in the end.

The longer he thought about it, the more he saw that he would try to protect Light and conceal the truth if he did indeed turn out to be Kira.

He's already compromised.

So he hopes that Light is not actually Kira, that the former had been influenced in some way.

So that he won't have to introduce him to death.

L nibbled on his thumb distractedly, hoping that Watari would not introduce someone else to the
case. He won't be able to protect Light if that is the case, if he turns out to be Kira.

There was an uncomfortable atmosphere in the workroom as they agreed that they would follow L's suggestion to have Misa infiltrate Yotsuba by joining the audition for the company's ad campaign. Matsuda watched the two warily during the discussion as Soichiro glared at L pointedly, while the other two tried their best to feign ignorance over the whole thing.

At least nothing happened for the rest of their working hours.

While Light prepared for bed that night, he couldn't help but think about what he had snapped at L while he had been blinded by anger and fear in the morning.

He stared at L who is already sitting on the bed, the empty handcuff lying on the floor next to the bed as he ignored the younger male.

Light felt shut out by the other and couldn't help but feel miserable about it.

He picked up the handcuff and put it on himself, while the detective continued to pay no attention to him.

Light climbed onto the bed and switched the light on his lamp off, plunging the room into total darkness.

There was a long silence where Light laid on his side, eyes wide open and staring at the wall as his mind kept nagging him about what L had said to him, while he unhappily felt as if L had rejected him with all that he had said before.

"Ryuuzaki," he blurt out suddenly.

Light regretted it immediately.

If he does intend to have the case end the way it should, perhaps he should distant himself from L. However, he couldn't stop himself from continuing, the words spilling from his lips unbidden.

"I'm sorry about what I said this morning."

He could feel L turning his focus on him, his brain screaming at him to stop talking because the case did not need this. He clutched at his blanket for his stupidity.

"I'm sorry for using what you told me against you, for insulting your memory of your friend."

There was a long silence.

The logical part of Light's mind decided that it was for the best that L continued to ignore him while the emotional part suffered for it.

Light decided to give up and attempt to go to sleep when L spoke softly, "I'm sorry for pressuring Light-kun for an answer. I simply wished to help."

"I know," Light said, "And I'm sorry."

L did not say anything in response and Light managed to fall into a trouble sleep.
"Hello Light," Kira greeted, a curved smile on his face.

Light blinked at him and found himself sitting on a couch in the living room of his house. It was dark, the room lit up only by the soft glow of the wall light behind Kira. Kira was seated opposite him, wearing his collared shirt and dark brown pants, his arms and legs crossed neatly as he smiled at him.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I was planning to continue Chains of Fate but then decided I wasn't feeling it. Well, at least there was more content this time and this was a perfect chapter to add more father-son moments that I have failed to add in the original version. Uh...

On a lighter note, I shall talk about more light-hearted things (LOL). So I was playing Assassin's Creed 4, a long time ago, there was just one moment that I couldn't forget. It had nothing to do with the storyline just a whim that I was going after. I think I had upgraded the ship to about level 40 or something, based on what ships I could take on. So I decided, 'You know what, I'm feeling adventurous today, let's go take on a level 3 fort, which was the hardest kind of fort to defeat. That was not only it, it was the hardest of the hardest fort, in the South-West region (I forgot what it was called, maybe Charlotte or something). It was crazy.

I approached it and there was about 5-6 ships guarding it. They spotted me and started coming after me while the fort fired at me ship. Then a storm was brewing, and there was me trying to avoid all sorts of cannon fire and mortars and ramming and all that crazy things while the sea goes crazy. It was insane, the waves was so uneven that I almost ended up under an enemy ship at some point. So I did a little exploiting and took down small ships to repair my ship to bring it back to full health, while fighting off the other ships and trying not to get destroyed by the fort and the storm. Then more enemy ships kept coming and I was just trying to survive at that point. I swear I took on at least thirty ships and I spotted some level 60 ships. Level 60. How did I lived? Then I somehow cleared them all out and shoot at the fort while a couple ships kept coming to try and stop me. And then it was done. It had taken me 30 minutes and that was just about the most stressful 30 minutes of my life. After that, I quit the game and shut off the computer to go lay down. Because I just couldn't even anymore.

The end.

Also, at some point I might separate the original version from the rewritten version (which is up to this chapter as of 11 Jan 2019) but I'm a little too lazy for now.

Oh well.
L suppressed a little smile as Light and his father returned to the room, hiding the fact that he had spied on their little exchange outside the workroom.

Light had an inkling L would do so, though the detective was sure that he hadn't given anything away.

The brunette deliberately faced away from L for the next hour or so, until he was forced to snap at L for his ridiculous teasing.

L smiled at him then, where he bashfully looked away and tried to hide the fact that he's blushing like some silly schoolgirl.

Meanwhile, Soichiro simply shook his head and rolled his eyes at their slightly-less-than-obvious-exchanges.

A few days after that, they focused most of their energies into capturing Higuchi, starting to create a plan that will cause him to panic and be forced to come out into the open.

Matsuda had been opposed to the plan, as his life will be put in danger since they're dealing with Kira here, a man that can kill with just a name and face.

L reassures him that he will most likely not die, due to the fact that Higuchi had not known his actual name when he had messed up during his attempt to infiltrate the Yotsuba just over a week ago.

Light chipped in, helping him to warm up to the idea where L's tactless words failed to do so. Eventually, he agrees and the plan was set in motion.

He didn't see Light jab at L at his thoughtlessness, where L gave some sort of an uncommitted answer in return.

Light rolled his eyes at him, before he smiled contently.

L peered at him but did not point it out, in case he grew conscious of it and stopped.

That few nights, Light continued having nightmares, his dreams scaring him into wakefulness every time.

He would reach out for L who was there in an instant, grasping onto him, gasping and trembling at the memories of his dreams.

L would then awkwardly soothe him, stroking his hair and patting his back and murmuring comforting words in his ear.

Light seemed to enjoy the warm touches, calming down as L's low voice lulled him back to sleep.

L then took to holding him in his sleep, periodically stroking his hair as the hours ticked past, before falling asleep himself.
Light did not have any more nightmares after that.

"It appears we are needed at the scene," L said, as he watch the live feed, where Higuchi continued to race down the streets, his red sports car going out of control.

He and Light immediately headed to the roof, where Watari is already waiting in his sniper gear.

Light did a double take at the wizened man.

"Watari is a certified sniper," L said, as if that explained everything.

"I see," Light said, still staring at the other man as he climbed into the helicopter and prepared his rifle.

L then hopped onto the co-pilot seat, clambering across it before settling himself in his usual perch in the pilot seat.

Light found himself being dragged into the other seat, this time staring at L as he put on his headphones and starting up the chopper.

"L."

"Yes?" He didn't take his eyes off the dashboard as he continued to flip the switches.

"You know how to fly?"

L turned to him then, as if what he's doing wasn't enough evidence, "Of course, why else would I be here?"

Light gaped at him, then turned his head skywards, "Yes, of course you do."

L was silent for a bit, before saying, "Yes, in fact, I just researched that this morning."

The younger male jerked his head back towards L, shock evident on his face.

"Just kidding, Light-kun."

Light was about to snap at him when Watari told them to stop bickering, undoubtedly in a serious mood today with his sniper rifle.

Light wasn't going to mess with that and decided he always can get back at L later.

The detective resumed his work, before he handed Light his headset and muttered, "Please don't forget to fasten your seatbelt."

The vehicle then started up and ascended into the sky above, heading towards Higuchi.

Light was equal parts relief and apprehension.

They will be able to capture Higuchi and stop his killings.

However, he wasn't sure if he will be able to see an end to Kira's hauntings.

There's only one way to find out as they are headed closer and closer towards their destination.
L sat frozen in his seat, pale hands barely holding onto the sleek black book.

He just stared in disbelief at the impossible sight before him, eyes wide and mouth barely keeping itself from hanging open.

It was as though he had seized up, his brain unable to comprehend the supernatural in the form of a giant skeleton humanoid in front of him.

He had thought himself hallucinating at first, but the reactions shown from the others that have touched the notebook previously had told him otherwise.

L also vaguely remembered that Kira had indeed mention about death gods.

This was all real.

Impossible...

He barely heard Light's worried voice calling out to him.

"Ryuuzaki?" He said, "What's wrong, what do you see?"

L didn't respond, so he figured things would be better explained if he took the book and see it for himself.

"Give me the book," he snapped and reached for it, tugging it out of L's hand.

The moment he touches the book, Light screamed.

L started and turned to stare at him, at Light who clutched the black notebook in his hands, his eyes wide and blank and screaming as if he had been stabbed.

It was gone just as abruptly as it started, cut short like someone had finally landed the finishing blow on his victim as Light lowered his gaze, hidden beneath his bangs.

It could've been due to the sight of the monster in front of him.

But L felt that wasn't it.

It wasn't a scream of fear or terror.

It sounded so much worse.

Before L could ask him whether he was okay, Light raised his head and turned to him.

"I'm sorry for that," he said mildly, "I was startled."

L stared at him dumbly, the situation a shock to him.

Light looked away and swiftly opened the book, starting up a search program, "I'll check the names in the book to see if it matches the death list."

L was stunned.

The way Light behaved, it was as if the scream had never happened at all.

In front of the helicopter, the white monster suddenly spread its leathery wings with a deafening crack, earning the attention of everyone around it as it announced.
"Humans, I am the death god known as Rem."

It pointed a bony finger at the book, L presumed, as he can't tear his eyes off of that impossible thing.

"That notebook over there is called the Death Note," it continued, "A tool of the shinigami to take souls, by writing down their names."

"Shut up, you blasted thing!" Higuchi who was bound and blinded screamed as he struggled, his secrets told by the creature that should've been on his side.

"All people whose names are written in the notebook," it trained its yellow eyes onto Higuchi distastefully, "Shall die."

The man wailed, falling to his knees, the military personnel following him as they continue to restrain him.

A notebook that kills…

L still can't process all this right now but it does make sense at the moment, about the nature of Kira's abilities and why it had been so difficult to capture him.

Suddenly, Higuchi screamed, this time seizing up before falling to the ground, struggling against his bindings.

The staff was startled, before rushing to him at once.

L was staring at the scene that unfolded before him, Higuchi writhing in what seems to be sudden pain and the team trying to grab onto him.

Within moments, he was still, slumped forward and head hanging in the air, his eyes open and glassy.

He was checked, before someone announced the trembling voice betraying his shock.

"He's dead!"

Dead.

A heart attack?

*Kira!*

L promptly turned to Light, who looked just as shocked as everyone else as he stared frightfully at Higuchi's dead body.

"Give it to me!" L tore the book out of Light's hands and began flipping through it at an impossible speed, eyes scanning for one name.

It wasn't there.

L flipped the pages over and over again, even turning the book over in his search for it.

Nowhere.

L lowered the notebook, puzzled.
He turned to face Light, who had been staring at L with a worried expression on his face.

"What's wrong, L?"

L barely noticed it, but Light's eyes were dark, almost black, like there's something sinister swirling in their depths.

It looked the same as it had been during his first few days of confinement.

They were dark and cold, unlike the set of warm brown eyes that he grew used to see.

They were unlike Light.

Which meant…

L held his tongue, giving nothing away as he slowly uttered.

"Nothing."

He tore his gaze away from 'Light' and stared out at the scene before him.

"Nothing is wrong."

"So that's it?" Matsuda said, "Kira is dead, just like that?"

"It would appear so," L said, as he vacantly stared at the little notebook in front of him.

A notebook that held so much power and destruction.

L had looked through the whole book on the way back to headquarters, brain idly storing away additional information he had gotten.

Interestingly, the Death Note seemed to work in rather specific ways, governed by a very particular set of rules.

He found that it had largely made sense, if the user was able to use it correctly and effectively.

It explained how the First Kira had required both a face and name to kill, while the Second Kira and subsequently Higuchi was able to do so with just a face.

Also, it starts to fit in when he found the rules about the giving up of the Death Note and how touching it again will return the memories.

Including the one where the user needs to kill the current owner in order to gain ownership of the Death Note.

He felt as though Light-

No, not Light.

He tried not to glance at the silent figure behind him.

Kira.

He was sure Kira had been the one to kill Higuchi.
That means he must have gotten hold of the Death Note and written his name down, somehow. L wonders if one could tear out a piece of paper from the Death Note and write in it still. Then a lot of things would fit into the equation. There's still so much mysteries surrounding the book that L wanted to discover. However, some things do not make much sense. Namely, the last two rules in the Death Note. 'Once a user writes a name in the Death Note, if he/she does not use it again within thirteen days, the user shall die of a heart attack.' 'If the Death Note were to be destroyed, everyone who have come into contact with it shall die.' That does throw the situation into disarray, since Light and Misa had been confined for over fifty days and they obviously did not use a Death Note during that time. So if L were to trust that rule, Light and Misa were not the First and Second Kira. However, he just had the feeling that those two rules were completely made up. This is it then, the plan that was formed by Kira some time ago was beginning to take shape. "So the case is over?"
L didn't answer the younger detective and turned to face the death god that stood behind them, eerily watching their every move. "So this book indeed have the ability to take lives?"
"Yes," it answered.
L watched it carefully as he asked the next question. "All the rules stated in here are true?"
The death god named Rem was silent for a beat, before confirming, "Yes, all the rules stated are true." "Thank you," L said, turned back to the front and resumed staring at the book. "Ryuuzaki?"
"The second last rule stated that if the users do not continuously utilize the Death Note every thirteen days will die," he announced, "Light-kun and Amane Misa had been in confinement for at least fifty days with no way of using it."
"Therefore, Light-kun and Misa are no longer suspected of being Kira."
He turned to face everyone else in the room. "Light-kun is therefore free to go."
Saying that, he got off his chair and unlocked the cuff on Light's wrist, before unlocking the one on
his own wrist.

Light muttered a soft thanks.

L turned back to the desk and left the metal chain on it.

"Ryuuzaiki?"

"Yes, Light-kun?"

L turned to face him, his tone holding familiarity though he was pretty sure he didn't know him anymore.

The dark eyes settled onto him, almost detached as Light stated, "I would like to stay behind to aid with the case."

"Light?" Soichiro sounded surprised, he had expected Light to want to return home after being cooped up at the investigation building for almost five months.

"You know, to tie up any loose ends."

L stared at Light in an almost challenging way, his eyes black and guarded, before uttering, "Light-kun should go home and see his family."

"But-"

"Please," L said, "You can return tomorrow morning if you'd like."

And with that, L dismissed him without another word. Light looked quite surprised that L had left him behind just like that, before going silent, a hint of betrayal on his face.

L then proceeded to send the others home, stating that he would like to study the notebook a bit more and perhaps begin to close the case.

Truthfully, he couldn't bear to see Light anymore.

He can't pretend to treat it as Light if he was no longer there.

Is that what Light had talked about some time ago?

That he might no longer remain himself.

*Have he always known?*

L slumped in his chair, his tea untouched and turning cold as he stared vacantly at the accursed book that is the Death Note, sensing the shinigami's yellow eyes on him.

He ignored it as his mind slowly wandered back to what Light had made him promise that same night, his panic-stricken voice ringing in his mind.

'Stop me, please.'

How am I supposed to stop you when we've landed in this state?

He admitted that he had grown more attached to Light than he had initially thought.

L drew his legs closer to himself, huddling up in a fetal position.
How can I keep my promise?

Light sat in the passenger seat, staring out the window as the dark scenery sped past.

Soichiro was glancing at his son from time to time, awkwardly wondering how he would begin to ask the question.

"So, uh," he cleared his throat as Light's eyes flickered to settle on him, "You and Ryuuzaki alright back there?"

"I suppose," Light said distantly, turning back to look out the window.

He worried that the two had gotten into a fight somehow, which would explain the tension he felt between them earlier and from Light now.

Light must've sensed his unvoiced question and muttered, "We're fine, dad. There was just a bit of a misunderstanding earlier."

"This has nothing to do with the case, right?"

"I don't know," Light sighed, "Maybe he's just disappointed that Higuchi had suddenly died in the middle of it all."

Soichiro turned to his son, where he steadily stared out like he wanted to be anywhere but here.

"He is very curious after all."

"Uh, I see."

The rest of the drive ended in silence.

Soichiro did not see the dark smile that slowly spread on his son's face, or the way his eyes seem to shine red in his reflection.

All he thought about was how strangely reserved he had suddenly become, as if the Light he's seeing right now is a different person from the Light that hugged him a mere five days ago.

Light smiled knowingly at his reflection.

And he'll never know.
L wandered around in the darkened building, hands stuffed deep into his pockets, his posture more hunched over than usual.

The shinigami had disappeared, though it seemed that Rem had not left the building, seemingly staying close to the notebook that is currently locked in a case of reinforced glass.

This made L wonder if there are more rules that was not mentioned in the acquired Death Note but his thoughts are replaced by many others demanding his immediate attention.

He sighed and wearily leaned against the wall, in a blind spot of the cameras.

He wouldn't want Watari to worry if he sees this, would he?

Contrary to what others believe, L had a rather routine sleep schedule.

He would stay up for about seventy-two hours at a time, before sleeping for five hours to recharge.

That was adequate for him.

This, however, is way past that time.

L had not been asleep for four days and running.

He was tired, yes.

But he couldn't find it in himself to fall asleep, he mind whirling about in circles, around the same set of questions but never found the answer.

It was like when he was left confused about Light many months ago.

But worse.

His brain kept settling on the younger man, their relationship, the changes he have seen, the despair, the longing.

The promise.

Light had hinted to him that a way to perhaps stop Kira was to kill him altogether.

To do that, L would have to look into the secrets of the Death Note and find something among it.

However, he found it odd that Light had left the biggest piece of evidence willingly in his hands.

He had wanted to stay, yes.

But he had left too easily.

This made L think that Kira was unafraid because his plans are already set in place.

Or it was possibly a bluff so that L wouldn't start on capturing the real Kira.

But there is a huge possibility that it is the former.
Also, there is an uncertain player in hand.

The *shinigami*.

It seemed to be neutral, though L felt as if it was on Kira's side.

There are too many unanswered questions regarding the shinigami and L felt that it would be unwise for him to pry.

That is a death god after all.

He's treading dangerous waters here.

L sighed again, not quite knowing what to do.

There must be another way, right?

One where he can stop Light but not kill him.

He found he couldn't bear the thought of Light dead.

*I'd rather it was me.*

Ominous cracks sounded, echoing about the room.

L turned to find the white shinigami slowly walking into the room through the wall.

Rem regarded him silently with its bright yellow eyes, before staring at the space above L's head.

The detective wondered what on earth it was looking at, as he broke the silence, "Your name is Rem, correct?"

"Yes," it said, as it settled its eyes directly on him again.

"May I ask questions?"

The death god stared quietly at him, shifting ever so slightly that L could hear small creaks and groans coming from its bones.

"Yes."

"And will you answer?"

"Depends on what I am able to disclose."

L nodded, somewhat satisfied.

"Are there more than one death gods?"

Rem looked mildly puzzled, before answering, "Yes."

Then there is a high possibility that there are more than one Death Note, since it is supposed to be the tool of a death god after all.

"What do they gain from the usage of the Death Note?"
Rem regarded him suspiciously, "The human's remaining lifespan."

"Will it affect a person's lifespan if they use it?"

"No."

"Have there been humans that use the Death Note before this?"

Rem considered whether to answer, before deeming it safe to say, "I believe so."

L nodded silently, thinking to himself.

"Are there any long term effects from the usage of the Death Note?"

Some kind of recognition passed Rem's eyes and L was hoping for an answer when it said, "That is unknown. No human have ever used the Death Note for a long period of time for any effects to be observed."

L was mildly disappointed, before muttering, "I see."

As he turned away, Rem's eyes flickered to watch something above L's head.

It then studied him silently while L was absorbed in other thoughts.

While he was distracted, Rem slowly made its way towards him.

L started when a shadow loomed over him.

He stared up as Rem lowered its head to peer at him and L was perturbed that the shinigami hadn't smelled like rot and flesh like he'd first thought.

Maybe because it was mostly made of bones.

"Yes?" L uttered, his voice coming out smaller than he had intended to.

Rem stared at him in almost a glare, before slowly backing away.

"You remind me of a shinigami I knew," it said, before slowly walking through the wall and out of the room, leaving L with yet another puzzle.

*What on earth?*

L couldn't help but wonder if he'd actually looked ridiculous enough to resemble a shinigami.

Perhaps he does.

L stood there in silence, staring at the spot where he'd last seen Rem.

He was not any closer to a solution than before but resolve coursed through him the first time that day.

The detective treaded in a hurried gait back towards the workroom, his mind beginning to formulate some sort of plan.

Hopefully, he'll be able to accomplish what he'd agreed to.

All for Light.
That's all that matters.

The next day, the taskforce members returned, expecting L to start wrapping up the case since Kira is dead.

He asked for them to craft up reports and organize records regarding the Higuchi and Yotsuba episodes so that he could send them to the Interpol and finally declare the case closed.

L hardly spoke with Light and seemed to avoid talking to him as much as possible, giving the younger man jobs to occupy him and then occupy himself with other things.

The others found it strange and thought they had another falling out.

Or perhaps it was apparent that they are going to part ways once the case is over, since their closeness had been blatantly clear to everyone halfway through this whole thing.

They then felt slightly dispirited that they are all going to part when this case is truly over.

Regardless of what they had said, they did enjoy working with the detective and the chief's son.

So they continued their work in silence, a single solemn agreement unspoken.

The day was almost over.

Light carried his reports over to hand in to L, when he noticed that the detective was nowhere to be found, his half-eaten ice cream melted into a pool in his bowl.

Puzzled, he asked the others if they have seen him.

They looked just as surprised as he did, none have noticed when L have left the room or know where he would be found.

Light seemed to be at a lost for words for a few moments, before leaving his pile of papers on L's desk and left the room.

When he did, he could hear a muffled rumbling of a downpour outside, the soundproof walls of the workroom didn't allow him to know of it.

Light took the lift up as high as it would go, before heading for the stairwell and climbing remaining way, ending up on the roof.

He opened the door and walked out, his dark eyes settling on what he'd been searching for.

L stood out in the open, eyes vacant as he barely registered the cold rain spilling onto him and dripping off his body in streams.

His dark, messy hair was flattened from the rain, the black locks clumping together, ending in points that weep clear droplets.

His shirt and jeans are soaked through, sticking to his skin and showing his spindly form more than usual.

Light looked puzzled, before he called out to the detective.
"Ryuuzaki!"

L seemed to hear his alias being called and slowly turned, setting his uninterested eyes on Light.

"What are you doing out in the rain?" Light asked.

L didn't react for a while, before cupping his ear and gestured for Light to say it again.

"What the hell are you doing?!"

L didn't seem to hear.

Light then gave up, shielding his hair uselessly with an arm and braving the storm.

He made his way up to L and demanded, "What do you think you're doing out here?"

"I am simply enjoying the weather," he answered nonchalantly.

"What the hell," Light scoffed, seemingly angry, "Stop joking."

L studied him for a while, as Light stared back at him.

"Have you ever told the truth in your life, Light-kun?"

If Light was surprised, he didn't give any indication as he chuckled, "What are you talking about?"

"Answer me, Light-kun."

There was no power behind the demand, just a tired resignation.

Light was silent for a bit, before saying, "I would rather not hurt someone with the truth, L."

L narrowed his eyes at him, seeming to catch something in that statement.

"I see."

L then turned his head to the sky, allowing the water to shower upon his pale face, his eyes closed.

The rain grew increasingly chilling, or rather L had hardly felt it until Light had joined him.

It was unbearably cold.

And incredibly lonely.

"We're both soaked," L said, lowering his head and facing Light, "We should get back inside."

"And whose fault is that," Light demanded.

L looked at him, before lowering his head and softly uttering.

"I am sorry."

They both settled in a large hall, where the rain could still be seen rampaging outside, causing the glass beyond the walkway to rattle slightly.

Light was frantic to dry himself off, wiping off his face and hair particularly, his soaked shoes left
abandoned on the steps.

L merely stood slightly behind him, a towel draped over his head as he stared at Light with a forlorn expression on his face.

"That was quite the rainstorm, isn't it," he said in his deadpan and slightly solemn tone.

Light hardly noticed as he remarked, "Yeah, it wouldn't have been terrible if you hadn't stood outside there like a madman."

L observed him slightly, wide eyes tracing over his form as he muttered, "I'm sorry."

Light proceeded to ignore him and worry at his hair.

L silently stepped down the stairs that Light sat on, seemingly indecisive on whether to talk to him or just keep silent.

In the end, he went to kneel in front of Light and took one of his bare foot in his hands, covered by the towel that had been on his head.

Light's eyes flew open at the sudden contact, gaping at the detective.

"What are you doing?"

L slowly lifted his head, the torpidity shown by him more alarming than usual as he said, "Light-kun seemed to be rather eager in drying himself off, so I thought I could lend a hand."

"There's no need for that, Ryuuzaki," Light gasped, beginning to pull his foot out of L's grasp.

He didn't notice the fleeting emotion that passed through L's eyes at the mention of his alias.

"Please, allow me to do so," L insisted almost gently.

"That's the least I can do to atone."

Light stared at him, puzzled.

"I am quite skilled at massages as well," L smiled thinly, as if that statement would seal the deal.

"Fine," Light said reluctantly, "Do whatever you want."

L smiled at that, beginning to work the stiffness out of Light's foot.

It took a few tries before Light stopped grunting at the sudden pain caused by L's persistent kneading and began to relax in his hold.

He let L do his other foot as well, both of them more or less dried by the time L spoke, "I believe we will part soon, Light-kun."

Light lifted his head and stared at him, surprised at the words he had spoken.

L's cell then rang quite suddenly, breaking the silence.

L stood and took the call, before turning to Light.

"I believe we have a lead."
Light was confused by his statement, but L was already making off before he could begin to question it.

They hurried down the corridor, the rain still splattering against the glass windows.

"Hold on, Ryuuzaki," Light stalked after him, "What do you mean that we have a lead?"

"As you've heard," L answered in an uncommitted manner.

"I thought the case was closed?"

"Apparently not quite," L said as the doors to the workroom opened for him.

The others were just as confused as they began to question L.

"What's going on, Ryuuzaki?"

"I have taken it upon myself to investigate the Death Note," he said, noting the melted bowl of chocolate ice cream on his desk, "And I believe it is prudent to prove the authenticity of the rules stated in the notebook."

He noticed Light going rigid behind him.

"Wait?" Matsuda sounded alarmed, "So you are going to test out the notebook? If the rules are real, then you would have to write a name every thirteen days as long as you live!"

L turned his gaze upon him, "Yes, I am going to test out the Death Note. However, I will not be the one that will write names in it. Rather, a criminal that is scheduled to be executed in thirteen days, he will write another criminal's name and we will wait to see whether he will actually perish if he does not use the notebook in that period of time."

"Hold on," Soichiro's tone was full of accusation, "You still suspect Light to be Kira?"

L peered blandly at him, before muttering, "Yes."

"RYUUZAKI!"

"We cannot blindly trust the rules in the Death Note, Yagami-san," L said, "Although it is a weapon with supernatural origins, I find that we still need actual prove."

Soichiro was seething, his glare sharp and bright.

"Is that not how it should be done, Yagami-san?"

Light's father reached forward and grabbed onto L's collar, trembling with rage.

"Dad!"

"Chief!"

Suddenly, the lights dimmed and the room was plunged into darkness.

Surprised, Soichiro loosened the hold on L's shirt, allowing him to pull free as a red light fill the workspace.

"A power outage?"
L hopped into his chair and reached for his microphone, "Watari, please report."

Silence.

L pressed the button and tried again, slightly worried this time, "Watari, what has happened?"

There was nothing but static on the speaker.

"Watari-

Everyone except for L jumped when a blinding white light flashed onto the screens.

All of them have the words that read: **All Data Deletion.**

"Ryuuzaki, what is happening?" Soichiro demanded.

What came out of L was a quiet breathe of, "No…"
"Watari!"

Aghast, L stared unblinkingly at the screens with his wide eyes, pale hands grasping onto the arms of his chair.

**All Data Deletion**

The three words glared at him, containing all that he needed to know and all that he didn't want to know.

Watari…

The detective slowly lowered his head in silence, his hands clenching into fists.

"Ryuuzaki," Soichiro demanded, where L barely heard his frantic voice, "What is happening?"

"I have instructed Watari," L's voice came out calm, much calmer than he actually feel. There was a constricting sensation in his chest, his heart felt numb.

"To erase all the evidence if something were to happen to him."

The others stared at him in shock, where he continued blankly, "If that is the case, the rest of us are in great danger."

Watari is most likely dead, L thought to himself sadly.

His mentor, his trusted friend.

He was a father figure to him more than anything.

*Gone…*

That meant Kira must've made his move, but the detective hadn't seen him done anything, having spent the last half an hour within a close proximity of the killer.

What did he missed?

L gasped as he came to a sudden realization, startling the others around him.

He spun around, hoping that his suspicions wasn't accurate.

His eyes settled on an empty spot in the room, where he had seen it standing when he walked in.

"The shinigami!"

The task force understood as they finally took notice of that crucial detail, eyes wide in shock and fear that the most dangerous and mysterious being had disappeared.

Just as he'd thought, the shinigami could not be trusted.

Does that mean that it was on Kira's side and they were simply playing into his hand all along?

In that brief moment, L met Light's dark, severe eyes, like an eerie veil that hid all he knows and
His eyes then shone red; whether it was reflecting the state of the room or generated on their own, he couldn't figure it out, as a sudden pain had struck his heart in that very moment.

L tensed and emitted a gasp too soft to be picked up by anyone, as they were too worried and absorbed in the crisis.

They barely even notice him begin to fall out of his chair.

It was only Light that saw him, as he had been watching the detective ever since the start.

L's falling figure reflected in the dark orbs of his eyes.

They suddenly lightened as they grew wide, following L's descend.

"Ryuuzaki!"

L barely registered the pain when his body struck the ground, he only felt a dull force of the floor on his back that turned out to be warmer and softer than he'd expected.

"Ryuuzaki, pull yourself together!"

Someone… seemed to be calling him.

The voice sounded as though it had come from a distance, obscured ever more as if he's underwater.

Is he drowning?

He could feel air enter his lungs still as he gasped shallowly.

No, no, that wasn't it.

"Ryuuzaki!"

The voice is bothering on desperation, it must be someone he knew.

Then why isn't he saying his real name?

He willed his eyes to focus, seeing a face before him, a set of darkened eyes peering down at him.

Light?

Did Light catch him?

L forced himself to think through the foggy remains of his mind.

Ah, that's right.

He remembered.

L is dying.

He'd fallen by Kira's hands.
He gasped as another throb of blinding pain wracked his body, felt spasms deep within his chest like someone was ruthlessly crushing the organ. Electricity jolted painfully through his limbs, exhausting him to the point where he laid limply wherever he was.

In Light's arms.

The younger male held his eyes still, L thought he could see them flickering weakly with red.

A trick of the light?

No, no…

No.

Not his Light.

The person watching him…

Not Light…

L wanted to shove him away, twist out of his deceivingly gentle hold.

But his body no longer had strength in them, all used up to deal with the ordeal of impending death.

Those dark eyes held so much anxiety, so much concern.

He almost believed them.

He can't.

He knew he can't.

He wish he could.

L gasped as another jolt of agony stabbed his heart.

His enemy tightened his hold, his lips almost quirking up in an invisible smirk.

L wanted to kill him with his own hands, wipe that ugly smile off of his face.

He can't.

No, he can't.

'Promise me, promise me that you will stop me, L.'

I've… failed.

I can't do it.

Not to my Light.

Light…

L's body seized as another shudder passed through him, the chaos in the room unseen and unheard by his dying senses.
The only thing that existed was him and the man holding him, in the visage of the person he love, but it was Death that hid beneath the beautiful mask.

All because he had failed his promise.

Now Light is gone.

And he will soon follow.

L could clearly see the smile on the other's face now, the crimson glare in his eyes prominent in that moment as he stared down at him with barely any angst.

The way that face had twisted revolted him but it didn't stop him from reaching up weakly to touch his face.

Because it's still Light, even if it wasn't his Light.

The brunette hardly flinched at the contact, his eyes willing – telling L to hurry up and die, for Kira has won.

No, not yet.

The light touch turned into a caress, as L ran his cold fingers down his face.

"Light..." he gasped, his voice soft and hoarse.

"Ryuuzaki?" Light tightened his hold, voice thick with anxiety even though his face still retained that sickening smirk.

"I'm-"

He winced as another stab of agony rattled his frame.

L took a shallow breath, before continuing.

"S-sorry."

L noted a slight tilt of the other's head at what he said, the movement scornful and intrigued at the same time.

"I-I'm… sorry…" L repeated, much softer this time as his strength waned.

The face before him blurred, now a mass of indistinct shape and colors.

L barely caught the red glare dying from his gaze, the first drops of darkness melting away into warm brown that grew cold as it took in the sight before it.

L took a final shuddering breath.

Everything darkened…

And then stopped.

Light was still, staring at the detective's face as his cold hand drooped and fell limply onto his torso.
He didn't move after that and Light felt the warmth seeping out of the body in his arms.

"Ryuuzaki?"

His voice was low and quiet, his eyes refusing to tear away from the pale face.

A thought nagged at him at the back of his mind, shouting at him.

Light refused to hear it.

"Hey, Ryuuzaki," Light shook his limp body slightly.

L's head drooped from the movement, curled up as his chin touched his chest.

Light stared wide-eyed at him, dark denial fueling his heart.

His voice took on a broken quality as he shook L weakly, calling out uselessly.

"Ryuuzaki, come on," he muttered, "Stop joking around."

Everyone else in the room was silent, staring at him, unable to break the spell, quite afraid of what doing that might bring.

Gradually, his demands grew louder and louder as L refused to wake up and Soichiro could not bear it any longer.

"Light, stop it."

His son did not hear him, reduced to crying L's false name over and over.

"Light-"

"Ryuuzaki, wake up!" Light shouted, desperation engulfed his form.

"LIGHT!" Soichiro shouted, having reached out and grabbed his son by the shoulders, shaking him, "Get a hold of yourself!"

Light stared up blankly at his father, his clouded eyes settling on his face.

"Dad?"

He gritted his teeth upon hearing Light's fractured and disorientated voice.

"L…. Ryuuzaki…" His eyes darted down to the body in his arms.

"Why won't he wake up?"

Soichiro slowly let go of his son.

"Why, Dad?"

Light looked up at him, his imploring eyes heavy and desperate.

"Light…"

His son waited for his answer, one that he refused to conclude on his own.
"He's dead, Light," Soichiro said softly, his frame tense as he watched the impending clarity on his face.

The fog began to clear from his eyes as his father continued, "He died of a heart attack."

"Dead..." He uttered, his gaze falling away from his father.

Light stared down at L as if seeing him for the first time, his body frozen as what the voice had been shouting hit him at last.

He gasped, unknowingly holding L much tighter than before that the embrace will surely bruise him, if he had still been in the land of the living.

A stinging sensation started up in his chest as he pulled L's cold body closer to himself, shuddering uncontrollably as the first set of tears fall from his eyes.

Soichiro's eyes widened at the sight.

He reached a hand out towards his son, "Light-

A horrifying wail tore out of Light's throat had stopped him in his tracks, the inhuman cry echoing about the silent room, forcing the others to step back from the source.

Light let out another scream as if his heart was being torn to shreds, squeezing L close to himself, looking as though he was trying to meld their bodies together in a terrible joining.

His cry turned into breathless sobbing as he wept and gasped, whimpering as he buried his face in L's shoulder.

The room was silent for the longest time aside from Light's mourning, as the others either watched without the slightest inkling of what they should do, or anxiously whispering to one another about their course of action, all still in shock of their loss.

Light gradually stopped sobbing after that, going almost as still as the dead detective, his eyes staring at nothing in particular as tears slowly flowed and then eventually ceased.

They had to pry Light away from L after that, settling him on the couch and having Matsuda offering him a cup of tea.

He simply held onto the tea, blank eyes staring at a spot on the floor as they dealt with the matters surrounding L's death.

Soichiro was staring worriedly at his son the whole time, noting that he held onto the hot teacup with both hands, disregarding the heat that would surely burn his skin.

He was distracted by Matsuda asking him what they should do from then on, the young bachelor almost as distraught as Light himself.

When he turned back, Light was no longer there, his tea left abandoned on the table.

"Light?!"

Panicked, Soichiro rushed out of the room, his sole aim was to find his only son and hope that he hadn't decided to do something foolish.
One death was enough for him in a lifetime.

Light found himself in the lower levels of the building, walking swiftly down the empty corridor.

He turned a corner before opening the door to the archives, where it slid open with a hiss.

In the middle of the room was a mount of dirt and sticking out of it is a black notebook that he found much too familiar.

Light slowly made his way towards it, face blank as he picked the book up, lightly brushing off the dust resting on top of it.

There was no writing to label the book, but he knew full well what this is.

He flipped it open, seeing about a dozen names sprawled onto the white pages, all written in English.

Light thumbed through the pages until he stumbled upon the last two names.

Quillsh Wammy and…

Larry Lawliet.

No wonder he had called himself 'L'.

Light let out a lifeless chuckle at that amusing fact.

He studied the crudely written name, lines crooked and untidy.

He thought it was better off not knowing it at all.

Wet spots appeared on the white pages along L's name.

Light wiped his tears away with his sleeve as his shoulders began to shake.

A soft laugh reached his ears.

Light lowered his arm, slowly turning towards the mirror inside the room.

Kira stood in it, eyes shining bright red as he cackled at Light's misery.

A dark fire rose inside of him.

Light made his way towards the mirror, the anger pouring off him in waves as he glared at Kira's form.

"How scary," the red-haired man mocked, having not stopped laughing ever since Light had heard him, "And what are you going to do to me?"

Light's form trembled as he slammed his palms into the mirror, causing it to shake.

His reflection barely flinched, much to his annoyance.

"You can't touch me, Light," he taunted, lips spreading into a wide smile as Kira began to laugh again.
All of Light's self-control snapped.

He snarled and drew his fist back, smashing it into the accursed reflection full-force.

The glass surface shattered with a deafening crash, web-like lines appearing as it cracked right before the shards began falling onto the floor, tinkling as each piece struck the marble surface.

What remained of the mirror showed half of Kira's face, the cracks showing a disjointed sight of his face, his eerie red eye showing up in each piece surrounding the dent that Light's fist had made.

His reflection shifted as he laughed, the cackles echoing around the room like it had came from a malevolent spirit as Light glared and glared at it, anger, sorrow, frustration and hatred blackening his decaying heart.

As he watched, the eye showing in the mirror began to transform, the vermillion shade gradually fading away into their original light brown. The eyes widened, no longer hooded as it stared back at himself.

The red bled out of his hair, changing back into its auburn color and the dark aura about him dissipated like thin smoke.

The reflection blinked, its wide eyes staring out of the broken mirror, gasping as it looked straight into the bright red eyes of the original.

Light stood in front of the shattered mirror, chuckling as his disjointed image placed a tentative hand on the surface, bleeding from the knuckles like he was.

"No..." The reflection pressed more firmly into the surface, face full of fear and shock as he regarded his body that laughed at his predicament.

"Feels terrible doesn't it," he said in a lilted voice, "Trapped outside of yourself."

Kira's reflection began to panic, starting to claw at the surface and letting out pained noises as he touched the pointed shards that remained on the mirror.

"What the hell did you do, Kira?" Light demanded, his eyes dark with fear, "Let me out!"

Kira laughed, before stepping to what divides him from the original, placing a loving, tender hand over the fractured lines.

"No," he said with a smirk, "This body is mine now, you hear me? You are mine."

Horrified, Light backed away, staring at Kira with an unrestrained fear.

His red-eyed body began to chuckle, before it suddenly stopped, gaze flickering to the entrance of the room.

Light could only watch as the twisted face softened into the likeness of his own, before taking on a lost quality, eyes wide and confused as the door opened.

A worried Matsuda stepped in and halted when he saw Light.

He gasped when he saw the shattered mirror in front of the younger man, his hand dripping with dark blood.

"Light!" He exclaimed as he darted towards him, anxious eyes surveying him then taking his
injured hand to examine it, "Oh god, what happened?"

'Light' stared at him for a short moment, before shamefully lowering his head.

"I wasn't thinking," he said in a soft voice, "I'm sorry."

"That doesn't matter," Matsuda frantically grabbed a handkerchief out of his pocket to cover Light's bleeding hand, "Shit, why is it bleeding so much?"

'Light' did not say a word, steadily keeping his head down.

"Come on, we should go back," Matsuda said gently, "Your father is worried about you."

'Light' nodded, before letting Matsuda carefully leading him out of the room.

The older man did not see him reveal a smirk, directed only for his reflection to see.

Light watched the scene in silence, deducing that no one else but him is able to see the blood red eyes that his body now has, judging from Matsuda's actions.

He also came to the conclusion that no one could see him as well, just like how they wasn't able to see Kira in his reflections ever since he had appeared to him.

Light stared on helplessly as the door closed behind Matsuda, his body following close behind.

He rested his head against the surface of the mirror, ignoring the pointed pieces that dug into his skin, letting out a sob.

Then, he screamed as he slammed his fists once against the already broken surface, unaffected by his movements like he wasn't there.

Tears fell onto the floor as he wept.

Just like that, Kira had taken his cherished friend and lover interest, before stealing his body away from him, left him with nothing but this cold space in the mirror.

And just like that, Kira had effortlessly impersonated him, fooling everyone that remained.

And no one will ever know.
The white-haired teen sat crouching in the armchair, facing the much older man who sat across at his desk, his wrinkling face grim.

He had been fiddling around with a ten-sided Rubik's cube when the news was delivered, the reason why the boy was summoned here in the first place.

His gray eyes widened and the partly completed cube dropped from his fingers.

The door crashed open just then, but he barely heard it when he uttered the words that refused to register in his mind.

"L is… dead?"

There was a loud gasp behind him, as the older man named Roger peered behind him but couldn't quite muster the will to glare at the other child.

He was just as shaken by the news when it was delivered just over an hour ago.

"What do you mean L is dead?!"

The blonde child who barged into the room stormed forward and stopped just before the desk, glaring at Roger, "Who killed him? How?!"

The older man began to glare at him and gave up on that, resorting to sighing instead.

"I believe you two have heard of 'Kira'?"

"That was about the case that L had decided to investigate, I presume, the one where criminals around the world have been dying of heart attacks." the white-haired child said blandly, having gotten over his initial shock.

Roger nodded, "That was the one he was working on, and he had perished in the midst of it."

"Kira?" He asked.

He nodded again, "Confirmed death, by heart attack."

The blonde child looked puzzled, "And there was no news of it? Last I checked, L was still in Japan overlooking the case."

"I assume that is not the actual L," the teen said, getting off his chair to pick up his toy, "Rather, someone had taken his place as L, pretending to be him."

The blonde glared at the other child, "And what do you know of this imposter, smarty-pants?"

"He is presumably put in place to avoid causing disorder by the Japanese Police,“ he answered, "You are aware of the consequences if it came out to the public that L was dead, don't you?"

"You sure know it all, don't you?" He snarked.

"Near, Mello," Roger cut in with a stern voice, "I do not appreciate you two fighting in my office so you'd better stop it this instant!"
They both went silent immediately, but not before the blonde let out a huff and turned away.

The aged man sighed, before stating, "This is partly what I called you here about, L have currently yet to choose his successor and have not stated who that might be before his untimely death."

"You two are the final candidates for the official title of L so-"

"Hold on," the blonde interrupted.

"What is it, Mello?"

"You only asked for Near," he said, steadily glaring at him now, "You did not intent to choose me for the title of L, did you?"

Roger did not answer, simply staring back at him.

"You'd think to choose him because he's the first in this orphanage, isn't he?!" Mello accused, "You did not think I was fit for L's title?"

"That was not the case," Roger said, "You are eligible for the title but-"

"But he was a better candidate than I am," Mello finished for him.

Near had simply watched the exchange in disinterest, completing the puzzle before jumbling it up again.

Roger was silent now, looking back at the child with perhaps a hint of guilt.

Mello huffed again, "Fine, I get that. You're going to hand the title to him only, I wouldn't have known if not for the fact that I came here immediately after the announcement."

"He can go tackle this Kira case on his own," Mello said, turning towards the door, "He doesn't need my help, he's the best after all."

"Now, Mello-"

"And what of Quillsh?" Near asked suddenly, "I remembered he left for Japan together with L."

"He is dead as well," Roger said, taking on a slightly more saddened look.

Mello had halted in his exit at the news, before quickly leaving, slamming the door behind him.

"I see," Near said, lowering his head slightly before looking back at the older man, "So I will be handed the case as Mello had guessed?"

"Yes," Roger replied, "I will hand to you the information that L had gathered on Kira before leaving for Japan, I'm afraid you might have to obtain the rest on your own. I would advise you find suitable candidates to ally by your side and start work as soon as possible."

"Understood," Near said, determination shining through his otherwise dull eyes, "I will capture Kira as soon as possible."

"He will not get away with what he'd done."

It had been a few months ever since the upsetting event of L's death.
Soon after that, Light had mentioned that he wanted to take over the position of L and continue the investigation for Kira.

It wasn't a surprising reaction for the Task Force, but they had been quite worried, especially Soichiro and Matsuda, as the young man had recently experienced a loss, a huge loss from what they can see.

No one had ever heard such a terrifying noise before and they didn't expect to hear it from the usually calm and collected Light as he held the dead detective in his arms.

The noise haunted them still and Matsuda watched the younger man with all of his attentiveness, as he could clearly tell that L meant a lot to him.

His right hand is fresh out of a bandage, from a wound that needed a few stitches from striking the glass, where a few visible scars had remained.

The bachelor was more than alarmed when he saw that Light had harmed himself in that way and relieved that they had treated that immediately as he was admittedly freaked out by how much his knuckles were bleeding.

It wasn't much, actually but it was still quite an amount to Matsuda.

It terrifies him to think that Light might've hurt himself even more if he had not found him in time.

Although he was puzzled why Light had decided to punch the mirror in the first place.

He was aware that grief can drive people to do senseless things so he didn't question it much, it was only a thought that popped up from time to time that he didn't dwell much about.

Still, he worries.

For one thing, Light had went back to his calm and collected self a few days after L had passed away and said that he wanted to take on his position and hunt Kira down.

It was understandable that he wanted to dive into it as soon as possible, as Light did seem like the type of person to occupy himself with work and a goal to try and desensitize himself to his emotions.

As soon as that was said, Soichiro had gotten the approval of the higher ups for them to continue the Kira case and their headquarters were moved to a smaller place.

Then he had been working non-stop ever since, diving into L's previous records and trying to dig up new evidence of Kira who remains at large.

Soichiro had since then kept a close eye on his son after that, his protectiveness grown much more extensive than when L was alive.

Matsuda was helping with that as well, afraid that at some point Light might suddenly fall into the depths of despair over the fact that L is dead.

However, something else had been bugging Matsuda for a while now.

He noticed that something seemed off about the young man.

Light didn't seem like the same person after L had died.
In the literal sense of the word.

Sure, his behavior and habits were still the same, but it just seemed as though there's a dark aura surrounding him constantly.

He has an ominous feel around him, much like he was the devil himself.

Matsuda couldn't quite explain that feeling but whenever Light is close, he would fight the urge to shiver despite the fact that it wasn't even cold out.

He also noticed that Light had become distant from everyone around him, even though he still carried with him his politeness and remained the affable person he is.

Matsuda can't explain why he felt so.

He just sensed it somehow.

He chalked it up to Light trying to cope with his loss, but it certainly didn't feel quite right.

Matsuda mentioned this to his father once and was told off immediately, Soichiro brushing it off like he was trying to spread false rumors about his son.

He didn't speak of it afterwards.

But he could still feel it, like a serpent coiling in the darkness of his mind.

Matsuda would then turn to find Light sitting on his chair, pitch-black eyes staring at his computer screen and scanning over the information written.

His gaze then flickered over to the bachelor, who immediately turned away and gave an excuse to escape to the pantry.

He didn't want to admit it but…

Light really scares him quite a bit, these days.

"Are you going to be alright, son?"

Light flashed a reassuring smile and said, "I'll be fine, dad."

Soichiro didn't look at all assured as he sat in Light's new living room discussing about his accommodation another time.

It wasn't long ago that Light mentioned that he would like to move out of the Yagami house and share an apartment with his girlfriend, Misa.

He was quite puzzled, he thought Light said that he loves L and was going to break up with the model soon.

Light then mentioned that he hadn't had the heart to tell Misa about that and then solemnly said that he wanted to try and forget about this whole thing.

Not that he was going to lose sight of why he was going after Kira in L's place, and he did mention he wanted to give it another try with Misa.
Soichiro was skeptical about that but he didn't try to stop him. He wasn't good with feelings and was certainly not good with dealing with his son's or daughter's.

He was worried, and grew much more worried after that day, where Light had suddenly disappeared out of his sight after such an intense display of grief, only to return with a bleeding hand where Light had inflicted harm on himself, that he was told.

He had never seen his son quite so lost and distressed.

He was determined not to let that happen again.

With all that, Soichiro had grown to look over his son with all of his abilities, he can't bear to have Light hurt like that again as long as he lives.

So he smiled thinly and uttered, "Promise me that you'll stay safe, son."

Light looked straight at him, smiled and said, "I promise, Dad."

Soichiro caught his gaze and found himself with a puzzling thought.

Have Light's eyes always been this dark?

There have been so many things happening lately that he hadn't noticed when the color have changed from amber to almost jet-black, looking like there was a certain darkness swirling beneath their depths.

"What's wrong, Dad?" Light asked, noticing his sudden silence.

The older man snapped out of it and flashed a quick smile, "No, nothing."

"It's getting late," Light said, standing up, "I'll see you to the door."

Soichiro nodded mutely, following his son.

He was on the other side of the front door when he asked, "Would you visit Mum and Sayu soon?"

"I will," Light said well manneredly, "I'll try to find time off the investigation and I'll be there."

Soichiro couldn't help another puzzling thought that came into his head.

Light seemed to be more polite?

No.

He is only being polite.

Have he always been this distant?

It may be due to the loss, he told himself.

But something felt absolutely and entirely wrong.

"I'll be taking my leave, then," Soichiro said, being awkward all of a sudden at his discovery.

Light didn't seem to notice as he smiled, "Good night, Dad."

"Good night, son."
Soichiro began to walk towards the lift as Light locked up his door.

Light strode back into the room and sighed, before stretching his neck and hearing the satisfying cracks of the action.

"The old man is becoming overbearing," he seemed to utter to himself, "He's giving me a mind to get rid of him."

"Don't you dare!"

Light turned towards the sudden snarl, finding his reflection glaring at him from the mirror.

"And what can you do about it?" 'Light' taunted, his eyes flashing red only for his image. "When your body is all mine to control."

Light let out a noise of frustration, glaring at Kira heatedly from the mirror.

"Such a papa's boy," Kira snickered, "That old man won't let me out of his sight for a single moment ever since your gay lover is dead. Oh, what an absolute pain."

Light started when Kira started making his way towards his desk where he kept a Death Note hidden in it.

He flipped the book open to an empty page and picked up one of his fountain pens.

"Let's see, So-i-chi-ro-u…"

"Stop it," Light began banging on the surface frantically, "Stop it!"

Kira penned down part of his name then tapped the pen against his lower lip, "Perhaps not… He does keep the those rats off my tail after all."

Light watched in silent relief as Kira closed the book, "Maybe he is useful to keep around, in case anyone dares to question me."

Kira tossed the pen that clattered noisily across the desk, speaking to no one in particular, "Don't think that I did not notice."

He sighed, then turned and leaned against the table, grinning at his trapped reflection, "But soon that won't matter, once Kira becomes Justice, they will no longer be able to challenge me."

Light glared at him as Kira started chuckling uncontrollably, then exploded into sudden laughter.

"Don't you think so, Light?"
It wasn't long that the young detective managed to get the help of the President of the United States, revealing that the original L is dead and the content he managed to salvage from L's case files, the only parts that he didn't manage to erase. He found evidence that pointed to Higuchi as Kira and also the existence of the a killer notebook.

He also spoke to the President about the fact that there is now a fake L who's in charge of the Kira Case in Japan and the reason why they had decided to take this course of action.

The President then proceeded to back him in the creation of the Special Provision for Kira – or the SPK, formed by a group that totaled of fifteen people from the CIA and the FBI.

Currently, their base is erected in the city of New York, where they spent days gathering all available information regarding the Kira Case.

They intended to work separately from the Task Force in Japan as Near isn't warming up to the idea of working with someone who claimed to be L, even though his presence was necessary at the time.

Near was quite awestruck to learn of the supernatural tool at first, a thing that held so much power, granting one the ability to kill someone from merely wielding a pen.

Then he remembered that it was used to kill the lives of thousands, including L himself and was repulsed by the fact that the notebook had fallen into the vile hands that belonged to the First, the Second Kira and Higuchi.

He reviewed the news and information surrounding the Kira investigation, media activities in the past two years and investigated the big figures in the Yotsuba Corporation, who all had perished a mere month ago.

Near didn't doubt that it was Kira's doing as all six members had suddenly died by heart attacks in the middle of a meeting.

There was limited information regarding the killer notebook which led Near to study evidence collected while L was working with the NPA, creating various hypothesis and putting them against the data collected.

From that, he managed to deduce a couple of things on his own, such as the ability to kill with just a face and perhaps the existence of supernatural entities.

The white-haired teen sat on the floor in the middle of the main room, surrounded by at least a dozen Newton's cradle of various sizes and frames, with three of them swinging at the same beat, creating a chorus of steady, constant clicking.

Meanwhile, the SPK members are busy looking through websites and news relating to Kira, both the current and the old as they searched for what they might've missed and for new information that might arise.

The small teen reached for the fourth device and lifted one of the metal balls, waiting to release it so that it swings at the exact same timing for the other three.

He did the same for the fifth, this time deciding to pick up two, followed by the sixth, the seventh
and so on, wide gray eyes observing the movements.

Soon, he had all the Newton's cradle in motion, collectively emitting various paces of swinging.

He then took great interest in one of them, with five silver balls that gleamed in the artificial lights, hanging from a bright brass frame supported with a rich mahogany base.

He varied the swinging in it, sometimes splitting the balls in twos and threes, sometimes removing the middle one from the group and staring as the outer balls swung just slightly more vigorously.

It was then that one of his men that he knew by the name of Elliot Schmidt walked up to him.

Near remembered that he the most gifted and knowledgeable in the realm of computer systems and coding on their team, an extremely useful asset.

"Yes?" He addressed the man, not taking his eyes off his toys.

"Sir, I was looking through our database and found something quite interesting," He said with all seriousness, "There appears to be strange codes within L's case files, I believe it's pointing towards the existence of a hidden file."

Near raised his head curiously, not having heard or discovered this fact while he was looking through it some weeks ago.

"It seemed to be well-protected by several advanced security software," Elliot explained, "It was almost completely hidden and undetectable, I barely found it myself."

A secret folder, coupled with high security at that. It was plainly obvious that there would be information that L did not intent for anyone to discover except for himself.

Near deduced that the files will most likely contain the missing evidence that L had uncovered during the Kira Investigation, twirling his finger in a lock of his hair as he pondered.

"Do you think you'll be able to gain access to it?"

"Yes, sir," Elliot said, "However, that would take a substantial amount of time, maybe about a month or two."

Near nodded in understanding, "I would like you to begin on it, and thank you for your hard work."

The SPK member gave a affirmative nod and returned to his computer in order to do so.

Near returned his attention to the devices that are still clicking away, absorbed in other thoughts.

A secret folder…

Near wasn't the best when it comes to computers, but he was good enough. He was quite puzzled that he had not discovered the codes himself, even though he had looked through L's files over and over again and memorized everything on it until he knew the whole thing just like the back of his hand.

There is the possibility that he could've missed it but Near have the strangest feeling that it probably had not been there when he looked through it the first time.

A whole chunk of code right under his nose.
Near refused to believe he was able to miss all that.

There was no one else but he and the SPK that are able to get to it, he didn't think that they'll try to tamper with those.

That left no one else but L himself.

But the man was already long dead.

So this didn't make sense to him. However, Near found that he had no other explanation for it.

Perhaps he actually missed it, then.

Soon, he found the numerous ticking noises to be a nuisance and stopped them all from swinging, before staring straight at the one that he had been playing around with.

Near lifted the last ball, before releasing it and watching as it started moving again, emitting a constant, regular clicking noise.

Just like a metronome, he thought.

It was just a matter of time before things start to happen.

---

_Tick, tock, tick, tock._

Light stared at the scene before him with dull, tired eyes.

On the other side of the glass, the day went on as usual.

The clock on the far wall showed that it was nearing eight, its hands moving slowly round to that time.

The Task Force would come then, arriving one by one into the room that had been designated as the workroom, multiple monitors on and running in front of them, showing various statistics, the news and all things that seemed irrelevant to him by this time.

They would do their best to research and bring up things that may remotely point to the identity of Kira, having been largely active these days.

They then looked over the information, turn it over in their heads time and time again, with 'Light' pitching in as well.

It would slowly be realized that the piece of data was too out there, or too vague or straight up useless.

They would then scratch that off and it's back to the drawing board, all happening within a few hours.

Basically, they're clueless.

All the work they're doing to catch a single man that's right under their noses all along.

Light cast his gaze upon Kira, who seemed perfectly content sitting in his place, bored eyes staring
at the screen that shone with hidden amusement at the fact that no one knows a thing.

It's all a game to him.

Light knew that Kira could lie just as well as him, softening his expression while surrounded by the others and spoke pleasantly, smiling and nodding just at the right times even though the fact that he did all this might be annoying him to no end.

He had seen the lifted look on his face when everyone had gone home and he was left alone, free to appear however he liked.

His face would harden then, red gaze pointed right at Light as if to gloat at him and at the same time slightly annoyed that he had to keep up all this façade and perfectly imitating him, allowing nothing less.

Despite that, Light knew Kira found it rather fun as well.

It appalled him that he was able to guess at some of Kira's behaviors and moods, how the way his lips quirked up slightly was due to amusement that everyone around him are such idiots and that was all he could do to keep from bursting out into laughter.

Or how he would tap his foot against the floor as a Kira supporting program showed on TV where everyone was watching, anticipating the events that played out and quite delighted to see his fame in action.

One thing that led to this was because of how astoundingly similar he is to Light. The only thing that divides them was that Kira had no conscience nor any remorse for what he'd done.

There was also nothing that Light could do but observe what was put before the glass, most of them were Kira himself.

It probably shouldn't be surprising that Light would know the red-eyed man like he knows himself.

That doesn't mean he have to like it.

In fact, he hates it.

He hated the fact that he could do nothing but watch Kira play with the people that he knew, even his own father, while stepping closer and closer to becoming an actual god.

Light had screamed, he had strike the surface multiple times, just for someone, anyone to notice him, to know something was wrong.

Of course, no one know, they didn't even see anything, clueless about the true nature of the Light before them. Not even his father was able to tell.

He had long since given up on it, watching mutely from the other side of the mirror.

*Tick, tock, tick, tock.*

Time slowly passes and the rage within him subsided, the need to avenge L was gone when it was clear he cannot do anything to Kira, he had mocked him about it every time he tried.

Every plan that he had formed in his head to escape this dark prison had slowly decayed and disappeared over time.
Light felt as though it was he himself that is in the process of decaying.

Day by day he felt increasingly tired and weaker, his eyes growing stale as they did nothing but look at what's happening outside, unable to do anything.

He felt like he would cease to exist one day.

Looking out at Kira beginning to grin at his screen as Matsuda once again scampered off, he let out a silent breath.

*What does it even matter?*

Light slumped against the replica of the chair that Kira sat on, dim eyes staring unseeingly into the dark space above.

*Tick, tock, tick, tock.*

The sound of time moving reaches his ear, becoming ever louder by the second.

*It doesn't matter anymore.*

A movement beyond the glass catches his eyes.

Light's gaze flickered down, seeing his father making his way to Kira.

*Dad…*

His father and Kira exchanged a few words, discussing about the case at hand.

Kira's eyes gleamed with veiled annoyance, everyone including his father blind to it except for him.

"When are you going to visit home, Light?" Soichiro asked then, concerned eyes looking into Kira's.

*Home.*

Light didn't remember the last time he had been there, he didn't remember the last time he saw his mother and sister.

He missed them terribly.

"Sorry, Dad," Kira said, "I've been a bit busy lately, so I don't think I'll be visiting for a while."

"Light…"

"I'm sorry, Dad."

Light watched as his father was let down once again, despair slowly taking up his features.

*Oh, Dad…*

The same despair on Soichiro's face was mirrored on his own.

If only he'd known.

The man in front of him was not at all his son.
Slowly, Light began to feel something ignite inside of him.

He realized that he didn't want to give up, he had to at least try to find out how to get out of here or let them know.

Even if he was to get destroyed in the process, they had to know.

He can't stand them, especially his family, being deluded like that.

Away from Soichiro's sight, Kira's eyes began to narrow, before they flickered over to look at his reflection, finding Light glaring straight at him, his eyes burning brighter than they had in weeks, looking like anything but a dying man.

His lips twitched as he suppressed a snarl and tormenting the young man.

Light saw murder in his eyes.

Unfortunately for Kira, Light wasn't going to let him win that easily.

You'll have to try harder than that.

A ringing jarred him out of his thoughts.

Both Light and Kira turned as Soichiro fished his phone out of his pocket, staring in puzzlement at the caller ID then answering it.

"Hello?"

Within ten seconds, Soichiro paled, his eyes wide with worry and fear.

"Dad?"

"Light…" He uttered before staggering back, attracting the attention of the others in the room.

Light watched mutely as Kira got up and placed a hand on his shoulder, seemingly anxious at the strange behavior, "Dad, what's wrong?"

"It's Sayu…" He gulped, before speaking more steadily, "Sayu's gone."

Light's eyes widened as he listened to what Soichiro said in disbelief.

"She's been kidnapped."
Heirs

The tall, lanky man flew into the stacks of boxes, grunting and wincing, as he lay sprawled upon the overturned boxes.

He heard a pair of footsteps thudding against the concrete floor, slowly opening his eyes to see the blonde teen glaring at him with his fiery blue eyes.

He gasped and started frantically, "Boss-"

The man was cut off when a boot slammed into his chest, forcing a strangled cry of pain from him.

"Answer me, Chad," Mello's lips curled back as he growled, "What the fuck were you trying to do?"

"I-It was just a threat!" Chad scrambled to speak, raising his arms up in defense, "I-I didn't try to do anything, I swear!"

"A threat?" The boy's eyes narrowed suspiciously.

"Yes, yes!"

Mello was silent, glaring down at him as he wheezed.

Two of his other men were standing by, watching and waiting to assist him, while keeping an eye on the girl in case she tried to take the opportunity to escape.

Sayu hid in the corner and shivered, her large terrified eyes fixed on the scene before her, her hair and clothes disheveled.

Mello lifted his foot slowly and did not miss the look of relief that passed the offender's face.

His expression grew harsh then, suddenly swinging his foot to kick the man hard in the face.

"Argh!"

Chad tumbled to the side and hit the floor, turning to face Mello in open fear.

He whimpered, hurriedly attempting to crawl away.

Mello calmly walked towards him, kicking him onto his back as Chad emitted a sharp cry of pain.

He viciously stomped on his elbow.

Chad screamed and wriggled in pain, his other hand reaching to pry his foot off.

Mello applied more force into his foot with cruel determination, before lifting it slightly as his wayward man fell limp.

"If it was only a threat," He spat viciously, "Then why the hell did I see you tearing her clothes off and mounting her?!"

"I'm sorry!" He pleaded.

"She was meant to be an exchange for the Death Note," Mello bellowed, "Not as a toy for you to
play with you fool!"

He screamed as Mello stomped into his arm again, writhing frantically and clawing at his foot.

Mello heard a low whistle behind him, turning to see a redheaded teen looking about his age, smiling at him as he muttered with appreciation, "Harsh."

"Matt," he greeted.

Matt grinned in return, before setting his eyes on the girl that cowered almost out of their sight, arms covering what her ruined clothes were unable to.

"Taking care of the goods, huh?"

"We have no reason for the Japanese to go back on their terms," Mello said, turning to glare at Chad who lay panting on the floor.

"Well, her father and brother sort of lead them, right?" Matt said, taking off his jacket and making his way towards the girl, "They'll want her back anyway."

He held it out towards Sayu, who regarded him with a poorly disguised suspicion, before gingerly picking it out of his hands.

He smiled as she covered herself with the clothing and shrunk further back.

"We have no reason to hurt the innocent," Mello said, "Unlike this moron over here."

With that, he brought his foot up and drove it into the man's side, earning himself a satisfying grunt of pain.

"Easy," Matt said, "You're scaring the chick over here."

Mello rolled his eyes, "She's just a bargaining chip, what she thinks of me doesn't mean anything in hell."

"Oh?" Matt grinned, "Well, she's a hottie though, you sure you wanna leave a bad impression? I could help you ask for her number."

Mello huffed and was about to hit him with a retort when his cellphone rang.

He fished it out of his pocket and peered at the caller ID, 'unknown'.

He faced his other men, jerking his chin towards the door.

They both nodded and hurried to leave, dragging the groaning man out the door before closing it behind them.

Once they were out of sight, Mello deemed it safe enough to press the 'answer' key.

"Yes? What have you found?"

By then, Matt had seated himself on one of the overturned boxes, pulling his cigarettes out of his breast pocket and sticking one in his mouth.

He then held the packet out to Sayu, one of it sticking out as an obvious offering.
Sayu stared wide-eyed at the cigarettes, then at Matt, before shaking her head with an incredulous look on her face.

Matt shrugged and pocketed them, before lighting up the one between his lips.

He closed his eyes and inhaled, then blew a puff of smoke into the air with a sigh as he tuned into Mello's conversation.

"A hidden file?"

Matt could barely hear the man's voice on the other end of the line as he replies.

"Yes, sir."

"I see, Near is working on it now?"

"Indeed, sir."

"How long will it take?"

"It was estimated to take at least a month."

Mello was silent, his mind racing with what this could possibly mean.

"Sir?"

"I see," Mello said as a finality, "Keep monitoring the group and report to me if you find anything else."

"As you wish."

"What has the snitch found?" Matt asked as soon as Mello ended the call.

"Hidden documents among the files that L left behind."

"Oh?" Matt was instantly interested, cracking his knuckles, "I would like to crack those myself."

"Getting to those files won't be as easy as getting information from Ratt, you know."

"I could try," he smirked, "I'm the best hacker around here after all."

"And we'll risk losing our snitch forever," Mello said, crossing his arms.

"Meh, you're no fun."

"You're having too much fun," Mello grumbled, "Why the hell am I even friends with you?"

"Because I'm awesome?" Matt grinned cheekily.

Mello's eye twitched as he resisted the urge to slug him in the face.

"Just kidding-" He stuck his tongue out and Mello gave up.

Matt flicked the ashes onto the floor as he blew another puff of smoke into the air.

"So you're gonna get the Japanese exchange the Death Note for the girl, having the man change his flight at the last moment so the others will not be able to follow."
"They will lose their credibility in this battle against Kira with the loss of the Death Note," Mello continued, "Then it will just be me and Near competing to see who catches Kira first."

"By obtaining his weapon," Matt said, "You will eliminate one of the competitions, while stealing information from Near and whatever he is investigating, thus keeping yourself a step ahead of him at all times."

"Brilliant!" He grinned, flashy a toothy smile.

"No less," Mello smiled back.

He set his eyes on Sayu who still cowered in the corner, having no knowledge of what they have just discussed as she looked upon them with terrified eyes.

"It will soon be time for the bargaining," he said, "Go get Mark and Hugh, we'll set off immediately."

"Alrighty!" Matt pushed himself off his seat and went off to do as he was told.

Mello approached Sayu and hauled her to her feet as she squeaked, dragging her out of the room.

Soichiro stared at the ticket that the mysterious man had given him.

"Take this flight, do not alert your friends if you want to see the girl again," he said, before quickly walking into the crowd and disappearing from sight.

The locked suitcase in hand, Soichiro headed for the terminal that the flight was scheduled to leave in fifteen minutes' time.

He could still remember as if it had transpired minutes before, when his wife called to tell him that their daughter had gone missing.

Seconds later, an unknown number contacted Light's computer.

Their identities were unclear, but they had wanted one thing.

The Death Note, in exchange for his daughter.

To prove that they are not lying, they let Sayu speak to them.

She sounded so afraid and distraught, bringing back unpleasant memories that Soichiro had.

He can't help but think that she sounded so much like Light on that day.

So lost, hurt and devastated.

Something he didn't want to hear again, something he promised to himself that he will not let Light go through again.

And by trying to protect him, his daughter ended up being the one suffering this time.

Why do his children have to endure such fear, such pain?

It spoke entirely of his abilities as a parent.

How he had failed.
It's his duty to protect his family, to ensure that they are happy.

And he have failed.

They had to bring her back.

Soichiro insisted to be the one to exchange the Death Note.

They didn't like the idea.

They fear he might jeopardize her safety out of rashness.

They didn't know what they were talking about.

It's his daughter.

Her safety is everything to him.

His children's safety is everything to him.

Ideally, he would be able to retrieve both Sayu and the Death Note.

For the notebook is a powerful and deadly thing.

It would be catastrophic if it landed in the wrong hands.

Choose his daughter and the world will be in danger, the blood of many lives will taint his hands.

Choose the Death Note and his daughter will perish, his heart will tear into pieces, and no amount of compensation can bring back his precious daughter.

He simply couldn't give her up.

Not for anything.

He had sworn his life upon the safety and happiness of his children.

He shall not fail again.

Not ever.

With renewed determination, Soichiro boarded the flight, Sayu as his priority.

He will bring his daughter back no matter what it takes.

He promised that upon himself.

Light sat alone apart from the realm of reality, watching with bated breath what had transpired.

He certainly wasn't pleased right now, what with his dear sister kidnapped and his father missing for over ten hours.

Last he'd seen of him was when his father was convincing 'Light' to have him retrieve Sayu.

Light protested, banging on the cold surface as if that would make a difference, as if someone would hear him by some miracle and his nightmare would be over.
Of course, no one saw.

Kira had argued with his father's decision as well, only to play the part of the true son.

Eventually, his father's stubbornness won out and he cursed his persistence.

*Why didn't you just give in?* Light screamed, *I don't want to have to lose someone else. Send Aizawa, Mogi, someone else, not you!*

Light watched helplessly as they started discussing about their plans, bringing out the Death Note and putting it into a suitcase and locking it.

Then he left.

Light feared.

He prayed that his father would be successfully, he prayed that he will return home with his sister, safe and sound.

His resentment for Kira only grew stronger.

Light glowered at the back of his head as the hate and fury burned, churning within him in a black, swirling mess.

All the pain and suffering, caused by this fiend.

And it threatens to destroy his entire life, forcing him to watch as his dark plans unfold one after another, slowly, agonizingly.

The blackness within him ate at his core.

Light didn't notice himself begin to claw at the mirror, lips curled back and teeth bared in a feral snarl.

Kira seemed to hear and sense the animosity radiating from his reflection, turning to glance at Light sidelong, before flashing a demented grin at him.

Light screamed, all of his hatred and bitterness filling up the space between Kira and him as he slammed into the immovable glass with both his fists, amber eyes shining bright in rage.

Kira's grin only spread even wider at the state that Light is in, as the young man's outraged yell diminished into a barely contained growl, his sharp eyes still fixed on Kira like a vengeful spirit.

Both didn't notice Matsuda turn when Kira accidentally let a few chuckles slipped.

He turned away quickly when a beeping suddenly came from Light's computer, which called the young man's attention.

Kira raised an eyebrow when he saw that the caller was of an unknown origin. His eyes narrowed as he reached for his headset, before answering the call.

As soon as he pressed the button, his screen and the main screen flashed a blinding white, a black gothic 'N' located in the middle of the monitors.

A collective gasp burst out among the Task Force members, including Light who is trapped in the mirror as he stared at the screen in utter disbelief.
Kira's eyes only narrowed further as a distorted voice rang from the speakers, "This is N."

"This is L," Kira said calmly.

"As I have guessed," it said, "And I also deduced that the Japanese Task Force are currently have some issues."

Kira stayed silent. Only Light was able to see the resentful glare that he directed towards the screen.

"It is the work of the Mafia that forces you to exchange a hostage for the Death Note, am I right?"

A silent chaos had started in the workroom as the others were either immobilized by shock or discussing how on earth does this mysterious person know of their circumstances.

"Who are you?" Kira demanded.

"I believe I have not introduced myself to your satisfaction," he said, "I am N, L's true successor."

Kira's eye twitched as he stared unblinkingly at the screen.

"I am here to offer assistance for your current predicament," N said, "I am also offering an alliance in this battle against Kira."

"We shall capture Kira together, Second L.,” he said.

Kira flashed a smile that looked too entirely normal for the red-hot anger in his eyes.

"I certainly look forward to working together with you, N."
"Sayu..." Soichiro breathed, staring wide-eyed at the state that his daughter had fallen into, cowering as she shrank away from the others, eyes wide with fear with whatever memories that replayed over and over in her mind, paralyzing her.

"Sayu..." Light uttered, his breath fogging up the window as he peered, his image bright against the dark sky.

Kira was silent, looking down upon the pair of father and daughter without a word, his eyes cold but widened and his lips pressed thin as a show of disbelief and barely constrained sorrow.

Light's younger sister whimpered and sank below the covers as the nurse attempted to calm her.

She had been like this ever since her retrieval, terrified and silenced. She hadn't uttered a single word at all.

"Sayu," Soichiro tried approaching her, only for her to cry out sharply and struggle back to shiver on the corner of her bed.

"Dad," Kira held him back, his vacant eyes fixed upon the girl hiding under the blanket.

Sayu stopped struggling at his voice, appearing to calm.

However, she took one look at the man that was supposedly her brother and screamed.

"Sayu, Sayu, what's wrong!" Light cried out, his words falling on deaf ears much like Soichiro's had as she kept shrieking in fear, her wild eyes fixed on Kira as she tried her best to get away from him.

Light's heart felt as though it was being ripped into two as he saw his sister reduced to such a state.

The nurse promptly got them to leave and Light was forcibly pulled out of the room and back into darkness and noises ceased.

"My daughter, my Sayu..." Soichiro's muffled and clearly broken voice reached his ears and his heart sank even lower.

He clasped a hand over his mouth and struggled against the tears that pricked at his eyes and the immense sorrow that threatened to overwhelm him.

"She has to get better," Kira's voice echoed in the darkness, "It can't end up like this."

"Light..." His father moaned in despair, "I lost the notebook, Light. I'm sorry."

"I don't want the notebook," He cried out in vain, knowing full well that his father will not hear him. "I just want Sayu to be okay!"

"It's alright Dad," Kira spoke solemnly, "We can still get it back."

"Light?"

"Believe me, we will catch those crooks that harmed Sayu and bring justice upon them."
Soichiro didn't reply to that and Light could only speculate how he would react.

"They can't get away with what they've done."

*Don't listen to him!*

"We'll give them what they deserve," Kira's voice rang out harshly, "I'll avenge Sayu."

*He's lying!*

"I have a plan, Dad."

"I'm listening."

"No!" Light screamed, but found that there was no way for him to reach them, or see them in the vast darkness.

He could hear Kira's smirk as his voice rang out, "N has information regarding their location."

"We'll ambush them and get the Death Note back."

Aizawa had always known that there is something strange about Soichiro's son.

No, it wasn't just after the time L had died.

Although he had not known Light that well, not before the Kira Case and not now, he had noticed something off about the young man.

He was not sensitive or intuitive, just observant.

Even without Matsuda's occasional mutters about Light being strange, Aizawa had drew some conclusions of his own.

How he claimed to be in a relationship with a model that is considered to be extremely attractive, yet barely bat an eye when she practically threw herself onto him.

If he did, it was out of irritation more than anything.

Then he had requested to move in together with her as if he had genuinely loved her.

Aizawa was sure that others would say that he wasn't in his right mind due to grief from the lost of his 'friend' (even someone like him could see there wasn't just friendship involved between the two).

But Light didn't seem that upset about it at all, not after that fateful night.

It could be said that he's shutting off his emotions and dealing with it that way.

But no, that wasn't it.

If fact, something about Light just seems so empty, a contrast to who he was while he was chained to L.

He could still remember the strange occurrence of Light supposedly losing his memories during confinement.
He was empty before that, but not quite to this extent.

Light was hardly upset by the news of his sister's kidnapping, merely displaying his anger or shock once, then it was forgotten altogether, there were barely traces of restrained emotions like what he expected to see.

He wasn't really disturbed by his sister's situation even now, a contrast to Soichiro who looked grieved and exhausted beyond their comprehension.

Light had looked pained about once or twice, the emotion barely showing in his dark eyes.

Then it was back to business as he revealed the plan to retrieve the Death Note.

Aizawa watched closely as he gestured over the layout of the Mafia hideout, pointing out their positions, the routes they should take to capture them.

"We'll have Mogi-san plant the bombs here," He instructed, jabbing a point on the map, "We'll take out some of them in the confusion, as long as create a safer entrance."

Light crossed his arms, frowning as he spoke the next words, "But first, we'll need someone to trade for the eyes."

They all stared at him.

Aizawa was the first to break the silence, "Why do we need to do that?"

"It is to make sure that their men are indeed dead by the time we enter the hideout," he explained, "N has reported that there are about three dozen Mafia members guarding the location. We needed the explosives to work for sure, lest they overwhelm us."

Is that really necessary?

He frowned at that but didn't ask anymore.

He probably won't understand what he's thinking anyway, much like how he didn't understand the genius of L's plans.

"And who are you going to have do that?"

Aizawa saw him turning in Matsuda's direction and was repulsed by his decision.

Before Light could say anything, Soichiro stepped forward suddenly.

"I'll do it," he said firmly.

The young man stared at his father in surprise and Aizawa could see him twitch, as if reacting to a loud, non-existent noise.

"Dad?"

"Chief Director!" Matsuda protested.

"Why?"

"I want to take responsibility for this mission," he declared gravely, a hard expression on his face, "I was the one who had lost the Death Note in the first place and I will not accept such a failure on
my part without making up for it."

"But Chief," Matsuda cried, waving his arms frantically, "You'll have to give up half your life for it!"

"So?!", Soichiro bellowed at them, "I can't just sit still and allow someone else to do it when I was clearly to blame."

He turned to face his son with a determined expression on his face, "Let me do it, Light."

Aizawa was more than alarmed when he saw an invisible smile tug at his lips.

Then it was gone as quickly as it appeared.

"I-If you insist, Dad," Light averted his eyes slightly, seemingly uneasy with the idea.

Aizawa narrowed his eyes at what he had saw, while Matsuda continued to protest, echoing everyone's thoughts that were not spoken aloud.

As much as they respected Soichiro to not want him to fulfill this role in the mission, they respected his decision even more.

Light stared at his father for a long moment, eyes wide, unguarded and brimming with untold words.

Then he looked away and the eyes dulled as if nothing had happened.

"That's settled then…"

He frowned as Light's appearance did not match his voice.

He went back to the instructions, his words sounding ominous under the solemn atmosphere.

Soon after, Kira and Light were left alone in the room, where the others have left for their destination.

Light glared at him, "You were waiting for this to happen all along."

Kira stared at him with his eerie eyes and tilted his head much like L, infuriating Light ever more, "Pardon?"

"My Dad," Light growled, "You've planned this."

Kira laughed heartily in response, "I suppose you have caught me."

"Why?" Light demanded, his fists striking the glass, "You didn't have to involve him!"

Kira casually made his way across the room and made himself at home on the couch, "Well, as much as your father is my greatest shield against people who dared to oppose me, he is also as much of a liability."

He peered over at the figure in the mirror, the look of condescension on his face, "He still suspects me, well, you."

"It is only a matter of time before he turns on me and gain the support of the other idiots," Kira
frowned at that thought, before breaking into a smirk, "It'll be best to get rid of him."

"Don't you dare," Light growled.

"It'll be so much easier once he dies," Kira ignored him, "A dead Soichiro Yagami would mean that his son, Light Yagami will have the pity and support of the rest of the Task Force."

He broke into a laugh, "They'll be less likely to defy me, then."

"And..." A knowing smile crept across his face as he looked straight at Light.

"What?" He spat, willing his confusion to stay hidden.

"Oh, you'll see, Light," Kira said cryptically, cackling all the while.

"You'll find out very, very soon."

Everything was proceeding smoothly.

Kira sat in front of the screens, monitoring the situation and giving out instructions through the earpiece, watching calmly as they chased and captured the Mafia members that are still alive after the initial explosion.

Too bad he only had visuals outside of the building, he had to rely on the others to relay their status to him and deducing what else is happening aside from it.

Light watched through the mirror at the back of the room.

Through Kira's eyes, his image was becoming transparent, much more faded than he had been from before.

He hadn't realized it yet, but he could feel his strength waning as the hours ticked past after he had seen his sister.

Light was worried about that, but his heart prioritized the well-being of his father and prayed desperately that nothing bad would happen that Kira had wished upon him.

He leaned his weight onto the cold surface of the mirror, palms pressing into it as he anxiously listened in to Kira's instructions.

Light suddenly felt more fatigued as time passes and drooped forward once, stopping his descend before his head could hit the glass and blinked hard.

What...

His vision went fuzzy for a moment and he caught a blurred vision of the desk surface, a pair of hands resting on the keyboard.

He shook his head and the image cleared abruptly, and he's back inside the hollow space.

Light shook his head to clear his vision and looked back up, seeing that Kira had not noticed anything, his attention all on the operation.

What was that?
Light let out a breath, he rested his head against the cool glass and closed his eyes.

*So tired*…

When he looked up a moment later Kira was staring at him, his harsh red eyes boring into him.

Light shuddered at the coldness that pierced through him as his dulling eyes met Kira's.

The red-eyed man stared at him for a few seconds longer, before a gleeful, cruel smirk twisted his features.

Light frowned, but did nothing else in reaction as weakness surged through his form.

Kira would probably torment him further but was distracted by a voice bursting through his earpiece.

"Dad?" He inquired, turning to the front and listening closely as Light's eyes widened, anxiously pressing closer to the glass in a fruitless effort to listen to the conversation.

"What are you doing?" Kira demanded, "You need to take him down, now!"

He let out a growl of frustration as Soichiro seemed to ignore him.

"Dad!" He shouted then cursed to himself, before switching the connection, "Mogi, Aizawa, what's your situation?"

Light was visibly agitated as he regarded the scene with all his attention, face pale as he heard that it was not going well at all.

"Alright," Kira muttered, "Once you're done there, please head to the north wing, level two to assist my dad."

"Please hurry."

Kira switched back to Soichiro, listening intently to what was going on.

"Dad, listen to me-"

He paused and Light's fingers curled up against the glass, heart thundering in his chest.

"Dad? What happened?" Kira demanded, his voice fearful, "Dad!"

A burst of orange illuminated the dark building on the screen and Kira stood in alarm as an accompanying 'boom' rattled the cameras in the area, causing the numerous screens to shake.

Kira stared at the sight in silence, barely reacting as Light froze.

"No…" He breathed, eyes wide when he caught the explosion on screen.

Across the globe in the highly extravagant investigation building where some of the SPK members are hard at work, Near sat atop his chair in a crouch that he'd come to favour over the years from watching his mentor, dark eyes flickering through the numerous documents located in the files.

Nearby, Elliot Schmidt was slumped over on his desk, exhausted from over two weeks of continuous work.
A pile of dominoes was left abandoned in the middle of the workroom, where the pieces were meticulously arranged and balanced on one another to replicate the Cologne Cathedral he'd seen once in a book exactly.

As Near neared the end of the files, he leaned back in his chair, staring unblinkingly at the screen still, an unnamed emotion passing through his usually vacant eyes.

"I see," He uttered, his eyes clear, "Light Yagami is Kira."
Grudges

Mello was rushing with his men to escape the moment the building was shaken by a far off explosion.

He cursed, not expecting the Task Force to be able to uncover them so quickly, if at all.

It was a good thing that this is just one of the many bases they have, put in place by the former Mafia leaders in case they came under attack.

Well, they did.

The teen quickly typed out a message to inform Matt, who is now in town to get some supplies and proceeded to rush out of the room, yelling at the others to hurry up.

They almost made it.

Almost.

The next thing he knew, his men was being gunned down, collapsing behind him in a succession of heavy thuds, including the one who was holding onto the book.

"Freeze!" A voice commanded and he had no choice but to follow that order.

Mello dared to glance back, catching sight of a lone, middle-aged man clad in blue and gray protective gear as he stepped forward and retrieved the Death Note from one of his fallen men.

They were adequately prepared for this, someone must have ratted me out.

His eyes narrowed.

Near.

Rage burned through him at the thought of L's successor who managed to obtain his information and sold him out.

He watched as the man now backed away clutching the book in one hand and the gun in the other, pointed straight at him, his wary gaze showing a strange red tint.

With all his attention spent on him, the older man almost failed to notice one of Mello's people behind him in the doorway.

He rushed into the room, yelling in his bravado as he shot at the Task Force member, missing and hitting him in the hand covered in armor.

The man shoots back and he was dead.

Mello was silently fuming.

Idiot.

This however made the man dropped his gun and Mello took the opportunity, rushing towards one of the bodies that possessed a handgun.
“Mihael Keehl!”

The blonde immediately froze at the revelation of his real name, the pistol just inches out of his reach.

“Step away from the gun!”

Another glance told Mello that the man had a pen out, ready to write down his name in the Death Note if he dares make a move.

He bit back a growl, slowly backing away from his escape as he held both his hands up and turned to face him.

The sounds of gunshot and shouting can barely be heard within the confines of the room, as the two of them glared at each other.

That was when Mello caught a glimpse of one of his men who were presumably dead glancing discreetly at him, careful not to make any noises that would alert the man to his presence.

This is it, his chance.

He forced himself not to look at his lackey, so as to prevent compromising his position.

Instead, he eyed the Japanese man critically, keeping his steely blue eyes even.

The man was cautious, clearly nervous as he kept the notebook close to himself, pen poised at the ready.

Mello had known that this is Soichiro Yagami, former Chief of the NPA who was in Task Force when it was originally led by L, now led by his son.

The man had never quite favor the idea of killing; his records showed his mercy towards the convicts more in the enforcement.

This could work to his advantage.

“Soichiro Yagami,” he experimented and the man flinched visibly, a pleasing result.

People who are under immense pressure tend to make mistakes.

“I should’ve written your name down when I had the chance,” Mello continued, starting to step around him, the sound of his deliberate footsteps echoing about the room.

As expected, the Japanese kept himself facing completely towards Mello in the direction that he walked, beginning to put the hidden Mafia member behind him.

Mello fought to keep the smirk off his face.

It is going well.

“See where this led me, cornered like a rat in my own turf,” the sound leather boots seemed loud within the confines of the room.

“So why don’t you write mine down,” the blonde smirked, seeing that the man is growing more unnerved by the second, then dropping to low tone, “Before something happens to you?”
Mello stopped walking, once he had the older man where he wanted him to be.

He patiently waited, could see a bead of sweat making its way down his pale face, having not noticed that he had been manipulated by the younger male.

"Can't do it, can you?" Mello smiled, showing his teeth and seeing the man twitch.

His eyes flicked down to meet with the prone man in the briefest of seconds, both coming to a swift and silent agreement.

Now.

"This is what marks your downfall then!"

Mello threw himself to the side the same time his follower raised his assault rifle.

The last thing he saw of Soichiro's face before he hit the ground was the shock that overcame his features, before a scream rang out as a full clip of bullets were unloaded onto him.

He fell to the ground with a heavy thud and went still.

Mello got to his feet, setting his disdainful eyes on the older man who's still alive.

His bulletproof gear would protect him from the worst of it, but he could easily sustain internal damage having that amount of ammunition hammered into him at close range.

Gunshots and shouts still emanated from beyond the room, injecting into the teen the sense of urgency.

"Get the notebook," He snapped at the man who now stood by Soichiro's fallen body, "Let's get the hell out of here before any of them arrives."

He nodded, reaching out to grab it and bit out a curse.

Mello turned and found him fighting for the book with the Japanese man, "Hurry up!"

"I'm trying!" He yelled out, "Fucker won't let go of the book."

He began to kick at Soichiro to get him to loosen his grip.

Soichiro winced and grunted but still refused to let go.

Mello growled, growing more annoyed with every second that they wasted.

He picked up a gun from one of his men that are definitely dead, walking to the broken man, intending to blow his brains out and finally get rid of him.

Numerous footsteps thundered into the room and Mello looked up in alarm, seeing a couple other men clad in the same gear as Soichiro piling into the room, pointing their weapons at him.

"Step back and put your hands up!" One of them yelled, and Mello had no choice but to throw his gun away and lifted his hands in surrender.

He glared at them, watching as another one went to check on their injured comrade as the others kept their eyes on him, his mind furiously working for an escape.
The room suddenly shook as an explosion echoed through the air.

"What was that?" The third man uttered, fear clouding his voice.

Mello began to step away when the room was shaken once again, more violently this time as a deafening succession of blasts thunder in his ear.

It felt as if the room was ripped apart when a particularly strong force hit them, the blast knocking Mello over and tore a scream out of him when intense heat erupted, the orange wave that struck his face boiling his skin and burning him to the core of his being.

He was vaguely aware that the other occupants of the room are down as well, as he crawled to his shaky feet in valiant effort, his vision tinged with red as he began to stumble towards the opening where the wall had crumbled in.

Mello reached forward with a shaky hand, fingers numbed by pain as they came into contact with the concrete wall, the coolness of the air piercing his face as he peered unseeingly at the darkness of the night.

He registered crimson against the dark road below and a frantic voice that called out to him.

"Mello!"

Matt.

His eyes slid shut as a falling sensation overcame his senses and…

Nothing.

"Mello?"

The teen heard a soft groan, body beginning to throb as he drifted back into consciousness.

"Mells."

Mello heard another weak groan, later realizing that it had come from him when he slowly cracked an eye open.

The first thing he saw had been red, he blinked again, attempting to clear his vision when he realized that it had been the blurry sight of Matt's hair.

His goggles are hanging from his neck, the orange strip swaying slightly as he leaned back.

"Hey…" Matt smiled softly when he saw that Mello had woken up, his face momentarily losing the bright, carefree disposition that he have.

"Matt…?" Mello croaked feebly, wincing at the weakness of his own voice and how painfully parched his throat felt.

Matt reached beside him and retrieved a bottle of water, a straw rolling about in it as he held it towards his friend.

"Give it to me," Mello ordered, his voice hoarse.

"But…"
"I'm not helpless," He snapped, struggling to sit up and ignoring the waves of pain that wracked his body at the movement.

Concerned, Matt placed the bottle back down and tried to help him, but had every of his attempts swatted away by a very injured and increasingly irritated Mello.

The blonde finally accomplished his task and panted from the exertion.

Matt cautiously handed the bottle to him and remained silent as Mello took a welcome sip of water.

He began to take in his surroundings, finding himself in what seems to be a dimly lit, very old hospital room full of dust and cobwebs, with the wallpaper peeling, covered in moss and cracks and the floor is covered in numerous old unknown stains.

He turned to Matt, vaguely puzzled why his vision had seemed strange when he asked, "Where are we?"

"Some old abandoned hospital," He replied, "We're about a couple kilometers away from our base, as far as I dared to bring us before you… you know."

Mello didn't need him to finish his sentence to know what he meant.

"What are the damages?"

The redhead began to look uncomfortable, his eyes darting off to the side, "Uh…"

"Tell me," Mello demanded, his irritation with his friend earlier had not dissipated.

"It's not really that bad, apart from a couple bruised ribs or so," Matt stated, "But…"

He peered at Mello's face and the teen who was disoriented from pain and exhaustion began to have an idea of what happened.

He slowly reached up with a hand, towards the part where he realized he couldn't see out of and felt the rough fabric of gauze and bandages under his fingertips.

"How bad is it?" He asked, voice unexpectedly coming out in a horrified whisper.

"It's… burnt," Matt answered hesitantly, "The skin, that is."

He grew concerned when Mello stared at him blankly for the next moment, feeling the multitude of emotions stirring just under the surface.

"Mel-

"Mirror."

"What?"

Before Matt could react, Mello began to struggle out of the thin bed with a terrifying ferocity that he backed up in surprise, the old wooden chair that he'd been sitting on fell back and crashed to the floor.

The teen planted a foot onto the floor and stumbled from weakness but managed to regain his footing before he could crash into Matt.
The startled redhead reached out to help him.

Mello set his intense eye upon him, stopping him in his tracks, before rushing towards the adjoining bathroom.

Matt stood and waited with bated breath, wincing when an outraged scream spilled out of the room, reverberating throughout the deathly silent hospital.

He slowly made his way to where Mello was and found him standing and staring at the old and cracked mirror, panting.

The left side of his face was mostly burnt, colored with blotches of red and pink, swollen and angry-looking.

His other eye was squeezed shut by the inflamed skin surrounding it; it was unclear whether he could still see out of it.

Matt was silent as Mello stared at his reflection, face filled with disbelief at the disfigurement.

"This…" He trailed off, unable to form a single coherent thought.

Matt gazed at him sadly, "Mells…"

Mello twitched when he caught the pity in his voice, the shock immediately evaporated and replaced with rage.

_"I don't want any pity!"_

He began to glare at the ugly burn on his face.

This… it's their fault.

They're the ones who caused it to turn out this way, the Task Force, Near, Yagami.

It's all their fault.

They're going to regret this.

"Mello?" Matt seemed to notice the waves of hostility that came from his friend and was again concerned.

"Did anyone else get out?" He asked, surprising Matt with his sudden vehemence.

"That I'm not too sure," He answered, eyeing the blonde cautiously, "But if they did they would've headed to our nearest location."

"Then let's go," Mello said, making to leave.

Matt stepped into the doorway, earning himself a glare.

"What?"

"Let me redress that," Matt said, "You want to recover quicker, right?"

Mello glared at him but didn't argue as that seemed to be perfectly reasonable.

He went back into the room, sitting down with a sigh as Matt wordlessly fetched new supplies.
His phone suddenly rang, causing him to jump and curse, the bandages dropping from his hands and onto the floor.

Matt fished it out of the pocket, glancing at the screen and handing it to Mello, "It's Ratt."

The teen answered the phone, "What is it?"

Seconds later, Mello dropped the phone, his features overcame by shock for the second time that night.

"Mello?" Matt curious and worried, nudged him, "What's wrong?"

Mello didn't answer, what Ratt had said to him replaying in his mind over and over.

_The one leading the Task Force, L._

"He is Kira," Mello uttered.

His expression then morphed into that of rage and he growled.

"I will kill him."

Near sat in his chair in the quiet workroom.

It had always been quiet, with the SPK members all hard at work throughout the day as they helped Near with the Kira Case and whatnot.

But it wasn't quite this _empty_.

At this moment, eleven of his allies are now dead, all perished by heart attacks in this very room.

That was after Mello had gotten hold of the Death Note and their software security brutally breached, almost all the information containing their profiles stolen before Near was able to shut the attacker out.

Almost.

What had remained of the information had retained the lives of the remaining four: Rester, Lidner, Gevanni, Ratt.

Near had not been in any danger from that, since his name was never on paper at any point.

He knew it had been Mello that had killed them, and he knew that Matt was with him, for Matt was gifted in the workings of technology.

He knew from seeing them back at the Whammy House, that Matt will follow Mello anywhere.

Killing his men.

_Unforgivable._

That was the reason that led him to help Yagami with the raid on Mello's base.

He knew that the young man wanted revenge on Mello too, for kidnapping his younger sister.

Near had reports on what happened to her, it was understandable that Yagami would want to kill
him.

He wanted to see justice done and allowed it.

That was before he found out that he was actually Kira.

Right under their noses all along.

Near felt numb, he had thought Yagami to be a potential ally to help uncover and capture Kira. Apparently not.

Light had killed L and took his place.

He had lied to them all, fooled even the likes of Near even though he had never been trusting of anyone.

Unforgivable.

That wasn't all.

After all the and the drama in the SPK died down, Near returned to his work only to discover that all the files he had been looking at were gone.

The photos of criminal's corpses, records, theories, video recordings – all gone.

Perplexed, he scoured every byte of data he could find within the database.

Nothing, they have disappeared without a trace.

He thought maybe Matt may have stolen that as well, but dismissed it when he found the software protection on it to have remained untouched.

It seemed that he couldn't have gotten to those, when he had not finished taking all of the SPK's identity information.

Near merely sat silently and reviewed the information stored in his brain.

Now that the solid evidence are all gone, including the test of the thirteen-day rule that was proven false, the fact that pieces torn from the Death Note are still functional, Near was unable to prove to people that Light Yagami is indeed the first and original Kira.

That meant he had to start over from scratch.

But thanks to L, it should be easier now due to the additional knowledge that he had provided prior to his death.

He will be the one to avenge L.

That he promised himself.

"Light, welcome home!"

Misa bounced up and down excitedly as her boyfriend finally came home after his work, in a location that she had no idea of because of the confidentiality that Light and the others have wordlessly promised to each other.
"Misa," He smiled, seemingly pleased.

She beamed.

Light took off his jacket and handed it to her as she asked, "How was the work today?"

"It was alright," He answered mechanically before a smirk adorned his face for a short moment, "It shouldn't be too long now before we succeed."

He unexpectedly took a step closer and pulled Misa flush against him, earning a startled yelp from her.

Her wide brown eyes gazed into his dark ones, a faint blush coloring her face at how close they are, she could just tilt her head up and his lips would be upon hers.

"And you Misa," Light said, leaning until his low, husky voice sounded by her ears, his breath tickling her skin, "You'll be my eternal goddess."

Her face flushed a deeper red as she shuddered, leaning into him as his arm snaked around her delicate waist.

"L-Light…"

"Soon, my queen," She felt him smile and knew that her face mirrored his expression.

Light pulled away and Misa was mildly disappointed until she saw the troubled look on his face.

"Light?"

"Misa," He uttered, "There's this feeling that I have, I think that they suspect me."

"Who?" She asked urgently.

Whoever they are, she will kill them if Light wishes her to do so.

"Don't worry Misa," He said, "We should be able to get around this, all you have to do is to pass your Death Note to me and relinquish your ownership."

The blonde girl was silenced for a second, before protesting, "But Light, how can Misa help you like this?"

"It's the best way Misa," Light said, "If I am not wrong, the Task Force would be asking to monitor me and you soon, we can't have the Death Notes if we don't want to get caught."

Misa felt panicked for some reason.

She didn't want to lose her memories again, she didn't want to become a liability to him by having no knowledge of what happened.

Light seemed to see that and took her arm, "Misa."

She looked up and his eyes were so gentle, so sincere as he muttered, "Trust me, Misa, we'll be alright, just leave it to me."

She stared at him, before reluctantly saying, "O-okay…"
Light smiled and she decided that she never had anything to worry about when she went into the bedroom to retrieve the notebook.

"Ryuk!" She called and in an instant the large, dark figure swooped into the room, grinning maniacally at them.

Misa passed the Death Note to Light, smiling at him with all her trust as she uttered, "I give up my ownership of a Death Note."

Suddenly, Light's lips twitched into a harsh smirk, one that Misa barely caught before her vision went black.

Light caught her as she fell, lowering her prone body onto the couch.

Ryuk was bouncing behind him, much like he does when he gets excited about apples, "So whatcha gonna do, Light?"

"This book will be given to a new proxy," Light said, turning to hand the Death Note to him, "Seek out a man by the name of Mikami Teru."

"Ya making me look for a person?" Ryuk screeched in irritation.

"How about doing it for a barrel of apples?" He smirked, knowing that the shinigami would not be able to resist the offer.

"Fine!" Ryuk spread his wings suddenly and shot out of the room, muttering, "This'd better be worth my time."

Light left the unconscious girl on the couch and entered the darkened bedroom, closing the door behind him.

Faint sunlight filtered through the cracks between the drapes as Light turned to look upon the mirror.

He studied his reflection expressionlessly, before his eyes grew wide and harsh as he tilted his head slightly.

"Light Yagami…" He uttered to no one as he continue to tilt his head, examining his features from every angle that he could.

His reflection did not respond, merely copying his actions.

He went still, before beginning to cackle, the sound echoing about the room and causing dust motes to jerk about erratically, as if pushed about by an unseen force.

Light stopped laughing and looked up slightly, staring at the smooth, sun-kissed skin of his neck.

The sky darkened and the already weak beam of light faltered, beginning to melt into the shadows of the room.

He could still remember the sensation from days ago, when he closed his hands against it and squeezed until he could muscles convulse under his touch.

No one but him will know how delicate it really is.
He chuckled, his eyes shining red only in the mirror.

"I win," he said, his voice harsh and low.

He cackled and the weakening daylight wavered and dimmed.

Only the faintest of remained, cutting into the room undisturbed even as the darkness threatened to swallow it whole.
Kira sat at his desk, leaning back on his seat as he twirled the pen with his fingers.

Things had been going well so far, all according to plan.

Considering that he did inherit Light's brain, it should be impeccable, with nothing out of place.

He risked a little smile, even under the supposed watchful eye of the Task Force in the dimmed workroom.

The moment he'd first been aware, he had been patient, an intangible entity that existed alongside with his host.

Under the dark influence of the Death Note, Light had birthed him unknowingly and from there, he became a splitting image of his soul right at the moment where the notebook took hold of him.

That was where their similarities had ended, for in actuality Light was not quite as evil.

So he waited, watching the world through Light's eyes as he slowly gained strength with time and with the increasing influence of the Death Note that held Light.

The longer it is, the better the odds for his existence.

Kira still remembered the first days he played Light like a fiddle, probed at his mind this way and that.

He didn't even remember seeing Kira in the mirror, even though he had truly did, while Kira watched from his reflections and laughed.

It was entertaining while it lasted.

But of course, he wanted more, what Light had wanted the exact moment he created Kira, under the effect of the Death Note.

*To become God.*

Then the notebook was gone and that was no longer Light's ambition.

Kira can no longer control Light's mind in the subtle ways that he had used to, for his host had become aware that his thoughts and actions were not actually his own.

*But it was already too late.*

Kira had grown much too strong to be destroyed by his will alone, the slow takeover of his subconscious had already begun.

Light didn't know what hit him when he'd touched the Death Note again.

The dark power was back and Kira can no longer be denied.

Kira hid a smile behind his hand as he stared at the screen, still leaning back in his seat and aware of the other's eyes on him.
At that point, Light still had some control left.

But Kira would not allow that of course, as that meant that he might figure out a way to weaken and get rid of him for good.

Kira had known how intelligent and quick he is and took no chances.

The best way to get rid of Light Yagami is by breaking his soul.

But tormenting him directly is going to take a long time, as he had learnt much earlier, thankfully.

And he had learnt that the most effective way to destroy Light Yagami.

*Is to destroy his loved ones.*

That had been much simpler, according to Kira.

The first blow was through L and that alone already took him to the point of no return, stripping him completely of the ability to remain as the one in control.

The second blow was not at all according to plan but it was good enough, Sayu's ruined mind was enough to push him further into the darkness.

The deciding blow – Soichiro's death.

There was no way Light's soul could've survived all that.

Weeks after Kira still checked the mirror from time to time, Light's inherited paranoia affecting him.

He saw nothing in the mirror, heard nothing and felt nothing in the recesses of his mind.

Light is fully, truly gone.

And how that have pleased him, to have gained this body as his own.

All his to use.

All that's left right now is to deal with L's blasted successors and his path would be clear.

Nothing would be able to stop him then.

Kira chuckled, disguised it as a cough and sat upright in his chair.

Now, what shall he do to get rid of them?

He spun the pen around in his hand and smiled darkly at it.

*This is going to be so much fun.*
The L-like detective had inquired about the state of their surveillance of Light – which so far had yielded nothing other than the fact that he was clean.

Even so, Aizawa just had this nagging feeling that something's off about the leader of their investigation ever since L's death a little more than two years ago, and ever more so after Soichiro's death.

Something about him doesn't seem natural and Matsuda's constant babbling about how weird Light has become isn't helping things one bit.

Still, he has suspicions about Near's motives and his claims have to come with prove before he could even begin to believe him.

"As the thirteen-day rule states," Near said, "A person who writes a name in the Death Note will die unless he writes a name every thirteen days, this was what had cleared Light Yagami to be innocent when he was under confinement and surveillance for over six months with no means to use the Death Note in any way."

"However, as I have discovered recently," Near continued, "Mello had used the Death Note for fifteen days ago to kill some of my SPK members."

As that was said, numerous screens with the profiles of SPK members popped up on Aizawa's screen.

"The true names of the deceased SPK members would be written in the Death Note that the Task Force currently possess," he stated, "As I have not personally seen the page of the Death Note itself I should have no way of knowing what names have been written down as the recent entries, therefore stating that I did not fabricate the data that I have sent you."

"Give me a second," Aizawa muttered before he scrambled towards the safe in the room, frantically punching in the key code and yanking the suitcase out from it.

He unlocked the case with another two string of codes and forced it open, grabbing the notebook and flipping it hurriedly to the very last page.

There he checked the names on the book and on the screens and found with a horror that they are indeed the same.

He slowly put the book down, still staring at the names in disbelief.

"How do I know you're telling the truth?" He asked, "What if someone else wrote this down instead of Mello. And if it was him, how do I know whether he is still alive?"

There was an audible sigh from the laptop before another window popped up on his screen.

It was a surveillance footage.

Aizawa watched as it showed the interior of what appears to be an airport, along with two male figures on it, one of them sported red hair and dressed in a striped t-shirt while the other had a hood on.

At some point, the hooded male turned towards the camera and the footage froze.

Aizawa discovered that he recognized it to be Mello from the raid over two weeks ago.
"As you can see, Mello is still very much alive," Near stated, before the footage played again, up till the point where the blonde with the scarred face seemed to be required to fill in a form.

It zoomed in to the document and paused, showing Mello's handwriting with its sharp edges and bold letters onscreen.

Aizawa immediately compared it to the eleven SPK members' names written in the Death Note

"I assumed that as a seasoned police officer you are able to determine whether it is indeed his handwriting, as was required in your training," Near said, "Is this enough to prove whether what I am telling you is prove?"

"So Light is really…" Aizawa was at a loss for words.

"Although this does not prove that he is Kira," Near stated, "It disproves his innocence of not being Kira since the rules are all true except for that particular one."

"Along with the circumstances that always seems to be in Kira's favor," Near said, "This makes him very suspicious indeed."

"So…"

"So you shall continue to watch him, for now," Near said, "I suspect that Light, assuming that he is Kira, would have found a proxy and given him the ability to kill as Kira had, until then we have little else to work with."

"I see," Aizawa uttered, not entirely happy with how things turned out, "We'll do just that."

The screen went dim and he slammed his hands into the table.

He refused to believe it.

Light can't be Kira.

Not after Soichiro had confirmed it with his own eyes, right before he passed away in front of them.

Aizawa squeezed his eyes shut.

The son of a capable and respected man like Soichiro cannot be Kira.

Soichiro had been nothing but a upstanding man worthy of the title of the police chief.

How is he supposed to honor his memory when he had to prove that Light is Kira and turn him in?

He couldn't possibly do that.

Aizawa slowly opened his eyes.

No, he had to.

Soichiro had always believed in doing the right thing.

If capturing Kira is the right thing, then he had to do it wholeheartedly, regardless of whether Light is truly Kira as they all suspected.
He took a steadying breath and strengthened his resolve.

The deaths that they have suffered will no be in vain and Kira will be brought to justice.

A man sat alone before several large monitors, his form barely perceptible in the dark room.

A sickly sweet smell hung in the air, accompanied by a soft crunching as he stared at the black screens.

His long, pale finger reached forward to push a button and the middle screen flickered to life, revealing a female new caster with short black hair and a white blouse looking at him.

Her name, 'Kiyomi Takada' is displayed onscreen.

"Good evening, this is Kiyomi Takada from News 6." She announced clearly and effortlessly, no doubt a professional in her field, "Starting today, it will be my duty to spread the word as Kira accurately and quickly, from now on-"

A 'click' sounded as the button was pressed and the scene changed, this time showing the blurry silhouettes of Matt and Mello, the exact same footage Near had sent to Aizawa.

The button was pressed again and this time showed them both heading towards the boarding area and to the gate for the flight heading for Tokyo, Japan.

Another click sounded and the screen showed a newspaper article written in Japanese, displaying a picture of the late Soichiro Yagami.

The next footage showed the white-haired Near sitting in the middle of his workroom in America, conversing to an SPK member named Rester without looking at him as he stacked a tower out of dominoes.

The screen flickered again and displayed 'Light' leaning back in his chair, spinning a pen around his fingers as the others watched him discreetly.

The door creaked open and a man walks in.

He was tall, with short dark hair and dark emerald eyes and carried with him a dignified and competent air.

He was dressed in a white dress shirt, dark pants and black suit jacket much like respectable man of his society wore for their careers.

"Sir," he spoke, regarding the man in the chair, "The plane is ready."

He nodded, "We shall leave, then."

The monitors flickered and turned black, once again plunging the room in complete darkness.
In the middle of the workroom, darkened only except for the artificial light provided by the various screens, the surviving members of the SPK were hard at work, now monitoring the activities of the Kira supporters, the Second L as well as Kira himself, who up till today, remain at large.

At the moment, Near was hunkered down in the middle of his giant structure made out of about 6000 dices. He had Gevanni procure these a day ago, much to the man's distress, as the new building is yet to have security measures like the old one, meaning he had to carry them all personally to Near.

Each piece was painstakingly arranged to create the replica of the Whammy House, as he had remembered.

He pieced together the entire north wing of the building and was reminded of his early days where a man with unkempt black hair, black eyes, white sweater and loose jeans by the false name of 'Rue Ryuzaki' typically hung around the premises, the hallways turned warm by the yellow glow of the sun.

Near knew easily the moment he saw him that he was not L's assistant who claimed to be, but L himself.

Ryuzaki did not deny nor confirm the fact when he was confronted and merely went on with his day as if the question was never asked.

The most recent memory he had of him, he'd spoke in hushed tones to the younger Mello, while Matt stood nearby jamming his thumbs into the buttons of his portable game player but paying attention to what they were saying.

He shuffled nearer and L, who finally noticed him looked up.

The young Near found himself immediately lost in the bottomless depths of his black eyes.

L smiled thinly, it was a smile nonetheless as he bade his farewells to Mello and Matt.

He came closer to the seemingly emotionless boy and very briefly, patted his head as he slouched past.

Near started and turned around, seeing 'Ryuzaki' joining their aged guardian, Quillsh, walking away without so much of a glance back.

A shout sounded from Mello as the blonde began chasing their mentor down, begging for him to stay, his young face full of nothing but adoration for the older man, as much as Near himself felt.

But he was gone and that was the last all of them saw of him.

Kiyomi Takada began to speak on the news and Near shook himself of his memories.

Listening to her voice speaking about Kira, he was reminded that Light Yagami, Kira, had forced them to relocate to a new location, using his influence over his supporters and had failed to
anticipate that Near had indeed prepared for this.

But now, they had other problems.

For one thing, the killings had began again, Kira's 'punishment' appear to be more extreme this time and the death toll is spiralling out of control.

That is happening while both Kira and the Second Kira are both under the scrutiny of the SPK and the Task Force at the same time.

Without a doubt, Light Yagami have passed Kira's powers to someone else and that someone appears to have the same ideals as he does.

Someone whose sense of justice is so warped and absolute, just like him.

Someone decidedly connected to Kiyomi Takada, the one who was elected to be Kira's spokesperson and quite coincidentally had been involved with Light Yagami a scarce two years ago.

The man known as Aizawa had reported that they are currently working to try to connect to Kira through Takada, using Light Yagami.

He is communicating with her, with his chosen Kira all right under their noses.

At the same time, Mello and Matt had slipped into the crowd and disappeared right under their eyes.

The last time he saw them was at the airport in Tokyo and quite obviously on the hunt for Kira.

It had always been a competition, between him and Mello.

The same Mello who had also killed over two-thirds of his force.

Near's lips curled down in disdain.

He just had to make it personal.

A die slipped from his fingers, rolling into the representation of the statue in the gardens.

It struck the bottom of the precariously stacked structure and it crumbled noisily into a pile.

Near sighed, glaring at the one die that destroyed part of his handiwork.

He finally cast his eyes upon Kiyomi Takada, face serious as she faced the camera, speaking of 'Kira's vision'.

Her face was radiant and her eyes were bright, much like the faces of some of the girls back at Whammy's House when they were infatuated with another boy.

Kira is such a player, he thought distastefully to himself.

He stared at the clock building in the middle of the structures.

To figure out the identity of Kira's proxy...

"Time is key."
"What did you say, Near?"

He caught the concerned face of Rester, the SPK member that, over the months had undoubtedly become something like his caretaker.

Something like a Quillsh to an L.

His lips quirked up at that amusing thought.

Near smiled, "It's nothing."

He returned and started to put the statue back in order, while Rester stared at him, slightly perturbed, before returning to his work.

Near stared closely with his dark eyes as he placed the last piece of die to make the statue, the structure wobbling slightly before stilling.

Right now, all he had to do is wait.

Light Yagami is very crafty, but one slip up and Kira forever will be compromised.

And he will be there when it happens.

The air was crisp and fresh, occasionally blowing over his form, accompanied by a bright yellow glow, the sound of chatter of laughter echoed in the background.

Mello cracked open his eyes, finding that Matt, his insufferable roommate has left the window open again.

It's too bright dammit.

He huffed and buried his head under the pillow in hopes of keeping the light out.

That was a mistake.

He heard a shuffling noise and before he could react, there was a shout and something heavy landed on his chest, knocking the breath him with an 'oof'.

"Morning, sleepyhead!" The bright and happy voice was exceeding, chasing the sleep out of him in an instant.

"Mrmph 'ff muh Matt," he grumbled through the godforsaken pillow.

"What?"

"Gerph uff!"

"What did you say?" Matt's voice was becoming too cheery for his liking.

Mello managed to get a hand free and grabbed onto the back of his friend's shirt, and with a heave, he succeeded in throwing Matt off himself.

There was a thud and a soft 'ow' as the redhead landed on the wooden floor, grinning stupidly.

He looked over at Mello who glared at him and smiled, "Typical of you to already be pissed off the moment you wake, eh?"
Mello responded by throwing the pillow at his face.

As usual, the idiot recovered quickly and before long, he was already dragging Mello towards the foyer, exclaiming, "Come on, it's time for the rankings!"

"The hell are you so excited about?" Mello grumbled, trying not to sound as eager as he felt.

Truthfully, he really wanted to see if he'd beaten Near.

He'd worked really hard so damn it all to hell if he got second place again.

They made it to the foyer, where the other kids are already gathered and chatting amongst themselves.

Mello pushed past them to look at the board, anticipation rushing through his veins.

**I had to beat him this time.**

He cast his eyes upon the board.

His face falls.

1 – Near

2 – Mello

3 – Matt

Mello pushed back through the crowd and stormed off, Matt quickly followed.

"Mels!"

The boy ignored him and shoved the door open with a bang.

As expected, he found Near sitting along among his toys, staring at him with impassively.

"You piece of shit!"

Arms snaked around him before he could hit the other boy.

"Mello, stop!"

"Let go!" He growled at Matt who struggled to keep him from throwing a punch into Near's pale face.

"What?" Near was unfazed as he stacked another block onto the tower, "Did you come in second again?"

"Fuck you!"

"Language, Mello," Near deadpanned, but didn't seem to be offended as he glance over.

"Calm down, Mels!" Matt grunted.

"Shut up, asshole!"

Near sighed, "Really, should someone hot-headed such as you even be considered worthy of L's
Mello froze at the comment and his eyes narrowed, "What did you say?"

"Perhaps if you'd be a little more objective then maybe you could surpass me."

"You bitch!"

"That was advice," Near said and went back to play with his toys as if nothing had happened.

Mello finally shook free from his friend's hold and glared at him, "Idiot!"

"Sorry?" Matt smiled apologetically, unperturbed.

Mello rolled his eyes and spared the white-haired child a glance, who seemed to be watching him without looking at him directly.

He hates how he does that.

"Mark my fucking words, Near," He growled, "One day, I will surpass you as L's successor."

Near did not reply.

Mello grumbled under his breath and stormed out of the room with Matt in tow.

"God, you are such a queen."

Before Mello could turn and snap at him for that, a bright light shone at him and he stuttered, the scene before him dissipated.

Mello slowly opened his eyes, finding himself lying on his side, his nap disturbed by the warm glow of the sun on his face.

He groaned and rolled over on the spacious bed, blinking up at the ceiling, his body sore and tired, still recovering from the jet lag.

He registered that the room smelled strongly of smoke and there was a distant, consistent typing that had been there when he was asleep.

The blonde turned and peered at Matt who sat hunched at the table, his jacket hanging on the back of his chair and a cigarette sticking out between his lips, his goggles residing in his scarlet hair for the moment.

Several cigarette butts had already made its home in the ashtray, as Matt set to work at creating a program out of the laptop that they'd gotten before making their way here.

He typed tirelessly, his slender fingers flying over the keyboard and long strings of code appearing after another, his eyes practically glued to the screen.

Mello shifted and sat up, Matt noticed and turned to look at him.

"Morning, sleeping beauty," he smirked around the cigarette between his lips, before turning his eyes back onto the machine.

"Morning, sleeping beauty," he smirked around the cigarette between his lips, before turning his eyes back onto the machine.

Mello rolled his eyes and grunted at that, getting out of the bed, "How's it coming along?"
"Almost done," he said, plucking the smoke out of his mouth and snuffing it out on the ash tray, "I've gotten us a car, we should be able to get it by evening."

Mello went to look over his shoulder and saw just beneath the various windows he had up was the image of the car.

He raised his eyebrows.

"A muscle car?"

"Chevrolet," Matt replied and he detected an undertone of pride in his voice, "Nothing less for the queen."

He turned and winked at him.

Mello scoffed at this and shoved his head down, earning himself a soft 'ow' before turning towards the bathroom.

The blonde glanced briefly at his reflection, catching sight of the ugly scar now permanently etched onto his face.

A grisly memento once this fight with Kira is over.

He sighed, turning the water on so he could wash his face.

When he closed the bathroom door, Matt was just beginning to light up a new smoke.

Mello walked past him and plucked it out before he can take a puff.

"Hey!"

"Lay back on the cigs if you don't want to die young, Matt."

Matt did something almost resembling a pout as he lay his head on his hand, "Huh, funny, I thought I remember that you used to call me Matty."

An onslaught of unwanted memories came back unbidden and his eyes narrowed in warning, "Matt."

"I still remember you getting scared over your nightmare and climbed into bed with me," Matt said, mischief gleaming in his eyes as he gave a long sigh, "You were so much fun back then, before Near's smart-arse got all up on your nerves."

"Shut up, Matt."

His best friend smirked, "Kiss me and I'll consider."

He got a punch to the face instead, not the worst he was dealt with, though, being Mello's constant companion.

As Matt bent over and exaggerated about his pain, a whole lot of whimpering and sniffing thrown into the mix, Mello thought over their plans, not before rolling his eyes at him.

It won't be long before Matt will be done creating his program and downloading it into the flash drive when they'll make their way to Takada's.
What they had concluded from what Near had is that Kira's helper must be connected to Takada in some way and maintaining some form of contact with Kira through her.

He wouldn't be surprise if after this they will have to go through a long list of contact, especially with the news anchor's position.

Mello peered over at Matt, who had stopped his sniffling and went back to his work without so much as a fuss.

His supposedly heart of stone softened just a little at the sight.

"When everything's over, I'll see if I can treat you to a drink and a game, how about that?"

"Fuck yeah!"

Mello bit back a chuckle and rolled his eyes again, this time digging in his bag to look for the bars of chocolate he'd brought over.

Kira was half-heartedly working at his desk when he saw it happen.

As he went through the various Kira-worshipper websites, the screen went black for a split second, allowing him to see the reflection of his own face.

It happened too quickly for him to be sure, but for that split second he caught it, his eyes shining brown against the light from the computers.

He stood up.

Kira made for the door before the buffoon known as Matsuda could dare to ask him what is wrong.

He rushed into the bathroom, immediately checking his reflection as if his life depended on it.

When he saw it, his eyes were red, the way that only he could see it.

Kira blinked, then his eyes dulled and all the apprehension drained from him.

Light's stupid paranoia is once again getting to him.

For a second he wondered what he was doing in the bathroom, then the nagging thought was chased away from his mind.

Just checking.

Kira let slip a disturbing chuckle at his foolishness, washed his hands to play it off for the others who were watching and left the bathroom.

Light's dead after all.

There is no way that his soul could return, ever.

Kira didn't see the figure that stood behind him in the mirror, wearing the same exact suit that he happened to be wearing, his features shrouded in shadows as he let out an inaudible sigh of relief.

He turned to watch where Kira had left, the door slowly creaking close.

Then his form dissolved and scattered with the soft sigh of the wind.
Heya, it has come to my attention that I have not made notes at all on this website.

That's because I have been doing it somewhat on FF.net and it won't make sense if they appear here too and I'm too lazy to accomodate for the summaries every chapter since I just transferred all of 'em here.

But, well, whoever you are reading this right now, yes, you.

Thank you for reading, man. And I greatly appreciate the kudos and comments that have been left for me (touched sob).

Anyways, the LxLight dream have not died, it shall appear, somewhere in the future.

That is a promise.

And with that, I shall say goodbye for now.

-Misty
Mello woke and found himself lying on the bed back at the hotel room.

He blinked the sleep out of his eyes, looking around for his partner.

His eyes settled on the brown fur jacket laid out next to him.

Mello groaned, shutting his eyes and buried his face in the pillow that smelled of stale nicotine.

Matt…

He reached for the phone in his pocket.

Ratt paused in his work and grabbed his buzzing phone, glancing to see who is calling before making his way out of the room, away from everyone else.

"Hello?"

"Get Near on the phone."

The man was taken aback at the order, "What?"

"Shut up and give the phone to him," the voice snapped.

"What about our agreement?"

Mello sounded irritated, "It stays, now hurry the fuck up!"

The snitch went back in and approached the white-haired boy with caution.

Near glanced up from his robots, "What is it?"

"It's Mello," Ratt uttered, "He wishes to speak to you."

The boy didn't react to the statement but was inwardly surprised that Mello had gave his spy away.
Near took the phone from him, "What is the meaning of this?"

The line was silent.

"If you're trying to pull something-"

"Matt is dead."

Near was stunned into silence for a long moment.

"What?"

---

**Earlier**

The two drove into a quiet street, stopping by the apartment buildings.

"This is the seventh house," Matt mumbled around his unlit cigarette, glancing at his mobile phone. "Guy's a prosecutor, 25-years-old, name's Teru Mikami."

"I'll go this time," Mello said, making to get out of the car.

"Nah, you stay," he plucked the cigarette out of his mouth and tossed it aside, "I won't take very long."

Mello glared at him, "Are you trying to imply something?"

"No," Matt said innocently as he opened the door, turning around to smirk at him, "I just don't want the princess to do all the work."

He scrambled out before the blonde could even think of kicking him.

Matt stuck his head by the window, smiling, "Just be ready to drive off if ya see me run out, 'kay?"

The redhead then left in the direction of the apartment, whistling loudly to himself.

Mello rolled his eyes, checking the time on the clock.

**19:21**

He'd better hurry up if he didn't want that man come back and find him in his house.

---

Matt easily broke in, stepping into the dark house silently.

He had an orange bandana tied around his face, he'd known all about how Kira killed and there's no way he's taking any chances.

The front entrance was connected to a living room and a kitchen, there are three other rooms from what he can see.

Matt went over to try the first door and found the bathroom.

He tried the second and found himself in the guy's bedroom.

The redhead began searching through his desk and drawers, he could've kept his Death Note or other things hidden inside his room.
The search turned up nothing but a couple slips of newspaper articles and some of his cases, as well as a ridiculous amount of law books and whatnot.

Matt tried the third door and found it to be locked.

_Ooh, secrets_!

He picked the lock and opened the door to a study filled with more books, and thought to himself, _'damn, this guy is a nerd.'_

Matt walked over to the desk, turning on the lamp so he could see a little bit better.

He searched through the desk drawers and found exactly what he was looking for.

"Good news, we've got our guy," he smiled to himself as he pulled out his phone and started snapping pictures of the black notebook that he had found.

Mello boredly glanced at the clock.

**19:31**

_He's late._

"What did you say about not taking very long?" He grumbled.

Mello then spotted a lone figure walking towards the building.

He sighed, pulling out his phone, "That piece of shit is going to be in so much trouble."

Matt jumped a little when his phone suddenly rang, realizing that he'd forgotten to turn the sound off.

He pulled down the bandana and answered, "What's up, Mels?"

"He's here," Mello said, "You better hurry it up before he gets home."

"Yeah, I'm done," Matt uttered, picking up the Death Note, "I'm just gunna nab the book for a bit."

A pause, he'd expected that.

"Then fucking hurry up, you idiot!" Mello shouted, that was expected as well.

"Yeah, yeah," he said, before cutting the call, "Later."

Matt was about to slip the book into his jacket when a cold rush of air washed over his back.

He paused, a dark feeling crawling up his spine.

_The air-conditioning was not on earlier..._

The redhead turned around slowly, only to come face to face with the ugliest mug he had ever seen.

The thing was pale, white pale and had big, bulging yellow eyes, a face-splitting grin (literally) and rows of needle-like fangs.
It leered at him and asked in a gravelly voice, "Whatchu doing?"

The young prodigy screamed.

He scrambled back against the table, dropping the book to the ground with a thud.

The monster was bouncing happily on his heels, "Hyuk, hyuk, that was funny, I'll never tire of this!"

Matt was trembling, his wide eyes gaping at the ugly creature.

"Well, I might as well watch this play out," it said as the front door was being opened.

Shit!

Matt bolted for the doorway, fearfully hoping that the monster wouldn't suddenly grab him.

Mello was tapping his finger restlessly against the steering wheel when he caught sight of Matt at the balcony, frantically looking for a way down.

What the…

The redhead then hauled himself over the railing and tumbled into the bushes below.

Fucking hell!

Mello immediately drove over to the bushes, where Matt was crawling out of the bushes, his face deathly pale.

"Matt, what the fuck!"

"Drive, drive, drive!" He yelled as soon as he jumped into the vehicle.

Mello stepped on the accelerator, the car speeding out of the street like hell is on its tail.

He glanced at the rearview mirror and found Mikami standing at the balcony, staring at the car as they drove off.

"What the fuck happened in there?" The blonde demanded, even more disturbed to find Matt trembling in the passenger seat.

"H-he saw my face," Matt stammered and Mello's eyes went wide.

"Matt, you idiot!"

The redhead let out a shaky breath, "I dropped the notebook in there…"

"Mels, you've gotta let Near know about this," he frantically pulled out his cell, "The prove is in this phone, send it to him and- and-"

Mello was on the verge of panicking, "What the hell are you talking about?! You shithead-"

Matt jerked suddenly, letting out a strangled cry as he dropped his phone.

Mello slammed his foot into the brake, causing the car to spin around before coming to a haphazard stop by the road.
"Matt!"

Matt writhed in the seat beside him, clutching onto his chest as pained cries escape his lips, his eyes narrowed to slits.

"Fuck, no this is not happening!" Mello blurted as he grabbed onto his childhood friend.

"Well… I fucked up, hadn't I…?" Matt wheezed, the semblance of his smile remained on his face.

A sob slipped from Mello's lips, "Shut up you idiot, don't die on me like this…"

Matt let out a pained grunt.

"Hey, come closer…” he panted, "I nidda… tell ya… something."

Mello inched closer and was startled when Matt pulled him into a kiss.

He pulled back, eyes wide and brimming with tears as he stared at him wordlessly.

Matt let out a breathy chuckle, "Been wanting to do that since-"

He winced as a jolt of pain wracked his body, "Since we were fourteen…"

Mello gaped at him, a tear dropping unwittingly from his eye, feeling as if his heart was torn through with a knife.

"At least-"

Matt gasped, his hand clutching onto the blonde's shirt, "I'll never know… what your answer is…”

He smiled softly, before the light in his eyes dimmed and he slumped against the seat, his arm dropping away.

Mello snapped out of his stupor, "Matt?"

More tears pricked at his eyes as he grasped onto the front of his shirt.

He shook his friend, "Stop joking you fucking bitch."

He was dismayed when Matt remained still and unmoving.

"Idiot," he sobbed, "Stop fucking around and get up already."

Mello kept shaking him, "You damned coward, is this how you're planning to steal a kiss from me? Fucking get up and get it for real you fuck…”

He buried his face in his shirt, hands clutching onto it tightly, "Why…”

If Matt had let him know earlier, then maybe… maybe he'll accept it.

But now it's too late and he's gone.

_Forever._
Farewells

Near was once again building another structure, this time he's determined to stack the replica of the London Bridge out of playing cards.

He was rather proud of his work, having spent seven hours and twenty-one minutes on the precariously built creation.

It was made to be precisely accurate and huge such that it dwarfs Near while he is crouching and a little taller to him when he stood.

Near wasn't very short, just slightly shorter than most boys his age. He hasn't even reached his maximum height yet.

The boy was placing the last card on the structure when a call came in from Gevanni. Momentarily distracted, his hand slipped.

The structure wobbled and the entire thing crumbled to the floor in a wild flurry of cards.

Near stared at the pile of fallen structure blankly, the card that is supposed to complete his creation hanging limply from his hand.

Rester saw that he wasn't going to get up anytime soon and took the call for him.

"What's your report?"

"There wasn't much," Gevanni muttered as he looked down at the notes he had taken, "He basically did the same thing as the last four days, with the exception of going to the gym for an hour before returning home."

"His schedule is terribly methodical," Near commented to himself, still staring at his cards.

"Oh, there's also this, while he was travelling in the train earlier today, a woman had been sexually harassed in front of him." Gevanni said, "I saw him pull out what looks like a black notebook, but he put it away as soon as someone else confronted the culprit."

"It seems like he had taken to carrying it with him when Matt had broke in that time," Near stated, beginning to gather the cards from the pile that's large enough for him to jump into quite literally.

"Any news on Mello?" The boy asked, turning to Lidner.

She had been tasked to track down Mello ever since he had called to inform them of the fourth Kira's identity before he disappeared.

They managed to trace the call to a certain Red Peaks hotel.

But when Near sent her to investigate, the blonde had already left, his phone smashed and thrown out with the trash.

Lidner shook her head, marking the fifth day that Mello had gone missing.

"This might be problematic," he said.

To be entirely honest, Near had never held any contempt for the blonde, even though the other was
bent on antagonizing him for taking the position that he desired so much.

This all out of an admiration for the late L.

The only time he'd begun to hate Mello was when the latter had gone to kill most of his helpers, just to try and prove that he was better.

Now he just felt sorry for him.

It wasn't a secret that Mello and Matt are practically inseparable, they've always been together since Near had arrived at the orphanage, the two were never far apart from each other.

He couldn't imagine what it was like to have someone that close to him and he couldn't begin to imagine what it was like to lose someone who had been that close for so long.

Mello probably didn't deserve to lose a friend like that, or even worse, witness him die in front of his very eyes.

Near had a feeling that Mello would undoubtedly get into trouble after that, to get back at whoever had taken his dear friend away.

This is why Mello does not deserve the title of L, he is too volatile, too emotional.

He would perish because of his feelings before anything else has a chance to kill him.

A thought had been bothering Near for a while now and he can't help but wonder if L had perished because of that very reason.

Or rather…

"That'll be 3660 yen," the store employee chimed happily.

Being in the service industry, it wasn't unexpected for him to crack a false smile or two.

But now, he hadn't tried to fake a smile this much in his entire life.

All because his current customer, the only one in the store in a rural part of the city, looking every part like a gangster.

Not like those little whiny teenagers that go around throwing their weight only to run with their tails between their legs at the sight of a police officer, but someone who looked like they meant business.

You know, the kind bad enough that he had to be on Kira's hit list?

The man in front of him, despite being as young as the wannabe hooligans, had a dangerous air about him.

The black hoodie covering his face in shadows didn't help to improve that, neither did that large patchwork of scar on the left side of his face.

He made chains and leather that looked childish on local gangsters appear threatening.

It didn't help that he had quite an ugly scowl, looking like he wouldn't be pleased unless he punched someone in the face at least once.
The store clerk tried not to look nervous as the thoughts whirled about in his head, proving that to
be a challenge.

The gangster guy reached into his pocket and slammed four 1000 yen bills on the counter, startling
him so much that he jumped.

"Keep the change," he said gruffly, before taking his purchases and left.

The cashier unfroze, still pretty shocked from the encounter, shouted after him, "T-thank you,
please come again!"

As soon as he walked out of the store, rain began to pelt down upon him, leaving his clothes damp.

Mello ignored it and walked the short distance to his car, his boots kicking up puddles in the
parking lot.

He unlocked the door and got in, leaving the bag on the passenger seat before driving off.

Mello drove away from the city, towards the outskirts of Tokyo.

He stopped by an old church by an empty street, the rain slowing down into a drizzle.

The church building had been unused, clearly abandoned for a while.

The brick walls that were initially white are beginning to crumble and vines have creeping onto the
structure.

A couple of the church's facilities still remained, including the courtyard, a well and a graveyard.

That was exactly where he'll be heading.

Mello grabbed his items and began a slow trudge down towards the graveyard.

Within it, numerous graves dotted the landscape, the stones seeing the beginnings of decay and
were in the process of being invaded by plant life as they were no longer maintained.

He stopped at a large tree, where under it is a grave that looked to be freshly dug, topped with a
wooden cross.

He stared solemnly at it for a moment, pulling off his hood.

Mello squatted down and reached into the bag, placing a bottle of vodka at the foot of the grave,
along with a box of cigarettes.

"It's not the brand that you liked," he said, referring to the smokes, "But that's the closest one I
could find around here."

"This sucks," he huffed, balling up the plastic bag and throwing it away.

His friend can't even enjoy his favorite cigarettes when he's dead, when lung cancer is no longer of
consequence to him.

Matt can't even go home, or be buried properly because of some stupid laws and restrictions in
place.

Having no actual identity is one of them.
He could blame it on Whammy all he wants but that won't be able to change anything.

Mello reached for the bottle and twisted it open, taking a swig and relishing the burning down his throat.

He then dumped the rest of the 35-dollar liquor at the foot of the grave.

"Here's the drink I promised you," he muttered, "Even though this Kira thing isn't over yet, I still owe you one."

The vodka was emptied and he tossed the bottle aside, staring at Matt's grave in silence.

He still haven't gotten over the fact that Matt had crushed over him for over four years now and he hadn't even noticed it.

It wasn't like Matt wasn't dropping hints or anything, but he was joking and teasing all the time that no one could tell whether he was serious or not.

Whenever he dropped a sex jokes or begun to tease him Mello had always wrote it off as a joke, the redhead had never persisted beyond them or even appear any different.

He's an idiot and too much of a coward, as much of a genius as he is.

Mello briefly wondered if he would ever accept Matt's affection if things have gone differently.

He probably wouldn't, since he had only seen Matt ever as a friend.

But maybe, just maybe, things could have worked out.

If he had just known.

*If Kira hadn't gotten to him first.*

"I'll bring Kira to justice," he said determinedly, "I promise, one way or another, I will avenge you."

Mello stood up, a harsh wind picking up and blowing at his hair as he stared at his friend's grave.

*He had nothing else to lose.*

"Even if it costs me my life."

Mello replaced the hood on his head and turned, casting a final glance at the grave.

"See you, Matt."

When the blonde had driven off, a figure walked in from the opposite side of the path, wearing a dark coat that reached his knees and a fedora hat that hid his features, his form reminiscent of Watari's.

He walked over to the grave and regarded it in silence.

"We have many paths in life," he said in a solemn voice, "But once our paths are chosen we can no longer return to what once was."

"You chose to follow Mello to the ends of Earth, you chose to go after Kira for him and risk
everything that you ever had."

A wind whipped at his form and strands of black hair begun to stick out from under his hat.

"While I chose to remain hidden and throw away everything I had-"

His voice hitched and he took a breath, before continuing, "So that I can save the man I love."

The wind blew his hat off, revealing the mass of messy black hair underneath, a pale face that hadn't often seen the light of day, along with his eyes, the deep pools of black that have seen and grieved in silence.

"But now, I am not sure if I still want to save him," L muttered, his voice quiet over the pitter-patter of the rain.

"Or if I want to kill him."

He trudged over to his fallen hat and picked it up, brushing the dirt off and replacing it on his head.

He turned to the grave a final time.

"Farewell, Mail Jeevas," he said softly.

The detective left, once again leaving the graveyard cold and deserted save for the howling of the wind.
Reach

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The bright red Chevrolet streaked down the dark streets of Tokyo, looking starkly out of place as it sped down the wrong way on the road.

It stood out even more as three black SUVs doggedly pursued it, the sight of the chase sending various vehicles swerving out of their way to avoid collision.

The stricken newscaster twitched in her seat as an oncoming car just barely misses them, spinning onto the sidewalk and crashing into a bench.

Her hands are clutching onto the side of her seats in a death grip, both of them bound together by a set of handcuffs that her captor had put her in, her knuckles turning white as the screech of tires and bright headlights assaulted her senses.

The car lurched sideways as they took a sharp turn, tossing Takada around in her seat. She grew sicker at the sensation, as though the numerous bumps and twists earlier had not been enough.

Takada cast another quick glance at her captor, the driver a young man with blond hair and harsh features marred by a large scar on his face.

He glanced at the rearview mirror, his hands gripping tightly onto the wheel as he turned another corner, almost running into a motorbike coming from the other direction.

The biker swerved to the side in a panic, the vehicle wobbling on its wheels before running head-on into a black SUV.

Takada flinched as she picked up on the resulting crash, the sickening noise of metal twisting and glass shattering made her look back and she regretted it almost immediately.

She didn't have time to worry about it for long as her captor tugged on the wheel sharply, the tires screeching loudly against the tarmac as it twisted into a new road.

Her captor emitted a curse, causing her to open her eyes and realize that they had ended up on the freeway, this time going in the correct direction.

Takada soon realized that it was not any better than driving into oncoming traffic.

The freeway only had two lanes and a steady stream of cars, there were small pockets of road barely narrow enough for a car to squeeze through as they rolled leisurely along on a weeknight.

Mello glared and slammed his palm into the middle of the steering wheel, the loud honking only served to drive Takada's anxiety higher as they sped into the middle of the traffic that opened up for them in the midst of confused panic.

She felt her heart stop as a loud grinding noise sounded on her side of the car as the sensation thrummed through her veins, her eyes catching sight of the sparks that disappeared in an instant.

The road cleared up soon after and Mello drove his foot into the accelerator.

Takada could only stare, too petrified to even react as the red needle quivered in the two hundreds.
Only one car remained on their tail, as the other had been slowed by the traffic, now weaving through in hopes of breaking free.

The driver finally drove clear of the jam, speeding down the clear stretch of road as the screen of her laptop flashed on, showing N’s insignia in the middle of it.

"What is going on?" Near demanded irritably, having been in the middle of negotiations with L.

"Mello has taken Takada," Lidner said, as the red car came back in sight, "I am currently in pursuit of him."

The line was silent for a beat, before Near ordered, "Do not let him escape, get to him before L does."

"Understood," Lidner responded as she watched the SUV collide into the side of another car, the vehicle slowing down and the distance between them and Mello grew.

She frowned and her radio suddenly garbled to life, informing that backup is on the way.

*About time.*

She chased the Chevrolet towards the end of the freeway, where a line of black sedans waited. A group of men in black are standing by the cars, guns pointed in their direction as a threat.

Mello growled, his foot hovering over the middle pedal.

His eyes widened when a black vehicle with tinted windows appeared out of nowhere, crashing into the side of the line of cars and sending the men scrambling in a panic.

The tires shrieked as it pressed into the other cars, managing to clear a path narrow enough for him to slip through as the men recovered and begun shooting at it.

He silently thanked whoever it was, as his car shot past the barrier set up for him.

Lidner gaped as all of this happened, slamming her hand into the wheel.

She stomped on the accelerator, aiming to go after Mello at all costs.

The mysterious car reversed, blocking her path.

"No!" She yelled, stopping just in time before she crashed into it.

"Lidner?"

Lidner stared as the red car turned the corner and disappeared.

"He got away," she gritted her teeth as she muttered.

The shooting stopped as the black vehicle went still, the engine humming as they aimed at it cautiously.

There was not barely single mark on the car even though it was shot at multiple times, even the window had remained intact.
Lidner got curious as she realized the car was heavily armored and it was clear that it intended to help Mello.

*Who is it?*

She grabbed her gun and reported, "He appears to have an accomplice, the vehicle had stopped and I am going out to investigate."

The other men approached the car with caution when it suddenly charged at them.

Gunshots filled the air as it halted, beginning to reverse in the way it had come from.

"Lidner, what is happening?" Near sounded more anxious by the minute as she tossed her pistol aside.

"He is getting away," Lidner said, slamming her foot into the accelerator, "I'm going after him."

It spun around in the middle of the street and raced away, Lidner chasing right behind it.

L hurried over to the private car park in the basement, a black helmet in his hand and a dark coat thrown over his black shirt and jeans.

He had no time to waste, not after what he had just saw. L was in the surveillance systems of the city, as well as the SPK's and the Taskforce's.

The fact that his current assistant, Nico, had disappeared into a residential area with one of the SPK member on his tail did not bode well.

Especially when more than ten minutes had passed, while Mello was spotted in the parking lot of a warehouse, abandoning his car and loading the newscaster into the back of a truck before driving off, his destination unknown.

All he knew was that he was headed for the highway leading westwards out of Tokyo.

He was well on his way to escape with Kira's accomplice.

L could imagine that Kira himself is not letting him get away like this easily, not when he already had a plan in place, knowing his shrewd mind.

He can't lose another one of his successors to him.

L's phone rang as he walked towards his bike.

"Nico," he answered urgently, his voice demanded to know what had happened as he climbed onto the black vehicle.

"Sir, the vehicle has been lost."

"I see," L replied, knowing that he had managed to escape, seeing as he was able to contact him, "Return immediately, I'll be going to Mello."

"Understood."

L slipped his phone into his pocket and started the bike.
He pulled the helmet on, the visor was tinted black, obscuring his face completely in case anyone who knew him were to see him.

He hoped that he won't be too late as he tore out of the parking lot on the bike.

"Light…" Takada's frightened voice filtered through the phone.

"Takada, where are you?" Kira falsified a worried voice, more for the sake of the audience around him, "Are you alright?"

"He…" The phone picked up on a gulp, before resuming the transmission of the shaky voice, "Please help me, Light."

"Takada, we talked about this," Kira said, making the impression of an anxious officer and a good boyfriend, "You know what to do in this kind of situation, right?"

A silence proved that she knew what he was talking about.

They had discussed it, once.

She can't forget about it as it concerns her, greatly.

"I…"

"Tell me you remember, Takada," Kira urged, inwardly laughing at how deluded everyone was by Light's honeyed voice, "Please."

"Y-yes…" she stammered, "I remember."

"Can you do it, Takada?" Kira inquired, as the others watched him, most are worried about her.

They won't even know what he's really asking of her. "Do it for me?"

A pause, before Takada answered hesitantly.

"Y-yes."

And that was all he needed, "I'll come to you."

Kira smirked inwardly as he hung up and told the others where to go, watching in amusement as they scurried out to save the newscaster from Mello's clutches.

They'll never know, that Takada had just given him consent…

To kill her.

Kira followed Mogi and Aizawa into the car, laughing at how idiotic they are when they both sat in the front, leaving him alone in the back, free to do as he pleases without them knowing.

He smirked to himself, reached for his watch and pulled on the dial four times.

Game over.

L sped down the empty stretch of road, the sky brightening as morning approaches.
He was not certain that Mello have come this way, but it's the most likely choice.

He had to be around here.

L then spotted the broken road barrier, twisted out of shape as if hit by a large vehicle.

He slowed down and looked at it closely.

It led through a thin strip of trees along the road, part of the beginnings of a forest.

Crushed bushes and trees littered the ground where the vehicle seem to have gone. Large tire tracks were imprinted in the ground, looking to be from a eight-wheeler truck, like the one that Mello had been seen driving.

L realized that the road seemed to be leading to the abandoned church that Mello had buried Matt in.

He followed the path immediately, hoping that Mello had not indeed planned to die, praying that he wasn't too late.

The building came into sight soon after, the back of the truck sticking out the front of it, as it seemed to have crashed into the church building.

L's heart sank as he saw this and told himself that there's still a chance that his successor is still alive.

Then the truck exploded, bursting into flames that engulfed the building as well.

L hit the brakes and the bike spun to a stop, as he stared disbelievingly at the sight of the fire.

No…

He was about to go and make sure, that perhaps in the off chance that Mello is still alive when he saw the car in the distance.

He could see Aizawa and Mogi, their face frozen in disbelief as they stared at the burning church.

He saw Kira in the back but only caught sight of the lower half of his face, a dark smirk on his lips.

That was when he knew that Mello is truly dead.

Kira had him as well.

L clenched his fists.

_Just how much more is Kira going to take from him?_

L fought against the urge to go down and kill Kira with his bare hands.

But no, he couldn't.

He was supposed to be dead, so that Kira could not kill him, made it so that Kira would not think of killing him.

None of them had seen him yet and he was determined to keep it that way.

L turned his motorbike around and drove away before anyone realizes that he was there.
Kira flashed a crooked smile, one so brief that none of his companions would see it in time.

He watched the fiery carnage outside the car window and noticed a flash of black in a distance.

It was gone before he could see what it was.

His eyes then caught onto something else, a wispy, sandy form swirling outside his window.

It looked familiar.

Before he could begin to discern what it is, his eyes dulled and he saw nothing but the devastating fire that engulfed both Mihael and Takada's bodies.

He didn't remember the melancholic look in its eyes or at the speck of black that he'd seen.

All he remembered that his plans had worked.

Now what is left is to deal with Near.

He had given the instructions to Mikami, to come on the date that Near had set for them all.

Kira smiled, the two fools too distracted by the fire to keep an eye on him.

They'll never know what hit them.

Chapter End Notes

Finally, this thing is updated, it has been more than a month .__.

Anyways, I feel like I should inform you guys about somethings, before my impending absence.

Uh, it probably won't be as bad as I've stated, lol.

Right, the first thing I need to address: update frequency.

I'll be updating much slower in the coming months, because of tests, end of year projects, end of year exams, national exams, etc. (All the fun things yay~)

I'll probably sneak a chapter or two regardless, if I really, really feel like it but that's only a possibility.

The update rates will return to normal once my November exams are over (why u so far away :( ).

Then the next news would be about a sequel. Yes, you heard it right, if hints have escaped you before, this thing will have a sequel.

But, it won't start anytime soon. It'll be at least a new fic up before it will even start so, urm, too bad, I try not to do too many fics at once or I will never finish any of them.
The short ones don't really count.

The third thing will be the rewrite of this story. It will start once this fic is finished and there's a couple things I want to add and refine before I consider this complete.

One of them will be explaining why L is so concerned about Light 'destroying' himself in the beginning, that is all I will say.

… I'm sucha tease lol XD.

Fourth thing I will talk about is two other Death Note fics I have going on right now, called 'Chains of Fate' and 'Moonlight' (I almost capitalized the 'light' part XD). There isn't much going on right now with them but you can check them out if you want and, um, the next fic that will be coming out would be for D. Gray-man, still no idea what to call it, but it's the first fanfiction that I have written and I have planned a lot of stuffs for them so look out for that I guess?

That's all and well, have a nice day/night/whatever and until next time!

Bye~
Misa felt herself in a great mood today, as she wandered about the kitchen cooking breakfast for her beloved boyfriend.

The days had been passing smoothly, Light had been making an effort to return home and had seemed happier recently, evident by the numerous hugs and kisses he had bestowed upon her each night.

*What's there not to be happy about?*

She hummed a tune from one of her songs, scattering the basil leaves upon the omelet that now sat upon the plate, while the coffee maker droned nearby, something Light can't do without in the mornings.

As she turned to grab the mugs, a shadow in the doorway made her yelp in surprise.

Light was leaning against the doorway, face partly obscured by the darkness of the living room. His eyes are a dark hue of brown as he watched her, his face solemn.

"Light?" She asked in a soft voice, "What are you doing?"

Light pushed off the wooden frame without a word and approached her silently.

"Light?" Misa felt spooked all of a sudden.

*Haven't he been in a good mood recently? What's happened?*

"Misa," his voice was grim, it reflected on his face as he peered at her, face indiscernible.

"What's wrong, Light?"

"Misa, please listen to me," he said, giving her a pleading look, "Listen to me carefully, ok?"

"What's going on?" She asked, eyes wide, "Misa doesn't like this."

"I just have this feeling," he muttered, his eyes watching her closely, "Kira is soon to be caught in the near future, I am afraid that something might go wrong while that happens."

"Before that, I want you to be safe," Light continued, looking upon her imploringly, "You can't be here, you can't be near me."

Misa's brown eyes were immediately filled with tears, "Light is asking me to leave?"

"Please, Misa," he said, "You have to understand, it's too dangerous-"

"But Misa wants to stay!" She cried, grabbing his arms, "Misa can help!"

"No, Misa," Light said firmly, "I just want-"

He appeared to collect himself for a moment, while tears began to roll down her cheeks.
"I love you, Misa," he whispered gently, "So please, do it for me, ok?"

"But-"

"I won't be able to live with myself if something happens to you," Light said sincerely, "So, please."

"A-alright," Misa said hesitantly, wiping her tears and plastering a smile on her face for his sake, "Misa will do it, for Light."

Light smiled thinly, "Thank you."

She tilted her head upwards for a kiss and was alarmed when instead of kissing her, Light took a slight step back.

Misa stared at him, disorientated.

"Light?"

"I'm sorry," Light said, "You should get ready to leave soon, time is running out."

He squeezed her arm and flashed her a reassuring smile, but she remained disillusioned, as if setting her eyes upon her boyfriend for the first time.

A slow smile spread upon her face, one that does not quite reach her eyes as she cheerfully said, "Ok, Misa is going to get ready now."

As she turned for the bedroom, Light called after her.

"Misa?"

"Yes?"

"Remember, no matter what happens," Light said in a solemn voice, "If I did not contact you, please don't return."

Misa stared at him for a couple moments, before smiling and nodding, "Okay! Misa will do just that!"

Light watched her go, before sighing heavily when she had disappeared out of sight.

"I'm sorry, Misa," he muttered under his breath.

It appeared she had gotten his unspoken words as well.

That he is not going to get out of this alive.

Well, well, he can't say that this wasn't what he expected to see.

Kira tilted his head slightly as he set his eyes upon Near, the young L-lookalike.

He had seen his face, but that was only on paper.

It was only by meeting him face to face was he struck by how similar they look, black and white, black empty eyes, sitting in that trademark crouch that he had grown to hate.
The only things that are different is that Near has white, curly hair, a stark contrast to his predecessor and a slightly pudgier face, evidence of his youth.

Kira smirked like a cat flashing its fangs upon the mouse it had finally snagged within its claws, "Hello, Near."

The teen looked upon him in what seems to be disinterest, as he uttered, "Hello, Light Yagami."

The large fan hummed overhead, creaking from its rust-covered gears.

Parts of the roofs have rotted away, letting weak sunlight pour through and illuminate the building in a dull glow.

Old wires were exposed and dripping sounds echoed about the room, coming from a single broken pipe.

Large and small puddles dotted the ground and the air smelled of damp and rot of the abandoned factory.

A fitting place for an L-successor to request them to meet him in.

Kira resisted the urge to grin even more.

A fitting place for his grave!

He sensed Matsuda behind him shivering from the chill.

Or rather, the fear of him as the mask slips, slowly.

He cast his black eyes upon the other party, Near and the SPK. They were staring back at him impassively, while their eyes held the hints of a glare.

Insolent fools, he spat in his mind, though he did nothing, in actuality.

He let his face morph into a confused little smile as he inquired, "So, what now?"

Near stared at him blankly, much like the fool L usually does as he said, "Now, we wait."

A futile attempt to drag it out, Kira thought as he said with a smile, "Alright, fine by me."

The child knew that Kira's proxy would be here soon.

But there's nothing that he can do about it, his mind snarled.

Kira resisted another urge to smirk triumphantly as he cast a level gaze upon the group of four.

It wasn't long until Near stated, "He is here."

As expected the idiots behind him looked around cautiously, hands on their guns. The foreigner investigators did the same, while Near and Kira merely stared at each other.

"Do not worry, we will not be harmed in the process of this," Near said, "Put away your guns."

They glanced at each other in fear and confusion, as they knew that not taking action would eventually end up in their deaths and thus, could not discern why the white-haired prodigy would tell them to not do anything despite the threat being so close.
"We shall do as you say," Kira declared, prompting the SPK to release their weapons first, then the Task Force, all while looks of nervousness remained prominent on their faces.

Matsuda peeked at the slit at the doorway and suppressed the urge to squeak when he sees blood red shining in, the one eye belonging to a deranged killer.

"Delete, delete, delete, delete, delete, delete, delete…"

The mad whispers echoed about the warehouse, sending a chill into the air.

Kira could sense the fear coming from in front and behind him, no matter how hard they tried to suppress it, he could taste it in his tongue, fueling his sadistic glee as the smell of victory permeated the air.

He was almost giddy from the sensation as the chanting grew even louder, his senses sharpened as he heard the cries of rats as they scattered from the dark hysteria, feel Matsuda's shivering and the quick scratching of names in his skin, letter by letter.

Soon, soon, soon, soon, soon-

All of you will die…

The voice gets louder and louder, until it was the only sound they can hear within the room, the scratching carved onto his skin deeper, breaking into his veins as the noise and the fear flowed acutely into his blood.

He felt the moment Mikami engraved the last stroke into the Death Note, the moment he achieved his dark enlightenment, his eyes rolling to the back of his head as pleasure filled him, his task for his God complete.

It was as if time was slowing down after that, as the seconds ticked by sluggishly, fear and shock made the air thick as pitch as they waited for their inevitable doom.

"You, the person outside, Mikami," Near said suddenly, attracting their attention, "Have you written the names down?"

Kira resisted the urge to tilt his head in broken wonder as the harsh whisper came from the door, as if spoken from a vengeful wraith.

"Yes, I have."

"Why don't you come in? Since you have written the names down, you have nothing else to fear."

Kira felt sharp eyes fix onto him, asking for guidance, while he continued to stare at the white-haired boy.

What is he still trying to pull, when death is already at his door?

Still, it was clear that his plan had succeeded and Near will meet his end here today.

The beginnings of a smile tugged on his lips, threatening to manifest itself. Kira kept his face blank, he still had a role to play. His reveal will only be at the end.

There are no problems.

"Yes, go ahead," he said, "Come on in, Mikami."
An insane smile slowly spread upon the man's face as he pushed open the heavy door, the high-pitched creaking that reverberated through the room synonymous to the sound of Death's arrival.

Mikami stood by the door, chest heaving as giggles spilled from his lips, the Death Note tucked tightly to his chest.

"How much time has passed, Mikami?"

The dark-haired man smiled and peered at his watch, his eyes following the second hand intently, voice ominous as it spoke of their end.

"31... 32... 33..."

Kira smiled darkly as he counted down the seconds, looking into Near's eyes and his eyes only. The way he did L's as he dies. He wants them to remember. Remember who defeated them, who bested them when they had thought themselves the best, thought they could catch him in the act, when he is in fact, untouchable.

He is God.

"And I win," Kira announced, smirking gleefully as the last second sounded.

Nothing moved or dared to breathe, there was only dead silence.

Suddenly, all the world came back into focus, the fan continued to turn, the humming and the dripping water now filling back into the space.

It was Kira himself who became frozen, his eyes widening as they continue to move, hearts beating and breathing as they looked about in confusion.

Near's eyes now smirked back at him, even as his face remained expressionless as they realized that they are not dead.

He could sense their bewilderment as with his own, as Mikami gasped, trembling.

"What, why is it not working?" His head snapped over to Light, "God!"

Mikami started for him in desperation.

Kira could only stare blankly as Near ordered them to apprehend him, Mikami screaming and gasping as Mogi and Gevanni descended upon him, pinning him to the ground as he struggled, his mad eyes set on his God.

"What's going on?" Aizawa demanded, alluding to the fact that they are not dead like they are supposed to be.

"That notebook over there," Near pointed at the book that fell from Mikami's hands, "Is a fake."

What?

The white-haired teen tugged something out of his shirt, "This is the real Death Note."

Kira's eyes flickered over to it, his gaze sharpened.

While turmoil and confusion swept over his being, the others were ordered to check the content of the Death Note. It was Aizawa who went to pick it up, flipping to the last page.
It felt as if iron cables were wrapped around him, when the officer confirmed that Light's name is the only one that was not written.

"Impossible!" Kira opened his mouth to scream, struggling against the evidence that threatened to seal his lips together. He pointed at Mikami, his posture shaky as he shrieked, "He must be trying to frame me, that man! I am not Kira!"

The others merely answered him with looks of disappointment, the situation was already unsalvageable.

"The truth is already out, Yagami," Near said in a deadpan tone, but his eyes were clearly glaring at him, "You have lost the moment you said, 'I win.'"

"That's as good a confession as any," Aizawa added solemnly, closing the book.

They knew now.

The world begin to crumble around him.

_Had I lost? No, how could I lose? The plans were perfect!_

He cast a dark glance over at Mikami who looked stricken, his hair plastered to his face, eyes wide and unseeing as his wrists are locked in cuffs.

"He has not betrayed you as you have thought, Yagami," Near said and Kira hated the smug grin that began to form on his face, "Shall I explain how we swapped out the books?"

He did not reply, simply glared at Near while his hands formed into fists, his eyes blacker than ever.

"As you know, I had Gevanni over here tail Mikami when we discovered his identity, thanks to Matt and Mello," he said, "You anticipated that we might find and tamper with the book, so you have Mikami replicate the Death Note and keep it in a safe place."

"Gevanni learnt that he uses a single page exactly everyday to write names in, so I set the date for our meeting. That was also a hint to you that we are going to try to alter the Death Note so that you may take action, it made your movement transparent, as you would need Mikami to use the real Death Note on this exact date to kill all of us here. However, your oversight came with Takada's kidnapping."

Kira's expression turned to surprise as he continued, "When Mello kidnapped her, he forced you to have to kill her in order to keep your identity safe. Mikami, however, took matters into his own hands. As we know, he has an extremely methodical lifestyle, one with routines that he never breaks no matter the day or occasion. He heard of the kidnapping and broke his routine, making his way to the bank to retrieve the Death Note to write down her name. That revealed to us the location of the real Death Note and allowed Gevanni recreate the entire Death Note as you see there."

Kira's head snapped over to Mikami and snarled at him, where the man shook and babbled, "No, god, please, I'm sorry, I did not mean- I thought your movements were trapped- Forgive me!"

"You have lost, Yagami, or rather, Kira," Near said. "Why don't you turn yourself in."

Kira turned to stare at him, then threw his head to the sky and cackled, the reflection from the puddles showing his eyes glowing red.
"Turn myself in," he repeated the words, giggling, "You forget one thing, Near."

"What is that?"

The smile curved about his face eerily, sending a chill down the spines of the onlookers.

"There is not just one Kira."

The Task Force gasped, grabbing hold of their guns, some trained it on him, while others looked about frantically.

"You think that I would not be prepared for something like this?" Kira mocked, "That is where L fell, Near. *That is where you shall fall too.*"

"But Light?"

Kira's eyes snapped over to Matsuda, startling him.

Matsuda regained his composure and spoke calmly, even though his eyes only spelled sharp disapproval for him, "Misa left for the States a while ago."

He turned to the older man questioningly, confusion etched on his face.

"You sent her off yourself, remember?"

*WHAT?*

Kira gaped at him, then realized that he indeed didn't see her all morning. In fact, most of her belongings are gone, as though she was prepared not to return.

Memories of the day came back to him bit by bit, but he doesn't remember when or why the hell he even sent her away.

*What the fuck is going on?*

He stared at the water, his eyes a solid red.

"Just give up, Kira."

Near's voice roused him from his inner turmoil, reminding him that he still had an audience and a battle to win.

He put on a furious look and said, in the most authoritative and self-righteous tone he could muster, "Give up? How could I, when the world is filled with trash and rot!"

Kira took a step forward as an imploring gesture, and stopped when the SPK trained their guns on him, "Don't you understand what I am trying to do here? What Kira is doing is cleansing the world, the criminals, the wrongdoers, the ones destroying the lives of others?"

He began to step away, pacing in a bid to distract them, "When I have the power to get rid of them, you expect me to sit by and watch as people get hurt or even die, when law and justice are not effective in the slightest to punish them? Are their lives worth nothing?"

Kira could see that at least Matsuda and Gevanni are beginning to be swayed by his words.

"Where's the justice when you are convicting someone who's trying to do what's right?" He ended
the words with a pitiful voice, lowering his head, his body slightly turned away from the others.

"Taking the lives of others is not justice, Kira," Near sounded resentful as he stated, "It is murder, you killed twelve FBI agents, two innocent women, caused the deaths of Matt, Mello and L and you dare to call that justice?"

Kira shifted and lowered his head further, his right hand inching towards the other, "Indeed it is not."

A smirk appeared on his face as he reached the watch and revealed the hidden slot.

"That is a divine punishment!" He bellowed, grabbing his pen from his pocket with only one goal in his mind.

"Stop him!"

There was a deafening crack and he screamed, the pen flying out of his hand as he clutched his arm, dark blood spilling from his wound, his face contorted into an ugly grimace.

He glared when he saw that it was Aizawa who shot him.

Kira had a monstrous look on his face as he unleashed a rage-filled scream, his voice high-pitched as he yelled, "HOW DARE YOU, don't you know who you are shooting at? GOD! A god!"

"You are not a god!" Aizawa glowered at him, "You are a murderer, you killed your own father, you monster!"

Kira panted, staring down at the paper as blood dripped from his fingers.

"His blood!" Rester alerted as he saw Kira's movement, as the young man began to write down the rest of Near's name in quick strokes.

"Damn it!" Aizawa raised his gun again.

This time, blood sprayed across the paper, rendering it unusable as Kira let out a scream of agony. His eyes were wide as he cast an enraged look upon Aizawa, a flash of white teeth were bared as he charged for him.

The older man gritted his teeth as he let the bullets fly in a moment of panic, hitting his mark as Kira shrieked like a tormented beast, falling into a puddle and sending drops of water flying into the air.

Aizawa panted when he finally went down, his shoulders slumped and weapon hanging limply from his hand as he stared, dispirited at Light's broken form.

Kira heaved, every lungful of air sending flames of pain down his wounded body. His shoulder ached, as his wrists, as his chest, in numerous places. The sensation of defeat, is that how it feels? Agony wracked his form in entirety as he lamented, wondering why he had failed, why is there no one left that could help him. Mikami is captured and useless. Takada… Misa…

He groaned as he turned over, his goal to get up from this filthy puddle was halted when he caught his own gaze in the water.

Brown.

That could only mean one thing.
Wildfire filled his heart when he realized the answer – the reason why everything is falling apart right now, is because of him.

"YAGAMI...!" He emitted a long, drawn out scream that startled all who was present by the sheer power of it, including Near who later tilted his head in wonder when Light had yelled his own name in rage.

It seemed to have struck something in Mikami, as he shuddered, unnoticed by everyone as their attention are fixed on Kira whose breath grew even harsher, twisting to claw at the water in unrestrained rage like he had gone mad.

He reached into the pocket of his coat and slipped a penknife into his hands, clipping the blade in place.

"For you, God…" he whispered, as Kira's cries echoed in the background, "Forgive my sins."

He turned the knife back to face his stomach and stabbed.

Memories came unbidden to Kira as he ran, cowardice and hatred his only driving force as he fled as quickly as his wounded body could go, all of borrowed time.

Ryuk's voice echoed in his mind, "When you're nearing the end of your lifespan, or if you were about to get caught, I will be the one to write your name."

At the moment, he could somehow sense the Death God's leering grin far above him, his time trickling away and he is unable to stop it.

Kira stumbled and fell, yelling in pain as he struck the ground, blood smearing the ground as he begin to crawl.

_I can't die- I won't die, I am God, I am immortal!_

A stab of pain shot through him, reminding him of his pathetic reality.

This is all his fault, Light Yagami's, if he had been dead…

The red-eyed man somehow climbed back onto his feet, using the last reserves of his strength to trudge forward aimlessly, going anywhere but here.

He didn't remember how he made it to the steps, the memory of pain in his body clued him that he had fallen as he stared up at the hole in the roof, dimming eyes staring up at the final light that he would see.

He could sense the scratching of a name on a Death Note, Light Yagami's name, high above him, where Ryuk must've sat. His mind's eyes saw the Death God sitting on a roof, where the same light is touching, the black strokes as it ran across the paper, the messy scrawl of his name beginning to form, the indistinct figures of men running as they searched for him.

That was all that Kira saw.

And then he saw no more.
A/N:

Yoooo, it's been a while. This is sneaky update #2, I think, I don't remember XD.

Anyways, this is not the end yet, I repeat, not the end. There is one final chapter and probably the moment you've all been waiting for. Also, random explainy stuffs!

Well, I more or less stuck to what happened in the infamous (famous?) warehouse scene that Light's identity as Kira was outed, although as you probably have noticed, I have switched up a few things. First, is that Misa was part of Kira's backup plan if the Mikami part has failed, which attributed to his paranoid nature with the pencil lead, which makes sense since I didn't bother to make Near detain Misa or anything, which is also why Mogi stayed with the Task Force instead of appearing with the SPK. So Light played a part in this and sent Misa away, while messing with Kira's memories the way that he messed with Light's memories initially, all that karma and shit.

The next thing is about the person who shot Light. Originally, it was Matsuda, out of anger of his betrayal to them and to his father. In this, Matsuda was not motivated enough to shoot him because he did not trust and respect Light towards the end because he sensed the dark presence of Kira, which made him afraid of him and therefore grew cautious of Light. He somehow realized that that was not the Light that he knew or liked so he was distanced enough to not be led to that action. Aizawa then became the next best option, because earlier, it was shown that he loved and respected Soichiro, which would be the incentive for him to take action against Kira the most because Soichiro had trusted his son to the very end. He also tended to have a strict mindset towards right and wrong.

And ummm, I guess, more stuffs regarding Kira? Well, as I might have said/explained/hinted to some of ya that Kira is not something natural. He is not an actual part of Light or a split personality but appeared from the power of the Death Note. That is because Ryuk had mentioned that he had not seen anyone wield the Death Note for so long or killed as much as Light did, which would allow it to influence Light and created Kira. Shinigamis would not know about this since they would not have seen it, or if it had already happened, would be forgotten. So Ryuk does not know as well that Light and Kira are different. While he's not a part of Light, he inherited some parts of Light because he was created while Light was the owner of the book, which is why he knew Light and also why Light knew him (by knowing himself). Because Kira is not natural, he could sense and see things that others would not be able to, like how he sensed Ryuk at the end.

I guessed that is it for that, I would be working on the next chapter, sometime. (I just had some exams today, language papers and I was like BLEH)

Anyways, have a nice day/night/whatever!
"I apologize, Near," the man named Aizawa said in the video transmission, "We can't seem to find him anywhere."

"I see," Near replied. "Continue your search, we will be looking for him too, this mass murderer cannot be allowed to roam free. If he is indeed dead, the search for his body remain a priority."

Aizawa paled as the teen uttered that. "I understand," he said stiffly.

"That will be all."

Near ended the call and huddled in his seat, his finger twirling a lock of hair.

Five days, that is how long Light had went missing for.

It was an unexpected occurrence, for it cannot be that a man that wounded and injured would go far. In his state, he is bound to have collapsed at some point for them to discover either him or his dead body.

*Where had he gone?*

Near bit his lip in frustration, as Rester sat beside him silently going through video footage around the Yellowbox warehouse over the past few days, looking for any signs of the missing man.

Suddenly, the door was flung open, making the occupants jump at the deafening bang.

The white-haired teen turned to the doorway irritably, revealing a flustered Gevanni who stumbled into the room with his hair in a mess, eyes wild as if he had seen a ghost.

"Near!" He cried, gesticulating frantically, "the books- the notebooks!"

"Speak clearly, Gevanni," Near snapped, not in the mood to entertain anything of the nonsensical nature, "What about the notebooks?"

"The Death Notes," he stumbled over his words, stuttering slightly before he exclaimed, "They're missing!"

Near stared at him, shock overriding his expression, "What?"

They hurried to the safes, where Near immediately had the others scour the area for evidence and any signs of the suspect.

There was nothing except for the speculation that the safe had unlocked by an unknown virus in the program and a single black hair that they were unable to match with any DNA in the database. It was a database containing the recorded information of every registered citizen in the world, one with many organizations combined, that only L would have access to. Yet, strangely, there wasn't a single match.

The only DNA code that correspond to the one in the hair is with the evidence that was found by Lidner, in the wreckage of the car that she had been after. The car that helped Mello get away.
This led Near to wonder if Light had any other accomplice, which is unlikely since Light does not seem to be aware of anyone else. But if he did, that person would have been the one to retrieve Light, which would be the reason why he had been missing for so long.

While he pondered about this, Lidner came over to him.

"Sir, I have found the source of the virus."

She showed him the IP address.

Near’s eyes widened.

He proceeded to shoo everyone else out of the room before they could begin to question his reaction and began to make a call, to a certain laptop that he didn't think would have anyone manning it any longer.

The screen flickered when it was accepted, revealing a darkened room that he can't identify and the midsection of the figure who crouched before the camera, wearing his usual white shirt and faded jeans.

Near was stunned into silence when the other shifted the camera onto his face, which belongs to none other than his predecessor, the original L.

"I was actually expecting the call to come sooner," L said blandly, "What happened to all your training at Whammy's?"

"L?" Near blurted, then composed himself, setting his expression into a blank one, "I was told you were dead."

"Indeed," L said seriously, "And it shall remain that way."

"What do you mean?" Near questioned, "If you are alive, I will need to return the position to you."

"I'm afraid not Near," L answered, "It is over, the first L is dead ever since the announcement. I relinquish the name of L onto you."

The white-haired teen was silent before quietly uttering the next words, "What of Justice? If you give your name up, does that mean you're giving up Justice as well?"

"There are unfortunate circumstances."

Near found that he did not expect such words to be uttered by the detective, who had been the one to teach them about his brand of Justice and that it comes before anything else. Yet, he had given that up for something else that he refused to name.

He grew suspicious, and thought about the period of time that he had went missing, wondering what he had done during that time. He thought about the mysterious black car, the safes that were broken in, the missing Death Notes and Light's disappearance. Those incidents remained unexplainable unless…

"L, were you the one who stole the Death Notes?" Near asked, watching his mentor and silently hoped that that was not the case.

"Yes."

Near clutched onto the fabric of his jeans, it did not go unnoticed by the former detective.
"Were you the one who took Yagami away as well?" Near's voice took on a hardened edge.

"Yes," L answered, unfazed as he stared back into his successor's eyes.

"You admitted to being his accomplice?"

"I am not his accomplice," L clarified, "I do not condone his actions in any way."

"What the hell are you talking about?!" Near shouted, "You are helping a mass murderer escape, you are committing a crime against humanity! You, L!"

L was silent as Near panted, rage painting his very visage.

"There are things that you do not understand," he said calmly, "I do not expect that you approve of what I do, but I am leaving with Light-kun. I will not return."

Near looked shocked for a moment, his eyes narrowed as anger returned.

"Go ahead, L," the younger male snapped, "But remember this, you are committing a crime. And I, as L, am going to hunt you and Kira down. I am going to find you and sentence the both of you to death. One for mass murder and the other for being his accomplice. Mark my words."

L nonchalantly reached for the 'end' button, as if he hadn't heard what Near had said to him.

"Farewell, Nate."

The screen went blank.

Near trembled in his seat, fuming.

He spun around in his chair and hopped off, going to find the rest to track L's whereabouts down.

He can't believe that L had actually done this. He actually gave his title and duty up for that man?

He doesn't get it.

But one thing is for sure.

He is going after the both of them, one way or another, they will get what they deserve.

---

Five days ago:

"Hm?" Ryuk's writing stopped as he raised his head, his bulging eyes detecting a movement far below him.

Slowly, the grin on his lips spread wider, his gaze bright as he chuckled.

"Looks like today is your lucky day."

He put his Death Note away and spread his wings wide, soaring high into the sky and disappeared into the air with a shimmer as he leaves the human world.

---

L walked down the path, his sneakers silent against the concrete as he avoided stepping on the spots of blood that trailed towards the factory building.

Nico waits for him in the car, as he is still at an indecision.
L had to see him first before that happens.

He made his way into the building, avoiding the broken glass and the uneven tiles of the old warehouse. He maneuvered around the stacks of planks, stepped over a patch of moss and a mysterious brown lump.

L finally found what he was looking for, the man lying brokenly across the metal steps, sunlight illuminating his pallid features. His suit was a mess, ruined by darkened spots of water and blood that began to harden into rust. His face likewise had blood smeared on it, glistening with sweat and partially covered with damp hair. He was gaze was blank as he stared ahead at nothing in particular, his lips parted as he breathed shallowly.

L approached him.

The dying man noticed him, his eyes widened and his breathing hitched as he focused on him.

The sunlight allowed L to see clearly that his eyes were a bright brown instead of black. There it is, L had found what he had been looking for.

He stared as peace settled over Light's features as he eyes slowly slid close.

L started, he reached forward to check his breathing and his pulse, fearing that he might have perished, that he might be too late.

He was relieved when he felt the presence of his vital signs, faint that it is. He had to act quickly.

L reached for his phone to call his assistant.

Kira gasped, his eyes flew open as pain assaulted him all over.

He stiffened and growled, squeezing his eyes shut.

He slowly opened them again, surprised when he saw that he is lying in a bed, hooked up to a bunch of IVs. A thick blanket was pulled up to his chest, hiding what he was wearing other than a white cotton shirt. His arms and legs are strapped down, leather winding tightly around the parts that were without injuries.

He found himself in a small room, only large enough to accommodate the bed and a couch to the left of it, where there are windows that are covered by thick curtains, illuminated by a border of light. There was a single door to the right of the bed. Kira looked up and noticed a camera pointed straight at him, the red light indicated that it was on.

Kira gritted his teeth when he realized that he had been caught and his mind felt annoyingly sluggish when he tried to think. He deduced that the IVs are filled with painkillers as well as other fluids that his body needs while he was out. He shifted and felt a discomfort in his nether regions and was sickened when he realized that he had been hooked up to a catheter as well. That only meant that his injuries are bad enough that he was unconscious for at least several days for all these and he probably can't leave without warranting himself agony that are currently warded off by the painkillers.

He had to find a way away from his captors, somehow.

Before he could begin to plot his escape, the door opened, revealing the last person he expected to see.
Kira stared, his eyes large as L peered back flatly.

"Kira."

"Impossible," he gasped, his voice rough, "You were dead."

"I could've been dead," L said, "And you almost succeeded."

Kira glared, "Why?"

"The name in the Death Note is false," L revealed, surprising Kira once again.

"Rem..." he growled, realizing that even the Death God had tricked him.

L approached the bed, where Kira started growling at him.

"I believe that you are not supposed to be here, Kira."

"What are you talking about?"

"Do not think that I am unaware of that fact," L glared, "You are not Light."

Kira stared at him, stunned.

Then he started laughing.

"Is that so?" He giggled, "If you think so, what would you do about it?"

L was silent as he goaded, "What can you do about it? You can't reach me in this body. I am him and he is me."

Kira glared as he spat his next words, "You can't get rid of me."

L sighed, seemingly tired of this, "My long absence has given me much time, Kira. Time to think. It has come to my conclusion that these have something to do with your appearance."

Kira tried not to react when he saw L pull out the two Death Notes.

"Over the two years I have came up with many theories, I have observed Light in old security tapes before he came upon the Death Note and after my supposed death. All of them told me one thing."

Kira held back a snarl as L said, "Your existence is tied to the Death Notes."

He smirked, "Oh really, L? What are you going to do if it is not, you know that is simply going to erase his memories."

L stared, as he reached into his pocket and pulled out a lighter.

Kira grew desperate, his false front affected by the painkillers, "You think that this is going to get rid of me?"

L calmly light the books on fire as he shrieked, struggling against his bonds, "You can't get rid of me! I will continue to haunt him, I will haunt you. When the time comes for me to return, I WILL KILL YOU!"

"Goodbye, Kira."
He screamed as the books continue to burn, the flames glowing an eerie blue as it spread all over it. Strangely, no smoke was produced even as the pages are burnt through.

Kira stopped screaming when the Death Notes are reduced to ashes, slumping into the bed limply as if dead, his breathing quick and shallow.

L walked right up to the bed, close enough to hear his pants as he peered at him.

He watched as he slowly opened his eyes, the orbs a bright hue of brown, the color that he wanted to see.

A soft smile spread on his lips.

Finally.

"Hello, Light-kun."

Chapter End Notes

A/N:

Andddd… that was the end. I actually wanted to work on the other two fics but I guess I felt like finishing this (lol)

Finally, it is over, after about eight months (phew).

Oh, but it is not over. I think I have said this before, but I will say it again. There is a part two for this but it would be quite a while before I start on that. I won't give an estimate, however because how I went about these will be unpredictable, just like everything else (sigh). I have already decided a name for that though, it's called 'Dark Shards: Cracks and Scars', the general plot is more or less down. I would develop it more before I officially start on it. Like, a lot more. In the meantime I would start to rewrite this story and add some parts to it so that it makes more sense (like why the heck was L suddenly so concerned about Light in chapter 4, there is a reason-)

Now, time for a little bit of explanations.

Firstly, about Near.

He is absolutely pissed about what L did. Well, what L did to help Light is akin to him betraying him and also Matt and Mello, who died. He guessed that L knew about their deaths, yet he still chose to side with Light, as he believed and that angered him even more as it would seem to him that their deaths and what he had taught them held nothing of value, when they had loved him and given him the utmost respect in the beginning. L didn't explain about the situation around Light and Kira because he didn't think anyone would believe a story like that, and Light would still be sentenced to death because it would still be established that he had killed all those people. L can't help him as a detective because that is against his principles, a crime like that cannot go unpunished other than with a death sentence. If L didn't take him away by his own means, all of his sacrifices for Light would have been for nothing.
As for Ryuk, he let Light off since he is not going to get caught and he is not about to die, simple as that.

And a confirmation, Kira is indeed gone. But (hint), he is going to continue to haunt them both for a while, as he said, (another hint) along with other things/people.

That is it, hope you guys enjoyed this one. I certainly enjoyed writing it.

Bye~

-Misty

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