**Mystic Little Mountain Town (South Park Japanese Folklore/Yokai AU)**

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**Mystic Little Mountain Town (South Park Japanese Folklore/Yokai AU)**

by [BrightStarWrites](http://archiveofourown.org)

**Summary**

In a small town in the Japanese mountains there’s a bunch of spirits and demons that haunt the place. These spirits all used to be human kids, but after they died they started to haunt the people who inhabit the town. Some for fun, others for revenge.

These kids all died in mysterious ways, so they were brought back to life as a second chance. However this second chance came at a cost, they would have to forfeit their humanity. Will they retain their humility, or will they be tempted by the darkness.
Notes

First a special thanks to all my beta readers on tumblr: infinitewinde, Yorripi, saltysandcat, trixie8264, shinyvapor26, masked-vigilante, southparktrashblog

I hope you all enjoy this work. I have put a lot of thought into this story ^_^
Tales say that magic lives in the mountains of Japan. It is a place where if you are lucky, or perhaps unlucky, you might see something mystical. Mountains were the resting place of gods and spirits you see. This is the story of one such mountain long ago....

The sound of birds chirping and bugs buzzing.

That was the first sound that Damien heard when he woke from his long slumber. Slowly, he opened his eyes, but the darkness all around him made it impossible to see. He slowly sat up, body feeling like lead as he had not moved it for centuries. The inside of his head was racing as he tried to piece together who he was and why he was here, his brain still groggy from his rest.

“What was the last thing that happened to me?”

Damien held up one of his gauntlet hands to his head. The cold metal of them helped bring him back to reality. Combing his hand through his hair, he felt two hard structures sticking out. Then he remembered that they were supposed to be there, causing him to sigh in relief.

“Phew, I still have my horns.”

Damien got up from the stone he was laying on and headed to where he thought the cave entrance had been. With a new sense of purpose, he put his hands on the stone’s surface. He pushed with all his strength, managing to break the stones that were separating him from the outside world.

The sudden burst of light blinded him, causing him to cover his eyes in pain.

'Was the sun always this bright!'

After a while his eyes adjusted and he tried looking again. Damien looked down at himself first. He noticed that his purple kimono had seemed to shrink during his sleep. It originally touched the ground, whereas now it was well above his knees. The fire motif decorated his sleeves and the edge of the kimono top was still there. His green obi was still firmly tied in place. With another look at his sleeves he saw on the right one the kanji for “God” (神様, Kami sama) was embroidered onto it. It was then he remembered that he put it on their himself to show off how much of a God he really was.

He looked over the landscape before him, surprised to see that the woods had dramatically changed. A lake had formed where there hadn’t been one before. Damien covered his mouth in shock, his whole body shook as he fell to the floor.

'What caused all this! Everything has changed, I barely recognise it anymore. How long have I been asleep?'

Damien then saw in the corner of his eye a small flicker of light. He turned and saw that in the
distance and at the base of the mountain, a small village had appeared.

In that moment, Damien used his voice for the first time in centuries then, “This mountain belongs to the Kishin Gods! Not to humans! How dare they make their home here!”

Damien almost didn’t recognise his voice. However, he dismissed it as he was more focused on the village. Standing back up, and with his heart filled with anger, he made his way to the village.

“When they see a God they’ll know who’s in charge of this land. I will make them leave!”

As Damien entered the outskirts of the village, one thing quickly became apparent to him. No matter where he walked the humans passing by didn’t see him.

‘Why can’t they see me! All humans are meant to recognize higher beings when they gaze upon them. Something isn’t right here.’

Damien saw the gate to the village and walked inside. The humans were just going about their normal business. One nearly pushed into him as they carried a crate filled with meat. Others were sitting on a wall chatting. Damien was worried now, these humans were almost walking into him and not one had yet to see him.

“Look at me humans!” Damien yelled out in frustration, but no one acknowledged him.

Damien scratched his head.

‘I feel like something is missing, but what could it be.’

Then he realised that one thing was missing, this one thing was very important to the mountain. Normally, on the walk down from the mountain, he would see lots of spirits in the forest. However, on his walk down he didn’t see a single one. Spirits were vital for magic, and magic maintained a God’s existence. It was then that he caught himself in the reflection of a polished piece of metal. Gazing at it through scowling eyes, he walked over to it in curiosity. His eye tattoos were still there and his red reptile eyes still shone brilliant crimson. However he saw that he was a little transparent. He also noticed a scar poking out where part of his kimono didn’t cover him, on the left hand side of his stomach. Pulling his sleeve off, he saw that he had four equal sized and spaced scars.

’...ah I remember how they got there. So I really have been asleep for centuries. And with me asleep the spirits around here must have left as there was no God to protect them from the humans. With them gone the magic here must have disappeared with them. If I don’t do something I too will disappear...’

Damien concentrated hard to see if he could locate any magic left in the area. If he could find some, maybe he could completely revive himself. Then try and see if he could get some spirits back. Suddenly, he sensed a small flicker close by. He turned and ran after it. This was his last hope after all.
...Here?

Damien looked at the house in front of him. The house was the worst of all the buildings he’d seen. The wood was rotting and it was littered with holes. The door was barely standing and the garden was overrun with merciless weeds. Carefully, Damien slid the door open carefully and entered the house.

Once inside, Damien spotted a blonde teenage boy. His orange kimono was filthy, covered with dust and dirt. The top of his kimono had a brown edging. Many rips and tears could be seen on it. Rather than an obi sash, the boy’s kimono was held together by string. Damien watched as the boy tried his best to clean the floor, but to no avail.

‘Get yourself together. You got to find the source of the magic. You can look at this boy later after you’ve found it.’

Damien then concentrated once again. To his surprise he found the source of the magic. It was coming from the boy himself.

‘How? He is just a normal boy is he not?’

Damien looked at the boy again. He looked like every other human he’d seen, nothing in particular about him seemed special.

Just then, a small spider started crawling towards the boy. Damien recognized the species to be venomous and had a tendency of biting humans, should they come to close. Damien started to panic, something that as a God he was not used to doing.

‘I got to do something! If that spider bites him then my one chance to stay alive will go. I hope I don’t hit this human by accident with this attack, but I don’t have any other choice.’

Damien summoned some of his last flakes of power he to produce a small fire ball within his palms. He threw it at the spider, missing the boy by a narrow margin. The spider flew across the room, screaming as it did. The boy didn’t even flinch when the fireball shot past him. He turned to Damien and looked at him. His eyes showed no surprise or even a hint of wonder at what he’d just seen or what he saw standing before him. All Damien could see in his eyes was what appeared to be knowledge, as if the boy had seen the worst in this world so now nothing surprised him. It was a look Damien had usually only seen in very old humans, not teenagers.

The boy spoke with a calm voice, “Who are you?”

Damien lowered his head slightly. He may be a God, but he knew that if he wanted to find out about the power the boy had, he better be a little respectful to him.

“My name is Damien, Damien Thorn. I am a Kishin, a wrath God that lives in the mountain this village is located on. I came here as I recently just woke up from my slumber and this village just seemed to appear from thin air. I came to your house as I felt that the last piece of magic here is in you. I wanted to know if I may have it so that I can restore magic to this place and continue to live.”

The boy looked at him, his eyes showing a hint of interest.

He sighed before answering Damien, “I would give you the magic if I could. The better word would be to call it a curse, though.”
He rubbed his forehead with his sleeve to remove the sweat that was on it and then continued.

“This curse is something I was born with. I want to thank you for saving me from that spider but it wouldn’t have mattered if it bit me or not.”

Damien raised an eyebrow, “How is being immune to venom a curse?”

The boy shook his head, “No. I’m not immune to venom.” The boy then stood up.

“I can’t die. That is my curse.”

Damien looked shocked.

The boy continued, “I do die. However, I just wake back up in my bed as if nothing happened. The worst part is that no one remembers me dying, even if they saw me die with their own eyes. I feel the pain every time though. It’s the worst. The pain of being burned, stabbed, bitten, drugged, decapitated, poisoned. They all are the worst feelings in the world.”

The boy looked hurt but he breathed in and looked back at Damien.

Damien thought for a moment. He then thought of something that could help both of them.

“I’m sorry to hear that, but what if I told you there was a way for you to never feel the pain of any death again.”

The boy’s eyes widened, “You can do that?”

Damien nodded, “It would help me too. I want spirits to return here so I can live, and I can’t just take your power if you were born with it. What I can do is make you into a Shinigami, a God of death. You can help others who have to experience death by helping lead their souls to the next plain of existence.”

Damien held out his hand, “You would no longer feel the pain of death, and I will be able to stay alive. We both win that way. If you want to agree just take my hand and the transformation will begin.”

The boy looked up in thought. He then lowered his head again and stepped towards Damien with a small smile was on his face.

“My name is Kenny, Kenny McCormick. I agree to be a Shinigami for you Damien.”

Kenny then took Damien’s inhuman hand, it felt cold to the touch.

Damien smiled, “I look forward to it Kenny.”

A powerful light enveloped Kenny a few seconds later. He could feel himself getting stronger. He closed his eyes. Damien watched as his orange kimono was stripped away and it appeared to burst into flames. Red marks appeared all over him like strange tattoos, even his face was covered in them. Black mist then formed and slowly became cloth. The black cloth morphed into a cloak. Finally some wings made of bone pushed their way out of his back, ripping his skin as they did. They slowly turned black in the air as the blood on them dried. When the light calmed Kenny opened his eyes and removed his hand from Damien’s.

Kenny looked down at himself. Damien smiled once again.

“This place has nothing for you now, I will take you to the mountain where I will teach you how to
use your powers over death. Together we will bring magic back to this place.”

Damien then held his hand back out.

Kenny smiled and took it once more.

He couldn’t wait to start his new life, “Let’s go.”

Little did Damien or Kenny know but, after the two left, something moved in the corner of the room. The powerful light had hit one other creature. Many legs unfurled and a large hand helped pull its body up. The creature looked behind itself to see a severe burn on the left hand side of its spider like body.

The creature opened its mouth and, to its surprise, found it could now speak when it couldn’t before.

“So, magic from that God has given me a sturdier form. How dare he hit me with a fireball though! If I hadn’t touched that magic I’d be dead now. But I, the spider Leslie, will never die that easily. That God has more power, I felt it. Him and the boy will be tasty to eat. I will take their power and make it my own.”

Leslie looked at herself in some broken metal. She saw that she had the torso of a human girl. Her arms and hands, however, were purple. They looked like lanky human hands with sharp claws. A black kimono with a purple obi covered her human looking top half. She knew that this new form would come in handy. She recalled stories the spiders used to weave. Stories of giant spider humans hybrids that she now looked like. They had once ruled over humans like the Gods did. The Gods however hunted them for sport, but the spiders killed many of them too as revenge.

She remembered the name for these creatures.

'So I am a Kumo Yōkai now. Queen of spiders. Oh I will be a queen. This whole village will come to worship me as soon as I have more power.'

And with that Leslie slunk off into the village and then into the darkness of the forest.

Leslie knew it would take years, but she would come to have Damien’s power.

Chapter End Notes

Character designs for characters in this chapter can be found here:


https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/172727840143/i-did-draw-this-at-4am-so-the-line-art-is-not-the
The death of a comedian

Chapter Notes

First I'd like to say a big thanks to infinitewinderword for drawing such a cute picture of Leslie (I don't know how you made her cute but I love her!!!!). You can find the art here:
https://infinitewinderword.tumblr.com/post/172662752011/brightstarblogs-m-o-r-e-g-i-f-t-s-for-you

If any one does art for this fic I will add it to the notes so more people can see it. Tag my tumblr so I can see it (@brightstarblogs) as I'd love to see any work people do ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

100+ years later...

“Kenny, good job getting that soul that was stuck in a tree.”

Damien greeted Kenny as he arrived back at their mountain home. Kenny saw as he entered that Damien was seated in his stone throne once again. Not long after first returning to the mountain, after creating Kenny, Damien had fashioned a throne out of the stone he had slept on for centuries. Kenny was impressed at how regal it looked, even now.

Kenny looked up at Damien and flashed his signature cheeky grin.

“It was nothing, rescuing souls is my job.” Kenny said as he held out the bright orb to Damien, “Good thing I found it, looks like it’s been wandering around for some time. At least now it can finally rest.”

Kenny lifted the orb into the air and it slowly entered a ring of light that appeared above it.

He swung his scythe onto his right shoulder, proud that yet another soul had passed safely on.

Over the past century Kenny had learned to control his powers over death, and had become so powerful he could summon a scythe at will. He could keep the scythe hidden thanks to his own magic, but he preferred to have it in his hand; just in case he needed to use it unexpectedly.

“Oh I saw Leslie briefly.” Kenny remarked.

He and Damien had come to learn of Leslie’s existence not long after Kenny first became a Shinigami. They first saw her trying to kill a human she caught in one of her webs within the forest. Damien had fought her one on one as Kenny was still new to using his powers and Damien didn't want him to get hurt.

Damien defeated Leslie with ease, but he hadn’t killed her as she was the only spirit in the area. She was important for more magic to return, which had annoyed Damien to no end. Although he did warn her that if she dare kill any human under his protection, she wouldn’t be spared next time. Leslie had never hurt a human since that day but she did destroy livestock, crops, and caused
general chaos instead. As a result, she may have killed some humans indirectly. Damien and Kenny had tried to confront her time and time again, but she had been difficult to track as she had a similar soul energy to Damien. Damien still had Kenny keep an eye on her whenever he saw her, as he did not trust her.

“Did she look suspicious?” Damien asked, his eyes glowing slightly to show his annoyance at having the spider spirit’s name mentioned in his presence.

“Nothing noteworthy, she was too far away to get a good look, and I was more concerned about getting the soul so it could pass on. I mean that is my job after all.”

Damien slumped back into his stone throne after hearing this. He was happy magic had returned, if only a little, but he really didn’t like Leslie.

Kenny came closer to Damien and wiggled his eyebrows, “You look very attractive when you’re annoyed. You really have that sexy smoulder down perfectly.”

Damien scowl became more apparent as he directed it at Kenny. Kenny just flashed a smirk in response.

Damien’s voice turned dark as he hit Kenny lightly on the head, “Shut up you thirsty teenager! You know that as a God I have no interest in being sexy, I just have to do my job.”

Even though Damien had created him, the two had more of a brotherly or father and son bond.

Damien stared at the floor, “Besides, talking about that spider bitch always annoys me and you know it. She is a constant thorn in my side.”

Kenny smirked again, “But isn’t your surname Thorn. Surely that’s good isn’t it?”

Damien scowled at him again. The blonde’s attempts at humour always exasperated him.

Kenny laughed and softly punched him on the arm, “You know I just want to tease you. It’s fun to annoy you and besides, humans can’t see me. I need to tease someone or I’ll get bored.”

Damien sighed, “I’m sorry. I know what you’re like though.”

Kenny smiled again, “And I know what you’re like. That’s what makes teasing you so fun!”

Damien rose suddenly from his throne and closed his eyes. He listened to the wind in silence while Kenny swung his scythe over his other shoulder. Damien then opened his eyes again.

Kenny walked over. “Who’s dying?”

Damien turned to Kenny, “The Valmer boy. He’s currently lying in bed surrounded by family and friends. He is dying from a bone infection in his legs and arms. He only has minutes left.”

Kenny bowed his head, “Guess I better get over there.”

Damien nodded, “You know the drill by now. Bring the soul to the mountain so they have safe passage as the mountain is the link to the next plane.”

Kenny rolled his eyes, “I know Damien. I’ve been doing this job for a century. You don’t have to keep reminding me.”

Damien laughed, “I’m sorry, but you know that a century is only a short amount of time to me. I
am thousands of years old after all.”

Kenny sighed, “I know dad. I’ll be back soon.”

Kenny lifted himself off the ground and shot toward the village like he was made of the wind itself.

Kenny arrived outside the Valmer house. He walked toward the door and slid it open silently.

'I wish I could just pass through walls. I know humans can’t see me, but it would be so much easier for me to do my job.'

Kenny looked into the living room and saw a boy in a grey kimono wearing a yellow obi lying in a bed. Around him was his family and friends, just as Damien had said. He recognised a few of the humans from earlier visits to the village. He saw a brunette boy in a red kimono with a blue obi crying his eyes out, hugging a boy in a blue kimono with a yellow obi and a blue chullo hat. This boy had quite a stern expression, however his eyes showed he too was almost crying. A black boy in a red kimono with purple obi was kneeling next to them. He too was almost crying.

What caught Kenny’s eye though were the two smallest figures in the room. One was a girl who had ginger hair tied in two pigtails with a light blue kimono and white obi. He often saw this human with the boy in the chullo hat. However, Kenny was more concerned with the other girl. She was wearing a dirty green kimono, far too big for her. The fabric was covered in rips and tied together with string.

Karen McCormick. Kenny’s youngest descendant.

She was kneeling next to the dying boy, holding his left hand with her right while her left held a lily.

She spoke in a quivering voice, “Are you in any pain Jimmy?”

Jimmy squeezed her hand weakly, “N-n-not really Karen. I j-just f-feel really t-t-tired.”

Karen carefully placed the lily on Jimmy’s chest. Jimmy smiled and raised his hand, proceeding to pat Karen’s head.

“Y-you’re so s-s-sweet Karen.” He then picked the flower up weakly and put it in her hair, “b-b-but this flower would l-l-look b-better on you.”

A faint smile formed on his face.

Karen stood up and fell into the ginger girl’s arms, who patted Karen’s head, trying to be strong and hold back the tears as she did so.

The Brunette then spoke, bawling his eyes out as he did, “Jimmy, we’re going to really miss you. Your jokes always put a smile on our faces. It won’t be the same without you.”
The boy with the blue hat nodded in agreement. A tear finally escaped his eye.

Jimmy turned and smiled again, “We k-knew this w-w-w-was going to happen s-someday C-
cl Clyde. I’ve a-always been weak d-d-due to my d-disab-bility. I’m just h-happy that y-y-y-you guys
made e-everyday worth it.”

Jimmy then started to have trouble keeping his eyes open, his consciousness was slipping.

“Goodbye. T-thank you all for e-everything.”

His final thought had been, 'I'm sad I can’t make anyone laugh again...'

Jimmy’s chest did not rise again.

______________________________________________________________

Jimmy was surprised when he opened his eyes again and no longer felt pain.

He sat up and looked around. Everyone was still crying. He tried to pat Karen on the head and tell
her that he had healed, but his hand passed through her.

Jimmy realised immediately that he hadn’t just suddenly recovered.

He was in fact dead.

“N-now that’s a s-s-shame.” Jimmy then saw a figure step into view.

Kenny looked at Jimmy, “Jimmy Valmer. I am the Shinigami Kenny. I have come to take you to
the place where your soul may move on. If you don’t mind, I’d like you to come with me.”

Kenny swung his scythe down and a portal that lead to the mountain’s base opened up right in
front of them. Jimmy looked around for his bamboo crutches, but then gave up and tried to stand
without them. He found that he could indeed float.

“I’ll c-come. Or r-rather, I’ll f-f-float.”

Kenny smiled and stepped through the portal.

Jimmy saw the mountain path that he and his friends sometimes walked along. However, he
noticed a hidden path he’d never seen before.

“I w-w-walked here with m-my friends all the t-t-t-time. How h-have I n-never seen t-t-this path?”

Kenny turned round, “Only spirits can see this path. Living humans can’t due to a spell cast on it.
Now follow, you don’t want to become a wandering soul lost on this plane.”

Jimmy floated behind Kenny again. As Jimmy entered the cave, he immediately saw Damien.
Instead of being scared of the God before him, he decided to crack a joke.

“W-w-wow! You’re q-q-q-q- quite h-horny.”
Damien glared, “Oh great, another hormonal teenager full of jokes. That’s just what I need!”

Kenny snickered, “Now you I like! Normally humans are scared of him.”

Jimmy laughed.

Damien walked towards him, “Jimmy Valmer. My name is Damien. You have been brought here as you have died. This mountain is linked to the next plane of existence and it is my Shinigami’s job to send your soul on.”

Damien was about to tell Kenny that he could open the portal when suddenly Jimmy started to glow a little. A gust of wind also blew around him.

“Now this is new.” Kenny said as he struggled to keep his hood on his head. Damien put his hand near the light and closed his eyes. The wind seemed to speak to him.

After several minutes the wind died down and the light subsided. Jimmy noticed this and couldn’t resist the opportunity to tell another joke, “E-e-excuse me. T-that was quite the f-f-fart on my part. I h-h-hope it d-doesn’t smell.”

Kenny had to use his scythe to stay upright as he was laughing so hard.

“Man, this guy is the best! I haven’t laughed like this in years. I wish you could stay here instead of passing on.”

Damien smiled, “He can if he wants.”

Kenny and Jimmy froze and looked at Damien, “What?”

Damien directed his attention to Jimmy, “You are fortunate my friend. The magic of this mountain is strong enough to give you a choice. You can either pass on as was originally planned, or you may come back as a spirit of this place.”

Jimmy opened his eyes wide, “W-w-what does that mean?”

Damien sighed, putting a hand to his face as he did.

Kenny stepped forward and put his hand on Jimmy’s shoulder, “It means that if you want you can stay here and gain an ability of sorts. You see spirits use to live here, but they left when the magic faded. Now the magic has recovered enough that spirits can come back. For example, I too use to be human but I became a Shinigami to help the souls of those who died. The catch is though that you lose your humanity and no human will be able to see you anymore.”

Damien nodded, “I don’t know what spirit you’ll be however if you do choose to stay here.”

Kenny flashed a cheeky grin his way, “Mr. brooding over there may not like it, but yes. I love the jokes I’ve heard so far! A true comedian of our time.”

Jimmy smiled, “In t-that case I agree! M-m-m-making people l-laugh is the b-b-best thing to me.”
Damien nodded. His eyes glowed and he gathered power in his hands.

“Very well. Jimmy Valmer, with the powers that rest in this mountain, I hereby make you into a spirit.” Damien proclaimed as he fired the energy at Jimmy.

Jimmy felt warm all over. He closed his eyes, feeling himself change.

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Jimmy opened his eyes once again and found himself in the room he’d passed away in.

Darkness entered through the window. Not a single other person was in the room now. Jimmy felt himself float up again. He looked at himself and he looked the same as he had when he was alive. The only change was instead of his kimono being left over right, it was now right over left. Jimmy remembered that a kimono worn this way meant you were dead.

‘I thought he said I’d be a spirit with power? I look the same as I did before that energy ball hit me.’

Then, Kenny entered the building and found Jimmy floating in the air. He tilted his head in thought.

“If what I know about spirits from what Damien has told me is true, then you appear to be a Zashiki-Warashi.”

“Z-z-zashiki-war-a-s-shi? W-what’s that?”

Kenny thought harder before suddenly clicking his fingers together.

“Yes, I remember. A Zashiki-Warashi is a good luck ghost. Whoever is haunted by one will have fortune in the future. They are friendly spirits. If I remember rightly. As you like telling jokes, this seems like the perfect spirit for you to be.”

Jimmy smiled, “Well I know e-e-e-e-exactly who to haunt in that c-case!”

Kenny raised an eyebrow, “Really? Who?”

Jimmy eyes showed nothing but kindness, “The M-m-mcC-c-cormick’s. Karen is the y-youngest in the f-f-family and her p-p-p-parents treat her t-terribly. I would often g-g-give her m-meals when she h-h-h-hadn’t eaten. She could d-do with some g-g-good fortune.”

Tears formed in Kenny’s eyes.

Jimmy looked at him curiously, “Why are y-you c-c-crying... Kenny w-wasn’t it?”

Kenny wiped his tears on his sleeve, “I’m crying cause when I was human I used to be a McCormick. I’ve been watching over Karen her whole life and I’ve always wanted to help her. But as a God of death, I’ve not been able to do much. I’ve protected her from evil forces but I haven’t been of much use other than that. The fact you offered to help her just warms my heart. Well, the
place where my heart used to be anyway. Jimmy, please protect her.”

Jimmy remembered something Karen had said long ago.

“I feel like someone is watching over me Jimmy. Every time I get in trouble I feel someone protecting me. Like a guardian spirit of sorts.”

Jimmy thought to himself, “So Kenny must be the guardian spirit she was talking about. Now I know without a doubt that this guy’s a good person. I’ll look after her for him.”

Suddenly, Jimmy fell face first to the floor. Kenny looked at him with wide eyes before laughing.

“Oh yeah. Zashiki-Warashi are also one of the few spirits that can also become corporeal. That way humans can see them. If they aren’t careful it will cause trouble.”

Kenny walked over to the corner and picked up Jimmy’s bamboo crutches. He concentrated really hard so he could move them. As a spirit he could move items around to spook people, but it required a lot of concentration and energy.

“I think you’ll need these.”

Jimmy leaned up as he took them, “T-t-t-thank you.”

He then picked himself up and walked to the door, “I’ll go s-s-see her now. S-s-see you l-later Kenny.”

Kenny smiled as he left. He then turned to head back to his mountain home.

Jimmy, under the cover of the now dark streets, approached the back of the McCormick house. He knocked on Karen’s ripped paper window.

Karen slid the window and looked out. Her face lit up as soon as she saw who was there.

“Jimmy! You’re alive! How is this possible?!”

Jimmy smiled, “Not e-exactly Karen. I’m-” It was then that he dropped the bamboo crutches as he started to float again.

He panicked, ‘Oh great, now to her I just suddenly disappeared. I hope I didn’t scare her.’

However, Karen for some reason could still see him.

Her eyes filled with tears, “I see. You’re a spirit now.”

Jimmy looked concerned, “K-k-karen, you can s-see me even like t-t-t-t-this?”

Karen nodded weakly, “Yes. I can see things that normal people can’t see. No one else knows this, not even my family. At least you seem nicer than that spider I sometimes see.”
Jimmy floated through the wall and hugged Karen as best he could, “I w-won’t tell a-a-a-anyone. I came h-here to see you as I was t-t-t-told that as a Z-z-zashiki-W-warashi I can bring you g-good luck. I w-wonder if I could s-stay here so I c-c-c-can bring f-fortune to y-you.”

Karen tried to hug him back, but her hands passed through him.

She looked up at Jimmy, “You can do that? Who told you all this?”

Jimmy thought for a moment. He then whispered to her, “Y-y-y-your guardian s-s-spirit told me.”

Karen cried more, “I knew they were real. I sometimes see a black shape, but they disappear before I get a good look.”

Jimmy became corporeal again and hugged her tightly.

'I promise to make sure you stay safe Karen. I promised Kenny after all.’

Karen then fell asleep in Jimmy’s arms. He tried his best to put her on her bed. After, he picked up his crutches from outside and tried to settle into his new haunting spot.

Leslie saw Jimmy and Karen through one of the spiders in the McCormick house.

She smiled evilly, ‘So, Damien is bringing spirits back now. The magic must have recovered enough to make it so. This is useful to know. I too get stronger the more spirits there are. Maybe Damien will let his guard down if he is surrounded by spirits. Then I can finally take his powers and make them my own by killing him. I’ll rule in his place! I will be worshipped as a God!’

Leslie started planning with this new information. She knew just what to do.

Chapter End Notes

Character designs for the new characters in this chapter can be found here: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/172895996664/the-character-designs-of-spirit-jimmy-with-bamboo
What is true beauty?

Chapter Notes

First I'd like to say a big thanks to infinitewinderword and Southparktrash blog for drawing these pieces of fanart for this fic.

infinitewinderword drew this picture of Bebe from this chapter (she one of my beta readers so she gets early access) that can be found here: https://infinitewinderword.tumblr.com/post/173127483391/brightstarblogs-hey-look-at-this-edginess

Southparktrash blog drew a creepy Leslie (who looks awesome by the way, I love it when people take my design and make something even more awesome with it): https://southparktrashblog.tumblr.com/post/172929580567/my-tablet-officially-killed-itself-as-we-all-know

as well as this picture of Bebe from this chapter (another beta reader so again, early access): https://southparktrashblog.tumblr.com/post/173108574512/brightstarblogs-have-a-folklore-au-bebe-because

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A figure was making its way towards somewhere in the distance.

It appeared to walk normally, but something still seemed off about it.

The air around it felt stale and darkness seemed to seep out of it.

It continued to walk.

The forest seemed to be scared of it.

The animals ran away from the figure as soon as they sensed it.

The figure then stopped.

It looked.

It smiled.

It walked again.

It walked toward a small village in the distance.

It brought only one thing,

Death...
“I still can’t do it like her Bebe. I feel like a failure.”

Clyde looked at the footwear in his hands. The traditional sandals were carved completely the wrong shape, and the rope that kept the shoe on someone’s foot was already starting to tear off.

Bebe sat beside Clyde as she sewed a rip on the inside of his right sleeve. Her eyes were conveying compassion.

“Clyde, you’ve only been doing this for a few months, right? I’m sure you’ll get the hang of it. You shouldn’t compare yourself to your mother. She’d been doing it for years to get as good as she was.”

Clyde face soured more, “I can’t help it. I want to do her proud, and I can’t help but compare my work to hers. I just wish she was still around to help me.”

Clyde managed to keep the tears in, but his eyes looked damp.

Bebe saddened, “She died far too soon. She was always kind to me whenever I came round. She always left snacks for all of us. Remember the time she scolded Cartman for eating all of them?”

Clyde laughed a little, “Yeah, she always believed we should be fair and try and get along with each other. She believed even Cartman could be kind if he wanted to be.”

He looked at the floor once again, “I really miss her.”

Bebe then tied off her thread and bit off the excess, “There we go. All fixed.”

Clyde admired the work before him. The rip was sewn up, but there was now what appeared to be a lightning bolt design in the rips place. It looked even cooler than before the rip.

“Wow Bebe! Your design is as cool as always! I know I’ve said it before but you really should be a kimono designer. You would become famous and then you could leave this village and own a house in the capital.”

Bebe shook her head, “I don’t think I’m that good Clyde. I’m just average, but it’s sweet of you to say that.” She smiled warmly at him, a small blush appeared on her face.

Bebe started to put her sewing needle and thread away, ‘He really is the most kind hearted soul I’ve ever known. He’s always open with his feelings and he always makes me laugh. I care about him so much. I wish I could tell him how I feel.... but I know he’d never go for me. I’m just an average girl and this village has so many cuter girls.’

Bebe turned back to Clyde, “Want me to walk back to the shoe shop with you?”

Clyde gave her the biggest smile, “Sure thing Bebe!”

As they stood up, Clyde looked at Bebe’s hand. He blushed a little, ‘I wish I could hold that gentle hand within my own. I wish I could kiss those ruby lips with mine... But she is way out of my league. I act like a stud, well I am a stud, but she’d never go for a shoemaker’s son. She has too
much grace and elegance for that. I don’t want her to break my heart, I can’t lose her.’

Clyde felt a tear and quickly rubbed his eyes dry. He smiled fondly at Bebe and the two walked.

“So, how was Jimmy’s passing? I couldn’t go as you know.” Bebe looked at Clyde with sad eyes again.

Clyde lowered his head, staring at his feet as he walked.

“It was horrible. Karen came and she was crying so bad. That girl has it bad enough, she doesn’t need more despair in her life. Even Craig was crying. I cried a lot too.”

Clyde looked back at Bebe as he continued, “But even with all the pain that he was going though, even at the end he had a smile on his face. I don’t think he’d have it any other way.”

Bebe fought back the tears, “He was always like that. Making people smile was his greatest passion.”

Clyde hugged her, “I know. Let’s keep smiling for him.”

Bebe nodded, “It’s what he’d want.”

The two stopped outside Clyde’s dad’s shoe shop. The sign had been freshly cleaned by the looks of it. His dad was sweeping leaves out of the store. He saw his son and nodded to him.

Clyde turned to Bebe, “I gotta get in there I think. He’ll want to help me close up for the day.”

Bebe looked at the sky. Shades of pink and orange littered it as the sun was slowly dipping behind the mountain.

“I better get home too. It’s getting late and my mom is probably going to need my help cooking dinner. The fish isn’t going to cook itself.”

Bebe began to walk off, but she turned back and waved at Clyde.

“I’ll see you later! Just keep practicing on the shoe making. You’ll get better. I know you will.”

Clyde smiled fondly and waved back, “Thanks Bebe! See you later.”

Bebe turned back around and headed for home.

Bebe’s walk back was the same as always. She had a slight skip in her step, this always happened after she’d been with Clyde.

She was thinking about which fish she was going to fry when something caught her eye. A thin woman wearing a surgical mask and pink kimono was standing in the middle of the street.

Bebe walked over to her, ‘I’ve never seen her before. I better check to see if she’s lost.’
The woman turned to face her as Bebe stopped in front of her, “Excuse me, do you need some directions? You look a little lost.”

The woman looked at Bebe and tilted her head to the side. She then leaned toward Bebe, her voice was practically a whisper.

“Do you think I’m pretty?”

Bebe was confused by the question, but she looked at the women before her. Her hair was brushed and well kept. Her eyes were a brilliant shade of emerald and her pink kimono fit her like a glove. Her obi completed the look as it had a rose pattern on it, it looked very expensive.

Bebe had to admit that she was quite a stunning girl, even with the mask on her face. She was just the type of girl Clyde would probably end up with.

“Yes, I think you look very pretty.” Bebe said with a delightful smile.

The girl then removed her mask.

A scar ran across her mouth. The cut looked old and very sore.

Bebe covered her mouth as she gasped, ‘Oh God! That looks painful! Is she okay?’

The girl spoke a little louder this time, her voice seemed deeper too.

“What about now? Am I still pretty?”

Bebe thought for a moment. Aside from the scar the girl did look beautiful.

'A face is not important compared to what’s inside. I think she still is pretty.'

Bebe smiled again, “Yes, I still think so.”

A blade appeared in Bebe’s vision briefly before everything went dark.

Everything went cold.

Bebe couldn't move.

She tried to.

But her body wouldn’t do anything.

All she could feel was the cold.
Bebe sat up suddenly.

She was sitting on the ground and the woman was gone. She looked down at her chest and saw a hole that wasn’t there before. Blood seemed to have leaked out of it, but it was difficult to tell; as it was so close to the colour of her kimono. Her eyes widened in shock and she started to hyperventilate.

'What happened? Why do I have this hole in my chest? Why am I not feeling any pain?'

It was then that a black hooded figure slowly floated down in front of her. The figure had blond hair poking out of its hood and red markings all over its face. What Bebe focused the most on, however, was the figure’s scythe. It looked like it had just been used.

'Was that in my chest? Oh God! I’m going to be sick.' But Bebe couldn’t throw up, her body just didn’t feel right.

The figure looked at Bebe and opened its’ mouth, “Bebe Stevens. I am Kenny the Shinigami.”

Bebe knew the word Shinigami from her mythology lessons at school, ‘Shinigami are the Gods of death. Does that mean I died!?'

Bebe’s breathing got more frantic.

Kenny kneeled down in front of her, “It’s okay. I don’t mean you any harm. I wasn’t the one who gave you that injury. I just want to help your soul pass on. Please follow me and I’ll explain.”

Kenny swung his scythe down and a portal that lead to the mountain’s base opened up.

Bebe slowly stood up and floated just above the ground. She took a few deep breaths before floating through the portal.

After being surprised by the mysterious mountain path, Bebe found herself in front of a cave. As she entered, she saw something sitting in a chair made of stone. This being had horns and crimson serpent eyes. Bebe had never seen such a creature before.

She swallowed her fear and tried her best to remain calm. Her legs, however, kept quaking in fear.

The creature stood up and walked toward her, “Don’t be afraid Miss Stevens. I mean you no harm. My name is Damien. I am the God of this mountain. You have been brought here as this place is linked to the next plane of existence. I thought I would also tell you how you died before you pass on. If you wish to know, that is?”
Bebe breathed out a sigh of relief and then looked back at Damien, “Yes please. I don’t know what happened really.”

Damien looked sad for a fraction of a second before he returned to his stern expression, “The woman you saw before you died was a Kuchisake onna. They are vengeful spirits who want to kill humans.”

Bebe started to shake again. Kenny put a hand on her shoulder, “Don’t worry. She won’t kill anyone else as I killed her with my scythe.”

Damien nodded, “Your village is under my protection. Any spirit that harms a human is killed on the spot. That spirit, in fact, doesn’t come from here so she deserved her death even more so. I don’t know how, but something must have brought her here. I intend to find out what after I have helped you.”

Bebe fell to the floor. Her eyes filled with tears, “Oh thank goodness. I was worried that Clyde or Wendy was going to get hurt by her.”

Damien kneeled in front of her, “Friends of yours?”

Bebe nodded.

Damien then took a hold of her hands and helped stand her back up, “Now back to the more urgent business. You have a choice.”

Bebe rubbed her eyes dry, “I have a choice?”

Damien nodded, “Yes. You can either pass on or you can be brought back as a spirit. You will have to forfeit your humanity if you do, though.”

Kenny then walked over, “We also won’t know what spirit you will be.”

Damien put his hand on Kenny’s shoulder, “Actually, this time we will.”

Kenny looked up at Damien, his face showed confusion and interest, “We will?”

Damien looked at the floor, “You will become a Kuchisake onna yourself. Balance has to be maintained. Her powers need to live on as her spirit magic can be used to restore this place.”

Bebe looked at Damien, “Do I have to decide now.”

Damien looked back at Bebe, “Yes. But may I say one more thing? If you choose to come back, you will have the Kuchisake onna powers. That way you can choose not to hurt people. If someone else was to get her powers, they could do evil. You can use it to protect this Clyde and Wendy you mentioned.”

At the mention of Clyde’s name, Bebe inhaled sharply.

‘I could protect Clyde. When Clyde knows I’ve disappeared he’ll probably do something stupid. Also I do love him, you protect the one you love. Yes, I will forfeit my humanity. I don’t need it if I can keep Clyde safe. I don’t care if I have to take on a scar, Clyde and Wendy are too important to me. That is more important than beauty.’

She took a deep breath and then looked at Damien. Her eyes filled with happiness, “I will do it. I want to protect the ones I care about no matter what. If it’s the price I have to pay, then so be it!”
Damien and Kenny smiled.

Damien’s eyes glowed and he gathered power in his hands.

“Very well. Bebe Stevens, with the powers that rest in this mountain, I hereby make you into a spirit.”

Damien then fired the energy toward Bebe. She closed her eyes, a smile on her face.

“Clyde, I love you...”

Bebe opened her eyes and found herself lying on the ground in the same place the Kuchisake onna attacked her. She put her hand to her face. There were scars there.

Bebe smiled sadly, “It wasn’t a dream after all.”

She sighed and picked herself up. As Bebe turned, she was surprised by Kenny who was standing behind her. She jumped causing Kenny to laugh.

“Sorry. Being a death God means I can move silently.”

Bebe looked up at him, “Is something wrong?”

Kenny held out a surgical mask, “I thought you might want this. It’s going to take some adjusting, so I thought this would help.”

Bebe held out a hand to take the mask, “Thank you. I really did like my face. Now Clyde will never go for me. But protecting him is more important!”

Kenny hugged her, “No, you still have a beautiful soul Bebe. Don’t let anyone tell you otherwise.”

Bebe returned his hug as her eyes teared back up.

When she pulled away, she put the mask on. Bebe felt better now, her self-consciousness dissipated.

Kenny grinned at her, “I got to get back now. Keep an eye out, you may meet the other spirit in this town.”

And with that Kenny flew away. As he flew, Kenny felt as though he and Damien had forgotten to mention something. He just couldn’t put his finger on it. It was something important...
Bebe looked around. She was determined to find Clyde to make sure he was okay. She started making her way to Clyde’s family shoe shop as that was the most likely place for him to be. Along the way she saw someone floating. His grey kimono and yellow obi were instantly recognisable. Bebe couldn’t help but smile as she ran toward it.

“Jimmy!”

Jimmy turned at the sound of his name. His eyes widened at the sight of Bebe.

“B-b-b-bebe! Y-you can s-see me?

Bebe stopped in front of his floating figure, catching her breath. She looked at him, “Y...yes. I t..to am a s....s..spirit now.”

Jimmy floated down and hugged her. She tried to hug back but her arms went through him.

“Ah. I f-f-f-forgot about t-that. One m-moment.” Jimmy then made himself corporeal and fell into her arms. Bebe just managed to stay standing and hugged him back.

“I see you made the deal too then. Clyde’s going to be so happy when he sees us.”

Jimmy made himself a ghost again as he didn’t have his bamboo crutches. His face looked confused, “B-bebe. You do k-k-k-know C-clyde w-won’t-“

It was then that Bebe saw Clyde step out of his family’s shop to take in the sign.

Bebe’s eyes lit up, “There he is now! Come on!”

She ran toward Clyde, “Clyde! I’m so happy you’re okay!”

Clyde didn’t look at her. He just looked at the sign he was moving.

Bebe laughed and put her hand on his shoulder, “Very funny Clyde. Come on, let’s talk. I found Jimmy!”

Clyde looked at her and then his shoulder, “Did a bug fly into me? Nah, probably just my imagination.”

Jimmy called to Bebe, “He c-can’t see you. H-h-h-humans can’t see sp-p-p-spirits.”

Bebe turned to Jimmy, “.... What did you say?”

Jimmy’s eyes widened, “D-d-d-did D-damien not tell you t-that?”

Bebe’s eyes spilled tears all over her face, “...no, he didn’t say anything about that!”

Bebe fell to the floor. Her face was in her hands, the tears wouldn’t stop.

“They said I could protect him! I can’t like this! What was the point in coming back if I can’t talk to him! After all I...I..”

She looked up at Jimmy, her voice was barely audible.
“I love him...”

Jimmy hugged her again as he became corporeal, “You c-c-can protect him. K-k-karen told me evil f-forces are in this t-t-town. They d-d-didn’t lie to you in that s-s-s-s-sense.”

He then felt something under her obi, “P-plus, I t-t-think you have a wea-a-apon that you can u-u-use unlike me.”

Bebe released Jimmy and then put her hand into her black obi sash. She pulled out her sewing kit and what appeared to be a scalpel. She remembered the blade that she saw before she died. This blade looked identical to it.

Bebe cried even more, but now her eyes held a look of determination, “If I have to I’ll use this. But only to protect the people I care about.”

Jimmy smiled, “It will be okay Bebe.”

One other figure was looking at the spirits.

Nathan was out of his house as he’d been with his best friend Mimsy. The two had been celebrating the fact Jimmy had died, because Nathan hated Jimmy. He didn’t see why people loved him so much, all he could do was tell jokes.

When he had come back to head home, he’d seen Bebe collapse to the floor and then the woman that had stabbed her had suddenly lost her head. He noticed a figure appear from some random black mist. This figure had black bone wings and a huge scythe. Then, Nathan waited and watched as Bebe suddenly changed in front of him and then come back to life.

He had followed her and then saw Jimmy floating, which made him angry. Jimmy was dead, yet here he was alive again. He then had a vision of another girl, this girl he knew to be a Goddess.

“I got to go find her. I know where to look.”

Nathan ran toward the forest, he knew his destination.

Chapter End Notes

Character designs for the new characters in this chapter can be found here: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/173130038324/the-character-designs-of-human-bebe-and

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
The dark souled human

Chapter Notes

First I’d like to say a big thanks everyone who left nice comments on the last chapter, I really appreciate it. Next I have two new pieces of fan art, both of spirit Bebe (people really liked her chapter ^_^)

southparktrashblog did this piece based off a creepy vocaloid song:

And foxygrandmasartblog did this drawing of Bebe:
https://foxygrandmasartblog.tumblr.com/post/173166534075/kuchisake-onnabebe-i-really-like-her-design-and

Also, Blaze art did this funny submission with the sand guardian vine (my personal favourite vine) with her oc characters based in my au:

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Nathan ran further into the forest, his brown kimono flapping around his ankles as he did. He adjusted his yellow obi so it didn’t come undone, the last thing he wanted was to trip when he had an important place to be.

Everywhere looked the same to him. With no path to guide him, he stumbled around to find anything that would lead him to the location he needed to get to. If he didn’t find them he’d lose his mind.

The branches all around tried to ensnare him, but he somehow knew where to go to avoid them.

He could feel some vines trying to cling to him, almost like they were trying to stop him from making a mistake, but this wasn’t a mistake. His mind was as clear as it had ever been. He had only one thing on his mind, getting to his precious goddess he once saw in a vision.

“She’s waiting for me. I got to help her. I want to serve her and protect her. No one else loves her like I do. I will be her first disciple.” Nathan kept muttering to himself as he ran.

When Nathan got to a clearing in the forest, he saw some trees move which revealed a hidden path. Nathan knew these trees were moving so he could get to the girl in his vision. Finally, a part of the forest that wanted to help him. Nathan noted that there were no flowers growing near the path. It seemed as if the ground of the path was made of pure poison. He knew that this poison was good. It was a cleansing poison, after all.

As he walked along the hidden path, he saw that it was littered with webs. He was careful not to touch them, for he knew they would trap him. Though, he gazed at the beauty of the designs. Each one was slightly different. Swirls, circles, triangles, each design looked like it had been painted with the greatest and most loving of care.
As much as he wanted to just stop to look at the webs more and admire their exquisite grace and beauty, he continued to walk. He had to get to his destination.

At last he got to a cave. He exhaled a massive sigh of relief. His body was at the breaking point, but he forced himself to keep going. Seeing his goddess was far more important than his own body.

“She’s in there. I know she is.”

Nathan walked cautiously inside, not wanting to surprise his goddess. The cave was incredibly dark but Nathan had come too far to turn around. He wandered into the abyss blindly. Even though he had glasses, it didn’t help him within the cave. Nathan felt like it was swallowing him, and he didn’t even care. The darkness diffused into his very soul. It clung to him. It covered him, holding on to never let go.

It was then that he heard a voice.

“What human dares enter my domain...”

Nathan remained calm, he looked at the direction in awe as he replied.

“A lowly being that has been looking for you.”

Suddenly blazing torches, that lined all the walls, lit up of the cavern. It illuminated the grandest web Nathan had ever seen. A dark shape was sitting in the very centre of the web. He watched as it reached behind itself and threw something at him.

Nathan was then caught in sticky threads that wrapped around him, pinning his arms against his sides. He was lifted off the ground and was face to face with the huge figure.

The figure stepped into the torches’ light and showed itself to be a huge spider with a human torso.

Nathan looked at her with wide eyes, ‘My goddess, Leslie! She’s here!’

Leslie leaned down to be at eye level with him, “I should kill you, human. Entering my home, my sanctuary, my hideout, without asking for permission. Unforgivable. You humans are all the same, nothing but useless flies that’s only use is being my food.”

Leslie opened her mouth and leaned toward Nathan’s fles. Her sharp fangs were ready to inject him with venom, venom that would paralyze him and kill him.

Nathan looked up, his eyes were filled with nothing but worship and admiration, “It would be honour to be food for you, my goddess. Please devour my worthless form.”

Leslie froze. She slowly backed her face away from him and closed her mouth. She raised an eyebrow before dropping Nathan to the floor. The web was still securely tied around his torso. She crawled to the corner of her web, her gaze was sharp as her purple eyes peered into Nathan’s soul.
“Explain yourself, you insignificant sack of flesh and bones!”

Although her voice was sharp, her eyes held interest. She’d always wanted to be called a goddess, she was going to be one eventually anyway. Leslie dreamt of the day a human called her a goddess for a century, but she wasn’t ever going to treat a human with respect. They were beneath her, after all.

Nathan looked up at the ethereal being. He actually enjoyed being tied up by her. It showed she acknowledged his existence, and it made him happy.

“I saw a Kuchisake onna enter my village. It killed this blonde bimbo that talked to it. The river of blood that gushed out of her looked like rubies, it was beautiful. I wish I could have done it myself. At the time, I was disgusted and tried to help her, but then I realised something and no longer cared. The creature that killed this bimbo suddenly lost its head to a scythe.”

Leslie laughed, “So the Shinigami killed it. Well, that’s a shame. That spirit was useful while she lasted. Continue your story, vermin.”

Nathan bowed his head, “Of course my Goddess. When the Shinigami killed it, he disappeared again. I waited for a bit and then the bimbo came back to life, only now she was a Kuchisake onna herself. She talked to the Shinigami before it flew away to the mountain. She then ran into a ghost..... That annoying ghost that I thought was dead. I really hate Jimmy. Why won’t he stay in the ground like he should? The worms should feast on his pitiful flesh. He's always the centre of everything!”

Then he stood up and walked toward Leslie. She looked at him in disgust as she aimed a sharp leg at his chest, “Finish your story human! If you touch me, I will feast on your organs!”

Nathan dropped to the floor immediately, “My most sincere apologies oh great one. But it was at this moment that I got a vision of your magnificent beauty. It was this vision that caused me not to care about other humans anymore. Only you are worth my time. Everyone else can just disappear. After seeing you, I knew where I could find you. I came here in hopes that I could be of use to you somehow. You are the greatest thing I have ever laid eyes on.”

He leaned down on the floor, “Even if the only thing you need me to do is lick your feet, it would be my life’s mission to do the best job I can.”

Leslie smiled at Nathan, only to laugh maniacally, “So my plan to get that Kuchisake onna to kill someone worked. And not only that, it appears I got a servant out of it too.”

She then bent down to be face to face with Nathan once more. Leslie licked her lips as she looked at him, “You will be useful for my plan anyway. If I use too much magic, then that stupid Kishin will come to kill me for hurting his humans. They should be my humans though. I want to do what I please with them. As a human yourself, you will not raise any suspicion.”

Nathan looked away from her. Her beauty was too much for him. If he stared at her for too long then his goddess would strike him down for being creepy.

Leslie used her clawed hand to gently tilt his head to look at her, “Your goddess wishes for you to look upon her. Please do so, it will please me greatly.” She purred.

Nathan got lost in her beauty again. He would do anything for her, even if he lost his soul, it would be okay. He had no need for a soul if it meant the goddess was happy.

“Yes, oh queen of life.”
Leslie leaned into his ear, “Do as I ask and you will be rewarded. I will make you into a god and you can rule the humans by my side. If you do what I say, that is.”

She then licked his neck. Nathan shuddered at the heavenly sensation. He never felt such euphoria before in his life, “Whatever you want my goddess. It would be my undying wish to rule with you.”

Leslie smiled again and stood back up. She started to cut the thread that tied Nathan with her fingers, “First you must prove your loyalty, human. What is your name? Each one of you sacks of flesh has one, if I’m not mistaken.”

Nathan stretched his arms to get rid of the tension the web had caused him. Then he kneeled down before Leslie’s magnificence, “Nathan, my great one.”

Leslie brushed the threads to the floor to decompose, “Well Nathan, I want you to kill someone. If you kill someone it will show me your loyalty and it will stop the false god from finding me. For if you do it, it won’t raise suspicion. He isn’t tracking you like he is with me.”

She started to stroke Nathan’s face. He couldn’t help but lean into the elegant claw. Leslie smiled deviously before she continued, “I do have one more plan I want to do first though, before I stop killing myself. It will be absolutely beautiful.”

Nathan stood up. “I know just what to do to show my love and loyalty to you. I know just the human.”

Leslie grinned psychotically, “Very well. If you please me, I will give you an extra, very special reward like this one.”

She tilted Nathan’s head up and kissed him.

Nathan blushed as she did. He couldn’t stop the moan that escaped his throat, ‘I am not worthy to receive such gifts from this magnificent creature.’

Leslie pulled away licking her lips, satisfied she’d gotten the reaction she wanted from him.

“You humans taste even better when you’re aroused.” She said, giggling darkly.

Nathan bowed to her, “Thank you goddess. I will not fail you. Any reward you give me will be appreciated.”

“I look forward to it.” Leslie said. Her voice full of seduction and lustful undertones.

Nathan’s soul had fallen to the darkness. Corrupted by a spider’s venom. Like a moth drawn to a flame.

Ensnared in the web of deceit and lies.....
Chapter End Notes

Character designs for the new characters in this chapter can be found here:
https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/173357510524/the-character-design-of-nathan-as-well-a-drawing

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
Three new pieces of art work this week. However all contain some spoilers of what happens to some characters, so if you haven't seen my original idea post and don't want to be spoiled you may not want to look at the art (I will post them again when the chapters they are in have been written).

First we have some Token and Nichole art work by Ifanclover (I don't know how but they managed to predict who this chapter was about):

Shinyvapor drew this beautiful picture of Creek from this au and her occult au (if you search her name on here you'll see her stories, I highly recommend them ^_^):

And Chrischin8120 drew creek as well:

In a small field on the very edge of the village, a small girl was looking at flowers.

She brushed her hands lightly against each flower, trying to pick the very best one to give to her boyfriend. Her yellow kimono flapped round her ankles in the wind, tied in place with a pink obi. It caused her to blend in with the flowers a little due to their similar colouring in places. Her black, curly hair was tied up by two small pink bows to keep her it out of her eyes.

She inspected a flower before removing her hands to look at another.

'Token loves Camellia blossoms, I just want to pick the perfect one.'

She finally managed to catch sight of one particular flower that looked the most elegant, plucking it from the very bottom of its stem. Its exquisite beauty looked even more radiant in the sunlight.

'This is the perfect one! I hope he likes it.'

"Nichole!"

Nichole turned to see Token coming over to her. He expertly hopped over the fence and made his way over to her. She gazed, admiring his red kimono and purple obi as the fabric sailed with the wind. She noted that if the wind was much stronger his obi might come undone and blow his kimono away.

Token stopped in front of Nichole, taking a brief second to catch his breath, before he kissed her on the forehead.
“Hey. Sorry I’m late. How are you?”

Nichole smiled lovingly at Token, “I’m good. Just waiting for you mostly, but it gave me time to find this for you.”

Nichole lifted the flower up and held it out to Token.

“A Camellia blossom?! Thank you so much. You didn’t have to do this for me.” Token graciously took the flower and smelled it. Nichole couldn’t help but smile even more. Token then put the flower in Nichole’s hair, pinning it underneath her ribbon

“It looks even more beautiful on you, though. Beautiful flowers should stick together.”

Nichole couldn’t help but chuckle, flushing crimson as she did.

“That sounded so cheesy, Token.”

Token chuckled joyfully with her, “But you still found it romantic didn’t you?”

Nichole embraced him then, “Oh, course I did. Cheesy or not, it was still heartwarming to hear.”

The two spent the day together watching the clouds and talking about whatever came to mind. Though, they noticed the light in the sky darkening and decided to head indoors.

Token stood up and held out his hand down to Nichole, “Come on, let’s head back to the village. We don’t want to get lost in the forest, it’s getting hard to see.”

Nichole took Token’s hand and stood up with perfect elegance, “Yes, we don’t want animals to attack us either.” She said as the two began their walk back.

Token jumped over the fence before helping Nichole over. Nichole laughed as he carried her bridal style for several feet.

“Token, I’m a little embarrassed, could you put me down?

Token kissed her forehead again, “Yes, princess.”

When Token put her down, Nichole covered her face with her hands.

“I’m hardly a princess.”

Nichole’s face then soured as she got lost in thought. Token lifted her chin up, he saw tears trying to escape her eyes.

Token’s face went serious, “What’s wrong? Has someone been mean to you?”

Nichole shook her head, “I just can’t help but wonder what happened to Bebe. No one has seen her in days and everyone is getting worried. Clyde was the last person to see her, right?”
Token’s eyes dimmed, “Yeah, Clyde hasn’t been the same since. He’s starting to shut down emotionally. Jimmy’s passing hasn’t made it any easier. He acts tough in public, but Clyde can’t cope with loss very well. You remember what happened with his mother, Mrs Donovan?”

Nichole shuddered at the memory. Clyde had locked himself in his room for three weeks. Token, Craig, Jimmy, Tweek, and Bebe had been the ones to bring Clyde back into the world. They stopped him when they found out he was trying to resurrect his mother by researching ancient texts and scrolls. It took time, but they managed to talk him back to his senses. Token told her about it afterwards, and she made Clyde’s favourite dessert, Doriaki*, to help comfort him.

Token spoke once more, “It’s just as bad with Bebe. Don’t tell anyone this, but Clyde had a huge crush on her. Clyde likes to think he’s a stud and all, but he really did like her, maybe even loved her. He’s heartbroken over it and I’m worried what he might do.”

Nichole gasped, ‘Bebe told me she liked Clyde, but she thought he’d never think of her like that. Bebe please come back from wherever you are. You deserve to be happy and know he returns your feelings.’

The tears fell down Nichole’s face as she thought. Token wiped her eyes as an all knowing look appeared on his face, “Bebe liked him too, didn’t she?”

Nichole nodded, “I won’t tell her about Clyde. When she comes back, I mean. I don’t want to meddle with their feelings.”

Token hugged Nichole again, “Don’t cry. I know she’ll come back. When she does, I’ll force the idiot to go tell her how he feels. He just needs an encouraging push.”

Nichole hugged Token back, clinging on to him for all the support in the world.

Token and Nichole arrived at Nichole’s house just as the last rays of light disappeared behind the mountain.

Nichole dried her eyes and had mostly recovered, “Thanks for taking me out today, Token. Aside from all the crying, I really did enjoy it.”

Token bowed to her, “That’s alright, Nichole. It’s better that we express our negative emotions than keep them bottled up inside. If we bottle them up, they’ll explode and hurt the people we love. So please, confide in me whenever you need to. That is one of my jobs, after all.”

Nichole laughed shyly.

Then Token kissed her on the lips. It was gentle and short. As he pulled back, he looked into Nichole’s eyes, “You know one of my dreams is to be with you, Nichole. You can show any emotion you have to me and I’ll still love you, you know that right?”

Nichole smiled, a blush formed across her face as she was still in absolute joy from his kiss. They
were always the most wonderful things to her.

She giggled a little after realising what Token had said, “I know Token, and you know that I will do anything to make that dream come true. You really are such a good person. Now I got to get inside before my parents get upset about me being out too late. Goodnight.”

The two waved as Nichole entered her house.

As Nichole settled down to bed, she put the Camellia blossom in a small vase of water next to her futon.

‘Now you will bloom for even longer.’

Nichole got into bed, slipping under the blankets. After crying her eyes out, she felt rather tired. She closed her eyes and drifted off into a deep slumber.

Nichole opened her eyes to find herself in an all-white space. She couldn’t see any walls or the floor. She tried to run to see if she could reach a wall, but the space just went on forever.

‘Where am I? I know I went to sleep, but this isn’t like any dream I’ve ever had before in my life. It may be bright here, but it still feels too eerily creepy for my liking.’

It was then that Nichole saw a shadow in the corner of her eye. She turned to see a spider.

She gazed at the small creature, crouching down to talk to it, “Hello. Do you know a way out?”

The spider started to come toward her. Nichole wasn’t scared of spiders, so it didn’t concern her.

‘Spiders are misunderstood. I bet this little guy will help me out.’

As the spider got closer, it seemed to get bigger. Nichole wasn’t worried at first but when it kept growing, Nichole started to panic.

It finally stopped in front of her, its mandibles were as big as her. Nichole heard it let out a primal screech.
Nichole screamed as she ran away. That was the first time she’d ever felt fear from a spider. Normally she’d leave them alone to eat the bugs that tried to ruin her food, but now she was regretting that decision.

The spider gave chase. Its eight legs moved with lightning speed after her, drawing ever nearer to her to do god knows what.

The spider fired some web at her, hitting her in both legs. Nichole fell over as her legs were taken out, making it impossible to run away. She tried to crawl away instead, but the spider picked her up by hocking one of its legs in the webbing. Nichole screamed as it lowered her towards its open maw. The web disintegrated as she fell in.

Nichole tried to claw at the entrance of the spider’s mouth with her fingers. She wanted to escape the dark, moist cavern. Before she could though, she felt pain shoot threw her body. She could feel her skin being ripped from her legs. The pain was excruciating. She then felt another bite as sharp fangs entered her thighs, ripping at her tender flesh; removing the muscle and tendons from her bones.

‘I CAN’T FEEL ANYTHING BUT PAIN!!! PLEASE, MAKE IT STOP! WAKE UP!’

Just then, another bite. It ripped her hips from her torso, snapping her spinal cord in two.

She felt her insides spill out of her body and into the spider’s ever dark mouth. She could feel when her intestines were forcibly removed from her ribcage. The pain was so bad. All she wanted to do was wake up. The final bite came down on her neck and the pain ended

Everything stopped.

Nichole screamed as she sat up in her bed. She put her hands on the lower half of her body.

‘Oh, thank goodness. My organs and legs and everything are still in place.’

“Ahem”

Nichole looked up to see a blank hooded figure before her. Blond hair poked out of the hood and Nichole could see red tattoos over the boy’s face. Aside from the scythe and the black wings, he looked like a normal human.

Nichole put her arms up in defence, “It is rude to enter a girl’s room without being invited. Please leave.”

The boy gazed at her, “I can’t do that Nichole Daniels.”
Nichole looked scared as she moved towards the wall, away from the dark figure.

“How do you know my name?”

The boy leaned down, “I am here to help your soul pass on. I’m sorry to tell you this, but you are dead.”

Nichole froze.

“What do you mean I’m dead?!”

The boy then put a hand to his head, “Oh, where are my manners? You don’t even know my name. I am Kenny the Shinigami. I need you to follow me. It’s very important.”

Nichole started to calm down as she remembered what a Shinigami was, “The God of death.”

Kenny nodded, “Yes, I need to help your soul pass on. But not here.”

Kenny swung his scythe down and a portal opened.

Nichole moved further away in fear. Kenny smiled warmly at her, trying his best to make Nichole feel safe.

“Please. I need you to do this. I won’t hurt you. I just want to tell you how you died, and meet someone that can offer you something.”

Nichole sighed as she stood up from her futon, “Okay. I will. But at the first sign of danger, I’m hitting you. Deal?”

Kenny laughed, “Sure, we have a deal. I won’t do anything though.”

Kenny then leaned forward and wiggled his eyebrows, “Unless you want me to that is?”

Nichole tried to grab her pillow to throw it at Kenny, but her hand just passed through it. She looked at her hand in disbelief.

Kenny moved over to her and helped her up, “I’m joking by the way. I just had to say something that would make you try and throw something at me. It’s the only way you would have believed me.”

Nichole fell into Kenny’s arms, “I can’t be dead. I was in perfect health, nothing was wrong with me. Why... Why...”

Kenny patted Nichole’s head reassuringly, “I’m so sorry this happened to you. But I must insist we go now. Someone is getting impatient.”

Kenny turned to the portal and saw it flicker, ‘Damien, stop being an impatient asshole!’

Nichole stood up, drying her eyes.

“Okay. I’m ready, please lead the way.”

Kenny took her hand and led the floating girl to Damien.
Damien looked up from his throne to see Kenny and Nichole enter. Nichole was looking at the floor in despair. She didn’t even notice the mountain path because of it. Damien couldn’t help but feel a bit of sorrow looking at the girl, her eyes were full of misery.

Damien got up from his throne and walked over to Nichole, “Nichole Daniels, my name is Damien. I am the God of this mountain and protector of your village. You have been brought here as this place is linked to the next plane of existence and if you wish, I will tell you how you died.

Nichole finally looked at the God before her and fell to the floor in fear, “Please don’t hurt me! I haven’t done anything wrong! Why does this keep happening to me!? I just want to wake up.”

Nichole put her hand on her head as she curled into a ball.

Kenny hid his scythe using his magic and hugged Nichole.

“I’m sorry. But this is reality. You were killed by powerful magic, one of our jobs is to find and locate it. We will avenge you.”

Kenny took Nichole’s hands off her head and made her look at him. Her eyes were streaming. The look reminded Kenny of Karen a little when her parents hit her. He felt very protective of Nichole and used his sleeve to wipe away her tears.

“That I can promise. Now, please listen to Damien. He has something important to tell you. You may not want to hear it, but it’s important.”

Nichole took a deep breath as she stood up and looked at Damien once again. She swallowed her fear and tried to stay calm, “Please tell me how I died.”

Damien nodded, his face remained neutral as he explained, “That dream you had, the one where the spider ate you. Well, your real body felt the pain you did in the dream. This pain was so powerful that you died. Normally, your soul would have been trapped in the dream realm, but a flower next to you managed to link your soul back to this realm. Kenny used the flower as a conduit and brought you back here to the spirit realm.”

Damien then walked back to his throne and sat down before he continued, “Now that we recovered your soul, we want offer you a choice. You can either pass on to the next plane of existence, or come back as a spirit of this place. You will have an ability if you come back, however, no one will be able to see you but your fellow spirits and you will have to forfeit your humanity.”

Kenny nodded, “Good thing you remembered to say that. Jimmy gave me an ear full for not telling Bebe about that. She was not happy. She says if we forgot again, she’d stab us with her scalpel.”

Damien face palmed, “Kenny, we’re not meant to tell people who is and isn’t a spirit so it doesn’t affect their choice. You just told her who accepted the deal you idiot!”

Kenny smirked at Damien and then said sarcastically, “Oops. So sorry.” He stuck his tongue out at the end for emphasis.
Damien summoned a fire ball to his palm and threw it at him, “Come here you cheeky fucker!”

“You can try, but you’ll never catch me!” Kenny yelled as he dodged, summoning his scythe.

Nichole, realising that Jimmy and Bebe were still alive, felt her confidence come back. She stared at the two spirits and used the voice she normally only used for Cartman. It was full of authority.

“Right! You two, I want you stop fighting and tell me what is going on right now!”

Kenny and Damien froze in mid fight. Damien realised how disrespectful he’d been and summoned his fire ball back into his palm.

“Miss Daniels, I am so sorry. This idiot gets on my nerves sometimes, so I forget myself.”

He bowed to Nichole and sat back in his throne once more, “As I was saying, you can come back as a spirit. You will have power and can see your friends again, and I will get magic back to the land. The choice is yours.”

Nichole didn’t even need to think.

“I accept. Bebe will need a friend, and even if he can’t see me, I need to look out for Token. He may act strong, but he took Jimmy’s death hard.”

Damien nodded and stood up. His eyes glowed and he gathered power in his hands, “Very well. Nichole Daniels, with the powers that rest in this mountain, I hereby make you into a spirit.” He proclaimed as he fired the energy at Nichole.

Nichole looked up as the energy hit her.

Nichole opened her eyes again and leaned up from her futon.

The first thing she noticed was that her nose felt strange. She looked at the polished metal in her room and saw she had an elephant trunk. Her kimono was also different. Originally, it was standard size, but now it draped across the floor and had pink sakura blossom over her once plain yellow kimono. She looked a little like a princess

She turned to see Kenny holding her flower. Her flower turned grey and crumbled into dust right in front of them. Kenny let the dust fall to the floor as he turned to her once again.

“Nichole, your flower was used to retrieve you, so it unfortunately also died as a result. I am sorry, that flower meant a lot to you.”

Nichole shook her head, “It’s fine. It wasn’t meant to be mine in the first place.”

Nichole was surprised when her trunk lifted up.

Kenny laughed, “I see you are a Baku spirit. A spirit that can eat the nightmares and dreams of
others. Normally, children will summon them to eat bad dreams. But if they aren’t careful, they’ll eat the dreams they have of the future, leaving them empty and nothing but a shell.”

Nichole smiled sadly, “So I really did lose my humanity.”

Kenny nodded, “But now you can see your friends that died. You can talk to them and protect that man you spoke of. You can make sure he never has nightmares.”

Nichole suddenly thought of Token and lowered her head.

Kenny swung his scythe over his shoulder once again, “I better head back. Damien wants me to find the magic caster that killed you. You’ll see me around, though. Talk to me if something is on your mind.”

He then got a devilish glint in his eye before he said, “Or if you just want a kiss, I’ll be happy to provide.”

Nichole laughed dryly, “Wow, you are a cheeky fucker.”

Kenny flashed her a smug smirk before he headed off back to the mountain.

Nichole then got a look of determination and left her house.

As she entered the Black’s house, she headed straight to Token’s room. He was asleep on his futon, snoring a little with each breath he took.

Nichole lowered her trunk over his head, ‘I’m sorry. This is the only way you won’t be sad about me dying. I will take your dream of wanting to be with me when we grow up. That way, the pain will be easier on you when you learn of my fate.’

Nichole kissed his lips one final time.

“I’m sorry, my love.”

Nichole started to eat Token’s dream.

As Nichole left the house all she could do was cry.

The tears wouldn’t stop. She felt every emotion Token had felt for her as she ate the dream. It had
hurt her so much to do it, but she had to ease his suffering. ‘His love was so pure. I hate that I had to take it.’

Nichole collapsed to the floor.

It was then that she saw a red kimono stop in front of her. She looked up and saw Bebe. Her face was covered by a surgical mask.

“Nichole? Is that you?”

Bebe’s face was filled with concern. Nichole cried even more as she stood up and hugged Bebe with all her strength.

“Bebe. I’m so sorry about what happened to you. If I’d known you were dead, I would have brought you flowers or at least something. I’m such a bad friend that I didn’t try harder to help you.”

Bebe sighed as she patted Nichole’s head, “It’s okay. You didn’t know. How were you supposed to know a Kuchisake onna would kill me.”

She then pulled Nichole off her, “How did you die? You don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to.”

Nichole shook her head, “I was killed in a dream by a huge spider. A magic caster killed me and I came back as a Baku. I just did something that really upset me, though.”

Bebe pulled Nichole over to the steps of the Tucker house and sat down.

“What did you do?”

Nichole started crying again, “Baku eat the dreams of people. I just ate Token’s dream of being with me. I couldn’t put him through the pain of my death, so I did the only thing that would help him. I feel so bad.”

Bebe’s eyes teared up, “Nichole.” No other words escaped her throat as Nichole covered her face with her hands. She cried and screamed all the pain that was inside her.

‘Like Token said, I shouldn’t bottle up my emotions....’

CRASH

Damien threw another rock at the wall in anger.

“That bitch is behind this! I know she is!”
Kenny stood behind Damien as he threw another rock, “I am doing my best Damien. I can’t find Leslie as she hides her power really well. It’s like she hides in another dimension, similar to this mountain. I’ll go on patrol again now if you want?”

Damien’s eyes glowed dangerously as he turned to Kenny, “Find that bitch! Find her and make her pay.”

Kenny didn’t crack any jokes as he bowed to Damien. He then left the mountain.

Damien slumped back into his throne, ‘Why does she do this, what does she want from me!? I just wish I knew!’ Damien let out an animalistic scream that vibrated all around the mountain. Although the humans didn’t hear him, they could sense something that felt like a small earthquake.

*Doriaki is a dessert of made with two sweet pancakes which are quite small. They have a filling of red bean paste for example, but they can have other fillings e.g. custard, chocolate and matcha paste. They’re very tasty ^_^*

Chapter End Notes

Character designs for Nichole and Token can be found here:

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
Goodbye my only friend

Chapter Notes

Two new pieces of art work this week. However, like last week, they all contain some spoilers of what happens to some characters, so if you haven't seen my original idea post and don't want to be spoiled you may not want to look at the art (I will post them again when the chapters they are in have been written).

First we have Kyle by Chrischin8120: https://chrischin8120.tumblr.com/post/173600372464/japanese-folklore-au-kyle-the-kitsune

And panicanxiety drew Craig: https://panicanxiety.tumblr.com/post/173618146940/raigs-gang-for-my-japanese-folklore-au

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So what are we doing today, boss?”

Mimsy turned to Nathan as they started walking into the forest. Nathan was looking ahead, an evil glint was in his eye. Mimsy was used to seeing this glint, but it felt different from normal this time. Nathan voice was low when he spoke. Mimsy could just feel how cold and calculating it was.

“We’re going to trap some raccoons. Then we’re going to let them loose on the village. They’ll eat the food supply and cause general panic for everyone. They all deserve it for loving Jimmy so much.”

Mimsy was confused by such a statement, “But didn’t Jimmy die a while back, boss? I’m sure they just want to celebrate his passing.”

Nathan stopped and stared at Mimsy.

Nathan decked him before yelling in his face, “Shut up, Mimsy!”

Mimsy rubbed his face where he’d been hit. Then he quickly said in his normal cheerful voice, “Sorry, boss.”

Nathan turned around and walked ahead, “Now come on. We need to get to the clearing so we can lay the traps down. I don’t want to be out here when it gets dark!”

Mimsy followed Nathan. His eye brow furrowed in confusion as he thought, ‘I wish Nathan didn’t do this. His plans never work out like he wants, partly because of me, but I only do that cause I believe he’s doing the wrong thing. If he applied himself to something good, I know he could really help people. Jimmy is gone, I thought that he would have changed by now. But even in death, Jimmy is still his rival. I hope Nathan comes to his senses soon.’

Mimsy sighed, letting his train of thought continue. ‘I’ll still help him though. He is my best friend
As the boys reached the clearing, Nathan pulled the rope out of the sleeve of his kimono and got to work, “Mimsy, make yourself useful for once and tie this rope around a tree. Then start digging some shallow holes.”

Mimsy took the rope before asking his next question, “Why some shallow holes, boss?”

Nathan punched Mimsy in the stomach this time. Mimsy’s white obi slipped down so he had to readjust his black kimono.

Nathan continued, “To trap the raccoons you idiot. We dig a hole, cover it up with sticks that will break when you walk on them, and then cover that with leaves so you can see the hole. When a raccoon steps on it, they’ll fall in and won’t be able to get out. It’s simple to work out if you actually had any brain cells. Now hurry up!”

Mimsy rubbed his stomach before getting to work, ‘Better get to work before I’m hit again...’

“There we are, boss. We got a hole there and about four snare traps that will catch a raccoon by the foot when they walk into it. Is that good?” Mimsy explained to Nathan enthusiastically, trying to keep him happy to avoid another punch.

Nathan pushed his glasses back up before smiling, “Perfect, now we’re going too hide in those bushes and wait for a raccoon to come. We’ll wait for about an hour and then take the ones we’ve caught back the village in this bag.”

Mimsy nodded and the two boys got into position behind the bush.

Almost instantly, a small raccoon made its way into the clearing. Nathan checked the wind to make sure that the animal couldn’t smell them, happy when he felt the wind blowing toward them.

The small canid sniffed around before walking up to the small pile of berries Nathan had left. Two seconds later, the animal was hanging in the air screaming. Mimsy stood up, forgetting about waiting for an hour, and walked over to the small, furry animal.

‘I’m sorry fella, but I don’t want Nathan to hate me.’ The animal was snarling and screeching at him. Then it attempted to break itself free.

Mimsy turned round to Nathan to apologize for not sticking to the plan, “Sorry boss, what do we —“

No one was there. Nathan had vanished into thin air. Mimsy walked over to the bush to double check, but there was no trace of him.

“...Boss? Where did you go?”

Just then, Mimsy felt a blunt object hit him in the back of the head. He then fell to the floor, on the
verge of losing consciousness. Just before everything went dark, he looked up to see Nathan dropping a large stick and push his glasses back up his nose. His smile was darker than Mimsy had ever seen it before.

Mimsy first felt how numb his fingers were when he came back around. They felt like they were stuck in something sticky. He tried to pull them, but he suddenly became aware that his arms wouldn’t move either.

Slowly, he opened his eyes. At first, his vision was blurry, but slowly they adjusted to the dim light level. Mimsy was confused by the scene that was laid before him.

He could see Nathan, smiling darkly once more. This was normal. The thing that confused Mimsy, and then terrified him, was the other figure that was in the room with them. Next to Nathan was a large spider with the torso of a human. Her purple claws had a white string wrapped around them. She was glaring at Mimsy in disgust.

The terrifying creature opened its mouth and seemed to speak to Nathan directly, “Why have you brought me a human even more deformed than yourself?!?”

Mimsy stared in fright as Nathan turned to the spider creature. The look in his eyes was so different from Mimsy’s own. Nathan looked at the creature with love instead of fear. This scared Mimsy even more than the creature itself. Nathan had never shown this look to anyone before.

“I am showing you my loyalty, Leslie my perfect one.” Softly, he took a hold of Leslie’s claw and lowered his lips to kiss it. Mimsy could feel his breakfast trying to come back out when he witnessed this action, but he managed to stop himself.

He continued to watch the scene before him unfold, “He is a sacrifice for you. Feel free to feast on his flesh to sustain yourself.”

Leslie ripped her hand away from Nathan’s, her eyes were full of revulsion, “I don’t eat human as deformed as this one. They taste so bad, like mouldy rice. That taste takes forever to get out of my mouth. Send it away before I eat you instead, you worthless pile of crap!” She spat at Nathan before she slinked back off into the darkness of the cave.

With the horrible creature gone, Mimsy called out to his friend, “Boss, please get me down from this trap. I want to head home. I’m scared and want to get away from here as fast as I can. Please. It's not safe.”

Nathan looked up at his friend and sighed, “Alright, I’ve got a knife. Just give me a minute to cut you down.”

Nathan then started to cut the white strands off of Mimsy. When his right hand was free, Mimsy pulled at the strands on his other arm while Nathan cut the string holding his legs in place.

Mimsy fell to the floor with a light thud. He stood up and brushed his black kimono down to get
the dirt off it. Though, his white obi was stained a little. Mimsy grabbed Nathan’s hand. He was ready to run and get his friend to safety.

“Let’s get out of her bo—“

Mimsy was silenced when he felt a cold blade against his neck. The same blade that had just cut him out of the web. Mimsy followed the arm holding it and saw Nathan staring at him, yet another dark smirk on his face.

Then he felt a cut along his throat as the steel blade was pressed inside him.

Mimsy fell to the floor, clutching his throat. He felt a warm liquid on his hand, it was gushing at an alarming rate out of his neck.

He turned onto his back and looked up at Nathan. He was licking the red liquid off his fingers.

“Poor, naive, little Mimsy. Did you really think I was going to let you live once you’d found Queen Leslie’s sanctuary? No, I can’t let you live. You’d pose too much of a threat to her by knowing her location. But don’t worry. With your death I have shown Leslie that I will go as far to kill my only friend to protect her. Your death was not a waste.

At the sound of her name, Leslie came out of the darkness.

“You have definitely proven your worth Nathan, my little knight.”

She gazed at Mimsy. The light in his eyes was diming as his life began to slip away, “No one will mourn your death, human. You are little more than dirt itself.”

Mimsy lifted his hand to grab Nathan’s arm, “B...boss....w...wh...why...?”

Nathan smiled as he shoved the hand away, “Why? Because I live to serve Leslie. No one else matters anymore, only her elegance and grace. She will make the world a perfect place once more.”

Mimsy’s eyesight started to blur, the little strength he had left started to leave him. Mimsy closed his eyes as his last breath escaped him.

‘Why Nathan..... You were my only friend.... Please....don’t fall into the darkness...’

Mimsy awoke back in the cave.

Nathan and the demon were gone.

In fear, Mimsy floated out of the cave. He wanted to be anywhere but there, the webs scared him. He then remembered the raccoon that he’d trapped, ‘I got to set that guy free, Nathan will use him to hurt people the way he currently is. I can’t let him do that!’

As he reached the clearing, he saw that it was empty. No animal was in sight.
Mimsy fell to the ground, clutching his neck as he did.

He felt that the blood had stopped flowing. However, he could still feel the deep gash. It was deep, he could feel his windpipe. Disgusted, he pulled his hand back.

'I feel no pain anymore. I guess I must have died... Nathan, why? Why are you doing this? You told me once years ago that you were scared of spiders. Why are you helping one now? What happened to the boy who was my friend?'

It was then, that Mimsy saw a shadow form behind him. He turned to see a boy with red tattoos over his face and black bone wings. His scythe was over his left shoulder.

Mimsy watched as this new demon opened its’ mouth, “Mimsy? I assume. I am Kenny the Shinigami. I have come here as you have died. Sorry I’m a little late, but I couldn’t seem to get to your soul right away, a power was blocking me.”

Kenny kneeled down in front of Mimsy, “Now that I’m here, I want to help your soul pass on to the next plane of existence. Please follow me through this portal and I’ll make everything clear.” Kenny swung his scythe down and a portal that lead to the mountain’s base opened up.

Mimsy stood up and went through the portal.

As Mimsy entered the cave in the mountain, he came face to face with Damien. He was flexing his gauntlet claws in boredom when he turned to Mimsy.

Mimsy sighed silently to himself, ‘Another demon? How many live here? I feel bad for not being more observant when I was alive. I mean Nathan and me always came to this mountain to collect rocks to use against Jimmy. How did I never notice this place?’

Damien stood up from his throne and walked over to Mimsy.

“Mimsy, my name is Damien. I am the God of this mountain and protector of your village. You have been brought here as this place is linked to the next plane of existence. You have a choice to make, my friend.”

Mimsy looked at the Kishin before him, “What is this choice?”

Damien lifted his hand up pointing to two of his fingers as he did, “You have two options. One, pass on to the afterlife, or two, you can be brought back as a spirit. You will have to forfeit your humanity if you choose the second option though.”

Kenny walked over so he was standing next to Damien, “We also won’t know what spirit you will be.”

Damien nodded in agreement, “If you agree to this deal, humans won’t be able to see you, but you will have an ability if you come back. More magic will return too, which will be useful for me.”
Mimsy thought to himself for a moment, ‘*If I come back I will probably go straight back to Nathan, he’ll make me do something I don’t want to do. I don’t want that. Plus that demon spider probably wants more magic, if I do come back I’m giving her what she wants.*’

Mimsy looked at Damien, he felt a little melancholy, but he had made his choice.

“Damien, thank you for the offer, but I must decline. If I was to accept I would just help Na—“

Mimsy tried to tell Damien about Leslie and Nathan, but his throat started to burn. The words just wouldn’t come out.

Kenny lifted an eyebrow. “Are you okay pal?”

Mimsy sighed, accepting that the spider demon had made it impossible for him to talk about what happened, “I’m fine. Guess it’s not important now. Please, let my soul pass on. I don’t want to stay here any longer.”

Damien turned to Kenny, “Your turn this time.”

Kenny lifted his scythe up and made a rip in the fabric of reality above Mimsy. Mimsy looked up as he floated toward the light, “Thank you both.”

Kenny nodded to him, “May your soul be judged as pure so you may feel the warmth of peace.”

Mimsy closed his eyes as the calming light enveloped him.

Finally, he was at peace.

Nathan watched as Leslie finished her spell. The dark smoke calmed and dispersed, “He has passed on without telling anyone of our plot. Shame he won’t be of anymore use to us. I thought he’d except the deal.”

Leslie then turned to Nathan, “You have proved your loyalty by killing your only friend in cold blood, you may now assist me in killing more humans.”

Nathan smiled and bowed his head, “Thank you, goddess! You have no idea how much this means to me.”

Leslie then leaned down and cupped his face, “Those raccoons you trapped can be used to kill a human, their claws like that knife can easily cut someone throat. Hopefully, they’ll come back as a spirit and make more magic for me. Will you do this for my little knight?”

Nathan stroked her claws, “Oh course, anything to serve you.”

Leslie laughed darkly, “Thank you.”

She then proceeded to kiss Nathan. He sighed into the kiss, letting the goddess use her far more
experienced tongue to deepen the kiss.

When she pulled back she directed him to the door. Nathan ran out into the forest, ready to do his goddess’ bidding.

Leslie turned before giggling to herself.

“Humans are so easy to control....”

Chapter End Notes

Character design for Mimsy can be found here: 
https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/173807904504/the-character-design-of-mimsy-from-chapter-six-of

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
The coon’s in the details

Chapter Notes

First a quick note:
THERE WILL BE NO CHAPTER NEXT WEEK DUE TO ME BEING AT COMIC CON!!! I HOPE YOU LOOK FORWARD TO A NEW CHAPTER IN TWO WEEKS

Also, one new piece of art work this week. This is by Milkmateartist. She's an awesome artist and recommend you check out her stuff:

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Stop making fun of my people, Fatass!!!”

Kyle yelled at Cartman after he was rude to him for being Jewish again.

“Well, make me Khal!”

Cartman sneered at the red head again. Kyle just glared back at him. Stan was trying his best to stop his best friend from ripping Cartman’s head off, but he was having trouble as Kyle squirmed in his arms.

“You don’t even wear your kimono right, you dick! You’re not dead so stop being disrespectful!”

Cartman looked down at his brown kimono. Unlike everyone else, he wore it right over left. He wore his black obi too high so it showed the bottom of the kimonos seam. The edging of his kimono was white, making him the only kid to wear a kimono’s whose edging was a different colour to his obi. Compared to Kyle’s black kimono with green obi and Stan’s light grey kimono with red obi which were both left over right, he was indeed being really disrespectful.

Cartman smirked at Kyle, “I don’t care, Khal! I’m the koolest so of course I wear mine different! You’re just jealous you can’t wear it like me, you dirty Jew! Also, what’s Stan’s excuse? He wears a brown shirt under his kimono and that ridiculous hat!”

Stan sighed, “You know my mom makes me wear this so I don’t get sick. And the hat was a present from my grandfather before he passed, Cartman. Besides, I still wear my kimono correctly so I’m not being disrespectful.”

Kyle was bright red with rage from being insulted once more. Stan tried his best to steer the conversation away, after all, they had more important things to worry about.

“Just fuck off, Cartman. Now’s not the time, we got to go to Nichole’s funeral.” Stan sighed as he pushed Kyle toward the graveyard. Although Nichole’s grave was empty, the family had decided that having a ceremony would be best so everyone could grieve.

Cartman scoffed, “Fuck that! I’m not going! She was nothing but a pain and a bitch. Besides she was a neg—”
Before Cartman could say his racial slur, a hand came over his mouth. Cartman turned to see a light green sleeve. He knew instantly that this arm belonged to Heidi Turner, one of Nichole’s closest friends.

“Eric, stop being a jackass and let us mourn. Nichole was a dear friend to everyone and I’m not letting you ruin it because the attention isn’t on you for five minutes.”

Cartman licked Heidi’s hand so she would remove it. She drew her hand back in disgust, “Ewwww. That’s gross, Eric!”

Cartman screeched at her, “Fuck you, bitch.” He then walked off in the opposite direction of the funeral.

Wendyl ran up to Heidi as Cartman walked away, “Are you okay, Heidi? That fatass didn’t hurt you did he?”

Heidi smiled sadly at him, “I’m okay, thanks.”

Stan looked at Wendyl, ‘Guess they feel more masculine today.’ He was wearing a purple kimono top and yellow hakama bottoms. He had tied his long hair in a ponytail with a pink tie, the same colour as his alice band.

Heidi sighed before turning back to Kyle and Stan, “I’m so sorry Kyle, Stan. I didn’t mean to yell on this sad occasion.”

Kyle shook his head. He now had his temper under control, “I understand, Heidi. I didn’t mean to yell either. He just annoys me so much. I know Nichole would want us all to be here, but if Cartman doesn’t go I think that’d be good.”

Stan smiled as he pulled Kyle’s hand, “Come on, we got to go comfort Token. This day is extra sad for him, after all.”

Heidi winced a little, ‘I’m not sure about that. Token has been acting weird ever since she went missing. Almost like he doesn’t care she died. Keep it to yourself Heidi. You don’t want to cause any more pain on this sad day.

Wendyl looked at Heidi, he was thinking the same thing as her. As if to tell her to not say anything. Wendyl readjusted Heidi’s hat and Heidi nodded to him. Then both Heidi and Wendyl followed after Kyle and Stan.

Along the way to the forest, Cartman ran into Butters. Butters was in the middle of picking a bouquet of flowers to take to Nichole’s grave. Cartman recognized it was him from the light blue kimono and yellow obi, which fluttered slightly in the wind.

Butters was singing as he was picking, “Loo loo loo, I got some apples...”

Cartman called out, “Hey, Butters!”
Butters stopped singing and turned to Cartman, he smiled joyfully and ran toward him, his arm already full of the flowers he’d picked. “Oh hey, Eric! How are you?”

Cartman put his arm around Butters as he replied, “I’m okay, Butters. What I want to know is why you’re picking flowers, that’s kind of gay.”

Butters looked at the flowers in his arms, “But Eric, these are for Nichole’s funeral. I thought it would be nice, for her and her family.”

Cartman sighed, “Well, make sure you pick those black ones too. She was black after all.”

Butters started to sweat, “But aren’t they disrespectful to take to a funeral?”

Cartman glared at Butters, “Are you calling me a liar, Butters?”

Butters winced, “No Eric. I’ll take some with me.”

Butters picked up the flowers and headed back to the house with them.

Cartman smiled when he could hear Butters’ parents yelling at him.

“Butters you are grounded! You don’t bring black flowers to a funeral!”

“But dad-”

“No buts mister. Now go to your room and stay there until we get back! You don’t get to say goodbye!”

“...Yes sir...”

Cartman started snickering to himself, ‘He’s so fun to bully and manipulate.’

With that Cartman started walking toward the clearing in the forest.

As Cartman made his way out of the forest and into the clearing, he contemplated what scheme would earn him money.

‘Now should I dress as Bebe and trick the village that she’s back. I could tell them that I need the money to pay the ransom of the men coming to destroy the village. Or should I buy a kimono similar to Nichole’s, put it on a dog, and joke that she came back to life, earn money to give to the family and then keep it for myself. Which will I get the most joy out of doing?’

Before Cartman could decide, he caught sight of a small raccoon trapped in one of the four snare traps. Cartman couldn’t believe his luck. He picked up a stick and started to aim it at the small creature.

“Well well well, what do we have here? A small little coon that’s stuck in a trap. I don’t know who
put you here, but I do know it will be fun to torture you before I kill you. Vermin like you don’t
deserve to live. Only one of us can be crafty like a raccoon, and that one is me.”

Cartman started by kicking the small creature. It wailed in pain as his foot collided with its small
body. The animal was stunned for a second before turning back to Cartman. Nothing but pure
animalistic rage filled his eyes. Cartman then hit it with the stick. It didn’t do much damage so he
threw the stick down in anger.

“You’re a tough little fucker, aren’t you?”

Then Cartman turned and picked up a rock the size of the creatures head, “But I think this will stop
you from squirming.”

When he turned back, Cartman froze. The creature was now free from the trap, it looked as if it
had been cut with a knife instead of the raccoon’s teeth. The raccoon snarled at Cartman. Cartman
was about to turn and run when the small creature leaped up at him. Its fangs bared and claws out.
It bit down into Cartman’s throat.

Cartman tried to scream, but the air was rapidly escaping from the wound. The creature scratched
at Cartman’s hands. When it was satisfied it had done enough damage, it leapt off of him and ran
back into the forest.

Cartman clutched at his throat and fell to the ground, dying.

‘Son of a bitch!’

Cartman, slowly and painfully, bled out.

When Cartman woke up, a scythe was placed to his neck. The cold steel was burning his entire
body, even his soul.

The hooded figure stared at him with sharp eyes, his tattoos seemed to glow in his anger, “Eric
Cartman. I’ve been waiting for this day for a long time. I am Kenny the Shinigami, and for people
like you, I am also your worst nightmare. I have come here as you have died. Follow me through
this portal right now, unless you want me to drive this scythe deeper into you.” Kenny temporarily
removed the blade and swung down, a portal that lead to the mountain’s base opened up.

Kenny forced Cartman up and, with his scythe pointed into his back, guided Cartman through the
portal.
“Bow before him!”

Kenny shoved Cartman to the ground, making him kneel before Damien.

“Okay I get it! Jesus, don’t man handle me! Or is it an excuse just to feel how buff I am you fag!”

Kenny couldn’t help but chuckle darkly. “I may want to kiss most of the spirits and people in your village, but I’m only attracted to honest, good hearted souls. Sorry to burst your bubble fatso.”

Cartman yelled at the death God, “I’m not fat I’m big boned!”

“ENOUGH!”

Cartman looked up to see the Kishin God before him. He couldn’t help but fall silent.

Damien glared at Cartman, his eyes glowed dangerously. “Eric Cartman, my name is Damien. I am the God of this mountain and protector of your village. You have been brought here as this place is linked to the next plane of existence and I am here to offer you a chance at penance. You can either pass on to the next plane of existence and burn in the fire of hell for thousands of years for all the evil you have done in your pathetic life, or come back as a spirit of this place. You will, regrettably for me, have an ability if you come back. No one will be able to see you but your fellow spirits. You will have to forfeit your humanity, but then again, you didn’t have any humanity in the first place.”

Damien lifted his hand, “It will feel a bit like this if you choose to pass on.”

Cartman fell to the floor as he felt his very soul being set ablaze. The pain was nothing like he’d ever experienced.

Damien lowered his hand and the pain stopped. Cartman still spat out some black mucus.

Kenny, still with the scythe on Cartman’s back, leaned down to Cartman’s ear, “I will take great pleasure in sending your vile soul to hell. But Damien is being kind and giving you this choice. If you accept and step too far out of line, I won’t hesitate in sticking my blade through your black heart. I should do it for the pain you caused Karen.”

Cartman remembered the time he hit Karen’s hands, knocking the rice she had onto the floor. He had laughed when she scrambled to the floor to eat it.

Damien glared at Cartman, “What is your choice? Damnation or redemption?”

Cartman growled, “I accept the deal. I don’t think I deserve to burn. I will show how honest I can be.”

Kenny scoffed, “Good luck with that!”

Damien stood up, his eyes glowed and he gathered power in his hands. “Eric Cartman, with the powers that rest in this mountain, I hereby force you to become a spirit.” Damien fired the energy at Cartman.

Cartman spat at the ball before it hit him, his last act of defiance.
As Cartman awoke, the first thing he felt was that he had a tail. He tried to grab it, but it was too far away.

Kenny appeared behind him. He spat at Cartman, the saliva landed on his new animal ear.

“Ey! That’s fucking gross!”

Kenny smirked, “That’s what you get for spitting at the power that was given to you. I also find this form fitting on you, considering how you died.”

Cartman glared as Kenny explained, “You are a Tanuki, the raccoon dog spirit. You have the ability to turn into anything you desire. Human, item, animal, whatever. When you transform, humans will be able to see you so use it to repay for all the damage you caused in life. I will be watching you. If you kill anyone, I will send you straight to hell.”

Kenny held the scythe at Cartman’s throat to emphasise his point.

Cartman swallowed.

Kenny turned back to the mountain, “Do what you want. But we are always watching.”

Kenny flew back to the mountain.

Cartman stood still for a second before looking down at himself. He noted that he was now wearing his kimono the right way.

‘I can’t have that.’

He switched the sides so it was now left over right, like he was alive. He then lifted his middle finger to the mountain, “Take that you God. You can’t punish me for this! HAHAHAHA!”

Cartman then walked back to the village.

Bebe was sewing a rip on Karen’s sleeve. “Here you go sweetie, that should help with the tripping.”

Karen smiled at the flower design now in her kimono. Jimmy floated next to her smiling, “T-t-t-thank you s-so much B-b-bebe.”

Bebe smiled through her mask, “No problem. It’s the least I can do. Now Karen, you better head
home before the sun sets. I need to talk to Jimmy for a second, but he’ll be home in a few minutes.”

Karen smiled before she bowed her head and ran for home.

Bebe turned to Jimmy, “Nichole will be coming to Karen’s room tonight just in case she has a nightmare, don’t be worried. She knows to only eat the nightmare, not any of her dreams.”

Jimmy nodded, “T-thank you B---“

“So you guys really are spirits!”

Bebe and Jimmy turned to see a raccoon Cartman glaring at them with thin, evil eyes.

Bebe stood up and looked terrified, “No..... why are you...”

Cartman walked up to Bebe and pulled her mask off, exposing her scar.

“Wow, you are even uglier than before.”

Bebe’s eye’s teared up as she pulled the mask back. She turned and headed to the flower garden that Nichole now called home, she needed the comfort of a friend.

Jimmy turned to Cartman. The normal kind smile he had was gone from his face, “A-a-apologise now C-cartman. S-she didn’t d-d-d-deserve that.”

Cartman just grinned evilly, “That bimbo deserves all she gets. She is ugly, after all. I mean did you see that scar?”

Cartman skin then rippled as he changed into a female version of his human self, “I mean look how hot I look like this!”

Jimmy looked at Cartman with a look of detest, “... I d-d-don’t care. You are g-g-g-g-going to a-apologise to h-her.”

Cartman shifted back before he walked through Jimmy, “You can’t make me, Cripple!”

Jimmy sighed and floated off to make sure Karen was okay, ‘I better tell her to stay away from that ass. I don’t even want to think what he would do to her with that ability of his.’

Cartman made his way back into the centre of town. A spring was in his step.

‘As long as I don’t kill anyone they can’t hurt me. This is going to be fun....’

Chapter End Notes

Character design for Wendyl, Heidi, Human Cartman, Stan, Kyle, Butters and Spirit Cartman can be found here:

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
First of all, because some people were interested, this is my comic con vlog for what I was doing last week: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0A-F2i9ui_M

One new piece of art work this week. This is by SouthParkTrashBlog. They did this epic design of Bebe, I hope you all like it: https://southparktrashblog.tumblr.com/post/174125159782/i-took-some-artistic-liberties-for-folklore-au

“I can’t believe my little poopsikins is gone.”

Liane Cartman was crying her eyes out as she placed a peace lily on Cartman’s grave stone. Stan and Kyle lit some incense for him at the request of their mothers. Both boys remained emotionless as they did, however.

Most of the village had come to Cartman’s funeral like they had for Jimmy’s, Nichole’s, and Mimsy’s. Bebe hadn’t had a funeral as her parents still believed she was just lost. Mimsy had been the only funeral with a body. However, unlike the other funerals, all the children had remained straight faced while the parents had done all the crying. They couldn’t shed a tear for the boy that had made their lives a living hell.

Stan grabbed his best friend’s hand and whispered quietly to him, “Let’s go round mine when this is done.”

Kyle nodded to him, refusing to speak as his mother was looking at him.

Liane then rested Clyde the frog, Cartman’s favourite toy, on his grave, “I hope you find him. Goodbye my little Eric.”

The funeral ceremony ended and all the kids started to disperse.

As Kyle and Stan reached the Marsh house, the two boys went inside. Stan checked to see if the coast was clear before he came back to Kyle. Kyle was currently slipping off his shoes before he entered the house when Stan came back over.

“Dude, no one’s here.”
Kyle then turned to his best friend as his eyes finally changed emotion.

Both boys cheered and began to celebrate like every other kid in town.

“He’s finally gone Stan! We can finally live our lives without being shunned or insulted! I can finally be happy with that fatass gone!”

Stan hugged his best friend, “I know, dude!”

“What do you want to do first, dude?” Kyle asked as he pulled away.

Stan thought to himself, “Errr, we could play Ninjas vs Samurai? Or errr.. make red rice? You make red rice for celebrations, right?”

“Yeah, dude. You do...You really need to pay attention in class more if you didn’t know that.”

It was at this moment that Stan’s family arrived at home. Sharon was trying to support a drunk Randy so he didn’t fall over. A sake bottle was in his hand and his blue kimono was hanging open showing his underwear with his grey obi tied around his head. Shelly followed behind them.

She growled, “I hate this family!”

Sharon caught sight of Kyle, his face had returned to being emotionless to not give away what the two friends had been doing, “Oh hey Kyle, are you staying over tonight?”

Kyle turned to Mrs Marsh, his voice was flat, “If, that’s okay. I feel really sad after today and could do with being with a friend.”

Sharon smiled sweetly at the boy, “That’s fine, as long as you let your mother know. Now excuse me boys, I have to deal with my husband.”

Randy looked up and slurred his words, “wha you tal aout saron. i’m ine.” (what are you talking about Sharon. I'm fine)

Sharon glared darkly at her husband, “Randy you have a problem! It’s 10am!”

Randy lifted the bottle, “i’m ust sad bout the artman kd. ths is ow i morn saron.” (I'm just sad about the Cartman kid. This is how I mourn Sharon)

Sharon sighed as she pulled her husband round the corner into the living room.

Shelly shoved into Stan as she entered, her pink kimono sleeve hit him in the face. Stan tried to grab her brown obi as pay back, but missed. He fell down on his face, causing Kyle to snicker slightly.

“So graceful, dude.”

Stan looked at Kyle as he stood up and brushed the dust off his kimono. He blushed feeling embarrassed, “Shut up Ky...”

Shelly growled again as she turned to the boys, “Move out of the way next time turd!”

Stan sighed and took Kyle’s hand again, “Come on, let’s go to my room and talk. I don’t want my mom hearing us trash talk Cartman. The red rice will have to wait.”

As the boys headed up the stairs, the front door slid open again. Kyle turned to see the familiar
dark green kimono and yellow obi of his younger brother, Ike. Ike ran toward Kyle, forgetting to take his shoes off as he did.

Kyle rushed toward him, “Ike, you’re going to get in trouble if you walk around people’s houses with your shoes on. What is it?”

Kyle picked him up and placed him back on the porch just in case Stan’s mother saw him. Ike looked up at his brother. “Mom wants you home right now.”

Stan joined his friend, “But Kyle wants to stay over after the bad day we’ve both had. Our close friend died, Ike.”

Ike and Kyle started at Stan, their eyes both showed how unimpressed they were.

Ike spoke again, “I know how much he tormented my brother. The fake act won’t work on me, Stan.”

Stan shrugged, “I tried, dude.”

Kyle turned to his brother, “Why does she want me home?”

Ike focused on his brother once more, “Your latest calligraphy work was not good, apparently. You did the strokes in the wrong order again and she says that you need to practice more.”

Kyle sighed, “Mom...”

Stan passed Kyle his shoes, “You better go, dude. You don’t want to get in trouble with that. Come back when you’re free.”

Kyle looked annoyed that his mother had been insulted, but he sighed before beaming at his super best friend, “I promise, see you soon. Hope your dad doesn’t cause too much trouble.”

Stan laughed dryly, “You’ve met my dad, right?”

Kyle face palmed, “You have a point there.”

The Broflovski brothers left the Marsh house.

Stan turned and began to head to his room when his mother called him, ‘I can’t catch a break today...’

Stan entered the living room to see his dad passed out in a pool of his own vomit. Stan couldn’t help but look disgusted.

Sharon came over, vomit had stained her brown kimono and pink obi. She held a bucket of water and a cloth as she spoke to her son, “Where’s Kyle?”

Stan looked sad, “He had to go home. Ike came to get him.”

Sharon sighed, “That’s a shame, but that makes this easier. I need to clean up after your father so can you and Shelly take Sparky out for a walk?”

Shelly looked up from her kimono fashion book and groaned, “Why do I have to go with him mom?! Can’t he just walk the dog by himself?”

Sharon stared sternly at her daughter, “You need to get on with your brother more. You need more
bonding time together. Please do this for me, Shelly. I don’t want either of you to see your father like this.”

Shelly groaned as she put the book down, grabbing her brother’s arm, “Come on, turd. Let’s get this over with!”

Stan groaned as well, ‘Can this day get any worse...’

WOOF WOOF

Sparky ran ahead as the siblings walked. Shelly folded her arms in anger, stomping beside her brother. Stan held onto his dog’s leash to stop him from running too far.

He turned to his sister, “So...How are you?”

Shelly glared at her brother, “Rule one, no talking turd. I’m only doing this as mom asked. Talk again and I’ll punch you!”

Stan gulped and focused on Sparky.

Sparky then saw another dog ahead and ran up to it. He barked tentatively at the dog to see if it wanted to play. As he went to sniff the dog’s behind, the unfamiliar dog looked at Sparky and began growling at him. Sparky backed off when the dog lunged at him. It’s teeth were bared, Sparky was terrified of the wild dog now.

“SPARKY!” Stan screamed.

Sparky managed to unhook his collar and ran into the forest.

Shelly cursed under her breath and ran after the family dog, “Hurry turd! We don’t want to lose him!”

Stan ran after his sister. If he’d been more observant, he would have seen the dog chuckle to himself before shifting into a humanoid raccoon wearing a brown kimono the wrong way.

“He’s here, keep up turd!” Shelly yelled back to her brother as she ran toward Sparky. Stan ran as fast as he could to keep up with his dog and sister.
Sparky stopped and began to growl. Stan and Shelly stopped next to the dog and looked at what their beloved pet was growling at. Before them was a group of bandits. They seemed to speak in a language that the Marsh’s couldn’t understand.

(So we’ve been paid by that glasses kid to attack the village?)

Yeah, says that if we do this we get more gold.)

(Okay, wait. Who are those kids?)

Stan stood next to his dog and yelled out, “What do you want!?”

The bandits began to advance on them, drawing their weapons as they did.

(Should we kill them?)

(The glasses kid said that the more damage we cause the better.)

(Okay, I don’t want to hurt a kid though…)

(Hey, this is what you signed on for when you joined!)

Stan stood next to his loyal dog, grabbing a stick to defend himself.

“Shelly, we got to defend the village from these bandits. Grab something and help.”

He heard nothing.

“...Shelly?”

Stan turned to see his sister running away and back to the village.

“SHELLY!”

Sparky leapt at one of the bandits, biting into his forearm. Stan, while the bandit was distracted, hit him in the face with his stick, causing the bandit to fall to the ground. Stan then turned to the next figure. He dodged a katana blade and hit another. Sparky leapt up and bit another bandit, this time in the testicles. The bandit went down, screaming.

Sparky whimpered suddenly as a blade pierced his leg.

“SPARKY!” Stan called out to his dog, running to his dog’s aid.

Sparky bit another bandit before getting a second blow to his chest.

*Whine*

Sparky collapsed.

Stan hit one more bandit before picking his companion up. He turned to run to the village.

“Hold on Sparky, we’ll get you—“

*SHINK*

Stan looked down to see a blade pointing out of his stomach. The blade was then pulled out sharply. Stan didn’t collapse, however. Fighting through the pain, Stan picked up one of the fallen
blades and cut the bandit that stabbed him across the chest. Sparky also leaped out of Stan’s arms as he lunged at another bandit, ripping into his leg tendons.

One bandit yelled and they started to retreat away from Stan and Sparky.

(This isn’t worth the extra gold, let’s get out of here!)

When they saw them disappear from sight, both Stan and Sparky fell to the ground. Both of them were panting and starting to feel very cold.

Stan’s vision was starting to dim. He pulled Sparky toward him with the last ounce of strength he had.

“....Sp...Sparky.....you...did w....well.”

W...woof

Stan felt the last breath escaped his beloved pet. Stan held onto the dog tighter as his own breathing faded.

‘See you soon, pal.’

Everything fell silent...

Stan felt a damp tongue licking his face after a while. He opened his eyes to see Sparky wagging his tail and jumping on him. Stan was surprised to see that Sparky had been floating. Stan sat up and found that he was also floating.

He then turned to see black mist forming. The mist turned into a boy with blond hair, covered by a black hood. His red tattoos confused Stan.

The figure spoke, “Stan Marsh... and Sparky.” He gave the dog a few head scratches before continuing, “My name is Kenny and I am the Shinigami. I am here to help your souls pass on. Please, come with me and I’ll take you to the place where your souls may move on.

Kenny swung his scythe down and a portal that lead to the mountain’s base opened up right in front of Stan.

Stan looked at Kenny with confusion, “Shingami... That sounds familiar?”

Kenny looked at the raven haired boy before him and started to laugh, “Did you never pay attention in class or something? I’m the God of death.”

“Oh. Sorry, dude.”

Kenny patted the boy on the shoulder, “It’s cool. Now please come with me through this portal. The dog too. Someone wants to offer you both a deal.”
Stan picked Sparky up in his arms, and floated through the portal.

After asking Kenny many questions about the mysterious mountain path, Stan found himself in a cave. As he entered, he saw something with large gold horns and gold gauntlet like hands.

“....dude.” Was all Stan could utter.

The creature stood up and walked toward him, “Mr Marsh..... and Sparky.” Damien rubbed the dog’s head. Sparky then licked his fingers. Damien started to pet the dog more, completely forgetting his God duties.

“Who’s a good boy, who’s the best furry boy?” Damien said in the softest voice Kenny had ever heard him use. Kenny wished he had something to capture the moment.

“...Damien? Earth to Damien! Are you there?” Kenny said, tapping the God’s head for good measure.

Damien realised what he had done and regain his composure, “Sorry. I haven’t given an animal fuss in a long time. I forgot how fun it can be.”

Damien returned to his throne, holding his head in his hands out of embarrassment. “Anyway, I mean you no harm. My name is Damien as Kenny said. I am the God of this mountain and protector of your village. You have been brought here as this place is linked to the next plane of existence. First, you have a choice to make.”

Stan put Sparky down on the floor. The dog then leapt up at Kenny who fell to the floor in attempt to catch the small creature.

“Wow, you sure are friendly. Much nicer than the rats I used to play with.” Kenny laughed as the dog licked his face.

Damien cleared his throat and continued talking to Stan, “You can either pass on or you can be brought back as a spirit. You will have an ability if you come back, and no one but your fellow spirits will be able to see you. Also, you will have to forfeit your humanity.”

Stan folded his arms as he thought. He then asked Damien, “What about Sparky?”

Damien scratched his head, “I honestly have no idea, but we can always give it a shot and see.”

Stan turned to his dog, patting his leg. At the sound, Sparky stopped licking Kenny’s face and walked over to his human pal.

Stan pat his dog, “What do you think we should do?”

Sparky tilted his head to the side before jumping up and down.

“You want to take the deal?”
WOOF!!

Stan stroked the dog again before turning to Damien, “We accept your deal. It might be fun. Besides, if anyone I know is a spirit it will be nice to see them again.”

Damien smiled while Kenny wiped the dog drool off his face.

Damien’s eyes glowed and he gathered power in his hands, “Very well. Stan Marsh and Sparky the dog, with the powers that rest in this mountain, I hereby make both of you into spirits.”

Damien then fired the energy toward the duo. Stan held his friend close to his chest as the energy ball hit him.

Stan opened his eyes and sat up. He looked all around, but couldn’t find Sparky anywhere.

“So that’s what happened?” Stan turned round sharply to see Kenny. He felt something behind him wag. Turning to look at what it was, he saw a small, brown curled tail.

“What the fuck?!”

Kenny snickered, “Seems your canine friend is inside you.”

Stan turned back. “Inside me?”

Kenny walked over and put his hand on Stan’s chest, “Yep, I can feel his soul. He’s happy to see me apparently. After while I assume your souls will fuse together.”

Stan sighed, “As long as he’s okay. But why do I have a tail?”

Kenny laughed, “You’re an inu gami, the dog spirit. You have a heightened sense of smell, and like a dog, you now have claws. You also get very jealous when people you care about are in danger or ignore you to talk to others.”

Stan then whined like a dog before covering his snout with his paws.

Kenny completely lost it and started to roll around on the floor in hysterics, “That is the funniest shit I’ve ever seen!”

Stan growled in annoyance, which only made the death God laugh harder.

Kenny slowly managed to get up with the help from his scythe, “Right, I have to head back to the mountain. I’ll see you around, Stan.”
Stan ran into his house to see his mother holding Sparky’s body. She was sobbing, “Where is Stan? Why wasn’t he with Sparky? Shelly what happened out there?”

Shelly, in annoyance, closed her book, “He was attacked by bandits. I ran to get help and thought he was behind me. How was I supposed to know the idiot would try and fight them?”

Sharon looked at her daughter with tears streaming down her face. “Shelly, do you even care about your brother...” Sharon then cradled the dog in her arms, “Where is my son? Randy, where is our son?!”

Randy, who had sobered up, hugged his wife, “I don’t know Sharon... I’ll keep looking for him though.” Randy then exited the house to search for his son again, he refused to give up.

Shelly got up and headed up the stairs to her room. Curious, Stan followed. He wanted to know why his sister was being such a bitch. ‘Do I mean nothing to her?’

When Shelly entered her room, she locked the door. Stan ran in just in time. Shelly fell onto her futon.

Stan then heard faint sobs escape his sister.

“I’m so sorry, Stan. I was a coward. I ran out of fear and didn’t stay by your side. I wish I could take it all back. You’re not a turd, you’re my one and only brother. I wish you could hear me. I’ll apologize to mom later, right now.... I need to be alone.”

Shelly sat up and gazed at the mountain from her window.

“I vow that I will become brave! I will protect the Marsh name! I will stop at nothing to honour your memory, Stan. From this day forward, I will be a better person! I will protect our family because our father never will!”

Shelly then fell back down in defeat. She cried with all her heart. Stan walked over and curled up next to his sister. Although she couldn’t see or feel him, Stan hugged his sister close to his chest.

“Thank you, Shelly. I’m sorry too. I should have followed you when you ran. Instead, I acted like some big shot hero and got myself and Sparky killed. I promise you that from this day forward to try and think before I act. I will protect this family too, it’s the least I can do.”

Stan hugged his sister until she fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes
Character design for Sharon, Randy, Shelly, Stan, Kyle, Ike and Spirit Stan can be found here: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/174477227844/the-character-designs-of-human-sharon-randy

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
“Cartman, FUCK OFF!”

Bebe scowled at the raccoon spirit before her. He was currently disguised as a woman again with long raven hair. He’d tied his obi so it undid from the front, making him look like a prostitute.

He turned to face her, “Bebe, why don’t you fuck off! I’m trying to do something here!”

Bebe pulled out her scalpel and thrust it toward Cartman. He jumped out of the way before the blade hit him.

“What the hell you crazy bitch?!”

Bebe continued to try and hit him, yelling all the while, “You keep causing trouble! You’re only disguised as a woman to flirt with the dads to make them cheat on their wives! Just because you never had a dad doesn’t mean you get to ruin everyone else’s family life you fat sack of shit! Stop trying to ruin the lives of the living!”

Cartman changed back into his raccoon self, “I am not fat! I’m buff!”

He then sneered, “Besides, I’m helping them. All the dads are enslaved to their hags, I’m just helping them have their desires. I don’t actually sleep with them, that would make me a fag. I just knock them out and strip them down. Besides, I have other work too.”

Bebe then tried to stab Cartman again, “Changing into a hammer when someone needs one and then running away before they fix what they need to is not work! You’re just a fucking evil trickster!”

Cartman finally grabbed Bebe’s wrist and twisted her arm. Bebe dropped her weapon as Cartman held her still with his painful claws.

He leaned in close to her, “Careful. You wouldn’t want me to do something that would hurt Clyde because you annoyed me, do you?”

Bebe’s body turned cold as she gazed terrified into Cartman’s eyes. He gazed at her with a look that said ‘I dare you’.

Bebe started to talk with a voice devoid of emotion, “Don’t you touch him.”

Cartman released her, dropping her to the floor, “Don’t try and stab me and I won’t.”
Cartman then caught sight of a depressed looking Kyle. He was gazing at the floor as he walked, his eyes full of true despair. His obi was tied to the side instead of behind him, and he had no footwear on. Ike ran out after him and passed Kyle his shoes.

“Kyle, I’m worried about you. I know Stan disappeared and presumed dead, but you can’t just shut down. Mom still needs you. I still need you. Please, don’t push us away and suffer in silence. Please confined in me, Kyle.”

Kyle continued to look at the floor as he put his shoes on, “...I can’t Ike... Stan was my best friend...” He replied as he walked away.

Bebe moved over to Ike. Even though he couldn’t see her, she gave him a reassuring pat on the shoulder. Ike felt something and turned, but he saw nothing.

As Bebe comforted Ike, Cartman followed Kyle. He was so happy to see the Jew in such a miserable state. He revelled in his despair. Yes, he’d seen Stan who had said that if he did anything to hurt Kyle he would bite him, but Cartman couldn’t help himself. He ran ahead of Kyle and shifted himself into a puddle of pee, one of Kyle’s most hated things.

Kyle walked until he saw the yellow liquid. He suddenly tensed and started to walk around it. The puddle started to flow toward him. Kyle walked backwards and the puddle flowed faster after him.

Kyle then turned and ran back the way he came, “EWWWEEE!!! WHO THE FUCK PEED OUT HERE!!!”

Cartman shifted back into his raccoon self and continued to laugh his head off, “Take that khal! You piece of shit Jew!”

“Cartman!”

Cartman turned to see Stan growling at him. Cartman looked annoyed at the dog.

“What do you want, mutt?”

Stan growled louder, “You know what I mean. You just terrified Kyle by turning into a puddle of pee. That is fucking sick, dude!”

Cartman smiled, “That Jew deserves it. All my life he was nothing but a pain to me. He always stopped me and prevented my plans. Now that he can’t see me, I will get my revenge on him for everything.”

Stan leapt at Cartman and the two became nothing but a ball of teeth and growls.

After the fight Stan had won, he went to go find Kyle. He was lucky he found him pretty quickly. He was crying on the steps of the Tweak’s family tea hut.

Stan walked over to Kyle, he then heard what Kyle was saying, “Stan... please come back. You
can’t be dead. We never got to celebrate Cartman’s death and eat red rice together. I miss your hugs and your support. I just wish you could be here. You always knew how to calm me down.”

Stan was about to hug Kyle when Tweek came out of the door, sliding it open with ease. The blond screamed upon seeing Kyle, dropping the tea cups and the tray he was holding. Green liquid splashed all over the wooden floor, just missing Kyle’s black kimono and Tweek’s dark green kimono. In distress, Tweek pulled his brown obi sash. It tightened around his waist far too hard, hurting his stomach in the process.

Tweek then scrambled to clean the liquid before it stained Kyle, pulling the white cloth from his obi.

“I am so nugh sorry Kyle! I should have been more observant.”

Kyle dried his tears quickly but Tweek still saw them, “Oh god, I made you cry. I didn’t mean to, that is way too much pressure.”

Tweek was about to pull his obi again when Kyle stopped him, “It’s okay, Tweek. It wasn’t you. I’m just sad. I miss Stan so much.”

Tweek stopped shaking and kneeled next to Kyle in the seiza position, one he was very familiar with thanks to the long tea ceremonies he had to perform, “Do you want to talk about it? I know we don’t talk much, but talking to me may be gahh easier than to a close friend.”

Kyle shook his head, “I’m not ready to talk to anyone about it yet. Nothing against you, dude.”

Tweek nodded before standing up once more, “I get it. While you’re here, would you like me to make you a cup of green tea? It’s nugh on the house so don’t worry about paying.”

Kyle smiled sadly at Tweek, “No thanks, dude. I’m not a huge fan and I don’t want you getting in trouble with your family by making me some for free. They tell you off enough for doing that with Craig.” Tweek smiled at the mention of his best friend’s name.

Kyle then stood up and headed home, “Thanks for trying though, Tweek. It means a lot.”

Tweek bowed to Kyle as he headed back inside the tea hut to make some more tea for the customers.

Stan watched as the boys left, ‘Tweek, that was really kind of you. You may not realise it, but you did help Kyle just then. I’m sorry for helping Cartman bully you when I was alive.’

Then, Stan felt a bite on his arm and turned to see Cartman as a real raccoon. Stan threw him off before turning to him.

“Dude! What was that for?!?”

Cartman sneered before changing back to his humanoid form, “I heard what he said, you were going to celebrate me dying by eating red rice. That is horrible of you to do that.”

Stan growled like dog, surprising himself again as he kept forgetting Sparky was technically inside him. He then looked at Cartman once more, “Oh please. One time when Kyle was going to move away you threw a party and ate red rice! Consider it pay back for that!”

Cartman looked into Stan’s eyes, “Careful Stan. Unlike you I can make humans see me. I could turn into you and say horrible stuff to Kyle if you push me.”
Stan bared his teeth, growling loudly.

Bebe then came over with Nichole, standing between Stan and Cartman.

Bebe spoke first, “Cartman, just go away. Haven’t you caused enough trouble for one day?”

Cartman smiled, “I’m not causing trouble, I’m just more in touch with my spirit side compared to you. Tanuki are natural tricksters. I can’t help it.”

Nichole scoffed, “Oh please. We’re able to control our powers more than that.”

Cartman then laughed, “I know, I’m just tired.”

Bebe face palmed, “We’re dead you idiot. We don’t sleep, therefore we don’t get tired.”

Cartman, realising he had lost, just stared at them for a second before yelling, “Well, fuck you all!”

Bebe, finally having enough of Cartman, leaned forward and toward him. Her voice was practically a whisper.

“Do you think I’m pretty?”

Cartman just growled at her, knowing full well what she was planning. He simply said, “I’m sorry but I’m busy.”

He then slinked off into the forest again.

Bebe sighed, “Of all the things he knows, it had to be how to avoid the wrath from a Kuchisake onna.”

Bebe and Nichole then turned to Stan, Nichole spoke first.

“Are you okay, Stan? That asshole is nothing but a pain to all of us.”

Stan sighed, “It’s okay. I just hate it when he’s mean about Kyle.”

Without warning, Stan whimpered like a dog again. He face palmed with his paw.

Bebe couldn’t help but smile, “That is so cute Stan.” She said, stroking his ears reassuringly. Stan’s tail began to wag in happiness.

Stan had to fight to keep his pride, when all he wanted to do was roll on his back so he could get belly rubs.

“Bebe, as much as I appreciate the fuss, for some reason, could you please stop. I don’t want to lose my pride and give in to my spirit side.”

Bebe smiled sweetly but removed her hand, “I understand. But you don’t have to be embarrassed around us.”

Stan blushed a little, “Yeah, but if Karen sees she’ll tell Jimmy and then he’ll never let me forget. Plus, Cartman would bully me if he found out.”

Nichole smiled with Bebe, “We won’t tell. But I have something more important to tell you.”

Stan sat down where Kyle had been at the Tweak’s tea hut, “What’s wrong?”
Nichole took a deep breath in and then began, “I’ve been trying to stop Kyle from having nightmares. The past few days they’ve been really bad ever since your mother told him you disappeared. I go to see him every night along with Clyde, but for some reason every time I ate one another takes its place. I keep trying, but I don’t want to take his dreams for the future. Doing that to Token was bad enough.”

Stan hugged Nichole, “Thank you for trying. I know Kyle is sensitive so that’s probably why it isn’t working. Please keep trying though.”

He then looked at her squarely in the eyes, “And don’t beat yourself up about Token. I would have done the same thing with Wendy if I’d become a Baku while we were going out, heck I probably would have done it to Kyle too.”

Nichole hugged Stan back, “Thank you, Stan. But I still think I was being selfish by doing it.”

Suddenly a large thump came from behind them. They all looked to see Jimmy on the floor. Stan went over and helped him up.

Jimmy smiled at him, “T-t-thank you S-stan. R-remind me to give y-y-y-y-you belly r-rubs later!”

Stan sighed, “How long have you been there, dude?”

Jimmy laughed, “L-long enough to k-k-k-k-know you like f-f-fuss.” Jimmy then rubbed Stan’s chin causing him to smile a little, his tail wagged once more.

Stan then removed the hand, “Dude, please don’t take the little dignity I have left.”

Bebe couldn’t help but smile.

Nichole looked at her, “Bebe, your fangirling again.”

Bebe blushed before trying to give herself a stern face.

Jimmy then fell though Stan as he became incorporeal again.

Stan laughed, “Dude, you need to get the hang of that.”

Jimmy couldn’t pass up the opportunity, “I’m n-n-n-not going to lie, you’d s-see r-r-r-right through it! I k-k-keep making b-b-b-boo-boos!”

Stan snickered along with Bebe and Nichole, “Dude, are you making ghost jokes because you’re a ghost now?”

Jimmy just smiled, “Wow, w-w-what a t-terrific audience.”

Stan fell on the floor in hysterics.

Chapter End Notes

Character design for spirit Stan and Cartman and human Kyle and Tweek can be found here: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/174703161534/please-click-for-better-quality-the-character
Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
The red furred, two tailed fox

Chapter Notes

I've gone from no fan art to a huge mass in one week, WOO!

First I have art I did for a request for getting 250 followers on tumblr, human Cartman and Heidi: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/174862291119/here-you-go-just-a-little-peace16-wont-let-me

Next we have new art, sweet-liss did this art of Bebe as a thank you for the art I did for her ^_^: http://sweet-liss.tumblr.com/post/174794640339/i-wanted-to-thank-brightstarblogs-for-taking-my

And blaze art did art of her oc's in my universe:

We also have some art of Kyle as this is his chapter, first we have the first ever art done for my au by southparktrashblog, WARNING, this is linked to my original idea post so some spoilers of what happens to all the characters:

And also done by southparktrashblog did this art of fox form kyle:
https://southparktrashblog.tumblr.com/post/172389973152/brightstarblogs-i-like-your-folklore-au-like-a

Lastly, nananakins did this art of the main 4:

Also re showing art of Kyle by Chrischin8120 as this is Kyle's chapter:

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Kyle, please come out. You’ve been in your room for hours. I want to see my brother.”

Ike knocked on Kyle’s door once more. Kyle refused to answer as he was still depressed from Stan’s death. He continued to lie on the floor of his room.

Ike leaned against the door, “Kyle. You’re really worrying me... you don’t talk to me or mom anymore... you don’t eat... please talk to me... I know Stan meant a lot too you but you can’t shut down like this...”

Ike then sighed, “Stan’s funeral will be tomorrow. It’s been a week and Randy has given up hope in looking. Sharon and Shelly keep looking but I think they’ve accepted the fact that Stan was killed and taken by the bandits. Just please promise me you’ll at least go... you need to say goodbye, Kyle.”
Ike waited a moment before he used some wire to unlock Kyle’s door. Kyle was on the floor, looking at the ceiling. Ike fell onto his brother, hugging him.

Kyle looked at Ike as tears began to stream down his face, “Please... I want the old Kyle back...”

Kyle sat up before hugging his brother. Tears began to stream down his own face once more.

“Ike... I’m sorry... but I don’t know how to function with this loss. Every time I’m alone, my thoughts go to him. My chest just feels empty, like a part of me is missing. I mean, how am I meant to go on without him in my life?!”

Kyle felt cold briefly as a frigid wind wrapped around his shoulders, but it quickly disappeared.

Ike sat up, “You have to keep moving Kyle. That’s the truth. You still have people who care about you here. I promise, I’ll do all I can to help you. I don’t want you to ever forget Stan, but you have to learn to function and cope with the loss. As long as we honor his memory, he’s never really gone. He will always be in our hearts.”

Kyle smiled at his brother, “How did you get so wise...”

Ike patted his brother shoulder, “I watched you and Stan and the fat one being stupid and decided not to do what you lot do.”

Kyle laughed softly, it had been a long time since he had.

Ike made his brother stand, “Now, come on. Mom and dad have been worried sick about you.”

Then, the two Broflovski brothers walked down the stairs and into the dining room.

Sheila, who was currently cooking, turned to look at her two children. She tightened her red obi and readjusted her black kimono before walking over to them, “Well, hello boys. Are you feeling better, boobula?”

Kyle nodded, “It still hurts and I feel numb, but Ike made me realise that just shutting down isn’t the answer.”

Sheila, almost crying, hugged her red haired son, “I’m so happy to know that you’re feeling better, even if it’s only a little. I was so worried about you.”

Kyle held his mother tightly, fighting back his tears once more. Sheila then pulled away and went back to her cooking.

“Now Kyle, lunch will be ready soon but could you go get some leeks to add to the broth? I would get your father to do it, but he’s at work and Ike is far too young. I also think some fresh air will do you some good, sweetie.”

Kyle nodded to his mother, “Of course. My back is a little sore from lying on the floor so I could do with stretching it.”

Sheila hugged her son again, “Just be careful. If you see anybody you don’t recognise, you come straight home!”

Kyle patted his mother on the shoulder before turning to leave.

“I’ll be back soon.”
Kyle finally made it to the general shop at the other side of the village. He was really close to the forest now.

‘Why do we only have one store like this, it’s so stupid.’

Just before he headed inside the store, a small orange shape caught his eye.

Kyle walked round the shop and saw a small fox wonder into the woods.

‘That’s strange. Animals never come this close to the village.’

With curiosity getting the better of him, Kyle followed the small creature. Something about the fox seemed strange. It almost looked as if it was floating. Kyle dismissed the thought, as it had been ridiculous.

‘Foxes don’t float you idiot!’

A boy in glasses smiled as he watched Kyle follow the fox. He continued to read the words on the sheet of spider silk in his hands before walking back into the heart of the village.

Kyle followed the fox further into the woods. It was going further and further in. Kyle then realised that the light level was starting to really drop. He turned to head back the way he came, when he saw that he was surrounded by bushes. He turned to look at the fox, but it too had disappeared.

‘Oh no... What have I done? I am so lost! Why did I think it was a good idea to follow that fox. It was almost as if.... if it was telling me to..... why did I follow it.... I’m normally better than this...’

Kyle started to stumble around in fear. He was terrified that someone or something would attack him. He then saw another flicker of orange and ran after it in a panic.

‘That has to be the fox from before.’

As Kyle ran after it, the fox suddenly turned its head. Suddenly, Kyle realised it was not the same fox. This fox felt far more like an animal than the other one. Kyle saw that ahead of this fox were two smaller foxes, they were cowering in fear. Kyle figured the fox was the mother of the two cubs. Kyle watched as the adult turned toward him and snarled. Kyle slowly began to walk backward.
He talked as softly as he could, “I don’t want to hurt you. I am just lost. Now, I’m going to slowly walk away and leave you alone, dude... I don’t want to--WOAH!”

Kyle then slipped on a tree branch and hit the fox in the face with his shoe that had flown off his foot. Kyle watched as the fox, now pissed as hell, ran toward him, teeth bared and claws out.

“Oh shit!”

Kyle tried to put his arms up to protect his face, but the fox got there first and started to claw at his it. He felt the animal ripped his eye and howled in pain. The fox bit into his arms and ripped his skin. After Kyle had stopped moving, the fox turned back to its cubs and ran off into the dense forest.

Kyle sat on the ground. His wounds were deep, the pain was unbearable. Blood gushed from his now damaged eye. Kyle laid there in silence. He felt more blood escape him. He started to feel dizzy as his blood levels started to get dangerously low. He felt like he was about to pass out. Kyle closed his eyes and drifted off into a deep sleep.

‘Stan... I’ll see you soon...’

Kyle opened his eyes and saw that, even though his left eye was ruined, he could still see out of it. He looked up to see a blond hooded figure with red tattoos looking at him.

“Wow, your eye looks pretty bad. That fox certainly did a number on you. Seriously, why did you wander into the woods when you know the dangers it holds? Didn’t your mom tell you it was dangerous?”

Kyle tried to stand up but instead found himself floating upside down. He looked at the figure, he didn’t look human at all in his eyes.

“What are you, dude?”

The figure smiled, “Another one that calls me dude, I feel so honoured.”

Kyle’s eyes opened in shock, ‘Stan says dude a lot! Maybe he’s talking about him!’

The figure then flipped Kyle so he was the right way up before continuing, “Kyle Broflovski, my name is Kenny and I am a Shinigami. I am here to help your soul pass on. Please, come with me and I’ll take you to the place where your soul may move on.”

Kenny swung his scythe down and a portal that lead to the mountain’s base revealed itself to Kyle.

Kyle instantly knew what a Shinigami was so he didn’t waste any time with his next question, “Kenny. By any chance, did you meet a boy in a red poof ball hat. Goes by the name Stan!”

Kenny smiled warmly at the red head, “Why I did. He was a really nice, him and his dog.”
Kyle grabbed Kenny’s clock “Please take me to him.”

Kenny patted the boy on the shoulder, “I can’t do that, but please, you have to come with me. All will become clear once you do.”

Kyle sighed in annoyance and floated, not very well, through the portal.

Kenny flipped Kyle the right way once more when he entered the cave. Kyle saw an even larger figure with large gold horns and gold gauntlet like hands before him.

“Really.... A horned goat man?” Kyle said.

The creature glared at Kyle as it got up and walked toward him, “I’ll ignore that as you’ve never seen a Kishin before..... My name is Damien. I am the God of this mountain and protector of your village. You have been brought here as this place is linked to the next plane of existence. First, you have a choice to make.”

Kyle remembered back to an old book he read in class, “A kishin. So you’re a wrath God then. I have never seen one before, but you’re nothing like the book depict.”

Damien leaned forward in curiosity, “What do the books show?”

Kyle tried his best to recall, “Well, I think it showed a kishin to be far more goat like. Like cloven hoofs and also bright red skin, yellow eyes, and-”

Damien held up his hand to silence Kyle, pain flashed on his face for a second as he recalled something before he returned to his normal scowling face.

“Please, I should continue with the deal I was going to offer you.”

Kyle lifted an eyebrow in curiosity, but dropped the subject.

Damien cleared his throat, “You can either pass on or you can be brought back as a spirit. You will have an ability if you come back, and no one but your fellow spirits will be able to see you. Also, you will have to forfeit your humanity.”

Rather than answer, Kyle asked the question that had been on his mind, “Did a boy name Stan Marsh accept this deal? Or anyone else? Like Jimmy Valmer, Bebe Stevens, Nichole Daniels? Oh and Mimsy... I can’t remember his last name.”

Damien lowered his head, “I have met all of those you have mentioned, but I can’t tell you who accepted the deal so it does not interfere with your decision...I’m watching you Kenny...Don’t you dare whisper to him while you help him stop being upside down.”

Kyle lowered his head, ‘Should I take the gamble and come back.... Ike! Someone will have to look after him! Even if I don’t ever see Stan again, I need to look after my brother, I owe him for when he pulled me out of my depression.”
Kyle lifted his head, gulping as he did, “I accept your deal. Even if I don’t see Stan, I need to make sure my little brother is okay. So, Damien, please do whatever you need to do.”

Damien’s eyes glowed and he gathered power in his hands, “Very well. Kyle Broflovski, with the powers that rest in this mountain, I hereby make you into a spirit.”

Damien then fired the energy toward Kyle. Kyle stretched his arms out as the energy ball hit him.

‘Ike, I’m sorry that I’ve made you cry... Stan, please wait for me in the afterlife. I will come for you in the end.’

As Kyle opened his eyes again, he saw something furry on his face. He grabbed it and it felt attached.

Kenny appeared once more, “I hate to be quick, but I sense magic in the area that may be linked to how you died. I’ll make this quick. You are a Kitsune, the fox spirit. You can shape shift into any form you desire. When you do, humans will be able to see you. Also unlike a normal fox, you have more than one tail. You will earn more when something significant happens or if you do something of good fortune to help another. With each tail, the more power you will get. I hear that some Kitsune can even wield fire when they get enough tails. Now, I gotta rush off to find that magic.”

As Kenny ran off, Kyle started at him. ‘I already knew all that from books I’ve read.... but this is so unreal!’ He thought to himself.

Kyle turned to see two fox tails, he jumped out of his skin at the sight, tripping over another tree root and somehow shifting into a rock.

Kyle tried to move when he heard a voice.... a voice that he thought he’d never hear again.

“Cartman, I saw you shift into a rock, you can’t fool me when I’ve seen you.”

Kyle’s skin rippled as he turned back into his humanoid fox form. Stan looked at him with confusion in his eyes. Kyle looked at his best friend with equal confusion.

‘... he’s an Inu gami!’

“Who are you? If you’re here to hurt anyone, I will stop you!”

Stan lowered into an attack pose, his claws were ready to attack.

“...Stan..”

Stan heard the familiar voice of his best friend. He lifted out of his position and looked at Kyle. His tail began to wag.

Kyle noticed and laughed, “... you have a tail too...”
Stan looked down at his feet, “... yeah.”

Tears then ran down both the boys’ faces and the two ran into each other’s arms. When they collided, they both fell to their knees. Kyle buried his face in Stan’s neck, his now fox snout rested on his shoulder.

Kyle spoke first, “I thought I’d never see you again! You disappeared. My chest felt so empty without you. I felt incomplete.”

Stan brushed Kyle’s red curls, “Me too. I saw you in so much pain. I hugged you all the time but you couldn’t see me. All I wanted was for you to see me.”

Kyle was so happy to know Stan was there, that he turned into a complete fox. Stan looked at the small creature with two tails before he started to laugh.

Kyle still had the same glare even as a fox when angry.

“....dude, stop laughing and help me out!”

“I’m sorry, dude... you just look so silly. You’re the cutest fox I’ve ever seen.”

Kyle glared at him again, “Don’t call me cute you ass!”

Stan then scooped him up in his arms, “Even like this you’re still the same Kyle.”

Kyle laughed, “We’re best friends, dude! No matter how I look, I’ll always be that!”

Stan draped Kyle over both his shoulders and began walking back to the village.

“I can change back, Stan.”

Stan shook his head, “Nope, let me do this for now. I want to be close to you after the time we were apart.”

Kyle sighed, giving into his demands, ‘I’ll let him do this for now. I never want to lose him again after all.’

The two friends made their way back to the village.

“If you drop me or tell anyone about this, I swear Stan-”

“Don’t worry, I won’t, Ky.”

Chapter End Notes

Character design for spirit Kyle, Stan and fox Kyle, and the Broflovski family can be found here: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/174924326109/please-click-for-better-quality-the-character

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
When they reached the forest’s edge, Kyle leapt down from Stan’s shoulders and turned back into his humanoid form. Kyle stood back up, thankful that he still had human legs instead of hind legs, he just wasn’t use to them being furry.

Stan hadn’t been used to his friend’s new features, heck he still wasn’t used to his own. It still startled him when bugs landed on his ears and he flicked them to get it off. Despite how Kyle looked, Stan still thought he looked like Kyle somehow. Probably the mass of red curly hair on his head.

“Stan, do you think people will recognise me like this?” Kyle asked lifting his claws up to emphasise how different he now looked.

Stan smiled and used his own claws to hold Kyle’s, “Ky, I know they will. Besides, no one other than you has hair like that.”

Kyle blushed a little, taking his paws away from Stan’s to cover his hair, “Dude, you know how self-conscious I am about that!”

Stan hugged him from behind, “I was just joking. I love your hair! It’s one of the things that makes you Kyle.”

Kyle blushed even more, “Dude, stop, you’re embarrassing me.”

Stan smiled as he hugged Kyle tighter, “Make me, Ky.”

As the boys entered the village they were greeted by Bebe, who had been picking up wood to leave outside Clyde’s house to be used to make shoes. She wanted to do all she could to help him.

Bebe turned to look at the two figures coming toward the village, “Oh hey Stan! Who’s th—Kyle! Is that you?”

Stan laughed a little while Kyle punched him in the arm lightly.

Bebe ran up to hug him, “It’s so good to see you, Kyle! I mean, I know it’s sad you died, but you look much better now. We were all so worried about you when you were a moping mess! WOW, your amber eyes are stunning!”

Kyle looked uncomfortable, “You saw that... well that’s embarrassing. I mean Wendy was like that too when you first went missing. I just care about Stan a lot. He’s always been there for me. Wait, my eyes are amber coloured now?”

Bebe then pulled away from Kyle, ignoring his question about his eyes, “Kyle.... you didn’t do something stupid in your despair... did you? You didn’t take.... you know”
Kyle flushed red with anger, "I didn’t kill myself if that’s what you’re implying! I was mauled by a wild fox! I would never kill myself! Life is way too important!"

Bebe, realising how rude she’d been, frowned, "I’m so sorry, Kyle. I never should have thought that but you were so full of despair, I assumed the worst."

Kyle took in a deep breath and calmed down. He then asked the next question that was on his mind, “Is anyone else here? Jimmy, Nichole?”

Bebe frowned a little, “Jimmy and Nichole are here. But, so is Cartman. Everyone but Mimsy, who turned down the deal for some reason. There’s a spider girl who I see sometimes, but I haven’t really talked to her. Kenny hasn’t really said anything apart from that we should stay away from her. I would even before he said that as she gives me a bad vibe. We have to tell Kenny if we see her, and also Nichole as she has a slight phobia of spiders now.”

She then remembered something else, “Oh, and Karen can see us. She’s the only one who can for some reason. Jimmy is staying with her to bring her good fortune. It’s working as she found a small stash of coins the other day. She used it to buy a good meal.”

Kyle remembered the poor McCormick girl. Ike liked to hang out with her a lot along with Tricia. Tricia and Ike liked to act like her body guards. He always found it cute.

“I hope she tells Ike I’m still around. Ike must be really worried about me. I better go see him to make sure he’s okay.”

It was then that they all heard a voice. Bebe jumped in front of the boys and pulled out her scalpel. Stan just growled. Kyle turned to see who it was, but he knew the voice well.

A fat raccoon, with his kimono on the wrong way, stood in front of them, “Well, well, well. The Jew came back after killing himself did he?”

Kyle’s blood burned with rage. Bebe just lifted her blade higher, while Stan got ready to pounce. He would defend both Bebe and Kyle, if need be.

Cartman laughed, “Don’t get your panties in a bunch you two. I’m not here to hurt anyone, there’s no fun in that. I just came to see Kahl as he has only just joined our ranks. Welcome to the afterlife, I’m surprised they let a Jew in.”

Kyle grew angrier, “Shut your fucking mouth, fatass! Stop being insolent to my people!”

Cartman then walked up to Kyle, “Wow, your face is even uglier than Bebe’s!”

Stan held Bebe back at that point to stop her from hurting Cartman. He knew that Cartman would hurt Clyde or Wendy if she did, she’d never forgive herself if that happened. Stan growled however as Cartman insulted his best friend.

Kyle scoffed, “Bebe isn’t ugly at all you fat fuck! You’re the ugly one!”

Without warning, Cartman pulled Bebe’s mask off to show Kyle her scar. Kyle was shocked but he still knew that she was prettier than the anti-semite in front of him. Bebe thrashed in Stan’s arms harder as she tried to aim her weapon at Cartman.

“LET ME AT HIM, STAN!!!”

Stan growled louder as he snatched the mask back.
Kyle came over to Bebe and helped put the mask back on before he turned to Cartman, “What gives you the right to do that, lardass?! You don’t do that to people.”

Cartman’s skin then rippled as his face turned into Kyle’s fox form, only with more wrinkles and horribly putrid eyes. Kyle froze in fear as Cartman spoke through his own mouth.

“This is how you look Kahl. I bet Bebe and Stan are using all their strength to stay near you. Who would want to be friends with this?”

Stan then dropped Bebe and screamed at Cartman, “STOP IT, CARTMAN!”

Cartman sneered at Stan. Bebe stood up and held the blade to Cartman once more.

“Change back before a human sees you.” Her voice was emotionless.

Stan ran to Kyle as Cartman changed back, “Ky, are you okay? Don’t listen to him. You look nothing like that. He’s just being a trickster.”

Kyle however looked into Stan’s eyes and saw his fox reflection. He was disgusted by it and ran back into the forest.

“Don’t follow me Stan! I need to be alone.”

Kyle disappeared from the group’s sight.

Cartman began to laugh, “HAHAHAHA! He actually believed me! That Jew is such an idiot!”

Bebe took a step to the side as Stan turned and leapt at Cartman.

“TAKE THAT BACK YOU FAT SHIT!”

Stan and Cartman got into another brawl.

Teeth and claws ripped and clawed at fur as the two turned into a growling, barking pile.

Bebe just walked off to find Jimmy so he could warn Karen.

In the woods, Kyle sat down and curled into a ball. He shifted into a rock and began crying.

‘I can’t believe that’s how I look! I mean the girls did rate me as the ugliest in the class once, but now I look even worse. I don’t want to push Stan away. I got to do something so he can be around me.’

Kyle felt powerless. He hated how Cartman could affect him so easily.

Kyle shifted back into his spirit form when he caught sight of a strangely shaped piece of wood.

‘Maybe I can make something that will cover my face, like a mask or something… yeah I can carve
Kyle put the wood down and got to work. His dexterous fingers slowly chiselled off small wood flakes, so slowly, a fox shape began to form in the wood that would perfectly fit his face. He messed up one side, however, so the mask only covered half his face.

‘Half is better than none.’

When he was finished, Kyle put the mask on and it fit him perfectly. He then walked back to the village, knowing where he could go to decorate it.

Just like he thought, Wendy was outside in her back garden painting. She was drawing a picture of everyone who had gone missing, like a mural to honour them. Only Cartman and Kyle were absent. Cartman, because Wendy didn't care. And Kyle, as she had yet to find out he disappeared. Wendy, who was in a purple kimono without her yellow hakama bottoms, pulled the brush back to look at her work. Her hair was loose instead of in a ponytail. Kyle guessed she was in a more feminine mood today.

“...The grey needs to be darker for Stan’s kimono.”

While she was distracted, Kyle looked at her paints that were laid out. He then saw the silver and green paints and carefully took them, ‘Sorry Wendy, I’ll return these when I’m done.’

Kyle ran to the woods again and painted his mask all silver before putting green highlights on. Kyle, now proud of his work, put the mask on once more.

He returned the paints before Wendy realised they were missing and then went into the middle of town to find some polished metal to see himself. He saw the humanoid fox stare back at him. The mask covered enough of his face so he was happy. He then moved it up onto the left of his forehead, tying it in place with some twine to stop it from falling off his head.

It was then that he saw Ike.

Ike was crying as he ran from the house. Sheila and Gerald called after him, but Ike was too busy running. Ike then fell down in the village square. No one else was around to see him, so Ike screamed into the sky.

“KKKKYYYYYYYYLLLLLLLEEEEEE!!!!”

Kyle watched as his little brother broke down in a ball and cried. Kyle didn’t know what to do. Then he tried shifting into his old human self and walked over to his brother.

“Ike... I’m here... don’t cry....”

Kyle remembered that Bebe said that humans can see spirits when they transform. Kyle hugged his brother.
Ike looked up but his tears didn’t stop.

"Kyle..... why aren’t you here? Why...."

Kyle pulled back and then tried to shake his brother so he could feel him, yet somehow he could not move Ike how he wanted.

“He can’t see you Kahl.”

Kyle turned to Cartman, “...why...”

Cartman laughed, “I’ll tell you this just so I can see the despair it causes. The only form humans can’t see us in is when we change into our old human selves. I know this as I changed into my old self so I could see my mom. She just stared through me.” Cartman actually looked sad for a second before sneering at Kyle once more.

Kyle let go of Ike and looked at Cartman, “...No, that can’t be true!”

Cartman smiled more darkly, “At least you won’t scare him with your ugly face.”

Kyle shifted back into his fox form and covered his face with the mask. He then ran back into the forest.

Cartman cackled as Kyle ran.

‘Why do his words hurt so much? I know they shouldn’t but they do.’

Kyle sobbed to himself. He had run deep into the forest now. He had decided he’d stay there for a while, until he felt better. He didn’t want to hurt Stan by being around him.

‘I know I only just saw Stan again, but I don’t want to sicken him by being around him.’

He then heard sniffing. Kyle looked up to see Stan with his nose to the ground. Stan looked up and saw Kyle wearing his new mask. He stood back up so his nose was no longer in the dirt. He brushed the soil off it before speaking.

“I’m so glad I found you, dude. I’ve been looking everywhere. You should have seen the fight me and Cartman had. I won, of course. You’re really deep in the forest, man. It made tracking you hard...Ky, are you okay?”

Stan walked over to see Kyle trying to dry his eyes, “I’m fine, dude. Cartman was just annoying me. No need to be worried.”
Kyle bit his lip, an indication Stan knew well.

It was Kyle’s tell when he was lying.

Stan kneeled in front of him and hugged him, “You know you can’t lie to me Ky... What’s wrong?”

Kyle’s eyes became wet again, “Cartman told me how ugly I am, and then I tried to change into my old human form so Ike could see me and it didn’t work. I guess it’s just so much happened the past few hours to me. I can’t take it, Stan. I mean, Ike will never see me and now I look like a freak.”

Stan wrapped his fingers in Kyle’s fiery red curls, his voice was soft and warm, “You will never be a freak, Ky. I mean, look at me! I have a dog tail and a snout.”

Kyle laughed a little, “Your tail is cute, Stan. And you have a cute button nose.”

Kyle then poked Stan’s nose which twitched as he did. Kyle laughed even harder.

Stan hugged Kyle again, “You have two tails, dude! I’m just a dog, you look like a mystic creature. And the mask you made looks great.”

Stan then lifted the mask up so he could see his face, “But I like it more here than covering your face. Fuck Cartman, you look fine. Best fox I’ve ever seen.”

Kyle smiled and hugged his best friend tightly.

“Thanks, Stan.”

“No problem, dude. What are super best friends for? Now, please stop crying.”

Kyle dried his eyes, “Okay. You always make me feel better. Now let’s go back to the village. Do you know the way?”

Stan started to sweat as he looked around, “I was too busy sniffing you out to look at where I was going.”

Kyle looked at Stan with disappointment, “....You really need to pay attention more...”

Stan laughed nervously, “I think you better change into something with wings and get us out of here.”

Kyle sighed as he changed into a bird to fly them home.

“Stan...I love you, dude. But you suck sometimes...”

“Don’t rub in in, Ky.”

Chapter End Notes

Character design for spirit Kyle with mask and Stan hugging Kyle while he's sad: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/175150070094/please-click-for-better-quality-the-character
Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^ (well not this week)
The importance of family

Chapter Notes

Fan art this week, Yay!

This is a cute comic of Kyle and Stan from last week's chapter by chrischin8120 on Tumblr: https://chrischin8120.tumblr.com/post/175200732374/僕は可愛くないのスタン-stan-am-i-ugly-idea-came-from-the

After getting back to the village, Kyle went to find Jimmy.

Jimmy was currently helping Karen with some of her calligraphy. The young girl had to use really watered down ink, making the symbol appear smudgy and causing it to run down the scrap of paper. Jimmy was still being patient with the girl though, giving her advice as best he could.

“N-now the n-n-n-next stroke g-goes down f-f-from the middle, just d-d-do it slowly and I k-k-know you can d-do it.”

Karen slowly stroked the worn brush down and the symbol looked complete. She made a mental note to buy a new one with the money she’d found. Then she hid it in her kimono. That way, her family wouldn’t find it and try and sell it for more of that funny smelling stuff they liked to smoke.

Karen then gently blew the ink so it dried before holding the paper up, “I did it Jimmy!”

Jimmy smiled, “W-well done K-k-karen. I k-knew you c-c-could do it if y-y-you p-put your m-mind to it.”

Kyle called out to the two figures. Jimmy floated in front of Karen to protect her from the stranger, until he realised whose fiery red hair it was.

“K-k-k-kyle! B-b-b-bebe said you’d come back.”

Kyle sighed, “Nice to see you too. Zashiki-Warashi I’m guessing from what she told me?”

Jimmy nodded, “Y-you alw-w-ways were the s-s-smart one in o-our c-c-class.”

Karen walked over to Kyle who leaned down to her.

“Karen, I know you can see me, but my brother can’t. Please make sure he doesn’t do anything stupid. You have my permission to flick him if he does.”

Karen smiled before brushing Kyle’s snout softly. She found his mask on his head to be incredibly beautiful as well as his now amber eyes. She wanted to wear the mask, but had a feeling that the now fox shaped Kyle needed it more than her.

She then answered his request, “Oh course I will, Kyle. Ike, along with Trish, is my closest friend. He may be smart, but he is a very sensitive soul. Trish will flick him for you, she does it anyway when he’s being a pain.”
Kyle smiled before laughing. He had seen the ginger haired girl flick Ike from time to time. He found it to be quite adorable. “Thank you.”

Jimmy floated up to Karen and laughed, “K-karen, I think Kyle is a little emb-b-b-barrassed to have you s-s-stroking him on the n-nose.”

Sure enough, Kyle did look a little uncomfortable.

Karen pulled her hand away, “I’m sorry, Kyle. You’re just so furry, I couldn’t help myself! Your tails are even cuter, very similar to Stan in that area.”

Kyle brushed his nose before standing up, “It’s okay, I am still technically a dog, but I think Stan prefers fuss more.”

Jimmy started to snicker, “Y-you have n-n-n-no idea K-kyle. H-he had to use a-a-a-a-all his w-w-w-will power to s-s-stop from r-rolling on his b-belly when I s-s-scratched his n-neck the other w-w-w- week. Bebe even f-f-f-fangirled at the s-sight.”

Kyle snickered then, “Good to know. I can use that when he’s a d- I mean an idiot.” Kyle censored himself, realising that Jimmy probably wouldn’t want anyone cursing around Karen. She was a bit young for that kind of language, after all.

Then Kyle remembered why he’d come to see Jimmy, “Oh yeah, Jimmy, I need to ask you something.”

Jimmy beamed, “D-d-d-do you need anything e-else K-k-kyle? It d-d-d-does seem like y-you w-w-wanted me for s-s-something too?”

Kyle looked serious, “Where can I find Damien? We’ve all met him, but can he only be reached when you die, or can we go see him?”

Jimmy laughed, “He c-c-comes to the v-village from t-t-t-time to t-time, but you can f-f-f-find him in the mountain. Him and K-k-k-kenny mostly stay there. It’s like they’re p-p-p-planning on s-something, or trying to f-f-f-find s-someone.”

Kyle nodded, “I’ll head to them now then. I need to ask them something serious.”

Jimmy nodded, “H-h-h-hope you get the answer y-y-y-your looking f-for.”

Kyle started to walk to the mountain, while Jimmy went back to helping Karen.

“W-w-what do you w-w-want to w-write now?”

Karen smiled up at the spirit, “The Kanji characters for good fortune as you help me with that so much already!”


Karen laughed as the ghost spun in the air before landing on his finger on the paper.
Kyle was lucky that the path was not hidden for him when he got the mountain’s base. He looked at it with determination as he began his walk. He remembered the last time he’d come this way, Kenny had to push him as he kept ending up upside-down when he floated. Kyle cringed at the memory. This time he’d take it one step at a time to get to the Kishin God. This was a serious matter, after all. No jokes were going to take place.

As he reached the cave that was Damien’s home, Kyle took a gulp and entered. He saw Damien sitting on a different chair to his throne he had been in before. He was sitting across from Kenny who was pointing to something on the stone table between them. It looked a little like a map of the area, just crudely drawn.

“So, I followed the magic trail to the open field once again. I definitely think Leslie is hiding somewhere in that area. Problem is, she’s created from the same magic I was so tracking her is really difficult. Sometimes mistake the signature for my own. I mean, it is the purest power you ever gave anyone. She’s had a lot of time to master that magic and I’m guessing she’s made a dimension pocket like this mountain, only way more protected with traps and webs and anything else in-between. Plus, as a Kumo Yōkai, she has the natural ability to hide from us in said webs.”

Damien growled, “Well at least we’ve narrowed her location down. We almost had her once but she changed location and slipped through our fingers, that crafty spider bitch. Let’s get her this time before she does it again! I’m counting on you to not screw up.”

Kenny faked being upset, “Oh Damien, when have I ever screwed up?”

Damien narrowed his eyes in boredom, “You got stuck in a tree just last week you idiot!”

Kenny hugged himself and made a lewd face, “I can’t help it that there was a really hot boy in a blue chullo hat walking along the street.” He started to make moaning sounds just to make Damien uncomfortable.

Damien face palmed, “Stop lusting over all the people in the village. Why are you so horny all the time...”

Kenny stopped making the sounds before he flashed a grin at Damien, “I promise nothing, and I’m like that because that’s just who I am. Come on, you know I wouldn’t be the same without it.”

“Just find Leslie...”

Kenny’s face went serious once more, “That bitch won’t get away again.”

Kenny then saw Kyle out of the corner of his eye. His face instantly changed from serious to a cheeky grin.

“Oh hey Kyle! Something we can do for you?”

Damien’s red serpent eyes flicked over to Kyle briefly, before he stood and returned to his throne. He looked both annoyed and a little bored.

Kyle breathed calmly, “I need to ask Damien something.”

Damien was intrigued so he waved his hand to signal for Kyle to state his question.

Kyle began, “Why when I changed into my old human self could my brother not see me? Kenny
said humans can see me when I’m in a different form, yet they could not see me in that instance, are my powers not working or something?”

Damien sighed, “It’s an ancient spell that... someone I knew cast centuries ago. It’s so the families of the dead can cope with their grief. If they could see you, they’d never be able to. It could damage their minds. The same when any human learns of our existence. People like Karen are fine as they learned when they were a baby. If people see spirit activity it could drive them insane.”

Kyle was mad, “What do you mean!”

Damien continued, “Some magic can be used to make a spirit visible, or if enough magic is in the land to begin with. But when a spirit gets powerful enough, even if they don’t have the natural ability like you and the fat one, they can make humans see them. This happened with Bebe when she died. If a human sees something linked to the spirit plane they can see spirits permanently, but that can warp their mind if they aren’t careful. If they see something out of the corner of their eyes, spirit magic will hide it and the human brain will just dismiss it as their eyes playing tricks on them. So in short, you could hurt your brother if he sees you as family members are extra susceptible to this.”

Kyle understood, but he was still angry, “What gave this someone the right to make that spell! They’re selfish!”

Damien, tired of Kyle’s outburst, called Kenny over, “Take him back to the village. If he yells much more I will do something I will regret. Unlike you, he doesn’t have the power to survive such outbursts. Look for Leslie while you’re out again.”

Kenny nodded and linked arms with Kyle and pulled him with him, “Come on Kyle! Let’s go admire some of the sexy human girls!”

As they left, Damien sighed in exasperation before laughing a little.

“He’s so horny, and stupid...”

Kyle had calmed a little but he was still miffed.

“Dude, I don’t want to look at girls.”

Kenny laughed, “I know, I just knew saying that would make Damien laugh and call me stupid or something. It’s one of the few ways I know that will calm him down a little. He’s kinda like my brother. And at the same time my dad. He did give me a second uncursed life, after all.”

Kyle raised an eyebrow, “You died too?”

Kenny laughed, “It’s more complicated than that.”

Kenny looked full of wisdom then, “I did used to be human, but I didn’t die to become a spirit. I did die all the time though.”
Kyle looked more confused so Kenny continued, “I was a cursed human a hundred years ago. I couldn’t die. I experienced death, but I always woke up back in my bed. My friends never remembered me dying, even if they saw me die right in front of them. I was the last fragment of magic in the village when Damien woke up. He found me and offered me a deal to never feel that pain again by being a Shinigami. I took this deal and since then I’ve helped him bring back magic. In reality all I wanted was to help others so their souls could be at peace. Seeing them in pain and not being able to pass on just reminded me of how I used to be.”

Kyle nodded in understanding, “I think I get it, but why are you telling me this?”

Kenny turned to Kyle and hugged him, “Because at least you can still see your family, and your family loves you with all their hearts. Mine didn’t care about me when I was alive. They left me alone in the house for days at a time with no food. We couldn’t afford it. It was dirty and always had maggots trying to eat the wood. When they were home, they were drunk or high and just hit me. So many times I wanted to run away. But I knew if I died, I’d just end up back where I started. In that hell hole.”

Kenny’s words reminded Kyle of Karen. He soon put the pieces together.

He pulled back from Kenny’s embrace, “Wait Kenny, were you a McCormick when you were alive?”

“Ding ding ding, we have a winner. Yes, I am in fact Karen’s ancestor. I guess magic runs in our family as she can see us. I watch over her so she doesn’t have the same fate as me. I’ve done it with all the McCormick children. Kevin may be a drug dealer now, but I still want to protect him, he’s just doing what he has to do to get out of here. Jimmy helps since I am busy a lot trying to do my job. What I’m saying is that you can do the same for Ike, he will need a guardian to make sure he stays on the right path. You can even change into things to make sure he stays safe, I’m a little jealous.”

Kyle felt like such a child for his outburst of anger, “Kenny, I’m sorry. I was being selfish and didn’t realise how important this all was. That spell to make sure our families can grieve is very important. I want to help Ike but not cause him pain. Damien must think I’m really ungrateful.”

Kenny chuckled, “It’s okay. Mr. Edgelord is too serious anyway, so it’s always fun when his mask breaks. You were just hurting. As long as you do the right thing now, that’s what important.”

He then leaned into Kyle’s ear, “But you still may want to get that fat fuck back for what he said to you. I saw what he did to you and I think he could do with being taken down a peg or two.”

The boys grinned darkly at each other. Kyle spoke in a mischievous tone.

“Oh I plan too. Just you wait, I’m going to put my powers to good use. I’m going to give him a taste of his own medicine. It’s going to be risky, but I have an idea of what to do.”

Kenny chuckled back, rubbing his hands together, “This will be good.”

Chapter End Notes

Two scene redraws that have Kenny, Damien, Kyle, Jimmy and Karen in them can be found here: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/175385440984/please-click-for-
better-quality-two-scene

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
New fan art this week. Tumblr user Grymmeoir got a request for Nichole from this AU! I was sooooo happy someone liked her so much to request her to one of my favourite artists. They did get a little confused and just did Nichole in a kimono, but the art is so cute I just had to share it with you all: http://grymmeoir.tumblr.com/post/175402664667/if-your-doing-requests-still-coud-i-ask-for-sp

Next is a piece done by Ifanclover. I have shown this already, but Token is in this chapter so I thought I'd share it again: http://ifanclover.tumblr.com/post/173406091986/i-realized-ive-never-posted-any-of-the-art-i-drew

Token slowly opened his eyes.

He sat up from his bed and stretched his limbs after another night of peaceful dreams and sleep. Recently, he’d had a lot of peaceful dreams, which made him happy as it started the day off well. He kicked off his futon cover before getting out to make his bed. He then picked up his red kimono and stood in front of his polished mirror. He was the only one in the village to have his own one in his room as he was the only one rich enough to have one. He grabbed his purple obi and began to tie it so his kimono wouldn’t come undone, making sure he had the correct side on top.

Token then turned to his bedroom door, sliding it open with ease before descending two floors to the dining room. He found his mother already up and his bowl of rice and prawn tempura had already made and sitting on the table for him. Token kneeled down and began to eat.

“Thanks for the food.”

The rice was exquisite as normal and the prawns were cooked to perfection with the perfect crispy batter. He smiled to himself as he finished his food and got ready to head off.

“Thanks for the food mom. I’m just going to meet Craig and the guys for a bit. Maybe I’ll go for a walk too, I’ll see how I feel. I’ll be back soon.”

Before his mother could answer, Token had already slipped on his shoes and was out the door, making his way to the village square.
After a small jog down two streets, Token saw the familiar colour of Craig’s blue chullo hat. His blue kimono and yellow obi and Clyde’s perfectly styled hair he spent far too much time on. As well as his red kimono and blue obi in the distance.

Craig saw him first and waved him over. Clyde then ran towards him and gave him a hug. Token was embarrassed but didn’t push the brunette off.

“Hey Clyde, nice to see you too.”

Clyde was pulled off by Craig. He was apathetic as normal when he asked, “Clyde, you see Token and me every day, I don’t understand why you have to hug us whenever you see us.”

Clyde just grinned at Craig, “I’m just showing you guys how much you mean to me. You guys are practically family to me.”

Token smiled sadly, remembering Clyde’s mom, before he then looked around for the one person who was still absent. It was weirdly quiet without him.

“Where’s Tweek? I thought he was joining us today?”

Craig’s face changed emotion as he looked towards the Tweak family tea hut. He glared intensely at it before flipping it off.

“Tweek can’t come today. His dad at the last second when I was helping with his obi before we headed out the door forced him to stay home to perform another tea ceremony. I’m still mad that he didn’t let him go to Jimmy’s house to say goodbye and that they make him work for BARELY ANY MONEY! Who does that?!?”

Token turned to Clyde and the two shared a knowing look. They were well aware of how the raven haired boy felt for the blond boy, but they had decided to not bring it up and let the two boys work it out for themselves.

Clyde still couldn’t let the opportunity pass, though.

“Is our little Craigypoo sad that little Tweekypie can’t hang out with him today?”

Craig turned to the brunette boy and flipped him off. He blushed slightly as he spoke, “Tweek is just a really close friend Clyde!”

Token sighed, ‘Now that’s clearly a lie. Those two are so in to each other everyone already knows how they feel. Everyone except the two of them... God they’re so oblivious.’

Clyde put his hand to his chest and faked a sad voice, “I am so hurt, Craig. I thought I was your best friend?”

Craig flipped Clyde off again, face returning to its normal emotionless stare, “No, you’re just a pain in my ass.”

Clyde still continued to cry as he hugged Craig, “Thank you so much Craig! I love you!”

Craig kicked Clyde off, “I love you too, but get off of me, I don’t want you runny nose to make me
have to wash my kimono again.”

Token laughed, “But don’t you enjoy doing laundry?”

Craig then flipped Token off, “Yeah, but I still don’t want to do it every day!”

Clyde got off of Craig and rubbed his shin, “You kick far too hard Craig!”

Craig just shrugged, “Don’t hug me and I won’t have to.”

Clyde then smiled, “I bet you wouldn’t do it if it was Tweek who wanted to hug you.”

He then got another kick to the other shin for that one.

Token sighed again, “Please stop fighting you two.”

Craig then looked at Token, concern flashed over his face, “I’ve been meaning to ask you this for a while now, but are you doing okay? With Jimmy passing and all these disappearances, you must be stressed. I mean especially with Nichole missing. I’m surprised you managed to stay as calm as you have. I mean, I’ve never seen a love so pure.”

Token looked up at Craig in confusion, “I’m fine, Craig. Yes, I’m sad she’s gone. But it’s not like I had any dreams to spend the rest of my life with her. I did care for her, but it’s not like I really loved her with all my heart. It was just a crush that would never work in the end. I cried when she disappeared like I did with everyone else, except Cartman, but I’m going to keep moving forward with my life. I will miss her though, she was the nicest of all the girls.”

Craig and Clyde became quite concerned. They recalled all the times Token had talked about getting a house with Nichole. All the times they’d helped him get the perfect gift and the times they’d let Nichole join their sleepovers, because Token had wanted to spend more time with her.

Clyde grabbed Token’s hand, “Dude, you’re scaring me. You’ve never acted this way when it’s come to Nichole. Are you really okay? Or are you just faking being happy to stop yourself from breaking down.”

Token let go of Clyde, “I’m fine, Clyde. I just.... I think I need to walk by myself for a bit. My head is hurting. I’ll catch up with you guys later.”

As Token walked away Clyde tried to follow him, but was stopped by Craig, “Let’s give him some space. He needs to work some stuff out. We did the same for you when Bebe first disappeared. We’ll go after him if he isn’t back in a few hours. We don’t want him to do something stupid.”

Clyde felt a pang of pain as Bebe name was mentioned. He still really missed her, and now Stan and Kyle were also gone. He didn’t hang out with them all the time, but he still liked talking with them on occasion. All these disappearances and deaths were bringing up lots of bad memories for Clyde. He didn’t want to go back to the state he was when he lost his mother.

“Craig..... Do you think our village is cursed?”

Craig put his arm around Clyde’s shoulders to try and calm him a little, trying his best to comfort him, but still being awkward as he wasn’t the best at dealing with such situations.

“I honestly don’t know. I really hope not.”

Clyde managed to keep the tears in as he spoke to Craig again, “I still really miss her, Craig. I
really did like her. I’m doing my best to hang in there, but every time I think of her my heart hurts.”

Craig patted Clyde, trying his best to stop Clyde from crying again. He really wanted to help, but had trouble showing it, “You really did care about her. I’m... I’m here for you if you need to talk to someone. I know I don’t show it all the time, but I really do want to make sure you’re okay. You, Tweek, Token, you guys mean a lot to me. I...I hate it when you guys are in pain.”

Clyde hugged Craig, and this time he didn’t get shoved off.

“Thanks, Craig.”

Craig patted Clyde again, “It’s fine. Now come on. Let’s go get some tea while we wait for Token.”

Clyde dried his eyes and smiled, “Sure, you can also oogle Tweek while he works.”

Craig flipped him off as they headed to the tea house.

Before they entered, Clyde thought to himself, ‘That book better come soon. I know I can make this better with it.’

Token sighed as he made his way along the mountain path him and the rest of his friends walked along when they wanted to see the view over their home. They’d never reached the top as they could never find the trail to it no matter how hard they looked. As Token walked along the familiar path, he tried to think what was wrong with him.

‘I feel like I’m forgetting something important. I can’t put my finger on it but I know it was important. Come on Token you can work this out. What is this gap I have?!’

Token continued to walk. The path seemed rather different today, though Token did not know why. As he went round the corner, he decided to head back and meet up with Craig and Clyde again. He just wanted to forget why his memory had been so scattered and just have a nice day with his friends.

As he started his decent, he heard it.

The faint sound of rock crumbling.

Token looked and saw they were falling from the path above.

At first it was just tiny debris, but the rocks slowly got bigger.

Token started to run. He knew the path could get weak when it had rained and then dried, but it had never been this bad before.

The rocks were falling everywhere, some were even following him down the sloping path. He
jumped against the wall to avoid the rocks. He then looked up and saw a figure. He couldn’t make out who it was as the largest rock he’d seen then began to fall where he was. Token focused on that instead of the figure.

Token tried to run, but he was a fraction of a second too late. He felt pain for a second before he blacked out.

The figure started to laugh, pushing its glasses back up its nose as it did.

“Leslie will be pleased. Now to leave before that fake death god gets here.”

Token opened his eyes and saw only darkness. He started to panic as he tried to move but couldn’t.

“Hang on, I’ll pull you out.”

Token didn’t recognise the voice but he felt a hand grab his own. It pulled him and then he saw light again. Token was currently half in a rock, half out of it. He looked up to see a blond boy pulling with all his strength, a scythe was under his arm. Token was surprised by the red tattoos on the boy’s face and arms, but more focused on using his other arm to help pull himself out. He managed to heave himself out with the boy’s help and fell on the floor.

“Phew, that was difficult to do. I’ve never rescued a soul from solid rock before. I’m glad I’m a spirit as I might have gotten a hernia or something.”

Token looked at the figure, “Thank you, but I gotta ask, who and what are you?”

The figure stood up and brushed the dirt off its cloak before grabbing the scythe once more.

“Token Black, my name is Kenny and I am a Shinigami. I am here to help your soul pass on. Sorry if I hurt you from pulling you out of that rock, but I need you to come with me and I’ll take you to the place where your soul may move on.”

Kenny began to swing his scythe down but realised how close they were to the mountain cave already.

“Wow, I don’t have to open a portal this time. That’s useful for me, I don’t have to use magic. Just follow me, I going to show you something you’ve probably never seen before.”

As they walked down the path, Token noticed a new path he’d never seen before, “How is this possible?! Me and Craig have looked all over for a path that lead to the top and never found it!”

Kenny smiled, “The boy in the blue chullo hat right? Yeah, you never found it because only spirits can see it.”

Token was scared but didn’t show it, ‘I don’t want to be dead, but I guess I just didn’t avoid that rock in time.’

Token then saw the top of the mountain and a small cave in the side.
“We’re going in there?”

Kenny nodded, “Yep, don’t be scared at what you see. Try to stay open minded.”

Token then saw a figure sitting in a stone throne. It’s legs were draped over the left arm while it’s arms were draped over the right arm. It looked up at the ceiling in boredom. Gold horns were sticking out it’s black hair and gold gauntlet like hands grazed the floor.

“I feel tired yet I can’t sleep. I am so bored of trying to find that bitch every day. I want to do something!”

Kenny laughed at the figure, “Come on, you’d be sad if you went to sleep and couldn’t see my beautiful face every day. Just go out more. You don’t have to be this antisocial all the time.”

The figure turned to Kenny and Token and sighed as it sat up.

“Now that is something you don’t see every day” Token said as he looked at the creature before him.

The creature sighed and began to say what seemed like a speech he’d memorised. “My name is Damien. I am the God of this mountain and protector of your village. You have been brought here as this place is linked to the next plane of existence. First, you have a choice to make. You can either pass on or you can be brought back as a spirit. You will have an ability if you come back, and no one but your fellow spirits will be able to see you. Also, you will have to forfeit your humanity.”

Token felt a little sorry for Damien. He looked so bored.

“Are you okay? You really don’t seem happy.”

Damien sighed yet again, “I’ve had a rough few days. A raccoon spirit has been causing nothing but trouble and I still haven’t found that bitch yet. I want to sleep, but surprise! I’m a God so I don’t really sleep like normal humans do. I just don’t know what to do.”

Kenny sighed, “Go and talk to the other spirits you dumbass. You’re being such a downer, no girl is going to want you if you act like this all the time.”

Damien glared at Kenny, “I’m a God, I don’t need to appeal to any human or spirit.”

Token cleared his throat, “I hate to be a bother but you said that I have to make a choice?”

Damien nodded, “What do you want to do?”

Token though for a moment, ‘I guessing some of the people who died and went missing took this deal. I do still have this gap in my memory I want to sort out. Plus, this God looks like he could do with a friend. I wonder if I could help in any way.’

Token made up his mind, “I’ll accept this deal, but in return, I want you to come to the village and spend time with me and whoever else came back. Being alone will only make you more depressed. I may not know a lot about you, but I think you seem like a nice guy. You shouldn’t keep yourself away, you need to see what this world has to offer.”

Token smiled kindly at the God.

Kenny grinned, “Come on Damien, this guy is being really nice to you. You do need to get out
there and enjoy your immortal life. I know you’re normally happier than this, you need to socialise with more than just me.”

Damien sighed, “Fine. If it will get you all off my back. I don’t know a lot about the humans anyway so it could be fun to study them.”

Kenny laughed, “Thank the Gods, he’s finally stopped being a lazy fuck!”

Damien face palmed, “I am a God you idiot!”

Kenny just flashed him a cheeky grin

Damien’s eyes glowed and he gathered power in his hands, “Very well. Token Black, with the powers that rest in this mountain, I hereby make you into a spirit.”

Damien then fired the energy toward Token. Token just laughed as the energy ball hit him. He found Damien to be an interesting God after all.

As Token opened his eyes, he felt a heavy weight on him. He punched into it and it cracked in half. He sat up and looked at himself.

He had grown by about three feet. He now had massive muscles and claws. His kimono had all but ripped apart and his sandals and socks were gone as his new feet were huge claws. He reached up to his face and felt that his lower canines were sticking out, making him look quite scary. He also felt two small horns poking out of his forehead.

Then he heard a very cheeky voice from behind him.

“Wow, I guess it is true what they say about black men and their dicks.”

Token looked at Kenny before looking down at himself to see that his kimono had ripped so much that his waist was uncovered. He scrambled to cover himself with the remaining fabric scraps before standing up.

“Kenny, please don’t ever talk about my dick again.”

Kenny pulled a devious grin, “But I’m only saying the truth. Anyway, I’m here to tell you what you are anyway.”

Token was curious so he nodded for Kenny to explain.

“You are an Oni, an ogre demon you now have superior strength, as you can see, you can now crush rocks with your bare hands.”

Token looked at his hands and saw how different they were.

Kenny then picked up some more ripped fabric and passed it to Token, “Head to the village, I
know someone can help make something with that cloth. Also, I’ll get the grumpy ass to come see you soon. He needs to get out more anyway.”

As Kenny disappeared, Token remembered the one person who could sew anything.

“BEBE!”

Token started to jog, being careful that the fabric didn’t slip.

As Token reached the village, he saw Bebe immediately.

“Bebe!”

Bebe turned and looked at Token with horror. She was about to scream when Token spoke again.

“It’s Token! Don’t be scared.”

Bebe closed her mouth and walked over to him attentively.

“.... Token....what happened to you?”

Token sighed, “I was crushed by a rock. I made a deal with Damien and woke up as an Oni. Now my Kimono is all ripped and I don’t know what to do as if I let this go.... I’ll flash everyone.”

Bebe pulled her thread out.

“You still have the obi right?”

Token grabbed the end of it and showed her.

She smiled under her mask, “Good, I can fashion a loin cloth sort of thing out of the remains and you can tie it around your waist with the obi.”

Bebe then whistled and Jimmy floated to her from around the corner.

“W-w-w-what do you n-need B-b-bebe?”

Jimmy spotted Token and smiled at him, “H-heyyy bro! G-g-g-oood to s-see you. S-shame you d-d-d-died, but th-th-that’s been h-h-h-happening a lot r-recently.”

Bebe then turned to the ghost, “I need you to go get Nichole or Karen. I need one of them to bring some bandages or something so I can cover Token up while I sew him some bottoms.”

Jimmy nodded and floated away.

Token was confused as Karen was still alive, not dead.

Bebe turned to Token and saw his confused face, “Karen can see us by the way. Jimmy looks after
her so he might know if Karen has some bandages on her. She does have to use them sometimes when she can’t find string to tie her kimono.” Token nodded in understanding.

In no time at all, Jimmy had returned with Nichole who was holding a large amount of bandages she’d taken from Shelly Marsh.

Nichole froze when she saw who was with Bebe.

“T...Token? Is that you?”

Token smiled, “Oh hey Nichole. It’s nice to see you again.”

Nichole was fighting back the tears, “I....It’s nice to see you too.”

Nichole passed Bebe the bandages.

‘I failed.... I didn’t protect him and now he’s dead. And now I’ve eaten his dream, he doesn’t remember how much he cared for me. I know how selfish it was of me, but now he can see me again, and I can’t even tell him how I feel. He won’t return my feelings. I’m scum...’

Bebe saw Nichole’s face and whispered to her, “Don’t blame yourself. You couldn’t know this would happen. You’ll just have to make him fall in love with you again.”

Bebe then put the bandages over Token’s lower half and took the fabric away and began to sew.

“Give me a few, I’ll have this done in no time!”

In twenty minutes, she had made a long rectangle that was similar to the bottom of a kimono. It would cover his lower half and would be tied in place with the obi. She’d even added belt loops so the obi wouldn’t slip. She passed the article of clothing to Token, who put it on. Going behind a bush and turning away from the girls as he dropped the bandages. When he had secured it firmly, he turned back around.

“It looks good Bebe. Thank you so much.”

Bebe wrapped her thread back up, “No problem, I’ll take the bandages back now. They probably need to be used for something else.”

But Token picked them up and tied them around his bare chest.

“It’s okay. I don’t want to show my bare chest off too much, especially with Karen able to see us. I’d feel out of place compared to everyone else.”

The girls raised their eyebrows in confusion but understood.

Nichole then walked away as Bebe checked the cloth for any threads that were being plucked from being pulled apart too much.
She walked back to the flower field she now called home... The last place she’d been happy with Token.

‘Token....I am so sorry....If anyone can hear me...Please I beg of you.... let him remember....I know it’s selfish....but I really miss him. Please....’

Nichole broke down crying, hating herself for failing to protect the one she loved not once.... but twice.

Chapter End Notes

Character designs of human Craig, Clyde and Token as well as spirit Token can be found here: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/175618666399/please-click-for-better-quality-character

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
A 100 year old umbrella

Chapter Notes

New fan art!

A sad but sweet picture of Nichole from the last chapter by Shinoko-arts. I love this little picture and it makes me feel really sad for Nichole. Well done for making such an emotive piece:https://shinoko-arts.tumblr.com/post/175622187934/a-litte-drawing-i-did-for-the-newest-chapter-of

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was dusty in the Burch house storage room. Nothing had been moved in years. Some stuff hadn’t been touch in a century.

It was dark.

Quiet.

Still.

Not even a bug moved.

It was in this small room, that a small change happened.

A flicker of energy.

A splash of magic.

A wave of the old magic that was almost gone.

An old umbrella was wrapped in the magic.

It floated for a second above the other old relics in the long abandoned room.

Suddenly, the umbrella opened its new eye.

“... Ti... Timmy?”

The energy dropped it to the floor without warning, surprising the umbrella.

The umbrella was surprised it now had a mouth, it looked around and somehow lifted itself back up off the floor. It looked at its old handle to see one human leg. The umbrella fell over in shock.

“Timmy?!”

The umbrella hopped around in confusion. It had never been alive before. A few minutes ago it was just a normal item. It felt something warm inside itself... did it have a soul? That was impossible, but it had consciousness and feeling alive was new.

It looked around the dusty room and saw a paper door. Not having any hands, the umbrella used its
tip to rip the paper and hop into the house. It looked at the hole and felt bad, but it had to keep moving.

The house was less dusty here, but it still felt inhabited. It looked around the small house, but no other living thing was around.

The umbrella wanted to find other living things so it followed the distant voices of people outside and broke another paper door.

It was greeted by the sun.

It made its way down the road.

Stan yawned as he walked along the street of the village. He wasn’t used to not sleeping thanks to being dead, but he was slowly adjusting. Still as a dog, sometimes he just wanted to curl into a ball and just rest in the shade.

He suddenly saw a ball roll out from around the corner. Before he could stop himself, he leapt at the small object and started to try and bite it, covering it in drool. He then realised what he’d done and stood up, blushing bright red.

‘Please tell me no one saw that... Kyle will never let me forget that if he saw me.’

“Timmy!”

Stan was startled by the noise and barked as he jumped round, ears pointed back in defence. He saw a small umbrella with a human leg and a bright green eye. Its tongue stuck out at him. Stan calmed down as his ears shifted back to normal.

Stan lowered to the umbrella’s level and spoke to it.

“Kyle? Is that you? That’s a strange form to be in, but you got me, now please change back.”

A paw then rested on Stan’s shoulder. Stan looked up to see the now familiar fox face of his best friend. His mask was on which distressed Stan.

‘You don’t need that Ky...’

Kyle then lifted Stan up before speaking, “That isn’t me, but I did see what happened with that ball just now.”

Stan blushed in embarrassment, “How did you know about that? I thought no one was around.”

Kyle turned round to reveal his kimono covered with drool, “Because I WAS the ball Stan! I was trying to solve the problem some kids were having as Cartman was the ball they were playing with and then disappeared when they started playing. I wanted to help them finish their game.”
Stan began to panic as Kyle started to glare at him, “Okay Kyle, I’m really sorry. I don’t know what came over me. I have trouble fighting my natural instincts at the moment. They’re pretty strong as Sparky’s soul likes to play around sometimes. Please, don’t bite me.”

Kyle sighed before scratching his best friend’s neck, “It’s okay, Stan. Just please help me get this off. I don’t want to have to clean it in a river or something.”

Stan began to pant in happiness as Kyle got the spot that had been annoying him all day. He managed to still stay composed and not fall on the floor though. Kyle was a little annoyed at this, but thought nothing more of it. He really wanted to tease Stan but he’d settle for this for now.

Kyle then looked at the umbrella again, “Now what is this thing? Could it be Cartman? HEY, CHANGE BACK YOU FATASS!”

The umbrella, which had been still watching the two spirits talk, got scared then and began to hop away. It passed the raccoon Cartman, who looked at it in confusion before looking at Kyle and Stan.

“What’s that thing? Did Bebe knit something and it came to life? It’s fucking ugly whatever it is.”

Kyle was shocked to see that the umbrella wasn’t Cartman. Kyle, who normally had all the answers, just stood there as his brain tried to work out what he was seeing. Stan, using this chance of Kyle standing still, then quickly wiped the drool off Kyle before Cartman saw and said something that would put Kyle in a bad mood.

Stan looked at the umbrella once more, ‘And I thought I’d seen everything after I died.’

The small umbrella continued to hop down the road. It was scared that it had been yelled at. It had just wanted to make friends with the dog and the fox, and the fox had screamed at him. That raccoon had also said mean stuff about him. Was he a him? He felt like a him.

The umbrella, confused about what he was, continued to hop down the road. He saw more people, but they ignored him, walking past him like he wasn’t even there. He just wanted to talk with someone. Anyone.

A single tear came out of his eye. All he wanted was friends.

He then saw someone floating next to a small girl. The girl was looking at him with wide eyes and a huge smile.

The floating person came over to the umbrella and looked at him.

“W-w-well hey there. W-w-who are y-you?”

The umbrella was happy to be talked to and tried to respond, the tears had stopped flowing by this point.
“TIMMY!”

The floating figure smiled, “Timmy. W-well nice t-t-t-to meet y-you. I’m Jimmy. O-o-our names
are p-p-p-pretty similar.”

The floating figure then pointed at the girl, “And t-that’s Karen. S-s-s-she can see s-spirits like y-
you and me. Do y-you want to h-h-h-hang w-with us?”

Timmy smiled at Jimmy and hopped up and down, “TIMMY! Tim Tim Timmy.”

Jimmy realised that the small umbrella couldn’t say anything else, so he just smiled and lead him
to Karen.

“K-karen, t-t-t-this is T-timmy. He can’t s-s-say much, but I t-t-t-think he wants t-to b-be friends.”
Timmy bowed as best he could to Karen before falling over. Karen laughed, helping him back up.

“It’s nice to meet you Timmy. I hope we can be good friends.”

Timmy stuck his tongue out, “Timmy.”

Jimmy then grinned, “Hey T-tim, want to h-h-hear a joke?”

Timmy hopped up and down again while Karen nodded too.

“W-w-w-when does a d-detective carry an u-u-umbrella? When he’s under c-c-c-c-c-cover!”

Timmy was still for a second before he fell over again from laughing. Karen giggled before helping
the poor spirit up once more.

“W-w-what a t-terrific audience!”

Karen then turned to Timmy, “I don’t know anyone who was alive called Timmy who lived here.
Do you have a place to stay?”

Timmy lowered his head and frowned, “...Timmy...”

Karen hugged the poor spirit, “Well, if you want, you can stay with me.”

Jimmy immediately got worried, “K-k-k-karen, are y-you sure? W-we don’t really k-k-know this
little guy.”

understand that feeling better than anyone. After my brother Kevin left I had lost my protector. I
know guardian spirit protected me, but if it wasn’t for you I’d still be alone. He deserves a chance,
Jimmy.”

Timmy leapt into the small girls arms and smiled, “TIMMY! TIMMY!”

Karen smiled, “Come on, Jimmy. Let’s show this little guy around.”

Jimmy sighed before he smiled. He floated beside Karen and kept his eye on Timmy.

Timmy just smiled at Jimmy, happy to have met people that were kind to him.
“Hey, do you know what that is?”

Token looked at the small umbrella with an eye in Karen’s arms. He looked back at Damien for his answer.

Damien looked at the spirit in his Shinigami’s descendant’s arms, thinking for a second before replying.

“I think it’s a Kasa-obake, the umbrella spirit. They can be created or come to be through the process of Tsukumogami, the power that an item gains a soul 100 years after they were first made. I knew one a long time ago…... He said m’kay a lot.”

Damien closed his eyes and listened to the wind. Token heard nothing but Damien opened his eyes, “His soul is only a few hours old but he looks really old. I’m guessing he came to be through Tsukumogami then. Interesting to know. He wasn’t mistreated as an umbrella as I sense no vengeful energy in him. As long as he doesn’t cause trouble I think he’ll be alright to stay with the girl. I’ll tell Kenny later though, he always wants to make sure that girl is safe.”

Token smiled, “I see that magic is definitely returning if that happened. You must be happy.”

Damien looked at Token with a hint of annoyance, but he sighed, “Yeah, I’m happy. Just don’t tell the horny one that though. I’ll never hear the end of it.”

Token laughed, “Kenny would be happy to know you’re happy. I just think he likes to tease you cause you react to him.”

Damien sighed, “Well as long as he finds that bitch I’ll be happy.”

Token raised an eyebrow, “Bitch? Are you talking about Bebe or Nichole, because that’s really mean of you to call them that. They’re my friends and are incredibly sweet, they don't deserve to be called that.”

Damien immediately stammered, “Oh no, they’re really kind. I hate what happened to them and am glad that I could help them come back and find some joy. It’s someone else, but you don’t need to worry about it. If you guys get involved you’ll only put yourselves in danger. Kenny can handle it.”

Token looked concerned, “Are …we in danger Damien?”

Damien shook his head, his red eyes looked calm, “It’s okay. She poses no threat to us. She…. she just likes to cause trouble for me. Just make sure the little girl…. Karen?... stays away from her. Kenny would never forgive me if I let anything happen to her.”

Token dropped the subject, but made a mental note to talk to Kenny when he had a chance.

Damien walked towards Jimmy and Karen, “Come on, let’s go see that new spirit. You did say I need to get out more after all.”

Token was impressed Damien had bothered to take him up on his offer at all, but the God was still
a mystery to him. He couldn't wait to see what being his friend would entail.

Chapter End Notes

Character designs of spirit Timmy and a scene redraw with Karen and Timmy can be found here: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/175858700584/please-click-for-better-quality-character-design

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
Never mess with a fox!

Chapter Notes

Really sorry that this chapter is late, but I badly hurt my head yesterday and thought staring at a bright computer screen wouldn't be the best idea.

Also no new fan art this week.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Disclaimer: A little warning, the following chapter has Kyle and Cartman interactions which may be uncomfortable for readers (there are some kyman related jokes in this chapter after all). HOWEVER, Kyle is only giving Cartman a taste of his own medicine from when he keeps flirting with the dads to get them to cheat on their wives. THEY ARE NOT A SHIP IN THIS FIC. THEY HAVE NO ROMANTIC FEELINGS FOR EACHOTHER, ONLY HATE. But I do want to say that I don’t condemn people for their ships, feel free to ship who you want.

This chapter doesn’t contain any huge plot points so you can skip it if you want. I want my readers to be comfortable after all :)

Final thing, NEXT WEEK WILL BE THE FIRST CHAPTER IN THE CREEK CHARACTER ARC!

Thank you for reading and I hope you have a good day <3

“.hehehehehe... I’m a genius.”

Kyle laughed to himself as he looked at the plan before him. Stan and Bebe looked over his shoulders and sniggered along with him.

Stan, after he had recovered, then looked concerned.

“Ky, as much as I love this plan, are you sure you want to do this? Cartman is going to retaliate, and you do have to get awfully close to him for this to work. I mean really close....”

Kyle laughed again, “Dude, it will be worth it to see his face. He’ll turn bright red in embarrassment and it will be awesome! I am just giving him a taste of his own medicine for flirting with our dads as a woman, the bastard has it coming. Besides, if things go wrong I have you to bail me out. Just remember, my two tails appearing means come get me out of there.”
Stan nodded.

Kyle then turned to Bebe, “Thank you for helping me by the way. I don’t know how to act or look like a girl, so your input is vital for this plan to work. Plus, out of all of us, Cartman has been the second meanest to you by taking your mask all the time, you deserve to help in this plan.”

Bebe laughed, “I’m glad I can help, although I do have same concern as Stan. What if you don’t shift back in time or Cartman doesn’t act the way you think?”

Kyle sweated, “Let’s hope that doesn’t happen, just remember the signal, Stan. Right, let’s get preparations sorted!”

Kyle’s skin rippled and he turned into a female version of his human self. His red hair stuck out in all directions.

Bebe looked at him all over and raised an eyebrow. He still looked like Kyle and his nose didn’t look quite right for his face now.

Bebe laughed, “Okay, Kyle, he’s going to know it’s you just from the hair, also your nose just doesn't look right for your face shape, could you make it a little smaller? For the hair, maybe try making it a different colour and style. How about…. straight, brunette and in a ponytail?”

Kyle nodded and in an instant his hair and nose had changed. Bebe nodded in satisfaction.

“That’s good. Now you need to give yourself some make up. You need to look like the other prostitute girls so you need to have white powder on.”

Kyle sighed and concentrated again. Once again his appearance changed and he was starting to look more like a girl. Bebe bowed her head in happiness.

“Yep looks better. Now, you need to change your kimono colour, change the sides it's over so it shows you're alive and have the obi undo from the front. We need this to look perfect after all.”

Kyle made his kimono switch sides before making it pink and his obi white. He then manually swiveled the obi round to save on magic. He looked at Bebe again for her verdict.

Bebe tilted her head while she thought. “I think a fan will make the look complete. But I don’t have one”

Kyle smiled, “Hand me a leaf and I’ll try something. I believe kitsune powers should work on it if what I’ve read is true.”

Stan pulled one off the tree next to him and passed it too him. Kyle concentrated and the leaf turned into a fan. Kyle covered his face and then spoke as girly as he could.

“How do I look like a prostitute?”

Bebe nodded, “Perfect! Cartman won’t be able to tell it's you.”

Stan laughed, “Dude, you look so fucking ridiculous.”

He then turned to Bebe, “I gotta ask, how do you know what a prostitute looks like?”

Bebe sighed, “My mom had a talk with me when I was younger when I put my obi bow at the front instead of the back. She taught me to never dress like one of those girls.”
Stan nodded in understanding before looking at Kyle again. Kyle was practicing his voice more by saying a few tongue twisters. Stan just fell to the floor in laughter, he couldn't hold it in any longer.

Kyle glared at his best friend. He spoke in his girly voice with a hint of annoyance, “Stan, are you going to help or am I going to have to scratch you with my claws!”

Stan had to stifle his laughter and managed to regain his composure, “I’m sorry dude. Cartman has no idea what he’s in for.”

Kyle smiled, “Right, you two get into your positions. Bebe, you get everyone. We want him to never forget this after all.”

Kyle looked at the Tweak tea house and saw the familiar trickster dressed as a businessman. He had used his magic to change his kimono colour and had fake tea powder made from grass ready to give to the Tweak family as a new tea to sell.

Kyle took a deep breath and walked out from the building he was hiding behind. Kyle looked around to see a familiar dog shape in the bushes near the forest edge. He winked at Stan who gave him a thumbs up. He then saw Bebe who had Kenny, Token, Nichole, Jimmy and even Damien behind her in the forest. Bebe whispered the plan to Kenny and he gave Kyle a thumbs up along with a shit eating grin.

The plan had started.

Kyle walked over to Cartman and did his best to sound girly.

“Excuse me sir, do you know where I can find a place to stay for the night? I am new here and I need to find a place to do my... nightly business in peace.”

Cartman looked at Kyle with unfeeling eyes. Kyle held his breath as he hoped Cartman wouldn’t see through him.

Cartman, then walked over to the disguised Kyle and smiled, “Well I don’t know about a place to stay, but I do know I can help you with you nightly business. What do you say? How much an hour?”

Kyle could see Stan and everyone stifling their laughter again. Kyle used his fan to cover his mouth more.

“I think I can give you a good deal.”

Cartman then leaned closer to Kyle, “How about a kiss on the house? Just to see you're worth my time? I don't want to waste my cash on bad service.”

Kyle smirked behind the fan, ‘He’s going to wish he hadn’t said that!’

Kyle laughed sweetly, “Of course, just close your eyes.”
Cartman smirked before doing so.

Kyle dropped the fan which turned back into a leaf. He then shifted back to his spirit form. He lifted his claw and slashed Cartman across the lips.

In shock, Cartman shifted back to his spirit form and looked at Kyle. His snout had the same cut that was on his lips before. He was fairly certain that it was going to scar.

Kyle smiled darkly before screaming, “THAT IS FOR FLIRTING WITH OUR PARENTS AND TRYING TO GET THEM TO CHEAT ON THEIR WIVES YOU SICK FAT FUCK!!”

Cartman turned red in fury, “Kahl!!!! You sneaky Jew! Well at least no one saw. No one is going to believe you if you tell them. I will deny everything.”

Kyle smile became more dark, “... oh, do you really think that no one saw.”

Kyle then whistled and every one stepped out from the bushes.

Cartman then went red in embarrassment.

Kyle grinned, “AND THAT IS PAY BACK FOR CALLING ME UGLY AND MAKING OUR NEW LIVES A NIGHTMARE!!”

Stan walked up and stopped next to Kyle, giving him a high five. Stan then turned to Cartman, growling slightly as he did.

“We are never going to let you forget this Cartman.”

Cartman then screamed in fury and went to scratch Kyle in the eye in a blind rage.

However, he suddenly felt like his body was on fire and fell to the floor.

All the spirits turned to Damien, who has a hand in the air. He lowered it after a few seconds and Cartman started to gasp for air.

Damien’s voice was full of authority, “I brought you back for you to repent. I only let Kyle do this as you caused trouble for spirits and humans alike. You can’t try and kill him without incurring my wrath, raccoon boy. I AM A KISHIN GOD AND YOU WILL BEHAVE!”

Cartman sat up and through gritted teeth spoke to the God, “Yes. I understand.”

Cartman stood up and walked off into the forest. He glared at Kyle just before he walked away, touching his bleeding snout as he did.

‘This isn't over Jew rat... Not by a long shot...’

Kyle turned to everyone after Cartman left, “Thank you for coming and helping with my plan. I know Cartman will probably retaliate, but with all the trouble he’s caused he had this coming. I don’t want any of our living friends, our families or our friend's families ruined by his schemes. Damien, I also want to thank you for stopping him from hurting me and also to apologies for my behaviour when I came to see you a few weeks ago.”

Damien smiled, “Kyle, it's fine. Kenny explained why you felt that way and I calmed down. Let me know if that raccoon does anything again and I will punish him. But make sure you have evidence, I can’t waste magic after all.”
Kyle and the spirits nodded.

Kenny then sniggered, “Who wants to celebrate at the mountain! I’ll make the red rice!”

Damien faced palmed again, “We don’t eat you idiot!”

Kenny gave him a cheeky grin before running back to his and Damien’s home, “I don’t see your point! Last one there has to clean up!”

The spirits all ran after Kenny.

Damien sighed before following, “Don’t break my stone furniture!”

(Note: Traditional Japanese prostitutes are NOT the same as Geisha. They look similar but are VERY different)

Chapter End Notes

Character designs of Kyle's disguise and Cartman's scar can be found here: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/176138124554/please-click-for-better-quality-character-design

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
Sorry this is late, sun tried to kill me.

Here’s the new art ^_^  
First we have a really nice picture of craig by infinitewinderword which I will be using as my icon on tumblr for a bit  
https://infinitewinderword.tumblr.com/post/172007357251/i-saw-this-and-thought-whynot  
Next we have this art by panicanxiety which shows how beautiful craigs wings are. I hope you like it: https://panicanxiety.tumblr.com/post/173618146940/raigs-gang-for-my-japanese-folklore-au  
Also, if you have time, please check out my sweet Creek one shot I wrote on Monday ^_^ Its my idea of Craig helping Tweek study for a test. It's just some good old fluff mostly (rated Teen): https://archiveofourown.org/works/15406653  

‘....Go talk to him! Come on, yes you have a crush on him, but he’s also one of your best friends. Just say hi and be cool about it. Don’t be an asshole or an idiot.’

Craig looked over at Tweek as he made some tea for himself, finally getting a break from the drama that was working for his dad.

Craig couldn’t help but smile as he watched him. Tweek just seemed perfect to him. Yes he had his quirks, but to Craig, that only added to his character and made him more unique. Tweek was kind and caring, but could also handle himself in a fight, Craig admired that.

Tweek continued mixing his tea powder. He twitched as he did so, almost spilling the green liquid everywhere. Tweek sighed as he continued to sit in the uncomfortable seiza position, hating how much it hurt his legs, especially when he twitched.

Craig glared at the tea, annoyed that Tweek was drinking from the batch laced with opium again.

Craig has come to learn of the secret ingredient in the Tweak Bro’s tea by accident. Craig had been helping Tweek get the delivery one day as Tweek had been having a panic attack. To make sure his friend was okay, he joined him in collecting his delivery and had found Kevin McCormick at the location Tweek said they had to go. Craig knew what Kevin did thanks to overhearing his mother talk about him. He almost ran to the tea hut to punch Richard Tweak for doing such a thing to his son, but he had been sworn to secrecy by Tweek. His friend insisted if his dad found out, he’d be sold into slavery. Craig had wanted to punch Richard Tweak even harder in the face after hearing that.

Tweek lifted his cup and began to drink. Craig snapped out of his thoughts and started to walk over to him. His legs shook slightly as he did.

Tweek saw him walking over and smiled warmly, waving him over. Craig slipped off his shoes
and sat next to Tweek on the raised step of the shop.

Craig tried to hide his blush and spoke first, “Hey Tweek. You, er, doing okay?”

Tweek took another sip before turning to Craig, “I’m *nugh* good. My legs really hurt from sitting like this though.”

Craig smiled sadly, “You don’t have to sit that way around me, I don’t care if it isn’t correct for a tea ceremony. It’s better for you to be comfortable.”

Tweek smiled, as he adjusted his position and sighed in relief when he was no longer sitting on his legs.

“Thank you, Craig. My legs need to relax for a bit. Would you like some tea too?”

Craig’s eyes seemed to light up slightly, he tried to smile but thought Tweek would find it weird so he just nodded.

“As long as it’s the drug free batch.”

Tweek nodded, “I would never give you that stuff. I don’t want you to be a spazz like me.”

Craig felt his heart sting so he put his hands on Tweek’s shoulders, “Tweek, you aren’t a spazz. Don’t listen to your dad when he calls you that. I would never lie to you so you know it’s the truth.”

Tweek’s cheeks turned a little pink as he listened to Craig’s words. They always calmed him when he felt down.

‘*Craig, you always know what to say to make me feel better. I wish I could tell you how much those words mean to me. I wish I had more courage.*’

Tweek then turned as he grabbed a new bag of powder and began to make the tea for Craig. Craig was in awe at the grace Tweek had when he made it, it was like a sort of dance when he mixed the powder with the water.

As Tweek finished, he picked the cup up and presented it to Craig, “I.. I hope you like it.”

Craig took the cup and took a sip from it. It tasted bitter, but also had a sweet side to it. Craig lowered the cup and looked at Tweek again. His eyes were so soft it made Tweek’s heart flip in his chest again.

“It’s delicious, Tweek. What type is this one? It tastes different from the plain green tea you normally give me.”

Tweek turned a little red, “It’s sakura blossom green tea. It cost me a lot, but I wanted to try it at least once.”

Craig eye’s widened, “Tweek if you spent so much why did you waste some on me? You should have kept it all for yourself, you get so little from your job as it is.”

Tweek scratched his head, “You always check on me and hang out with me, and I wanted to share it with you. I wanted it to be a thank you for always being there and calming me when I have a panic attack. No one else in this place would if it wasn’t for you.”

Craig heart then flipped in his chest as his cheeks flushed a light crimson, “Glad I can, er, be there
for you.”

The boys were both silent as they couldn’t look at each other in the eyes, they both could feel the heat in their hearts though.

Craig’s mind began to race, ‘Right! You can do this! Just tell him how you feel! I’m going to go crazy if I don’t tell him!’

Tweek’s brain was also working overtime, ‘Come on! You know he’s hot, you daydream about it enough already! Just tell him how you feel! I just want to kiss those lips and….. NO NO NO, impure thought! Don’t think that! Breathe!…. Okay... suppressed it.... Now just ask him what he thinks of you! DO IT!’

Both boys looked up at the same time. Craig took a deep breath, “Tweek do you.... want to......want me to make some tea for you?”

Craig mentality hit himself, ‘Nice going idiot...’

Tweek’s smile was bright as he looked at Craig, “Sure, if you really want to.”

“Hey, asshole cousin Craig!”

Both boys lost their train of thought as they turned to see Red Tucker run toward them.

Craig glared that she was wearing the midnight blue kimono and purple obi he wanted. It looked like space and she knew that he loved that. So she got it before he could, wearing it all the time just to annoy him.

Red grabbed Craig’s arm and began to pull him, “Sorry Tweek, but I need to borrow him. You don’t mind do you?”

Tweek looked at Craig before sighing, “Yeah, Red. I don’t gahh mind...”

Red beamed at Tweek, “Thanks. I’ll bring him back soon.”

The Tucker teens then walked off.

Tweek looked into his tea again, ‘Who am I kidding? Craig will never go for a broken person like me. I have more mental issues than anyone here. Plus I’m a guy, Craig obviously only sees me as a friend and nothing else. I just want these feelings to go... I just love him so much it hurts.’

Tweek drank the rest of his tea in one gulp, trying to drown his sorrows in the green liquid.

“Look Craig, I’ve watched you crush on that boy for seven years now. Just tell the guy how you feel. I’m sure he’ll accept you.”

Red looked at the depressed look on Craig’s face and couldn’t help feeling both sad and annoyed at
her cousin.

Craig just glared and flipped her off, “It’s none of your fucking business, Red. Besides, can you keep it down?! I don’t want you to tell the entire village if you don’t mind!”

Red turned her attention to back where she was walking along the mountain path, looking for any sign of Token. It had been the last place he said he was going to be when he disappeared.

She sighed as she looked at her cousin again before flipping him off, “Don’t test me! If you’re worried what uncle Thomas will think you shouldn’t! It’s your life and he can’t dictate who you have sex with.”

Craig pulled his hat over his eyes, “Jesus Red! I want to ask him out because I like him, not to fuck him! Did you really have to bring that up?!”

Red smiled deviously, “... Are you thinking about it now?”

Craig used both hands to flip her off, trying to keep the graphic pictures out of his mind.

Red smiled and tried to imitate Tweek’s voice, “Oh Craig, I love you so much. Please fuck me and put your—“

“SHUT UP, RED!”

Red smiled in victory as she saw Craig’s face, ears, neck and shoulders had turned bright red.

“Come on, I was just teasing. Now let’s keep looking for Token. Tricia is up ahead already so let’s find her.”

Craig took a few deep breaths to clear his mind and returned to his normal apathetic demeanour. He wanted to find any sign of his friend after all.

Craig thought about Token, ‘This village.... it really is cursed isn’t it.... All my friends are disappearing or dying and it hurts. What if Clyde is next? Or worse, Tweek? I want to stop it before it hurts more of my friends and worse, my family. If something happened to Tricia I’d never forgive myself. If something happened to Red...... I’d be a little sad..... okay a lot sad, but she’s still a pain.’

It was then that Craig saw Tricia ahead. He recognized her from her light blue kimono and white obi.

Craig couldn’t help but wonder, ‘Why do all the Tucker kids wear different shades of blue when it comes to our kimonos....’

Craig and Tricia flipped each other off, the normal greeting for the siblings.

Tricia smiled, “Sup, dick.”

Craig smiled back, “Fine, bitch.”

Red sighed and rolled her eyes, “My cousins everyone.”

As Tricia started to walk over, Craig felt something weird beneath his feet. Red felt it too.

Both of them looked down and saw the path cracking beneath them.
Both of them called out to Tricia.

“STOP! DON’T COME CLOSER!!!!”

The path crumbled underneath Red and she began to fall.

Craig didn’t even think, he instinctively grabbed Red’s hand. She was panicking and looking at Craig in the eyes.

“Craig, please don’t drop me!”

Craig was using all his strength to try and get his cousin up, “I won’t! I may be an asshole sometimes but I won’t let you die.”

Tricia yelled over to them, “Guys, what can I do to help?” Her voice was full of panic.

Craig yelled back, “Don’t move, we don’t know how weak the path is. We don’t want to risk all our lives.”

As Red got her hand back on the ledge, the path broke again, this time under Craig as well.

Craig tried to grab the path but it crumbled before he could.

Tricia stared in horror.

“CRAIG!!! RED!!!”

Craig saw the trees of the forest getting closer. Doing the only thing he can think of, he pulled Red into a hug and flipped them so he would hit the ground first.

Red began to cry, “What are you doing?!”

Craig smiled, “Doing one good thing for you.”

Craig closed his eyes as he hit the ground.

The pain was intense for a second before he lost consciousness.”

Red’s ribs broke as they hit the ground, they poked out from her skin, producing large amounts of blood.

Red looked at Craig and saw the blood coming out of his head. She was having trouble breathing, but she hugged her cousin tightly.

“You did.... a lot of .... good things.... you dork....I’m...sorry..I..was..a..bi..tch....to..y..ou...”

Red saw the blood coming out of her own chest and lost the fight to stay conscious herself.
Both Tuckers awoke at the same time. Craig looked at Red and saw the blood all over her. He then felt the back of his head and found a hole where a rock had hit him. He felt something squish and realised it was his brain. He started to panic.

“Are we dead?”

Red sighed, “Judging by the blood I think so.”

Craig felt fear as he turned to the village, not caring he was floating, “I gotta make sure Tweek is okay!”

“I can’t let you do that Craig Tucker.”

Red and Craig turned to see a figure with a scythe and a long black cloak with black wings poking out. Red tattoo’s covered his face and his messy blonde hair stuck out.

The figure looked sad, “Oh.. the hot boy in the chullo hat died... that sucks.”

Craig flipped him off, “Fuck you, I like someone else.”

The figure smirked, “The twitchy blond boy right? I’m aware.”

Craig flushed in embarrassment.

The figure smiled and addressed both of the Tucker teens, “Craig and Red Tucker, my name is Kenny and I am a Shinigami. I am here to help your souls pass on. Please, come with me and I’ll take you to the place where your souls may move on.”

Kenny didn’t swing his scythe as they were close to the mountain base already.

“Follow me you two, just float and you’ll be good.”

Red and Craig looked at each other before following after the Shinigami.

Red and Craig entered the cave at the top of the mountain and came before the most terrifying creature they’d ever seen before. Red gulped nervously while Craig flipped it off.

The creature’s eyes glowed red in annoyance, “Careful who you flip off boy...”

The creature walked toward them, “My name is Damien. I am the God of this mountain and protector of your village. You both have been brought here as this place is linked to the next plane of existence. First, you both have a choice to make.”

Red and Craig looked at each other before nodding.

Red spoke, “What is this deal we have?”

Damien cleared his throat, “You can either pass on or you can be brought back as a spirit. You will
have an ability if you come back, and no one but your fellow spirits will be able to see you. Also, you will have to forfeit your humanity. I have no idea if you two will be the same or different spirits, two people have never died at the same time.”

Red laughed, “If Craig comes back as a toilet shit spirit I would find that hysterical.”

Craig flipped her off, “Fuck you, Red.”

Craig then spoke seriously to Red, “I’m going back to protect Tweek. What about you?”

Red rolled her eyes, “What about your fucking sister?”

Craig was silent for a second, “Yes.... her too.”

Red face-palmed, “You have a one track mind, seriously man. Damien, I’m coming back too. I need to look after Tricia and also look out for this idiot.”

Craig flipped her off again, “I can look after myself. I don’t need you. Besides I gave my life to try and save you. I don’t have a one track mind.”

Red then sighed and hugged Craig, “I know, and I’m sorry. I know that you love Tweek, but don’t forget about everyone else in your life. Okay?”

Craig then realised something bad. There was one person that didn’t deal with death well at all, “Oh crap! Clyde is going to really do something dumb now only Tweek is left of our gang. Red we need to go now!”

Red eye’s widened, “Oh shit! Clyde is bad with loss! We can’t let him hurt himself in despair! Damien let’s go!”

Craig nodded and turned to Damien and spoke, “We accept your deal horny God. We need to take care of our love ones.”

Damien sighed and his eyes glowed as he gathered power in his hands, “Very well. Red Tucker, Craig Tucker, with the powers that rest in this mountain, I hereby make you into a spirits.”

Damien then fired the energy toward the Tucker teens. They looked at each other. Then both flipped the energy ball off.

Red smiled as she thought, ‘Tricia will probably be with Tweek now. He’s probably going to break down. I got to keep Craig away for a bit.’

Craig on the other hand was panicking, ‘Clyde... Tweek... Tricia.... please let them all be okay.’

When they opened their eyes again, Red was in Craig’s arms. She immediately got off and saw her cousin now had a black beak and huge black wings. Craig saw that Red also had a beak and wings.
They both said the same thing at the same time, “You look fucking ridiculous.”

Kenny appeared once more, “Hey you two. Looks like you’re both Tengu spirits.”

Red laughed, “I always liked them in the books I read.”

Craig laughed, “You read books, you’re such a geek.”

Red glared, “Oh yeah, do you even know what a Tengu is?”

Craig shrugged.

Kenny laughed, “Allow me to explain Craig my boy. A Tengu is the crow spirit. They can fly across the sea if they have enough magic. They can also hide their beaks if they wish. Some high level ones can create tornadoes. You can also turn into crows completely if you so wish. Humans can see you in that form however.”

Craig immediately turned into crow. Red tried to stop him, “Craig! We got to check on Clyde and Tricia first! Don’t go to Tweek yet.”

Craig took off, “You can’t stop me Red! I need to make sure he’s okay!”

Red called after him but he was gone.

Kenny came over her, “He really does care for that Tweek guy, doesn’t he?”

Red smiled sadly, “He does. He just can’t find the courage to tell him his feelings.”

Red flapped her wings, “I got to check on Clyde. Even though he’s Craig’s friend, he’s fragile. I need to keep an eye on him.”

Kenny watched as the Tengu left.

He then turned.

All the joy and happiness was gone from his face.

Only hatred remained.

“Leslie..... I know you did something to that path. I will find you today!”

---

Craig landed in the grass of the Tweak tea house. Tweek was still drinking his tea.

“Find your rahl centre Tweek. Breathe.”

Craig could only smile as he saw Tweek doing his best to keep calm.

It was then that he saw Tricia. She was covered in dirt and blood.
Craig cawed and Tweek looked up. He saw the crow and then Tricia. Forgetting his shoes, Tweek ran to her.

“TRICIA!!! OH GOD, ARE YOU OKAY?”

Tears streamed down her face and she fell into Tweek’s arms.

“Tweek...Craig and Red...They fell...I couldn’t do anything...I ...I.I couldn’t save them.”

Tweek’s blood froze.

“Tricia are they....”

Tricia nodded, “There was blood everywhere.”

Tweek’s eyes began to fill with tears.

“No...no no no no no.......They can’t be...”

Tweek turned to his house and just ran. Pulling Tricia with him.

Craig flew after them.

As they entered Tweek’s room, Craig landed by the open paper window and looked in.

Tricia watched as Tweek fell to the floor and curled into a ball. The tears wouldn’t stop as he shut down.

Crow Craig began to cry and flew away. He didn’t want to see Tweek like this. He didn’t want to see Tweek crying over him.

Tricia saw the crow fly away and shut the window.

She turned back to Tweek and hugged him. She winced in pain from her wounds, but she didn’t care.

“Tweek. I’m sorry you had to hear this. I hate that it happened.”

Tweek sat up and hugged her again, “Tricia... I never got to tell him how I feel..... for seven years I’ve loved him.... and now I’ll never be able to tell him..... Tricia.... how am I going to keep living...”

Tricia hugged Tweek and her tears fell on him, “I know you loved him, Tweek......and I don’t know how, Tweek.... He’s my brother.... He...he was always there for me....I...I don’t know what to do anymore...... this whole village is cursed.... why don’t the adults care!”

Tweek tried to form a response, but the pain in his chest hurt too badly....
Red saw crow Craig fly away and grabbed him, “What are you doing?! We got to find Tricia and Clyde you fuckwit!”

Craig turned back into his spirit form and broke down crying in her arms, “I hurt Tweek and Tricia.... I...I hurt them so bad and I feel the worst I’ve ever felt. They’re my family and I hurt them.”

Red let go of her anger and just hugged her cousin.

“I know you hurt. I’m guessing Tricia told Tweek.”

Craig nodded as Red landed on the ground.

Red tried her best to comfort him.

Craig had never felt such pain in his heart.

“I vow Red... I vow I will protect him and Tricia from our fate.”

Red hugged him, “I know you will, Craig... I’ll help too... come on.. let’s make sure Clyde is okay..”

Craig kept crying, but he nodded.

Chapter End Notes

Character designs of human Red, Craig, Tweek and Tricia as well as spirit Red and Craig can be found here:
https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/176352313944/please-click-for-better-quality-character-design

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
I will bring you all back!

Chapter Notes

Sorry this is soooooo late, but my week has been insane! But it has been epic too!

New fan art is a small creek comic by Chrischin8120 on tumblr. I cried when I saw it! Please take a look at it: https://chrischin8120.tumblr.com/post/176391976689/the-latest-chapter-of-mystic-little-mountain-town

Also if you want to be cheered up after last weeks chapter, please read this little creek one shot I wrote. They're gods in this one:
https://archiveofourown.org/works/15497448

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I CAN’T TAKE IT ANYMORE!”

Clyde screamed as he slammed his fists against the wall of his room.

‘Why is this happening? Everything was fine until Jimmy died. Now all I feel is pain. Everyone I care about one by one is being taken away for me! I just want them back... Jimmy, Bebe, Nichole, Token, Craig... all I have left is Tweek and my dad... and Tweek hasn’t left his house since he found out about Craig. At least my dad has been more comforting than his.... who tells their child to just get over it and keep working? When the person they love the most goes away... That crow was right to scratch his eye.’

Clyde then heard a knock on his door, “Clyde. It’s your dad. That book you ordered is here.”

Clyde smiled as he ran toward the door and opened it. He saw the book he had ordered at the bookshop in its package.

“Thanks dad! This will help me feel better!”

Mr Donovan looked at his son with concern, “Son, do you want to tell me anything... is that book for something?”

Clyde laughed, “Dad, no. It’s just something that mom used to read to me when I was sad. I lost the original copy and wanted to get a new one.”

Mr Donovan looked at Clyde sceptically, but left his son’s room.

Clyde turned away from the door and ripped open the packaging to see the book.

“The book of resurrection.... with this I will bring everyone back..... even mom.... I will be the master of the dead.. the dark lord! Hahahahaha!”

Craig, in his crow form, looked at Clyde through his open window.

‘Shit.... he’s lost it... he’s totally fucking lost it.... I gotta warn Kenny and Bebe.’
That night, Clyde escaped into the cemetery where all the graves of the missing and dead were. Clyde had brought incense and the book with him, as well as a few candles. He placed the candles on the gravestones of each of his friends. Finally, he placed a candle on his own mother’s grave.

Clyde lit the incense sticks and placed them all around him, along with a circle of ash. He opened the book to a random page and began to chant in the ancient language as best he could.

“I calleth upon thy souls and magics of old. I summon thee to grant mine will. Bring back what was stolen and returneth it to this plane. Mine candles shall be thy conduits for many a lost soul. I bringth them back to their home!”

The power began to swirl around him and shake the air.

Purple mist wrapped around him and formed a ball in front of him. It murmured to him. Clyde couldn’t hear it.

“What, can you repeat that?”

“I SAID SIT DOWN AND SHUT UP.”

Clyde immediately sat down.

The purple mist looked around. Clyde then started talking again.

“Errr, are you here to grant my request?”

The mist got right in his face then.

“What DID YOU SAY?!”

Clyde swallowed, “I asked if you are granting my request.”

The mist was calm for a second, “Oh, okay then.”

The mist looked around at the candles. It seemed to turn black as it came back over to Clyde.

“You ARE NOT WORTHY! THE POWER YOU REQUEST IS TOO MUCH FOR SOMEONE SO INEXPERIENCED.”

Clyde grew mad then, “I summoned you so you will do as I say! I am the Dark Lord! I order you to bring my friends and family back!”

The mist was still for a second.

“DO YOU WANT AN OFFICE REFERRAL?!”

Clyde was very confused, “...what?”
The mist turned red and its voice changed into something demonic.

“Then DIE!”

The mist entered his mouth and started to do something to him. Clyde felt himself floating in the air and unable to move. His eyes began to roll back and he cried tears of blood. He felt like he was boiling.

Clyde lost consciousness a second later.

Just before he did though, he swore he saw Bebe trying to cross the circle of ash to get to him, but she seemed to be hitting an invisible barrier.

Her eyes were wide in despair and Clyde wondered why she had a surgical mask over her face.

Some time later, Clyde opened his eyes again and took a deep breath. He still hurt all over.

Clyde saw that everything had been blown out. The book itself was just a pile of ash within the ash circle. Clyde carefully stood up, but felt his flesh tear as he tried. Falling back to the floor, he looked at his ankle, the bone was sticking out, and his flesh was oozing brown blood. Clyde panicked as he saw the flesh trying to decay in front of his eyes.

Clyde started to cry, “No no no no no... This wasn’t meant to happen!”

Clyde saw a figure walk in front of him. Its black bone wings and red tattoos immediately gave Clyde a dreadful feeling. The figure’s eyes looked sad, however.

“Clyde Donovan, my name is Kenny and I am a Shinigami. I am here to help you, the magic you summoned turned against you and if we don’t hurry, you will turn into ash and your soul will be gone forever. Please, come with me and maybe we can save you.”

Kenny then turned and yelled, “KYLE! I NEED YOUR HELP!”

At once, Clyde saw another figure running toward them. It had Kyle’s distinctive hair, but its face was that of a fox.

The fox Kyle turned to Clyde, seeing his decayed ankle, “Fuck dude! That is disgusting! I don’t want to see that!”

Kenny looked serious, however. His eyes told Kyle that, for once, this was no laughing matter, “Kyle, turn into a cart now! We don’t have time to argue, this is a serious situation. I’ll open a portal right into Damien’s lair. We don’t have time to walk the mountain path.”

As Kyle shifted, Kenny concentrated very hard. As he swung his scythe, he screamed. The portal was right near Damien, who jumped in surprise. The portal was trying to close, but Damien willed it to stay open.
Kenny then carefully placed Clyde on the cart and wheeled him through the portal.

Once through, Kenny collapsed in exhaustion.

Damien lifted Kenny and placed him on his throne to get his breath back. Kenny dropped his scythe, and it disappeared.

Damien then turned to Clyde who was still on the cart.

“Human... You have to be the most stupid being ever to not see what you did was dumb. Thank God Craig told me, Kenny, and Bebe what was happening. Giving us enough time to get to you before your soul was taken. You are not trained in the art of necromancy! I understand that you had good intentions, but to try and do that... you are both brave and idiotic.”

Clyde tried to sit up, but the bones in his arms snapped.

Damien sighed and walked over to him, “Clyde... I would normally be able to restore you completely but, as I don’t possess enough magic, I only have one choice. I can stop the decaying, but it will turn you into a Kyonshii, a Japanese hopping zombie. I can’t undo the damage you have done to your body, but I can save your soul and at least heal the bones you’ve snapped. The choice is yours.”

Clyde nodded weakly, “Pl...ple...please...”

Damien nodded and placed his hand on Clyde’s head. Clyde felt cold thanks to his metal hands, but suddenly, he felt warmth come out of them and it sent the burning pain away. Clyde sighed in relief.

Damien removed his hand and spoke calmly again, “The spell isn’t in full effect yet. You need to be buried for that to work. The natural energy in the soil will complete your transformation. I am sorry but there is no other way.”

Clyde smiled, “You did your best. You, Craig, Kenny, Kyle and... Bebe.”

Tears streamed down his face as he mentioned her name.

‘To think, she was watching over me this whole time...’

A black crow then landed on the cart before turning into Craig. He scowled at Clyde.

“You have to be the most idiotic person I know, Donovan.”

Clyde winced.

Craig then sighed, “But what you tried to do for us was.... kind. Next time though, don’t put yourself in harm’s way.... Dark Lord.”

Clyde laughed, “Oh god, you heard that.”

Kyle groaned loudly, still in the form of a cart, “Can you guys please hurry up, Clyde isn’t exactly light here!”

Craig pecked Kyle for that one, “Butt out Broflovski.”

Damien turned back to Kenny who had recovered from forcing a portal through the mountain barrier.
He helped Kenny up, “Can you and Craig take Clyde back to the village by flying him. He needs to be buried now, after all. Before the spell wears off.”

Kenny nodded before turning to Craig, “Come on, bird boy. We got to help your best friend. Think you can lift his legs for us?”

Craig sighed, “Sure, as long as he doesn’t squirm for once.”

Clyde sulked, “I don’t squirm.”

Craig flipped him off, “Keep telling yourself that.”

As Kenny and Craig lifted Clyde up, Kyle finally shifted back, stretching his spine as he did.

“You’re welcome!”

Craig flipped the fox off as he and Kenny took off.

As Kenny and Craig carefully placed Clyde down in front of his house, Kenny spoke to Clyde.

“Right. You got to stay completely still now. Your dad has to find you and bury you. If you move, he’ll think you’re alive and it won’t work. Can you do that?”

Clyde faked being dead and didn’t answer.

Kenny smirked, “Perfect. Now Craig, caw as loud as you can.”

Craig flipped Kenny off, “I am not doing that!”

Kenny got serious again, “... do you want him to die.... do you want his soul to get destroyed because you couldn’t swallow your pride. Well, Fucker?”

Craig sighed, “Alright, but don’t you fucking tease me about this.”

Kenny nodded in seriousness, “I wouldn’t joke about a situation like this.”

Craig shifted into a crow and took in a deep breath.

“CAW CAW CAWWWWW.”

Mr Donovan immediately lit a small oil lamp and looked out the window. He saw a crow fly away and his son’s body. He ran down the stairs and opened the door, not caring he was barefoot.

“My son.... my precious son.... why did this happen... I should have stopped you the minute I saw that book... but I wanted you to come clean with me... be honest.... oh Clyde.... you really were too kind to deal with what’s been going on....if only I had been there for you more... I should... I should have taken less shifts at the shop....spent more time with you.... I’m sorry....I will bury you next to
your mother....that way you can at least be with one of us....I’m so sorry....”

Mr Donovan lifted his son up and began to walk to the cemetery.

After digging the hole where his son would rest, Mr Donovan took some rope and tied it around his son’s ankles.

‘In case that book makes you into an undead creature, I need to make sure you won’t hurt anyone. I am sorry Clyde, but I can’t let you hurt anyone.’

Clyde was then carefully placed inside the hole. Mr Donovan gave his son one last hug before taking the shovel and slowly burying his son in the earth. Clyde waited until the dirt covered his face to let silent tears fall across his cheeks.

‘I’m so sorry dad...I should have told you how I was feeling instead of bottling it up in front of you. I just didn’t want to put you through any more pain...Mom’s passing almost destroyed us both, I didn’t want to bring that pain back.... you were the kind one... you always took care of me, and I took you for granted. You did spend time with me, I just ran off with my friends too much.... I’m the one sorry for everything I put you through.’

Then, Clyde lost consciousness again and the spell took hold.

Clyde awoke to the sound of dirt moving. He tried to help, but said dirt was pinning his arms.

He waited as the scrambling got louder.

He then saw light as he saw the sun again. He saw dirty hands continue to unearth him. When his vision had adjusted, he looked at who was unearthing him.

It was Bebe.

She smiled at him as she continued with her bare hands to remove the dirt.

Clyde sat up and helped her.

As they removed the last of the dirt, Clyde stood up and looked at Bebe.

“You came for me.”
Bebe blushed, “Well, Kenny told me that you were here so I-“

Clyde cut her off, “No I mean when I was doing the spell. I saw you trying to get into the ash circle and save me! Bebe, why would you do that for me?”

Bebe began to weep, her tears soaked her mask, “Clyde, I did it because I really care about you! All this time I’ve been looking out for you and protecting you. I brought wood for making shoes and when you were crying I tried to hug you. I know you couldn’t see me, but I wanted to.”

Clyde stroked Bebe cheek, “Bebe, you didn’t have to do all that for me. I’m just the son of a shoe maker. Why me out of everyone?”

Bebe touched the lightning bolt design she had sewed into Clyde’s kimono the day she had lost her life.

She looked up into his eyes, “Because Clyde, you sweet idiot, I love you.”

Clyde’s eyes began to moisten, “You love me...”

Bebe then put a hand to her mask, “I know though that you could never love me back with how I look now. I mean...I have this horrible scar.”

Clyde took a deep breath in, “Bebe... I have always loved you too.”

Clyde then carefully put his hand round Bebe’s face, “Can I see what’s under here? Let me decide on what I think.”

Bebe was still for a moment before she nodded.

Clyde carefully removed the mask and looked at Bebe’s uncovered face.

He smiled sweetly, “You still look as beautiful as you always do.”

Bebe’s eyes produced more tears, “Clyde...”

Clyde then hugged Bebe close to his chest, “Besides, it doesn’t matter how you look, it’s your soul that I love the most. You’re kind, caring. And you always have passion in everything you do. How could anyone not love that.”

Bebe hugged Clyde tightly, never wanting to let go.

Clyde pulled back and kissed the top of her forehead.

Bebe blushed.

Clyde then felt something drop off.

Both Bebe and him looked down to see that his hand had come off his arm.

Bebe laughed, “Kenny said something about that.”

Clyde looked at her quizzically, “What did he tell you?”

“He said to tell you this: as a Kyonshii, you can no longer feel pain when you get stabbed or when your limbs fall off, this will happen a lot. You will have to hop everywhere thanks to the string your dad put round your ankles.”
Clyde laughed, “Wow, I don’t know what I’m going to do if I fall apart all the time.”

Bebe smiled as she picked up his hand and revealed some thread, “You won’t have to do anything as long as I’m here.”

She then expectedly sewed Clyde’s hand back on.

Clyde smiled, “You always were the smart one.”

Bebe then pulled Clyde in for a kiss. She was gentle as she still couldn't believe Clyde loved her back. She was determined to take this slow, but she also wanted to show Clyde how much she cared for him.

As she pulled away, she smiled, “And you always have the biggest heart.”

Clyde then smiled, “Hey, don’t Kyonshii have talismans on their heads?”

Bebe was now confused, “Yeah, why?”

Clyde smiled, “I want to look the part! Let’s go make one!”

Bebe laughed as she pulled out the paper and brush Kenny had given her, “Kenny really knew what he was doing when he gave me these.”

Clyde took the supplies and started writing. In a second he was done and put the paper round his head in between his eyes.

He smiled at Bebe, “What do you think?”

Bebe was silent for a second before laughing once again, “You do realise you’re meant to write something like ‘Evil spirits be gone’. You’ve just written your name Clyde.”

Clyde was silent before he started laughing too, “Ehehe, guess I got confused. I’ll just keep it like this for now.”

Bebe laughed more as she laced her fingers with Clyde’s.

“Come on. Let’s go home.”

Clyde smiled again as he was led away, hopping the whole way.

‘I may be dead now, but if I get to stay with Bebe I know this second life will never be bad.’

Leslie laughed darkly as she finished watching the events through Nathan’s eyes.

“Stupid human trying to use black magic to bring his friends back. It’s a shame he had the wrong book. I guess they must have been switched at the last second.”
Nathan entered the lair of his goddess and presented to her the real book of resurrection. She smiled once more as she took the book from his hands.

“Nathan, be a good human and set that wood on fire.”

Nathan bowed to her, “Yes, my lady.”

In a matter seconds, the wood was burning thanks to the two flintstones Nathan had used. Leslie threw the real book on the fire and it slowly turned to ash.

“Now we have one less obstacle that will make my plan harder to fulfil, my dear servant.”

Leslie then felt the air change and she looked at Nathan.

“It seems the shinigami has found the edge of my hidden lair... It is time to move before he finds us. My dear knight, will you help me with finding a new home?”

Nathan smiled and kissed Leslie’s hand.

“It will be my pleasure, my goddess.”

*Clyde's talisman says クライド which is in the katakana alphabet and pronounced ‘kuraido’.*

Chapter End Notes

Character design of human Clyde as well as spirit Clyde with Bebe can be found here: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/176642270014/please-click-for-better-quality-character-design

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
We have new fan art this week by Scribbledcoffee who did a sketch of Kyle and Stan from chapter 11. It’s really cute:
https://scribbledcoffee.tumblr.com/post/176668626117/click-picture-for-better-quality-welp-here-is

“Butters was sitting in the village square, making shapes in the dirt with a stick. He’s drawing a bird while singing a song.

“Loo loo loo, you’ve got some too.”

Suddenly the stick in his hands changed and he was now holding a snake. The snake hissed at Butters and went to bite him. In fear, Butters threw the snake far away from him. He heard angry hissing as he did. Butters then stood up and ran away to get as much distance from the snake as he could.

As he did the snake stood up and turned into a humanoid raccoon.

“Mother fucker! I didn’t know Butters could throw like that! Great now I have a bump on my head as well as a fucking scar.”

Cartman stomped off in annoyance.

Butters finally relaxed when he was a good five streets away from the reptile. He took some deep breaths as he recovered from his run.

“Oh hamburgers, that was a shock. I had no idea that was snake, I feel awful bad for throwing him but he did spook me.”

Butters then tripped but he didn’t hit the floor, instead he saw a bright light green kimono and dark green obi sash catch him before helping him stand back up. Butters looked to see the familiar smile with his tongue sticking out of Scott Malkinson.

“Hey Butterths, you better watch where you’re going. Next time I probably won’t be able to catchth you.”
Butters beamed at his friend, “Well hey Scott. How are you? Last time I saw you was Craig and Red’s funeral.”

Scott’s eye looked sad as he recalled, “I’m fine at the minute, my family has been keeping me in the house mostly. They don’t want me getting hurt. I mean it can’t be a coincidence all these deaths and disappearances are happening in such a short span of time. We have to be careful.”

Butters face soured, “Oh geez, this whole situation is making me awful scared. I don’t want any more of my pals getting hurt. I wish there was something I could do.”

Scott patted Butters’ arm, “Just stay safe. That’s all anyone can do. Anyway, do you want to come back to mine house for a bit? I have some mochi we can share?”

Butters shifted his feet nervously, “I’d love to Scott, but if I’m not home in fifteen minutes my parents are gonna ground me again for being late.”

Scott sighed, “You know your parents are too strict when it comes to that right?”

Butters started rubbing his knuckles together, “Well I know, but they’re my parents, I gotta do as they say.”

Suddenly both kids heard yelling as they turned to see a group of the older kids yelling at them to move.

“Move! We accidentally found a ninja star. We threw for fun and it’s heading for you! Run before you get hurt!”

Scott froze in fear as he saw the weapon come towards him. He tried to step, but his body wouldn’t let him. He then felt a large impact to his side and fell down. He looked to see that Butters had pushed him out of the way.... but at a terrible price.

Embedded in Butters’ left eye was the ninja star.

And this time it wasn’t a spirit that had transformed. This was a real weapon.

The older kids ran off in fear of getting in trouble. Scott however stood up and tried to remove it. Butters screamed the second he touched it so Scott removed his hand.

“Shit, sorry Butters! Look, come with me. We’ll go to the doctor and he’ll take it out.”

“That won’t be necessary.”

Scott turned to see the foreboding figure of Linda Stotch before him. Her purple kimono and pink obi made her instantly recognizable.

She grabbed her son’s wrist and began to pull him back to the house.

“But wait until your father hears you were playing with weapons.”

Butters tried his best to get his mother’s attention, “But mom, I wasn’t playing with wea-“

She cut him off before she could finish, “That does it, you are grounded young man!”

Butters looked at the ground in defeat, “Yes ma’am.”

Scott tried to chase after them to explain, but Linda just gave him an icy glare that stopped him in
his tracks.

She turned to her son once more, “And I don’t want you talking to that lispy kid anymore. He’s a bad influence. Why can’t you be good like the other kids?”

When they arrived back home, Linda Stotch just wrapped some bandages round the weapon and eye before sending her son to his room.

“And you can come down after you learn some respect. I will be talking to your father.”

Butters climbed the stairs to his room and decided to play with his toys. He felt a little light headed and woozy, and his eye felt like it was burning, but he didn’t answer back, not wanting to get in more trouble.

The front door opened not long after Butters got to his room and Stephen Stotch walked in, slipping his shoes off carefully before taking a deep breath.

“Linda. I need to have a talk with you. It’s very important.”

Linda sat at the table on the opposite side to her husband and smiled, “Is everything okay?”

Stephen took another deep breath, “I think... I may have cheated on you...”

Linda was no longer smiling. She froze as her blood went cold.

“What do you mean...”

Stephen tried to take his wife’s hands but she pulled them away, “A few nights ago I met this woman. She invited me for a drink. I tried to refuse but she insisted. Well I took the offer and after taking a sip I felt a little faint. Next thing I know I find myself in a brothel with no clothes on. The woman was gone but there was a wild raccoon that tried to bite me. I don’t remember what happened but I have assumed the worst. I don’t expect you to forgive me Linda, but know I would never do this to you consciously. The alcohol must have been drugged.”

Tears streamed down Linda’s face as her husband came clean. When he had finished the tears were still flowing.

“...get out...”

Stephen looked at his wife, “Linda please..”

“I said get out...”

Stephen stood up and walked towards the door, “Just know that I love you and I didn’t mean for this to happen.”

Stephen left his wife alone.
Linda’s mind was broken. She couldn’t believe the man she trusted had betrayed her like this.

“He ruined everything. He destroyed our family. Now I have to make everything is cleansed of him... starting with Butters.”

She walked up the stairs to her son’s room and opened the door. Butter looked at his mother through dizzy eyes.

“What’s wrong mom, you face is stained with tears.”

Linda’s voice was emotionless, “Butters. Mommy and you are going for a little walk this evening. You always wanted to go to the lake by the mountain right?”

Butters couldn’t help but smile, “Well gee mom, I always love going there, but are you sure it’s a good idea to go so late at night?”

Linda just turned, her voice still empty, “Don’t worry. Mommy knows best.”

As Butters was dragged by his mother, he couldn’t help but feel unease. His head hurt and eye was still burning, but his mother kept pulling him along.

“Mom, I’m getting awful scared. What if those bandits that killed Stan come back and get the jump on us?”

Linda was still emotionless and didn’t answer his question, “Butters, you know mommy loves you. Well sometimes mommies do things that seem hurtful to their babies, but it’s really for the best.”

Butters was really scared now, “Mom, are you sure you’re alright?”

Linda then stopped as they reached the edge of the small lake’s edge.

She kneeled down to look at her son, “Now don’t be scared. What happens is for the best. I need to cleanse you so that he can’t harm you or our family anymore. Can you close your eyes for mommy?

Butters couldn’t shut the eye with the ninja star, but he closed his right eye.

Butters then felt himself falling as he was pushed into the lake. Butters tried to gasp for air, but his mother held him by the throat as she pushed him under the water. He could see his mother’s lips moving, but the water made it impossible to hear.

‘Mom please stop. I promise to be a better son. I know I do stuff that gets me grounded all the time but I can change.’

More water entered his lungs and Butters thrashed to try and get free.

‘Please mom!’
Her grip tightened and Butters gave up.

‘... I understand. I hurt you so much by being bad that you have no choice but to kill me. I’m sorry mom. I tried to be a good son, but I always kept messing up. I kept bringing the wrong flowers to everyone’s graves. I guess that I can’t fix what I’ve destroyed. I’m sorry.’

Butters felt everything sway as his vision in his one good eye started to go. He then slipped into unconsciousness.

Butters awoke to find himself being carried by a figure.

The figure heard him stir and looked down. Butters saw blond hair and red tattoos all over the teen’s face.

“Who are you?” Butters asked the figure.

The figure smiled sadly, “Welcome back Leo. I am Kenny. I am a Shinigami. The God of death.”

Butters looked in awe, “Why, you look very impressive Mr Shinigami.”

Kenny smiled sweetly, “Thank you, but please, call me Kenny.”

Butters looked down to see he was being carried by the death God.

“Where are you taking me Kenny? I can walk by myself.”

Kenny’s eyes turned dark and a small growl escaped his throat, “I’m taking you to where you can be offered a second chance at life. I saw what that woman did to you. No mother should ever do that to her fucking child. I have placed a spell on her soul to make sure when she dies, she suffers the pain of eternal damnation for what she has done. She deserves no mercy for what she did to you! And I’m carrying you due to that ninja star. You may be dead but I don’t want your soul to fall and get hurt any more than it already has. Please let me help you.”

Butters poked Kenny in the nose, causing him to jump in surprise, almost dropping him in the process.

Butters laughed, “I didn’t want you to be mad so I did the only thing that would snap you out of it. I think your smile is much better. I know what she did was wrong, but I’m dead now so it can’t be undone.”

Kenny looked sad again, “I promise you that if you accept this second chance, you will have a better life.”

As Kenny finished speaking he entered the mountain cave.

Damien turned to Kenny and raised an eyebrow.
“This is new, I’ve never seen you carry anyone before.”

Kenny looked serious, “This was a special case.”

Butters looked at Damien, “Whoa....”

As Kenny gently put Butters back on his own two feet, Damien spoke to him.

“Leopald Butters Stotch, my name is Damien. I am the God of this mountain and protector of your village. You have been brought here as this place is linked to the next plane of existence. First, you have a choice to make.”

Butters rubbed his knuckles together, “Oh geez, what is this deal Mr Damien sir?”

Damien looked at Butters with wide eyes before looking a little embarrassed, “Please just call me Damien. I may be a God, but you don’t need to be so formal.”

Damein turned to see if Kenny would crack a joke or tease him, but he was too busy staring at Butters. He had a protective look on his face.

Damien sighed, “How did he die? The ninja star?”

Kenny growled, “No... His mother drowned him. The ninja star had nothing to do with it, but I bet she didn’t care about that either!”

Damien looked surprised, ‘This isn’t how Kenny normally acts.’

Damien then turned back to Butters, “Anyway, the deal. You can either pass on or you can be brought back as a spirit. You will have an ability if you come back, and no one but your fellow spirits will be able to see you. Also, you will have to forfeit your humanity.”

Butters looked scared, “But without my humanity won’t I turn into a scary monster that will hurt others?”

Kenny looked concerned, “Not at all! Look at me, I don’t have humanity but I would never hurt anyone that didn’t deserve it. You will still have humility and your personality. Please I beg you to take this deal. What happened to you is so wrong I can’t stand it! If you come back I promise to spend time with you, I just don’t want you to be alone.”

Damien looked at Kenny again, “We don’t force souls to make the deal Kenny, it’s their choice alone. Why are you acting so strange today?”

Kenny looked at Damien with the most serious look in his eyes he’d ever given him. It reminded Damien of the first time he meet the cheeky blond.

Kenny spoke firmly, “He reminds me of Karen and how I was treated okay! I want him to have a better life! I may be a cheeky fuck, but when I need to be I can be serious!”

Damien looked at Kenny closely before smiling slightly.

Damien thought to himself as he turned back to Butters, ‘Oh Kenny, but is this just your desire to protect those who can’t protect themselves, or is this something more...’

Damien spoke calmly to Butters, “If you decide to come back I will try my best to restore your eye.
It happened before your death so it may not be a perfect fix, but I promise you I will at least take
the pain away. The choice is yours.”

Butters looked at Kenny who was staring at him with a kind smile. He began to think.

‘Oh geez this is hard. I mean I could pass on and feel peace. But Kenny is being so nice to me. I
mean I’m sure others who died have made this deal, but will they be mean to me again if they see
me. Oh hamburgers this is so hard.’

Butters looked at Kenny again. He was still smiled fondly at him.

‘Aw screw it, Kenny seems nice. And Mr Damien says he’ll help with me eye. I can’t say no to
people being so kind.’

Butters looked up, “Damien, I accept your deal. I’m scared, but I also want to see what it would be
like to be a spirit.”

Damien smiled and looked at Kenny. Kenny looked relieved and had the biggest grin on his face,
and this time it looked a hundred percent genuine.

‘Oh Kenny, you have no idea how much fun it’s going to be to tease you for a change.’

Damien’s eyes glowed as he gathered power in his hands, “Very well. Leopald Butters Stotch, with
the powers that rest in this mountain, I hereby make you into a spirit.”

Damien then fired the energy toward Butters. He still looked nervous, but he also looked a little
happy.

The first thing Butters noticed when he opened his eyes was that his left eye could see too. Granted
it was a little cloudy, but at least he had some vision.

The second thing he noticed was he was now breathing under the water.

Third, was that his back was uncomfortable. He looked over to see he was now wearing a shell and
was covered in green scales. His fingers and toes had webs between them.

Butters swam out of the water and found he could breathe in the air too.

Kenny then landed carefully in front of him, holding his scythe.

Butters looked up from the lakes edge, “Wow Kenny, I didn’t know you could fly!”

Kenny blushed slightly as he looked down at Butters.

“It’s one of the peaks of being a Shinigami. Anyway, I came here to tell you what spirit you are.”

Butters looked nervous again. “Oh hamburgers. I hope nothing too scary.”
Kenny leaded down, “You’re too sweet to be scary. Oh, I’m sorry about the eye. Your eye now looks partially blind and you have a scar, but at least you can still see if only a little and the pain is gone.”

Butters smiled, “It’s not your fault Kenny, you and Damien did your best.”

Kenny, noticing he’d gotten distracted, cleared his throat and began to explain, “Leo, you are what is known as a Kappa. You now have a shell and are covered in scales. You also have a duck bill and a water trough in your head. Make sure that always has water in it. If you don’t, you’ll be paralyzed to the spot until it refills. You can breathe and swim underwater as well as fire water through your beak.”

Kenny then produced some blue hakama bottoms from his cloak, “And I think you’ll need these as you currently have no clothes.”

Butters looked down and realised he was naked, “Oh hamburgers, I’m sorry for being indecent Kenny.”

Kenny laughed, “Relax Leo. I wasn’t looking. I’d only look if you gave me permission.”

Kenny wiggled his eyebrows for effect, but mostly just to hear Butters laugh.

Butters blushed slightly as he gigged.

He then realised something and asked Kenny a question that had been on his mind, “Why do you call me Leo? You can call me Butters like everyone else, I don’t mind.”

Kenny flashed him his cheeky grin, “Now where’s the fun in that. I want to be friends with you, and I think true friends should refer to each other by a nickname. Since everyone already calls you by your nickname, Butters, I thought Leo would be better. And to make it fair, you can call me Kenneth if you want?”

Butters smiled, “Kenneth is too long, how about Ken?”

Kenny smiled brightly, “Sure, Leo.”

Both boys laughed. Kenny realised he hadn’t laughed like this ever. He had always faked it a little, he’d never been completely genuine.

He started to feel a warm sensation in his chest. He felt his heart for the first time since he turned into a spirit. It felt strange, but nice all at the same time.

‘I mean, Leo reminds me of Karen, but I never felt this with her. What is this warm feeling in my chest? It feels similar when I want to protect my family... yet very different at the same time.... Strange.’

Kenny pushed it out of his mind as he joined Butters for a swim in the lake.

Chapter End Notes

Character design of human Butters and Scott as well as Spirit Butters can be found here: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/176853864669/please-click-for-better-
Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
Kevin Stoley was using some wool and some sake to try and clean his cuts he received from the older kids. They had caught him reading a book and had decided to throw rocks at him for being a geek.

‘So what if I’m a geek. I have interests, it doesn’t mean they should hurt me for them. I don’t do anything to them.’

Kevin sighed as he cleaned more of his wounds. The alcohol burned the cuts. He never wanted this. All he wanted to be allowed to be himself without being judged. He never had a bad word to say about people, yet they treated him with no kindness.

As he looked up again, he saw more of the older kids. They were looking for him again to hurt him some more.

Kevin panicked and turned to the forest. He knew that going inside would be dangerous, but at this point if he stayed he could end up with a broken rib.

He double checked his kimono sleeve and found his onigiri (rice ball). He decided that running inside would be better. He’d just be careful. With food he’d be fine.

Kevin ran.

Kevin sighed as he came to a stop. He looked around and found he was alone. The big kids were
nowhere in sight.

Kevin then sat down and took out his book once more. With the forest being silent, he could read in peace without being hurt.

Kevin thought to himself, ‘I hate the people in the village. The kids are mean to me for reading and the adults don’t help as I’m Chinese. I’m the same as everyone else, so why do they treat me differently... All I want is to be left alone so I can do my own thing.’

Kevin then heard his stomach growl, so he took out his onigiri and began to eat. He always thought a snack while reading was good after all.

The silence made Kevin feel safe.

As Kevin reached for his second rice ball, he saw movement out of the corner of his eye. He turned to look and saw nothing. Thinking nothing of it, Kevin began to take the next bite of his food.

Suddenly, he felt the food move as it was taken from him. He looked up and saw a small monkey running along the tree with his food. Kevin, in a panic, started to run after him after putting book back in his other sleeve.

“Stop! That’s my food! I need that!”

The monkey continued to run into the distance. It hissed at him as he gave chase.

Kevin then tripped over a tree root and fell into some dirt.

He lost sight of the monkey.

Kevin stood up again and patted the best of the dirt off himself, his cuts stung.

He looked around and found that he was now well and truly lost. He’d lost sight of which way he’d travelled from. The forest was notorious for going missing in.

Kevin tried to locate the mountain to help him find his way home, but the dense leaves made it impossible.

‘This is bad... If I don’t get out I’m going to be in a lot of trouble. I already have cut that could get infected, but with no food or water I’m going to last out here even less.’

Kevin picked a direction and began to walk, hoping the God’s of fate were on his side.

Kevin slowly leaned against a tree, his feet too tired to carry on.

Kevin felt really dizzy by this point and, with the low light level, thought taking a rest was a good idea.
His cuts hurt. He knew that they were getting infected, but with no sign of civilization he knew help was out of the question.

Kevin closed his eyes as he tried to get some rest.

‘This is all my fault. I should have called for help the first time they threw rocks. Going in here was a bad if idea, I was just too scared of what might happen. I don’t want to die out here.’

Kevin drifted off into sleep.

Kevin woke up to see he was still in the forest. However, everything seemed slightly wrong. It was dark, but yet he could now see.

Kevin also didn’t seem to feel pain in his cuts anymore.

He stood up and began to walk. But saw that he wasn’t walking.

He was floating.

Kevin grabbed his book and read from an earlier passage.

‘One common thought is that when you die you turn into a ghost that can float....’ Ai ya... I must have died from my wounds.’

Kevin went to float up to see if he could find a way back to the village, when he saw a figure fly towards him. Kevin saw it land before raising its head. He saw blond hair from under the hood as well as red tattoos. The figure came towards him and carefully pulled him back down.

“Kevin Stoley, that is not the way you want to go. You’ll only get lost going that way. Finding you was hard enough.”

Kevin smiled as he came back down, “Thanks, I don’t want to get even more lost. But I got to ask, who are you?”

The figure grinned at Kevin, “Where are my manners. My name is Kenny and I am a Shinigami. I am here to help your soul pass on. Please, come with me and I’ll take you to the place where your soul may move on.”

Kevin quickly turned a few pages ahead and read out loud, “Shinigami, The God’s of death. It is a Shinigami’s job to help the souls of the deceased pass on. They are neither good or evil, they just help a soul pass to the afterlife that corresponds to how they lived in life.”

Kenny smiled, “Yep, that’s pretty much accurate.”

Kevin sighed again, “So I died. I don’t know how though.”

Kenny pointed to Kevin’s cuts, “Your wounds got infected. You got dehydrated and your blood
Kevin looked at his cuts, “... I was an idiot. I should have known that running in the forest would be bad. I was too scared of what the older kids were going to do though. I’m sorry you’re having to do this Kenny.”

Kenny swung his scythe down to open the portal before he turned back to Kevin.

“Don’t apologise. You didn’t know this was going to happen. Besides, it’s my job to help you.”

Kenny then turned back to the portal, “Now come on. You still got one thing to do before you pass.”

Kevin put his book away and followed Kenny.

Kevin entered Damien’s cave without too much of a problem. When he saw the God, Kevin couldn’t help but look in awe at him.

“Wow! You look so impressive! You look like both the final boss heroes have to face or someone that would grant someone a power in a time of need in some of the books I read! Wow! You just look so powerful and amazing!”

Damien looked a little embarrassed, “I’ve been called many things, but a final boss is new. You are sort of correct though with your second statement. My name is Damien. I am the God of this mountain and protector of your village. You have been brought here as this place is linked to the next plane of existence. First, you have a choice to make. Yep, I’m offering you a power of some sort.”

Kevin’s eyes lit up.

“You mean I’m going to be like one of those brave heroes! Wow! This is such an honour! Just like them, I’m an average boy thrown into chaos to save the world!”

Damien chuckled, “Maybe not saving the world, I just want to give you a second chance at life if you wish to take it.”

Kevin smiled in wonderment, “What is this deal oh great granter of power!”

Kenny was trying his best to stifle his laughter as he watched the two converse.

‘This human is so entertaining. Never have I seen anyone fanboy at Damien!’

Damien cleared his throat, enjoying all the attention but trying to hide it.

“You can either pass on or you can be brought back as a spirit. You will have an ability if you come back, and no one but your fellow spirits will be able to see you. Also, you will have to forfeit
your humanity. I am worried though because you originally came from China. I worry the magic may not work 100% for you.”

Kevin only fanboyed harder, “Wow! I must be special to be offered this!”

Kenny then lost it and laughed really hard on the floor.

“This kid! I can’t...hahahahahaha!”

Damien started to clarify, “Everyone whose died has been offered this Kevin.”

Kevin looked sad for a second, but he then perked up again.

“I’ll still be able to read again! I have so many stories I want to lose myself in!”

Kevin didn’t even hesitate, “I accept your deal Damien. Please bestow your power on me so that I may save this world from the evil that plagues it!”

Kenny continued to laugh hysterically on the floor.

Damien laughed ever so slightly before his eyes glowed and he gathered power in his hands, “Very well. Kevin Stoley, with the powers that rest in this mountain, I hereby make you into a spirit.”

Damien then fired the energy toward Kevin.

He did an action pose and yelled as the ball came towards him.

“May evil be vanquished!”

Damien then lost it as he joined Kenny on the floor.

Kevin opened his eyes and yawned.

‘Was that all just a dream? It felt real, but no way could it be.’

Kevin stood up and caught sight of his hands.

They were orange and furry. He then touched his ears and felt that they were sticking out more. He turned to see a small tail also coming out of his body.

‘Okay maybe it wasn’t a dream.’

Kenny then laughed as he landed next to Kevin.

“You are something else! Never have I seen anyone act like that when they saw Damien. Oh boy.”

Kevin looked happy when he saw Kenny, “What spirit am I? I’m dying to know!”
Kenny wiped the tears from his eyes, “Sorry. You are a Chinese monkey spirit. I don’t know much about Chinese mythology unfortunately so I wish I could be of more help.”

Kevin shook his head, “No problem. I can just research it! If it’s in a book I will find it!”

Kenny laughed, “Well I wish you luck. I gotta go now. You’ll find that the village is that way.”

Kenny then turned and headed back into the wood.

‘Leslie! I know you moved again. I will find you again. You can’t hide forever!’

Kenny flew away.

Kevin then turned to the nearest tree and began to climb it to see where he was. His tail helped him with balance which made Kevin smile to himself.

When he reached the top he saw the mountain and beamed.

He spoke aloud to process his thoughts, “So if I head this way I can be back home in no time.”

“Or you can just ask me for help?”

Kevin jumped and nearly fell out of the tree. A hand grabbed him before he did though. He turned to see a tengu with red hair staring at him. She pulled him up and Kevin finally saw who it was.

“Red! Is that you!”

Red sighed, “Yep. I’m a tengu now though. What about you? I don’t remember reading anything about monkey spirits.”

Kevin smiled at her, “I’m a Chinese spirit. Kenny had no clue what I am, but I’m sure I can find out what I am in a book or something.”

Kevin then realised what Red had said, “Wait... you read too?”

Red shrugged, “Sometimes. It’s a good way to learn about the world.”

Kevin smiled, “I know what you mean. But don’t you get bullied for it?”

Red sighed, “I tend to hide it. I don’t want trouble after all.”

Red then grabbed Kevin round his torso, “Come on. I’ll fly you back.”

Kevin yelled in protest, but they were already in the air. Kevin looked at the view and it took his breath away. The whole area at sunrise was just the most beautiful thing.

‘Wow... now this is real beauty...’
Red carefully put him down. Kevin was still smiling.

He turned to thank her, “Red, that was really kind of you. You gave me a beautiful view, so as a thank you I want you to have this.”

He pulled his book out and gave it to Red.

Red smiled and turned it down, “Thank you, but I’ve already read it. You keep it.”

Kevin smiled and put it back in his sleeve, “If you’re sure.”

Red then turned to leave, “I got to go check on my cousin now. I’ll see you around.”

Red then walked off.

Kevin smiled before sitting down and examining his book.

‘I gotta find out what I am.’

As Red walked along the street she met Bebe who looked at her with confusion.

“Red, why were you talking with that nerd? All he does is read and act like he’s some adventurer from those stupid books of his.”

Red shrugged, “He was lost in the forest, I was on way back anyway. He just became a spirit so I thought I’d help him at least get back here.”

Bebe then turned back to what she was doing, “Okay, just be careful around him though. You don’t want to become an outcast like him.”

Red walked off to find Craig.

‘Like I’d care about him. Being nerdy is a sure fire way to get out casted here like Bebe said... But I do think his collection of books seems cool.’

Red sighed as she walked to find her dork of a cousin.

Little did she know that she was lying to herself when it came to caring about Kevin.... They had more in common then she knew...

Chapter End Notes

Character design of human Kevin as well as Spirit Red and Kevin can be found here: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/177105155284/please-click-for-better-quality-
character-design

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
A single bite of venom

Chapter Notes

We have fan art!

This sweet but sad comic is done by the lovely chrischin. It is of Kenny pulling Butters out of the lake after he has just been killed. The colours are just beautiful: https://chrischin8120.tumblr.com/post/177301943244/mystic-little-mountain-town-south-park-japanese

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Hey... Wendy... I think you’re right... This village.... it’s got to be cursed...”

Heidi turned to look at Wendy who was sitting on the porch of her house.

Wendy looked up and sighed, “I know... so many people have died. The adults look for a few days, but then they carry on with their lives. Only Ike, Tricia and Shelly in some instances seem to care with still looking. Most of them are small kids! That isn’t right!”

Heidi came over and sat next to Wendy, “I’m also worried about all these pranks that seem to be happening. It’s as if our friends souls are trapped here and they’re trying to contact us.”

Wendy looked at Heidi with sad eyes, “Heidi..... that’s just superstition. The tales of spirits we read in our books are just ancient mythology, they’re not really true. It’s just the older kids playing pranks on us. I mean just imagine, our friends turning into spirits that haunt the town, it defies all logic. A town curse is plausible, spirits is a bit too far.”

Heidi looked down in defeat, “Then I don’t know. I can’t take it anymore. I can’t lose any more people! Wendy! We have to stay safe. We can’t leave our houses for anything without someone with us! I can’t lose you too!”

Wendy smiled faintly before wrapping her arms around Heidi. Heidi clung tightly to her friends back.

“I promise you. I’ll make sure I do that. I don’t want to worry you Heidi.”

Wendy then looked at the sky. The sun was starting to set.

“Heidi, I know the sun is only just starting to lower in the sky, but with all that’s happened you better get home. You only live next door after all.”

Heidi looked at Wendy before sighing again, “You’re right. I’ll be back tomorrow okay.”

Wendy smiled, “Just be safe Heidi. I’d hate to see you go next.”

Heidi waved goodbye and went round the house to her own.

As Heidi reached her front door, she heard a faint hiss on the ground. She looked down to a snake in the grass.
Heidi, in a panic, started to walk away from her front door. The snake however didn’t let up. The snake started the strike at her. Heidi then ran backwards. She just wanted to go home but she didn’t want the town curse to take her with this snake.

As Heidi disappeared from view, Cartman laughed in his snake form before changing back to his normal form.

‘See this is what I wanted to do to Butters. I just didn’t expect him to throw me. God that girl’s scream is high pitched.’

Heidi finally stopped when she reached one of the cliffs that lead out to see. She sighed as she fell to the floor. Her feet hurt, but she was happy that the curse hadn’t taken her.

She then heard another hiss.

She turned to the snake. This one looked different.

Heidi backed away towards the edge, “Why won’t you leave me alone! What have I done to deserve this! No one deserved to die! They should have lived out their lives until they grew old! Why are you doing this to us! We never did anything! Only Cartman was evil, the rest of us were and are just normal teenagers! Yes we mess up, but at the end of the day we’re all human! Please can you stop taking our lives! What can I do to lift this curse! I don’t want to anger the Gods anymore...”

The snake however just moved towards Heidi. With nowhere to run, Heidi accepted her fate.

As she tried to run away over the snake, it sank its fangs into her ankle, injecting its deadly venom into her bloodstream. Her circulation system took care of the rest. The venom began to get pumped round her body thanks to her heart. With each beat she became more paralysed.

Heidi fell to the ground.

In her final second Heidi thought to herself.

‘Please, let me be the last one. I can’t let Scott, Tweek and Wendy die too. Please!’

Heidi fell into a deep sleep.
Heidi woke up.

Her eyes shot open and she leaned up.

‘Wait, am I still alive? I... I pretty sure the snake bit me.’

Heidi put a hand to her ankle and felt the puncture wounds.

She sighed, ‘So I’m in the world on the edge of life and death.’

She turned round and saw a figure with a scythe staring at her. She held her breath.

He looked at her with calm eyes.

“Heidi Turner, I want to say this to you first before anything else. All the deaths have been caused by natural things. There is no curse like you believe. But you are right with one thing, some people have come back as spirits. They chose it for themselves though.”

He then bowed to her, “But I have one thing to add though, my name is Kenny and I am a Shinigami. I am here to help your soul pass on if that is what you wish. Please, come with me and I’ll take you to the place where your soul may move on.”

Kenny then turned and swung his scythe down. A small portal opened that lead to the hidden mountain path opened.

Kenny turned back to Heidi, “I know your smart, so please follow me and you’ll get your answers.”

Heidi cautiously stepped through the portal to follow Kenny.

As Heidi entered the cave, her first instinct was to run again when she saw the Kishin God before her.

Heidi gulped in fear, “Are you going to eat my soul?”

The God eyes widened in shock, “WHAT!? No! I would never do such a thing. Sure I may torment some souls, but those ones deserve it! You do not Heidi Turner.”

The God then stood up and walked towards Heidi, “My name is Damien. I am the God of this mountain and protector of your village. You have been brought here as this place is linked to the next plane of existence. First, you have a choice to make.”

Heidi looked at Damien with curiosity, “What is this deal?”

Damien began to explain, “You can either pass on or you can be brought back as a spirit. You will
have an ability if you come back, and no one but your fellow spirits will be able to see you. Also, you will have to forfeit your humanity.”

Heidi looked at her hands, “Will I become a monster?”

Damien looked sad as he answered, “It is true that your physical appearance will probably drastically change, but it is up to you whether or not you turn into a monster. Your soul will still be the same, just with a different shell so to speak.”

Heidi went quiet as she collected her thoughts.

‘What should I do? I mean maybe Bebe and Nichole took this deal. Oh I don’t know. What do I get for coming back other than a new form? Should I risk it? I mean I’m only 17, I still have a lot I want to learn. Wendy will be worried about me, but she won’t be able to see me. But what if Cartman came back..... of course! That has to be who is doing all the pranks. If his ability is to shapeshift he’s going to use that to make the livings lives hell. I can’t let him do that!’

Heidi looked up with conviction, “Damien I accept your deal. If Cartman came back I need to stop him! If he’s the one causing pranks I have to stop him.”

Damien smiled faintly before his eyes glowed and he gathered power in his hands, “Very well. Heidi Turner, with the powers that rest in this mountain, I hereby make you into a spirit.”

Heidi held her hands against her chest as she prayed to herself.

‘Oh please let this be the right choice...’

As Heidi opened her eyes, one thing became very clear.

She no longer had legs.

Instead she could feel one long thing.

She looked down and found that she now had a long snake tail. Her light green kimono had even cropped itself so it came to just below her waist.

She then felt two arms under her armpits lift her up.

“There we go. Having a snake tail will be weird at first, but you’ll get the hang of it.”

Heidi turned to see Kenny.

“What are you doing here Kenny?”

Kenny smiled, “I’m here to explain what you are. Heidi, you are now a Nure-onna, also known as the snake woman. You have a snake body below your torso and also a snake tongue.”
Heidi flicked her tongue to test this and was surprised to see it was now forked.

Kenny laughed, “Nice! But that’s not all, you also can inject venom using your fangs too. Be careful though, your bite can paralysis any spirit, no matter how powerful they are. The amount it lasts for varies on the spirit though.”

Heidi looked sad, “I don’t want to scare people who’ve come back.”

Kenny patted her back, “Trust me, you look fine. Some people came back a lot worse, I mean Stan has a tail and ears.”

Heidi looked up, “Stan chose to come back!”

Kenny grinned, “A lot of people did! Just go to the village and you’ll see them all.”

Heidi began to slither off.

She stopped briefly and turned back.

“Thank you Kenny!”

Kenny just smiled and waved.

The first spirit Heidi met was Bebe.

As Heidi came into the village she saw the blonde haired girl sitting on the raised step of her own house. She appeared to be wearing half of a fox mask. The other half of her face was normal except for the scar she had on her mouth. Tears streamed down her face.

Heidi approached carefully, “Bebe, what’s wrong?”

Bebe looked up and her eyes widened.

“Heidi! What happened to you!”

Heidi came over to her, “Got bitten by a snake and died. But back to my question, why are you crying?”

Bebe covered her face once more with her hand, “Cartman stole my normal mask. This one I’m wearing right now is Kyle’s. He leant it to me while him, Stan and Clyde went to get mine back from that fat sack of shit. He knows that having my scar on display makes me upset.”

Heidi hissed.

“Which way did he go?”

Bebe pointed to the east part of the village.
Heidi hissed once again, “I’m going to ssssurprise that assssshole.”

Heidi then slithered off at a breakneck speed, already used to using her new body.

Heidi found Cartman using the mask as a slingshot to throw rocks at birds. She saw a familiar boy in a blue chullo hat flying with the birds, his huge black wings beating against the wind.

“Cartman, stop throwing rocks at me... I will peck you in the face you asshole.”

Cartman laughed, “I’d like to see you try Craig! You can’t get close being in the air like that. Besides, come to close and I may do what Kyle did to my face to yours. Do you want a scar like this too?”

Heidi slithered up behind Cartman and hissed.

Cartman turned and fell to the floor.

“What the fuck! No, please don’t eat me!”

While she continued to hiss, she used her tail to grab the mask. She then smiled.

“Hey Cartman... I’m not going to let you pull your pranks anymore. I promise you if you try, you’re going to get this.”

Heidi then bared her fangs and sunk them into Cartman’s neck. He screamed for a second before his whole body went limp and fell to the floor.

Craig then spat on Cartman before he flew off.

Heidi slithered back to Bebe.

As Cartman lay on the ground, his mind began to race.

’Hmmmmmm, a snake that acts nothing like a snake. Her kind nature will be her downfall. She won’t manipulate, but I’m sure I can manipulate her into a true snake. I could use her skill for my own gain. Just imagine, I could get her to paralyse Damien! I could stop him! I can get my way if he was paralysed! Hahahahahahaha! Yes, I’m sure I can twist her mind to how I think.’

Cartman continued to laugh in his mind, waiting for his body to get its feeling back.

Little did Cartman know, the venom would last for 48 hours as she hit him with a full blast of it.

Kyle even gave Heidi a hug for that one.

Chapter End Notes
IMPORTANT NOTE: I'm going on a temporary hiatus until I've sorted some irl problems. Hopefully it will be only a week or two.

Character design of human Heidi and spirit Heidi can be found here: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/177352822079/please-click-for-better-quality-character-design

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
Cats and diabetes

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry this has taken so long. Real life stuff really got in the way. Family members got sick and then some visited. I had no time. But I'm back now and will try and keep updating. Aside from the last week of October where I'll be away for comic con, but I have a Halloween one shot that will make up for that.

Anyway, fan art time. First one is by asterixer who did Craig. I was worried about asking for this request, but I'm super happy they did it ^_^:
http://asterixer.tumblr.com/post/177592638128/brightstarblogs-d-i-dunno-why-i-had-such
Next is my eye chat for all the main characters in spirit form. Some are spoilerish, but I left them unnamed if you want to guess who the last few are (no cheating by looking at the tags): https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/178190539722/please-click-for-better-quality-i-spent-2-3

Also, please let me know if Scott lisps right. I would appreciate that ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Scott tied his obi and left his house for the day.

Scott was trying to stay positive in light of what was happening, but he still had an inner turmoil in his heart. All the unanswered questions swirled around in his head. What ifs, and hows. Scott shook his head and instead focused on his current task at hand. He cared about his friends so he had to check on them when they were in pain.

Scott knocked on the Tweak’s door. Mrs Tweak answered.

“Oh hello Scott! Have you come to see Tweek?”

Scott nodded, “Yeths. I want to thsee if heths okay. I haven’t seen him in several weekths.”

Mrs Tweak moved to allow Scott inside, “Well you can try, but he’s refusing to leave his room. He’s not eating very much and I’m getting really worried about him.”

She leaned into Scott’s ear, “I know his father isn’t helping the situation and I try and make sure he stays away so Tweek can feel better, but I don’t know what else to do.”

Scott took Mrs Tweaks hands, “I will try my bethst. Tweek iths my friend after all. I can’t promithse anything, but I will try.”

Mrs Tweak rubbed the tear trying to escape her eye away, “Thank you, Scott. I know you will.”

Scott then turned to the stairs and ascended them to Tweek’s room.

As Scott reached Tweek’s door, he could feel the tone of the air shift. Downstairs still at least
seemed homey, up here Scott could feel the air was heavy and full of despair.

Scott knocked on the door.

“AHAAAAH, Mom! I told you to leave me ALONE!”

Scott sighed, “Ith’s, Scott Tweek. Your mom is downthsairths. I just want to check on you.”

No one spoke for a second.

When Tweek spoke again his voice was calmer, “Scott, please leave me alone. I don’t want to see anyone. I just.... I just want to be left alone with my memories.”

Scott leaned his head against the door, “I understhstand that Tweek. A lot of people have died. For a while all I wanted was to lock mythself inthside and fade away too. But you can’t Tweek. We need to keep on living for thothse who have died.”

Scott then gulped as he got ready to say the next bit.

“Iths thiths what Craig would have wanted you to do?”

Scott heard movement inside the room. Tweek then slid open his door so Scott could only see one of his eyes.

Tweek looked terrible. His skin was paler than it normally was and his eyes looked sunken in.

Tweek looked at Scott, his voice was as cold as ice, “No. I don’t gahh think this is what he would have wanted, but he’s not hear anymore is he! Neither is Clyde, Bebe, Nichole, Token and Jimmy! All my friends who saw me every day are gone Scott! What do you expect me to do? The only people who gave a fucking damn about me are all fucking dead! I know you mean well Scott, but I don’t want you to save me. I just want to be left alone to work this out myself. At least with my memories I know they were really and not just a part of my mind.”

Scott look sad but nodded, “I get it Tweek. Just promithse me you’ll at leathst eat. Maybe even go to their graveths. I think they dethserve that. You need to give them a proper goodbye.”

Tweek sighed, “I already plan to. I’m going with Tricia at some point. We’re going together in case we break down, but don’t tell anyone I told you that. I don’t want it to be a big deal. And I will eat, I have been eating. It’s just hard when everything tastes like sawdust. Now Scott, get out.”

Scott bowed to Tweek. Tweek bowed back and then shut his door.

As Scott returned downstairs he was greeted by Mrs Tweak again.

“Any luck?” She asked, her eyes full of fear.

Scott made his voice as calm as possible, “He’ths going to try and eat more, he’ths finding it hard as everything tasteths like thsawdust. But he’ths not ready to come out yet. He iths in a lot of pain you have to understhstand.”

Scott patted her shoulder, “Give him thsOME time, he’ll come around. He’ths juthst having trouble accepting everything.”

Mrs Tweak hugged Scott, “Thank you. I know I’m probably a terrible mother, but I hate seeing him suffer like this. Richard just doesn’t understand. I’ve tried to get him to listen to me but he won’t. I know our tea shop is important, but it’s all he cares about. He’s our son, he shouldn’t be
Scott sighed, “I know it’s not my place, but I think you should tell him how you feel. I know that you want to avoid a fight, but if you and your son are suffering because of his selfishness, you need to have a fight to make him see. I don’t know a lot as I’m just a kid, but just think about it okay.”

Mrs Tweak smiled slightly, “Scott, I don’t think you’re as much of a kid as you think. You know a lot more than you think. Tweek is lucky to have someone like you worrying about him.”

Scott smiled weakly, “I just wish I could do more.”

Mrs Tweak sighed, “You’ve already helped. Now go on. I expect you have other stuff to do today. I’ll try and have a word with my husband. Hopefully he won’t shut me down again. Take care, Scott.”

Scott bowed to Mrs Tweak and left the house.

Scott sat down on the doorstep to his own house. His mind was still racing after talking to Tweek. He’d never seen Tweek so bad.

Scott held his knees to his chest, ‘I don’t know how else to help. I know Tweek loved Craig so much. I never said anything though as I didn’t want to interfere. I just wish I could relate to him to help. I’ve never been in love though. I hope his mom talks to his dad though. I hate speaking ill of people, but Richard Tweak is an asshole!’

Scott sighed once again.

“Hey Scott!”

Scott looked up to see Wendy walking towards him.

Scott stood up and brushed his kimono down.

“Hey Wendy? Or is it Wendyll at the moment?”

Wendy laughed, “You were right the first time. I would be wearing my hakama bottoms if I wanted male pronouns. I do that so people find it easier to tell.”

Scott nodded, “I’m still sorry that I didn’t know.”

Wendy just smiled, “Scott, out of everyone here you are the last person I’d tell off for getting it wrong. You at least check. That is sweet.”

Wendy then got serious, “How’s Tweek?”

Scott sighed, “Not good. He looks really pale. He’s not eating much apparently so I’m
worried.”

Wendy covered her mouth in shock, “Oh Tweek... Is he letting people see him?”

Scott shook his head, “No. He made that very clear. He wanths to work thiths out himthself.”

Wendy sighed and unwrapped the mochi she had with her.

“Well, do you want these then. No sugar so you can eat them. I made these to give to him, but I
don’t want to stress him. I mean you, me and him are the only people in our class that are still here.
I don’t want the curse to take us.”

Scott graciously took the mochi, “Thank you, only if you’re thsure though.”

Wendy then looked at the sky, “I know it’s early, but I better get home. My parents have placed a
very early curfew on me. They want to make sure I stay safe.”

Wendy then took Scott hands, “I beg you Scott, please make sure you get home safe. I don’t want
to lose anyone else.”

Tears started to stream down Wendy’s face. Scott wiped them away.

“Don’t cry Wendy. I’ll try and be as careful as I can, but I refuseth to thstay inside all the time. I
have to help people. With the prankths going on thsomeone needths to help.”

Wendy smiled, “You’re always too kind Scott. Just please be careful.”

Wendy then walked off home.

Scott looked at the sky again.

‘I wish I could learn the real reason people are dying. If I knew maybe I could stop it. I’m not the
smartest, but I’m hardworking and I refuse to give up.’

“Hey! Where’d the hammer go?!”

Scott looked up to see someone has lost their hammer. Scott had seen it a few moments ago but
now it was gone. Yet another prank.

Scott looked next to him and picked up his own families hammer.

“Excuseth me, you can borrow thiths.”

The man turned and smiled, “Thank you! Now I can get this job done. I’ll give it back when I’m
done.”

Scott bowed and then went for a walk. He knew it was probably a bad idea, but he needed to get
his thoughts in order.
Scott looked up. He was almost back home, but he saw a small grey cat stuck in a tree.

Scott knew the cat was stuck and struggled whether or not to help it. Scott already knew the answer though, he hated seeing any creature in trouble. He tightened his obi and started to climb. Climbing was not a skill he had, but he was going to try his best.

The entire time he spoke softly so the cat wouldn’t get spooked.

“Shhh, I’m not going to hurt you. I’m here to help. I’m coming up, My hand is going on thiths branch.”

Scott was almost at the top when the second to last branch broke.

Scott called out in shock.

The cat saw and did the only thing it could think of. It tried to embed its calms in his hand to help Scott not fall. Scott yelled in pain but understood what the creature was doing.

However, Scott was still too heavy. The cat’s claws ripped his skin and Scott fell. The cat meowed at him as he fell. Even though it was a cat, Scott swore he could hear the regret in its meow.

Scott fell.

When Scott landed he felt his bones snap.

His last thought was not of himself.

‘Wendy, looks like it’s just you and Tweek now. I’m so sorry, and I didn’t even save the cat.’

Scott closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Scott felt himself wake up but still kept his eyes closed. He knew he was dead and didn’t want to see where he was.

He only opened his eyes when he felt something poke him in the face.

He opened his eyes to see a figure with a scythe and red tattoos all over his face staring at him. He didn’t panic as he looked at the creature.

“Are you here to take my thsoul?”

The figure laughed, “Definitely not. I help souls, not take them.”

The figure then leaned down and offered a hand to Scott. Scott took his hand and stood up.

“Scott Malkinson, my name is Kenny and I am a Shinigami. I am here to help your soul pass on if
that is what you wish. Please, come with me and I’ll take you to the place where your soul may move on.”

Kenny then turned and swung his scythe down. A small portal opened that lead to the hidden mountain path opened.

Kenny turned back to Scott, “I promise you you’ll be okay. Oh, and that cat is also safe, I got Kyle to shift into a slanted piece of wood to help the poor thing down.”

Scott opened his eyes wide, “Kyle! As in Kyle Broflovstki! He’ths alright!”

Kenny covered his mouth with his hand, “Oops, I wasn’t, meant to tell you that. Please don’t tell him I told you that.”

Scott looked confused, “Him?”

Kenny smirked, “You’ll see.”

The two then went through the portal.

Scott entered the cave with bravery. He was surprised when he saw the other creature sitting on a stone throne, but Scott suddenly knew that this was the him Kenny had been talking about.

Scott bowed to him, “It’ths a pleathsure to meet you.”

The God bowed back, “It’s nice to meet you too Scott. I am sorry you died.”

Scott smiled sadly, “It was my own fault. I thshould have been more careful when helping the cat. The curthse got me because of that.”

Damien looked confused, “You believe you’re cursed? How so.”

Scott laughed, “Oh not me, but my entire clathss. After Jimmy died we’ve all been dying one by one. Jimmy’s thsoul must be angry or thsomething.”

Damien laughed, “Jimmy! No he would never curse you, he’s too kind for that. I mean him and Karen hang out all the.... oh shit I’m not meant to tell you that. Well I can tell you it’s not a curse. I think there is a reason behind the deaths, but not a curse.”

Scott sighed, “Phew, that’s good Jimmy’s thsoul isn’t out for vengeanthce, but I still worry about Tweek and Wendy. They’re the lathst oneths.”

Damien looked at Kenny. His looked conveyed something that only Kenny understood.

‘Find Leslie, now!”

Kenny looked serious, “I will, but you need me just in case he doesn’t take the deal. Do your
The God then bowed his head and turned back to Scott, “Anyway, where are my manners. My name is Damien. I am the God of this mountain and protector of your village. You have been brought here as this place is linked to the next plane of existence. First, you have a choice to make.”

Scott smiled, “Judging by what you said about Jimmy, this deal about coming back is some sort of spirit?”

Damien face palmed, “Yeah.”

Scott then gasped, “I was just kidding. Wow. Go ahead with explaining Damien.”

Damien began to explain, “You can either pass on or you can be brought back as a spirit. You will have an ability if you come back, and no one but your fellow spirits will be able to see you. Also, you will have to forfeit your humanity.”

Scott looked concerned, “So it’s a spirit that’s been pulling pranks on the village. That explains a lot.”

Damien’s eyes glowed, “So that fat raccoon up to his old tricks again. I may need to have another word with him...”

Damien then sighed, “Please, make your choice Scott.”

Scott began to think, ‘What should I do. Protecting Wendy and Tweek seems like a good idea. Plus if I get a power that can help stop the pranks that will be useful.’

Scott smiled, “I’ll take it! I gotta help.”

Damien smiled, “You’re not the only one who wants to stop the pranks you know. Kenny you better be off.”

Kenny nodded, “I’ll find her.”

Scott looked confused as Kenny flew off, “Who’s her?”

Damien sighed, “Someone you don’t need to worry about.”

Damien then smiled faintly before his eyes glowed and he gathered power in his hands, “Very well. Scott Malkinson, with the powers that rest in this mountain, I hereby make you into a spirit.”

Scott smiled as the energy came towards him.

‘I just want the power to help, that’s all...’
Scott opened his eyes.

First thing he felt was weird whiskers on his face.

He sat up and looked at his hands. They were now paws and covered in grey fur. To make sure it was not his mind playing tricks and to confirm his suspicions, he put his paws to his head and felt two small cat ears.

‘I’m a cat spirit?’

Kenny then tapped his shoulder. Scott turned round.

Kenny smiled, “I don’t have a lot of time, so if you want to know what spirit you are go ask Kevin over there. He has a book with everything you need to know in it.”

Scott turned to see where Kenny pointed. He saw a blue kimono and a red obi worn by what appeared to be a monkey. He sort of recognised the hair, but couldn’t place it.

He turned back and saw Kenny was about to fly off, “Don’t worry. Kevin is really kind. He won’t hurt you. Now excuse me.”

Kenny then flew off.

Scott started to walk towards Kevin.

“Excuse me?”

Kevin looked up from his book before looking in awe at Scott.

“Oh wow! A Bakeneko! That’s so cool! And I recognise that lisp, is that you, Scott?”

Scott looked confused, “You know me?”

Kevin nodded, “Yep. I’m Kevin Stoley, the Chinese member of the village. You didn’t really talk to me so I doubted you know who I was.”

Scott frowned as he remembered, “No. I remember now. I’m sorry I never talked to you until now. I tried but the bullieths were alwayths with you and I was thscared. They bully me to for having diabeteths.”

Scott then sat next to Kevin, “I only juthst came back. Kenny thsaid to ask you to find out what I am.”

Kevin smiled, “The book expert is at your disposal, let me find the page on Bakeneko for you.”

Kevin then turned a few pages and passed the book to Scott.

Kevin read aloud, “Bakeneko, the cat spirit. Like Kitsune and Tanuki, the Bakeneko can transform into anything they desire. However, unlike the Kitsune and Tanuki who use their powers for pranks, Bakeneko use their powers for evil.”

Scott sighed, “I refuthse to be evil, that’s not who I am.”

Scott stood up, “I vow to give Bakeneko a new name! One that thshows that we can be good!”

Kevin smiled, “I will help too. I mean I don’t even know what I am. As a Chinese spirit, my spirit
isn’t in this book.”

Scott smiled, “Hey, aths a thsign of friendthship and to make up for not being your friend when we were alive, I’ll help you anyway I can.”

Kevin beamed, “Thank you! And I will help you by saying when Cartman is causing pranks. You should tell Kyle about your power too! It will make him happy to know you can transform and help! He’s a kitsune spirit after all.”

Scott nodded, “I’ll go find him now. Thankths Kevin.”

Kevin smiled, “Anytime.”

As Scott approached Kyle, he saw he was not alone.

Next to Kyle was a dog spirit in a red poof ball hat. Scott knew this was Stan and ran up to them.

“Kyle, Thstan! It’s me, Thscott! I’m a thspirit too.”

The two canid spirits looked up. Stan started to growl.

Kyle turned to him, “Why are you growling dude.”

Stan got on all fours, “I’m not growling, I think it’s Sparky. He must be growling because Scott is a cat, a dogs natural enemy.”

Scott stopped at a distance, not wanting Stan to hurt him.

Kyle then started growling.

Stan turned, “Why are you growling?”

Kyle sighed, “I’m a canidae, we’re related to dogs, meaning I hate cats too.”

Kyle turned to Scott, “I’m sorry Scott. Stay there. We can’t control our spirit powers, their natural hate for cats is making it impossible to stop.”

Scott felt the fear in his stomach. He could also feel his spirit side tremble before the dog spirits. He then felt the evil side of his spirit, it wanted to hurt them, it wanted to do something that would cause them pain. Scott however ignored his spirit side, being the only one of the three able too.

Scott spoke, “Kyle, I just wanted to thsay I can tranthsform like you. Kevin told me about Cartman, I juthst want you to know I’ll help you. Even if you hate me becauthse of what thspirit I am, I just wanted you to know.”

Scott then walked off. His spirit side calmed down as soon as he did.

Kyle and Stan calmed down too.
Kyle turned to Stan, “I understand Scott was trying to help, but why did our spirit sides hate him. I mean he’s even going to help us with Cartman.”

Stan sighed, “Cat and dogs hate each other Kyle. It’s our basic animal instincts. We just need to learn to control our spirit sides so we can at least talk to him.”

Kyle looked where Scott had been, “I hope he can help. Knowing another person is helping makes me happy.”

Stan then leaned against Kyle, “Can I take rest on your shoulder for a bit? Sparky taking over has drained me.”

Kyle laughed, “Sure dude, I mean we don’t sleep, but rest sounds good about now. I need to as well after that.”

Kyle rested against Stan and the two closed their eyes as they rested to regain their spirit energy.

Scott started walking back to the town square when he saw Cartman in his raccoon form. Cartman walked over to the Donovan shoe shop and stole some shoes. Scott scowled at the action.

Cartman than ran away as Mr Donovan came out. He looked confused to see the shoes he’d been working on gone.

Scott knew just what to do. He used his powers to shift into an old man and walked over to Mr Donovan.

“Excuse me?”

Mr Donovan looked up, “Oh hello, how can I help you?”

Scott smiled happy that in this form his lisp wasn’t noticeable, “Oh, I just wanted to apologies. Some kid stole your shoes. I want to pay for them.”

Scott found his old purse still on him and handed some coins to the shoe maker.

He then walked away and round the corner, dropping his guise.

Cartman glared at the cat, ‘What the fuck is that diabetic’s problem! Ruining my fun! I’ll have to keep an eye on him. Goody two shoes!’

At the same time, Nathan was looking at the transforming spirit.

‘The raccoon is no problem, but the fox was going to be a problem, and now a cat is threatening my lady! I have to do something!’

Scott walked off. However he didn’t look where he was going and tripped over Heidi’s snake tail. Heidi’s yellow eyes showed surprise before they calmed as she turned to see it was Scott. She
helped him up with a small smile.

“Please be careful. I’m sorry my tail got in the way though.”

Scott smiled, “Not your fault. I should have paid more attention.”

Cartman laughed at how clumsy Scott was.

Nathan however smiled, ‘He won’t be a problem to Leslie... Too stupid.’

Chapter End Notes

Character design of human and spirit Scott can be found here:
https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/178323682624/please-click-for-better-quality-character-design

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
I have to at least say goodbye

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, I want to apologise for this update being so short but this chapter didn't need much in it too be powerful.

We have fan art by the awesome Scribbledcoffee on tumblr ^_^ It is of Prostitute Kyle from chapter 15 and sad Tweek. Some one give this boy a hug:
https://scribbledcoffee.tumblr.com/post/178459772357/heres-two-doodles-for-brightstarblogs-fanfic

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Knock knock

“Tweek? It’s me, Tricia. Can you open the door?”

Tricia looked at Tweek’s door in sadness. No answer came from inside.

Tricia sighed and held back the tears as she knocked the secret knock that only her, Tweek and Craig knew. They did this so that Tweek wouldn’t answer the door to his parents as much and get roped into more shifts at the tea house. Her brother had come up with the idea. He had always been smart like that.

When she finished tapping out the rhythm she was familiar with, the door slowly opened. Tricia almost burst into tears at the site of Tweek.

His hair was in more of a mess than usual, his nails needed to be cut, and his eyes had the worst bags she’d ever seen. Thankfully she saw empty bowels in his room so she knew he’d been eating at least unlike last time she’d visited. She also saw that his obi was tied sideways and one end of the obi was dragging on the floor. She could hardly judge him though, getting dressed herself was bad enough.

Tweek tilted his head, letting Tricia know she could come inside. She bows slightly before entering and sat on his floor. She looked around and saw that his futon looked as if it hadn’t been made in over a week. She also green powder from the tea Tweek had was all over the floor. She knew that this had to be the one laced with opium as the room smelt weird. Craig had told her the Tweak tea secret as he wanted her to be safe and not get addicted like everyone else in the village. She too had kept the secret to protect Tweek. Craig had told her he would worry too much if she did.

She turned back to Tweek and smiled sadly. She knew Tweek needed to do what they had planned today, both of them did. It would be hard, but it was necessary.

Tricia broke the silence first. “Tweek, I’m sorry I took so long. Getting ready to leave was horrible as I had trouble tying my obi.”

Tricia fought back the tears as she spoke, “Craig used to help me with it and I...”

Tweek hugged the small girl as a few tears escaped her eyes.
Tweek managed to stop his tears, too many had fallen today anyway.

Tricia pulled away before standing up once more.

She took Tweek’s hand in support, “Come on, we both need to do this. It would be impossible to go by ourselves in case we broke down, so we have to do this together, for Craig…”

Tweek nodded as he smiled sadly.

“For Craig…”

Before they left though, Tweek stopped Tricia and began to re-tie her obi for her. He had done it before as Craig had taught him when they were younger. He still felt bad he couldn’t tie his own obi very well, but he had always seemed to be better at tying other peoples.

Tricia smiled and then returned the favour by tying Tweek’s. It was difficult as he was taller, but she managed. One side was still longer than the other though.

Tweek took Tricia’s hand once more, and the went to the place they had been dreading all week. Craig’s grave...

Tricia and Tweek slowly walked into the graveyard. Both could feel the weight of each step they took. It felt like a force that was crushing them from above, but they walked on, holding each other’s hands for support.

Tweek looked around, ‘This place used to not have many graves, now about half of it is just my class from the past few months. We all had hopes for the future, now more than half of them are lying in the ground.’

Tweek couldn’t help but feel a chill. Over the past four months, more and more of his classmates had been brought here. He hated how he felt as he watched them disappear one by one.

Tricia stopped and ran ahead. She then called Tweek over once she had confirmed it was the right grave. Tweek really felt the weight then as he walked towards the grave he dreaded to see the most.

The grave of Craig Tucker, the boy he had loved for seven years.

He felt like his back was going to break and that his heart would fall out of his mouth.

Tricia pulled the incense from her sleeve, she tried to light it but her vision became cloudy as more tears streamed from her eyes.

Tweek carefully lit the incense instead and helped Tricia kneel down. He then joined her.

Tricia spoke first, “Hey asshole... I know you’d be mad if I started getting all serious on you now
so I’ll still keep calling you what I always called you. I brought Tweek with me today. I know you’d probably yell at me for stressing him out, but we decided to do this together so don’t worry you dork. Anyway, it took us a lot to come here today. Tweek has been so brave to do this.”

Tricia turned to Tweek, “You can speak if you want, just say what’s in your heart.”

Tweek took a deep breath in. His shakes calmed as he spoke.

“Hey Craig. It’s me. I’m really sad you’re gone you know. I... I really cared about you. You were my _gahh_ best friend. I wish you were still here so I could hug you and make you tea just like we always did. With you gone, I feel like my life is standing still. Scott convinced me to start eating again so I don’t starve, but sleep still is the hardest. My dad tried to get me to work, but a crow scratched his eye out when he tried to force me. I almost feel like you sent that crow to help. I know it’s stupid but you _nugh_ never know. I’ve been trying my hardest you know. You always said I was capable of more than I think, but with you gone I really don’t think that’s the case anymore.”

Tweek then started to cry, “I want everyone to come back. Whatever took you I want it to stop. Wendy and I are the last ones.... I want to play tag with you all again, or play hide and seek like we did when we were kids. I just want you all, even Cartman, to be back here so life can return to normal. You guys were more of a family to me than parents ever will be. I know my mom tries, but....”

Tweek wiped his eyes as he reached into his sleeve and produced his tea tools. He also pulled out a small cup, the cup that Craig always used. He then got to work as he started to make tea with all the grace he could muster. Even in his grief, he still would make the best cup of tea in the world, for Craig.

“This cup always belonged to you. I think it’s only fair that I return it to you.”

Tricia could only watch as Tweek made the tea her brother always loved.

‘Craig, I really wish you could see this. I know you never told Tweek, but I can see how much you cared for each other. I just wished you had the courage to tell him while you were here. Anyone can see how he cared for you too.’

As Tweek finished, he placed the cup at the foot of Craig’s grave.

“I hope you like this.. It’s the last of my sakura green tea.”

Tweek then stood up and bowed to Craig’s grave.

“Goodbye Craig... you meant the world to me. It may take a while, but please wait for me on the other side. All of you.”

As Tweek walked away, Tricia stood up and said a final few words.

“Hey, bro, I’m going to do something for you. I promise to see Tweek all the time. I care about him too, just in a very different way. He was like my second brother. All your friends were like that to me. Even when I was being a brat you let me play and hang out with you. It’s the least I can do for you.”

Tricia then stood up, “You were the best brother in the whole world.”
Just before the two left, they went to each of the other graves and said good bye to everyone. They made special stops at Clyde, Jimmy and Token’s graves.

Tweek first stopped at Clyde’s grave and placed a small piece mochi on the grave.

“This was always your favourite sweet Clyde. I’m sorry I couldn’t bring that exotic food you liked but it was far too expensive.”

He then turned to Jimmy’s grave where he placed a small haiku he’d written. It was a joke he’d told Jimmy once that made the comedian laugh really hard.

“This joke is yours. It always was. I think you deserve to have it.”

Lastly, he turned to Token’s gave. He placed the calligraphy brush Token had gotten him when they were younger. It had a special grip so it wouldn’t break as easily as his other brushes when he shook.

“I know you got this for me, but I want you to have it as you wrote far more than me.”

Tricia rubbed his back as Tweek finally lost his composure.

He screamed into the sky.

“WHY DID YOU ALL LEAVE ME?! I CAN’T DEAL WITH YOU ALL BEING GONE! YOU WERE MY FAMILY! HOW CAN I LIVE WITH YOU ALL GONE!!”

Tricia cried as Tweek just screamed his heart out. Every emotion Tweek had been holding onto escaped him all at once. His knees gave out and he fell onto the ground. Tricia supported him as he hugged her. She even heard Tweek silently say the thing he’d been keeping in the bottom of his heart for the past seven years.

“Craig, I love you...”

Little did Tweek know, but a small black crow that was sitting on Craig’s grave. It was staring at Tweek and Tricia.

Some tears fell out of the crows eyes.

‘Tweek.... I’m so sorry you had to feel all these emotions. I feel worse that I’m the one who made you feel them. You should never do this to the person you love. Tweek, I don’t deserve you. I just hope you can learn to still let people into your heart and that someday you will find a girl you can share your life with. I know I never stood a chance, but I just wanted to dream. Tricia, please care for him. He needs it. I also hope you have a good future sis... don’t take any shit from anyone, just be you.’

Craig watched as Tweek and Tricia left.
Craig shifted back into his tengu form and collapsed to the floor and cried his heart out too, just like Tweek had done.

“Tweek, I love you...”

Chapter End Notes

Character design of human Tweek at Craig's grave can be found here:
https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/178551190479/please-click-for-better-quality-scene

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
“Hey son, can I talk to you for a minute?”

Tweek glared at his dad, “What now dad?”

Richard didn’t even look at his son in the eyes when he gave him his order.

“I need you to go pick up the latest delivery from the normal spot. We can’t have anyone know the secret ingredient to why our tea is so addictive. With the Tucker boy gone you’ll have to go by yourself.”

Tweek growled quietly. It had only been two hours since Tweek had started doing work for his father again, but the man could not care less about his well being. His mother had tried to stop her husband, but the sinister smile he’d given her chilled Tweek to the bone.

Tweek tightened his obi sash in nerves and looked at the sky. The dark clouds were coming closer.

“Err, dad... I don’t think that nugh getting the delivery today is a good idea. Those clouds are telling me a storms coming.”

Richard froze before turning to his son once more. His eyes closed as he smiled.

Tweek knew this evil smile well. This look told Tweek that if he protested again, he’d lose a month’s worth of wages.

Tweek gulped, “I mean, it’s not an issue. I’ll gahh go right now!”

Richard looked away again, “Thanks son. Remember, our business relies on you doing what’s best for the family.”

Tweek turned and exited the shop.
Tweek slowly started to walk up the mountain to get to the other side. He had to meet Kevin McCormick at the normal spot to get the opium laced product. Tweek hated this part so much, but he didn’t want to get on his father’s bad side.

The wind began to pick up, and Tweek could see the first few snowflakes fall around him.

Although Tweek didn’t feel the cold as bad as other people, even he could feel the biting air swirl around his ankles and neck. Regardless of the temperature though, the blond boy kept moving forward. He needed to get this delivery. His salary depended on it.

As Tweek saw more snow fall he couldn’t help but let his mind drift.

‘I bet Craig would love to see this snow. He always said he found snow to be one of the prettiest things to look at. He always told me stuff like that and then got worried I’d laugh at him for it. To be honest I always thought the same. I’d always wanted to ask him if he wanted to watch it with me. The delicate dance these flakes perform, it really takes your breath away, and with Craig by my side I’d probably never want it to end..... Oh Craig... I wish you were still here. Your voice, your smell, your everything.... I miss it all every day.’

As Tweek got lost in his daydream, he failed to see the snow getting heavier.

As Tweek walked further though, one thing became clear. He could no longer see the path he needed to take.

Tweek looked back and he couldn’t even see his foot prints.

Tweek looked everywhere in a blind panic. The cold was now really wrapping around him and stealing every piece of heat he had. Not even his shakes could regenerate the heat fast enough to compensate.

The blizzard was almost alive. It was wild and untameable.

Tweek’s legs shook so hard that he collapsed into the freezing snow.

He wrapped his arms around himself and curled into a ball to try and get at least a little heat.

But it was to no avail.

Tweek could feel his eyelashes freeze as snow clumped on them. His heart was slowing down and his fingers were turning blue.

Tweek knew he was about to lose consciousness so he turned so he was lying on his back and stretched his hand into the air.

“I’ll..... b-b-b-be with...... y-you...... s-s-s-soon....... Cr...aig.”

Tweek gave up fighting and closed his eyes.
The snow turned into a blanket and slowly took him.

Just before he lost consciousness, Tweek swore he could hear what sounded like a crow calling his name. But he knew that was impossible.

Tweek’s eyes slowly opened and he sat up. He looked at his hands and saw they had completely turned blue.

He looked around and shook once more.

‘Where am I now?’

Tweek stood up, but found that he was floating.

Tweek was silent for all of two seconds before he started screaming.

“What the hell man! Why am I floating! Am I dead?! Have I drank too much tea and now I’m hallucinating again! What the actual fuck! Help!”

Tweek then heard a crash and turned to see two black twigs sticking out of the snow. After a few seconds the twigs moved. The ‘twigs’ were actually bone wings coming out of a figure dressed from head to toe in all black. The figure rubbed his ears and stared at Tweek. Tweek couldn’t help but notice the red tattoos all over the figure’s face.

The figure picked up its scythe and sighed.

“I know you’re confused but the screaming won’t help, it only distracts me from flying. The only time it will help is if you’re screaming your lovers name as they make sweet love to you.”

Tweek blushed as a rogue dirty thought of Craig tried to enter his mind. To stop it however, Tweek brought his attention back to the figure in front of him.

“What and rahr who are you?! Are you going to kill me with that scythe?!”

The figure laughed before speaking again, “I can’t kill someone who’s already dead now can I?”

Tweek started to shake more, “I’m DEAD! NO WAY MAN, I’M AWAKE AND TALKING TO YOU! THIS IS WAY TOO MUCH PRESSURE!”

Instead of grabbing the obi, Tweek grabbed and pulled at his hair.

The figure sighed before coming over and careful removing Tweek’s fingers from his messy locks.

“Tweek Tweak. I am not here to hurt you. Look, my name is Kenny and I am a Shinigami. I am here to help your soul pass on if that is what you wish. Now you have to please come with me. I’ll take you to the place where your soul may move on.”
Kenny thought for a moment and swung his scythe down. He thought they were a little far to walk back to the mountain path, so the portal would be better. The small portal opened. Kenny then looked up and saw a crow look at him, flapping its wings in anger. It wanted to go through the portal too.

Kenny knew who it was immediately.

‘Sorry Craig, but this is Tweeker’s choice. You can’t sway him.’

Kenny turned back to Tweek, “Just float through here and all will be clear. No one is going to hurt you.”

Tweek looked reluctant, but he slowly floated through the portal.

Kenny looked back to the crow for a second before he too passed through.

“Stay here. Either I’ll come tell you he passed on, or you will see Tweek become a spirit. You can’t interfere with this Craig.”

Craig glared in his crow form and used one of his wings to somehow flip the Shinigami off. Kenny smirked as he followed after Tweek.

Tweek entered the cave behind Kenny. Tweek was terrified but was still trying his best to not completely lose it.

When Tweek saw the horned Kishen God however, he lost it.

“WHAT IS THAT! KENNY YOU BROUGHT ME TO A DEMON?! MY SOUL IS GOING TO BE EATEN! AHHHHHHHHH!”

Kenny sighed and the creature covered its ears.

Kenny made his voice as calm as possible. He talked to Tweek as if he was Karen then.

“Tweek, it’s okay. That is not a demon. That is Damien. He is the one who wants to offer you a deal. I know you’re scared, but Damien wouldn’t hurt you. You are a soul from his village, he is your guardian, not your demon. Now please, listen to him okay.”

Tweek started to take deep breaths as he got his anxiety under control.

Kenny reminded him a little of Craig in that moment. He knew that if Craig were here, he’d do the exact same thing.

Tweek walked past Kenny and stood before Damien.

Tweek still looked anxious, but he spoke to the creature.
“My name is Tweek. I’m sorry I screamed at you, but this whole nugh situation is a lot of pressure for me.”

Damien glared, but ultimately sighed, “It’s okay, everyone has a different reaction to seeing me so I don’t blame you. As Kenny said, my name is Damien. I am the God of this mountain and protector of your village. You have been brought here as this place is linked to the next plane of existence. First, you have a choice to make.”

Tweek shook, but he stood his ground, “What is this deal?”

Damien began to explain, trying his best to sound calm to not spook the blond further. He also couldn’t help but think that although Tweek’s hair was similar to Kenny, they couldn’t be more different.

“You can either pass on or you can be brought back as a spirit. You will have an ability if you come back, and no one but your fellow spirits will be able to see you. Also, you will have to forfeit your humanity.”

Tweek pulled his obi slightly, “Lose my humanity! I don’t want to be a monster!”

Damien sighed before trying to sound calming once more, “The only monsters that exist are souls whose hearts have turned black from hate and evil. It doesn’t matter how you look, it’s only the soul that’s important.”

Tweek stopped pulling his obi as he remembered something Craig had once said, “The only monsters that are real are the ones that live in our hearts Tweek. Someone could look completely normal but have evil inside them. I think your dad and Cartman are people like that. And then you have people like us, I look like an asshole and you never brush your hair, yet we probably have lighter hearts than your dad or Cartman will ever have.”

Damien, seeing Tweek was calmer spoke again, “Please make your choice.”

Tweek, knocked out of his memory, shook again and began to think.

‘I can’t go back. I don’t know who’s a spirit and who isn’t. What if they’re mean to me? What if Craig is gone? I don’t want that kind of pressure!’

Tweek then remembered something else.

‘.... But what about Tricia.... She’s lost so much. We only had each other and with me gone she’s going to be all alone again. I’m sorry Craig, but if you didn’t come back I got to stay here and make sure she is okay. She’s too young to be alone.’

Tweek looked at the God with fear, but also with determination.

“I’m not sure if this is the right thing, but I want to come back... I gotta look out for Tricia. She’s too young for all this death.”

Damien, smiled at the boy before him, ‘To be that scared but still keep fighting, this boy is braver than I thought.’

Damien’s eyes glowed and he gathered power in his hands, “Very well. Tweek Tweak, with the powers that rest in this mountain, I hereby make you into a spirit.”

Tweek looked scared as the light came towards him.
He took a deep breath.

‘Craig....I'm sorry...’

Tweek opened his eyes to find nothing but snow on him.

Freaking out that everything had been a dream, he pushed the snow off himself and stood up.

The first shock was that his kimono had changed from dark green to pure white, just like the snow itself. His obi was also purple now instead of its normal brown colour. Tweek looked up at the hair in front of his face and saw that the tips of his messy hair were now whiteish blue from the ice now in it. He also saw a snowflake made of ice in his hair too. He tried to take it out, but no matter how hard he tugged it stayed in place.

Kenny laughed as he watched Tweek try and pull it out.

Tweek glared at him, “Stop laughing and help me you asshole!”

Kenny laughed even harder before explaining, “I’m not going to help you pull out your power source you fool.”

Tweek looked at him in confusion, “What?”

Kenny walked up to Tweek, “Tweek, you are now a Yuki-onna, a snow spirit. Though it is strange that you became that spirit. Normally Yuki-onna are all women. Not that it matters that much. Anyway, you now have control over the weather. You can make it snow as soft or as hard as you like. You can also control wind speeds so you can make a blizzard if you wanted. That ice snowflake is your life source. If it melts you will die and stay dead this time. Like you’ll just shatter on the spot, so don’t let your body temperature get to warm. Wow that will make sex difficult for you.”

Tweek growled and threw a snowball at the Shingami using just his mind. Tweek then panicked as he realised he did that without even moving.

Kenny laughed, “I deserved that one. Now I better leave. I got a job to do.”

Kenny turned and flew off.

‘Now’s your chance Craig.’

Tweek sighed as he turned to head back the way he came. With the blizzard gone he could see the path no problem now.

As he began to walk, he heard a crow caw at him.

Tweek turned back and saw the bird just standing on the path. It hopped towards him.
Tweek found this curious as he swore it was the same bird that scratched his father’s eye.

As the bird got closed it suddenly shifted into a fully grown human boy. Tweek was too shocked to even notice the colours the boy was wearing, or his blue chullo hat.

“Tweek...”

Too shocked to recognise the voice, Tweek panicked as he looked at the creature’s beak and large black wings.

“STAY AWAY FROM ME! DON’T HURT ME!”

Tweek threw his hands up and blew the bird man away.

Shocked he’d used his powers again and that the bird man was angry, Tweek ran back towards the village in a panic.

Craig flapped his wings and landed softly on the ground.

“... I pretty much expected that reaction..... man... his eyes are even prettier than before. The snowflake shaped pupils and the silver iris.... I could just gaze at them for hours. And his hair has ice at the tips now. Why does he look so cute!”

Kenny laughed again. Craig turned round and glared at the Shinigami who was smirking. Craig didn’t realise he had company when he said that out loud.

“Dude, could you be more gay?”

Craig flipped the blond off, “Shut up McCordick.”

Craig then flew after Tweek.

Tweek couldn’t stop his feet. He needed to get away from those black wings before they took him. He could only run.

He reached the village the fastest he ever had before. Unfortunately he wasn’t looking where he was going and ran into Clyde who was hopping to go see Bebe.

At the impact, all of Clyde’s limbs came off as well as his head.

Clyde could see Tweek and smiled from the floor.

“Hey Tweek, I see that you’re now a spirit. Dude! Your eyes look amazing, in a no homo way.”

Tweek looked at his disembodied friend. He then proceeded to scream.

“CLYDE! OH GOD WHAT HAVE I DONE!”
He then heard a calm voice.

“Honey cakes? Is that you?”

Tweek turned to see Bebe, her mouth was covered with a mask, but he’d recognise her face from anywhere.

“Bebe, oh god, I’ve killed Clyde again!”

Bebe giggled, “Oh Tweekie pie don’t worry. This happens all the time.”

Bebe then picked up Clyde’s legs that were still tied together and torso and then pulled her thread out. She slowly started to sew him back together.

Clyde smiled from the floor, “Teacup, I’m not in any pain, just my ability as a spirit. The hopping is a pain, but I’m happy.”

Tweek then heard another familiar voice.

“At least you aren’t a giant Clyde.”

Tweek turned to see a huge ogre like creature before him. He looked at the face and could see his other friend, Token Black, standing before him.

“Token! You’re huge!”

Token laughed, “Hey Tweek. Yep, I’m an oni. Sorry to see you died, but at least you aren’t alone anymore. We hated seeing how hurt you were.”

Clyde smiled, “Thanks for the gifts you left us though. It was real thoughtful.”

Tweek looked embarrassed.

Bebe then smiled, “Oh, what spirit are you Tweek?”

Tweek looked at his hands, “I’m a Yuki-onna apparently. First male one ever. I already had to use my powers on a scary bird man. He knew my name and everything! I had to hurl wind at him to get away.”

The whole group was silent before they started to laugh.

Tweek looked concerned, “What’s so funny?”

Clyde spoke first, “I imagine Craig is going to be a bit mad that you blew him away. He was the most worried about you after all.”

Tweek froze, “.....the bird man was Craig...”

Tweek couldn’t help but mentally slap himself, ‘...Good going Tweek, you were a spirit for less than a minute and you blew your crush away. Well done you idiot.’

Tweek, then saw a shadow behind him and turned to see Craig for the second time.

Craig folded his arms and looked at Tweek. He had a hint of annoyance in his eyes.

“I come to see you and that’s how you repay me...”
Craig then put his hand over his beak for a second. When he removed it the beak had disappeared and Tweek saw Craig’s face as if it was just another day.

“...Craig... you’re here.”

Tears started to well up in Tweek’s eyes. As they reached his chin the drops fell and turned to ice.

Craig’s eyes slowly calmed as he looked at the boy he’d loved from inside his heart.

Tweek rubbed his eyes and ran towards Craig.

Craig opened his arms and hugged Tweek with all his might.

Tweek looked up at Craig, his snowflake pupils glistened, “I missed you so much. Have you been that crow that’s been watching me this whole time?”

Craig smiled, “Of course, even in death I’d protect you.”

Craig’s face then contorted in pain.

Tweek looked concerned, “What’s wrong! Craig!”

Token eyes widened, “Tweek, you’re freezing him with your hands!”

Tweek pulled his arms away and saw that ice had formed where he’d been holding Craig.

Tweek looked at his hands and shook in fear, “.... I hurt Craig... I didn’t mean......”

Tweek’s eyes filled with tears again as he turned and ran away from the group. Ice footprints followed him, but quickly melted.

Clyde, who was mostly back together tried to run after him, but he ripped all his stitches and landed on the floor once more in a heap.

“.... errr, I tried.”

Token and Craig sighed as they picked their best friend off the floor once more. It was Bebe that was scowling though.

“You idiot! You know you have to stay still when I fix you or the threads rip. I know you’re worried about Tweek, but you can’t run after him while I’m fixing you.”

Clyde’s eyes now filled with tears. Craig sighed as he held his head away from, not wanting Clyde’s tears to soak him.

“Bebe, I’m really sorry! I just worry about teacup you know.”

Bebe’s eyes softened as she took Clyde’s head and hugged it.

“I’m sorry I yelled. Please don’t cry. I’ll fix you and then we can get Tweek together. Okay?”

Clyde sniffled before answering, “Okay.”

Bebe lifted Clyde’s head and softly kissed his forehead through her mask.

Tweek watched from the tree he was hiding behind and smiled slightly.
'So while I was away they got together.... That’s good. I always knew they cared about each other. I wish Craig could care for me like that.'

Tweek looked at his hands, ‘But who could love someone that could freeze them just with their touch. I guess I’m always cursed to not be with him, even in death.’

Tweek dried his eyes and walked away from his friends.

'At least I can watch over Tricia with Craig, he just can’t get too close to me.’

Tweek walked into the forest. He wanted to find a cave and make that his new home. He just wanted to isolate himself so he couldn’t hurt anyone.

Chapter End Notes

Character design of human and spirit Tweek as well as Tweek and Craig's reunion can be found here: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/178770476794/please-click-for-better-quality-character-design

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
The last raindrop

Chapter Notes

We have some fluffly fan art!
Scribbled coffee did this adorable piece of Tweek and Craig kissing as spirits. I found it super cute and the fact they even included the ice in Tweek's hair and from his hands just really made me smile:

Also so side note, the next chapter is the final chapter in the first arc.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

‘What’s the point in staying here? Everyone I ever loved or cared about is dead.”

Wendy Testaburger leaned against the wall of her room as she got lost in her grief.

It was the dead of night and she was supposed to be asleep, but sleep wouldn’t come for her. All that illuminated her room was a single candle.

She stared off into space as she thought about every one of her friends. Every person was now just a painting in her mural. It was the only proof they had been here at all. She had even drawn Cartman at this point.

Wendy felt like she was losing her mind. Had everyone just been a dream in the first place, or was this really reality?

‘Am I really here? Or is this just all in my mind. Did Bebe exist? I know her parents though. I’m the only one from my class left. I know Ike, Karen, Tricia and Shelly are still here though. They remind me that this really is reality.’

Wendy lifted her head before she pulled her knees up and huddled in a ball.

‘Why don’t the adults care... They’ve lost their children. They care for like a week and then go back to normal. We may be 17 but we’re still children!’

Wendy looked at the floor. Her yellow hakama bottoms were in a heap. Wendy sighed as she untied her hair from her pony tail.

‘I don’t feel like Wendyl at the moment. I just..... I want to leave....

She looked around her room, seeing as much as she could in the dim light.

‘.... I should leave. I need a new start. After all this pain I can’t stay here. I will go to a different village and start new there.’

Wendy picked up her bag and started to put stuff into it. Her outfit for Wendyl, some food, some money and a small calligraphy set.
Wendy heard the rain and thunder outside and knew leaving now would mean no one would see her. The moon was almost full so it would provide as a good light source even through the clouds.

Wendy then sat down on her futon one final time as she started to write a goodbye note to her parents.

Dear mom and dad,

I can’t deal with this pain anymore. Knowing that I’m the only one of all my friends left breaks my heart. I know this may seem stupid, but I need to leave and start a new life somewhere else.

I really do love you both, but I must do this. I just can’t live in a place with so many bad memories. Every time I go past their graves I feel like another part of my soul dies. It has to stop.

I love you now and forever

Wendy(l) Testaburger

She slid open her room door and carefully walked down the stairs. She moved into the main room and placed her letter on the table. She held back the tears as she turned and left her house.

The storm was pretty bad when she opened the door. The rain drenched her, but Wendy moved forwards. She didn’t even care anymore.

The wind whipped round from all directions. It felt like it was trying to ensnare her ankles, but still she moved onwards.

Her long black hair swirled in the wind, it almost made her look like a monster, Wendy just tied it back and kept moving.

She reached the end of the village when the wind really picked up. The moon got covered by the clouds and Wendy had trouble seeing where she was walking. She stopped as she stood her ground and waited for the wind to ease just a bit.

‘Curse or no curse, I am leaving. I won’t let even the Gods stop me.’

It was then that Wendy heard a sound. She looked to where the sound was coming from. She swore she saw a dark shape on a roof when she then heard a roof tile break off the house and come towards her at great force. The wind really was bad as it helped the tile sail straight into her head.

Wendy collapsed and she knew that this was the end. The curse had gotten her too.

Wendy couldn’t think straight as the concussion hit her.

‘So this is my end.... how fitting....I don’t even know.... is it Tuesday?.... my head...’

Wendy opened her eyes to look at the sky. It seemed to spin as she couldn’t focus. All she could feel was the rain.

‘The sky.... is it crying for me.... is it sad that..... I’m dying....’
Wendy closed her eyes again and just focused on the feel of the rain.

‘I guess.... this is at least....comforting.’

Wendy let her consciousness drift. She would rather join everyone else in the afterlife at this point.

The figure on the roof adjusted his glasses.

‘....And that’s the last one of Jimmy’s class. I’ll stop for now, but if my lovely lady Leslie wishes me to kill the siblings next, I will be happy to do it... Besides I will do anything to stay by her side. No matter how much blood I have to bathe in. She will forgive all my sins. I don't care if she hits me, it just feels good.’

Nathan smiled as the crimson liquid fell from Wendy’s ears. He then moved down and disappeared into the night, being able to see thanks to the night vision spell Leslie had given him.

“Hey.... can you hear me?”

Wendy just kept her eyes closed when she came back round. She knew she was dead. The air felt different and she just wanted to let her soul find peace.

She felt her cheek getting poked with a stick.

“I know you’re awake. This is important.”

Wendy snapped her eyes open and leaned up to where the voice was, her voice was full of anger.

“If you haven’t guessed I’m ignoring you! I just want to be left alone already! Haven’t I suffered enough! Can’t I just be free of my pain already! Just let me die!”

Wendy saw that the person with red tattoos actually looked shocked for a second before he smiled compassionately.

“..... You’re the last one aren’t you? The last one of that class. You have every right to be angry but don’t you want some answers?”

Wendy looked intrigued for a second before she glared again.

“And how do you know these answers? Are you the one behind all this? How do I know you’re not just trying to trick me so you can eat my soul?”

The figure smirked, “Do I really look like the type to eat souls? Not my thing. My job is related to souls though. You’re a smart girl Wendy, or is it Wendyl Testaburger. I’m sure you can work it out. Just look at me.”
Wendy sighed, “Wendy at the minute.”

She then looked at the being once more before it finally clicked.

She relaxed as she spoke, “...Shinigami...”

The creature flashed a cheeky grin, “Ding ding ding! Correct! I’m Kenny the Shinigami. I am here to help your soul pass on if that is what you wish. Now you have to please come with me. I’ll take you to the place where your soul may move on.”

Kenny swung his scythe down and a small portal opened up before them. He then turned and offered Wendy a hand.

“Come on. I promise you I am just helping you. You’ll get your answers.”

Wendy batted the hand away and floated up herself.

“I’m not a weak girl. I can do it myself. But thank you for the offer.”

Kenny smiled, “Nothing wrong with a strong willed girl that doesn’t need help.”

Wendy entered the cave with her head held high. At this point she was ready for anything. When she saw the Kishen God she kept her cool. The God seemed a little bored.

The creature looked at her with narrowed eyes, “Who runs away in a fucking storm? No wonder you got killed.”

Wendy glared back, “I’m not the one who cursed my whole class to be killed off one by one! I’m guessing you’d know something about that though. You look powerful enough to make a curse.”

The God’s eyes glowed angrily at Wendy, “...I am not the source of what happened if that’s what you implying. There was never a curse, just a lot of events that suspiciously killed everyone. I’m the one who tried to protect you all! Me and Kenny have been doing all we can to prevent this! Why do none of you humans get that! The real threat is something else!”

Wendy glared at the creature a bit longer before she sighed, “Look, I’m sorry. Just give me the answers I seek.”

Damien glared and slowly his eyes returned to normal, “My name is Damien. I am the God of this mountain and protector of your village. You have been brought here as this place is linked to the next plane of existence. First, you have a choice to make. You can either pass on or you can be brought back as a spirit. You will have an ability if you come back, and no one but your fellow spirits will be able to see you. Also, you will have to forfeit your humanity.”

Wendy gasped, “So Heidi’s theory was right! Damn I forget how smart that girl is.”

Kenny laughed, “Trust me, for human logic it seems impossible. In our world practically anything
is possible.”

Damien spoke again, “I was not the cause of your deaths. Me and Kenny have been trying to prevent them. We haven’t succeeded though and for that we are truly sorry. I believe that there may be a reason for it and we will find out. But for now you must choose.”

Wendy closed her eyes. She tried to wrap her head round everything.

‘I get the feeling some people may have chosen to come back. And I feel like there is more to this then Damien and Kenny are telling me. Almost like someone caused the deaths for a purpose they have. I know these two won’t tell me but I will investigate for myself. I mean what’s there to stop whoever caused this to go after other people in the village. That figure..... that has something to do with it.’

Wendy didn’t say anything in case it would put the beings in danger, so she simply opened her eyes.

“I choose to come back as a spirit. I want a new start anyway and being able to see some of my friends if they came back may help.”

Damien nodded and stood up. His eyes glowed and he gathered power in his hands, “Very well. Wendy Testaburger, with the powers that rest in this mountain, I hereby make you into a spirit.”

Wendy stood still as the ball of light hit her.

‘I will find the real truth of what’s going on.’

Damien turned to Kenny as Wendy’s soul transformed and left.

The Shinigami was not moving.

Damien looked confused, “Why aren’t you going to where her soul is to tell her what she is?”

Kenny smiled, “I don’t need too. Bebe saw her die and gathered everyone to greet her when she wakes up. I’ll go see them in a bit. Kevin can tell her what she is with that book of his.”

Damien smiled, “... at least the whole class is together now. Mimsy was the odd one in the lot, but he was too close to Leslie’s hideout. Maybe she used magic on the soul in case he saw something, I don’t know.”

He then glared, “Leslie is behind this somehow. I don’t know what she’s planning but we have to find her. Wendy was suspicious of us after all. She knows we’re trying to hide something.”

Kenny sighed, “She’s moved location. I feel like she had help, but Karen is the only one who can see us and I know my great great granddaughter would never help her. Leslie is too evil for her.”

Kenny then looked sad, “Damien.... was Leslie created because I was born too close to her when
she was a spider... I feel like I’m responsible for all this.”

Damien patted his Shinigami’s head, “Kenny... never blame yourself. I was the one who made you. It is more my fault. I need to destroy her. I created her after all. She’s just too good at hiding.”

Kenny smiled, “Thanks Damien. Now I think I’m going to see Buttercup at the lake. I had to leave him when I felt Wendy’s soul and I need to apologise.”

Damien smiled, “You’re really keeping that promise to see him aren’t you?”

Kenny smiled as he lifted off the ground, “I never break my promises. Plus he makes me think of Karen. I just want to protect him. Now I gotta go.”

Kenny then flew off.

Damien smiled, 

‘If you don’t figure out you like the boy soon Kenny I’m just going to tell you. Tweek and Craig are bad enough as it is. When will Tweek realise that Craig visits him in his ice cave because he loves him. Romance is so confusing even in death.’

Damien looked on for a second before turning back to his throne. His thought’s became more serious.

‘It is all my fault Leslie is here Kenny. I am the worst God ever...’

Damien looked up at the mountain ceiling.

‘... Dad...What would you do in my situation.... why did you do what you did...’

______________________________

Wendy felt tears on her face when she opened her eyes again. She saw Bebe above her. Her mask covered he face, but she saw tear stains on it.

Wendy lifted her hand up and brushed Bebe’s hair out of her face. Bebe opened her eyes and looked at Wendy.

“Wends.... I’m so sorry this happened.”

Wendy sat up and looked at her hands.

In her right was her outfit for when she was Wendyl. In her left was an umbrella. Wendy lifted it and it began to rain again.

Wendy then looked around and saw that she was surrounded by other figures. She slowly recognised them all as every other person who had died. Everyone looked slightly different then in her mural.

Stan for some reason looked like a dog and was standing next to Kyle who looked like a fox. She saw a raccoon Cartman with his arms folded looking annoyed, a bird Craig standing next to Clyde
with a piece of paper on his head and his ankles tied together. A giant Token was standing next to a cat Scott. Scott was sticking his tongue out as usual but it looked cuter now. Standing away from everyone was a now white kimono wearing Tweek with an ice snowflake in his hair. She saw Jimmy floating in the air and below him Nichole in an elegant kimono and a long trunk holding a small umbrella with one eye. She saw Red as another bird and Heidi with a long snake tail and yellow eyes.

It was the monkey who looked like Kevin that stepped forwards with his book and began to read aloud.

“The ame-onna is a spirit that can control the rain. They look human aside from their red eyes and their raindrop shaped pupils. They have rain following them wherever they go, but they can control when it rains so they aren’t always wet.”

He closed the book as Bebe helped Wendy stand up again, “I definitely love your new eyes Wends.”

Wendy looked at everyone, “You all waited for me?”

It was Stan that spoke next, “Bebe saw what happened to you so while Kenny was talking to you she rounded us all up.”

Scott then looked around, “Wait, where’s Butterths?”

Cartman snorted, “Probably being a little-“

He was interrupted but Kyle, “He’s at the lake still. He can’t go far in case he runs out of water Scott.”

Wendy lifted her umbrella “let’s go see him. We should all be together. Even you Cartman.”

Cartman looked at the floor, “Fine... But this is a onetime offer.”

The air then got cold and the rain turned to snow.

They all looked at Tweek who was shaking.

Craig started to walk over but stopped when Tweek flinched.

Craig spoke calmly, “Tweek, what’s wrong? I know you’re scared about freezing us, but why are you making it snow now?”

Tweek shivered again, “I worry that I’ll gahh freeze Butters worse as he’s a water spirit. What if I freeze the lake while he’s swimming! That is too much pressure!”

Clyde then snapped his fingers, “Why don’t you! We always loved to ice skate on the lake in the winter! What about to celebrate us being all back together we do that!”

Nichole laughed, “Yeah! That sounds sweet! One of us could even run on ahead to make sure Butters is out of the lake when we arrive!”

Token then smiled, “I’ll go do that. I can take the biggest steps.”

Heidi chuckled nervously, “Token, I hate to ruin the plan but you’re quite scary, maybe Jimmy might be a better idea?”
Jimmy floated down, “I’m o-o-okay with t-that. I d-d-do move the q-q-quickest out of us a-all.”

Red nodded, “Then it’s settled. Tweek you don’t have to worry about your powers. They can be used for good too.”

Tweek smiled but still walked behind everyone.

Wendy lifted her umbrella once more to stop the rain.

“Come on. Let’s go all together.”

Everyone smiled as they walked towards the lake that they all shared a good memory with.

If anyone could hear them, they’d be comforted by the friendly laughter they were all sharing. Even Cartman was being good.

It was almost like they were all ten again.

Chapter End Notes

Character design of human and spirit Wendy can be found here: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/178990169369/please-click-for-better-quality-character-design

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
Butters leapt out of the water and flipped in the air. He landed back in the water perfectly. He slowed down before bursting just his head out of the water and smiled at Kenny.

Kenny gave him applause for that one, “You’re getting better at flips Leo.”

Butters smile grew even wider, “Thanks Ken. You didn’t have to come back you know. I understand that you have an important job.”

Kenny smiled warmly at the Kappa, “Are you kidding? I’m here because I want to be, besides I hated I had to leave so quickly.”

Butters slowly climbed out of the lake and sat beside Kenny. Both spirits were now dangling their feet in the water. Kenny scooped up some water and poured it into the dish on Butters’ head.

“You lost some water getting out Leo, I don’t want you getting paralysed after all.”

Butters just smiled, “Thanks Ken. You’re such a great friend.”

As the two stared out over the water, they both saw a figure fly towards them.

Kenny stood up and grinned, “Hey Jimmy. What can we do for you?”

Jimmy floated down towards them, “H-hey Kenny, B-b-butters. Everyone is c-c-c-coming to the l-lake to skate on it.”

Butters looked confused, “But how are they going to do that Jimmy? The water isn’t frozen at the moment.”


Butters turned to Kenny again, “Oh yeah! Ken did say Tweek was a snow spirit now.”

Jimmy nodded, “Y-yeah. I was s-s-s-sent on a-ahead to get you out of the w-water. D-don’t want to f-f-f-f-freeze you B-butters.”

As they were talking, the lake slowly started to make sounds as the water started to chill. Butters saw that at the very edge, frozen fractals were forming and spreading across the water. At first you could barely see it, but as the ice got thicker it turned whiter. The area started to get frost covered. The only water that didn’t freeze was the water in Butters head.
Kenny made sure by checking, which was difficult as Butters was just taller than him.

“Kappa magic, it must stop your head water from freezing and hurting you.”

It was then that Butters, Jimmy and Kenny saw a small light and a lot of figures.

At the front was Stan holding a small lantern. The lantern changed back into Kyle as they approached the lake edge. Behind them was Wendy who was talking to Red and Heidi. Next was Bebe and Clyde who were talking to Token. Scott was behind them holding a lantern that quickly shifted back into Cartman the first chance he got. Nichole was holding Timmy while walking with Kevin and Craig but Craig wasn’t really listening to them. Craig was looking behind himself at the final figure who was staying a good few feet away from everyone else. Tweek was looking scared as he approached the lake edge. He calmed seeing Butters out of the water.

Jimmy floated back over to Tweek. Tweek freaked when Jimmy got close.

Jimmy laughed, “T-tweek, I’m a g-g-ghost. You c-can’t freeze me. If you c-c-could I’d b-b-b-be a s-shit one.”

Jimmy even passed his hand through Tweek to demonstrate this.

Tweek smiled faintly, “I’m glad I gahh won’t hurt you. Controlling my powers is the worst. I already froze my entire cave.”

Kenny walked over with Butters and smirked, “So I heard you lot are going to ice skate. Thank you for not freezing Butters.”

The group looked over to see the green scales of their old human friend. He had gotten one of the most drastic changes of the class.

Clyde gasped, “I knew you came back Butters but this is the first I’ve seen you.”

Butters rubbed his webbed knuckles together in nervousness, “Well I was all nervous that you fellas would pick on me so I mostly stay here by myself. I do want to welcome you all though. Now how are we going to skate?”

Everyone started to scratch their heads.

They hadn’t thought that far ahead. Most of them had shoes with animal bones on the bottom for skating at their houses, but being dead and all, they didn’t have them anymore. Heck spirits like Token, Heidi and Butters didn’t even have shoes anymore.

Tweek however just slowly stepped onto the ice. As he did, his powers made tiny ice blades on his shoes. Tweek gulped as he kicked off and managed to skate into the middle of the lake. The other spirits watched.

Clyde yelled, “That’s it! Tweek can use his powers and make blades on our shoes! We can also find some twigs and use Bebe’s thread to make some shoes for Token, Butters and Heidi. Heidi can even have a sled made from of twigs!”

Heidi laughed, “I’m fine Clyde. I don’t mind just watching. But that is a good idea.”

Clyde turned to Tweek who was looking nervous, “Think you can do it tea cup!”

Tweek shook in fear, “But what if I mess up and freeze someone’s leg and then it falls off! That is
Craig tried to calm him, but Kenny interrupted him.

“Or we can ask someone with more experience at using magic. I know your there Damien.”

Damien then came out of the forest, a scowl was on his face as normal.

“I was hiding you idiot. I just wanted to know what was going on. I felt a huge burst of power.”

The God turned towards Tweek, causing him to yelp.

“Hmmm, so the power burst was him using his powers to freeze the lake. And he did this why?”

Clyde walked up to the God with a huge smile on his face, “We’re going to skate on it just like we used to when we were kids! Sort of like a party for being all back together you know! Problem is none of us have our bone skates anymore. We were going to ask Tweek to make use some ice ones like his, but he's scared of hurting us.”

Damien smirked, “Such a shame you don’t have a God here who can use his powers to make something like this.”

Damien then clapped his gold gauntlet hands together and nature seemed to answer him. Twigs came to his feet and the wind lifted him up. The twigs seem to change and attached to the bottom of his boots. He now had skates made of wood.

Damien smirked again as the spirits looked in amazement at him.

“I may be more linked to fire magic wise, but it doesn’t mean I don’t have a few tricks up my sleeve. I learned this when I was still a young kid when this lake froze over. Back then it was just a pond though. Now Kenny would you come here for a second?”

The Shinigami walked over to the Kishin and once again he clapped his hands together. Once more the earth listened as another set of wooden blades were made.

Damien scowled slightly, “I will do this for each of you, but just this once. We may have more magic back in this place, but it doesn’t mean I want to waste it for doing silly stuff like this.”

Damien then clapped his hands sixteen more times. Everyone started to lift up into the air slightly as nature made more wooden blades. In the case of Token and Butters, they got shoes made for them, and Heidi got a small sled just like Clyde envisioned.

Damien then turned to Jimmy, “Can you become corporeal for a second?”

Jimmy nodded and floated just above Token’s hands. He fell slightly as he landed, Token catching him as he knew that was what the comedian was planning.

Damien simply grabbed some branches off a tree and mutters a few words.

He passed them to Jimmy, “These aren’t as good as your bamboo crutches, but these should allow you to skate on the ice and not get hurt.”

Jimmy took them and bowed his head in thanks.

Damien then simply stood on the ice and skated away, leaping into the air and spinning three times before landing. “Well, are you going to use the skates I gave you are stand around like a bunch of
goats all day.”

Cartman was the next one on, “Oh hell nah, I’m not letting some God show me up. I’ve got skating
talent too. I bet Kahl can’t even stand up on the ice.”

Kyle, taking the bait, jumped onto the ice, “You want to bet fatass. I’m way better than you!”

Stan laughed as he followed his friend, “Can we have one day where you two don’t turn something
into a competition?”

Both Kyle and Cartman turned to Stan, “NOT UNTIL I PROVE I’M BETTER!”

Kenny laughed before standing next to Butters, “You look a bit unsteady. Want me to hold your
hand while you get on Leo?”

Butters nodded as he carefully put his first foot down on the ice.

Red hovered above the ice before flipping Craig off, “I challenge you to a race cousin. Last one
can’t fly for 24 hours.”

Craig glared at her as he got onto the ice, “I’m not doing that. Call me a chicken all you like. I’m
just going to enjoy being boring.”

Clyde on the other hand grinned, “I’ll race you! I’m a master at this after all!”

Clyde took one step, slipped, hit the ice, and his head came off.

Token laughed, “Someone may want to grab him before he’s used as a ball for a game.”

Bebe sighed, “I’m on it.”

The rest of the spirits all slowly got onto the ice.

They all could feel the joy of being together again. The pain of the last four months just melted
away and they all held on to the feeling of absolute joy they all had. Damien and Kenny just felt
like one of the gang now even with their far superior age.

Stan almost bashed into the Kishin God while skating thanks to Cartman pushing him out of the
way. The God managed to slow the impact with his far more advanced skating skills.

Stan looked a bit sheepish, “I’m sorry about that.”

Damien was scowling, but it was not as harsh as it normally was, “It’s okay. We’re bound to hit
each other as there’s a lot of us on here.”

Stan then looked at the four scar marks on the God’s side. They seemed to glow after he used his
magic.

He pointed at them, “Damien, I’ve been meaning to ask. How did you get those? As a God you can
probably heal really quickly, yet those haven’t. I assumed you must have gotten them recently after
I first met you, but they’re still there.”

Damien looked at the scars and Stan swore he saw sadness in his eyes. It was short though as he
went back to his normal scowl, making Stan think that it was the darkness making him see things.

“Stanly... I’d rather not talk about it. Now can we drop it?”
Stan gulped as he defiantly saw the God’s eyes glow.

Damien skated off as Kyle joined Stan.

“Dude! You don’t ask a God how he got an injury! It’s like asking someone who has a birthmark on their face if they’re just burned!”

Stan sighed, “Sorry, my curiosity got the better of me.”

Kyle then turned to see Cartman coming towards them. He shifted into rope to try and trip the two up, but Kyle and Stan jumped over the rope.

Cartman was cursing when he couldn’t stop himself and instead took out Damien.

Damien sailed through the air and landed face first on the ice, leaving a slight dent.

Everyone gasped and was silent as the God lifted himself up.

“..... ha.”

Everyone looked confused as the Kishin God began to laugh.

“Hahahaha...haha. It’s been so long since I’ve had this much fun. I don’t care I fell, I’m just happy that there’s more spirits than there’s been in such a long time!”

Token looked at the God’s face and saw that the smile was genuine.

‘I knew you’d bond with us once you got to know us Damien. Didn’t I tell you that?’

Token continued to smile to himself.

Nichole looked up at Token and figured that the reason the boy had been spending so much time with the God was because that maybe Damien was just a little lonely. She smiled too.

Cartman shifted back and breathed a sigh of relief that the God wasn’t going to make his soul feel like it was on fire again.

Out in the bushes however, someone was annoyed.

Leslie looked at the group with thin eyes. The detest she held for the lot held no bounds.

‘Look at them all! Acting like idiots now they’re all together again! And none of them know the reason why they are dead or that I had my human help me! Well it matters not, my plan is only just starting. Now that Damien has spirits around him, more magic will return. Damien now has weakness and the longer they stay the more magic their souls will possess, after all, they are linked to Damien. I will become the true god that Damien will never be however. His powers will be mine and then those spirits will belong to me. I’ll kill those who don’t listen!’

A chill in the air started to wrap around the spider, causing her to feel weak.

‘For now I will leave, can’t have that Shinigami sensing me. I think I’ll go play with Nathan. He enjoys it when I tie him up and touch certain parts of him or slap him around the face. I think I’ll take my anger out on him. He is such a good puppet to me.’

As Leslie left the spirits continued their games. Jimmy was a goalie as they used Clyde’s head to try and score points. Bebe had to stop the boys as she was getting worried about her boyfriend. He
smiled and calmed her down. Timmy started to hop on the ice, trying his best to not fall over.

Craig then skated over to Tweek, using his wings to break.

Tweek looked up at Craig, he was smiling as with his new powers he hadn’t fallen over once. In fact he was almost as good as Damien.

Craig smiled, “I feel a little sad that you’re so much better now. I used to help you stay up last time we did this.”

Tweek smirked, “Sorry Tucker. The student has become the master!”

Tweek laughed while Craig faked being upset, “Oh no. I guess you’ll just have to help me then.”

Craig took Tweek’s hand in his own. He was fine for a few seconds, but then pain started to set in as the ice started to encase his hand.

Tweek looked down as a look of fear crossed his face. Tweek released his hand and started to back away.

Craig tried to soothe him, “Tweek, it’s okay. I was the one who did that. Please don’t-“

But it was too late. Tweek turned and ran off back into the forest.

Heidi turned and yelled after him. Everyone stared.

“Tweek, no! If you go the lake will-“

Ping!

Everyone froze and looked down. The ice was starting to melt already.

Ping ping!

Everyone turned and tried to run to the bank of the lake, but the skates broke the ice.

AHHHHHHHH

Everyone screamed as they fell in the water. Nichole grabbed Timmy before he sank and Jimmy just turned into a ghost again, dropping the crutches into the water.

Damien even fell, his elaborate clothes getting soaked.

Everyone was silent for a second before Cartman broke it.

“Mother fucker!”

Everyone grumbled as the magic skates fell to the bottom of the lake. Wendy and Butters were the only ones who were fine.

Wendy then smirked as she lifted her umbrella and, using her water powers, made a ball of water. She knew exactly who to hit.

“Hey Stan….“

Stan turned and got a ball of water in the face from his ex.
She laughed, “Bulls eye!”

Stan then smirked, “Two can play at that game!”

He then pushed the water and hit Wendy. In a panic Wendy hit Scott.

Wendy gasped, “Scott! I’m sorry, as a cat you probably hated that!”

Scott just smiled, “Don’t underestmate me!”

Scott jumped before shifting into a giant rock. The rock hit the water and splashed everyone.

Clyde yelled from Bebe’s arms as Bebe had yet to sew his head back on, “WATER FIGHT!”

Butters then sprayed water in Kenny’s face by opening his beak and using what could only be described as a ‘Water gun’.

Kenny smirked, “Oh, it is on!”

Everyone started now enjoying the water. Damien just started laughing again as he quickly grabbed Clyde’s body and put it on dry land. He then started to fire water himself.

Craig however climbed out of the water and tried to flap his wings. The water made them too heavy to lift him so Craig just gritted his beak and ran.

‘I’m so sorry Tweek!’

Damien caught sight of him and smiled again, ‘Go get him Craig. And when you get him, just tell him what’s in your heart.’

Red however just looked at her cousin, knowing full well that Craig was such a mess that he’d just stutter before just calming Tweek and talk the whole night again.

‘Craig, you’re a dumbass.’

The spirits continued their water fight into the morning. They laughed so much that they’re lungs hurt, or at least where their lungs used to be hurt.

Damien smiled from the bottom of his heart.

**End of Rebirth arc**

**Chapter End Notes**

As this is an end of an arc and I know people like to marathon read long fics, I advise anyone reading this when this story is done to take a loo break and maybe drink some water and/or have a snack. Don’t worry, the story will wait, just take care of yourself first.

Character design of all spirits can be found here (this took over 10 hours to draw so please check it out if you have time):
https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/179222131994/please-click-for-better-quality-character-design

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
The unknown creature

Chapter Notes

There is no fan art this week, but I do have a special Halloween one shot to do with this story I wrote. I spent hours on it so I hope you all give it a read. We get Bunny, Style and Creek moments (WARNING: ITS 13000 WORDS)
https://archiveofourown.org/works/16479179

The boat bobbed up and down as it started to reach the pier.

The captain looked as his home country got closer. He had just come back from a place called England and was looking forward to getting home and telling his wife all his adventures.

Little did he know, but he had a stow away on the boat. This person had been hiding the entire trip, eating some food the captain and his crew had brought back with them.

As they reached the pier the unknown figure managed to sneak off the boat.

They were still quite a way from the village, but the figure knew that this was where he needed to be. He hoped his Japanese skills were good enough.

‘Oh, I jolly hope I get the answers I need here. I don’t want my trip to have been a waste of time. Now to try and find local inn to rest. I am thoroughly knackered. You can do this Pip, you just have to stay calm.’

Pip made sure his cap was firmly on his head, and headed off towards the village.

“Okay, so we know she’s hiding in this area now.”

Damien looked up at Kenny as he pointed on his map to the area his Shinigami had been looking.

Kenny nodded, “I’m sure of it. I know it’s still a lot of ground to cover, but I am getting better at finding her magic trail now. It may be similar to my own, but I’m starting to sense tiny differences.”

Damien smirked slightly, “That’s good Kenny. I’m glad you’re making progress.”

The God then smiled slightly, “On a different note, how are you and Butters doing? You seem to talk with him the most out of anybody.”
The Shinigami smiled, “Oh yeah, it’s going well. Last time we were talking about the differences of the village now and when I first became a spirit myself. There’s a few changes but it really aren’t lot to when I was alive. He was so fascinated his eyes just seemed to sparkle in curiosity.”

Damien started to smile. He had known Kenny for a hundred years and knew what was going on. Damien decided to dig a little further to see if Kenny knew himself. Yes Kenny was a flirt, but he wanted to see if he knew he had a crush on the kappa.

“So... Is there a reason you see Butters all the time?”

Kenny looked up and flushed crimson slightly. Most people probably wouldn’t have noticed, but Damien saw immediately.

“Well, I did make a promise, and I really want to protect him. It’s the same feeling I get with Karen you know. It’s really intense.”

Damien laughed, “Seems like we have two Tweek and Craig situations by the sounds of it.”

Kenny froze, “.... what do you mean by that...”

Damien stood up and walked next to Kenny, “You know how EVERYONE knows Tweek and Craig love each other except the two themselves. Well Kenny, it sounds an awful lot like you have at least a crush on Butters.”

Kenny started off normal, but his face slowly darkened as the biggest blush Damien had ever seen on the boy came across his face.

“W-w-w-what are you talking about! He’s my friend! I would never.... I mean I may have flirted with everyone, but I think I’d know if I had a crush! I’m Kenny Mccormick! I have you know that I am the most perceptive when it come to this kind of thing. Heck I know that Stan and Kyle already have a thing for eachother. I am the master of flirting and the best at any sexual situation!”

Damien laughed, “Kenny, I have known you for a hundred years and I can tell. I see how you are with Karen and I know it’s similar but different with Butters. Think about it okay. Have you ever thought even once about it?”

Kenny was silent as he thought, ‘I have thought I cared about him similar to Karen, but a crush. I mean do I.......’

Kenny looked at the God once more and started to glare as he figured it out, ‘......Shit... I’m as hopeless as Tucker is...’

Kenny then spoke in annoyed tone, “I swear if you tell anyone-“

Damien smiled and patted Kenny’s head, “Not my place, Ken~”

Kenny’s glare got more prominent, “… I will scythe you.”

Damien laughed, “I’d like to see you try.”

Damien then froze as he felt something in the air. Something had just entered the perimeter of Damien’s domain. It was faint, but he sensed power and magic he’d never felt before.

Kenny stopped his glaring as he saw Damien’s face change and look out over the village.

“What is it?”
Damien closed his eyes as he tried to get a better feel of what it was.

“... Something we have never encountered before. I feel a magic I have never felt in my life.”

Kenny stood up in alarm, “Is it dangerous?”

Damien opened his eyes, “I can’t tell. It appears to be walking. It’s very faint so I can’t pinpoint it for definite.”

Kenny rose up into the air, “Want me to go look?”

Damien nodded, “See if you can, but prioritise Leslie. She is the bigger danger after all.”

Kenny smiled as he left the cave.

Still something was weighing on his mind, ‘I like Butters. It never occurred to me.... but I can’t deny, after thinking about it I know it has to be true...Shit...’

As Pip entered the town he started to read the signs for the shops as best he could. His Japanese was not good as he had only learnt a bit in preparation for his journey, but he thought going to ‘Tweak bro’s tea’ might be a good place to start to find somewhere to stay. Tea shops, like pubs, were good for information, but Pip didn’t want to get pissed on alcohol, especially with what tonight was.

He opened the door and was greeted by a woman with short brunette hair. She smiled at Pip.

“Welcome to Tweak bro’s tea hut, would you like some tea?”

Pip understood everything and spoke back as best he could.

“Good mor- sorry. I mean, good afternoon, I would like one tea please.”

Mrs Tweak smiled again as she spoke in basic Japanese for him, “Of, course. One minute please.”

As she showed Pip to his table she started to prepare the tea for him, using an unlaced batch in case he was here to talk about business with another country.

She looked at his clothes, not used to seeing someone wear anything different then a kimono.

“That is a strange outfit. I’m not used to seeing anything like it.”

Pip looked down at his Red blazer, white button shirt and blue tailored trousers. He then checked his brown scarf was still in place before adjusting his cap.

“I do stick out in this. My apologies.”

Pip then spoke again, “Excuse me, do you know where I could find a room to sleep for night? I have travelled a long way from England and it would be a jolly big help.”
Mrs Tweak spoke cheerily, “I knew you were not from around here. England is a long way to come by yourself. Are you here for any particular reason?”

Pip, getting more confident with his speaking, smiled as he spoke again.

“I wanted to see the mountains mostly. We don’t have many where I came from. I wanted to study them. They say that Japan the mountains are the most beautiful.”

Mrs Tweak nodded, “Well, we only have one in this village, but if you really want to stay we have a local inn two doors down. It’s very cheap too.”

Mrs Tweak finished making the tea and held it out to Pip. Pip took it and bowed.

“Thank you ever so much.”

Mrs Tweak bowed as she rose to help the other customers.

Pip sipped his tea as he thought of what to do next, ‘Well that was useful. And one mountain will make my search easier.’

Pip then looked at the sky, seeing the sun start to lower, ‘I am worried about tonight though.’

As Pip settled into his room he put his bag of his few belongings down.

He looked out the window and saw the moon start to shine. It was full.

Pip sighed as he opened his bag and changed his trousers into a similar pair that were ripped. He then undid his shirt and blazer before he loosened his brown scarf. He sighed as night completely fell.

The moon really shone through the night and Pip sighed once more.

“Well, at least everyone is now in doors, I’d hate to hurt them.”

Pip then started to feel the pains he was too familiar with. He opened his paper window before he collapsed to the floor.

He bit down on the wood he had brought with his as his bones started to shift.

His fingernails started to grow and turn grey as they morphed into claws.

Pip tried not to scream as his skull changed shape and a snout appeared. Fur started to grow and his ears changed.

His eyes turned red and finally the pain stopped.

Pip growled as his transformation was complete thanks to the light of the full moon. Pip was still inside the beast he had become, but he was still not used to controlling himself yet. He ran to the
window and leaped out before running into the forest.

Not long after the sun had set, Damien felt an explosion of power. This power was neither evil or good, but Damien was worried as it was so different to anything he’d ever known. It was old, that was all he knew.

Kenny looked at Damien as he turned and ran from the mountain. Kenny had not seen the God run this fast in a while.

“Damien, slow down! Why are you running?!”

Damien didn’t answer, too focused on following the power.

Other spirits like Bebe and Stan also saw the God run from his mountain home. They followed after him, joining in with Kenny trying to find out what was going on. Token was worried that it was something to do with the ‘She’ Damien had mentioned long ago.

Damien stopped deep in the forest. He could hear pained growls from what was in front of him.

Damien saw a creature that looked similar to Kyle, but had the colours of Cartman. It was holding its head in its mighty claws. It was more beast than human.

Kenny and the rest of the spirits that had followed finally caught up with Damien and gasped when they saw the creature.

Damien crouched down and held his hand out to the creature. The creature opened its red eyes and looked at Damien. It opened its mouth, trying to form words, but only growls escaped its drooling snout of a mouth. The creature then whined as it tried to run away. Damien however slowly touched the creature’s head. It calmed instantly and looked at Damien once more. Damien carefully picked up the creature and turned to head back home.

Bebe also brushed the creature’s fur, “What is it?”

Damien’s eyes looked serious as he walked, “I don’t know, but I think we’ll know when the sun comes back up.”

He then addressed Kenny, “Where did the power source lead Kenny.”

Kenny looked serious as walked on the other side to Bebe, “It was just a kid in weird clothes. This creature is wearing the same clothes. Last I saw he had a room at the local inn.”

Damien turned to Token, “Grab his stuff from the inn. We need to know what we’re dealing with here.”

Token nodded, “I’ll tell Craig, he can fly in through the window in his crow form.”

Damien continued his walk back home.
The creature had fallen asleep in Damien’s arms and was resting the rest of the time. Craig had brought the bag that was in the room, but all it contained was a pair of undamaged trousers, some money and a small book with writing no one could read. Even Kevin couldn’t read it. Kenny had a hunch Kyle would, but Kyle was currently fighting with Cartman again and no one wanted to get in between them.

Kenny looked serious at the creature, “What do you think it is?”

Damien sighed, “I don’t know. It can shapeshift like a Kitsune and those kinds of spirits, but it can only do so when the sun is down judging from that magic burst.”

The sun started to rise then and the spirits watched as the creature slowly started to lose its fur and turn back into a human boy with hair that made him look a little like a girl. His cap was still firmly on his head.

Damien listened.

Thump thump

Damien gasped, “… it has a heartbeat. This means it’s not a spirit. This thing is alive!”

Pip slowly opened his blue eyes. He sat up and looked at the God and spirits in front of him.

The spirits looked back at him in amazement.

Pip smiled, “It is true. I found one.”

Damien looked at the boy, a scowl on his face, “What are you...”

Pip then lowered his head, “Please forgive my rudeness for last night. I cannot control my werewolf form very well, but I knew I had to get to the woods so I wouldn’t hurt anyone in that village.”

Damien looked confused, “Werewolf?”

Pip nodded, “The beast that takes over during the full moon. I can control it and change if I so wish at any other time, but it has full control on nights like the one that just passed.”

Pip then got on his knees and spoke again, “That is the reason I came here. I wanted to find a being such as yourself. I need your help.”

Kenny stood next to Damien, his scythe ready to defend him, “What help.”

Pip then bowed to the God, “I am begging you, please, take my curse away from me. I know ancient Gods such as yourself are one of the few creatures that can do it. I want to be human again. I don’t want to hurt anyone. Please.”
Damien eyes widened in shock. A few minutes ago he didn’t even know what this boy was, now he was bowing to him and asking for help. Damien was very interested in him. His curiosity had never been this big.

Damien then sighed, “I cannot grant your wish.”

Pip sat up, “If I have to do something first then I gladly will. If it’s because you don’t know me I give you my word as a gentlemen that I am telling the truth.”

Damien waved his hand, “It’s not because of that. I mean I physically can’t. There is not enough magic here to reverse what you want. If I did it now then I would die and so would all my other spirits. I cannot do that to them.”

Pip looked sad as he sighed, “I understand. I would never want to hurt you or your community. I will leave and head back to-“

Damien interrupted him, “Wait a second. Just because I don’t have the power now doesn’t mean I won’t eventually. Look, magic is slowly returning to my home. How about I make a deal with you?”

Pip stood up, “What kind of deal...er... oh where are my gentleman manners. I never even said who I was. My name is Pip Pirrup, I come from England. What do I call you?”

Damien smiled slightly, “Damien Thorn, and my deal is this, you stay here so I can study what you are and learn about where you come from and I, in return, will protect you until I can grant your wish. I will teach you my language and you teach me what is in this book.”

Pip laughed, “Oh that just my diary. It’s written in English. Mr Thorn, I would be happy to take your deal, anything to get rid of my curse.”

Pip held out his hand, and the two shook on the agreement.

Kenny laughed before swinging his arm over Pip shoulders.

“Welcome Pip, get ready to have your mind blown at the magic and wonder of the impossible that lives in our world.”

Pip smiled, “Oh gosh. I hope I don’t make a bloody fool of myself.”

Leslie smiled to herself. While the false God was distracted with the new creature, she used some of her own powers to spy on what was going on through the eyes of a spider in the mountain. She had heard everything. She chanted her spell to make her spy die and then turned to Nathan.

“It seems we have a new player in the game. A being that can change forms at will whilst still being in living breathing flesh. He might be useful to us.”

Nathan smiled as he massaged one of his goddesses legs, “How will he be useful to you oh great
Leslie smiled wickedly, “Damien finds him curious. Like Kenny we may be able to use him as a weakness to get close and finally cut him down from the throne.”

Nathan smiled, “That does sound useful oh powerful goddess.”

Leslie then leaned up and caressed Nathan’s cheek, “I may use you to get close to him too. This Pip seems far too trusting with his gentleman attitude he speaks of.”

Nathan touched the elongated fingers on his cheek, “Anything for you my lady.”

Leslie chuckled darkly to herself, “The game is finally starting.”

Chapter End Notes

Character design of human and werewolf Pip can be found here: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/179698383604/please-click-for-better-quality-character-design

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
Sibling love

Chapter Notes

No fan art this week :(.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

‘I will find Kyle! I don’t know why mom and dad gave up, but I won’t!”

Ike closed the door to his house. He had his father’s hatchet on him and he was ready to look for Kyle again. He hated lying to his mother, but he cared about finding his brother more.

Ike took a gulp as he headed into the forest. As he went he used the hatchet to make small marks on the trees so he could find his way back.

He soon found himself in a small clearing. The place they had found Mimsy’s body.

Ike felt he was going the right way. He made a small hole in the grass that pointed back where he came from so he would know how to get home.

He turned to where the next lot of woods were and began to walk towards it once again.

It was then that the small boy could hear growls.

He turned and saw two figures.

The bigger one of the two was a bear. A huge brown bear. The other was a wolf with bright red eyes in human clothes.

Ike knew to be careful of bears, but he’d never seen a wolf in this area before.

The bear came closer. Ike pulled out his hatchet and pointed it at the bear.

“I’m not scared. I’m not scared. I’m not scared.”

Ike kept repeating the phrase to try and calm himself, but when the bear roared Ike knew he had to go.

Ike cried as he ran, “I’ll... try again when the bear is gone.”

The bear sighed as he watched Ike go. When he was sure he was out of eye shot, Kyle shifted back into his spirit form.

“Dammit Ike. I feel happy he’s looking for me but at the same time I wish he wouldn’t. Every time he comes out here I fear a wild animal is going to eat him. Thanks for helping me Pip.”

The wolf tried to talk, realised he was still in his beast form and changed back.

Pip brushed off his ripped trousers and buttoned up his shirt and blazer, “I was my pleasure Mr Broflovski. I want to help as much as I can while I’m here. Also, I hate to be rude, but your fox tails were still showing when you were in your bear form.”
Kyle sighed, “Shit, I must have not been entirely focusing as it was Ike, I gotta work on that. Also, please just call me Kyle. Mr Broflovski sounds like my dad and I don’t want to be compared to him. He used to terrorise the town at one point at night by leaving rude messages on the side of houses.”

Pip bowed his head, “My apologies. That doesn’t sound very respectful. I hope he atoned for what he did.”

Kyle laughed dryly, “Can’t atone if you don’t get caught.”

Pip then walked next Kyle, “Do you think your brother will try again?”

Kyle nodded, “He’s smart and refuses to give up. He’ll probably bring a different weapon next time.”

Pip sweated, “Oh bugger.”

Kyle then turned to Pip, “You better get back to Damien, he wants you to teach him more English after all.”

Pip smiled, “Oh gosh, I guess you’re right. I still find it brilliant that you were able to read bits of my diary. No one else can read English but you.”

Kyle shrugged, “I always liked to study other stuff to give me an edge in learning. Language skills would be vital for world travelling after all. I had always wanted to leave this place, but now I’m a spirit I know that can’t happen.”

Pip patted Kyle’s shoulder, “Cheer up chap, you never know. I mean when enough magic returns you may get to take a trip to at least China.”

Pip the stared at the mountain, “Now I better be off, (Goodbye).”

Kyle smiled as he spoke the Brits native tongue back, “(Goodbye).”

As the boy left, a rat ran up to Kyle. Kyle looked at it and glared.

“What do you want fat ass?”

Cartman shifted back into his spirit form and smiled, “Not much Khal. Just thought I’d mention you should stay as a bear. Looks much better than your current sorry form.”

Kyle grumbled as he put his mask on and walked away. He was getting better at not letting the raccoon’s words hurt him, but there was still a small ache.

“I’m telling you Karen, there was a huge bear and a really furry wild dog. It must have been one of the wolves! But it also looked human like.”
Ike was sat next to Karen.

He was confused that the girl was holding a parasol/umbrella despite it not being sunny, but he didn’t question it. After all, Karen had found this umbrella and probably didn’t want her parents to take it away to buy drugs.

Karen looked concerned, “You’re not hurt are you?”

Ike puffed his chest out in pride, “Nothing can hurt me Karen! As long as I’m around that bear and wolf won’t come to the village. You’re safe as long as I’m here!”

Tricia scoffed, “Stop acting like you’re so brave. You ran away from the bear. It wasn’t scared of you. And I doubt you saw a wolf, they live far more north. They aren’t in this part of the country.”

Ike then rolled his eyes, “At least I got close enough to see the bear. I’d like to see you do better.”

Tricia rolled her eyes, “No thank you. I’d rather stay here. I don’t want to die.”

Tricia and Ike then felt a twinge of pain in their hearts at the word of death. It still hurt to think about all the loss.

Karen saw this and hugged them both, “Please don’t fight you two. Ike, I know you were looking for Kyle and I think it’s sweet, but don’t put yourself in harm’s way to find him. Trish, I know you’re worried about Ike too, but don’t make yourself upset by mentioning the D word.”

All three kids sighed.

Ike sat up first, “I’m sorry guys.”

Tricia sighed softly, “I’m sorry too.”

Ike then looked at the sky, “I think dinner will be done soon. I better get home before mom worries. If she asks, I was with you guys the whole time.”

Tricia also looked up, “I better go too. My dad has been really worried about me staying out late after this all happened. I’ll try and sneak you some food Karen before I sleep.”

Karen smiled, “I’d like that. Now hurry home.”

Ike and Tricia stood up together and both waved to Karen.

After they were both out of sight, Jimmy floated out of the floor they had been sitting on and Timmy closed and hopped out of Karen’s arms.

Karen looked at Jimmy, “Do you think the bear was Kyle and the wolf was Scott?”

Jimmy smiled, “I t-t-t-think the bear is K-kyle but I’m p-p-pretty sure the wolf was P-p-p-p-ip. The d-d-description from it l-looking human likely means it’s g-g-g-got to be.”

Karen opened her eyes wide in curiosity, “Pip? Who’s that?”

Jimmy laughed, “H-h-he’s new. H-he’s part h-h-h-human, part w-w-wolf. He is actually a-a-alive and b-breathing. He c-c-c-can change f-forms at will except on the f-f-f-f-f-f-full moon. He d-d-doesn’t speak much J-j-j-japanese, b-but he’s learning.”

Karen smiled, “I hope I get to meet him.”
Jimmy smiled, “I’ll g-g-g-go ask if you want?”

Karen waved her arms, “You don’t have to do that Jimmy.”

Jimmy laughed, “It’s okay. I think I n-n-n-need the exercise a-anyway. I don’t w-w-want to get fat from f-f-f-floating all day.”

Karen laughed, “But you’re a ghost Jimmy. I don’t think it works that way.”

Jimmy smiled again, “Come on Tim-Tim, l-l-l-let’s go ask s-s-someone.”

Karen stood up as she walked home, “Be careful you two.”

Jimmy and Timmy found Kenny first who was trying to carve something out of wood with his scythe.

Jimmy floated down and Kenny smiled, “Hey Jim, you need something?”

Jimmy hung upside down as he spoke, “I h-h-h-have a few things to ask on K-k-k-k-k-k-karen’s behalf.”

Kenny put down his wood and raised a brow, “I hope she’s okay.”

Jimmy smiled, “N-n-n-n-nothing serious. She just wants to k-k-k-k-know if she can meet P-pip at some point and if it w-w-w-w-was Kyle as a b-b-bear who scared Ike in the w-woods earlier.”

Kenny sighed in relief, “I’ll ask Damien if she can. He doesn’t want living humans going to the mountain so Pip will have to meet her here if he does. Second, I have no idea. I’ll find Kyle and check. Also, what the hell was Ike doing in the woods... It’s too dangerous for him, especially with..... all the wild animals and stuff.”

Kenny hoped Jimmy hadn’t noticed his pause too bad. He didn’t want Jimmy knowing about Leslie.

Jimmy noticed but didn’t say anything. Karen had told him about a spider spirit when they first met, and Kenny never mentioned her or when he did he tried to hide it. Jimmy had decided to play the fool, but would mention something if Karen needed protecting.

Jimmy instead just shrugged his shoulders, “F-f-f-f-f-from what I h-heard I think he w-wants to find Kyle. I b-b-believe he either t-thinks he’s still alive, or he just wants to find his b-b-b-b-body.”

Kenny nodded, “I’ll go find him now, you head back to Karen. She’s going to need luck after all so her parents aren’t shit to her. I’ll finish my wood carving later.”

Jimmy raised a brow in interest, “W-w-w-what you making?”

Kenny smiled, “Some jewellery, one for Karen, Leo and maybe Damien. It’s just a little hobby I
have for when I’m bored. I made some for Damien before you guys were even born, but the idiot accidently set fire to it. I haven’t made any since. Plus using a scythe makes it extra fun.”

Jimmy sniggered slightly, “I’m sure K-karen would love it.”

Kenny smiled, “Right, I’ll go find Kyle. You get home.”

Kenny flew off into the air.

Kenny had trouble finding the red head, but eventually saw that he was in the woods. Kyle had his knees to his chest and looked like he’d been crying.

Kenny sighed and approached him calmly.

Kyle looked up, “Stan is that—... Oh, hi Kenny.”

Kenny leaned down as he made his scythe disappear. Kenny saw that he was wearing his mask so he had a hunch what had happened, “Let me guess, this is either Ike or Cartman related.”

Kyle sighed, “Both. I’m worried that Ike is going to get hurt trying to find me, and Cartman made fun of me again. I know it shouldn’t get to me, but that fatass always does.”

Kenny smiled, “He’s a douchebag, he likes getting a reaction out of you. And don’t feel bad for being this way, you have emotions and are entitled to them. Don’t feel bad for them. You did the right thing with Ike. It may have felt bad scaring him but you did it to protect him. And Cartman can just go fuck himself. Seriously. Kyle, you have friends who care about you like Stan. You should be open with him too.”

Kyle smiled, “Thanks Kenny. It’s nice of you to say all that but it’s a little embarrassing. I have trouble opening up to Stan as he has his own problems with Shelly.”

Kenny nodded, “He’s still your friend though. Defiantly tell him.”

He laughed and leaned forwards, “Also, you look adorable when you’re embarrassed.”

It was then that Stan jumped out of the bushes and growled at Kenny.

“Back off Kenny!”

Kyle scowled, “What the hell Stan! Kenny was cheering me up!”

Stan stood up, “I know dude, I heard his voice while I was finding you, but he was too close just then!”

Stan started to think then as he growled at Kenny, ‘No one gets that close to my Ky. Or flirts with him! I’m the only person who can flir..... wait....what did I just think....’
Stan stopped growling as he thought harder. He looked at Kenny.

Kenny was confused for a second before giving him an all knowing look.

‘So you finally figured it out. Took you long enough. I knew flirting would speed the process up.’

Instead of saying anything out loud Kenny turned and waved, “I’m heading back. I got some stuff to finish. See you two later.”

When he had flown off, Kyle punched Stan in the arm.

“What the hell Dude! He was just being friendly! Just because you’re a dog and get jealous now doesn’t mean you get to be an asshole!”

Stan looked at Kyle, he couldn’t help but see him in a different way now that his brain had produced that one thought. That one thought had changed everything.

‘I mean, yeah I thought about maybe kissing him in a platonic way in the past like girls do with their friends.... but never have I wanted to flirt with him. Jesus what am I thinking.’

Kyle punched him the arm again, “Well!”

Stan snapped out of his thoughts, “What... oh .... sorry Ky.”

Kyle sighed, “I forgive you, now come on, we have to get home. Just don’t do that again you idiot.”

Kyle grabbed Stan’s hand in his own and pulled him back to the village.

Stan looked at the hand, ‘Has his hand always been this warm? I never thought much about it until now.... I know he’s my super best friend... but do I want more.... dammit Kenny, you’ve confused me. I’m going to need to think about this.’

Chapter End Notes

Scene drawing of Ike, bear Kyle and werewolf Pip can be found here: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/179940451229/please-click-for-better-quality-scene

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
Stan watched as his sister ran at another dummy made of bags with sand inside them.

Shelly yelled as she slashed it with her katana. True to her word, the girl had been practicing ever since Stan first died. She was determined to find the bandits and kill them all. No one killed her turd of a brother and got away with it.

Shelly went into another stance and went for the bags again, this time hitting the bags whilst dodging an imaginary weapon. The sword sliced through the bags once more with ease. Shelly flicked the sand off her sword when she stopped her attack.

Shelly smiled as she spoke under her breath, “I think I’m ready to go back. Back to where I ran away. I need to do this.”

Shelly returned the sword to its scabbard and looked at the woods on the other side of the village. She nodded to herself and began to walk.

Stan sighed as he ran on all fours to find Kyle.

He still had confusing emotions for his friend after Kenny had flirted with him, but he needed to put that aside to protect his sister.

Stan followed his nose and found Kyle almost immediately. The fox spirit was watching his brother talk with Tricia.

Stan called out to Kyle, his voice full of unease and worry.

“Dude, what’s wrong? You sound super worried.”

Stan panted as he took a hold of Kyle’s arms.

“Ky, I really need your help. Shelly is going to the woods to try and find the bandits. I need you to stop her.”

Stan’s eyes started to well up, “Please Ky. She feels really bad for running away and need to make sure she doesn’t lose her life too.”

Kyle hugged Stan tightly, Stan looked shocked when he did.

“I’ll do what I can Stan. I know you want to protect her.”

Stan returned his friends embrace. He always loved Kyle’s hugs, but he didn’t realise how safe they made him feel until now. He almost didn’t want to let go, but he needed to go help his sister
from doing something stupid.

Stan smiled as he let go, “This way Ky.”

The two spirits followed Stan’s nose once more, finding Shelly in a matter of seconds.

Kyle walked up behind her and shifted into an old man.

“Excuse me, Miss?”

Shelly turned round to see the man. Kyle continued, knowing Shelly could now see him.

“What’s a young girl like you doing going into the woods? That place is full of dangerous animals that could hurt you. Some might even take your life if you aren’t careful.”

Shelly looked sad before her eyes filled with determination, “I will be fine. Besides, I have my sword which I can use to kill anything that attacks me.”

Kyle sighed, “But why? Surely you aren’t doing this to look brave for your friends. You should never put your life in danger for that.”

Shelly turned to Kyle. She was stopping the tears from falling as she gritted her teeth.

“You don’t understand. I want to find some people. They took my brother away and I want to avenge him! I don’t expect someone like you to understand that pain!”

Kyle looked shocked, losing some concentration in the process. This made his twin tails visible, but he tried his best to keep them close to his body so Shelly didn’t see.

Shelly continued, “I...I ran away when he needed me most. I can never forgive myself for that. I will go there to find the ones that did this. You could never understand.”

Kyle smiled, “I do understand. When you get to the age I am you have a lot of regrets. Some you can never undo. You wish with all your heart you could take them back, but you can’t. Sometimes you feel like you want to give up on life and fade away. Other time you want to just get revenge to try and change the past even though you know you can’t. You just have to try and hold on to the memory or else you’ll lose who you are trying to achieve a goal you can never reach.”

Stan was in awe at Kyle’s speech. The red head had always been good at them, but this one felt more genuine.

Shelly sighed, “...Regardless of what you say, I still want to get my revenge. However I will stop for today. It is my dream to avenge my brother.”

Shelly walked back home.

Kyle stayed in his old man form for a few seconds before he finally reverted back to his old self.

Stan walked up next to him, “Dude, that speech. Have you felt like that?”

Kyle smiled sadly, “I channelled my emotions from when you first died. I felt the same dude. All I wanted was to get revenge and avenge you. I wanted to, but unlike Shelly I didn't have the strength. You saw me, I was a mess. My chest just felt empty. And that was just my friend. Shelly probably feels worse as you were her family Stan. I don’t even want to imagine the pain she must be feeling. I also thought about my brother. I left him at an age where he needs guidance. Shelly must be feeling worse as she was meant to be the one that protected you. Yeah she called you a
turd, but she called us all that. At the end of it all, you were her little brother.”

Stan couldn’t help but feel his own chest tighten as Kyle explained the pain. He felt pain when Kyle couldn’t see him. He hated what his sister must have been feeling.

Stan looked up, “We have only one option Ky. I know she probably doesn’t want to do it, but I can’t let Shelly do this.”

Kyle stared wide eyed at Stan, “You don’t mean..”

Stan closed his eyes, “Nichole is the only one who can take someone’s dream. I know she probably won’t want to after what happened with Token, but I can’t let her put her life in danger.”

Nichole looked at Stan and Kyle as they explained what they wanted to be done.

She stood up from her bed of flowers, “Guys, this is big. Taking someone’s dream without their consent. I’ve done it and it’s not good. I’m not sure I can agree to this.”

Stan looked at Nichole with distress in his eyes, “Nichole, I wouldn’t do this if I had another choice, but Kyle couldn’t convince her. She said it’s her dream to avenge me and correct her mistake. Please Nichole. I can’t let her die when I had a chance to help.”

Nichole looked at Kyle, “You’re the smart one. What’s your opinion?”

Kyle sighed, “I don’t want to force you to do anything that would bring back painful memories Nichole, but I don’t think we have any other options. It’s not like you’re taking her memories of Stan though. I would never ask you to do what you did before.”

Nichole looked depressed as she looked at one flower that was in her bed. It was similar to the one Token had given her before she took his dream of loving her. She hated Token now didn’t care for her, but at the time she wanted to ease his pain and suffering.

She looked up at Stan, “I will do it. But I think I can do something that will make it easier on both of you.”

Stan looked confused as she explained, “I haven’t tried it before so it may not work, but I can see if you can enter Shelly’s dream so you can say goodbye. Kevin showed me a passage from his book that said some Baku can do that. They can even heal wounds of people who are asleep too, but I don’t think that will help in this situation. There are some risks though. If we aren’t careful you could get stuck in the dream world.”

Stan took Nichole’s hands, “I never got to say goodbye. I’ll do it.”

Nichole smiled sadly, “Then as soon as night comes we shall go. She needs to be asleep after all for this to even have a chance of working.”

Kyle rubbed Stan’s shoulder, “If this is the only solution we have, then I’ll support you Stan.”

Stan smiled as he felt his heart flutter slightly, “Thanks Ky.”
All three spirits were in Shelly’s room when she went to bed that night.

Shelly touched her sword before she settled down.

‘Tomorrow I will do it. I won’t let anyone stand in my way this time.’

As Shelly crawled under her futon, she drifted off quickly.

Nichole walked forwards and placed her trunk on Shelly’s head.

She held her hand out to Stan, “Remember to focus. Don’t forget that it is the dream world. Please don’t be too long as I have no idea how long I can do this for.”

Stan nodded as he took her hand. He closed his eyes.

When he opened them again, he was no longer in Shelly’s room. He was now in a wide open white space. He couldn’t see where the floor separated from the walls.

He also noticed he was his old human self again. His kimono was back to if he was alive and his hands had neatly cut fingernails compared to the claws he had now gotten used to. He couldn’t even feel the part of Sparky’s soul that was now in him.

He saw Shelly’s back and smiled.

“Hey Shelly.”

Shelly turned and smiled, “You’re here again. I seem to dream of you all the time now.”

She then looked closely at him, “You seem a little different though from all the other times you appeared.”

Stan smiled, knowing he didn’t have a lot of time.

“Listen Shelly. I can’t stay here very long, but I just wanted to say a few thing to you. Please, don’t seek revenge. My death wasn’t your fault. I was a fool for not running myself. I wanted to play the hero and got killed because of my own pride and arrogance. Second, I want you to know that I never hated you. You may have done a lot of mean things to me in the past, but you were my sister above all else. I’m sorry that I’m not going to be there for you anymore.”

Shelly started to well up, “You’re.... you’re the real Stan aren’t you. I could never imagine something this accurate. You’re such a turd, but I miss you. How can I not blame myself? I was a coward when you needed your big sister the most.”

Shelly then did something she’d never done in real life. She ran to her brother and hugged him. She cried into his shoulder.

“I don’t care if this is only a dream. Stan I’m so sorry.”

Stan returned his sisters embrace, “It’s okay Shelly. Just keep being you. I know I’m the younger
one of the two of us, but I want you to keep believing in yourself. Keep practicing sword fighting skills. You have to be the grounded one now. Our dad is pain, just try not to get mixed up in his schemes. Use your blade to defend the younger generation. Don’t let them meet the same fate as my class.”

Stan could hear Kyle’s voice then, calling him to come back. Shelly couldn’t hear it however.

Stan dried his sister’s eyes, “I have to go now.”

Shelly dried her eyes herself and smiled slightly, “See you later, turd.”

Stan laughed, “See ya, sis.”

Stan closed his eyes once more and just focused on Kyle’s voice.

Next thing he knew, he felt Kyle holding his hand. He opened his eyes to find himself back in Shelly’s room.

Nichole then finished eating the dream.

She lifted her trunk and turned to Stan. Her eyes were flowing with tears.

“Stan... I heard.....”

Stan smiled, “It was the best goodbye I could manage. She won’t try to go into the woods again?”

Nichole nodded, “She will remember you, but she won’t put her life in danger. Unlike Ike, I didn’t have to remove you from her memories.”

Stan turned to Kyle, “You already thought of this idea with Ike didn’t you?”

Kyle nodded, “Ike’s dream isn’t to avenge me. It’s to find me. It’s so strong that to stop him I’d have to destroy his past. I can’t do that to him.”

Nichole nodded, “Now. I won’t do this again. I’m not touching Tricia either. People need grief after all. I need to rest now as that took a lot of my energy.”

Stan nodded as Nichole left the house.

Stan turned to Kyle and hugged him tightly.

Kyle was shocked, “Dude?”

Stan just clung tight, “Sorry, but I need the comfort Ky.”

Kyle smiled warmly before returning the gesture, “I get it Stan. Take all the time you need.”

Stan just held onto Kyle. His smell and warmth was what was keeping him from fully breaking down.

‘.....Ky.... Other than my family you mean the most to me.... I now know what my feelings are..... Man, I’m as hopeless as Tweek and Craig are now.’

Kyle just rubbed his friends back as reassuring as he possibly could.
Chapter End Notes

Scene drawing of Shelly with her katana and Stan saying goodbye can be found here:

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
Clyde yelped as he crashed into another fence from not hopping high enough.

He could hear the familiar sound of threads snapping in his neck and sighed as he accepted what would happen when he hit the ground.

As normal his head rolled away from his body and his arms fell off at the elbow again.

Clyde sighed, “Having your legs tied together creates so many challenges.”

“Then how about you don’t jump over fences?”

Clyde knew the voice well and smiled as his head was lifted up and he was now staring at the familiar face of his now girlfriend, Bebe.

“I just like living dangerously.” He said as Bebe scowled slightly at him.

Bebe then sighed as she picked up his arms and put them over her own shoulder. With her free hand she pulled Clyde’s body by the neck of his kimono and dragged him to the steps of a nearby house. She then carefully placed his head down next to her as she started to sew his arms back into place.

As she worked she spoke to him, “I worry about you. I know that thanks to Damien’s magic your ripped flesh heals so that I can keep re sewing you together, but I still worry you’re going to get really hurt by something. I don’t want anything bad to happen to you.”

Clyde smiled warmly, “Bebe, I may be dumb, but I would never put myself in a danger that would really hurt me. I would never want to cause you or anyone I care about unnecessary pain.”

Clyde then laughed as he looked at his own body.

“You know, never in my life would I think I would ever look at my body from this angle before. Being a spirit is so different from being a human.”

Bebe chuckled, “You’re telling me. I was a spirit for way more months then you were and sometimes I still have trouble remembering that I’m now invisible to most people.”

Bebe then smiled sadly, “I forget too that you and I became like this in very different ways. Most people died, but you didn’t really die.”

Clyde recalled the memory of when he used an old book to try and bring all those who had died
back to life. It had been one of the worst, and at the same time one of the best choices he’d ever made.

“You know, I don’t think I told you something about that.” Clyde admitted to Bebe.

“What do you mean Clyde?” Bebe asked, confusing covering her face.

Clyde waited until she had picked his head up and had started sew it back on to answer.

“That magic ritual thing, the main reason I did it was to bring you back to life. I wanted everyone to come back, but my main driving force was my desire to see you again. Maybe my mom too, but mostly you.”

Bebe had just finished sewing when Clyde had told her the truth. Her eyes started to well up with tears as she looked at Clyde.

“.... Why didn’t you say anything?”

Clyde blushed heavily, “I was embarrassed ya know. I didn’t say anything when I first came back as I was more focused on seeing you and telling you how I felt. After that I kept meaning too but forgetting.”

Tears fell down Bebe’s face as she cried.

“Oh god! I didn’t mean to upset you Bebe. God I’m an idiot.” Clyde said as he panicked.

Bebe pulled him in for a loving embrace, “I’m not upset you fool. I’m so touched that you’d do that for me. I thought you were trying to do something like that, but you never said anything about it and I didn’t want to pry in case it brought up bad memories.”

Clyde hugged her back as he got lost in her warmth. Even though neither of them no longer had a beating heart, they could feel each other’s spirit energies

Bebe then started to cry more, “... Is it my fault you lost your life Clyde?”

Clyde pulled back and looked seriously into Bebe’s eyes. He cupped her face as he answered her.

“Don’t you ever blame yourself for what happened. I never want you thinking that way. I would never want you to feel that guilt.”

Clyde pulled Bebe’s mask off and kissed her gently. He lowered his hands to his waist so that they could feel closer. Bebe wrapped her arms around his neck and just relaxed as she felt the fear leave her body.

Clyde pulled back first and used his thumb to remove her tears, “If I could do it again I would. I always would make the choice to bring you back. I love you Bebe, and not even death will change that.”

“... You big dork.” Bebe whispered as she kissed Clyde again.

She kissed with more love than she ever had before and Clyde could feel that.

As she pulled back she collapsed onto his lap, not bothering to pull her mask up. A small smile was on her face.

“I feel drained after all that crying. I know we don’t really sleep at night but you wouldn’t mind if I
just rest to get some energy back would you?”

“Of course I don’t, Bebe.” Clyde stated as he stroked his girlfriend’s golden hair. Bebe smiled and after a few minutes was resting softly.

Clyde just smiled warmly as he watched her, ‘She is so kind. I can’t believe I actually get to date her. I never thought I would.’ Clyde closed his eyes as he listened to the birds, savouring this sweet moment.

It was quickly interrupted by the sound of Craig protesting something.

“I don’t want to ask him. The idiot will just make a stupid face and try to make me feel embarrassed.”

Clyde opened his eyes to see the crow spirit being dragged by his obi by Token.

“If you actually ask him I’m sure he won’t tease you too much.” Token said while trying to stop Craig from flying away.

“B-b-b-be b-brave Tucker!” Jimmy yelling in encouragement.

Token then saw Clyde and walked over to him.

“Clyde, this fool has something he wants to ask you. Please promise you won’t tease him so he will actually spill.”

Clyde smiled, knowing full well what this topic was going to be.

“I promise not to tease, but allow me to awww and we have a deal.” Clyde said as he flashed a shit eating grin.

“....Fine.” Craig said as he sighed.

Craig then sat down next to Clyde, slowing pulling his hat over his eyes.

“Look. I don’t know how you managed it, but you’re now dating the person you like. I need advice on how.... on how.....on how to do.... do the same with Tw-Tweek.”

Clyde was straight faced for a second before his eye gleamed and he gave a wide smile.

“That was adorable Craig! Sure, I’ll do my best to help.”

Craig then flipped him off, “Fine, just never tell anyone about this. Swear that you won’t!”

Clyde put his arms up surrender, “I won’t okay. I would never betray my bro like that.”

Craig then turned to Token and Jimmy.

“I honestly don’t see the point in tattling. I have nothing to gain from it. Besides I would never hurt one of my friends like that.” Token started with a shrug.

Jimmy smiled, “T-t-t-there is a t-time and a place for j-j-j-jokes.”

Craig nodded, “Glad we all understand each other.”
Craig then pulled his hat up fully as he explained, “I don’t know what to say or do. I know I’ve had years of time of what to say already, but the words always get caught in my throat.”

Token sighed, “Even I could help you with this. I may have no experience in love, but I know words.”

The group looked at little hurt at this, but Nichole had already told them why Token didn’t remember his feelings, so no one pushed the matter further and they went back to Craig’s problem.

“Just t-t-t-t-t-tell him what’s in y-y-y-your heart.” Jimmy added with a grin.

Clyde then added, “Sometimes being spontaneous helps too, but if you really want to know what to say you got to plan in advance. You could even try it out on us. We won’t judge bro. Maybe give him a gift too so he knows it’s not just a joke between bros. Like, give him something you think he’d really like.”

Token nodded, “You know Tweek likes music, maybe you-“

“I’m not singing. I can’t sing. No.” Craig stated, cutting over Token’s thought.

Jimmy then flipped in the air, “M-m-maybe you could give him s-s-something shiny. B-b-b-birds like you collect s-s-stuff like that right?”

Craig scoffed, “Yeah... like I have a stash of shiny things in my tree....... wait, he might like that weird lump of metal I found. Or maybe that small rock.”

“... You have a stash of shiny things don’t you?” Token said while sighing.

Craig flipped him off, “I can’t help it. Fuck you. It’s a better idea then practicing a speech.”

Clyde stifled his laughter, “Yeah, something like that. Something that shows you care and are thinking of him.”

Craig nodded, “Okay, I’ll do that. No one is to say anything about this.”

“Sure thing Craigypoo.”

Craig went to flip off Clyde, but was instead greeted with Bebe grinning like an idiot.

“I heard the whooooooole thing. Take it from a girl, gifts are always nice to receive, but it’s your character that is more important. Just be yourself and he’ll love it. Besides, I’m sure Tweek would love to see what you get him. Just make sure you be as gay as possible.”

Craig flipped her off while she smiled.

“Only Clyde promised not to tease, I made know such promise.”

Clyde hugged Bebe again, “I love you so much. You are the best partner in crime for stuff like this.”

“Thank you. I always try my best. I’ve been a Creek fangirl since day one.” Bebe said as she grinned mischievously.

Clyde beamed brightly, “Creek.... THAT’S GENIUS! WE HAVE TO USE THAT FROM NOW ON!”
Craig just took off, now with a plan in his head.

Token sighed, “I love the enthusiasm you guys have, but please tone it down.”

Jimmy however just grinned, “And n-n-n-n-now there are t-t-two of them. Clyde, her f-f-f-f-f-
fangirling might r-rival your own.”

Clyde smiled, “It’s not a competition. We’re just going to join forces to help even more!”

Bebe took Clyde’s hand, “YEAH!”

Token sighed, “I feel bad for Craig having to deal with you both.”

As he landed in his tree, he looked through all his bits and bobs and started to pick the things
Tweek would like.

In the end he went with four metal lumps, two small stones, a small spoon and one set of
chopsticks that were dark green like Tweek’s old kimono was.

Craig picked everything up and flew very carefully to Tweek’s ice cave.

As he arrived he placed the small pile of treasures by the entrance. He then threw a different stone
to the ones he had inside before running to hide behind a tree to see Tweek’s reaction.

Tweek looked out of the cave in fear. His silver eyes scanning the area before he stepped out. He
kicked the spoon and looked down to see everything.

Craig smiled as Tweek picked everything up.

Tweek on the other hand was confused.

‘Why has someone dumped a bunch of stuff by my cave? Is it a message they want to hurt me! Oh
god I can’t take that pressure!’

Tweek looked freaked and ran back inside the cave.

Craig stepped out and sighed.

‘Maybe I should have left a note to say these are gifts....Fuck it, I’m not taking the guys advice
again. That didn’t work at all!’

Craig left the stuff and flew back to his tree to sit in annoyance for the rest of the day.

Chapter End Notes
Scene drawing of Clyde+Bebe and Craig's gang teasing him about Tweek can be found here: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/180423335389/please-click-for-better-quality-especially

Please also look at the fan art mentioned at the start of the chapter for more art ^_^
Perhaps you should have an explanation

Chapter Notes

This title not only works for the chapter content, but also for me right now. First I want to apologise for taking so long to get this chapter out. I had this chapter ready a month ago but then a member of my family passed away. As this story deals with death I really was in no frame of mind to post anything and wanted to come back once I was doing better. Then Christmas happened and I was really busy with getting my other story done as well as the Christmas one shot to cheer myself up. I plan to be back to my normal schedule now, this story still has a lot to go after all. I hope you all continue to support me on this ride.

Next I have fan art to show you all.
This first one is made by the oreomakes art, its snow spirit Tweek and its really cool: https://theoreomakesart.tumblr.com/post/180810964194/since-brightstarblogs-is-the-maker-of-one-of-the
Next is two amazingly realistic versions of spirit Stan and Kyle by illusiory artist! I was amazed at the skill of this one and couldn't believe someone drew such amazing art with just pencils. They have serious talent!: https://illusory-artist.tumblr.com/post/180860627901/so-i-decided-to-create-some-realistic-fanart-for

See the end of the chapter for more notes

‘...How long does this human sleep. It’s been eight hours... I wonder what he’s dreaming of.... Humans dream while spirits don’t. It’s so strange...’

Damien stared at Pip in curiosity. The God was still getting used to the strange boy and couldn’t help but stare at him most of the time. Kenny had pointed out that this was a little creepy, but nothing could stop the God when he was curious. Kenny has shuddered when he had remembered the first few weeks of his spirit life, Damien stared and trained him all the time. He felt sorry that the werewolf was now the main target of this attention. Pip didn’t seem to mind too much however.

Damien’s brain was now an endless cycle of ‘find Leslie and kill her’ or ‘I wonder what makes this boy special’. He was good at making sure he had time for both, but when the human boy was asleep it was the latter the God focused on.

Pip finally stirred and saw the God staring at him. It made him a little uncomfortable, but the British boy was just as curious when it came to the God’s eyes and tattoos. His eyes especially were similar to his own when he was in wolf form, yet still very different. They both shared the animal slit and the red colour.

Pip rubbed the sleep dust out of his eyes and yawned, “Good morning Damien sir.”

“... How many times have I said to just call me Damien? I’m a God but only humans should call me sir. You are not entirely human.” He stated with a slight smirk.

Pip immediately bowed his head, “My apologies. It’s just, I want to be respectful to a God and all.”

Damien sighed, “I’ll let that one slide as you have just woken up.”
“Right oh. Do you require my assistance Damien?” Pip asked, tilting his head as he did so.

Damien smiled slightly as he found the gesture... he couldn’t find the words to describe the head tilt, but it made him feel something.

“Nope. Just fascinated with you sleeping.” He started.

Pip laughed slightly, “Ah yes, you don’t sleep so I must be strange resting here.”

Damien then started to smirk with mischief. This wrath God was about to have a small bit of fun with the wolf boy. While Pip was facing the other way, Damien removed his hat.

Pip was not fast enough at reacting and grabbing the hat. He started to get annoyed. His cheeks puffed up slightly as he did.

“Damien! Give me back my buggering hat right now!”

Damien just laughed as the normally composed British boy was getting more and more mad and red with rage.

Damien loved how the boys blond hair made him look a little angelic, but the rage on his face was anything but.

Damien watched as Pip’s eyes changed from blue to red and then slowly became slitted like his own.

Pip then stopped and sighed. His eyes returned to normal as he stopped.

“Forgive me for this Damien.”

Damien didn’t have time to register what was happening as Pip switched to his wolf form in a speed he’d never witnessed before and pinned him to the ground. Pip had leapt through the air, somehow leaving his trousers behind so they wouldn’t get destroyed as he transformed.

Damien was shocked to pinned under the wolf. No being had ever been able to pin him before. Pip snarled a little, but then started to pant as he took his hat back from the God while he was surprised. He got back off the God and shifted into his human form once more, placing the hat back on his head.

He then felt cold again as he was now just in his underwear, so he quickly got changed while the God stood up and brushed the dirt off his kimono.

“Sorry Damien, but no one messes with my hat. It’s too important to me. The only person I could tolerate in my pack gave it to me.” Pip stated as he tied his scarf around his neck.

Damien just looked at Pip again, “Amazing. You changed and you didn’t feel any pain from your bones shifting. I didn’t know you could shift so fast.”

Pip smiled, “Well on days where it isn’t the full moon I don’t feel pain when I change as I am
choosing to change. Nights of the full moon however really hurt. The beast is forcing its way out so I have no bloody control. It also likes to take its time, which makes the whole ordeal even worse.”

Damien then laughed, “I also find it fun that you have a fiery side to you. Not many can get away with pinning a wrath God to the floor and live to tell the tale.”

Pip flushed crimson, “… I am sorry! That was very ungentlemanly of me!”

Damien laughed, “I’ll forgive you this time.”

He then leaned close to Pip.

“Why do you want to lose these powers? Apart from the full moon thing, it seems like a good deal.”

Pip smiled sadly, “… because, I didn’t have the choice when I was given these powers. I didn’t want them but was cursed with them anyway. I wasn’t always a werewolf you know. Only Alpha’s are born with the power.”

Damien raised a brow as Pip smiled at him kindly.

“I’ll get my diary and explain how I got these powers. I get the feeling you’ll keep my secret.”

Damien watched as Pip headed over to Damien’s table and pulled out a book.

“… Promise me you’ll keep this story to yourself. I think you should know why I want to be human again. If the other knew they’d laugh.”

Damien nodded, “I promise.”

Pip smiled, “Here is the story of how I lost my humanity and came to be part of a pack of werewolves like myself.”

Damien sat down next to Pip as he opened his diary and began to read.

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Pip was running through the woods of the English countryside the night everything changed.

Pip hated how his hair hit him in the face but he had to keep running. Estella would have already sent her guards and the police after him. If they caught him he didn’t even want to think what the outcome would be.

‘I have to keep moving. I can’t let her catch me and imprison me again. I know mum and dad secured me a place there when they died so I wouldn’t live on the streets, but I can’t be her butler anymore. No... I can’t be her slave anymore.’

Pip was running blind in the dark. He could feel that the twigs had ripped his clothes and cut his skin, but any pain was better than Estella.
She had killed a small cat that Pip had rescued and he could never forgive the women for that. That cat had been blind and had been depending on Pip. He had failed as a gentleman in protecting the small creature.

Pip kept running as he heard the hounds barking in the distance.

‘.... So she intends to kill me. Those animals are only good for that. Oh bollocks! I don’t want to die!’

Pip then thought to his only friend who he had at the mansion. Pocket had been the one who had helped Pip escape this evening when dinner was being made. He too had wanted to escape, but knew Pip was faster. If Pip succeeded he had promised to come back for him to free him too. At this point though Pip knew that he would never be able to return that promise. He had failed as a friend too.

‘Pocket... please be alright old chap. Estella is cold hearted and won’t hesitate to kill you too if she finds out you helped me.’

Pip then hit a slope in the forest and started to climb up as best he could. He could just make out some roots he could grab to support himself and grabbed them with his hands. They were so sweaty from fear however that it was becoming a challenge.

Pip then slipped as one of the roots broke, causing his to fall back down to the bottom. He started to try again, but the dogs were getting to close.

He turned to see the oil lamps pointing at him as the dogs barked to escape their leashes. They looked ready to tear all his flesh from his bones.

One of the men spoke, ‘Pip Pirrup. Mistress Estella took you under her wing when your rats for parents died and this is how you repay her kindness. She should had just left you in the gutter to die back then.’

Pip glared, “That was not kindness. I was beaten and treated like dirt. I might of well been in the gutter.”

The man sighed, “Well, Estella has given the order to have you killed. Your friend has already been so. We knew someone had to have helped you and he was the only one daft enough to do it.”

Pip’s blood went cold, “....P..pocket?”

The guard laughed, “She pushed him into the oven not long after you escaped. Still, the dogs will appreciate him later as the main course after eating the starter which is you.”

Pip closed his eyes and waited for the dogs to rip him apart.

‘I’ll see you soon Pocket..’

There was silence for a second so Pip thought they had killed him, but then he heard the creatures whimper.

The men then started to panic as they looked above Pip at the top of the slope.

Pip then heard a howl that was not from this world.

Pip’s eyes darted open and looked up to see a wolf. This was no normal wolf however.
‘Werewolf! They are real!’ Pip gasped as he thought to himself.

The grey creature had red eyes and started to climb down the slope. Pip could swear he could see flakes on red in one part of the fur.

The men all started to run and the dogs now yelped in fear.

Pip started to run, but the creature seemed to not focus on him. The creature pushed him out of the way as it ran after the dogs.

Pip winced however as the claw pierced his flesh where his clothes weren’t covering part of his arm. Pip could see the small trickle of blood.

His head then hit a rock as he fell and he passed out.

The creature ignored him as it chased the dogs out of its territory.

Pip awoke the next day when the sun was hitting him in the eye. Pip looked at his arm and found that there were no wounds from the claw or any of the branches from when he was stumbling around in the dark. There was nothing. He swore he remembered seeing blood though.

Pip however sighed in relief that the creature had spared him and had instead gone after the other targets.

Pip brushed his hair with his hand and untangled his lose locks. He still however didn’t know where to go now.

‘I can’t head back to town yet. The police will arrest me on sight. I got to survive out here for a bit before I do that. Now I know that there are some berries that won’t kill around here somewhere.’ Pip began to make a note of his surroundings and went to find shelter.

Pip sat in the hollowed out tree trunk that evening and wrote in his diary everything that had happened. He ate the berries he had collected as he did. He sighed as he felt the air get colder as the sun started to set.

He sighed and began to lie down to try and sleep.
It was then that the pain started to hit.

He looked up and saw the full moon shining down on him.

The pain only got worse as he could feel his bones start to shift.

Pip couldn’t help but scream as the pain felt it was going to rip him apart.

He then seemed to black out.

His body still moved after this though. It shifted into that of a beast.

He could smell new smells.

The creature felt trapped where it was so it ripped the tree trunk apart along with its clothes. It needed to be outside and in the air of the forest.

He could hear everything in the forest around him. The bugs buzzing, the owls hooting, the wind blowing as it moved around the branches. It whistled as it did, making the whole place feel wilder.

He then heard a small twig snap and knew it was a deer. Unable to stop himself, the beast ran after the deer.

The hunt had started. The wolf knew it would win as well.

Hunger took over as it ran after the animal. The deer tried to run, but it was over in a few seconds. The creature ripped into its flesh and devoured everything. It sniffed the air again and began to hunt the next animal it could hear.

The hunger was too great.

Pip was no longer in control.

Chapter End Notes

Character design of Human Pip can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/181719590644/please-click-for-better-quality-character-design
The alpha wolf

Chapter Notes

We have got fan art, but I can't link it as it was my prize for winning Preciadology giveaway on tumblr. It is now my icon on here and tumblr. It is of spirit Tweek and Craig, Craig is giving Tweek a shiny necklace. Please give it a look if you get the chance.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Pip awoke slowly the next day. He could taste a weird copper taste in his mouth.

Pip’s eyes snapped open as looked down at himself. He was covered in dirt and was naked, but the thing that scared him the most was that his hands, chest and mouth were covered in blood. He turned and saw a dead deer next to him, the trail of blood led directly to him. Pip panicked at himself.

‘What bloody happened last night?!’

Pip then saw a black blazer land on him out of nowhere.

He turned to see a boy with black hair and red highlights looking at him. He had a white shirt on and a black waist coat that had a silver cross sewn into it along with a red swirl like pattern covering the whole thing. He flicked his fringe out of his eyes as he looked at Pip.

“I had to turn a conformist. Henrietta is not going to be happy. Use my jacket and follow me.”

Pip was glad the coat covered his exposed area, but he wanted answers.

“Wait! Who are you?!”

The boy sighed and turned back round, “I’m Pete, and I’m the one responsible for your current... problem. I scratched you last night and passed my power onto you.”

“Power?” Pip said with confusion.

Pete just pulled out his pocket watch and sighed, “We don’t have time to speak here. Those men are going to be patrolling again and I need to get you away.”

Pete started to walk off. Pip decided that he better follow the boy. If he had meant to hurt him, he would have done it while he was asleep and naked.

As they walked, Pete seemed to be able to tell where the forest would go. It was like he had it memorized.

Pip realised that they were coming towards a house. It looked like it was being held up by the trees around it. It gave off that serial killer vibe, but Pip stayed calm. He wanted answers and by golly he was going to get them.

The two boys were greeted by another boy. This one was tall and had a cane with a crow on it as
well as a cross earring hanging from his left ear. He had a similar waistcoat to Pete, but it had purple swirls and a silver crow on it instead of a cross.

The taller boy sighed as they approached, “You scratched him didn’t you.”

Pete flicked his fringe out of his eyes once more, “Don’t rub it in Michael. We all make mistakes.”

“You know Henrietta isn’t going to like this.” Michael stated.

Pete just shrugged his shoulders. Pip knew that whoever this Henrietta was, she seemed to be in charge.

The front door then burst open as a tiny boy exited the building. Like the others, he had a waistcoat, but the pattern was dark green and had a silver skull on it. He also had a line scar on his right cheek.

This boy rushed up to Pip and started to sniff him.

“What are you bloody doing?!” Pip asked as the boy manhandled him. He was sniffing him all over and tried to lift the jacket covering him up. Pip was close to punching him to get him to stop.

Michael hit the boy lightly with the tip of his cane before this happened though.

“Firkle, what have we told you about doing that.”

Firkle turned round to Michael, “I couldn’t help it. He has such a strange smell, I could smell it from inside. How can someone like him be one of us.”

Pip started to shake as the boys all talked to each other. The whole situation was just confusing. Was he still dreaming?

The boys then turned to Pip.

Michael spoke to him, “I know you’re probably confused. But allow me to explain what’s going on. You saw a wolf two nights ago, correct?”

Pip nodded, “Yes, it saved me when I was about to be killed.”

Michael nodded, “Well, that wolf was Pete. He heard the commotion you were causing and wanted to break up the fight. We didn’t want you or anyone who could hurt us finding this place.”

Pete scoffed in annoyance, “I didn’t do it to help you kid. I did it for my pack.”

Pip was shocked as Michael continued, “Anyway, he accidently scratched you and as a result passed on his power. You see, we’re all werewolves and now you are too.”

Pip’s blood went cold, “....I’m.....I’m a beast....”

“Let me explain it to him, Michael.”

Everyone turned to the entrance of the house.

In the doorway was a girl. She had messy black hair and was wearing a dress with long sleeves.

The others seemed to nod to her as she approached.
Pip couldn’t help himself as he marvelled at the intense blue of her eyes. They almost seemed to glow. Pip could feel a part of himself wanting to bow to her. He didn’t fully understand why, but a part of him that had only just appeared seemed to feel that way.

The girl sighed, “... You turned a conformist.... we already have my brother for that Pete.”

Pete muttered an apology, “Sorry Henrietta.”

Henrietta then turned to Pip, “Allow me to tell you everything. But first come inside and get some proper clothes on. You’re one of the family now after all.....regrettably.”

As everyone entered the house, Pip was amazed at how decorated the place was. There were chandeliers and gothic candle sticks everywhere.

A small boy with blond hair was in the corner. Unlike the others he had a blue jumper covered in rips. He seemed to be wearing the most normal clothes of the lot. His eyes were also bright blue and seemed to glow. He smiled when he saw Pip.

“Sis! Do we have a new pack member?!”

Henrietta sighed, “Yes Bradley. Now get some clothes for him. I’m sure we have conformist clothes around here somewhere.”

Bradley ran up the stairs and in a matter of minutes came back with a shirt, a red blazer, some trousers and cap. Bradley also had provided some fresh undergarments.

Henrietta pointed to the screen in the corner of the room, “Get changed and then we’ll talk.”

Pip looked at his hands again, still seeing the blood.

Henrietta growled, “Fine, Bradley can take him to the bathroom and help him get clean first. You’ll have to go get more water later though.”

Bradley smiled, “Sure.”

Henrietta’s eyes narrowed, “And no explaining. That’s my job.”

Bradley nodded in slight fear.

Pip followed him through the house to a back room. There was a pump there and Bradley smiled again.

“Don’t use too much, but please clean up. I’ll leave the clothes on a stool and you can change when you’re ready.”

He saw how scared Pip was and patted his shoulder, “I can’t say much, but please don’t worry. They won’t hurt you.”

Pip looked at the scars on Bradley’s face. He saw this and chuckled.

“Don’t worry, I got this during a play fight when training. I’ve got a lot due to my upbringing. But I can’t tell you about that yet.”

Pip nodded.

Bradley then turned to leave, “Now, focus on getting clean. You’ll feel a lot better afterwards.”
Pip tried to smile as Bradley shut the door. He immediately got to work cleaning the blood off himself. He didn’t want to taste blood any longer after all.

When he came out, now fully dressed in the outfit they had provided, the whole group were now sitting on chairs, they had left one for Pip and motioned him to sit.

Henrietta began to explain.

“First, might I ask your name?”

“P-pip Pirrup.” He said with a stutter.

Henrietta nodded, “Well Pip. You are now a member of this pack whether you like it or not. You see I am what you call a pure blood werewolf. Me and my brother were born this way. However you, Pete, Michael and Frikle were all originally human. I turned the others at their request as they understand me. You on the other hand were an accident. It doesn’t matter now.”

Pip shuffled in fear.

Henrietta continued, “As a pure blood, I am your alpha. Your leader. My brother lost that title as I beat him.”

Bradley laughed, “I gave you the title. I never wanted to be leader. I definitely don’t want to be leader.”

Henrietta glared at her brother and continued.

“As your alpha, you must do as I say. I will teach you how to control your power. We are lucky that the full moon was yesterday. We cannot ourselves at the full moon.”

She then addressed the rest of her pack, “Boys, care to demonstrate what I mean so the boy believes.”

Everyone then sighed as they carefully took off their clothes.

Pip covered his face in embarrassment, “Please, I don’t want you to do that.”

Pete sighed, “It’s so we don’t rip our expensive clothes you idiot.”

Suddenly, four wolves appeared in the room. Three of them were grey and had red eyes. The one where Bradley once was however had blue eyes and blond fur.

Henrietta frowned as she adjusted her position in the chair.

“Turned wolves all have grey fur and red eyes. In Pete’s case he also has flicks of red as he dyes his hair. My brother however is pure blooded so he turns the colour of his hair. I too am like this. I’m a jet black wolf.”
Henrietta then snapped her fingers and the boys changed back. They all quickly put their clothes back on. Bradley had some trouble as he put an arm through one of the rips, but he managed to get it back on with Michael’s assistance.

Henrietta rolled her eyes but continued, “Unlike a full moon, they have control over their forms and can change at will. You can too.”

Henrietta then stood up and walked over to Pip, “From now on you are part of this pack. As your alpha you will do as I say. If you don’t I won’t hesitate in killing you.”

Pip gulped as he looked at her eyes. They narrowed into thin slits to show her power. Pip nodded in fear.

Henrietta then turned away.

“Bradley, show him to his room.”

Bradley who had just finished doing his trousers up nodded.

Pip followed him up the stairs and into a small room. It was not as well kept as the rest of the house. The wallpaper was falling off and Pip swore he saw part of a tree coming through the ceiling. The bed looked unsteady and feathers were coming out of the pillow. The rest of the room was empty.

Bradley sighed, “Sorry about her. She’s a bit of a bitch but we gotta do as she says. Still I’m glad that you’re normal like me.”

Pip smiled slightly, “You do seem like you have the most sanity. Why don’t you have a waistcoat like the others?”

Bradley laughed, “Because I’m not a goth. I’m just a conformist like you. Well I mean I am a pure blood werewolf… but my sister… she doesn’t want to be a part of society. We’ve fought quite a bit on the matter and I got most of my scars because of this. Don’t worry, werewolves often fight with each other so these scars are normal.”

Pip looked confused. Bradley stopped himself.

“Oh, never mind. Just ignore me. Welcome Pip. I promise I’ll help you out with this. Henrietta probably won’t as you’re a conformist, but so am I so you can trust me!”

Pip nodded, “I will.”

As Bradley exited, Pip looked around the room.

‘This is kind of a blessing. I was a dead man after I ran from Estella, but now I at least have a place to stay.’

Pip then touched his cap.

‘… I will look for a way to return to normal… I know I can’t stay this way…. I can’t be a monster…’

Pip sat against the wall as he tried to make sense of everything.

Pip saw a small book hidden under the covers and quickly looked to see if it was empty before writing all that had happened to him. He may have lost his old diary, but he was fine with starting
a new one.

A new book for his new life so to speak.

Chapter End Notes

Character design of Michael, Firkle, Henrietta, Pete and Bradley as humans and werewolves can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/181933387934/please-click-for-better-quality-character-design
Hope of a cure

Chapter Notes

First I want to say that if the way I write Christophe is too offensive, please let me know so I can change it. I was trying to write him like he speaks in the film, but I know that this is a stereotype.

So we have new fanart! We got lots this week!

This first piece is done by me :) I saw Asterix's design of kitsune Tweek and I just had to draw his with Yuki-onna Tweek as the combo of fire and ice was too awesome to pass!: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/182066220669/please-click-for-better-quality-so-i-saw
Next we have a very cute drawing of realistic Bakeneko Scott by Illusory artist that is so cute! Please check it out as they are a pencil master: https://illusory-artist.tumblr.com/post/182094687126/hey-i-would-have-attached-the-photo-to-the-ask
Finally we have Yuki-onna Tweek drawn by Asterix. We had been talking a lot about our Tweek's so I was very touched they wanted to draw him. It's so beautiful and the way she drew his eyes takes my breath away!:

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Did you really think I would be pleased with this?”

Henrietta glared at Pip as he started to cook in the kitchen again.

Pip turned to her, “Well, this is more for me Miss Bigg-“

“DON’T CALL ME THAT YOU FUCKER!” Henrietta screamed. Her eyes glowed intensely to show her displeasure.

Pip bowed his head as the wolf inside him felt compelled to, “I’m so sorry. I’m trying to be a gentlemen so I’m used to calling people by their surnames. As I wanted to say, this food is for me. I just can’t bring myself to eat wild animals. I’d rather eat human food.”

Pete scoffed, “But you aren’t human anymore. Stop trying to conform. The humans would kill you in a second if they knew what you were.”

Henrietta growled, “Not just humans, I will kill him in a second if he keeps this up. He doesn’t hunt, he locks himself in his room, he chains himself up on full moons. He’s not a werewolf, he’s a coward! My brother is more of a wolf than he is!”

Michael walked over to Henrietta, his stick tapping the creaky floorboards as he did.

“Don’t feel bad Henrietta. This is all Pete’s fault anyway.”
“Yeah, don’t beat yourself up. How about you read some Edgar Allan Poe to relax. I’ll deal with the British shit head.” Frikle stated.

Before Henrietta could unleash the small demon on Pip, Bradley ran down the stairs, grabbed Pip’s food and Pip and then ran back up the stairs.

Henrietta was about to yell after them, but she figured it was too much effort.

“At least my brother got him out of my sight. I need a run to get some space.”

Henrietta went behind her screen before leaving as a wolf. She was twice the size of everyone else and her fur was jet black. The others all shifted and they all ran outside to catch dinner for themselves.

Bradley and Pip however were in Bradley’s room. Bradley passed the food to Pip after he’d taken a bit for himself.

He smiled at Pip, “Don’t listen to her, if you want to keep eating this stuff, do it. I actually think it’s better than raw stuff off the bone, and that’s coming from a pure blood. Seriously, chocolate, beef stew, everything you bring or cook is so tasty.”

Pip smiled sadly as he ate, “Thank you Mr Bi... Bradley. I just can’t bring myself to hurt a creature, even for food. I mean when I changed back the first time I could taste the blood. It made me feel sick. People already kill animals as livestock, I’m not adding to the list by killing more when I don’t need too.”

Bradley looked at Pip hard. He could see how much Pip hated being what he was now. He understood also being in a place where you’re hated. He had to stay due to his bloodline, but he wanted to save Pip from his fate. Bradley couldn’t change his own, but he would do anything to help his only friend.

Bradley smiled as he spoke, “Pip... How would you react if I said there might be a way to break your curse.”

Pip looked up wide eyed as Bradley continued, “I once looked into some of the old books my sister and parents used to have. One mentioned a way to break beast curses. It’s more a myth but it may help. I’ve hid this from the others as they are fine with what they are. I can’t sit by however and watch you become more and more miserable.”

Pip put his food down and gave his full attention to Bradley, “If you know anything, even if it’s a myth, I will listen.”

Bradley nodded, “It is said that there are ancient beings with more magic than us pure bloods. They say that God’s used to walk these earths thousands of years ago. They had the powers to shape nature and all life, even death. Many of them were skilled in magic and could gift people powers as well as take them away. Now, they say that all of them left when humanity started to become more independent and find ways to stop them, however it is said that there is one place they may still reside.”

Pip looked at Bradley with all the hope in the world.

Bradley turned to his window as he spoke, “The mountains of Japan. There are many tales of Gods and spirits that come from that place. They are places full of mystical power apparently and there are still tales that say that strange things happen. I know it might not be true, but that is all I know. Again this is just from some books I once found.”
Pip stood up, “I am willing to take that chance.”

Bradley turned and looked at Pip. His eyes were red, but not in anger. Bradley knew that this was a look of pure determination.

“I will do whatever I need. I will go wherever. I’ve never really had a home anyway so I am more than willing to bet everything I have on this story. If werewolves exist then the chances of other tales being true are even more likely.”

Bradley smiled, “If you want to go, we’ll have to somehow get you to Japan you know. Do even know any Japanese?”

Pip’s look lost its edge when his eyes turn back to blue, “Errr.... I know the basics from when Estella went on her different culture craze. I had to learn a little as she started speaking it herself and punished me when I didn’t understand her commands.”

Bradley then laughed, “How many languages did you have to learn the basics in?”

Pip fiddled with his hat, “....I think it was about twelve in the end... But Japanese was actually one of the more simple ones I enjoyed. I can’t read it, but I can do very basic structure, nothing fancy. I studied it myself when I could by sneaking into the library or saving some of the books she tried to burn.”

Bradley looked serious again, “Wow... Estella really is a bitch.”

Pip laughed nervously, “You have no bloody idea.”

Bradley then smiled, “Well it seems you were lucky she did that. And I can help you get there.”

Pip looked up as he lifted his hat to see Bradley’s face, “How?”

Bradley looked out the window again, “I know some paranormal investigators that can help us. They know what I am as they came here once. I managed to persuade them to avoid this area. We talk now and then when we need favours. I often see them when I go out ‘hunting’. They will also be interested to know if the legend is true. After Henrietta gets back and the pack goes to sleep, I’ll take you.”

Pip hugged Bradley then, “Thank you Bradley! You truly are a good friend.”

Bradley’s eyes welded up with tears. He couldn’t remember the last time he had been touched in a calming way. His sister never had, she’d only held him to pin him down and attack him. He had never had a friend care about him like this.

Bradley couldn’t help but let one tear fall as he spoke in barely a whisper, “No, you’re the one who is a good friend.”

That night the two wolves escaped the house and ran. They stayed in human form, but they were
still faster than normal humans.

Pip followed Bradley as he ran further and further into the forest, only stopping when they came to a clearing.

Pip sat on a tree stump, getting his breath back as Bradley smelled the air.

“They appear to be a bit late.”

Pip looked up at the pure blood, “How can you tell?”

Bradley laughed, “Smell. The wind is blowing towards us and I can smell them. They’re quite far as the smell is faint.”

In a matter of minutes however, two new shapes entered the clearing. Pip saw that one of them appeared to have a shovel and wore dirty clothes. He was smoking a cigarette and was glaring at his companion. Said companion has a cutlass on his belt and had his blond hair brushed and well kept. His orange top was pristine with puffy sleeves. Pip also noticed two tiny scars in his neck.

The orange boy spotted them first, “Bradley, my good friend. I do hope you have been well.”

Bradley smiled and shook the boy’s hand, “Hello Gregory. I thank you for coming to meet us. I guess Christophe got my message then?”

The boy with the shovel, Christophe, glared as he walked over, “I could tell ze minute I smelt your blood. Werewolf blood smells ze worst. Why do you always have to summon us zis way.”

Pip was confused then, and slightly annoyed as he wasn’t fond of French people, but he ignored that voice. He knew Bradley couldn’t of sent a letter, so how he messaged them with blood was a mystery.

Gregory however saw the boy’s face and came over, “I am terribly sorry. I haven’t introduced myself. My name is Gregory. Gregory of Yardale. I am just a human that happens to know the crazy world you are a part of. This is my companion, he’s called Christophe but he would prefer you call him the Mole. Don’t ask me why, I’ve tried to understand for years now.”

Christophe glared, “Listen here you faggot, I am ze Mole because I am ze Mole. I dig tunnels to help us both. I don’t need to explain it to you anymore zhan I need to explain it to zat bastard known as God.”

Pip looked quite uncomfortable as Gregory started to argue back, “Look, I can’t help that your angry about having to smell werewolf blood, but this mission could help you. You want to be human too don’t you?”

Christophe scoffed, “Zhiz mission involves finding a God. I hate God. He cursed me to be a half vampire. Do you zhink I will ever forgive ze faggot zat did zhis to me? I’ve never seen a sunrise or the sun for zat matter. I hate my mother for getting knocked up by a vampire in ze first place. Zat bitch never helped me. She left me for her God saying I was a spawn of evil. I-“

“GUYS, FOCUS!” Bradley yelled.

Gregory turned and bowed to them both, “My apologies for his foul mouth.”

Pip bowed back, “It’s okay. Ahh, my name is Pip, Pip Pirrup. I’m a turned werewolf. May I ask how you’re going to help?”
Gregory smiled, “Of course. You see we’re going to help sneak you on board a ship that will leave for Japan. We’re going to use the tunnels that me and Christophe made to get you there. That way we avoid vampire territory. The vampires would go crazy if a werewolf entered you see. I’m sure you know that the two clans have be fighting each other. Henrietta, the alpha. and Mike… I mean Vampir, the dark prince of vampires, are always at each other’s throats. Once we get you in a ship, you’re on your own. Find out what you can, and if you do get your curse broken, let us know and we’ll come to break Christophe’s. As a half vampire he isn’t immortal, but he can’t go in the sun either. The purple eyes give that away too. All the weaknesses with none of the positives and all that. That is why we want to help.”

Christophe scoffed again, “He’ll never find God. Zhat bastard would never help even if he did.”

Gregory sighed, “I swear Christophe if you don’t shut up I’m not letting you have my blood and you can starve.”

Christophe took a drag from his cigarette, “I’ll eat some rats. Zhey are better than your shitty blood.”

Gregory started to rub his temples, “This coming from the same man who said rat’s blood tasted like poison. Anyway, we need to get going now if we want to reach the tunnel before dawn hits.”

Christophe smelled the air then, “I don’t want to be burn to a crisp. And we have other jobs we need to do too. We paranormal investigators are busy people.”

Pip turned to Bradley, “Let’s go.”

Bradley looked at the ground, “I cannot come with you Pip.”

Pip looked shocked, “But, you can get away from your sister, you can be free. I can’t abandon my friend.”

Bradley smiled, “My sister is the last family I have after our parents were killed. I may be a conformist to her, but I’m still a pure blood. They can’t harm me too much as I am needed for our bloodline to live Pip. Don’t worry my friend, as a member of your pack I am always with you. If you need help ever, all you simply need to do is howl for me and I will hear you. Normally only the alpha would hear, but I am a pure blood and let’s face it, out of the two purebloods you know we have more in common. Howl before your curse is broken and I will let Christophe know so he can get his curse broken too.”

Bradley then hugged Pip, “I know we’ve only know each other for a month or two, but I consider you my family. Now get moving before Henrietta and the rest of the pack tries to stop us. GO!”

Pip smiled as he released Bradley, “Thank you.”

He then turned to Gregory and Christophe and the group started to walk.

Bradley smiled, “Godspeed Pip.”
“Zhe docks will be above us in a bit. It should be easy to find a way to sneak you aboard.”

Pip nodded to Christophe as they continued to walk.

Gregory patted his shoulder, “We’ll get you there safely chap. We always finish a job with the best service. We do any job that a supernatural needs. All except killing.”

Christophe scoffed again, “Only if zhey try to kill us first do we kill. My shovel and your cutlass have killed you faggot.”

Gregory sighed, “Why do you never call me by my name. We’ve know each other for how long?”

Christophe shrugged his shoulders, “Maybe seven years. You expect me to remember zhat shit. I know we protect each other but it doesn’t mean I’m buddy buddy with you.”

Christophe then saw his makeshift ladder and started to climb, “Follow, ze mission is almost complete. Don’t either of you fuck it up now. And God better not fuck it up either.”

Gregory sighed again as he let Pip go in front of him and the group climbed up.

The docks were a little busy, but Christophe and Gregory used the darkness to their advantage. They moved Pip and listened for anything that would tell them where the ships were going.

Pip however did manage to hear a something that caught his ear.

“(I want to get home to see my wife soon. She will be interested in all my tales.)”

“(Yes captain. We’re just getting the last of the supplies on board and we’ll leave at first light.)”

Pip poked Gregory to get his attention, “Those two were speaking Japanese just now. I’m jolly sure that that boat will be going there as soon as the sun comes up.”

Gregory nodded, “Alright, Christophe-“

“Ze mole!”

“…Mole.... we need to get to that ship, can you get us there.”

Christophe smiled, “Can a bird fly? Yes I can get you zhere.”

With some serious stealth skills, the three managed to climb aboard. Pip was almost spotted, but thanks to the darkness the person just thought it was his eyes playing tricks. Gregory found a small area behind a lot of boxes and pushed Pip into it.

“Right. You need to stay here until the boat gets to its destination. There’s food in here so eat that when you get hungry. Don’t get caught and stay hidden.”

Pip nodded, “Thank you both again. I promise I won’t let either of you chaps down.”

Gregory smiled, “Godspeed Pip.... Christophe, I know what you’re about to say and don’t you even start.”

Christophe sighed before he shook Pip’s hand, “Best of luck. Let us know ze truth when you can. Bradley will be listening. I want my curse destroyed so my hopes are with you. You may be a
faggot yourself, but I know I can rely on you.”

Gregory smiled, “No why can’t you be like that normally?”

Christophe flipped him off, “Because I say so fucker.”

Gregory sighed again as the two left.

Pip closed his eyes and prayed to whatever he could.

‘Let me succeed. There must be a God that can break all these curses. I won’t give up until I find a way.’

Pip took out his diary and started to write. He needed to make sure he kept his goal in sight.

Pip closed the book he was reading and looked up at Damien.

“After that I hid and no one found me. I then arrived here, transformed, and you found me. You know the rest. I hope that I spoke well enough for you to understand. You have been a great help with teaching me better Japanese but I still worry I don’t get the grammar right.”

Damien looked at Pip intensely as he registered everything he’d just heard.

Damien closed his eyes, “.... You’ve had a hard life Pip. I’m so sorry you had to deal with all that.”

Pip closed his own eyes, “Don’t apologise for anything Damien. You couldn’t have helped, and I would never change my past. Despite how bad it’s been I wouldn’t be who I am without it. Our past reflects our personalities. I doubt I’d be half as good as a gentleman I am if I hadn’t gone through all the bad I have. I care for the friends I have made and if my past was different I wouldn’t have met any of them.”

Damien nodded as he opened his eyes at the same time Pip did, “Pocket, he helped you escape at the cost of his life. Bradley, who is still cheering you on. And lastly Gregory and Christophe, who will come here to offer assistance if you need it as the Vanpear wants break his own curse.”

Pip nodded, “It’s Vampire, but yes. You did forget someone though.”

Damien raised a brow, “I did?”

Pip smiled, “You, Damien. You and everyone here have finally given me a place I can truly call home. Even if it’s only for a while I still appreciate all you have done for me.”

Pip bowed to Damien, “I trust you Damien. So if you ever need any help I will do my best. I even have outside help so if someone ever tries to hurt anyone here I can ask Gregory and Christophe to help.”

Damien looked at the boy, wondering if he knew about Leslie or something, but he sighed and
muttered that it was impossible. He instead got up and went back to his throne.

“Thank you for telling me that story Pip. I understand why you want to be free. I will do all I can so I can grant that wish. I understand now why it is so important.”

Pip nodded, “Thank you Damien.”

Pip then looked at the cave entrance. “Well, I’m going to head out now. I promised to spend time with Scott and Kevin today after all. Good luck with your duties.”

Damien nodded as Pip left.

As Pip went down the path, he felt as if a huge weight has been lifted from his shoulders.

‘I’m glad I told someone. I know that Damien needs help too. I don’t know everything, but I hope my message of outside help got across without letting him know that I’m aware that there’s a creature out their causing trouble.’

Pip then looked up the sky.

‘...I hope one day I can hear his story too. I would like to know the story of the scars especially. But a gentleman never prys. I’ll wait until he feels ready to tell me. He is my friend and I want to lend an ear like he did for me today.’

Pip smiled as he headed down to meet his friends.

Chapter End Notes

Character design of human Gregory and half vampire Christophe can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/182119844819/please-click-for-better-quality-character-design
The first signs of an uprising

Chapter Notes

No fan art this week. However Happy Birthday to Craig! He's not in this chapter unfortunately but I just wanted to say that.

Also, we finally have major plot!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

‘I never knew flying to China would take so much strength. I mean it’s next door effectively! Who’s idea was it to do this!..... Oh yeah, mine.’

Red beat her wings together as hard as she could. She could feel her power draining with each meter she travelled. She felt like she’d fall asleep if she wasn’t careful. She was starting to regret her choice of seeing how far she could fly before she’d give up.

Red channelled her spirit energy and kept flying, ‘Getting the book as a crow was the easy bit. Thank God for all of Kevin’s random lesson on Chinese and Japanese language differences. Without them I’d never of been able to read the books and get the right one.’

Red then blushed slightly, finding a little extra strength in her heart to keep going, ‘I hope he likes the surprise. I know he’d been working hard to find evidence on what he is, I just know this will help. The flying was just a bonus.’

Red got a slight boost from the thought.

Red sighed, ‘Really... thinking about him is giving me a power boost or something. Look I get it.... I like him! But why! We’re so different. He’s the geek who plays make believe who no one talks too and I’m in the popular lot. We can’t connect. My reputation will be ruined. I don’t even like reading... okay maybe I actually love reading and playing make believe like him, but if anyone... ANYONE found out I.... My friends would be never talk to me again! I don’t know what to do!’

Red felt her strength start to leave again. She struggled with her wings and started to panic.

‘OKAY, DEFINITELY NOT THE TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THAT! DON’T DIE, DON’T DIE, DON’T DIE! ....OR DISAPPEAR! I’m not too sure it counts as dying if you’re already dead.... NOW IS NOT THE TIME! FOCUS ON THE FLYING!’

Red just focused flying over the ocean. She couldn’t stop. If she did, she’d just fall out of the sky and disappear. Her soul would be lost to everyone.

She was having trouble seeing and was already losing height. Her wings ached from the repeated torture. She feared she wouldn’t make it.

‘Please let me get home!’

As if her prayer had been heard by someone, Red started to see the familiar mountain come into view in the sky.
She was filled with relief and beat her wings harder, not caring that the muscles screamed as she did. All she had to do was get home, then she could recharge.

Something strange happened then, Red felt like she passed through a curtain as she got closer to her mountain home. Nothing happened for a second, but she then felt like her spirit energy was re-filled. The only way she could describe it was like she was a dying plant and she’d finally been given water. Her wings instantly felt better as the pain subsided a little. The worst was now gone. Her vision returned and she gained height.

Red sighed in relief, ‘So that’s what Damien means about magical power. There’s literally a blanket covering our home keeping us alive. Like a cloak.... or a shield like that book Kevin was.....and now I’m thinking of him again... I am hopeless.’

Red smiled slightly at the thought of seeing him. Of being home again.

As Red reached the edge of the tree line however, that was when it all went wrong.

What happened next would haunt Red’s thoughts for the rest of her life as a spirit.

Red was about to make her way to the village when something fired from the ground below her and wrapped itself round both her legs, binding them together.

Red thought it was rope, but it was sticky. She fell down and landed in a net... a net that felt like sticky silk.

She tried to fly away but the unknown substance stopped her.

Red was about to call for help when she saw it.

This wasn’t a net... this was a spider web. A web spun by a spirit she’d never seen before. The figure appeared human, but the bottom of the black kimono showed a spider body. It was purple aside from one red scar on the left side of the abdomen. Long purple claws held the silk that was around her ankles. Purple eyes stared into her soul. Unlike Kenny’s who held mischief and love, these eyes only held hate and despair.

The creature laughed, “How sad. A little bird had fallen into my trap. But you know, bird is very tasty, especially when they’re full of fear. Fear always makes them tender.”

Red glared darkly, “Who the fuck are you?! Let me go!”

The creature laughed again, “I’m your worst nightmare little bird. Don’t you know what a Kumo Yōkai is?”

Red opened her eyes, “The spider demon.... but that’s impossible. Damien would have said if there was a spirit like you.”

The Kumo Yōkai just laughed evilly, “Impossible? But you yourself are evidence that the impossible is possible. Your false god is no match for me, a true God! He’s just a weakling who puts too much value in humans and his spirits. He treats you like friends when you should be his slaves. God’s rule, they don’t love.”

Red refused to listen to the creatures lies.

She squawked to try and get help, but the spider laughed again, “No one will hear you little bird. See I made sure that I picked a place that the false god won’t hear. It’s just you and me, and I plan
to enjoy this. I’ve been denied this right for too long. Your soul will make me more powerful, at least your good for one thing. Everything was set in motion months ago, I finally can start…. Well, if I told you it wouldn’t be as fun now would it.”

Red tried to flap her wings again, “You won’t get away with this! Damien will kill you as soon as he finds you.”

The creature laughed really hard then, “That thing hasn’t found me in one hundred years even with the blond fool searching every day, do you really think me killing you will change that. No, I’m going to eat you and all your friends one by one. Your strength will only make me stronger. Hahahaha.”

Red watched as the creature descended on the web, mouth open. The once human face changed to show two large mandibles and an extra set of eyes. Venom dripped from them, ready to paralyse her prey.

Red then got an idea. She stopped struggling and waited until the creature got closer.

The creature laughed and spoke, its voice now distorted and demonic, “Yes... that face is beautiful. So full of despair as you realise you can’t escape this fate.”

Just before the creature could get her, Red shifted into her crow form. Her small shape freed her from the webs holding her down, allowing her to shoot herself upwards like a bullet. She needed to escape this danger.

The creature tried to fire more strings at her, but Red darted and weaved to avoid them. She flew as fast as her wigs would carry her. She needed to get to safety.

‘Must get to village! Must find someone who knows.... Kevin! I got to get to him!’

The creature growled and destroyed a tree in anger, “Fuck! That false god will be on to me! How could she escape me, her soul magic was low! I made sure to make my move when she was weak! I need to get out of here!

Leslie put her hand to her head, ‘Nathan.... your mistress summons you.... I need you to help me in my next plan.’

It was silent for a moment before she heard a reply, ‘Of course my goddess... I shall do anything thing to help.’

Leslie smiled as her face returned back to its human appearance, “Enjoy your victory while you can bird. You can’t hide behind your precious Damien forever. Once I’m in charge, I’ll enjoy plucking everyone one of your feathers out, one by one.”

Leslie slunk off back to her home. She destroyed her web trap to leave no evidence.

Red flew straight to the village, going straight to where Kevin was.
Kevin was just looking at the sky at the clouds, deep in thought. He then saw the dark shape move like a bullet. He was rather surprised when he worked out the shape was a small bird, even more so when it crashed into him, causing him to fall on his back.

“Red? Is that you, or is it Craig?”

Red changed into her spirit form and trembled in his arms.

Kevin knew something was wrong. Red was never like this to him after all. He patted her back before leaning back up and sitting her down carefully.

Red pulled away and looked at Kevin, “I....I..”

Kevin put a finger to her beak, “Deep breaths first Red. Close your eyes and focus on only your breath.”

Red did so, holding Kevin’s hands as she trembled.

Kevin gripped back, “Now breath in...... hold it................ and out, slowly. Focus on only that.”

Red started. At first it was hard as she was still trembling, but slowly she managed to ground herself.

As she opened her eyes, Kevin stood up and removed some of the web debris off her.

“Now, tell me what happened.” He said as calmly as he could but with an edge of seriousness. This was no time to be funny after all.

Red nodded as her normal sullen mask returned, “Well I went to China to get you this.”

Red took the book from her sleeve and placed it next to her.

Kevin’s eyes widened, but he didn’t interrupt.

“Anyway, I was heading back, feeling sick and tired as I was losing spirit energy. I managed to get back however and felt better. As I reached the outskirts though I got caught by.....”

Red turned to face Kevin, “It was a Kumo Yōkai. I don’t know how, but there’s one here and it wants the other spirits. It wants us, our souls! It had black hair like Wendy but shorter. Its eyes were purple like Kenny’s, and it wore a black kimono similar in size and style to Heidi’s. Like Heidi, its bottom half was not human, it was a spider, a purple spider with a scar on its left side. Its hands were long and purple too.... it was horrible. I thought I was going to die. I only escaped by turning into a crow at the last second. I only just managed it too as my spirit energy was low.”

Kevin looked serious, “If a Kumo Yōkai is here we are in trouble. They are nothing but evil. No good, only darkness. You’re lucky to still be here as they are skilled in magic too. They care nothing for human life and see themselves as true God’s.”

Kevin held Red’s shoulders then as he looked her dead in the eyes, “Don’t tell anyone, it will only cause panic. You must go to Damien though. He needs to know. He’s the only one who would stand a chance against that thing. Promise me you will.

Red nodded, “I will. Thank you Kevin.”

Kevin’s face softened, “It’s okay. I’m just glad you’re safe and unhurt.”
He then smiled as he picked the book Red had shown him up, “Now my other question, why did you go to China for a book? I thought you hated reading?”

Red was worried he’d ask about this, “.... I wanted to test to see how far I could fly. I then figured I might as well grab something that could help you figure out what you are. It was simply an afterthought. Don’t get the wrong idea.”

Kevin looked a little pained, but smiled all the same, “Well, thank you. This will definitely help. Just please don’t do it again. You need your strength. I’d never forgive myself to find out you disappeared because of my wish to know what I am.”

Red mentally slapped herself, ‘Nice going bitch. Look, make the situation better! Say what you truly think! DO IT!’

Red swallowed her pride and spoke in barely a whisper, “.... The Chinese lesson helped.”

Kevin looked at her, “What? I didn’t catch that.”

Red’s cheeks flushed crimson as she spoke again, louder this time, “If it wasn’t for your Chinese lecture I wouldn’t have been able to read and get the right book. So..... thank you. I found it useful to help you. Please don’t make me say it again.”

Kevin smiled, “I won’t... you know, Red, you’re really thoughtful.”

Red flushed more crimson and stood up, “Look I have to go see Damien, get to reading the book already. I want to know if it helped. Bye!”

Red ran off. Her courage was all gone. Her heart was thumping in fear again, but this time it wasn’t as scary.

‘I tried... I couldn’t handle anymore. Okay I get it! I like him. I know I can be more open with him, but I can’t let the others know. Why is my heart like this?!’

Kevin meanwhile watched Red disappear, ‘She’s had a stressful day. Still, her strength is amazing! She escaped from a dangerous situation and she managed to fly to China and back. Even if the book was an afterthought, the fact she remembered is sweet. I know she has a reputation though so I understand why she’s scared talking to me. Still I was the first one she came too after that attack. She’s interested in my opinion. Maybe she does want to be friends..... no, maybe she just thinks I’m reliable. Still, I won’t tell anyone what happened. I won’t cause panic.’

Kevin looked at the sky, ‘I’ll find out what I am and protect everyone. I’m not a hero... no way, but I will protect this village and help Damien.’

Kevin buried his nose in the book and started to search for anything.

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of inhuman Leslie and Kevin comforting Red can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/182304485744/please-click-for-better-quality-scene
Are we in danger?

Chapter Notes

We have no fan art this week:(
Still, a quick heads up that next weeks chapter will have some heavy NSFW themes.
Nothing explicit but it is very much implied. I will be doing a full disclaimer for that chapter like I did with chapter 15.

Red had managed to calm down after being thoroughly embarrassed.
Now, she was just keeping an eye out for the spider demon again. That thing wasn’t a spirit like the rest of them, it deserved to be called a demon.

When she was with Damien, Kenny, her fellow spirits and even Pip she felt nothing but safety.... except maybe Cartman. However, she’d choose Cartman any day over the creature. Cartman may have been a pain, but he was just a trickster. He wouldn't attack to kill someone like that.

She started walk up the familiar path that only those with magic could see. She knew Damien had to know. He was the guardian and protector of this place.

Red was dreading this talk, so she focused on everything else around her. She could see the trees branches dance in the wind as it flew past. The small flowers that decorated the roads sides were finally blooming. The mixture of colours was comforting and beautiful. The afternoon sun coming through the tree gaps moved as the branches swayed, making it almost look like they were dancing.

Red started to see the cave entrance and swallowed.

‘You can do this. He’s not going to yell at you..... He is a wrath God however so there will be yelling, but it will be aimed in the general area and not directed at anything.’

Red finally walked in. Kenny and Damien were sitting at the stone table discussing something. They immediately stopped as Red entered.

Kenny smiled, “Hello Red, you sexy bird.”

Red was already feeling less scared, but she rolled her eyes.

Damien shared her expression and stood up, “Is there something you need Red. We’re having an important discussion so please make it quick.”

Kenny smirked, “We’re rating all the spirits from hottest to nottest.”

Red looked at the floor in fear. Kenny saw this look and the smirk was gone. He stood up and guided her to the table, “This is serious. We’re here to listen Red.”

Red was almost taken aback at how fast Kenny’s demeanour had changed. His words of encouragement where what she needed.
Red took Kenny’s hand for encouragement, “I was attacked today.”
Damien’s eyes narrowed into the thinnest slits she’d ever seen. She continued however as he
needed to hear the whole story.
“I was testing how far I could fly. When I returned this spider.... demon attacked me. She almost
killed me... or whatever happens to spirits when they stop existing. I only just escaped.”
Damien was quiet for a moment before he slammed his golden fist down on the stone table,
breaking it in half.
“LEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLIIIIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEEE! I’M GOING TO
FIND YOU AND BREAK YOU WITH MY BARE FUCKING HANDS! THAT BITCH IS
GOING TO FEEL WHAT HELL IS LIKE WHEN I GET MY FUCKING HANDS ON HER!”
Kenny sighed as he rubbed Red’s hands reassuringly, “She is starting to become more active again
then. Dammit! I wish her magic wasn’t so close to my own.”
Red looked at the two, eyes wide, “You know about this thing?!”
Damien growled, “Leslie... She is an old spirit. As old as Kenny is. She was somehow created at
the same time as him. For a century now we’ve been hunting her, however she is a cunning bitch
that always somehow gets away.”
Kenny nodded, “I search for her every day, but as we were created at the same time her magic is
like my own so I can hardly sense it. She also somehow hides herself in a place with magic like this
mountain, a sanctuary spell of some kind.”
Damien then looked at Red in the eyed, “Did she say anything to you about what she plans to
do?!”
Red swallowed, “All I know is that she wants to take your place, and apparently eat the spirit souls
to do that.”
Damien growled, “After all this time she still has the same goal.”
Kenny glared, his grip tightening on Red’s hand. Red had never seen the boy so angry.
Damien sat down, “I will tell you a story about her so you know more, but you can’t tell the others.
I can’t cause panic right now. Worse, I can’t scare them into joining her to protect themselves. Can
I trust you in this?”
Red nodded in agreement.
Damien’s eyes travelled down, “I still remember it as if it was a year ago.”

Damien glared at the Kumo Yōkai before him while Kenny stood behind him, his scythe still


awkward in his hands.

“Who are you?! And what have you done?!” Damien demanded from the demon

The creature held up the lifeless corpse of a human and smiled, “I am Leslie. Leslie the Kumo Yōkai. I was just doing what I was created to do, rule over the humans and do what I please with them.”

Damien’s eye lit up with mad fire, “YOU DON’T HARM HUMANS! AS YOUR GOD I COMMAND YOU!”

Leslie just smiled, “I am my own God. I don’t need to listen to you.”

Damien yelled a battle cry as he summoned a fireball and threw it at Leslie. Leslie jumped away with a smirk. Damien felt weak after one attack. Magic was in such short supply. He only survived thanks to Kenny producing magical energy.

Kenny, wanting to help his brother in arms out, ran from behind Damien and swung his scythe at the creature. Leslie simply dodged before aiming a claw at the boy’s chest. Damien leapt in the way and blocked the attack with his gold gauntlet hand.

“You don’t fucking touch him.”

Kenny looked at Damien, he could see black blood leak out from when Leslie’s claw had imbedded itself in the God’s hand.

Leslie smiled, “You're still weak as magic is still so low.”

Damien armed a fireball with his other hand, but Leslie fired some web and jumped away.

She stood in the tree and glared, “Humans are beneath us! We are Gods and they don’t even recognize when greatness is near them. We shouldn’t be fighting like this! We’re the same! We could join and rule them together! Treated as the rightful rulers of this world! We’re not invisible spirits! I only killed that human as he walked through me. You know that our place is not like this!”

Damien looked at Kenny then. Kenny’s eyes for the first time held fear. He may have powers over death and was now a spirit, but Damien knew that he still cared for some of his human family. He knew that his old mother had just had another son. He wanted to protect them. Damien then looked at Leslie again. All he could see was lust for power.

‘I used to think that way. I could have been her. If it wasn’t for father I.....’

Damien lowered his head as he summoned yet another fireball, not caring that it was almost killing him to do it.

“You and I are nothing alike. You don’t know what love feels like. How much you care when your family holds you. You don’t even know what loss feels like. You only care about power. I used to think that way.... but no.”

Damien threw the fire ball, “WE ARE NOTHING ALIKE! YOU CAN DISAPPEAR IF YOU WANT TO HURT ANYONE OR THING I CARE ABOUT! I WILL PROTECT THEM!”

Leslie jumped out of the way as the tree exploded. She fired webs at both Damien and Kenny. The two dodged but by the time they turned back to fight, Leslie was gone.
Kenny fell to the floor, “I’m sorry. I was useless there.”

Damien shook his head as he helped the Shinigami up. “No. You’re still learning. You were brave and you did your best. If you weren’t there I don’t want to think what I might have done.”

Kenny tilted his head to the side, “What do you mean?”

Damien smiled, “I know how much you care for your new human brother. I knew you would never forgive me if anything happened to him. That’s what I needed to remind me of what my fath-..... Never mind. Let’s just say, I’m glad I said no.”

Kenny was confused but nodded, “... She’ll come back won’t she?”

Damien nodded, a glare covering his face, “We have to destroy her next time. I can’t let her do as she pleases. I don’t know what she’s planning, but that kind of lust for power doesn’t go away easily.”

Kenny hugged the God then, “I’ll get stronger. I’ll kill her myself.”

Damien smiled slightly as he recalled the phrase he’s been told so many times before, “Just do your best.”

Red sat with her mouth open, “.... She’s been planning this for one hundred years!”

Damien nodded, “We’ve stopped her from killing humans, but she never gives up. I never knew she’d try and attack you guys though. I still don’t know what her plan is, but I won’t let her hurt any of you.”

Red nodded, “Thank you Damien.”

Kenny laughed, “Just, no more flying off out of the mountain magic border. We need all the strength we can muster. What were you even doing? Getting something for a crush perhaps?”

Red flashed crimson and glared at the Shinigami.

“See, you’re already less scared.” Kenny stated, a huge grin on his face.

Red was silent for a second, ‘Was he just distracting me? Or does he know something..... whatever.’

Damien rolled his eyes, “Shut up. But he is right about no more flying too far away. You need your strength. Stay close by.”

Red nodded in understanding, “I won’t. From now on I’ll stay here. I won’t tell any of the others either. You have my word Damien.”

Damien nodded, “Now go back to the village and relax. Take your mind off things. However, if
you see any sign of her at all I want you tell me or Kenny immediately. Do not engage by yourself
as she will kill you without a second of hesitation.”

Red bowed to them both before leaving. She did however get lost in thought.

‘I better let Kevin know I told them. I’ll leave out the detailed stuff and just say Damien is going to
take care of it. Yeah... That will do it.”

Red flapped down the mountain.

Damien watched her go before he turned back to look at the corner of his home.

“You can come out now... I know you were listening. Your heartbeat got very loud when I yelled
and broke the table..... I better fix that later.”

Pip slowly emerged from the small room Damien had made that was now his room. He looked
slightly sheepish, hiding behind his hat as he walked over.

“I didn’t mean to eavesdrop. I was just in my room when I heard the commotion. Please forgive my
disrespect Damien.”

Pip then looked at Damien, his face turning serious.

“However, it’s good that I know. I will also keep an eye out. That buggering bitch isn’t going to
hurt anyone on my watch!”

Damien looked at the boy’s eyes flashed red in anger for a second before returning to their natural
blue.

Damien couldn’t stop the smirk from appearing on his face.

“You really are an interesting thing. She’s snap you like a twig if she got the chance you idiot.”

Pip smiled sadly, “I know she probably could, but I want to help you guys. I care about you all!”

Damien looked at the boy again. He couldn’t help but feel a small flutter in his chest at that
remark. The God was taken aback, he couldn’t stop the tiny dust of pink from reaching his face.

“Thank you Pip. I appreciate the assistance. You have to do the same as Red though. You can’t tell
anyone, we can’t have panic.”

Pip nodded.

“Get a room you two~ Or perhaps we should make it a threesome. Pip does have a bedroom now
after all.”

Both boys turned to see Kenny giving them both a shit eating grin. Pip turned bright red as he
looked at the boy while Damien looked like he was ready to throw the broken table at him.

Damien glared, “Shut up you horny bastard and go investigate already.”

Kenny sniggered as he flew off.

‘How many possible couples is that now? I’ve got my work cut out for me. I’m a spirit of death,
when did I become matchmaker?’
Kenny slowly counted them in his head, ‘Stan and Kyle who are hopeless as only Stan seems to have realised his feelings, Craig and Tweekers who by far the most oblivious people I have ever known in my entire existence, Red and Kev who have a lot social stigma to deal with before anything can happen, Clyde and Bebe... but they’ve got their act together, Token and Nichole who have got forgotten memories to deal with, and now Damien and Pipster, a gentleman who won’t do anything disrespectful and a God that doesn’t understand emotions in the first place... Damn that’s a lot of people I have to meddle with all with their own issues. Those projects are going to take a while. I don’t even have time for my own heart....’

Butter’s face flashed into Kenny’s mind for a second before he shook his head.

His face then got serious, ‘But that can all wait for now. I’ve got a spider to kill. In a hundred years I’ve mastered this blade. Next time she won’t escape me.’

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Damien and Kenny from Damien's flashback can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/182483024234/please-click-for-better-quality-scene
We dance thanks to the pain and suffering of others

Chapter Notes

So we have new fan art ^_^

First, pastel sadie made an oc based on my story and they look really cute: https://a-pastel-sadie.tumblr.com/post/182564802586/this-is-my-first-peace-of-art-work-im-putting-up

Second is this amazing art done by Illusory Artist who did this beautiful piece of Tweek making an Ice wall. It is so good it takes my breath away: https://illusory-artist.tumblr.com/post/182621641981/nookay-so-messing-around-with-drawing-ice

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Disclaimer: This is one of the reasons this story is M rated

This chapter is more to help me get comfortable with a particular topic and to show how bad Nathan and Leslie’s relationship is, especially with how insane and obsessive Nathan now is. This is never good in a relationship and is meant to contrast the other healthy ships in the story. For this reason this chapter is very short and has a lot of NSFW themes. Nothing too explicit but very much implied and some mention of some sexual stuff. I wanted to go into more detail to make the reader uncomfortable, but I just couldn’t as I myself got too uncomfortable. I really want to get better at handling this subject but I just reached my limit with this.

LIKE WITH CHAPTER 15, THIS CHAPTER DOESN’T CONTAIN MUCH PLOT SO YOU CAN SKIP IT IF YOU WANT. THE ONLY PLOT IS NATHAN EXPLAINING HOW HE KILLED ALL THE SPIRITS WHILE THEY WERE HUMAN.

To make up for this chapter, I am gifting you with a large Creek chapter next week (like it’s 3000+ words) with a lot of development in their character arc. Consider it a Valentines gift to you all ♥️.

Unlike Nathan and Leslie it is how a healthy relationship should be (Will they finally admit their feelings...... who knows... it’s a valentines gift so anything is possible).

With that I hope you all have a good day and apologies once again.

Bright*Star out :)}
'That bird was an easy target! How could I have messed up?!'  

Leslie growled internally as she entered her sanctuary. The spell opened the entrance for her and she stormed inside. She entered her new cave and punched one of the rocks. Her frustration was the worst it had been in many years. The last time she was this mad was the night Damien had rejected her offer. This rage only made her more dangerous. She wanted to kill something.  

In no time at all she felt another enter her sanctuary. She turned to see her miserable excuse of a servant. She hates him like all humans, but at least she can use him. She wished that her next human servants could actually see properly.  She was tempted to kill him to improve her mood, but she held back for now.  

Nathan picked up a long leaf from the corner and started to fan her. Leslie settled in her web and growled.  

“That fucking bird got away. I don’t even understand how. Its magic was low so it shouldn’t have been able to transform. Nothing can give you a boost of magic!”  

Nathan continued to fan Leslie, “I don’t know my great one. From what I’ve observed the female bird brain seems to like the monkey that does nothing but read. Maybe it was that connection tha-”  

Leslie turned and clasped her hand around his neck, “Are you suggesting that love is what gave her a boost?!! That is preposterous! Nothing like that actually happens! Magic is magic! Emotions have nothing to do with it, it is merely your skill level and that bird should have been an amateur compared to my greatness! I should snap your neck for even suggesting such a stupid theory!”  

Nathan gasped at his neck trying to break himself free. Leslie then sighed as she got bored and dropped him. Nathan landed on a stone and got a cut. However he looked up at the goddess.  

“I’m sorry cough cough my queen. I meant no disrespect.” Nathan uttered as he quickly bowed his head.  

Leslie waved her hand, “You are forgiven.... for now. Anymore theories like that though and I’ll rip you in two. I suppose the smell of blood has cheered me up a bit.”  

Leslie then sighed, “I’m getting sick of this. That false god’s power should be mine by now. I’ve waited a hundred years, I want it already. Human, do you have any suggestions?”  

Nathan adjusted his glasses, “You could maybe create an army using magic to help you take him on?”  

“How about using powers of the dead to summon souls to-”  

“The Shinigami would know immediately and would just kill me. Why did I ask you? You know nothing of magic. Hold your tongue before I cut it out. You have been nothing but useless from the start.”  

Nathan stopped fanning her then, “Forgive me, but without me there’d be a lot less spirits. Your plan wouldn’t have even gotten past stage one.”
Nathan climbed up to look at Leslie in the eyes. The demon thought about slashing him in his cut, but wanted to see where he was going to go with his little rant.

“I killed so many for you when you could not. I trapped the raccoon and set it free on the fat kid. I hired the bandits to kill the boy in the red hat and his dog. I used your spell on that silk scroll to make a fake fox that killed the red headed boy. I made sure that rock would fall on the black kid which also weakened the path to kill the cousins later. I switched the resurrection book with the fake you made so that the energy would kill the brunette boy toy. I set that snake loose for you to kill that brunette female. I ordered a large order of tea under a fake name and let the parents do the rest to that spazzy blond. And finally, I loosened the roof tiles with the help of your night vision spell to kill the girl that dresses as a boy sometimes. I did all that! I did it all for you. I killed that idiot Mimsy to show my loyalty."

Nathan smiled as he stroked Leslie’s face, “It’s such a shame I didn’t get to kill the others too. I got so addicted to watching red liquid flow out of your victims. You say I’m useless, but how can I be when I’ve done all that to please you my queen.”

Leslie laughed darkly as she claimed Nathan’s lips, immediately sticking her tongue in to get the reaction she wanted. Nathan groaned in pleasure as Leslie hit all the spots that made him wild.

She pulled back, wiping the saliva from her mouth and then sucking the blood from the cut on his leg. Nathan started to pant as the feeling felt weird but good

Leslie leaned up, blood dripping from her mouth, “You’re right my boy. You did wonderfully then. I was mad and didn’t remember. I’m getting all turned on from just thinking about it.... or that may be the blood. How that wonderful smell of death filled the air. It was such a good time.”

Leslie then started to undo her kimono, “And I think it’s time you got rewarded for it. I know that I’ve been doing masochistic things to you when, like me, you are a sadist like myself. I will finally let you do what you want just this once. Please your goddess to your heart's content. This is a once in a lifetime opportunity so you better do well. I won’t offer this again.”

Nathan smiled darkly, “Thank you my goddess.”

Nathan licked the goddess claws and laughed.

Leslie sighed internally, ‘He better be useful after this. If he doesn’t please me and make sure I finish during this I’m cutting his head off and eating him. I deserve some joy today after all. Anymore disappointment and I’m losing it.’

Luckily for Nathan, he got to keep his head.

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Leslie strangling Nathan can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/182665796219/please-click-for-better-quality-scene
Feelings finally being expressed (Happy Valentine’s day)

Chapter Notes

First, I apologise for this being late, but I was with my cousin that I only get to see once maybe twice a year today.

We have some fanart by Kuroxanarts. I love their work so to find out they read my story really shocked me. Please check out this lovely art of Snow spirit Tweek: https://kuroxanarts.tumblr.com/post/182782637248/brightstarblogs-was-really-shocked-that-you

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Craig sat next to Tweek in the tree hanging above the cemetery. He made sure he was a little distance away so Tweek was comfortable enough to stay. Craig was okay with this, but he couldn’t help but feel sad as he wanted to be closer to Tweek, just like when they were alive. All he could do was stare at Tweek's empty hands.

’I wish I could just hold his hand to comfort him. I want to be able to do something. We used to hug all the time when we were alive. I don’t think more than two days passed between hugs even. I just want to be there for him like I used too when we were both alive. Even if I can never tell him how I feel, I still want the old times back. Anything is better than this distance.’

Craig turned to Tweek who was staring at Tricia. He could see the sadness in the snow spirits eyes. Even though those eyes were now very different from they used to be, Craig could always see what Tweek was thinking in them. His soul would never change, and Craig loved that.

Tweek then smiled weakly, “She’s bringing flowers for our graves again. Looks like a few branches off the old sakura tree we always hung out under with everyone.”

Craig pulled his eyes off of Tweek to look at his sister. Sure enough, the small girl was holding two medium sized branches in her arms. Craig wasn’t very smart when it came to flower meanings, but he knew that the symbol of these one was of spring and renewal. He also knew they symbolised the fleeting nature of life as they only bloom for two weeks.

Tweek smiled once again, “She chose a flower that represents the beauty and fragility of life. How it can be so pretty while it lasts, but also tragically short. Kind of poetic if you think about it. Our lives were cut short when we were all still blooming.”

Craig smiled, “I think she also picked that as we would always celebrate the flower viewing festival together under it. Remember, all three of us would sit under the tree as we drank tea you made and ate sweets together.”

Tweek giggled, “And how Clyde would come crash it, bringing sake he stole from his dad. Token would confiscate it off him before Tricia got to it. She would pout so hard during it while Jimmy and Clyde complained about him spoiling the fun. They would be slightly tipsy and Tricia would laugh at them.”

Both boys looked sad then.
“... I miss those days.” Tweek uttered so it was barely audible. Craig still caught it though.

They drew their attention back to Tricia, listening to her.

She reached the graves which had been put side by side. She carefully placed the branches down on each of them before swiftly taking some incense from her sleeve. She carefully lit them, making sure the smoke was coming off them before kneeling down.

“Hey you two. I know it’s been a while since I last came. Believe me I wanted to come sooner, but I kept psyching myself out as I didn’t want to come alone. I tried asking Ike and Karen, but I knew that I wouldn’t be able to face you if I didn’t come alone.”

Tricia lowered her head, “I’m sorry I’m so weak. It’s been months but the pain is still fresh in my heart..... I.... I loved you both you know. You were both my brothers. Craig, you were a pain in the ass, but I knew you meant well. Tweek... you worried far too much, but I liked that about you, it stopped us from getting in more trouble then we were in already. You cared about everyone and you were like my family because of that. The number of times you stayed with me when I grazed my knee while Craig got our parents.... Both of you.... I miss you every day.”

Tricia then stood up and bowed, “I just hope that wherever you both are now, you have finally told each other your feelings. Your true feelings you kept at the bottom of your hearts. I just wish I could have seen your faces when you finally confessed to one another. It was one of the things I always wanted to see. I bet you were both blushing messes…. Even you bro.”

Tweek and Craig’s eyes widened at the last statement before they both turned to each other.

Tweek’s face flushed crimson as he spoke, “Craig.... what did nigh Tricia just say. Is that all true?”

Craig covered his face with his hat, ‘Tricia I swear to god! Why did you say that..... wait... does Tweek....’

Craig took a deep breath in and turned to Tweek. Tweek stated at him with wide curious eyes.

“Tweek. I’ve been trying to find the right time to say it, but my sister just ruined it.”

Craig’s cheeks flushed deep red as he took a few more deep breaths, ‘Sis, you're a fucking pain.... But thank you.’

“Tweek Tweak. I really like you. Not in a friendship way. I.... I’ve liked you romantically for a long time now. I’ve just been scared that you didn’t feel the same way, that it could never happen. I mean, you get scared when the boy you’ve grown up with becomes the one you love the most. How are you meant to tell him without scaring him off and making him hate you. How do you do it without destroying the thing you have already.”

Tweek’s eyes welled up with tears, “You.... you love me?”

Craig nodded, “I just... you don’t have to reply-”

“I love you too.”

Craig turned to see Tweek staring at him with a smile on his face. His shakes appeared to have completely stopped for the first time in so long. Craig’s heart was beating so hard at the gesture as he knew how hard it was for Tweek.

Tweek's smile made Craig's heart flutter even more. Tweek carried on speaking, “I... I too have
loved you for so long.... I just thought that you were straight and would never want a twitching mess like me. So many times I tried to tell you, but it just resulted in me pulling my hair or my obi until it hurt. That’s why I was so depressed when you first died. I felt like part of myself was gone, like the part of my heart I saved for you had disappeared. I’m.... I never knew you felt the same way.”

Tears finally spilled from Tweek’s eyes. They rolled down his cheeks and as they fell off his face they froze and shattered on the ground.

Craig couldn’t help his own tears from falling, “I wish I had said something seven years ago when I first realised.”

Tweek eyes widened, “SEVEN YEARS! I gahh realised my feelings that long ago too!”

Craig looked at Tweek for a second before face palming, “.... we are both absolutely hopeless.”

Tweek laughed, “We really are. I mean, I started hugging you more to try and send you signals, but I worried I was bothering you.”

Craig laughed, “I should have known that! When Bebe and Clyde did that I knew instantly that they were interested in each other.”

Tweek snorted, “Yeah... that’s why I thought you didn’t feel the same way as you never said anything.”

Craig sighed, “... I can’t believe we’ve said how we feel thanks to my sister slipping up. I wonder how long she’s known.... oh god, I know Clyde, Token and Jimmy knew I had a crush, but did Stan and his lot know as well?!”

Tweek shivered, “Oh God, what if everyone knew before us. That is way too much pressure man!”

Craig saw Tweek was starting to panic and did the first thing his brain would let him do to calm him down. Hugs always worked but would this idea work too.

He waved his hand over his beak to make it vanish and quickly closed the space between him and Tweek.

Tweek’s eyes widened when Craig lips touched his own.

Tweek had always imagined what it would be like to kiss Craig. Would it be slow? Passionate? Fast? It was nothing like the real thing. It was far sweeter and warmer. Tweek could feel all the love and sweetness Craig showed him in it.

The moment was ruined however when Craig’s mouth was being frozen.

Craig pulled back as his mouth was slowly being encased in ice.

Tweek looked at him in horror, placing his hands over his own mouth.

“Craig! I am so sorry! I didn’t mean to!”

Tweek turned to jump out of the tree, but Craig grabbed his wrist, not caring about the ice trying to form around his hand and hurt him. He just wanted to be with Tweek. No pain in the world was going to stop him.

“Tweek! I’m fine! You can control this! It’s your power and you can make it listen to you! I
believe that you can! Don’t let it dictate what you can do for the rest of your life! It’s not your dad! You’re capable of more than you think!”

Tweek stopped moving as he looked at Craig.

‘He’s right. I know I can do this. This is my power, my soul. I am the one in control! I won’t let my ability stop me from being with the people I care about! Not anymore!’

Tweek’s eyes filled with determination as he leaned back onto Craig’s lips. Where Craig was holding Tweek’s wrist started to feel less painful the longer they were connected.

Craig and Tweek closed their eyes as they just focused on the moment they were both sharing. Tweek even moved over so he was sitting on the tengu’s lap. Craig was so proud Tweek was being able to control his ability. It was still cold but it was bearable. His lips had a lingering taste of tea on them and Craig couldn’t help but mentally chuckle.

Craig then got slightly cocky as he opened his mouth slightly. Tweek made a slightly muffled sound, but he was still being able to control his power to not turn Craig into a popsicle.

Something in Tweek then snapped. He’d been dreaming of this moment for so long and now that he was finally having it, the lock he had on all his desires towards Craig finally were let free. They immediately filled his thoughts up.

Craig was caught off guard when Tweek shoved his back against the branch and he slipped his tongue into Craig’s mouth. His eyes widened in surprise as Tweek pulled back briefly to catch his breath.

Craig saw the lust hidden in Tweek’s eyes then.

Tweek was panting hard already. He was used to keeping his thoughts in check, but now ever dirty thought and urge he’d ever had was hitting him all at once and he couldn’t stop them. He didn’t want to stop them.

“Craig.... I want.... more.”

Craig couldn’t deny that he wanted this when Tweek reclaimed his lips. However his eyes caught something. It was something that had him worried to the core of his soul.

When Tweek had pulled back, Craig had noticed that Tweek’s snowflake hair clip seemed slightly smaller than normal. He thought it was just his eyes playing tricks first, but he then felt water drip on his head.

Tweek’s snowflake, the source of his spirit power, his life force, was melting.

He knew what would happen to Tweek if it disappeared.

He’d shatter.

“Tweek, you’re going to mufph!”

Craig couldn’t get the words out though. He had gone from wishing Tweek wouldn’t stop to wanting to stop him at all costs.

‘This is bad, he’s really sweating and his snowflake is melting. I love him, I don’t want to kill him. Forgive me for this Tweek.’
Craig managed to overpower Tweek and flipped them, removing himself from Tweek’s lips. Tweek looked up at Craig with half lidded eyes. Craig could see that Tweek’s pupils were now so dilated that he could barely see any silver left. He was drooling too and it wasn’t freezing solid straight away.

“Craig, please..... I want this.”

Craig couldn’t help but blush at the situation, but unlike Tweek he had better control over his emotions. He knew Tweek would regret this if he didn’t stop him.

Craig made his beak reappear then, “I can’t Tweek, it’s going to kill you.”

Tweek wasn’t listening to Craig’s words though, instead he was trying to close the distance between them again.

Craig couldn’t help but smile slightly, “I want to Tweek. Believe me I do, I’ve dreamed about this, but I think you need to cool down first. You need to learn how to control your power more before we do this. I want to do all the steps and work up to.... you know.”

Tweek however just leaned up, “I can...... control this. Don’t..... worry about me.”

Craig started to really panic when he saw Tweek move his left leg out of his kimono to try and wrap it around Craig. When that didn’t work, he tried to untie his kimono. Craig wanted to stop him, but he didn’t know what to do other than peck him, and he didn’t want to hurt him.

Craig then saw Wendy in the corner of his eye.

“Wendy! You got to help!”

Wendy turned and then blushed when she saw what was going on.

“... I’m happy for you Craig, but do you really have to do that where anyone can see you? Like, get a room or something.”

Craig, while trying to stop Tweek from opening his kimono, blushed, “No! I need you to help me stop him! His snowflake is melting and he’s going to die if I can’t snap him out of it. Please just hit him with some cool water or anything! Use your rain powers to save him! Please!”

Wendy sighed, “Okay I will, but you owe me for this. I mean I’d save him anyway, but you owe me for forcing me to see this.”

Wendy raised a hand and a small bubble of water formed. It quickly grew in density so it was as big as her. She looked at Tweek and Craig.

“Sorry about this.” And with that she threw it at them. The bubble hit Tweek and Craig and saturated them both with ice cold water. Craig didn’t like having damp feathers, but Tweek needed this.

Craig watched as Tweek’s eyes returned to normal and his snowflake grew thanks to the now frozen water on him.

“What the.... what just happened. I was kissing you and then....... oh god..... I ....... Oh god....... TOO MUCH PRESSURE! I’M SO SORRY CRAIG! I.... I DIDN’T MEAN IT.... I MEAN I DID...... BUT OH GOD!”
Tweek jumped out of the tree, trying to retie his obi as he ran away. His face was flushed red in embarrassment. Ice footprints followed him.

Craig climbed out of the tree and walked over to Wendy.

“You have no idea how grateful I am for that. You just saved him from shattering.”

Craig’s gratitude was short lived however when he saw the look on Wendy’s face. The devious smile was obvious.

“I want details on everything! Are you two finally together?!”

Craig flipped her off as he walked away, but she followed.

“Come on Craig! Everyone has been dying to know when you two would finally get your acts together and kiss.”

Craig stopped and turned, “What do you mean everyone?”

Wendy smiled, “I mean every person who is a spirit..... and Karen, Ike and even Shelly I believe. Even Cartman has been hoping you two would get in a relationship. He keeps doing bets on it and gets annoyed when he loses.”

Craig lowered his hat onto his eyes, “Why didn’t anyone tell us!”

Wendy laughed, “We didn’t want to get involved, plus I believe your friends were making the most money. We also had a rule that if anyone said anything all the bets would be voided and no one would win anything. I believe it was Clyde who came up with the idea and is the one who won the most.”

Craig gritted his teeth, “I’m going to pull his head off and hide it in the highest tree I can find.”

Wendy smiled, “I got to find Bebe, she’s not going to believe that it finally happened. Maybe I should draw something to commemorate this occasion!”

Craig flew off then, his wings dry enough to fly, ‘I need to find a nice quiet place to just stay until this all dies down.’

He did however put a hand to his beak and blushed.

‘That was still way better than I ever imagined it. I got to make sure though that Tweek doesn’t lose control again. I’m guessing all his emotions just got the better of him. I don’t blame him, I’ve been wanting it for so long too.... at times like this being an apathetic asshole pays off.’

Craig smiled to himself, ‘I finally have him as my boyfriend, and he loves me back. That makes the seven years of waiting worth it.’
Tweek got to his cave and quickly tied his obi back. He was still blushing.

‘Craig is my boyfriend. I never thought this would happen. He likes me back! I can’t believe it..... I hope he doesn’t hate me for losing my cool. I feel so bad! What if he hates me now..... no Tweek, he said he loves you and he doesn’t lie to you.... he even helped me control my power so I didn’t hurt him when we...’

Tweek put a hand to his lips, ‘They were so warm. A little chapped, but he was so gentle.’

Tweek could feel the heat return to his face so he quickly slapped himself, ‘Control yourself. You know you can now do this. I gotta work on making sure that I don’t freeze people. I can at least do that.’

Tweek sat down on his ice chair, ‘I should stay cool for now though. I did almost melt after all.’

Tweek’s heart was still fluttering at the whole interaction.

‘Thank you Tricia. If it wasn’t for you I don’t think we’d ever confessed.... I still hope that everyone doesn’t already know.’

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“So I heard you kissed Tweek. Nice one bro.”

Craig glared at Clyde from his tree, “...fuck off. I want to be alone.”

Clyde looked shocked, “Are you kidding me! I’ve been cheering you guys on for seven years I deserve to know how it went!”

Craig flew down and got in Clyde’s face, “Does setting bets up with everyone count as cheering us on too.”

Clyde sweated slightly, “.... you know about that?”

Craig nodded, “Wendy told me when she stopped Tweek from shattering.”

Clyde’s eyes widened in panic, “Tweek almost shattered?! What happened!?”

Craig gritted his teeth in annoyance before he sighed, “When we kissed he got into it.... too into it. He managed to control his powers but the heat of the moment backfired and his snowflake started to melt. Wendy had to splash water on him to snap him out of it.”

Clyde sighed in relief, “I’m glad he’s okay. But damn Craig, you’re such a good kisser that you almost melted your boyfriend.”

Craig blushed, “I swear to god I’m going to pull your head off and put it in the height tree if you don’t shut up. How did you even find out?”

Clyde closed his eyes and smiled, “Hey. I have my ways.”
Craig looked at him apathetically, “... Bebe told you didn’t she.”

Clyde laughed, “We are the shipping twins as you put it. I’m so happy Creek is now together. My ship is now canon! My life is complete!”

Craig then aimed his beak at Clyde, “I have no idea what you're talking about, but shut up! Also give me that money from the bets!”

Clyde hopped back, “No can do. We have no need for money now anyway.”

Craig kept trying to peck him, but Clyde was too good at hopping away.

“Guys, I can hear you from the village you're being so loud.”

Both boys turned to see Token shaking his head at them.

“He started it!” Craig stated while pointing at Clyde accusingly.

Clyde faked a gasp, “Craig, I would never tease you or try to find out how far in your relationship you are with Tweek.”

Craig flipped Clyde off.

Token sighed again, “Guys, come on. We're all happy Craig finally confessed.”

Craig flipped off Token too.

Token rolled his eyes, “Dude, you took seven years. Of course Clyde is going to tease you. We're just happy you're happy. I mean you are happy right?”

Craig's cheeks turned slightly red, “Of course I am.”

“Then that's what's important.” Token said with a smile.

Craig was still annoyed at his friends, but the joy in his heart far outweighed that.

‘I love Tweek. I’ll give him the space he needs. I’ll start helping him with his powers though. We know if he focuses he can touch stuff. Maybe if I help him it will become second nature to him. I want to help him after all. A boyfriend should help his other half out.... It’s going to take a while to get used to calling him that.’

Clyde grinned, “Let's head back to the village and have a party!”

Craig rolled his eyes, “Fine, whatever.”

Clyde slung his arm over Craig, “Great! I can't wait to tell Jimmy the good news.”

Craig sighed in defeat, ‘When will they stop...’

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Tweek and Craig FINALLY kissing can be found here:
https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/182834510604/please-click-for-better-quality-scene
Who is the real snake?

Chapter Notes

I am proud to announce that as of this chapter we are now half way through the story! It’s only taken me nearly a year...

We have some new fan art this time. I placed 5th in Kuroxanarts give away so I got a sketch of Damien and Kenny being bros:
https://kuroxanarts.tumblr.com/post/182940071228/brightstarblogs-raffle-prize

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Really! They finally got together?!” Heidi exclaimed as she flicked her forked tongue out.

Nichole nodded, “Wendy had to stop them as Tweek was a little too happy about the confession.”

Red groaned, “I’m happy, but I don’t need the mental image of my cousin doing stuff.”

Bebe just smiled, “I AM SO FUCKING HAPPY!”

Everyone laughed as Bebe’s eyes sparkled.

Nichole smiled, “Token said something about arranging a party. Do you guys think we should help at all?”

Bebe just grabbed her wrists, “Don’t have to ask! Me and Clyde have already been working on it! Craig knows about the plan but Tweek hasn’t been told yet.”

Red sighed, “He’s been hiding in the ice cave ever since he lost control. I think he feels bad for what he did to Craig.”

Nichole nodded, “I can see why, but I don’t think he needs to worry. Sometimes seven years’ worth of feelings are hard to control. And from Wendy told me it’s not like Craig was objecting, he was just concerned about him shattering.”

Red retched, “Please can we get off that subject?! I don’t need any more mental images of my cousin... doing stuff.”

Heidi giggled, “Sorry Red. I guess it’s all a bit unexpected so we can’t help but discuss it. We’ll try not to make you uncomfortable.”

Heidi then slammed her fists together, “I know! What about I get some of those rare flowers that grow on the cliff near the sea? They’re very pretty.”

“NO!”

Everyone turned to Red who had gone a little pale at the idea.

Nichole patted Red with her trunk, “Are you okay? I mean you seem rather worried over that idea.”

Red quickly tried to form a response that wouldn’t worry her friends.
“I mean... I don’t think it’s worth the hassle. Craig really wouldn’t appreciate them, and Tweek would worry about killing them with his ice powers. Let’s just leave them alone. I didn’t mean to yell.... I ... er.... I just had another mental image and forgot how to control my volume.”

Bebe nodded in agreement, “If I know Creek, and I do, then Red is right. Best to leave the flowers so they can just bloom in peace.”

Red made a quiet sigh of relief, ‘Phew, if they had ran into Leslie that would have been bad. I got to say I covered that up well. My bluff skill is maxed ou-..... Keep your nerd jargon out of this.’

Heidi scratched her head with the tip of her tail, “I guess we could go find everyone else and invite them.”

Nichole nodded, “Good idea! I believe Stan, Kyle, Scott and Kenny don’t know yet. Oh, we should invite Pip and Damien too of course. Damien can use magic and Pip can go buy stuff from the shops.”

Red then frowned, “And someone needs to make sure Cartman doesn’t wreck it.”

Nichole giggled, “Actually, Cartman was with us in hoping they got together too. He kept trying to create situations that would help them but they weren’t always thought out very well. Tended to make things worse.”

Bebe laughed, “He should have left it to me and Clyde. We know what we’re doing!”

Red then raised her hand, “Should we invite Kevin too?”

The group was silent for a moment before Nichole spoke, “I think that will be okay. As long as he keeps his weird hobbies in check we could do with the extra hands.”

Red nodded, “Okay, I’ll deal with him. You guys get everyone else sorted.”

Heidi flicked her tongue out, “Got it. I’ll look for Scott.”

Heidi slithered off like a bullet. She knew Scott tended to move around a lot, but the forest was always better to check first before the sun set.

She had very little trouble navigating the footing of the place as she could slither along. Every other spirit would have fallen over so many times, but Heidi was a master in this area.

Just as she was about to head back as she couldn’t find Scott, she heard a noise.

“OW! That motherf-... I can’t walk like this!”

Heidi came over and saw Cartman. Normally she would have rolled her eyes and kept moving, but she couldn’t help but look at his ankle. It had scratch marks in it and it was bleeding. Even Heidi couldn’t leave him like that.

She slowly approached him, “Cartman? Are you okay?”

Cartman glared at her for a second before sighing, “It’s just you. I thought you were the fox fucker. My ankle is pretty screwed so I could use a hand.”

Heidi was slightly taken aback that Cartman wasn’t hurling insults at her, so she spoke again.

“I know. I can find some herbs to help with the pain and then I can help you back to the village to
heal.”

Cartman sighed, “Whatever, as long as it helps I don’t fucking care.”

Heidi slithered away quickly and started to find any plants that she recognized that might help.

‘Remember your school lessons. The plant you need has to be crushed.’

Heidi quickly returned with some leaves and started crushing them.

Cartman saw she was having trouble and picked up some bark, “Use a stick and crush them against it. That should make it faster.”

Heidi nodded as she got to work. She carefully applied the mix to the wound before offering her hand to him.

“Can you stand?”

Cartman grasped the outstretched hand and stood up, “I think so. The herbs are making it less painful.”

Cartman then looked at Heidi, “... Thanks, or something.”

Heidi froze in place. Cartman scoffed, “You still fucking here?”

Heidi blinked, “Oh, sorry. I was just surprised that you thanked me.... Do you want something from me?”

Cartman sniggered, “Like I’d want anything from a snake bitch!.... I just... I was in pain and you helped when you didn’t have to. So you know. Great. Don’t me fucking repeat myself.”

Heidi sighed as he went back to his colourful insults, “Yeah, your welcome you bastard.”

“AYE!”

Heidi then looked the wound again, “.... How did that even happen? Did you trip?”

Cartman glared, “I don’t trip. I’m way too kool for that. Kahl attacked me.”

Heidi raised a brow, “Kyle wouldn’t hurt anyone like that.”

Cartman stopped and pointed to the scar on his face, “Do you think so? He’s the one who gave me this after all!”

Heidi eyes widened so Cartman continued, “Before you died the mother fucker did this to me! Tell me now that he didn’t get my ankle too.”

Heidi eyes dimmed in sadness, “I thought that was something that couldn’t be healed when you became a spirit. Like Butters’ eye. I.... Why would Kyle do... Could he have just gotten angry from the insults?”

Cartman laughed, “Only a bitch would overreact like that..... you’re not a bitch.... but he really is one. Friends rip on each other. He just gets to angry too fast.”

Heidi looked at Cartman sceptical but he smiled, “Come on Heidi. You have to admit he explodes as the smallest of things.”
Heidi put a hand to her face in thought, “Well… you’re not wrong, but you do antagonise him a bit too much sometimes.”

Cartman almost fell over a tree root, but Heidi kept him up, “I still can’t believe he hurt you though. It’s not right to permanently scar someone no matter what the reason.”

Cartman opened his eyes wide, “Wait, you believe me Heidi?”

Heidi was quiet for a second before nodding, “You seem genuine and I like to think I can see when someone is being truthful. Still, it would help if you weren’t such a trickster to us.”

Cartman sighed, “My spirit side is naturally like that, it’s hard to control. I mean look at Scott and Stan. The cat and dog spirit in them make it impossible for the two to be alone together.”

Heidi nodded again, “You could be right, but you have to not let it get the better of you.”

Cartman then grabbed Heidi’s hands, “Please protect me! No one else believes me and I can take him hurting me anymore. Please Heidi!”

Heidi saw tears start to well up in the boys eyes. She couldn’t help but feel bad for him.

“…Okay.”

Cartman smiled, “Thank you ever so much Heidi. A scary snake such as yourself is perfect for this.”

Heidi frowned, “I’m not that scary.”

Cartman then shifted form. Heidi saw that she was now face to face with herself, but as a human.

Heidi looked at the illusion and frowned, “What are you—”

“I just wanted to show you how pretty you are. Even as a snake you still look pretty. Sometimes you need a reminder of how you used to look.”

Heidi blushed deeply, “Now I know you’re lying. I was just average.”

Cartman then hugged Heidi which really made her blush, “You are. You helped someone like me when no one else would, that is a special kind of beauty.”

Cartman then fell and his guise dropped, “I used to much energy. I need to stay here for a bit to recharge.”

Heidi sighed, “You shouldn’t have shifted if that was the case.”

Cartman smiled in such a way that made Heidi blush again. His fur was oddly cute when he smiled like that.

“It was worth it to see your adorable blush.”

Heidi hid her face behind her hands, “I’ll stay here until you can walk, but no more complements please. This is so out of character for you and I don’t know how to deal with it.”

Cartman just closed his eyes as he rested.

Heidi looked at him, ‘Could he really have a vulnerable side that he keeps a secret. Could the evil
act be a front so Kyle doesn’t hurt him? No, Kyle wouldn’t do that... but that scar.... get it together Heidi! Just look after him for now. He obviously doesn’t like showing weakness so I should keep this to myself. He did have a hard childhood as his mother was the village whore. He’s being kind to me for now so I should at least be kind back. Maybe we could develop a bond and in time he can open up to the others. That would be nice.’

Cartman heard Heidi lay against the tree next to him. He couldn’t stop the grin from appearing on his face.

’Silly bitch. She’s almost too easy to manipulate. If I keep this up it’s only a matter of time till she hangs off my every word. I will out snake the snake. She will be mine. Hehehehehe. Kahl, you have no idea how fun it’s going to be to get my sweet revenge on you... on all of you. This is what you all get for scaring me.’

Cartman continued to smile for a while until Heidi moved again.

“Hey... Tweek and Craig are having a party. Do you want to go maybe? Even Damien is going and I don’t want to leave you out.”

Cartman scoffed, “Why are they celebrating? They finally admit they have boners for each other?”

Heidi sighed, “Well I wouldn’t say it like that myself, but they did finally confess.”

Cartman’s eyes shot open, “They finally did it! I knew they could do it without cupid me!”

Heidi was completely confused and Cartman saw it, “.... Never mind... but wow, they finally got the balls to do it. I think I will go.”

Heidi smiled, “Great, but please don’t cause trouble.”

Cartman scoffed, “If the dick is there then I couldn’t anyway. I don’t want my soul on fire again thank you.”

Heidi immediately panicked, “What! When? How?”

Cartman laughed, “Don’t worry about it. Let’s just go.”

Heidi assisted him with standing and the two walked.

Cartman smiled slightly to himself, ‘I’ll let the gays have their day... but soon I will get my revenge. Oh Heidi, you have no idea what’s in store for you my little puppet.’

Heidi just kept helping Cartman walk, none the wiser of the nightmare that this path was going to lead her down.

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Heidi helping Cartman can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/182988270269/please-click-for-better-quality-scene
Your lost memories are important

Chapter Notes

So we have some amazing fan art done by Chrischin! They drew Wendy, Kyle, Tweek and Craig with different Asian weapons as well as Craigs gang (plus Bebe) celebrating Creek getting together. The best one though was of Kyle and stan under the sakura tree! It's so well coloured and I love it (not to mention that sakura blossoms are my favourite flowers): https://chrischin8120.tumblr.com/post/183017826339/rakugaki-sketch-for-brightstarblogs-mystic

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“That party sure was fun! Don’t you think so Token?”

Nichole smiled as Token walked with her in the village.

Token laughed, “It sure was. I just wish Clyde hadn’t said that stupid thing that made Craig rip his head off and throw it.”

Nichole smiled sheepishly, “I will say that was an interesting image. Bebe was panicking quite a bit when she saw it. I’m just glad Red was able to catch him before any serious damage was done.”

Token face palmed, “Clyde crying didn’t help the situation either. At least Tweek got Craig to apologise to him. Only we could throw a party and have it turn into some major disaster. At least Clyde can’t feel pain thanks to his spirit powers.”

Nichole then looked at Token. She tried to keep her emotions in check, but her eyes still held a faint sadness in them.

“I’m really glad Tweek and Craig are together now. They deserve to be happy. They’ve waited long enough to expresses their feelings. I mean, did you see them at the party? They were only a few feet away from each other the whole time. Tweek kept holding his hand when he had a chance and letting go when his powers got too much to control to not hurt him. It was so cute I just couldn’t stop smiling. Everyone deserves love. Don’t you think?”

Token smiled as he nodded, “Yeah. I’ve never felt it myself, but just seeing Clyde with Bebe and Craig with Tweek makes me know that I want it in the future.”

Nichole looked at Token’s hand. Yes that hand now had sharp claws and was a lot bigger than it used to be, but she still wanted to hold it like she used to.

Caw!

The two looked ahead in the road and saw a small bird with its tail feathers stuck under a rock. It was panicking and flying around, but couldn’t break free.

Nichole ran over and tried to lift the rock. She even used her trunk to try and help her out, but even that wasn’t enough.

Token smiled as he placed a hand on her shoulder, “Let go Nichole. I can do this.”
Nichole carefully let go of the rock as Token stood where she had been. Token rubbed his hands together and placed both on the rock. With minimal effort he lifted the rock up. The bird was confused for a second as it was now suddenly free. It looked up and saw that the rock was floating in the air. It then freaked out again as it wasn’t expecting to see a rock do this. It turned and took off into the air.

Nichole and Token laughed together as he put the rock down.

“That poor creature couldn’t see us could it?” Nichole asks as she held her stomach.

Token nodded, “Yep. I hope I didn’t scare it too much. I was just trying to help.”

Token adjusted what was left of his kimono as it was trying to fall before he turned to Nichole again, “Come on, let’s finish getting you home.”

As they walked they soon saw Stan run past them as Craig flew above him a few feet in front.

“Stop being an asshole Craig! I didn’t mean to do it!”

“Oh fuck off Stan! You bit and drooled on my wings on purpose to ruin my day!”

Stan turned round, “First of all, I didn’t mean to. They were fluttering in the wind and they looked so.... I just couldn’t help it. You know that my spirit urges are stronger than some of the others.”

Craig growled, “Than learn to control them Marsh!”

Stan then got on all fours as he really growled, “I try Tucker! You know you’re really starting to annoy me.”

Nichole sighed, “They’re at it again.”

Token sighed along with her, “I got this.”

Token marched up to the spirits in annoyance. Both of them saw the giant oni glare at them. However, Token, being the person he was simply crossed his arms.

“Now listen you two. You are both acting like idiots. Stan, I know you have trouble with some of your spirit urges as you died with your dog, but you have to train yourself to get better with them.”

Craig looked proud, “You heard him.”

Token then pointed at Craig, “And you need to be better at not antagonising him. You have to be better at understanding that Stan has it harder than some of us. Get this petty little rivalry out of your head and focus on something else. I know he annoys you but ignore that. You finally have Tweek now. What would he say about you acting like this? Stan is his friend too.”

Craig looked at Token with a blank face before sighing, “You’re right at usual. I’ll work on it Token.”

Token helped Stan up, “Good, now I want you to shake hands and make up. And mean it.”

Stan rolled his eyes as he held out his paw, “I guess he’s right. I know Kyle is going to lecture me about this anyway so we better just do it. I’m sorry Craig.”

Craig glared for a second.
Token crossed his arms again, “At some point today Craig.”

Craig rolled his own eyes and took Stan’s paw, “I’ll try to be better, but you have to do your part too.”

Stan nodded, “I will.”

Token smiled, “That’s good. I’m not going to tell any of this to Kyle, but if he asks let him know that you’ve sorted this out. I don’t want him coming after Craig with one of his speeches because it will only piss him off more.”

Stan nodded, “Yeah. Kyle would do something like that.”

Craig’s eyes then widened, “I better get back to Tweek. I left without saying anything.”

Craig flapped his wings and was gone in an instant.

Stan turned to Token, “Thanks dude. I was really worried you were going to throw a rock at us or something.”

Token shook his head in disappointment, “See, my spirit side wanted to, but I ignored it as I know violence won’t make anything better. Using words to calm the situation is better. I know that if you tried you could do it too.”

Stan nodded as he scratched his ear, “I’ll try. Now I got to go find Kyle.”

Token sighed as he watched the boy go, ‘... He’s developed a crush on him. His body language is different when talking about him than when we were alive. Don’t take as long as Craig did and you’ll be good.’

Token then turned back to Nichole who was smiling.

“You really handled that very well.”

Token laughed, “I’ve had to deal with it all my life. You pick up tricks when you’re the only sensible and rational one of all your friends. Sometimes I get treated like I’m their mom though.”

Nichole nodded, “I know. I’ve been there when you’ve had to stop Clyde from doing the first thing that comes into his brain or stop him when he’s stolen sake from his dad.”

Token face palmed again, “At least now he can’t get drunk as we don’t need to eat or drink.”

Nichole laughed, “You know him. Even though he’s dead he’s still probably trying to find a way to get drunk.”

Token nodded, “Oh he is. I hang out with Damien a lot and I once overheard him complaining that Clyde tried to waste some magic on being able to get drunk.”

Nichole shook her head, “That’s our Clyde.”

Nichole then smiled warmly at Token as he laughed. The sound was music to her ears. The smile was replaced with a frown though.

‘I miss the times like this. We’d talk into the hours of the night and just enjoy being together.’

Token saw the look in her eyes and leaned down, “What’s wrong Nichole? I’ve noticed you pulling
this sad look for a while now and I’m starting to get really concerned. Am I doing something to upset you? You only seem to pull it when we’re together.

Nichole started to tear up, “... Why do you still have to be so kind to me even after what I did to you?”

Token raised a brow, “You’ve never done anything to me.”

Nichole rubbed her eyes dry on her sleeve, “... Token, what is my spirit power?”

Token looked at her quizzically, “You’re a Baku. They eat dreams when people are asleep, mostly nightmares. Our teaches in school told us that children summon them to help them sleep.”

Nichole nodded, “And do you remember what happens if they aren’t careful?”

Token nodded, “They take the dreams that the person has in their life away. In really bad cases they leave the person as an empty husk. Why are you asking me this?”

Nichole looked away from Token, refusing to look at him in the eye.

“Because I’ve already eaten someone’s dream.”

Token sighed, “Are you worried as you ate Shelly’s dream? You needed to, it was to protect her.”

Nichole shook her head, “No. It’s another dream I ate.”

Token took Nichole’s hand, “What happened? You can tell me. I’m your friend and will keep any secret.”

Nichole’s tears came back, “That’s the problem Token.”

She pulled her hand away, “I hurts because the dream I took was yours Token! I don’t want to be friends as we used to be more than that!”

Token’s face froze.

Nichole sighed as she covered her face with her hands, “We used to be a couple, but when I died I did something I can never take back. To protect your heart I ate the dream you had of us staying together. I ate the dream you had of us getting married because I wanted to protect your heart! I know now that I was just being selfish. And now I’m being selfish again as all I want to do is give you back your dream now that we’re dead. But there’s no way I can do that! I wanted to try and see if you’ll fall in love with me again, but I... it hurts every time we’re together and I can’t hug you or hold your hand like we used to. I regret my choice every single day and I just couldn’t hold it in any longer. I had to tell you as you deserve to know the truth.”

Token looked at Nichole, “Why...”

Nichole uncovered her face, “I didn’t want you to feel bad. I wanted to protect your heart from all the pain of my death.”

Token grabbed the rock next to him, “What gave you the right...”

Nichole eye’s opened wide, “Token?”

Token lifted the rock, “WHAT GAVE YOU THE RIGHT TO TAMPER WITH MY FEELINGS!”
Nichole braised herself for the rock, but she heard the smash behind her.

She opened her eyes to see Token gritting his teeth.

“You had no right to do that Nichole! People need to feel emotions so they can slowly heal. What you did was selfish. You were only trying to make yourself feel better. Don’t even try to fool yourself into thinking you were trying to help. Only I get to make that choice!”

Nichole cried harder, “I’m.... I’m so sorry.”

Token looked at her and lowered his head, “... I don’t want to see you for a little while. I don’t know what I might do. My inner spirit is going haywire. I only just missed you with that rock. I don’t want what I told Stan to be a lie.”

Nichole came closer to Token, “Token... I.”

Token flinched however, “LEAVE!”

Nichole looked at the oni before her in terror. She never realised that he was twice her size before now.

Nichole simply turned and ran away from him.

‘Token... I’m sorry.... I shouldn’t have said anything.’

Token looked at the floor in defeat, ‘Messing with my memories and dreams. Our pasts help define us and she did something that goes against every principle I have. I know in time I can forgive her, but I will never forget this.’

Token clutched his head as his own tears finally spilled, ‘I want my memories! Feelings are important in they shouldn’t be able to be changed so easily. In a sense, Nichole is the most dangerous spirit here. To be able to bend a person in a way to fit how you want... That power.... I need to figure out what parts of my feelings are real, and what are fabrications.’

Token walked off trying to recover anything that was actually real from his past.

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Token and Nichole helping the bird can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/183148362674/please-click-for-better-quality-scene
What matters, the past or the present?

Chapter Notes

There’s no fan art this week but I am now amazed that this story is over 100000 words! How have I written that much!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Token clutched his head as his own tears finally spilled, ‘I want my memories! Feelings are important and they shouldn’t be able to be changed so easily. In a sense, Nichole is the most dangerous spirit here. To be able to bend a person in a way to fit how you want... That power.... I need to figure out what parts of my feelings are real, and what are fabrications.’

Token walked off trying to recover anything that was actually real from his past.

‘I know I have these memories that show me that I used to have crush on Nichole, but my feelings... it almost feels like they’re blocked. I don’t know, but I now realise something. Those feelings all feel wrong. Why would I spend so much time with someone when I barely felt anything? We never dated so why? Now that I think about it do I feel these empty spaces in my brain. It’s fuzzy.’

Token’s head started to hurt the longer he thought about it. This feeling was familiar.

‘That’s right. The day I died I took a walk as my head hurt from thinking about her. I knew I had a gap in my memory. Maybe if I keep thinking past the pain I can uncover something through sheer force of will. Baku’s can’t return memories, but the brain is an interesting thing.’

Token sighed, ‘I know that Nichole isn’t trying to trick me. Nichole prides herself in not lying unless she has to. I just wish she hadn’t been so selfish. I know why she did it, but that doesn’t stop me from being angry.’

Token’s head hurt again, the pain was so bad but he kept pushing it. Even when he felt his skull was going to break in two he didn’t stop.

The fog lifted for a second and Token felt something return to him. A small flicker of Nichole smiling as she held his hand. She looked so young in this memory, as if they were fourteen or younger.

As soon as he had reclaimed this one memory, the pain returned. Token collapsed to the ground as he stopped fighting. The pain was too strong to keep going.

‘So I can recover memories if I fight. The pain is so bad though. I feel like someone has hit me in the head with a hammer. The feeling with that memory, my heart felt at peace, like it was the right thing. Nichole and I really were in a relationship and I was happy... If I can keep doing this hopefully I can build up stamina and can at some point recover all of them. I wonder if any person has ever managed to get their dream back from a Baku? I might have to talk to Kevin about this.’

As Token tried to stand up, it was then that he felt something tie around his arms, like a lasso of some strange material.

Some more of the material tied around his ankles and he was flipped upside-down, causing him to
hang by his feet from a tree.

Token tried to break the strands, but he was too weak from trying to fight against the pain in his head.

He looked around and came face to face with a spider demon.

Token’s eyes widened in fear, ‘This... this must be the bitch Damien spoke of long ago when Timmy first appeared. He said we weren’t in any danger, but this creature sure doesn’t look friendly.’

Token tried to stay calm as he glared at the creature, “Who are you?”

The demon smiled, “Aren’t we being all brave. I am the new God of this miserable place, Leslie.”

Token growled, “You are not a God. Damien is the one in charge.”

Leslie laughed as she got closer, “That thing? Don’t make me laugh.”

She then licked her lips, “But it matters not. I’m here to eat your little soul. Your strength poses a great threat to me and while you are alone and weak I am going to devour you.”

Leslie then sank her teeth into Token’s shoulder.

Token had only just felt pain that wanted to split his head in two. He would always take that pain over this new one. The venom was excruciating as it felt like he was on fire. Token was powerless as the fire tried to spread through his body. He did his best to stop it but the more he fought, the more painful it became.

It was then that Token saw a scythe fly out from the trees and hit Leslie in the leg. She released her mouth from Token and he saw how demonic she looked.

SSCCCCCREEEEEEEWWWWWAAAAALLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLSSSSSSSSSHHHHHH

Leslie turned and grabbed the scythe to pull it out, but the moment she touched it her hands smarted to smoke. She pulled her hands away to see burns imbedded in her skin.

Token knew who this scythe belonged to and saw through hazy eyes that a certain shinigami had appeared. Right behind him was Butters who looked terrified when he saw Leslie. Kenny didn’t stop however as he ran to his weapon.

He turned to Butters quickly, “Leo! Untie Token when you get a chance, I’ll fight the bitch.”

Kenny pulled his scythe out and went to strike Leslie again. Leslie however jumped the second the weapon was removed from her. Kenny didn’t let up though as he flew into the air after her to attack.

“I’ve waited one hundred years for this! This time I won’t be a coward! This time I’m sending you to hell where you belong!”

Leslie smiled as she fired webs at Kenny, “You’ll never be able to kill me weakling! You and I are too connected! Our bond is stronger than you and your false god!”

Kenny raised the scythe again, but Leslie swung on her webs from tree to tree too quickly for him to be able to land a fatal blow.

“Like hell are we connected! You are nothing but a parasite! I help others when you only cause
Leslie smiled as she turned and fired a web into Kenny’s wings. Kenny didn’t move fast enough, and one of his black bone wings got tied up in the sticky substance. Kenny cut the stands with his scythe, but it was too tangled in the wing for him to fly effectively. Kenny didn’t give up though as he kept following Leslie.

Leslie however smiled cruelly, “I don’t have time for you... We’ll see each other soon though.”

Leslie turned as she escaped.

Kenny threw his scythe again in a last attempt, but he missed. Kenny used his magic to return the weapon to his hand. He tried to follow the creature, but with one wing out of commission he couldn’t keep up with her on foot.

Kenny growled as he used his scythe to free his wing from the magic weakening threads.

Token managed to catch up to the Shinigami after Butters had freed him. Token used his claws to remove the last of the threads.

“Are you okay?” He asked once Kenny was free.

Kenny sighed, “I’m fine, but she got away again.”

Kenny then turned to him, “How did she manage to catch you?! Oni are meant to be naturally stronger than Kumo Yōkai!”

Token looked at the floor, “I was trying to regain my dream, my memories that Nichole took. I had weakened myself trying to do this so she managed to catch me.”

Token then looked at Kenny with serious eyes, “In my defence, I didn’t know there was a spirit that was going to attack me.... Kenny, thank you for saving me, but I want you to explain to me what is going on and why Damien didn’t say anything.”

Kenny sighed, “I have a feeling you know something. How much do you know?”

Token crossed his arms, “When Timmy first appeared I was with Damien. He briefly mentioned something about a bitch. I asked if we were in danger but he said it was fine. That doesn’t look like we are fine though.”

Kenny shook his head, “That bitch is defiantly up to no good!... She’s a Kumo Yōkai, a spider demon. She wants Damien’s throne and was brought into this world thanks to a mistake. She was born at the same time I became a spirit. Me and Damien have been trying to kill her for so long, but... she’s so hard to track as her power is like mine. We thought we could hide her from the rest of you and keep you all safe.”

Token shook his head, “You can’t hide her much longer. What if she hurts or worse, kills one of us.”

Token’s shoulder than twinged in pain and he fell to the floor. Kenny quickly placed his hand on Token’s wound and chanted. The bite slowly healed and Token managed to lean back up.

Kenny wiped the sweat off his head as he looked at the now healed wound, “I can’t do that often as my magic is more for death rather than healing, but Damien showed me how to do this after Red was attacked. That was a good call on his part.”
Token then grabbed Kenny’s wrist, “If Red was attacked why didn’t you tell the rest of us? Kenny this is serious! Our lives are in danger!”

Kenny actually glared then as he yanked his wrist away, “YOU DON’T THINK I DON’T KNOW THAT!”

Token looked at Kenny with wide eyes as he continued. Tears started to form in the shinigami’s eyes.

“Do you have any idea how badly I’ve wanted to tell you all this?! I couldn’t because Damien ordered me not to so that you would stay calm! I don’t want to lose anyone! I’ve been alone for so long! I don’t want to get you all involved as I have to be the one to kill her! It’s my fault she’s even alive! You don’t think that every day that I fail I worry she’s going to take away everything that I love?! I have to kill her to keep Karen safe! This is my mission Token! I can’t.....”

Token seeing that Kenny was breaking down, quickly picked him up and hugged him.

“I’m sorry Kenny. I knew you were patrolling the village, but I didn’t even comprehend how important this is to you, how seriously you take it.”

Kenny sighed as he let his tears fall as he finally let his emotions free.

“I wish.... I wish she was dead already. I hate it that I’m always having to leave you guys to search for her. I can’t really enjoy my time with you.... my head just worries that if I let myself relax she’ll kill someone.... I want to stay with Leo and not have to leave him after five minutes.... I want to actually talk with Karen instead of keeping my distance in case Leslie follows me and attacks her. If anything happened to her.... I .....”

Token slowly put Kenny down, “I understand now why you can’t say, but remember that you’re doing your best. I’ll help so please don’t shoulder this burden alone.”

Kenny dried his eyes, “Thank you Token. I know the village is safe as Leslie can’t hide from Damien there. If you want to find your memories than I suggest you do so there so you aren’t a target. If Leslie tries to attack anyone else I’m talking with Damien so that everyone knows. We don’t want to cause panic but we need to make sure that everyone is safe.”

Token nodded, “I’ll do that. I’ll also keep an eye on Karen for you. You said that Oni are stronger than Kumo Yōkai so I will use that strength to protect her.”

Kenny smiled warmly, “Thank you Token. That means so much to me.”

Token smiled back, “You’re my friend Kenny. Friends do this for each other. You aren’t alone in this, we may not have grown up together, but you are still one of us.”

Token then pointed to where he’d come from, “Now, you may want to help Butters. He bowed to me after he untied me and now he’s frozen.”

Kenny face was neutral for a second before he smiled, “That fool forgot he was a Kappa. Leo is so special.”

Token smiled, “He is. Maybe you should stop denying your feelings for him too.”

Kenny looked at Token and blushed, “How did you?”

Token smiled, “Kenny, you spend a lot of time with him and you obviously protect him. You aren’t
bad like Craig and Tweek were, but I can tell that you care. Don’t waste this chance.”

Kenny sighed and nodded, “I always underestimate you Token. I’ll try.”

Token watched as Kenny walked away.

‘*Good luck Kenny.*’

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of mad Kenny can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/183320473264/please-click-for-better-quality-scene
So I want to apologise for this chapter being late as I was doing an art shipping week on Tumblr. However I am slightly glad I did as this is a Kenny heavy chapter and it is Kenny's birthday today.

Also, we have new fanart by cloudy-window on Tumblr. They drew spirit Butters, Bebe, Nichole and Kyle! Thank you so much:
https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/183438927104/japanese-folklore-au-art-hey-i-was-scrolling

Lastly, I'm sorry if this chapter is kind of bad. I'm not a bunny shipper so I'm not great at writing them. Also I kind of used my future headcanon for Butters here. You'll see why in the chapter.

As Kenny walked, he dried the rest of his tears so Butters wouldn’t get worried about him. The stains on his face were hard to get rid of, but he kept rubbing at them to make them vanish, or at least less noticeable. The last thing he wanted was to scare the kappa more after what he witnessed when he had rescued Token. Kenny was not looking forward to explaining that one.

After walking at a somewhat brisk pace he finally saw Butters exactly where Token had said he would be. He was hunched over as if he was bowing to someone. Kenny couldn’t help but chuckle slightly as well as wonder how he hadn’t fallen over.

‘How many times have I told Leo to be careful about this? It’s sweet but boy is he too polite for his own good sometimes.’

Kenny quickly used magic to hide his scythe, before he carefully picked Butters up, wrapping his arms round the boy’s torso, before he took off, flying close to the ground in case his grip slipped. He knew he had to get to the lake so that Butters could fill his water bowl again.

It only took a few minutes, but soon the two were back at the familiar lake. Kenny carefully placed the kappa on the ground next to the lake before he turned and dipped his hands in the water, cupping them to collect as much water as he could. When he was satisfied he had enough, he then quickly transferred it to Butters, moving with precise speed as to not lose any.

The second the water touched him, Butters leaned up.

‘I could help. Are you okay Token? You haven’t got any scra.... Ken? How’d you? But you were fighting that thing? Wait, when did we get back here? Oh hamburgers, did I do it again?’

Kenny chuckled again, “Welcome back Leo. Allow me to fill you in on what happened. After you freed Token, you must have bowed to him so you became frozen. You really need to be more careful. Token then managed to catch up with me and help me out. I came to find you after that so that I could refill your water bowl.”
Butters then hugged Kenny, causing the Shinigami to blush.

“I’m just glad you’re okay! Did you get rid of that thing? What even was it?”

Kenny blush vanished as he had been dreading this question, but he still answered, “That thing was Leslie, and she is a Kumo Yōkai. As a spider demon she wants to catch other spirits in her web. Unfortunately I didn’t kill her again, so I want you to promise me you’ll stay safe. She’s bad news Leo. I don’t want her hurting you like she did with Token.”

Kenny’s eyes looked at the ground, “I’ve been hunting her for years now, but every time she manages to get away. I’m sorry I didn’t say anything. Damien and I just wanted to avoid panic so we didn’t say anything. Can you forgive me?”

Butters pulled back and looked at Kenny’s eyes, “Of course I can Ken! I’m sure you always do your best, that’s all that important! I know that you give everything your all. I can see why you didn’t say anything, but you can trust me!..... Wait, Ken have you been crying?”

Kenny’s eyes widened for a second before he started wiping his eye once more, “Dammit, I thought I dried them. I’m fine Leo. Really, you don’t have to worry.”

Butters didn’t like that answer however. He simply took a hold of Kenny’s hands in his own webbed ones.

“Oh jeez, don’t lie to me Ken. I want to make sure you’re okay. You’re my friend, and friends confide in each other. Why were you crying?”

Kenny smiled warmly but shook his head, still rubbing his eyes, “I am okay. I talked to Token about it. I just broke down as I was so worry about her hurting people I care about. If she had hurt you Leo or Karen or... I’d... I don’t know what I would have done.”

Kenny then finally moved his arm and looked at Butters, “Now come on, let’s not worry about this anymore and just go for a swim, you were talking to me before I felt danger after all. I want to hear what you were going to tell me.”

Butters looked at Kenny sceptically, but he knew that Kenny was being honest with him.

“Well, if you’re sure Ken.”

Butters then carefully got into the water. The minute the moisture hit him, his body seemed to cease aching as the water rehydrated him.

“Well Ken, I was going to tell you about my dream I had when I was human. A dream that I worked really hard to try and achieve.”

Kenny smiled as he sat down and swung his legs into the water, “Oh, what did my little Leo dream about doing?”

Butters swam back up to Kenny as he leaned on the shore bank.

“More than anything, I wanted to be a teacher. I enjoyed learning stuff in school and I remember when one of my old teachers would look after me when my parents forgot to come pick me up. They were so kind and would always ask me how I was. One time, when my dad had been yelling at me for not folding the laundry right and had grounded me, I escaped out my window to try and run away. My teacher found me after I hurt my knee and looked after me. He didn’t get my parents and instead stayed with me until my knee was cleaned up. They went the extra mile for all of the
Butters then soured, “I was so upset when he had to leave. They were offered a job closer to the capital, and they needed the money so they took it. Before they left they said that if I worked hard I could be a teacher too. He said he saw talent in me and that if I did my best I could do anything. I took those words to heart and started doing my best. I wanted to be there if any other kid was treated like I was. I loved my family, I just wish that I had been a better son to them.”

Butters then lifted his hands out of the water and looked at them, “Now my dream is impossible as I’m like this. How can a spirit be a teacher when his students can’t see him? It’s impossible.”

Kenny carefully turned Butters round as he placed both his hands on his shoulders, “You can still work towards that dream Leo. You can teach spirits. Eventually more are going to be born here as the centuries go by. We live forever after all. You can pass your wisdom on and teach a new generation. Let’s face it, every spirit is scared when they are first born, if you wanted you could show them how to adapt. I know someone as kind as you could do that.”

Butters chuckled, “I doubt it Ken, but thank you.”

Kenny’s face turned serious, “No, don’t be like that with yourself. Nothing is stopping you. You could even teach Karen! She has trouble in school thanks to being bullied by some other kids. Ike and Tricia may look after her, but you could still teach her when she misses classes from looking after her mother or something like that. I know you can. When you put your mind to something, you can do anything Leo.”

Butters couldn’t help but smile at Kenny, “… Thank you Ken. No one has ever been this kind to me before. You’re the bestest friend I could ever ask for.”

Kenny’s chest tightened at the look on his face. His mind drifted to Token’s words.

‘Kenny, you spend a lot of time with him and you obviously protect him. You aren’t bad like Craig and Tweek were, but I can tell that you care. Don’t waste this chance.’

‘I won’t waste this chance Token. Not anymore.’ Kenny thought with a slight smile on his face.

Kenny slowly moved his right hand off from Butters’ shoulder and placed it under his chin, tilting his face up so he was looking directly at him.

“You deserve all the kindness in the word Leo. You are by far the sweetest soul I have ever met.”

Butters face was confused for a second. Kenny started to sweat, but he wasn’t going to waste this chance.

“Ken, what are-”

Kenny placed his thumb over Butters mouth, “No talking. I need you to stay still. Can you also close your eyes for me?”

Butters, still confused, slowly nodded and did as he was asked.

Kenny swallowed the lump in his throat, ‘You can do this Kenny. You aren’t just talk, let your heart have what it wants for once.’

Kenny slowly leaned forwards. His face started to flush.
He glanced at Butters’ beak as the space between them started to close. Kenny’s chest continued to hurt where his heart used to beat, but he knew he couldn’t stop. He was determined to show Butters how he felt.

His lips were now mere centimetres from touching Butters. Kenny’s breath was trying to become erratic, but he still pressed on, willing himself to calm.

‘I may have failed killing Leslie, but I will not fail in this!’

Kenny could feel Butters faint breath on his face now. He started to count in his head the last few seconds before he closed the gap.

It may have been a few seconds, but it felt like an eternity to Kenny.

3

Kenny moved his hand off of Butters mouth.

2

He closed the gap to just millimetres.

1

He prepared himself for the final movement so that they would finally be connected.

AAAAAHHHHHHHH

Kenny immediately leaned up and turned to where the scream had come from. His hands quickly returning to his own sides.

Butters’ eyes darted open as well as he quickly looked around, trying to determine where the noise had come from.

“Ken, what was that just now? Oh hamburgers, I didn’t imagine that right?”

Kenny’s face contorted into a snarl, “I heard it too!..... I think that sounded like Ike Broflovski!”

Butters touched his beak for a second and looked at Kenny, ‘What was he going to do?’

Butters then saw something in the top of his vision. He placed a webbed hand on his head and pulled off a stray leaf that was in his hair.

‘Oh! He must have been trying to get this before it hit me in the eye! That’s why he made me close them and stay still! Oh boy, that’s so sweet of Ken to do something like that for me.’

Kenny however was fuming with rage, ‘LESLIE YOU BITCH! I AM GOING TO FUCKING KILL YOU EVEN FUCKING HARDER THAN FUCKING BEFORE! NOT ONLY ARE YOU SHITTING HURTING SOMEONE, BUT YOU BASTARD CUNT OF A BITCH YOU ARE, FUCKING INTERRUPTED ME WHEN I WAS THIS PISSING CLOSE TO KISSING LEO ON THE FUCKING LIPS! I AM GOING TO RIP YOU TO FUCKING SHREDS WITH MY BARE FUCKING HANDS YOU ASSHOLE!’

Kenny quickly turned to Butters, trying his best to not let his anger show, “Stay here! I’m really sorry but I have to go sort that out! I don’t want you getting involved and getting yourself hurt! Every fucking time!!!”
Butters nodded, “I know you’ll sort it out! Why, you are this place greatest protector Ken! Show this Leslie how powerful you really are!”

Kenny nodded before flying off.

Butters looked concerned, ‘Was is just me, or where is eyes glowing with hints of red? He must be really mad. I’ve only ever seen Damien’s eyes do that.

Kenny growled as his wings flapped, ‘I WAS THIS FUCKING CLOSE! MARK MY WORDS LESLIE! I AM GOING TO FUCKING END YOU!’

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Kenny and Butters in the lake can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/183637105804/please-click-for-better-quality-scene
You have crossed the line one too many times!

Chapter Notes

I don't really have much to say this week, I just hope you all enjoy this chapter ^_^ 

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kenny’s eyes continued to glow in rage as he flew towards to where he thought the source of the scream was.

He then heard another scream, this time it was much weaker, but he knew he was closer this time.

Kenny finally pinpointed the location of the noise, thanks to feeling a soul, and flew like a bullet to where he needed to be. He needed to protect whoever it was.

Leslie sensed the rage from Kenny a mile away and turned to where he was going to land, smiling evilly the whole time.

With a loud crash, Kenny hit the ground, causing it to crack as a small crater formed around him, scaring the dry earth.

Kenny looked up at Leslie, his eyes cold and full of hate similar to Leslie’s own.

Leslie smiled, “Seems that the scream I caused interrupted something you were doing. I don’t think you’ve ever lost your cool like this before. Doesn’t the power coursing through you feel great? Anger is far better at helping you get the power you want. Let it take over Kenny. Let hate fuel you so you become powerful. Friends don’t matter, you can just trust in me and get everything you want.”

Kenny, ignoring Leslie, looked over at who had been screaming.

He had been right.

Hanging from a tree was Ike Broflovski.

Blood was dripping from a gash in his forehead. Kenny knew it looked worse that it probably was, but he was still mad that Leslie had attacked him. He looked unconscious as his eyes were closed, but he was still breathing.

‘That fool must have come into the forest to try and look for Kyle again! He loves his brother, but.... Dammit! There’s a chance he can see spirits now! Leslie you bitch!’

Leslie followed the shinigami’s eye line and laughed, “Oh yeah. This little one was just wondering around all by himself when I saw him. Such a tasty thing should be more careful. I think he’s still looking for his poor dead brother. Consider this revenge for cutting my leg and burning my hands with your little weapon there.”

Leslie then leaned over the boy again as her face turned into its true form, “Maybe I should do the kind thing and let them be reunited. He desperately wants to see his brother after all? What kind of God would I be in I didn’t grant his wish?”
Kenny’s eyes only turned to a more threatening shade of red, “If you dare lay a hand on hi-”

“What? You’ll kill me? I’m sorry Kenny but I already told you why you can’t. We’re connected you and I. You can never escape that fact. In a sense, I’m family just like that child you so desperately try to protect.” Leslie said with a sneer.

Kenny simply charged towards her, scythe raised to cut her down, “WE ARE NOT FAMILY, AND IF YOU DARE COMPARE YOURSELF TO KAREN AGAIN I WILL MAKE SURE THAT YOU SOUL SUFFERS AFTER I KILL YOU!”

Leslie raised her claws and got ready to strike, “Not thinking about our attack now are we. You’re so easy to distract.”

As she aimed down though, Kenny stuck his weapon into the ground and used it to dodge her. He then ran towards Ike and raised his weapon to cut him free.

“Come back here! This is between you and me! That human will die!”

Kenny grabbed the boy as he released him from the webs. He then dodged another attack as he got away from Leslie.

“You and I are not alike. I may want to kill you, but I would rather protect a life when I can then take it. I’m the God of death! I look after souls, be them spirits or human! I will not let rage consume me!”

Leslie smiled, “But I have a soul too, doesn’t that mean you can’t kill me?”

Kenny looked up as he smiled.

“Something like you never had a soul in the first place.”

Leslie eyes narrowed, “YOU’LL PAY FOR YOUR INSOLENCE BOY!”

As Leslie came towards them, Kenny raised his weapon to protect the boy in his arms.

“KYLE! HELP ME!”

Kenny looked at the boy and saw him just open his eyes before he passed out again.

Kenny then saw as a black, green and red shape leapt out of the bushes.

Leslie saw it too and dodged as the figure with red hair scratched at the air where she had once stood.

Kenny smiled, “Good to see you Kyle.”

Kyle turned and looked at them both, “My brother called me so I came running. Thank you for protecting him from that monster dude.”

Kyle then turned towards Leslie. His amber eyes narrowed.

“I don’t know who or what you are but you better stay the hell away from my brother!”

Leslie smiled, “What’s a weak kitsune like you going to do to stop me? You have only two tails, you’re nowhere near my power level kid.”
Kyle’s eyes narrowed even more, “I can and will protect my brother!”

Kyle’s skin then rippled as he screamed, the pure fox rage in him took over.

Kenny watched in awe as Kyle turned from a kitsune into a giant mass. The mass changed as two giant wings unfolded along with a mighty tail. His skin turned into that of a reptile and his arms and legs turned into mighty claws. Last, his face has turned into that of a lizard.

Kenny saw that the being before him had changed into a mythical dragon. It wasn’t like the dragon Damien had shown him in Japanese books, but it was still a dragon nonetheless.

Leslie watched in horror, “How can a two tailed change into this! This is impossible!”

The dragon screamed and took in a deep breath. Leslie shielded herself to brace for the fire.

Kyle then quickly changed into a real fox and biting her in the same spot on her leg the Kenny had hit with his scythe earlier.

Leslie’s eyes shot open as she screamed in pain. She swiped at the fox but it ran too fast.

“I don’t have time to fight to of you!” Leslie yelled as she fired some web into a tree. Kyle screamed in his fox form as she ran away.

“AND DON’T COME BACK BITCH!”

Kyle shifted back into his spirit form as he watched the evil creature slink off into the forest.

Ike opened his eyes again. He saw something red, something that looked like the back of his brother’s head. He lifted an arm up as he tried to stop himself from passing out again.

“Ky.....le....”

Kenny chanted softly and made Ike fall asleep. He then placed his hand on the wound and carefully healed it. It took a lot of energy, but he knew he had to.

Kyle then came over to the two of them, “Is he okay?! I heard him scream! What was that thing?!”

Kenny removed his hand and smiled, “He’ll be fine. I healed his wound thanks to a spell Damien taught me. Unfortunately, it takes a lot of energy so I don’t have enough magic to wipe his memory. This is not good as I fear now he might be able to see spirits. If we aren’t careful, it could drive him mad. Karen is lucky as she was born with the sight so she won’t, but... I don’t have the energy to help him. I need more spirit energy.”

Kyle held out his hand, “Take my spirit energy then. I don’t want to risk that chance.”

Kenny smiled, “Let’s get him back to the village first. I’m not taking your energy when there’s a chance we could be attacked again.”

Kyle nodded as he put his hand back to his side, “Okay. Let’s get back then. I’ll carry him.”

Kyle took his brother off of Kenny and carefully placed him on his back.

“It’s been a while since we did this, isn’t that right Ike?” Kyle said as he smiled at his sleeping brother.
“Okay, hold your hand out.” Kenny stated as soon as they were in the village and sitting down.

Kyle shot his hand out and Kenny took it. Kyle’s legs started to feel weak the second the Shinigami touched him.

A few seconds later and Kenny let go and placed the hand over Ike’s eyes. He said a few words and Ike shivered before his body stilled. His breathing returned to normal.

Kenny then laid him down on the bench, “He should be okay now. He won’t remember anything that happened.”

Kenny then looked at Kyle, “I guess you have questions, but I have a question to ask you first. How did you change into a dragon? That’s something only a kitsune with seven or eight tails should be able to do? Even some nine tails have trouble and that’s the max a kitsune can have.”

Kyle looked up in thought, “To be honest I don’t know. My anger over Ike being hurt just manifested itself and turned me into something that I thought would be great at protecting him. I remember seeing a picture in one of my old books of this creature that looked similar to a dragon from Japan, but it had wings. The book was in English and said it was a western dragon. I just.... I just turned into it because I wanted to protect Ike. I couldn’t keep the form up though so I changed into a fox and went for where there was a weak point on the creature.”

Kenny nodded, “I see. Your love for your brother made you use power you can’t yet use. Interesting.”

Kyle then glared, “My turn, what was that thing that attacked my brother, and why did it do it!”

Kenny sighed as he stood up, “Her name is Leslie and she’s a Kumo Yōkai, a spider demon. She wants Damien’s throne and was brought into this world thanks to a mistake. Ask Token if you want more details.”

Kyle’s eyes narrowed as he grabbed Kenny’s arm to stop him walking away, “I’m not asking Token as I want you to tell me! Why haven’t you stopped her Kenny?!”

Kenny glared, “I’ve tried Kyle. I really have. Think about it, do you really think I would let her wonder around when I have Karen to worry about? You have Ike so you should know that feeling well.”

Kyle continued to glare but he stopped, “I know you’re right dude. How has she slipped past you this many time though? You’re like the second strongest after Damien?”

Kenny sighed, “She was born at the same time as me and therefore as a similar spirit energy to my own. It makes it hard for me to track her.”

Kyle was then hit with realisation, “Is that why you’re always out patrolling?”

Kenny nodded, “Yes. That is why. I guess it’s time to tell all the spirits what’s going on. With Ike that’s three people she’s attacked now. I’m going to Damien to persuade him.”
Kyle’s grip tightened on Kenny’s arm, “Wait, who else other than Ike and Token have been attacked. I worked out Token as you said he knows but who was the first?”

Kenny sighed, “Red was the other one. On her way back from flying she was caught in her web and almost killed.”

Kyle screamed out in frustration. His inner fox rage was showing again.

“I’m coming with you to convince Damien.”

Kenny shook his head, “No. He can’t know I told you. With Token he’d understand, but if you know he’d yell at me. Look I can convince him. He cares about you all and will come around.”

Kyle sighed, “Fine, but if I find out that you’re still keeping this a secret I will tell everyone myself! I don’t fucking care if Damien is against it! People need to know!”

Kenny nodded, “Deal.”

Kyle then looked at Ike and smiled, “Look, thank you for helping him. He could have been killed and I would never forgive myself if he became a spirit.”

Kenny smiled, “It’s okay. As someone who has a family member I want to protect I can understand your feelings. Karen means the world to me, if she had been in Ike’s place I would have stopped at nothing to get Leslie away from her.”

Kenny then looked up as his face became serious, “I will do anything to protect everyone. Even if it means I have to defy Damien.”

Ike then began to stir. Kyle and Kenny both smiled as they stood up and walked off to do what they needed to do.

Kyle smiled, “You show Damien what you’re made of Kenny!”

Kenny grinned, “Will do my foxy friend.”

Kyle sighed, “I see you’re back to normal as you’re back to your flirting nature.”

Kenny laughed, “Hey, since when has this situation ever been normal?”

Kenny however had dark thoughts, ‘I still need to finish my confession to Butters once I’ve convinced Damien.’

Ike meanwhile leaned up and rubbed his eyes, ‘....That was a scary dream. But I thought I saw Kyle? That dream... if felt so real.... It felt like Kyle was actually there.... but that’s impossible....’

Ike stood up and headed off to see Tricia and Karen.

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Kyle turning into a dragon can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/183803368559/please-click-for-better-quality-scene
We both want the same thing, so let’s join forces

Chapter Notes

No new art, however I have something important to say:
AS OF NOW, THIS STORY IS ONE YEAR OLD! IT’S BEEN GOING SO LONG
THAT IT HAS AN ANNIVERSARY!

I want to thank you all for the support you've given to this crazy idea of mine! I hope
you'll all stick with me to it's completion ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Leslie swung on another web.

‘Damn that fox!’

Black blood continued to trickle out of the wound. Leslie winced as she threw another web.

‘Nathan, I need attention!’ Leslie shouted in her head as she continued to make her way to her
sanctuary.

It took a second but she heard a voice reply.

‘I'm already here mistress. Please hurry! I promise you'll be fine as! All the stuff is ready!’

Leslie fired another web, but it snapped causing her to fall to the ground. Leslie screeched
demonically as she picked herself up and limped over to her sanctuary, it wasn’t far now.

Nathan saw her and ran to support her.

“Goddess! Please rest!”

Leslie snarled as she continued to limp.

The second they were inside the cave, Nathan got to work in using his own blood and leaves to
make some wrappings.

Leslie sat on the ground, panting as she tried to focus her magic in trying to heal.

‘That bastard! That scythe has some charm on it that stops my own dark magic.’

Leslie looked at the burns on her hands and growled.

She then felt a blinding pain again.

She screamed out as she felt a sharp object enter her wound once more, ripping at her tender flesh.

Leslie turned and saw a dark figure in the shadows. It was laughing at her.

Leslie eye’s narrowed and she swung her arm as hard as she could. She felt a figure go flying
through the air the second her claw hit them.
The figure crashed into the wall with a thud. Leslie was annoyed it was still alive. If she was at full strength it would have been dead. Instead she stood up and screeched.

The figure rubbed its head before it glared and looked at the spider demon, “Aye! What the fuck was that for bitch! You could have fucking killed me!”

Nathan and Leslie turned to see a familiar raccoon spirit staring at them. Leslie was frozen at shock.

‘How the fuck did he get in here!’

Cartman smiled, “Hello, Eric the awesome at your service. Next time you might want to be careful about what fleas are on you? You never know who they may be.”

Leslie eyes narrowed, ‘How did I not sense him! In my weakened state I must have been distracted!’

Leslie reacted on instinct. She fired a web around his wrists and hung him from the ceiling while Nathan grabbed his knife from his obi and pointed it at the intruder, standing in between him and his beloved one.

Cartman growled, “Aye! Is this how you treat someone who wants to help you?!”

The two froze in place, causing Cartman to sneer again.

“That got your attention didn’t it?”

Nathan pushed his knife to Cartman’s throat threateningly, “Explain your purpose filth! The goddess has no need for time wasters who only want to extend their lives through empty words!”

Cartman only smiled more, “Why, I only want what you both want. I want to be free and in a world Damien is no longer present. You want him gone too correct? You want that sense of freedom so you can do whatever you want right?”

Leslie lowered her claw as she looked at Cartman with thin analytical eyes, “Explain rodent.”

Cartman growled, “Careful, call me mean things and I might just tell Damien where you are instead and you don’t want that do you?”

Leslie lifted her claw again and Cartman laughed, “Relax! It was just a joke! Geez, you’re so on edge.”

Cartman then closed his eyes, “Damien is far too interested in balance. Stuff like that is totally boring, especially when you’re now an immortal. I want to be allowed to do what I want, when I want to. But Mr balance wants us spirits to live in the shadows and help the humans. Every time I step out of line he sets my soul on fire. I don’t want anyone to have that power over me, no one does that to me! I’m far too important for that!”

Cartman then looked at Leslie and pointed at her as best he could while his arms were still bound.

“I know you want to get rid of him so you can do what you like too. I’ve been watching you for some time. Bravo by the way for attacking Kahl’s brother. He’s going to be feeling that for weeks!”

Leslie got close to Cartman’s face, pushing Nathan out of the way.
“How does helping me get what you want?”

Cartman smiled once again, “You’re powerful enough to at least have a chance against Damien. That and I know you don’t respect the rules. I like that. I won’t care what you do to the others or to this place as long as I get what I want. I’ll help you to achieve my wish.”

Leslie then showed her true form, “Why should I trust you? You’re just a trickster! I’ve seen you through my human’s eyes! You do nothing but petty crimes. Why should I go through the chance you’ll betray me and not just take your soul to become stronger?! That seems like the easier option? No one knows my location and Damien loses a powerful player!”

Cartman smiled as his eyes narrowed, “Because I have something you don’t. I have an inside with Damien and all the other spirits. All they think I am is a lowly trickster who can change his shape to cause pranks. They treat me like a small inconvenience than an enemy like you. How many years has Kenny been hunting you? They still have some trust in me. Besides, I have my own side project who the others all trust with their lives. She will also be of use to you once her mind is broken. She’s already doing small stuff for me.”

Cartman eyes narrowed as his smile vanished, “Trust me, I want revenge for what they did to my handsome face! I want them all to suffer for laughing at me! They deserve all that’s coming to them!”

Leslie leaned back and smiled, “If you have an in with them, then do tell me, does Damien have a weakness?”

Cartman sneered, “I wanted a deal first, but I guess I can give you one freebie on the house. This is from the kindness of my heart after all.”

Cartman then shifted into two forms. The first was Kenny, the second was Pip. Cartman spoke again, his voice sounding like Pip’s but without the British accent.

“These two are the key. They are the closest to Damien and therefore are important in his downfall, this one especially. Damien protects him far more than anyone else, I wouldn’t be surprised if the annoying god actually wanted to bone him. Seriously, so much sexual tension between them, they’re just as bad as Tweek and Craig were.”

Leslie looked at the trickster with a smile, “You certainly are powerful if you can even shift your voice. Perhaps you will be of use to me.”

Leslie then cut the webs, “Very well, I will accept your help raccoon.”

Cartman growled as he turned back to his normal form, “Cartman the awesome!”

Leslie rolled her eyes at the creature, “Whatever.”

Nathan looked shocked, “Mistress! Can we really trust him? He’s shown many times to not follow orders. What makes you think he would listen to you and not betray you in the end for self-preservation? I would do anything for you!”

Leslie glared as she slapped Nathan across the room, “Silence human! Unlike you this one can use magic!”

Nathan grunted as he hit the way, rocks digging into his back and cutting him hands.

Leslie then came over to Nathan once more and licked the blood on his hands, “Don’t worry my
sweet killer, you are still of use to me. Your role is not over and I still love your delicious aroma, this one can just do stuff you cannot. Jealousy is such a sweet emotion on you. You will still be my king in the new world, I will never break that promise to you.”

‘So easy to fool…’ Leslie thought as she tasted the blood.

Nathan’s face turned into bliss as Leslie licked and drank his blood, “Yes Goddess, I’ll get back to making your bandages.”

Leslie stroked Nathan’s cheek, “Thank you my sweet protector.”

Leslie smiled as she turned back to Cartman, “If you really want to help then you better do as I say. I know you want to do what you want, but until I rule you will have to keep a low profile. Never come back here, I’ll use my human to send you messages. You can help me with my plans too.”

Cartman smiled as he rubbed his wrists, “Fine. I still have my own project to. Her mind is weak and her poison will be useful too. Especially when stopping the French toad. Spirit poison is deadly after all.”

Cartman then headed to the exit. He stopped for a second and turned back to Leslie.

“I look forward to seeing your world...”

Leslie smiled darkly, “Oh you will! Spirits like you and me will dine on despair and misery. You will be rewarded with everything you desire.”

Cartman turned away and walked out of the sanctuary, “Sweet... I better turn up the mental games to speed this up.”

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Nathan threatening Cartman can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/183970354554/please-click-for-better-quality-scene
I want your trust, so I will tell you my past

Chapter Notes

So we have some new art this week!

This was done by Oreohaslayers on tumblr! It's of their lemon quartz Tweek in Yuuki Onna Tweek's clothes. Also a little comic of them asking why my Tweek wears his pyjamas all the time. It's really cute!:

Also, sorry this is late... computer decided to update -_- 

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Pip looked at the God walking beside him. He was deep in thought as he walked through the forest.

“This choice really is weighing on your mind isn’t it?” Pip asked to break the silence.

Damien growled, “Of course it is. I don’t want to put anyone in danger yet she’s on the move. What if they go to her side! I don’t want to have to fight any of them! I may be a God of wrath, but I don’t want to hurt them! They’re like my children in a way!”

Pip took a hold of the God’s mighty hands, “You just have to trust them. Do you not believe in them?”

Damien shook his head, “I do believe in them, but that still doesn’t stop me from worrying! They’re my family! They’re all I have left.”

Pip laughed sweetly, “Gosh, I’ve never seen you in such a tizzy. This is bloody brilliant.... Oh do pardon my language.”

Damien sighed as he smiled ever so slightly, “It’s fine. Thanks for coming with me Pip, I do enjoy your company.”

Pip smiled at the God, “It’s my pleasure. A gentleman must always accompany their friends in a time of need after all!”

Damien looked at Pip in the eyes and sighed, “… Out of all of them, I trust you and Kenny the most... maybe you even more than him.”

Pip smiled kindly, “Gosh, that’s jolly kind-hearted of you Damien, but shouldn’t you trust Kenny more, you have been together for over one hundred years after all?”

Damien looked away, slightly embarrassed, “I trust Kenny sure, but I trust you because you stay by my side for no other reason than because you want to. The spirits are all bound to me, you however are not, yet you still stay. It’s a sign of trust that I haven’t had in a long time.”

Pip face soured, “… but I want you to lift my curse Damien. Doesn’t that make me worse as I want
something from you?”

Damien shook his head, “There’s no guarantee I can even lift your curse. I told you that already, yet you still stay in hope that I will. That kind of faith, it’s different. I’ve said you can leave at any time, and you stay even though you aren’t bound. Heck, you’re staying even though now you’re caught up in my own problems. That kind of trust... I haven’t known that since... since....”

Pip took a hold of the God’s hand again, “It’s okay. You don’t need to explain yourself if it’s too painful. I don’t want to cause you any pain.”

Damien shook his head, “… No, I want to tell you. You told me your past so I think it’s only fair I share mine. I trust you enough to know you won’t judge me...”

Damien turned away as he sat down on a rock, “… After all, this story shows how much of a weakling I actually am... I can’t let anyone else know... if they did.... I could never be a God or someone they could rely on ever again.”

Pip sat down next to Damien, “I don’t think that’s true. Everyone’s past has some darkness in them, we learn from that darkness so we can keep on the path of light. I won’t judge you Damien. You have my honour as a gentleman.”

Damien tried to smile, but only looked off into the distance.

“Okay... I will tell you where I came from... and why I’m a terrible son.”

Damien closed his eye, “It all started hundreds of years ago.”

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“Son, slow down! You’re going to destroy the trees!”

Damien laughed as he kept running from his father, an evil smirk on his face.

“You’ll have to catch me first dad!”

The red Kishin scratched his head and turned to the kitsune beside him.

“Victoria, can you please catch him?”

The fox bowed, “Of course my God. He’s such a trouble maker isn’t he?”

The God sighed, “He means well, but he’s only sixty years old, he’s still a child.”

The bakeneko on the God’s other side sighed, “He never pays attention to our lessons. He’s such a little shit.”

The God glared at the cat, “... I’ll pretend I didn't hear that Garrison.”

The Karakasa-Obake, sensing the tension between the two of them, jumped up, “Now let’s not
fight, M’kay. We all know that Damien can be a handful, but he is our God’s son. Can we try and
be more careful with our words Garrison, M’kay?”

Garrison shrugged in response, “Fine Mackey, you’re such a spoiled sport. Man I could go for
some poontang right now.”

Victoria rolled her eyes as she shifted into a bird and flew after the small Kishin boy.

In a matter of seconds she was flying beside him, “Damien, you know the rules. You can’t go
running off by yourself, especially when your father tells you not to.”

Damien turned and laughed, “I’m the son of the king! You can’t tell me what to do!”

Victoria sighed again as she got in front of the boy before shifting into her normal form. Damien
watched her glare, her five tails becoming ominous. The power she had matched his own and he
knew in a fight she would win from experience.

“Now listen here young man! Your father is trying to teach you for when you take over! You got to
listen to his words if you ever want to be a good ruler!”

Damien laughed, trying to still seem tough and showing off his right sleeve that had the kanji for
“God” (神様, Kami sama) embroidered onto it, “Lessons! As soon as I’m king people will just
have to listen to what I say! Why do I need lessons?”

Victoria sighed again, “There is a lot more to ruling then just barking orders young man. You’ll
understand when you’re older.”

Damien clicked his tongue in annoyance, “I’m already sixty three! That’s pretty old!”

Victoria laughed, “For a human maybe, for a spirit, let alone a God, that is just a flicker of time.”

Damien folded his arms and stomped over to the clearing, “If father really wants to teach me I’m
waiting here! I’m not going back while that Bakeneko is there!”

Victoria sighed, “I know you don’t like Garrison, but he could be worse.”

Damien rolled his eyes, “Yeah right, I’ve seen him turn into a woman when no one watching to go
do.... stuff...... it’s gross.”

Victoria sweated a little, “I will admit he’s an odd one, but it’s not like he’s in charge. He’s just.....
eccentric.”

Damien sat down, “.... I’ll wait here, I don’t want to face father’s wrath again.”

Victoria smiled, “Thank you Damien. He may yell at you, but it’s only because he loves you and
worries about you.”

Damien snorted, “Yeah right...”

Victoria, admitting defeat, turned back into a bird and flew to get Satan to talk to his son.

Damien sat in the clearing for a while, bored out of his mind.

‘This is so dumb... I’m a God too, yet I’m treated like I don’t know any better.’

Damien then looked at the rock ahead of him. He started to smile.
‘I’ll show dad how powerful I am really am! As soon as he sees what magic I can do, I’m sure he’ll be really impressed!’

Damien concentrated and slowly a small fireball formed in his hand. He smiled as he looked at the rock. He tilted his arm back and threw the flaming mass. It grew as it flew through the air, hitting the rock and causing it to explode.

Damien smiled as he leaped in the air, “Strike!”

“DAMIEN THORN!”

Damien turned to see his father’s disapproving gaze. Damien however was still smiling.

“Did you see that father?! I hit it square on! I actually used fire! Aren’t you proud?!”

Satan shook his head, “No, I am very disappointed in you! What did that rock ever do to you?”

Damien’s face became neutral before he slumped back down on the rock he was sitting on.

“I thought you’d be proud of me... why do you never seem happy when I do anything...”

The bigger Kishin sighed as he sat next to his son, his purple kimono similar to his son’s own draped on the floor.

“I am happy that you can use magic son, I just don’t want you to waste it. Magic only exists as long as we do. We are tied to the land and its people. The more humans believe and worship us, the more we can help them. If they forget us we become invisible and our magic will weaken. Even God’s like us are not immune to that. We are still spirits like the rest.”

Damien looked at his hands as he listened to his father’s words.

Damien pouted as he continued to play with his metal hands, “I’m... I’m sorry. I didn’t realise. I just wanted to make you proud. You’re always so busy that I feel you don’t have time for me.”

Satan smiled sadly, “I’m sorry I made you feel that way. I love you son. I will never stop loving you. I would lay down my life to protect you if I had to.”

Damien’s eyes started to fill with tears, he growled at himself, “Dammit, I’m still weak!”

His father laughed, “Crying isn’t weak son. It shows you have a heart. It’s okay to cry. Don’t let anger consume you. If you do, you will never know love again.”

Damien turned to his father as he smiled, “Alright dad.”

Satan than got up and held out a golden gauntlet hand to his son, “Let’s go to the human settlement. We should check to see how the humans are faring and offer them help if they need it.”

Damien nodded as he dried his eyes, “Okay father, but could we maybe go to the pond afterwards? I want to look at the koi there.”

Satan laughed, “Of course son.”

Damien took his father’s hand with his own golden gauntlet and walked with him.

As they walked Damien looked at his father.
“Dad?”

The God looked down, “What is it Damien?”

Damien looked away for a second before he gazed at his father again, “I have to ask, why do we look so different even though we are the same kind of spirit?”

Satan looked at his red skin and cloven hooves before he laughed.

“You see son, when you were born I asked the earth that created you to make you seem less scary to the humans. I have protected life for the thousands of years I have lived, and to begin with no one feared me. However, the humans that were born from this land started to fear me slightly from my appearance. I wanted you to grow up not feeling that fear, so the earth gave you a more humanesque appearance."

Satan then squeezed his son’s hand when he saw the sour look on his face, “It doesn’t make you any less than the rest of us son. You still have the eyes, horns and hands of a God. You are just as powerful as me.”

Damien’s face softened a little at the sound of that. Satan couldn’t help but worry.

“How long have you been feeling this way?”

Damien looked away sheepishly, “A few years now. I didn’t say anything because I didn’t want you to judge me.”

The God laughed a little, “Damien, that’s adorable.”

Damien glared at his father, baring his pointed fangs as he spoke, “I’m not adorable! I am a fierce God!”

Satan only laughed more at the high pitch tone of the voice.

Damien started to sulk as they reached the village.

The humans all looked and bowed to them, but Damien could see the fear in some of their eyes. He hated that look.

‘I would never hurt these things. They’d snap like a twig if I even touched them wrong.’

Satan went over to a small plot that was empty and began to chant. A small house made of twigs and mud came from the earth and stood proudly. A few of the humans thanked him for his kindness while others whispered before walking off. Damien looked at a few of the kids that were staring at him. They were giving him small glances and whispering. He saw one of them point to their head before the whole group laughed.

Damien approached them, “What’s so funny?”

The human kids sniggered some more before one of them spoke.

“Oh it’s nothing.... goat boy.”

Damien’s anger rose up. He growled at the humans, fire started to form in his hands. The flames fed on his rage and danced round his arms as well, making him look like a complete demon. The kids saw this and their once smirking faces were now coated in fear.
Damien was about to raise his arms when his father came over, touching his son’s shoulder. A wave of cool air passed through him and put out the flames. Damien pouted that his father had used magic on him, but was also slightly grateful… He would never admit it though.

Satan looked at the kids disapprovingly, “Now now, how would you feel if someone called you names? I don’t think that was very kind of you.”

The kids nodded and apologised to Damien. His father then turned to him.

“Damien, what do you say?”

Damien rolled his eyes, “I forgive you I guess.”

Satan sighed, “That could be better, but I understand that you’re mad.”

He then took Damien’s hand, “Let’s go to the pond now.”

Damien immediately perked up, “Yeah!”

However, a dark figure with red tattoo appeared before Satan as they were about to move.

“Hello children!”

Satan smiled, “Hey Chef, how’s my Shinigami doing?”

Chef dusted his black hat before he looked at the God, “We have a few souls that fell from the mountain. They need you to help them pass.”

The two beings shared a look and Damien knew they were talking telepathically.

Damien’s face soured as he knew what was about to happen.

Satan turned to his son, “I’m really sorry Damien, but this is very important. I’ll make this up to you later.”

Damien growled, baring his fangs once more as his eyes turned into thin slits, “You’re leaving me again! This isn’t fair! I’m your son! I knew you were talking telepathically! Why can’t you tell me what going on?!”

It was Chef that leaned down then, “Now Damien, I understand that you’re sad, but souls are important. Ever being in the world has a soul, and sometimes they need help to pass on and find peace. Also, sometimes we can’t tell you all the details as you aren’t old enough to understand. When you reach one hundred years of age you’ll be able to talk that way too.”

Damien’s hands started to make fire again, but the shinigami was calm.

“Damien, we must never hurt a human soul. That will cover our own in darkness. It’s my job to help these souls. Your father sometimes must help me when I can’t do my job properly. When you’re in charge you will have your own shinigami. In fact, let me sing you a song that may help you understand better.”

As the shinigami was about to start singing a song that would most likely trail off into a song about women, Satan placed a hand on his shinigami’s shoulder, “I think he got it Chef.”

Satan then patted his son’s shoulder, “Go hang out with Gary. He hasn’t seen you in a while.”
Damien nodded as he went to find Gary the Zashiki-warashi, the only other spirit his age. ‘I got to control my temper better. I don’t want father to get mad at me.’

As he reached the pond he saw the familiar face of Gary. He floated towards Damien, his light blue kimono that was far too big for him dancing in the wind. Damien laughed slightly as he’d never seen Gary’s hands thanks to the long sleeves, he wasn’t even sure he had any.

“Hey bud! Haven’t seen you in a while, how have you been?”

Damien shrugged, “My dad is still busy as ever. He broke another promise to me too.”

Gary floated down and patted Damien’s shoulder with his sleeve, “I’m really sorry to hear that. His work takes up a lot of his time.”

Damien nodded, “I just wish I could control my temper better and make him proud. I learned fire magic but he was more annoyed as that’s doing more damage than good.”

Gary looked sad before his face lit up, “Hey, why don’t you learn healing magic!”

Damien looked at Gary with an exasperated look, “I’m wrath God Gary, how can I do that?”

Gary laughed, “Like you said, you’re a God. If anyone can do it you can! Believe in yourself! I’ll even help you!”

Damien looked into the sky for a second before he smiled, “You make an interesting point there. Maybe I can!”

Gary sniggered, “Good old ego stroking does the job every time.”

Damien smirked as he looked at his friend, “Oh yeah, come here and say that again!”

Gary simply floated up, “Gotta catch me first!”

Damien’s eyes dilated in such a way that made him look a cat that had spotted something interesting, “Oh it is on!”

The two laughed as they started their normal game of tag.
Damien placed his hands over the injured goat and chanted.

The now uninjured goat stood up and bleated at him. Damien remained stone faced as it walked away.

Damien then smiled a little as he stood up.

‘My years of practice are working! I knew I could do it! And soon I should be able to talk telepathically too!’

Damien looked down at his outfit and smiled.

‘Man, when Gary first suggested this my kimono fit me better. I really have come a long way.’

Damien looked over at the pond once again. He looked and saw that he no longer saw the reflection of a small kid, he now saw a young teen stare at him.

Damien smiled as he started to head towards the clearing.

‘I can’t wait to finally show father what I’ve been practicing!’

As he walked he saw his father in the distance. He started to run to him, but stopped in his tracks when he saw the pained look and the blood dripping off him.

Damien’s blood froze when he saw he was being chased. Everyone human from the settlement were running after him. Damien swore he saw the now adult humans that called him goat boy at the front.

Damien was about to summon fire when his father grabbed his wrist and ran with him towards the mountain.

“Father! What is going on?!”

Satan turned to his son, “They are rebelling against us. I scare them too much. They already killed Victoria and Chef. Garrison and Mackey gave me enough time to escape. I fear they too have been killed. Gary said he’d try and hold them off. I tried to stop him but that boy wouldn’t take no for an answer.”

Damien’s eye turned into thin slits as he summons fire. His father quickly stopped him, “NO! We can’t become the monsters they think we are! Just run!”

Damien looked at the humans and sighed before dispersing his fire.

As they reached the top of the mountain, Satan pushed Damien inside the cave. Before Damien could try to stop him, his father started to move some rocks to cover the entrance.

“Father! What are you doing! Get inside! We can explain to them-”

Satan cut him off, “No! We can’t. I can only save one of us and I will protect my son!”

Satan smiled at his son, “Just promise me you’ll never kill a human. I can’t let your heart do that. They just don’t understand.”

Damien looked at his father and struggled to escape once again.

“I could never forgive those humans that hurt you! Please Father….. Dad!”
Satan just smiled sadly as he chanted a spell. He then lifted his now glowing gauntlet hand and scratched his son’s left side. Four scratches formed and glowed. Damien then started to feel woozy as he started to feel very sleepy. Satan lifted his son and placed him on the bed of rocks.

Damien could barely keep his eyes open as the paralysis took over.

Satan looked at his son, “I love you Damien. I’m sorry but this is the last time we will see each other. The spell I cast will wake you up just before all magic fades, that way every human here will be long gone. You will then have to replenish magic yourself. Your spirits will come to you my boy. Don’t be afraid to make friends, friends make you stronger after all.”

Satan then kissed his son’s forehead, “Farewell Damien, until we meet in the next life.”

Damien watched as his father left and sealed him inside the tomb.

“D...don’t..leave...m.e...”

Damien then passed out as a single tear left his eye.

He slept for thousands of years....

Pip looked at the God with tear soaked eyes.

“When I woke up I was how I am now. I still grew as I slept, that’s why my kimono is too small and I wear it on one shoulder. However, I don’t want to replace it as it’s the only connection I have with my father left.”

Damien touched his four scars, “These scars are a constant reminder of his sacrifice too.”

Damien’s eyes pricked with tears as he looked at Pip, “When I finally awoke the village was now here and the pond was now a lake. The only magic left was Kenny. I believe Kenny was born as the final link to the old Gods. In a way, I feel like I was destined to get magic from him, and he was destined to be my shinigami like Chef was for my dad. However, Leslie was born as a side effect and once more my family is in danger. I lost one, I refuse to lose another.”

Pip touched Damien’s scars as lightly as possible, barely touching the skin, “Will these ever heal?”

Damien looked at Pip before drying his eyes and shaking his head, “No... As a God gave them to me they will be there till the day I cease to exist or if the world ends.”

Damien was then caught by surprise when the small wolf boy hugged him. He could feel his tears stain his uncovered chest.

Pip grip only tightened as more tears fell, “Thank you for trusting me enough to tell me all that Damien. I promise, I’ll never utter your secret to another soul, be them living or dead. You have my word.”
Damien’s cheeks, for the first time ever, turned bright red. His heart beat against his chest as a sense of calm and electricity washed over him.

He lifted his arms to hug the small creature back, but he looked at his hands in sadness.

‘I’ll hurt him if I do that.....’

Damien instead carefully patted the blond’s head.

“Thank you Pip.”

Pip released the God and dried his eyes. He then gave the God a stern look.

“I know you’re worried, but we need to tell the others about Leslie so this doesn’t happen again. You need to trust them like you do with me. If you do that I know they will stay by your side no matter what.”

Damien sighed and nodded, “Very well. I will gather them all this evening at the mountain. Kenny has been arguing with me for a few days now, and I get the feeling that Token may tell the others first. I will trust them by telling them all myself.”

Damien’s face then dusted pink once more, “Pip, might I request first that you give me some time alone. I need to think about what I say.”

Damien then looked away, “I also want to mourn over my old family. In all this time I’ve never really done it.”

Pip smiled and nodded, “Of course. You have my word, not as a gentleman, but as your friend. Call me if you need me.”

Pip headed towards the village, taking the public routes to avoid Leslie.

Damien meanwhile got on his knees and put his hands together.

‘Father, Victoria, Gary, Mackey, Chef and Garrison.... everyone..... I’m sorry I haven’t spoken to you.... I... I was worried that you think I’m pathetic after all the sacrifices you did for me. I’m sorry I was a selfish brat when I was younger. No idea how you all put up with it for over sixty years. I hope.... I hope I’ve been carrying on your will. I want to be a God that would have made you all proud. I know I’ll never live up to you father, but if I’m at least half as good I will take it.’

Tears trailed down Damien’s face once more.

‘Crying isn’t a weakness.... I sometimes forget that, but right now I know it’s true............ I love you dad.... I hope you know that........ I will try and make you proud so I am worthy of being called your son.’

Although Damien couldn’t feel it, the land seemed to become deathly silent for a second.

No one could hear or feel the ancient magic, but a single emotion spread through the land.

You already are.....
Chapter End Notes

Character design of Little Damien, Satan, Mr Garrison, Principle Victoria, Mr Mackey, Gary Harrison and Chef can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/184140139339/please-click-for-better-quality-character
Never let your guard down

Chapter Notes

Hi guys, so this chapter is the start of the lead up to the finale of this arc. I warn you now, this is going to be a bumpy ride @_@

Pip rubbed his cheeks to get rid of the last of his tears.

‘I can’t let the other spirits worry about me. I couldn’t explain to them why without giving Damien away... I could never do that to him.’

Pip entered the village and looked around for a moment, ‘I should get him something. Something that will calm him after all that, show that I really care. I do bloody worry about him a lot after all....’

Pip then stopped as he looked at the mountain looming over him, even from here it looked mystical.

‘He is really special to me... If Leslie got him.... Estella already put me through pain, I don’t want this Leslie to do the same to him... I... I really care about him too much for that.’

Pip then touched his chest, ‘Should I try and contact Bradley for help? He said if I ran into trouble to do so... But I don’t want him getting hurt if he came here, him, Gregory or Christophe. I care about them all just like I care about the spirits and Damien.... Damien... he’s been hurting for so long... keeping his pain to himself to protect the others. We’ve both been alone at some point in our lives, but I can’t even imagine what it must of been like to lose your entire family in such a horrible way. I may have lost my family due to illness, but to have them all slaughtered when trying to protect you... I can’t even fathom how much that would destroy a person’s soul... and yet, Damien keeps going, shouldering it all alone..... Well, he did, now I know too... he trusts me enough to tell me. I’m grateful for that, but am I worthy? I am just human who got turned into a werewolf. I don’t have any extraordinary powers of my own, mine are all second hand. How could I ever compare to him....’

Pip then slapped his cheeks, ‘Now is not the time for doubt Pip! You have to be here for everyone. A gentleman never compares himself to others, he just puts his best foot forwards and protects what he cares about. That right now that is Dami.... I mean all the spirits here.’

Pip continued to walk to the shop, ‘You need to focus on all your friends, not just the God... Yet why does he fill up my head so. A gentleman should not have favourites! However, I will still buy him a gift to help him. I’ll go meet with the others to make it fair too.’

Pip looked around many of the shops, trying to find the perfect gift for him. His eye was drawn to a ruby necklace. It costed a lot, but Pip couldn’t help but be reminded of the god piercing eyes. The bright vibrant colour that could break any darkness.

‘Red... Such an unnatural eye colour, yet his eyes shine like crystals whenever I see them... What is up with me today? Oh I jolly hope I’m not coming down with a cold at a time like this. My face
To distract himself, Pip went over to the shop and got the necklace. It was expensive, but Pip didn’t have to worry about paying to stay at the inn, and Damien and Kenny tended to get him food.

As Pip walked away, putting the necklace in his pocket, he accidently walked into someone. They both fell to the floor in a heap of limbs.

Pip stood up first and offered his hand out, “I am so sorry sir! I should have been more careful.”

The man took his hand and adjusted his glasses as he regained his footing, “Oh no, it was my fault.”

The boy in the brown kimono and yellow obi then looked Pip up and down in curiosity, “You’re not from around here are you? Are you perhaps the famous Pip everyone has been talking about, the one who came to study the mountains?”

Pip looked a little sheepish as he nodded, “Oh gosh, I didn’t know I was the talk of the village.”

The boy smiled, “It’s fine. People just find it strange that a boy from England has stayed so long. Oh, forgive me, I never introduced myself, my name is Nathan.”

Pip saw the boy hold out his hand, giving him a quizzical look as he did, “You shake hands instead of bowing in England right?”

Pip smiled and took the hand, “Ah yes, did you read about that?”

Nathan nodded, “Oh, someone I really care about told me. She’s been looking into England ever since you arrived, finds the whole country very interesting. She wants to go some day when she’s stronger.”

Pip tried to move his hand, but the boy kept a firm grasp on it.

Nathan’s smile darkened a little as he kept holding onto Pip’s hand tightly, “I hope you like our little village, but you have to be careful.”

Pip then saw his other arm move at a quick speed followed by a feeling of pain in his neck. Pip saw a syringe where the pain was. Nathan smiled as he pushed the plunger in, the yellow liquid inside entering Pip, causing his whole body to start losing sensation.

Pip felt dizzy and he looked at Nathan again. The boy had a manic smile on his face now as he pulled the needle out of his neck.

“You have to be careful as you never know what people might do after all.”

Pip started to lose all feeling in his body as his vision started to cloud over with darkness. He knew he was about to pass out thanks to that yellow liquid.

‘DAMIEN! PLEASE HELP, I BEG OF YOU!’

That was his last thought as Nathan grabbed him as he lost consciousness.
Damien was sitting on a rock, his arms folded as he thought about how he would tell the spirits about Leslie.

‘Now, I should probably start by explaining what a Kumo Yōkai is? Or maybe I should start by telling them her name and how she came to be? Wait, is that too scary? I don’t know... I wish Kenny was here to help me with th-’

‘**DAMIEN! PLEASE HELP, I BEG OF YOU!**’

Damien froze the second he heard the voice intrude his brain. It was Pip’s and he sounded like he was in pain and scared for his life.

‘What the fuck?! Have I developed a psychic link with him now? But that’s impossible isn’t it? You have to have a strong connection and be a spirit right to do that!? This is only ever happened with Kenny and should have happened with my father had I been old enough before he.... Anyway, me and Kenny never use it unless necessary. It’s good for privacy.... Pip..... I have to find him to see if he’s okay. I’m so worried about him! This can’t be good!’

Damien stood up as he closed his eyes, searching for Pip’s power. He could feel him moving in the forest, but he seemed weak.

‘Now that is alarming. He said he was going to the village! Something must have happened!’

The Kishin God’s chest was full of worry as he took off to rescue Pip.

‘Hang in there Pip, I’m coming! Leslie, if you had a hand in this, I will turn you into ashes!’

Damien kept running, pushing trees out of the way as he did, not caring they broke at the force. His mind was completely full of the werewolf boy to be careful or care.

‘I can’t lose someone else I care about! Not after we shared our pasts with each other! He means too much to me! He’s my friend! My family! I’M COMING PIP!’

Damien saw the cave that Pip’s soul was in. His powers were very weak.

Damien charged inside and saw Pip on the floor. He was barely awake, and writhing in agony. Damien just ran to him without thinking.

“**PIP, STAY WITH ME! I’LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE! DON’T DIE ON ME PLEASE!**”

Before Damien could pick him up, a sharp pair of fangs entered his neck. Damien turned to see brown hair. He then felt the poison hit him as he fell down paralysed. He looked up and saw Heidi. Her face looked terrified as she was muttering under her breath.

Damien eyes widened as he listened, “I must be a good girl to please him. I must be a good girl to please him. He’s protecting me from that thing. The demon will hurt me if I don’t have his protection. I have to do it. I don’t want to be killed so if I do this she won’t take my soul. He promised it was for a good reason.”

Heidi then looked at the God again with her yellow serpent eyes and started to cry, “I am so sorry, please forgive me.”
Heidi then slithered away, still muttering under her breath that she didn’t have a choice.

Damien tried to move, but the poison seemed to have been enchanted to make it stronger. He lay their helpless. Damien started to breathe erratically as the cave and the paralysis reminded him of an all too familiar scene. He didn't want this reminder, this pain

‘I can’t move, just like when my dad sent me to sleep. No.... no I can’t do this again! NO... I....’

Damien’s eyes darted round the room as he tried to hyperventilate. His eyes landed on Pip who was trying to transform from the way his eyes were changing colour, but he was failing. Both boys locked eyes and Pip tried to move his fingers to pull himself over to Damien. Damien on the other hand used all his mental power to move a hand to him to hold into him for support. He was almost there when a foot slammed down on his wrist.

Damien looked up to see Nathan, his glasses glinting thanks to the light coming in.

“Well well well, I finally have you fake god.”

Damien eyes turned to slits as he looked at the human in front of him. He tried to open his mouth but the boy just cackled.

“Yes, I can see you unlike everyone else. I wouldn’t move if I were you. After all, the poison in you will only hurt more, courtesy of my mistress Leslie’s magic.”

Damien’s eyes practically were all red from how thin his pupils were now. Nathan just smiled as he leaned down.

“Did you really think she was alone in all of this? No, my Goddess, the true God of this place, has had me by her side this whole time. After all, how else did she kill everyone?”

Both Damien and Pip froze from their struggling to look at Nathan with pure fear.

Nathan’s face was covered in lust, “Yes, that look of despair! That’s all I wanted. Mistress wanted me to keep quiet but I can’t help it. Killing them all was so much fun.”

Damien and Pip’s eyes both started to glow red once more as they watched Nathan smile like a psychopath. “I want to see more despair, so allow me to tell you how I did it. I want to see you break. First, I trapped a raccoon and set it free on the fat kid you all find annoying. I then hired some bandits to kill the boy in the red hat and his stupid dog. I used a spell to make a fake fox that killed the red headed boy. Then, made sure that a rock would fall on the black kid, which also weakened the path enough to kill the two bird brains later. Next, I switched the resurrection book with a fake my mistress made so that the energy would kill the brunette boy toy. I even had a hand in the death of the snake that just paralysed you. I ordered a large order of tea under a fake name and let the parents do the rest to that spazzy blond. And finally, I loosened the roof tiles in that storm to kill the girl that dresses as a boy sometimes. I did all that! I did it all for her. I even killed my best friend Mimsy just to feel more love from her! I just need her in my life.”

Damien knew that Nathan had lost his mind after coming into contact with the spirit world. This had never happened when his father was alive as everyone could see spirits, but Mr Garrison and Victoria had taught him this information as a precaution just in case. He never truly understood why they had told him until that very moment.

Nathan then drew out his knife and twirled it in his hands, “And now, Leslie will reward me when she kills you. I would kill you both myself, but Leslie wants to take your life herself false god. I have all the time in the world thanks to my mistress making the poison more potent. It won’t kill
the god, but the little freak here will slowly lose his mind as the poison eats away at his flesh, killing him from the inside. A slow painful death is what you deserve. Won’t you scream for me?”

Pip managed to speak despite his pain, “Y.... you......... w... w... won.. t.......... g... get........ a... aw.... away...... with.......... t.... this.....”

Nathan pushed his blade close to the red eyed werewolf’s neck, “You silly dog..... I already have.... ha.... ha.... hahahahahahahaha!”

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Pip with the necklace can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/184302800219/please-click-for-better-quality-scene
You being able to see us is a pain for my plans

Chapter Notes

You guys might need tissues for this one.... The next few chapters are very emotional :(

See the end of the chapter for more notes

While Damien and Pip were at the mercy of Nathan, the other spirits had no idea what was going on. Unaware of the predicament their God was in.

Especially Karen McCormick.

Karen smiled as Timmy hopped beside her, trying his best to keep in step with her.

“I’m still so happy Craig and Tweek got together Timmy! Aren’t you?”

Timmy stuck his tongue out as he smiled, “TIMMY!”

Karen giggled, “I almost told Tricia I was so happy. I can just imagine what she’d say.”

Karen then did her best scowl face as she made her voice full of sarcasm, “Oh, they finally admitted they want to marry each other and suck face. Wow.... took them long enough to become butt buddies. When’s the flicking wedding. Ike you silly fool, get the red rice, we’re stuffing our faces tonight. We’re going to celebrate like there’s no tomorrow.”

Timmy fell over as he was laughing so hard at the small girl. Karen just bowed as her face returned to normal.

“Thank you, I’m here all week! As Jim Jim would say ‘Wow, what a terrific audience’. Hehe, he’s really rubbing off on me..... I still don’t know what she means when she says butt buddies though? She wouldn’t tell me, saying she’d let me know when I was older even though my birthday is before hers? Timmy do you know what she meant?”

The spirit on the floor stopped laughing as he started to sweat.

Karen sighed, “I guess not. I’ll ask Jimmy at some point. He’s pretty wise.”

Karen helped the poor spirit up as he was having trouble. He then licked Karen’s face to get off that topic, causing her to laugh again.

“Come on Timmy, I haven’t showered in a few days, I don’t think that’s wise.”

“K, yoo hoo? You ignoring me?”

Karen turned to see Tricia in the distance. She gave Timmy a quick look and spirit immediately became still so that she could use him as a parasol. Karen lifted him up as she turned to Tricia.

Tricia looked at the now still spirit with a critical eye.

“... You really love that old thing don’t you?”
Karen nodded, “It’s one of the few thing I have that my parents don’t try and sell because it’s so old. I don’t have many things of my own so I want to keep it close.”

Tricia nodded, “I wasn’t being rude or anything you know right? I was just speaking my mind, sorry if I upset you.”

Karen laughed, “Come on Trish, I know you would never be mean to me on purpose, you save that all for Ike after all. You really shouldn’t be so mean.”

Tricia shrugged, “I’m a Tucker, it’s kind of our thing. Plus no offence to him, but the know-it-all has it coming.”

Karen giggled again, “You’ve been friends for how long? You act like a couple of boys sometimes.”

Tricia scoffed, “Yeah yeah, still we look out for each other when shit gets real. We’re better than how Craig and Kyle treated one another though, give us that.”

Karen looked slightly pained but nodded, “You do have a point there. Those two always looked like they would start fighting at the drop of a hat.”

Tricia smirked as she started made her voice high pitched and whiny, “Hey Tucker, why don’t you come over here and say that again to my face.”

Tricia then raised her middle finger and made her voice deep and nasal, “Don’t need to Broflovski, I know you heard me, and I have places to be.”

She then started to shake as she screeched, “Please stop nugh fighting you two! Your siblings are right there!”

Karen covered her mouth as she lost herself in the giggle fit.

“That’s so accurate. Let me guess, Stan was holding Kyle back while Token and Clyde were holding Craig back while Tweek was panicking trying to defuse the situation and failing?”

Tricia nodded, “And Cartman was eating rice balls the whole time cheering them on and making it worse.”

Karen sighed, “Man, that takes me back.”

Tricia nodded as they continued to walk, “Yeah..... So much has happened since then.”

Karen started to sweat, “I’m sorry, I made it sad didn’t I?”

Tricia’s eye widened as she took Karen’s hand, “No you’re fine. We’re all doing better now K. You don’t have to worry. Yeah it still hurts, but we have to keep going instead of being frozen. Ike is still looking for Kyle, but eventually he’ll calm down. I can’t let that boy destroy himself after all. That’s my job.... bad joke.”

Karen nodded, “It’s okay. I got what you meant.”

Karen then walked a head, “So, you want to meet up with Ike and play tag?”

Tricia laughed, “Yeah, like he could keep up with m-...”

Karen immediately turned to look and saw that her best friend was passed out on the ground. She
dropped Timmy and ran over to her, wanting to see what had happened.

“Trish! What’s wrong, are you oka-”

As she was about to reach her, a web fired out and bound her legs over the top of her too long Kimono. She was then pulled back towards the forest. Karen clawed at the muddy earth, but she couldn’t get any grip. All she did was leave marks and get dirt up her nails.

“JIMMY! GUARDIAN SPIRIT! SOMEONE!”

Timmy sprang to life and quickly jumped up. He saw Karen being dragged off and started to act. He hopped as fast as his leg would let him to the McCormick house. Once inside he took a deep breath in.

“..... TIIIIIMMMMMMMMMMMYYYYYYYY!”

Jimmy appeared almost immediately at that one.

“Tim-t-t-t-tim?! W-w-what’s going on? W-where is K-karen?”

Timmy started jumping up and down, his voice full of worry.

“Tim tim timmy timmy! Timmy timmy tim timmy! Timmy TIMMY TIM TIM!”

Jimmy rubbed his head as he floated onto his back, “You’re really w-w-w-worried. Did she f-f-f-fall into the p-pond?”

Timmy shook his head.

Jimmy then looked serious, “W-w-wait.... is this C-c-cartman related? Has that b-b-b-bastard touched her?”

Timmy shook his head and nodded.

Jimmy got scared then, “So n-n-n-not C-cartman, but did someo-o-o-one kidnap her?”

Timmy nodded as tears escaped his eye.

Jimmy’s eye narrowed, “Stay h-h-h-here Tim. I’m off to tell K-k-k-kenny! Whoever d-d-d-did this is going to p-p-p-pay!”

Timmy nodded as he watched the Zashiki-warashi fly off at a speed he’d never seen before. He swore he saw him turn into a ball of light to move faster.

“So that’s what I told Damien.” Kenny said as he looked at Butters with a kind smile.

Butters looked a little worried as he looked at the shinigami.
“... He threw a rock at you Ken... oh jeez, are you sure you’re okay?”

Kenny sniggered, “Oh please, he’s thrown bigger rocks at me before. Besides, he’s a wrath god, he needs to get his anger out somehow. Plus, he was really scared. I think he’s going to come clean, but the look in his eyes.... I know that look well enough to know that he’s hiding something from me. I’m not going to force it, but it looked painful.”

Butters got out of the water and sat next to him, “Could this be linked to his past he doesn’t tell anyone?”

Kenny put his hands behind his head, “I don’t know, could be. That asshole won’t tell anyone though, too sacred for the outcome.”

Butters looked at his webbed hands, “Oh hamburgers, does he not trust us?”

“It’s not that, he’s just scared. From what I’ve worked out I know he cares about all of us, but I think a great tragedy happened and he lost so much. He never talks about his family after all.” Kenny said as he took Butters hand in his own.

Kenny then looked up as he saw a ball of light come towards them. Jimmy then stopped and returned to his normal form as he looked at Kenny.

Kenny stood up and summoned his scythe, “What happened.”

Jimmy floated down and looked at Kenny.

Kenny’s eye narrowed, “No....nononononon.... not her.”

Jimmy nodded, “Something took Karen.”

The second the words were uttered, the ground cracked beneath Kenny and the grass he stood on slowly died.

Butters jumped into the water and looked at Kenny.

“KEN! GO SAVE YOUR SISTER!”

Kenny looked at Butters, his eyes glowing a brilliant red. He then looked at Jimmy.

“Where...”

Jimmy breathed, “Timmy saw her when he was out for a walk. I saw Tricia passed out near the west side of the village. Start there.”

Kenny took off like a bolt. Jimmy quickly followed behind him. He wanted to rescue Karen too after all.

Butter watched them both.

“Rescue her you two.”
As they reached Tricia’s unconscious body, Kenny was still mad. He saw the trail of marks from Karen’s hands and that only made him madder.

“I’m going to rip her into tiny little pieces. And then I’m going to laugh as I watch her soul burn.”

Jimmy looked at Kenny with concern, but didn’t say anything.

It surprised them both when a certain raccoon appeared.

“Err, Kenny? Are you aware that a spider bitch was dragging you sister that way?”

Kenny swiftly grabbed Cartman by the neck and looked at him.

“What do you know vermin?!”

Cartman started to cough.

“Kenny, put him down, he can help us!” Jimmy said as he floated between the two.

Kenny dropped Cartman who started to have a coughing fit.

“Jesus fuck man! I’m helping you out here! I’m a trickster but I’m not heartless!”

Kenny just glared red daggers at Cartman to shut him up.

Cartman got up and indicated for the two to follow him. Cartman started to lead them into the forest and then pointed to a small clearing with a few trees.

Kenny then saw that his worst nightmare was coming to pass.

Karen was tied to a tree, awake, and watching as Leslie put a clawed finger to her face and cut her cheek.

Karen screamed out a primal scream.

That same primal instinct took over Kenny as he charged at Leslie.

“LET HER GO YOU BITCH!”

Karen watched as her guardian spirit swung his scythe at the demon.

Cartman then charged in and turned into tiger to help Kenny.

“Finally, I get to hurt something and Damien won’t punish me for it!” Cartman said with a dark grin.

Leslie looked at the tiger and sneered, “I see you brought back up this time. It won’t help you.”

Kenny just screamed as he dashed towards her again. Cartman growled as he went to pounce on the demon, claws out.
Leslie dodged them.

Jimmy floated over to Karen and tried to free her, his hands passed through the strings however. Jimmy then tried making himself corporeal, but without his crutches, he just fell to the floor.

Karen looked at him, “Jim, stay in spirit form, it’s the only way she can’t hurt you.”

Jimmy turned into a ghost again but stayed by Karen.

“W-w-w-we’re going to get you out of h-h-h-here! W-worry about y-y-y-yourself right now! Is your cheek ok-k-k-kay?”

Karen nodded, “It’s fine. It stings but I’ve had worse. Please be okay guardian spirit. Don’t let her hurt you!”

Kenny kept up the flurry of blows. Cartman leapt up again, and Leslie punched him out of the way, knocking him ‘unconscious’ with a tree. Cartman even shifted back to his spirit form for added effect.

As Cartman lay still, he started to laugh inwardly, ‘Hehehe. The human has Damien and the French fool and Leslie has Kenny. My plan is already working, I knew they were the weak points.’

Kenny didn’t care about Cartman as he kept driving Leslie back. The moment he was happy she far enough, he threw his scythe and ran to Karen, pulling the threads off with his teeth and hands, desperate and in a hurry to save her.

As soon as Karen was free he called his scythe back and got ready to run.

“Oh no you don’t!”

Leslie fired a web at Kenny’s ankles and Karen went flying from his arms. She hit the ground a few feet away and Leslie ran towards her, not caring about Kenny.

Karen looked up as she crawled away on her hands and knees.

Her luck ran out though when her back hit a hill.

She looked up in fear as a purple leg rose up and poised itself right above her heart.

“Goodbye all seeing human. Your soul will be especially delectable.”

Karen’s eyes went wide as blood covered her vision.

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Kenny carrying Karen can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/184465685134/please-click-for-better-quality-scene
Karen’s eyes went wide as blood covered her vision.

Black blood dripped from the Shinigami’s chest that was now in between her and Leslie. The leg had gone clean through.

“GUARDIAN SPIRIT!”

Somehow, Kenny had ripped the threads by using the scythe in his hand and then ran to get himself between the two girls to act as a human shield for Karen, leaving his scythe again in the process as it would have slowed him down causing Karen to really die.

Jimmy looked on in horror at the scene before him, feeling powerless to do anything, “K-k-kenny..... no....”

Karen lifted a hand up to Kenny. She wanted to help him, push the leg out of his chest.... something! But Kenny saw her hand and batted it away, “...r....run............n.....now.”

Karen tried to move, but she was frozen in shock at the whole scene.

‘This can’t be real! This has to be a dream.... Guardian spirit.... Kenny.... Please!’

Leslie smirked at the two beings in front of her, “Oh you fool, I knew you would do this, in fact I was counting on it.... This is your weakness after all. You try to help others no matter what.... and now you are all MINE!”

Leslie began to chant some ancient form of magic. Kenny didn’t know what it was, but he knew it was dark and forbidden. Kenny began to scream a few seconds later. He felt like he was burning but also freezing at the same time. The longer she chanted, the more he screamed. The leg was still buried in his chest, but he could no longer feel it thanks to the excruciating pain he was in thanks to the spell. Kenny’s eye shut tightly, the pain too much for him and he felt like he was going to pass out or vomit. He know he couldn’t vomit thanks to what he was, but he still felt like he was going to.

He remembered that back when he was human he had died many times. Over and over he had felt the pain that came with death.

He would gladly go back to that old life of his if he could in that second.

That had been nothing compared to this pain. He just wanted it to all end already.
Kenny couldn’t compare this pain to anything he’d ever experienced ever. The only thing he could think of was that it felt his soul was being ripped out from his chest.... his very essence that made him who he was was being destroyed.

He was even more surprised when he opened his eyes and saw that was what happening to him.

Kenny saw a small white orb in between him and Leslie. The white orb had red marks over it, just like the ones on his very own body.

It was his soul. His whole being.

Leslie smiled wickedly as she took the soul into her destructive hands. Everyone watched in horror as she took the tip of it in her claws and lifted it to her mouth.

Her face morphed into its true form and she swallowed the soul.

Kenny felt the pain end, but he was now feeling completely hollow. He knew something from him was missing.

Leslie laughed as she finally removed the leg from his chest. Kenny swayed for a second before he fell into Karen’s arms.

He watched in horror as his red marks disappeared from his skin. He lifted his arm up and saw them vanish.

“Guardian spirit! Your wings!” Karen said almost inaudibly.

Kenny felt pain again as his wings forced themselves back into his body, rearranging his bones as they did. Next, he watched as his black clock turned into mist that floated into the sky, dissipating into the air as if it was never there. It was just like when he first got his powers. Kenny then saw his old orange kimono for the first time in one hundred years. He was shaking as he swore that when he turned into a shinigami it had burst into flames, yet here it was, exactly as it was that fateful day.

Kenny’s vision was getting blurrier the longer he stayed conscious, but he looked up at Leslie regardless, not wanting to give her the satisfaction of seeing him give up. She now had his red tattoos all over her. He glared at her as she had stolen a part of him. She held her right hand out and a few seconds later a bright purple scythe appeared in her hand. This one was a lot more ornate than Kenny’s ever was.

Leslie smiled, “The two halves are finally back together. I was created at the same time as you after all, it was only a matter of time I took my powers back.”

Kenny leaned up and glared through his failing vision, “Those powers are not yours.... Damien gifted me with them..... not you..... you parasite....”

Karen held onto Kenny as he tried to lift himself up. Karen wanted to get him to safety, but she knew she was too weak to move him like this. She turned to where Cartman had been to see he was now gone. He had run away to somewhere unknown.

Tears fell from Karen’s eyes as she tried to process what was happening to her and her guardian spirit.

‘... He’s human?.... but how? What did this creature do to him?’
Leslie then aimed the scythe at both the McCormick teens, a look of gratification on her face as she licked her lips.

“I have my true powers now Shinigami... such a fool you were. You tried to protect a human and as a result you have lost your powers of death to me. This raw power.... I feel so strong. I promise to put these powers to good use, unlike you. I will take all the souls.”

Karen realised what had happened, ‘She took his soul!.... No... no.... this can’t be happening!’

Leslie lifted the scythe up.

Kenny put his arm up, shoving the small girl under him to try and protect her anyway possible, not caring he was feeling the worst pain he’d ever felt in his long life. Jimmy started to move towards them to take the blade. He didn’t care if he was just a ghost, he wanted to do something, anything to protect the one who had given him this new life.

Kenny closed his eyes as he held Karen behind him, ‘Must... protect.... Karen............ Nothing... else.... matters.’

Leslie was about to swing the scythe down when she looked up to see someone jump over the hill. Jimmy stopped as well upon seeing who it was.

“GET AWAY FROM THEM FOUL BEAST! NO ONE HURTS A SPIRIT ON MY WATCH!”

Karen, Kenny and Jimmy looked up to see Kevin Stoley.

The monkey spirit landed in front of Karen and Kenny, his hands up in a defensive pose.

He put on a brave face as he channelled every hero he’d read about, “BEGONE!”

As Kevin said these words, a white light came out of his hands. Kevin’s eyes widened as he’d never done this before. It was a shock. Kenny just smiled as he knew what this light could do.

Leslie was hit by the light and then screamed.

“AHHHHH, HOLY POWER! HOW THE FUCK-”

Leslie’s body, where the light had hit it, was now bright red as if she had been burned really badly, just like where her scar was. She hid the scythe using her new powers and started to run as fast as her legs would carry her. Kevin however ran after her, producing as much light as he could.

Leslie then fired a web onto a tree to get more distance.

She turned back, her face in its true form once more. “I’ll be back! For now I want you to feel the despair of what’s about to happen! You won’t be able to stop me now.... none of you will! Your pathetic God will die!”

Kevin growled as the vile spirit got away.

“GUARDIAN SPIRIT!”

Kevin turned and saw Kenny properly. He quickly ran to him and sat him up. Jimmy floated over to them as he became corporeal, falling to the floor as he did.

Karen stood up and made herself face her ancestor.
“Kenny, please hold on we can-”

Kenny took Karen’s hand as he smiled, “No.... This is the end for me...”

Karen’s eyes started to tear up, “Kenny... what are you saying. You may be human but we can get your powers bac-”

Kenny lifted an arm up, cracks formed in his skin as he did, “My soul.... she got it.... I can’t stay.... No one can survive without a soul.”

Karen’s tears fell. Kevin gritted his teeth as his own tears spilled from his eyes. Jimmy just looked at the floor in despair... if only he wasn’t so useless, maybe then he could have stopped what happened.

Kenny took a hold of Karen, not caring that he started to crack more.

“Karen. I love you with all my heart. I believe that you will do great things with your life. You just have to believe in yourself more. Jimmy and Kevin will protect you.”

One of Kenny’s arms crumbled into dust as he released Karen. He then turned to Kevin.

“Kev... that power you have is far stronger than I ever thought. You practically have a god’s powers, the power to repel darkness no matter how little light there is. I don’t know why you have this power, but use it to get rid of that bitch. You will be key in her downfall. Don’t give up and I know you can win.”

He then looked at Jimmy, “Jim, this wasn’t your fault. You’ve done an amazing job protecting Karen and I couldn’t be happier. You did your best, and it wasn’t your fault this happened. It isn’t Timmy’s either. Fate is just a bitch.”

Kenny shut his eyes as a crack appeared on his cheek, “Karen, please be strong. None of this is your fault. You weren’t to know this would happen. I just wanted to keep you safe.”

He opened his eyes again, “Can you do one final thing for me? I promise it isn’t much.”

Karen nodded silently, her face stained with tears.

Kenny smiled sadly, “Please... apologise to Leo for me.... I never got to say goodbye after all. He’ll be lonely once I’m gone...... He... he really reminded me of you a little bit.... I just wish I had gotten the courage to tell him how I really felt.”

Karen nodded, “I promise. I’ll tell him you said goodbye... I promise to spend time with him.... I promise you Kenny...”

Kenny gave Karen one final hug with his one good arm, “....... I will always watch over you Karen..... Always....”

Kenny then opened the physic link he had with Damien, using the last of his remaining life force to do so.

‘Damien... I’m sorry... you were the best brother I could have...... You were always there for me...and I never really thanked you for this amazing life you gave me...... I never said it but.... you made every day amazing and I was so happy to be your shinigami.......... Goodbye... I hope we meet again in the next life..... ’
As he pulled away, Karen watched as Kenny was now covering in nothing but cracks. However she couldn’t help but notice that Kenny had a cheeky smile on his face. He wanted to go out being who he was even at the bitter end, not wanting to give Leslie the satisfaction of breaking what was left of his soul.

Every inch of him started to crumble. He then shut his eyes as he shattered right before her, turning into nothing but dust that was scattered into the wind. All that was left was a small orange kimono and some string.

Karen collapsed to the floor as she screamed, bringing the kimono to her chest. Kevin and Jimmy both gritted their teeth, trying to stop their own tears and failing. The two boys just fell to the floor and hugged Karen with all their strength. Karen just broke down in their arms. Screaming and crying out to the world.

Kevin and Jimmy shared a look. One single thought was on both their minds.

‘That bitch is going to pay.’

Chapter End Notes

Yes, yes... I'm a bastard.... I'm really sorry.... Please don't hurt me :(

Scene redraw of Kenny dying can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/184628246409/please-click-for-better-quality-scene
Pip managed to speak despite his pain, “Y.... you......... w... w... won.. t........... g... get........ a... aw.... away....... with........... t.... this.....”

Nathan pushed his blade close to the red eyed wolf’s neck, “You silly dog..... I already have.... ha.... ha.... hahahahahahahahaha!”

Damien tried to growl, but he had so little strength he could barely muster it. Even though he was a God, the years of sleep had really taken a toll on his body. Even a hundred years later and he hadn’t fully recovered due to the energy shortage.

Damien didn’t want to give up, but the venom and the situation was just overwhelming him. He was panicking and it wasn’t helping him think of a way out. Everything was bringing back old memories and he felt like he couldn’t breathe. He wanted to hyperventilate, scream even, but he just couldn’t.

‘I.... I don’t know what to do! I should know! I’m a God! God’s should be able to handle any situation! I’m just a pathetic kid that never grew up! Father..... I.... I don’t know what to do!’

Instead he just listened to Pip’s heart to try and calm himself, ground him somehow so he wouldn’t lose his mind. However, he could hear it was getting weaker with each second the poison was circulating in his veins. This only made the situation worse.

‘What do I do?! I should have planned more! I don’t have enough energy to fight! Why didn’t I think of this as a possible situation?! Why! Why!’

Damien then felt the air shift. His thought process came to a stop as he place a hand on the ground. The air and earth became deadly cold as he felt a soul.

A very familiar soul he had lived with the past one hundred years.

He could feel Kenny’s soul screaming in pain. It was like nothing Damien had felt before. It spiked in power before it almost vanished completely.

A powerful energy spike that felt like Kenny then appeared. For a second he thought it was Kenny, but he felt darkness and hate.... this was Leslie. That lust for power was clear in her soul… Or at least in one of the souls that was now in her body.

Damien’s blood was now ice cold as he tried to work out what was happening in the outside world beyond the cave walls. Whatever it was, he knew it was bad.

He felt fear and anger... followed by a powerful burst of holy energy.
Damien tried to work out what was causing this holy energy, but there was too much happening for him to work it out. It felt familiar though.

Everything then went quiet... no power spikes, no nothing. Damien was now in the dark as the wind and land was not telling him anything.

It was like that for a while, until a single voice entered his brain. This voice was very weak, but he knew who it was.

Kenny was using their physic connection that was only for emergencies.

‘Damien... I’m sorry... you were the best brother I could have...... You were always there for me...and I never really thanked you for this amazing life you gave me...... I never said it but.... you made every day amazing and I was so happy to be your shinigami........ Goodbye... I hope we meet again in the next life.....’

Damien then felt the air stop as something he dreaded happened.

Kenny’s soul disappeared from the world completely. He felt another soul scream from its entire being. He knew this magical gifted soul well.

Karen McCormick had just watched her guardian spirit die right before her very eyes.

Damien knew that pain too well. He had never wanted to Karen to feel like him, but it was too late.

He knew the poor girl would never be the same after this.

Damien’s eyes turned pure red as tears started to leak out of his eyes.

‘Kenny..... No.... No... NO!NO!NO!NO!NO!NO!NO!NO!!!!!!!’

Damien’s mind finally snapped.

His eyes changed colour.

The red as blood glowing eyes turned into purest blue.

The ground shook as fire erupted from all around him.

This wasn’t his normal red fire.

This fire was blue like his new eyes....

This was pure unbridled rage of a wrath God.

Nathan staggered back from the burning flames, ‘What is going on! My lady nor did the stupid rat tell me this would happen! I didn’t calculate for such an event!’

Damien’s tears evaporated from the pure heat as he stood up, his anger in its purest form breaking him from the spell that Heidi’s venom had been laced with.

Nathan eye widened as the fire moved to his feet. He turned to the exit but the flames reached it first and made an impassable wall.

The fire from Damien then circled round both him and Nathan, trapping them in a circle of flame that towered to the roof of the cave.
Nathan looked to see if at least the other boy was burning, but the fire was going around and over him, almost as if it was protecting him in a bubble of heat.

Nathan then turned his attention back to the larger being before him.

The God stayed still, unmoving. Nathan then saw a flash of movement and in the next second his feet were off the ground as a golden gauntlet wrapped itself around his tiny neck.

He had been strangled by Leslie before, but the heat coming from the God was unbearable.

Nathan looked at the God’s piercing blue eyes. The pupils were thin, but he saw that they too were glowing as he saw Damien’s soul in them.

He was not happy...

Nathan clawed at his throat and sputtered out as best he could, “Please..... have mercy..... what about.... my soul......... You don’t hurt.... those you protect.... from the village right?"

Damien’s face remained neutral as he looked at the pathetic human dangling from his hand. The light in his eyes only got more powerful as the flames closed in.

“Beings with no souls in the first place don’t deserve that kindness.”

Damien simple closed his hand into a fist, snapping the dark souled human’s neck like it was a twig.

Nathan’s eyes rolled back into his head and his body became limp in his hand.

Damien then dropped the carcass. Before it hit the floor though, the blue flames reached up and engulfed him in a ball of fire. Damien did not stop the flames from taking the human body, reducing it to mere ashes in the air.

As the fire died down, a small clang rang out through the cave as a single pair of glasses fell to the floor, cracking the lenses as they did.

That was all that was left of the human name Nathan.

The person that had killed so many was finally no more...

When the fire dispersed completely, Damien’s eyes returned to normal and he collapsed to his knees, drained from the amount of pure power he had just used.

Damien turned to Pip finally, his mind finally returning to normal to realise he still had someone to protect. Pip had his eyes closed, but his hands were clawing at his chest where his heart was, sweat perpetrated from ever pour he had, making his skin glisten. He was not well.

Damien walked over and felt the boy’s forehead with the back of his metal hand, he was burning up.

‘Spirit venom effects humans worse... I don’t have enough power to heal him here, but if I get him to the mountain I might be able to save him!’

Damien quickly put one of Pip’s arms round his neck and lifted his legs up, carrying the boy in a bridal style.

Pip looked at him through blurry eyes.
“Dami.....en....”

The God looked at him with kind eyes, “Just stay alive Pip, I’ll get you healed! Just keep fighting! Please, don’t give up on me!”

Pip nodded, but soon fell unconscious. The god put his hand on his head and made the sweat evaporate, however that didn’t help the boy’s fever.

Damien gritted his teeth and started to run, scorching the ground as he did he was so panicked. He was running slower than normal as he was so tired, but he didn’t care.

‘Please don’t die! Please don’t die! Please don’t die! Please don’t die! Please don’t die! Please don’t die! Please don’t die!’

Damien charged through the forest like a bull as he repeated the words in his head. They were keeping him going.

However, his thoughts changed as another wave of panic hit the God once more.

‘Pip, please... I can’t lose you too! I must hurry! The mountain is a spirit sanctuary, a place that only spirits and beings with an affinity for magic can reach! I know it can heal him! I have to keep running!’

Damien’s mind then went back to Kenny’s final words. Tears escaped him once more as he broke trees that were in the way.

‘Kenny... my brother.... This is all my fault! If I had been more careful when I created you none of this would have happened! The kids would all be alive! You, me and Jimmy would be the only spirits and we would have watched over everyone... But because of me and my incompetence, everyone is dying! It’s always been my fault! I killed my own father! It’s my fault that people always suffer! I just can’t protect anyone because.... because.... I’m just a fucking monster that can’t do anything right! The kids in the village were right all those years ago.....I should never have been born! So many people would still be alive if it wasn’t for my pitiful existence!’

The tears spilled over and landed on Pip’s cheek. Pip stirred for a second, causing the God to look at him. Pip tried to smile as he lifted a hand to rub the tears away.

“I.... I don’t know.... what’s going on...... but.... don’t blame..... yourself... Damien............ You look... so hurt................ Just keep...... fighting................ Don’t let.... her win................ That’s what..... she wants........ Please......”

Damien watched as Pip smiled before he passed out again. Now his heart was really slow.

Damien ran with new vigour thanks to Pip’s words.

‘I can’t fall into that trap... He’s right, that’s what Leslie wants! I won’t let Kenny’s death be for nothing... I will save one life! Pip, hold on, I’m getting us home no matter what! Just keep your heart beating!’

Damien saw the mountain through the dense trees and just let his primal nature take over.

He wanted to protect the only good thing he had left in his terrible excuse for an immortal life.

Chapter End Notes
Scene redraw of Nathan dying by blue fire can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/184789027894/please-click-for-better-quality-scene
The truth is finally shown

Chapter Notes

All aboard the angst train!

Also, the next chapter (and the final chapter of arc 2) will be posted on Wednesday before I go to comic con. I will then be taking a break for a little while.

Damien was close now, just a few more trees and he’d be at the mountain base.

Pip’s life however was still slipping away.

As he broke through the tree front, he ran into Craig who was sitting on a rock. In his arms was Tweek, he was leaning in Craig’s arms while using his powers to make little snow Guinea pigs dance in the air.

Craig saw Damien and poked Tweek to get his attention. The boy made the snow disperse and looked to see Damien and Pip. Panic set in as he got up, ice now forming on the floor from the sight before his eyes.

“Oh God! Damien what happened! Is Pip okay?!”

Damien just looked panicked as he ran towards the path, not paying the two spirits any attention.

Tweek turned to Craig, “Craig, get everyone! They gahh have to be told what’s happening! Get them to the mountain!”

Craig kissed Tweek to calm him down a little before turning away, “I’ll be back soon honey, follow him!”

Tweek nodded, full of courage now.

Craig shot into the air and started to yell.

Tweek caught up with Damien and kept stride with him. Normally this would be impossible, but the God was so weak Tweek was having very little trouble doing so.

Tweek saw that Pip had a fever, so he stopped focusing on repressing his powers and placed his hand on his head.

Pip’s face calmed for a second as he focused on the cooling sensation. It was soothing and Pip needed it.

Damien’s looked at Tweek and nodded. The two of them placed Pip between them and ran together, doing their best to work as a team. Damien had his legs while Tweek held his shoulders. Tweek capped his powers a little so it helped Pip, but didn’t hurt him.

Tweek heard a caw and saw Craig in the sky. The boy indicated behind him and Tweek saw most
of the spirits following. Red was also in the air along with a few other birds he assumed were Kyle and Scott.

Tweek nodded as he looked at Damien. He was about to speak, but the worry on the God’s face caused him to fall silent and just focus on getting to the mountain.

The second they entered the cave, Damien took Pip from Tweek and placed him on his stone table, throwing his map to the floor.

Damien was on his knees he was so weak at this point. He started to chant, trying to heal Pip with the magic in the air, but he was straining.

He tried to make his eyes turn blue again, but he physically couldn’t.

Damien wanted to cry again.

He then heard Pip’s heart stop.

Damien stood up and hugged Pip, “No... no.... I have to heal you! Keep your heart beating!”

Tweek looked at all the spirits in worry.

Damien placed his hands on Pip’s chest and started doing light compressions so he didn’t break any ribs.

Kyle stepped forwards and tapped Damien’s shoulder.

Damien turned to see Kyle’s outstretched hand and a kind look in his amber eyes.

“Take some of my spirit energy to heal him. Kenny did that to me once to heal Ike, so I know you can do it too. Heal him Damien.”

Kyle then stretched his other hand to the rest of the spirits present, “We’ll all lend our energy to heal him. Ike just had a scratch, Pip needs his heart restarted so I know my energy won’t be enough.”

Stan was the first to take Kyle’s hand, stretching his hand out in turn to the others. Craig was the next one surprisingly, followed by Tweek who was once again suppressing his powers. Clyde slammed his hand into Tweek’s, nodding to the boy before holding his hand out to his girlfriend. Bebe looked at Wendyl and took his hand before taking her boyfriends. Scott then extended a paw to Wendyl, who took it without a second thought, placing his umbrella under his arm so he wouldn’t drop it. Token was next who carefully took Scott’s other paw, scared of hurting him. Nichole took his hand before he even had to look who it was, she then held a hand out to Heidi. Heidi was sceptical, hesitating as she knew this was her fault. Red took her hand and gave her a questioning look. Heidi swallowed her fear and took Nichole’s hand. Red saw Timmy hop over. She smiled as she placed a hand on his head.

They all looked at Kyle, who smiled at them and mouthed a silent thank you.

Kyle turned back to Damien with a smile, “Do it Damien!”

Damien grabbed Pip’s hand and then took Kyle’s.

All the spirits felt a drain as Damien used their combined powers.

Pip’s eyes shot open as his heart re started.
He coughed a few times before throwing up on the floor.

The venom was out of his system.

Damien pulled Pip close, “I thought I lost you! I’m so sorry Pip... If I hadn’t...”

Pip hugged him as tight as his arms would let him, “I’m okay Damien.... I knew you’d do it...”

As the two hugged, Heidi slithered forwards.

“... I’m sorry...”

Damien turned to her, his eyes glowing.

“... you...”

All the spirits looked confused as Heidi hung her head in shame, “..... I don’t expect forgiveness. That human, he could see me, he threatened me if I didn’t help him. That demon called Leslie then appeared and almost killed me. She said she’d let me go if I helped her.... I didn’t want to... but... I’m so, so sorry Damien. If you want to banish me... do it... if you want to destroy me.... do it... I’m just glad that I could help revive him.”

Pip sat up and looked at Damien, “She’s telling the truth, the human drugged me using her venom. He was the cause of this along with Leslie, not her.”

Damien looked at Pip and then back at Heidi, “.... I forgive you.... We all make mistakes... but next time you tell me....”

Tweek then stepped forward, “Damien, what happened? Who is Leslie?”

Damien looked pained, “... Leslie is-”

He was interrupted by a Cartman crashing into the mountain cave, “Jesus, that was not fucking cool! That bitch knocked me out cold!”

Damien looked at the spirit, “Did you see what happened with Kenny?”

Cartman looked up and shrugged, “I don’t fucking know! I was knocked unconscious and just ran first chance I got!”

Damien was about to yell at the raccoon for running, when Jimmy then entered along with Kevin who was carrying Karen in his arms. Karen held an orange kimono to her chest that only Damien recognised.

Kevin put the girl down and patted her head as Timmy hopped over. Timmy jumped into her arms and she started to cry again.

Kevin was the one who came forwards, “Kenny.... he’s dead.... a Kumo Yōkai did it. I would recognise that demon anywhere.”

He looked at Red who looked pained. Kevin didn’t tell anyone anything though, not wanting to betray Red’s trust.

Damien’s eyes narrowed but he was too weak to throw anything.

Kyle growled, “That thing that tried to kill my brother got him.”
Clyde scratched his head, “Okay, I’m lost, what the fuck is going on?”

Kyle looked at Damien and sighed, “You had your chance. You could have told us.... but instead you kept it silent and now one of us is dead.”

Kyle looked at everyone, “We are not alone here, there is a demon known as a Kumo Yōkai who has been trying to hurt us for some time. Kenny told me about her when she tried to kill Ike.”

Cartman scoffed, “That’s just a lie, there’s no way that something like that exists!”

Red shook her head, “Shut up dick brain, it’s true because I was attacked too.”

“Me too.” Token stated with a sigh.

Kyle nodded, “Leslie, this Kumo Yōkai, wants Damien dead so she can rule in his place. She wants to take our power to do this, and now she got Kenny somehow.”

Karen shook her head, “It’s my fault... the demon got me and he gave his life to protect me... if it wasn’t for Kevin I would be dead.”

Kevin patted her shoulder, “It’s not your fault Karen.”

Scott tail flicked, “Kevin, how did you protect her?”

Kevin smiled as he raised a hand, white light came out of it, “Apparently I have some holy power that can repel her. I do have powers like the rest of you! I promise to use them to make sure this demon doesn’t hurt anyone else!”

Scott smiled, “You are full of thsurprithses.”

Scott then knelt down so he was level with Karen, “Kevin iths right, it’ths not your fault... it’ths Leslie who’ths the one responsible. I bet you were very brave...”

Pip nodded, “Leslie is responsible for everything.... She..... she’s the one that killed you all... it was all her plan...”

The air then turned cold.

Ice covered the walls and floors.

Pip and Karen’s breath became visible as they shivered.

Everyone turned to Tweek who had stopped shaking. Ice flew around him as the starts of a blizzard began outside.

“That bitch is going to pay.... she killed Kenny for what? Power? She killed the person who selflessly bought us all back together..... She killed all of us.... cut our lives short... just to kill us again.... how did she even....”

Damien sighed, “She had a human help her. Nathan.... she got him to help her. He lost his mind when he came into contact with the spirit world, so Leslie used him to get what she wanted...... He’s dead now though, I reduced him to ashes after I broke free from the venom Heidi used on me.”

Heidi started to cry, “Damien.... thank you.”
Tweek’s eye only narrowed and glowed silver, “So only she is left. Well let’s go get revenge for Kenny right now!”

Craig grabbed his boyfriend, “Babe, that’s suicide! You’re not thinking straight, please calm down!”

Tweek pushed an arm out as he blew Craig across the cave. He lifted off the ground so he was floating, “Shut up! You can’t stop me Craig! I won’t stop until I’ve avenged the person who helped us be together finally!”

Clyde looked at Token and jumped onto Tweek, “Tweekers! You’re going to hurt yourself! This is what she wants!”

Tweek just placed his hand on the Kyonshii and froze him solid in a block of ice. This distraction however gave Token enough time to restrain Tweek’s arms.

“GET OFF ME TOKEN!”

Craig flew back over to Tweek and captured his lips in his own.

“GAY!”

Craig flipped Cartman off as he continued to kiss his boyfriend.

Tweek somehow held his powers back to not hurt him, and slowly came back to his senses.

Craig pulled back as soon as he felt the air warm up.

He placed a hand on Tweek’s cheek, “You better now Honey?”

Tweek’s eye spilled over as he nodded, “Yeah.... I’m sorry Craig.”

Craig hugged him as Token released him, “Don’t apologise, I’m mad too, we all are.”

As to iterate his point, Craig pointed to everyone. Their eyes were all glowing, even Pip’s.

Karen just sobbed as she held the kimono to her chest.

Craig then tapped the ice block Clyde was in, causing it to shatter.

“Burr... Damn Tweekers, your powers are strong!”

Tweek hugged Craig as he looked at the floor, “Sorry about that Clyde.”

Clyde shook his head, “If you hadn’t said it I would have.”

Karen finally looked up and realised one person was missing, probably the most important one.

“Damien, while Kevin fills everyone in, may I take Jimmy with me to the lake.... Butters still doesn’t know... and I promised my guardian angel to tell him something.”

Everyone turned as all the anger was replaced with more sadness.

Token felt extra bad as he knew that Kenny had never managed to confess.... now he would never have the chance.

Damien nodded, “Please, go ahead... but take Kyle with you. You need someone to protect you and
I get the feeling Kyle already knows a lot with what’s going on. Kyle, come see me after and I’ll answer any questions you have left.”

Karen turned, Jimmy floated behind her, his eyes still glowing. Kyle followed behind them, glaring at the God before he left.

Damien turned to the spirits and sighed.

“Kyle was right. I took too long to tell you, but I was going to.... I was going to tell you all before this happened... so allow me to fill you all in on who Leslie is... how Kenny is linked to me and her.... and what I fear she wants from us all.”

Damien sighed as Pip took his hand, “It all started one hundred years ago...”

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Karen holding Kenny's kimono can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/184949849519/please-click-for-better-quality-scene
I never got to say that I loved you too

Chapter Notes

So I'm posting this now as I have a busy day and then I'm away at comic con.

Also, as this is the last chapter of this arc I will be taking a break for a while. At least for two weeks, maybe more.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jimmy and Kyle were walking a few meters behind Karen at the girl’s request. Despite this they still watched over her like a pair of hawks.

She continued to hold the orange kimono to her chest, trying to find some strength in it so she could face Butters. This was Kenny’s last wish after all, she wanted to grant it. She knew it would hurt, but it had to be done.

She just continued to walk, pulling her own kimono up so she wouldn’t trip over it.

She then saw the lake come into view. She knew that there was no turning back now... she had to tell Butters even if it broke her heart to do so.

She stopped and turned to Jimmy and Kyle, “Can you two keep watch? I don’t want to overwhelm him by having too many people there. I want it to be just us. Would that be okay?”

Kyle was about to protest when Jimmy put and arm out in front of him, “Of c-c-curse Karen... we’ll be c-c-close by though so g-give us a yell if you n-n-n-n-need us.”

Kyle rolled his eyes, “Fine, but I’m shifting into a hare so I can keep close but not disturb you... Kenny protected us so I can do the same. I will never be able to repay him for giving me this new life. The first sign of danger I’m getting you out of there! I may not be Kenny, but I understand the feeling of protecting a loved one.”

Karen nodded in understanding as she turned to go towards the lake. True to his word, Kyle shifted into a hare while Jimmy floated around to patrol the area.

She saw Butters practicing firing water from his beak as she approached. The kappa saw her and jumped out of the water, rushing towards her. Next thing she knew, she was being hugged by the water spirit. She didn’t care he was making her kimono wet, she just wanted to be comforted.

“Oh thank goodness! Ken got to you in time! Are you hurt? Oh hamburgers, that cut on your cheek looks awfully deep! Can I clean it so it doesn’t get infected for you? I promise to be careful.”

Karen nodded slowly. Butters knew then that something was up, but he focused on helping Karen first and foremost.

He led her over to the water and placed a hand on the surface. Using his own powers, he purified the water before lifting a cupped webbed hand to Karen’s cheek, carefully cleaning the painful gash and the dirt from her face.
Once he was happy the wound was clean of dirt he looked at the orange kimono in her arms. He had never seen it before.

“Karen, why the long face? Did something happen? Ken saved you didn’t he?”

Karen willed her tears away as she looked at Butters, “I have a message for you from Kenny.”

Butters sat next to her as she took a few deep breaths, “He says he’s sorry. Sorry he never got to say goodbye to you.”

Butters blood went ice cold as a wave of realisation hit him.

There was a reason Kenny wasn’t with Karen.

Whatever had happened when Kenny had run off had sealed his fate.

Karen finally looked at the kappa in the eyes, “He’s sorry that he left you all alone again.”

Butters took Karen’s hand, “No.... he can’t be.....”

Karen’s tears finally betrayed her, “Guardian spirit gave his life to save me. That demon.... Leslie, she tried to kill me and Kenny intercepted it. He took the hit and saved me. She then took his soul and killed him... this is all that is left.”

Karen held up the kimono and Butters took in.

Karen looked at the ground, “.... He was human for a second... before he shattered. He told me in his final moments to apologise to you. I’m sorry... this is all my fault... people keep telling me it isn’t but........”

Butters hugged Karen as tears spilled from his own eyes, “Don’t you say that.... Kenny would never want you to think that... he was kind that way... He made this choice. It really isn’t your fault. It was Leslie who killed him so It’s all her...... she.....”

Butters then released Karen, “... I think... I need to be alone.... I’m sorry Karen, but can you do that for me?”

Karen nodded. As she got up, Butters noticed a hare jump next to her and follow her. Butters knew it was most likely Kyle, and was happy the girl had protection on her way back.

Butters fell into the water.

As he sunk to the bottom he held his legs to his chest, curling into a ball. All the while not letting go of the clothing Karen had given to him.

‘Ken..... you have nothing to be sorry about.... you died as you lived...... protecting those in need..... Those who couldn’t protect themselves. You gave me this second chance and I promise to not waste it........ I know this.... but why does my chest feel so tight.... I felt the pain of so many of my friends dying, yet why does it hurt more now that Ken is gone?’

Butters started to think of all the times Kenny had come to see him. He held a webbed hand up to his damaged left eye as he did.

‘I remember when we met. My mother.... she hadn’t sorted my eye out that night, she just let it get worse and thought putting a bandage over it would be enough. She brought me to this very lake as she ended my life.... I felt like I deserved it as I was a bad son... I was always making a fool of
myself. When I awoke as a spirit it was Ken who I first saw.... he carried me in a way no one ever had.... I felt safe in his arms then as he took my soul to Damien. I was worried about becoming a monster, but Ken was so comforting. It was then that he made that promise..... a promise that he never broke despite how busy he was. It was his kindness that made me take the deal... I never regretted that choice.’

Tears still escaped his eyes, but the water all around him hid them from the world. It was if the lake was trying to soothe him as he closed his eyes and hugged his legs tighter to his chest.

‘The first time he called me Leo... I was so happy. He visited so much to ask how I was and to watch me perform my water tricks. He always refilled my water bowl when it was getting low and he always made me laugh. Ah, I remember that other time when the lake froze over thanks to Tweek’s powers. Everyone came to see me, I was scared at first because of my new appearance and that everyone would pick on me or be scared, but Ken stayed with me as everyone welcomed me. Ken then helped me by holding my hand. He didn’t have to, but he did it anyway. Then Tweek ran away and the whole lake thawed. Me and Wen....dy? Yeah I think she was Wendy at the time, were the only ones who were okay. Still, that water fight was fun. I sprayed Ken in the face and he got this smirk as he started to fight back. It was the most fun I’d ever had!’

Butters face became gloomy, ‘But that was short lived. Leslie started to hurt us not long after that. Ken and I had to save Token from her. Oh geez, that was not a good day. Doesn’t help that I missed half of it by bowing to Token after freeing him, I was frozen in place for quite a while. I was grateful that Ken got me back here. But then he started acting a little strange after I told him my dream. Was it because of Leslie? He had been crying... I hated seeing him like that. He tried to say it didn’t matter, but I could tell.... He made me change the subject... I wish I could have helped him more. He was still acting weird though.... I know it was because I had a leaf on my head but even so I-’

Butters train of thought stopped, ‘.... Wait... was it because of the leaf? He made me stay still and close my eyes.... His breath was also close to my face.... he couldn’t have...’

Butters eyes opened wide as he realised what the shinigami had really been trying to do.

‘He.... he was going to kiss me..... It wasn’t some leaf.... Ken was going to kiss me!’

Butters eyes started to leak again, but this time for a different reason.

‘He.... he liked me didn’t he...... Damien did say he was acting different when he first made me a kappa. Ken had a crush on me and he became friends to get to know me more.... is that why my heart hurts so much? Did I..... like him too?’

Butters thought about how Kenny made him feel, trying to piece together his true feelings.

‘Whenever he smiled my day seemed to be good. Whenever we hugged I felt safe....He always seemed to be able to have the answer and was always there when I needed him. Whenever he called me Leo I felt complete..... There’s no denying it.... I..... I think I may have liked him back.’

Butters swam to the surface and climbed onto the lakes bank.

“Ken..... I’m sorry.... I only realised how I felt now that you’re gone..... I didn’t realise that and now I can never tell you..... I’m so sorry....”

Butters eyes then began to glow as anger took over.

“Leslie..... she destroyed our happiness.... she ruined everything....”
Butters looked at the sky, “... I vow.... I will kill Leslie and anyone who helped kill him! I don’t care who it is.... they took someone precious from me....”

Fresh tears leaked from Butters’ eyes as he swore his revenge deep in his heart.

‘No one kills my family and gets away with it!’

Everyone was hurt.

The pain was powerful.

But despite that they all made one wish.

They would destroy Leslie no matter what.

Even if it cost them their own lives by the end of it...

End of Peaceful times arc

Chapter End Notes

As this is an end of an arc and I know people like to marathon read long fics, I advise anyone reading this when this story is done to take a loo break and maybe drink some water and/or have a snack. Don't worry, the story will wait, just take care of yourself first.

Scene redraw of Butters underwater can be found here:

(Will add when Tumblr posts it when its scheduled)
The happy times are gone

Chapter Notes

Hey.... so I'm back.... sorry, Irl got really busy.... and motivation was lost for a long time.

I have fan art! This really helped me find my passion again!
Frist, we have Clybe art by nunukim from when Clyde first wakes up. It's really cute!: https://nunukim182.tumblr.com/post/185493656873/i-draw-this-art-at-march-that-time-i-dont-use

We also have Revin art by the same person! This is from the Christmas special and I love it: https://nunukim-182.tumblr.com/post/185633791563/i-was-pretty-shocked-about-kevin-gets-bullied-in

Thank you Nunukim... you helped me find my passion once more... I hope you enjoy this last art along with everyone else!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Start of Death arc

“What the fuck Damien! It’s been two weeks! You must have recovered by now! We need to get revenge for Kenny this instant!”

Kyle screeched at the God sitting in the stone throne before him. He sat there, unmoving, his face frozen with his normal scowl.

The God had refused to leave the mountain since the whole ordeal with Kenny and Pip, and was now working doubly hard on making sure the charms on the mountain would keep Leslie out. He had also been spending every second helping Pip recover. The werewolf was alive, but he still wasn’t well as he kept throwing up. The poison really had done a number on his immune system and Damien was worried his heart would stop again. Even when the full moon had hit, the wolf had stayed in the cave so the God could take care of him.

The God had been using all his spare energy to heal him and because of this had failed to contact any of the other spirits.

The spirits, getting annoyed that their God was becoming a shut in again, had sent Kyle and Stan to talk some sense into him. Mostly it was because Kyle was driving them crazy with moaning, but no one said that out loud as they didn’t want the redhead going off on yet another speech about how they needed to do something. They sent Stan with him as he was the only one who could deal with his insistent ramblings.

Craig and Red were also patrolling the skies every day now. They had taken it upon themselves to continue doing Kenny’s job. Kevin often joined them as his powers would be useful. Craig had a feeling that his cousin had a thing for the nerd, but he didn’t call them out as he was too focused on
his job (and he was a nerd when it came to space so he wasn’t going to be a hypocrite). He still didn’t really like Kevin though for charming his cousin somehow, but having more hands if Leslie turned up was far more important.

Butters, who was now living in the fountain in the village for safety reasons, had tried to calm Kyle, but everyone could tell that the Kappa was angry. They knew he wanted Leslie dead as much as the rest of them, but they didn’t call him out on his changed behaviour as it was obvious he was in pain. Well Cartman had, but when Butters had sworn at him, the raccoon had decided to back off.

Karen had also changed. The sparkle that was once in the young girls eyes was now gone. What was worse was that her family hadn’t noticed. Tricia and Ike had, but the young girl had just lied that her cut was a result of being clumsy. She couldn’t tell them anything, too worried that they’d go mad like Nathan. The girl was stuck between two different worlds, not welcome in either entirely.

After Damien refused to answer, Stan growled from beside Kyle, “Yeah! Just use your god powers and kill her already! You’re a fucking God! So, do some God things and smite the bitch! We deserve to be safe!”

Damien glared at the two canids before him, “It’s not that simple! She has the powers of a shinigami now! Do you have any idea how easy it would be for her to just kill us all now?! And I’ve been trying to kill her for one hundred years! She’s fucking hard to catch! I created her and with her own magic she’s pretty hard to kill! She survived one of my fire balls when she was still an ordinary spider for crying out loud!”

Kyle just shook his head, “Yeah, but can’t you use more than one fireball or something like that and destroy her! Use that blue fire thing like you did before!? Reduce her to ashes!”

Damien sighed, “I don’t know how I did that! I wish I did! It just came to me when Pip got hurt! Besides, even if I could, we have no idea where she is! And... there’s another reason....”

Kyle scoffed, “What is this other fucking reason! It better be important!”

Damien sighed, “Leslie can now summon Kenny’s scythe... That scythe can kill spirits in an instant if she uses it right, and with no Shinigami the souls of the innocent aren’t going to be able to pass on either! Their souls are going to suffer and Leslie is just going to eat them to become stronger! If she hits me with the scythe all of us die and it’s game over! I can’t risk that! What’s to say that after this village she won’t destroy the rest of Japan.... the world?! I can't let that happen! As a God I must protect this world!”

Kyle sighed, “We have to do something! I can’t just sit around waiting for death! We’re not helpless humans anymore! We have powers and we can help!”

Damien slammed his hand down on his throne, causing a crack to form all the way to the floor, “I’m trying okay! Do you think I like this! I fear she’s going to go the village and just slaughter everyone! What kind of God am I if I can't protect anyone?? I can't put you guys in harm's way either! You don't understand... I can't lose anyone else...”

Kyle was about to start screaming again when Stan put a hand on his shoulder, “Dude.... I think we need to back off. Damien isn’t just sitting around doing nothing. Let's just tell the others and just calm down.”

Kyle glared but sighed, “Yeah... Damien.... just..... do what you can. This whole situation is fucked
Damien nodded, “I’m using the mountain to keep my powers stable, but remember, no one goes looking for her, we can’t risk it!”

Stan nodded as he bowed to the God, “Thanks Damien. We’re.... we’re all sacred okay. Everyone is on edge and we just want to stay alive. We all suffered death once, we don’t want to experience it again.... especially when this time we don’t get a second chance.”

Damien nodded, “I understand.... just, next time don’t yell so much.”

Kyle rolled his eyes, “Whatever.”

They both heard vomiting then.

Damien sighed, concern covering his face, “I got to check on him... he’s doing better, but even with his wolf side healing him faster, there still residual magic in him. He needs more rest.”

Stan nodded, “We’ll tell the others that. Thanks Damien.”

Damien stood up and hurried to his human's side. He still hadn't realised his feelings, but he knew that if anything happened to Pip he would lose it.

As the two spirits left, they were still annoyed.

“.... Damien has no idea that he likes Pip does he?”

Kyle gritted his teeth, “It’s so fucking annoying! God, it’s like Tweek and Craig all over again, but somehow more annoying! Fuck, would he just kill that spider already and then admit his feelings to the British boy!”

Stan looked at Kyle to see his two tails flicking from side to side.

“Dude, come on, I know you’re angry but if Cartman was to see you right now it would not be good. We did what we could.”

Kyle continued to scowl, “I just..... what if Ike gets hurt! Damien may just have a lot to worry about but he can’t understand how much I’m worried about all this! He’s just sat in that cave for weeks! We don’t even have Pip to help us get him to see reason because he’s still sick! And what about the rest of us! What if that bitch catches someone and kills them! What if she takes more of our powers! What if by the end of this she’s murdered everyone and-”

Kyle was cut off by Stan suddenly hugging him tightly from behind.

“Ky, I know you’re stressed, but you need to calm down. All you’re doing is making yourself more stressed so you don’t see clearly. Just.... breathe...”

Kyle started to take calming breaths as Stan held him tighter.

Stan started to talk again, his face heating up, “Ky, I’m worried too you know. This whole thing is making me worry about what could happen.... I don’t ever want to lose you.... It was bad enough watching you when I died.... I don’t want you to be alone like that ever again.”

Kyle held Stan’s arms as he calmed himself, “I’m still sorry you saw me like that Stan.”

Stan shook his head, “Don’t apologise, I was the fool for trying to be a hero when I should have
Kyle felt his heart speed up and his face starting to heat up.

‘What the hell! Am I getting mad again? What Stan said shouldn’t make me mad....’

Stan nuzzled his face in Kyle’s hair, “I promise Ky, I will stay with you. I’ll never leave you again.”

Kyle was tempted to call his friend out on how gay he sounded, but his heart was beating too fast for him to focus.

‘.... Stan.... what is going on with me?... Oh great, I’m like Tweek and Craig aren’t I....Dammit Stan! Why are you so good at calming me to the point that I start crushing on you?! This is all I need on top of everything else that’s going on!’

Stan continued to hug Kyle, not realising his friend was having an inner crisis, “... Sorry, I just did the only thing I could think of.”

Kyle sighed as he scratched Stan’s chin, causing the dog spirit to lose control of his tail, “It’s okay... you always know what to do to calm me don’t you Stan.”

Stan nodded, “I’ve grown up with you Ky, as your super best friend it’s my job to know how. I wouldn’t be a good one if I didn’t”

Kyle’s face continued to heat up. He was thankful that his fur would stop it from being noticeable.

‘.... I’ll tell him how I feel when this whole Leslie thing is sorted... I am not going to take seven years like the idiots or be oblivious like Damien and Pip. Still, I wonder if this is actually feelings and isn’t just my brain tricking me while I’m stressed.... I should probably think this over for a while first before I jump into anything. We should focus on her first instead of clouding our minds with stuff that will distract us! We have to make sure everyone is safe... except Cartman... but then again, her getting his powers would be a total hassle....”

Stan meanwhile still had his face buried and was trying to hide his own blush, ‘Dammit, I got it bad for Ky! But no, I can’t tell him while he’s worried about his brother! Plus I don’t even know how he feels! I don’t want to ruin what we have, but I should tell him when this all blows over so we can at least try and figure out what to do. He will always be my super best friend so even if it’s one sided, he can help me. First though we need to deal with Leslie.... but I still won’t take as long as Craig and Tweek.... I never want to be that slow!’

Stan finally moved his face out of Kyle’s hair, “You good?”

Kyle nodded, “Yeah.... as good as you can be at least in this situation! Let’s just head back to the village. I want to check on Ike... and maybe stop off to see Karen. She’s still shaken up by everything. I really worry what she might do.”

Stan nodded, “She’s having to act like nothing’s happened around Tricia and your brother after all. The least we can do is be here for her.”

Kyle and Stan started to walk, their hands only inches apart.
Scene redraw of Stan hugging Kyle can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/185916176694/please-click-for-better-quality-scene-redraw-of
“It’s all my fault... everything that happened is because of me!”

Heidi had coiled herself up in an abandoned corner of the village, crying her eyes out.

‘If I had been braver Kenny would still be alive and Pip wouldn’t have gotten hurt... I should have never taken this second chance! I’m a danger to everyone! I should have just died that day when that snake bit me!’

Heidi continued to sniff and blubber, so hurt by her own actions that she could never truly forgive herself. Her kind heart just couldn’t take the dishonour. She may not have taken Kenny’s life, but she felt as if she had.

Heidi was so distraught she didn’t notice the figure coming up to her.

“... Heidi?”

Heidi turned her head sharply to see Wendy looking at her. Heidi gasped as she tried to run.

“Wait!” Wendy grabbed the snake spirits arm instinctively.

Heidi stopped, but refused to look at Wendy still.

Wendy just smiled kindly at her friend, loosening her grip on Heidi’s arm, “Heidi, you have to stop blaming yourself.... Pip will live... Besides, it’s not like you did it on purpose... you were forced into it.”

Wendy’s eyes flashed red, her anger becoming more evident, “It was all Nathan’s and Leslie’s fault.... We had no idea he was in league with her, if we had, we would have stopped him far sooner..... Leslie used you as a weapon.... But at least we know that her venom isn’t as powerful as yours... she wouldn’t have used you if that was the case.”

Heidi continued to cry, “.... That doesn’t comfort me Wendy.”

Wendy sighed as she pulled Heidi close, “I know.... I just.... my brain just worked it out. What the important thing is that I’m here. You don’t have to suffer alone.”

Heidi broke down as she fell one Wendy’s shoulder, hugging her tightly.

“I’m so so so so sorry Wendy...... Everything is my fault....”

Wendy rubbed her friends back in reassurance, “No it isn’t Heidi. You don’t have to apologize.”

As Heidi broke down, her mind went back to something Cartman had said to her.
“Don’t trust any of them. I heard some of them are in league with Leslie... I bet they want your trust so they can steal your venom again...... Don’t fall for their tricks....”

“But what about you? How can I trust you?”

“Hey.... I’m honest with my hate for the others... Khal especially. Besides, I don’t need venom... it’s too quick. I have my own tricks I can use!”

“That.... that’s not good Eric! Please don’t joke about that!”

“Sorry Heidi.... But please keep my words in mind.... I trust you... I don’t want you getting hurt again.”

Heidi pulled away from Wendy, “.... Wends.... can I be left alone please... I .... I don’t trust myself at the moment.”

Wendy tried to argue, but the look in Heidi’s eyes made her realise that space was what the girl really needed more than anything right now.

“Okay.... but please, don’t stay alone for too long. You need to be with friends. Closing yourself off is only going to make you worse in the long run.... We’re always here, whenever you need us… don’t forget that.”

Heidi nodded as Wendy walked away.

Heidi curled back into a heap on the floor, her head resting on her tail.

She didn’t even know how long she stayed like that, too absorbed in her own mind and self-hate to really process it.

‘It’s all your fault.’

‘You hurt them.’

‘You destroyed the peace.’

‘You should have died instead.’

‘You are worthless.’

‘I bet you enjoyed it.’

Heidi covered her ears.

She could feel herself slipping. Her spirit mind and her human mind were at war. The human side was losing, but Heidi wasn’t backing down.

She tried to fight back her own mind. Her hands moved to her face as she tried to hide herself, her eyes glowing pure yellow. The snake in her was trying to come out.

‘SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!’

The darkness in her finally took hold however. Heidi blacked out as her spirit powers took over. That pure animalistic force.
The snake was free.

She sat up as she her tongue flicked out to taste the air. Crawling on her hands and knees she had one thing on her mind.

‘...Mussssst..... eat...... mussssssst.....KILL.....’

“Heidi?”

Heidi sat up and hissed at the voice, wrapping her tail around the neck of the person. Her eyes were thin slits as her spirit nature completely took her over.

‘... Foooood.... yessssssss.....’

The figure clawed at her tail, trying to break free.

Using all its breathe, the figure called out, trying to reach what was left of Heidi in the darkness of her mind.

“HEIDI! IT’S ME!”

Heidi finally snapped out of her trance to see Cartman in her tail. The raccoon was gasping for his neck, his eyes slowly rolling back into his head as Heidi’s tail tightened around his frail neck.

‘Kill him!’

‘You enjoy the power don’t you?’

‘You just have to tighten an inch further.’

‘We must eat!’

Her eyes widened.

Her brain finally calmed as she realised what she was doing. The voices disappeared.

She dropped him, “No.... Eric.... I’m so sorry... I.... I can’t....”

Cartman rubbed his neck and coughed a few times before walking over to Heidi, hugging her and patting her head.

“Shhhhhh, babe..... You’re hurting.... I’m not mad.”

Heidi broke down all over again.

Cartman just sighed as he continued to comfort her, keeping his nice act up.

“I saw you with Wendy.... You did good. We can’t trust anyone as much as we did any more. I promise to protect you from the liars that want to use you. You just have to listen to me and you’ll be safe.... I promise you that.”

If Heidi’s mind had been in the right place, she knew she would have been more careful around the raccoon trickster, the one who had constantly made the other spirits life annoying.

But her mind was starting to break. All the voices in her head returned, stopping her from thinking clearly. They just wanted her to feel bad. They wanted her to die. They wanted her to give up and
disappear so they could do as they pleased. Cartman however was giving her hope.

If only she knew that hope was misplaced.

She hugged Cartman tightly, “Thank you Eric…. I’ll do what you say….. I just….. I don’t want to be a monster……”

Cartman smiled cruelly as he lifted a strand of her hair away from her ear, “You shouldn’t feel bad about Pip…. he’s a liar you know…. He wants to get close to Damien to steal his powers….. I heard him talk about wanting to get the power to give to his alpha…….. we can’t trust him. He’s getting the god to fall for him.”

Cartman, seeing that Heidi was shaking started to add fuel to his mind breaking.

“You know what I think? I think Leslie is trying to help Damien…. but since she’s a spider no one will listen to her.”

Heidi pulled back, “…. but she killed Kenny…. Kevin said that Kumo Yōk-”

Cartman placed a clawed finger over her lips, “Shhhhh….. Leslie feels bad about Kenny. She took his powers so he could live on inside her….. it was a mistake.”

Heidi was sceptical, “But…..”

Cartman hugged her, “Please believe me Heidi…..”

Heidi’s mind was a mess. Who could she trust? Who could she not? What should she do?

Heidi just continued to cry, “…. Okay…. I’ll help….. I want to protect Damien….. if Pip wants to hurt him then I shouldn’t feel bad right?”

Cartman smiled. His plan was working.

“Yes. Pip is an outsider after all.”

Heidi raised herself up and dried her eyes as best she could.

“Okay…. Thank you Eric. You’re a good friend. I’m sorry I misjudged you for so many years.”

Cartman smiled, “It’s not your fault. The others made you that way. And I didn’t really help by saying mean things about you. But that doesn’t matter. The past is the past. Let’s just focus on the future…. we’ll make it so someday everyone is on our side.”

Heidi nodded, “… Yeah…”

Cartman turned away, rubbing his hands together.

‘It’s almost time…. soon her mind will be mine….. then the real fun can start….. Oh Leslie, you have no idea what my real goal is here do you…..’

Cartman just had to bide his time.
Scene redraw of Heidi losing herself to the voices can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/186078703979/please-click-for-better-quality-
scene-redraw-of
Outside help

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, so this chapter is a bit more on the fluffy side of things. After last week I wanted to spare you all for a bit.

Also I forgot to mention, I've started doing all my chapter art digitally. As of chapter 50 that has been the case... Sorry about that

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Are you sure you’re well enough to do this Pip? You’ve only stopped throwing up twelve hours ago. I fear you’ll relapse. You’re only human… with some wolf blood.”

Damien looked at the recovering werewolf next to him with concerned eyes. Pip just smiled at him, a warm calming smile that put Damien’s mind at ease slightly.

Pip carefully stood up, using the cave wall for support, “I’ll be fine Damien. It’s more important that we get them on our side anyway. They said I could contact them if I was in danger at any point. I can’t sit around and do nothing when all our friends are scared for their lives. They deserve to feel safe again as soon as possible. It’s a gentleman’s duty to get those smiles to return.”

Damien wasn’t happy at all, but he caved thanks to how determined Pip was. He could never say no to him.

The God sighed as he put his arm under Pip’s, “At least let me help you. I am not letting you do this alone.”

Pip lent on Damien slowly, “If you insist. I’m telling you I’m fine though.”

Damien looked at Pip seriously, his glare getting more prominent, “Don’t lie!”

Pip smiled, “I suppose I shouldn’t. A gentleman is honest… but I just don’t want you to worry. My apologies for that…”

Damien sighed as he slowly walked him out of the cave and on the cliff that looked over the whole village, “Look…. You’re fine…. I just….. You’re my… my friend…. Of course I’m going to worry.”

Pip turned to Damien, letting him know he could let go. The God stayed still for a moment before he caved and released Pip. The God however decided to stay in arms reach in case the boy collapsed.

Pip staggered a little before he managed to get his footing. He then took a deep breath as he concentrated. His skin ripped slightly as he shifted into his wolf form. Damien looked concerned, but the wolf’s eyes seemed to convey a message that he was okay when he glanced at the God momentarily. Damien nodded back to him and Pip almost smiled.

Pip tried to howl, but it was a little awkward, and he still coughed a little. Damien almost ran over but Pip held a claw out freezing him in place. Pip flexed his claws a few times to try and get used to
being in this form again before he tried howling again. This time his voice echoed loudly into the night sky. Damien slowly put his hands to together as he started to chant slightly, amplifying the magic of the howl. The effects were immediate as it seemed like Pip voice was the night itself.

Pip started trying to connect his mind to Bradley. His mind was clouded and had interference, but he somehow knew what he needed to do. It was almost as if it was in his very blood.

‘Bradley? Are you there? It’s me, Pip. This is urgent and only you can help.’

There was a long silence before he heard a faint howl in his head. Even though it was just a howl, Pip could feel the emotion behind it as it slowly turned into words.

‘Pip? You there? Can you hear me?’

Pip couldn’t help but smile. He could almost see Bradley form in his mind.

‘Oh thank goodness! Bradley, it’s so good to hear you!’

He heard a faint chuckle as Bradley composed himself, ‘It has been a while. Sorry for the delay, it took me a while to change into my wolf form.’

Bradley suddenly appeared in Pip’s mind in his human form. It was almost as if it was an astral projection.

The boy folded his arms, ‘I’m guessing you got to Japan okay then?’

Pip nodded as he put his hands together, ‘Yeah, I even found a God willing to help me! He’s so kind and nothing like Christophe said he would be. However, he can’t undo what happened yet due to a problem here. That’s why I’m contacting you actually, we have a situation.’

Bradley got serious then, his blue wolf eyes becoming thin slits, ‘What happened? Are you hurt?’

‘I’ll be fine, don’t worry. I just got hit with poison, but Damien has been nursing me back to full health…. That’s the God’s name. He gave me permission to call him that. Anyway, the problem. We have a demon spider here that’s trying to kill everyone… Oh yeah, there’s a lot of spirits here. All lovely chaps! I’m sure you’d like them. Ah, sorry I’m getting distracted, it’s just so good to hear you. We need back up most urgently. If Gregory and Christophe can come help it would be greatly appreciated. Christophe wants his curse broken anyway and I know those two have fought paranormal beings before.’ Pip stated with a mental sigh.

Bradley’s voice was filled with determination, ‘I’ll give them the message… And I’ll come to! I want to help out somehow! A pureblood wolf such as myself can help! I’m not just some weakling! We’ll head off tonight so we can get their as soon as possible!’

It was then that a third figure joined the connection. Her voice cut through everything due to her power.

‘Are you going to consult me before you run off to help a conformist?’

Both Pip and Bradley gulped as they mentally turned to the figure of Henrietta Biggle, the alpha wolf.

Pip took a breath and bowed, ‘Henrietta... I hope you are doing well.’

The goth pureblood was silent before Pip heard her puff out some smoke, ‘Pip... I want you to
know I’m angry you ran away... but I am glad you didn’t die. Listen... you may be a fucking ass bro, but if you want to help Pip you can... he is part of our pack after all. Just don’t die. Get hurt all you want, lose a limb for all I care, but you have to keep our bloodline alive.’

Bradley rolled his eyes, ‘Glad you care about wellbeing sis!’

Henrietta shrugged, ‘Meh, you have your uses.’

Everyone was surprised when a fourth voice joined. They had no body in the head space as they weren’t a wolf, but Henrietta and Bradley could still feel his power.

Damien tried his best to speak English, but the God was very rusty, ‘I shall protect you kin. You have word as a God.’

Pip chuckled slightly, ‘My apologies, English isn’t Damien’s strong point. He’s still learning.’

Damien growled at himself, ‘I mean, I keep him breathing.... I protect boy.... ahhhh.... Bradley... keep safe!’

Henrietta went quiet, but Pip could see her shaking as she tried to keep her slight snigger silent. She’d never admit it though.

The goth girl recomposed herself as she went serious, ‘I get what he means. Just keep my dumb brother alive.’

Henrietta then disappeared, her form turning into mist.

Bradley switched to Japanese then. Damien was amazed at how good he sounded, ‘I’ll be there in a few days. I look forward to meeting you Damien. Any friend of Pip’s is a friend of mine.’

Bradley switched back to English as he addressed Pip once more, ‘Don’t you go dying on me. You better kick that sickness too! Me, Gregory and Christophe shall see you soon.’

Bradley then disappeared as the connection ended.

Pip sighed in relief. As he was about to shift back, he felt a hand on his head. The sensation was nice as the fingers scratched head and back. Pip looked and saw the God was petting him.

Pip, surprised that Damien was doing such a thing, shifted back to his human form in shock.

The God felt this and looked down, eyes wide as he realised what he was doing. Red formed on his features. It was the first time Pip had ever seen the God so flustered.

Pip blushed as he looked at the ground, “Oh.... Damien, I appreciate the gesture, just some warning next time?”

The God quickly looked away, the tips of his ears turning crimson, “I’m sorry... It’s just, I wondered what the fur felt like! I should have been more careful.”

The God then quickly turned on his heel back to the cave, “Now hurry up! I don’t want you catching a cold out here! You have to finish recovering British boy!”

Pip laughed as he followed the God inside. His legs were shaking but he was doing better than before he left the cave.

Damien sat at the table and passed the wolf his less ripped trousers. Pip nodded as he took them
He then felt a weight in the pocket.

The wolf boy pulled out the red ruby necklace he’d gotten weeks ago. He smiled as he remembered why he had the artifact.

Damien looked at the jewel, “I didn’t think you were interested in things like that.”

Pip shook his head, “I actually got it for you. I just forgot about it... how silly of me. After you told me about your past I wanted to do something nice for you... but then the thing with Nathan happened and it slipped my mind. I’ve been focusing on getting better so I didn’t feel it in my pocket.”

Pip held the necklace out to the god, “Well, better late than never. Consider this a gentleman’s promise. We both know our histories now so let this be a symbol of that promise. It matches your eye colour and mine in wolf form after all.”

Damien’s face softened as he took the necklace, quickly slipping it over his head. He grunted in annoyance when his horns got in the way however. He started to tug and got more annoyed when it didn’t budge.

Pip chuckled as he came over and helped the god out, “Okay, over the horn like so.... and... there we are! What do you think?”

Damien, slightly confused as to why Pip being so close had flustered him, cleared his throat and looked at the jewel.

“... It’s perfect Pip. Thank you.”

As he studied the jewel, Damien felt a warm heat in his chest. It confused him further. What was this feeling? He didn’t understand it.

Pip then yawned. Having used so much wolf energy whilst being sick had drained him to the point of exhaustion.

“I’m very sorry, but I think contacting Bradley has drained all my energy.... I need to take a nap.”

Pip stood up and bowed, “Pleasant dreams Damien. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Damien nodded as the wolf headed to his room.

Once alone, the God felt his cheeks heat up.

‘Pip... what is this emotion you stir in me? I don’t understand?... This feeling.... It feels nice.... I want to protect it....’

Damien continued to marvel at the jewel in his hand, not being able to stop his warm smile.

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Damien supporting a still sick Pip can be found here:
https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/186242213219/please-click-for-better-quality-scene-redraw-of
In these dark times I want to apologise

Chapter Notes

This chapter isn't exactly fluffy or angsty really. I just thought it would be good to clear one thing up with Token after what happened between him and Nichole in arc 2. Kind of short but I wanted this scene to be by itself.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The baku spirit sat in her flower field. She didn’t remember how long she’d remained seated there for. It felt like an eternity either way.

Many times Nichole had gone into the realm of dreams to try and escape reality, but even there she felt empty and hollow. No matter how many pleasant dreams waved near her she couldn’t help but feel the soul crushing touch of self hatred.

‘First it was Token.... now Kenny.... I’m losing everyone.... I should feel better by now... but it still hurts!’

Nichole sighed as she found her body and opened her eyes again. She saw the flowers all around her, remained unchanged as if she had just blinked.

Nichole looked at her hands as tears threatened to escape again. She wiped her eyes with her trunk as she sighed and fell on her back and looked up at the sky. How it was still sunny despite all the grey in their lives was a mystery to her. It was as if life was just moving on, uncaring.

‘I am the most useless spirit here.... I can’t fight.... I can’t transform, I don’t have any weapons and I can’t fly. I can’t even use my powers in this world. I’m only useful with dreams. Granted dreams can heal, but that is useless against Leslie. I want to help everyone who’s working so hard... but spiders.’

Nichole closed her eyes, ‘Ever since that nightmare which resulted in my death I have been terrified of the creatures. I know normal spiders can’t hurt me... but every time I remember that pain I feel like my body is burning. I want to get over this fear, but it’s so bad that I start hyperventilating and panicking. I just want things to go back to how they were. I want us all to be human again.’

Nichole curled into a ball as she cried, ‘Why can’t I stop crying! I’m still mourning Kenny, but why can’t I move on. I should be able to get over this!’

Nichole covered her face, ‘Who am I kidding.... Kenny was the kindest person. He was perv, but he never crossed the line. He knew when he went too far and would apologise. He was also so kind when any one was upset. He looked after Karen so much when he could. He protected all of us every day from Leslie, even if it meant keeping it a secret from us.’

Nichole was about to go back to the realm of dreams again when she felt a dark shape come over her closed eyelids. She opened her eyes abruptly but calmed when she saw Token.

The Oni looked sad as he offered Nichole a hand, “Please don’t cry by yourself.”
Nichole refused his hand as she sat up, “Why are you here.... don’t you hate me?”

Token shook his head, “Nichole... I came here to say I’m sorry. I lost my temper and that wasn’t good. My behaviour was uncalled for. Even if it was my spirit side that doesn’t excuse the fact that I let it take over my actions.”

Nichole looked away as Token crouched down, “Nichole.... I managed to remember a fragment of my past with you.”

Nichole turned to him, her eyes wide, “How... I took your dream! It should be impossible for you to remember!”

Token shook his head, “It hurt so badly, but you didn’t steal it. You blocked it somehow. I managed to break past the barrier and felt some feelings of my old self. It weakened me and that’s when Leslie attacked me.”

Nichole eyes started to get moist for a different reason, “So the reason you couldn’t fight Leslie was because...”

Token nodded, “That’s right. I was remembering you. I wanted to.”

Token lifted Nichole to her feet and dried her eyes carefully, keeping his claws away from her eyes.

“I want to get to know you again Nichole. One thing that Kenny’s death has taught me is that I shouldn’t hold off on this. I don’t know our future so I want to use the undetermined time we have to fall for you again. I’m honest. I want to do this for both of us. You really care for me and I want to share that love with you again. In time we can work together and recover all my memories.”

Nichole looked away, a slight blush on her features, “… I don’t want you to force yourself Token. I mean we don’t know if you’ll ever remember everything.”

Token smiled as he hugged the girl that was half his size, “I decided this myself... and even if I can’t, I know you can fill in the blanks I have. In time, between us both we can recover everything. I really want these feelings back Nichole.”

Nichole cried again as she hugged Token, “I know I’ve said it before.... but I am so sorry I took your dream Token. It was selfish... I was just trying to help.”

Token looked at Nichole, “It’s fine. I was angry before, but now I understand why you did it. Yes it was selfish, but you were trying to help in a way. I just want you to promise me you won’t ever do it again to anyone.”

Nichole looked down, “… I did it to Shelly too, Token.”

Token sat down on the ground, Nichole still in his arms, “I know... Stan said that you did it at his request. That is fine as he made you. He can deal with the fall out of that, you aren’t to blame. I mean from this point on do you promise to only use your powers to take away nightmares and nothing else.”

Nichole looked at Token’s eyes. Blue stared into brown. Honestly into sadness.

Nichole closed her eyes as she nodded, “I promise. I won’t ever do it again.”

Token smiled, “I’m sorry, I know I sound possessive, but I don’t want you to regret this ever
Nichole finally smiled, “It’s okay. I understand Token.”

Token cupped Nichole’s face, “I’m not ready to kiss you again yet, but I will say this.... I promise to protect you. I know Leslie scares you and I promise to defend you. You don’t have to be alone anymore.”

Token leaned his forehead on Nichole’s, “I promise I’ll be here for you from now on. I won’t disappear ever again.”

Nichole hugged Token as tears spilled again, this time of joy.

“I know this is too soon... but I really do love you Token. I promise I’ll be patient and show you how much you mean to me.”

Token smiled, “I really like you Nichole... and at some point soon I know I’ll be able to say it back again. I promise.”

Nichole smiled as she pushed Token to the ground. Surrounded by flowers, Nichole’s love was also blooming.

Token’s love may just be a bulb at this point... but it would soon bloom too. And when it does it will be just as colourful as Nichole’s.

Token laughed as Nichole hugged him tightly.

‘I promise.... I’ll say I love you too soon.... I’ll find these memories of mine no matter what. I swear on my heart.’

Token and Nichole stayed in the flowers, talking about anything and everything.

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Nichole on the ground can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/186406794624/please-click-for-better-quality-scene-redraw-of
If you think I’m going to give up even though I’m dead you are sadly mistaken!

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, this chapter gets very violent but I give you a little hope with one character. I know some of you will be happy about that at least ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Leslie sat alone in her cave. No noise was being made except the faint drip drip of water falling to the floor.

She looked at the place Nathan would sometimes sleep and just stared apathetically at the spot. She felt nothing. She wasn’t sad at the loss of the human. It was if he was never there to begin with in the spider’s heart.

‘He was useful while he lasted. I wish he was still here so I could tie him up and work out some frustrations, but meh.... shame I didn’t eat his soul myself. As soon as I got my wish that was my plan anyway. He was never going to rule by my side.’

Leslie sighed as she settled in her web, ‘It is a shame I don’t have my hidden help anymore though. He did his duty though. So many dead children.’

‘That’s a good thing. Him being dead you bitch.’

Leslie glared intensely as she knew exactly who the voice was. That voice had been there ever since she got her tattoos.

“Why won’t you die...”

Leslie closed her eyes as she saw the form of Kenny McCormick. The boy had his arms folded as he glared at Leslie. The boy was in his orange kimono, no shinigami power on him.

‘I refuse to die while you’re here. While you exist I will too... I will stop you...’

Kenny came closer. Leslie tried to attack him mentally, but it didn’t work

Kenny smirked, ‘This is my soul and I won’t let you use it to hurt my friends, my family. I’m not a tool you can use like every other person you meet.’

Kenny got close to Leslie’s own soul, ‘I will keep fighting you until I burn out, I will use all my strength I have left to destroy you, even if I have to kill myself to do it!’

Leslie smirked, “That will be soon human! You are just a human soul now after all, no Shinigami powers!”

Kenny laughed as Leslie glared.

“What’s so funny?!”
Kenny gave Leslie an evil smiled, ‘Did you forget! I was an immortal when this all started! I may have lived as a Shinigami for one hundred years, but before I was a human that had magic blood! If you think you can beat me that easily you are sadly mistaken bitch! My soul is far more powerful than an average human! I may have no offensive weapons now but I still have my soul!’

Leslie growled as she put her hands together, ‘That may be the case but you’re in my body now! You will obey me!’

Kenny felt a powerful strain on his soul, but the boy didn’t let it stop him.

‘You’re weak! You always will be! You can’t keep this up forever! You don’t know what it’s like to have a bond so you’ll always lose!’

Leslie smiled as she lifted her hand summoned her scythe... the one she had stolen from Kenny.

The boy looked at the weapon. It didn’t even look like it used to any more. The blade was now purple and the back had a web motif. The handle was no longer straight as it had kinks in it.

“Your weapon already has a new master boy!” The demon spider spat as she slammed the base of the weapon to the floor, her smile manic and evil.

Kenny still stood his ground, ‘It may look different, but it’s just been brainwashed by you. I still won’t let you kill anyone with it! That scythe will always be to help souls! Not kill them!’

Leslie sighed, growing tired of the boy’s defiance. The girl chanted and Kenny could feel himself losing hold. He was starting to fall unconscious. Kenny clung as hard as he could, but the magic was too much in his weakened state. He finally slipped and Leslie smiled as she saw him start to fade.

Kenny growled, ‘You.... won’t.... win....’

His soul fell asleep and Leslie made sure to surround him in darkness to prevent him from re surfacing as easily again.

Leslie turned to the cave entrance of her home, ‘I will storm that mountain now. The God is still recovering... and it will be fun to push that human into despair. If he wakes to find everyone dead he will give up... then his powers will be mine completely!’

Leslie stepped out of her home and started to move. She stayed close to the trees to avoid the bird brains patrolling the skies. She didn’t want to run into the monkey either. Her body ached at the memory of his holy power. How such a pathetic creature had so much power was beyond her.

Leslie saw a few woodland creatures on her way and used the scythe to murder them, bending the scythe to her will more. She was going to use this weapon to dye the world red. The trail of death would start off small, but would soon become large.

She finally reached the mountain base and sighed. She could feel the first protective spell trying to keep her out, but she simply cut it with the scythe. The scythe quickly shifted to its old form to make Damien less suspicious before turning back into Leslie's puppet. The scythe burnt her hands for a second when she did, but she knew it was a small price for her goal. She knew that the closer she got the more likely the false god would find her so she had to be careful.

The spider demon was about halfway up now. She was close to finally winning she could practically taste it. So much power she would have when she did.
“Get lost bitch!”

Leslie stopped as the small pathetic dog spirit jumped in front of her path, out of the nearby bushes.

Stan was on all fours as he glared at the demon. Leslie simply chuckled.

“Run home little one, this is between me and him.”

Stan growled more, “This is far as you go! You aren’t welcome here and I won’t let you win!”

Leslie finally started to laugh harder, using her scythe to stop herself from falling over.

“Really! You’re going to stop me! A small pathetic mutt!? Please, what’s a small puff ball like you going to do? You can’t transform or use magic! You only have a heightened sense of small and agility! Even the humans would have a better chance than you! I’ll make quick mincemeat out of you!”

Stan got really mad then. He wasn’t useless! He was going to protect his friends, his family!

Stan felt a flicker of Sparky in his soul as the two merged to go into feral mode. He was going to rip this bitch apart if it was the last thing he’d do.

Stan lunged at Leslie, claws aimed for her with the intent to kill. He bared his teeth as he barked ferociously. He was going to rip her throat out so they would be free. This wasn’t the feelings of a dog spirit, this was the feeling of something more, the ancestor of the dog. This was the power of a wolf. Stan wasn’t a werewolf like Pip, but in that moment he felt the primal urge that Pip knew well. The feeling to protect the pack no matter what the cost.

Leslie lifted her blade to swing at the beast, but Stan got into close range too quickly. The scythe was never meant for that and Stan knew.

Leslie cursed as Stanley sealed her weapon away, ‘Time to rely on the old tricks.’

Leslie started trying to scratch Stan with her own claws and fire webs at him to slow him down. Stan however was far too quick for her. The tall dog hybrid was more agile on the rocky terrain of the mountain path than she was.

Leslie cursed as Stan bit down on her arm, “YOU BASTARD!”

Leslie used this to punch Stan in the face. The dog fell to the ground in pain, whining at his sore snout. Leslie grinned as she impaled Stan in the paw. The boy screamed as she twisted her leg into the wound.

Leslie smiled cruelly as she stabbed his other paw with her other front leg. Leslie then lifted the boy up as she used her claws to slash him repeatedly, revelling in the feeling of the skin ripping. Stan continued to scream as he was cut and sliced, his fur flying off. Blood died his grey kimono red before dripping to the floor.

Leslie lifted her hand to summon the scythe to do the final blow. She smiled cruelly before her face became blank. Her hand flexed as no blade appeared. Stan smiled slightly.

“Kenny’s weapon will never truly listen to you.”

Leslie sighed as she leaned in, “Kenny may still be fighting me, but it will make him falter if he
can’t protect you. Kenny will cry that someone else is dead.”

Stan eyes widened as Leslie true face appeared, “When I eat your soul he’ll feel your pain as you vanish! He’ll blame himself and lose the fight!”

Stan eyes glowed, “He won’t! Kenny is still alive? I know that he will just fighter harder! I believe in him! Kenny! Keep fighting this bitch!”

Leslie just smiled as she lifted her claw to slash Stan’s throat.

Stan took in a breath as he finally used the little strength he had left to kick off of Leslie and break himself free. Leslie missed with her claws, and while she was distracted, Stan leapt over her and sank his teeth into her burn mark she got one hundred years ago. Right on her spider abdomen the teeth impaled themselves. Leslie screamed in pain as she threw him against a rock. Stan stood up, dripping in blood as he glared at her.

“You won’t win. You say I’m weak yet I did this to you.”

Leslie looked at her body. He bit her near where her heart was. Even Damien had never damaged her this much. Leslie felt her black blood ooze onto the floor. Leslie threw up some sludge from the pain as well.

“Oh... you win this round mutt! You’re in no fit state to finish me off and I won’t give you the satisfaction of killing me. I will retreat for now!”

The spider demon started to run, not wanting to die here just yet. As she did though she felt a voice break through the darkness due to her weakened state.

‘We will all fight you until you are nothing but a pile of ash.’

Leslie growled, “Shut the fuck up! I will win! I still have someone on my side.”

Kenny’s soul shook, ‘You don’t mean!’

Leslie cackled, “That raccoon will be useful in winning, but even he will die when I’m done.”

Kenny snored, ‘He’s going to backstab you too...’

Leslie smiled, “Not if I do it first. The second Damien is dead he’s next... then everyone else!”

Kenny soul burned in rage.

Stan meanwhile watched Leslie go, too focused on not dying to hear Leslie speak.

As soon as Leslie was gone from Stan’s view, the dog spirit fell to the floor.

The pool of blood grew bigger as he lay there. The crimson liquid spilled from his stomach, making him feel colder with each passing second.

‘This is it.... I at least managed to get some payback.... I wish I could have killed her... Ky.... I’m sorry...’

Stan then heard a muffled voice.

Stan looked up as his vision got darker.
He saw a fox spirit run towards him.

Kyle eyes were wide in fear.

Stan lifted a blood stained paw to him.

‘Ky.... I.... love....’

His arm fell however as he lost consciousness.

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Stan and Leslie about to fight can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/186569150524/please-click-for-better-quality-scene-redraw-of
Hey guys! So this chapter is very Style heavy! I hope I did their dynamic justice in this chapter.

Also, you may have noticed that the chapter total has gone down by one, well that is because next weeks chapter is actually two in one. In my plan the chapter in two weeks time was too small so I added it onto the end. As such the chapter will be slightly larger. I hope you enjoy it.

Anyway, back to style!

Kyle didn’t understand how this was happening.

There he was, minding his own business on his way to meet Stan, when he saw Leslie ahead of him, holding his friend in the air. Kyle could see and smell the blood from where he was. The copper smell could only have been one thing, and Kyle hated he was smelling more of it. He was almost getting used to the smell and that terrified him. All he wanted to do was run to Stan, but he saw the dog pull out of the hold and bite Leslie. He couldn’t help the feeling of satisfaction when Leslie had screamed.

When Stan was thrown at a rock however, Kyle was about to run again. He was relieved when he saw Leslie turn away from his friend and move away. Kyle quickly jumped behind a bush as the demon scuttled past, not even noticing him. Kyle could hear her talking to herself, but he couldn’t make out the words as he was too focused on the fact his best friend was bleeding out on the floor. His blood was smeared everywhere. It wouldn’t stop.

The second Leslie was gone Kyle ran.

“STAN!”

Kyle’s eyes were wide in pure fear, ‘No! I can’t lose him again! Not after I just realised I love him! I can’t!’

Kyle saw that Stan was lifting a paw up to him. Blood dripped from the spider leg sized wounds. He was opening his mouth, but no sound was escaping from it.

His arm fell as he lost consciousness. Kyle was just panicked as he reached Stan and held his head up. He could somehow feel the magic in Stan disappearing as his life slipped more away.

“STAN! HOLD ON! I WILL GET YOU TO DAMIEN! STAY ALIVE UNTIL WE GET THERE!”

Kyle looked up and saw there was still a way to the top of the mountain. Stan wouldn’t make it if Kyle ran.... but Kyle could do something that was faster.

Kyle’s skin rippled as he turned into a giant eagle. His inner Kitsune was screaming as he was
technically still not able to take this form with only two tails, but Kyle didn’t care. This pain would be worth it if Stan was safe.

Kyle flapped his wings and carefully picked Stan up in his talons. He flew as hard as he could to the mountain entrance, shifting back to his human form and falling through the cave like a bullet. Even so he held Stan tightly and used his own body to break his fall.

Damien and Pip jumped as the two crashed into the cave. Damien quickly held Pip close as he summoned a fire ball to attack the intruder, he dispelled it however when he saw who it was.

Damien gave Pip a look that told him to stay as he came over to the two canids, “What happened!”

Kyle quickly held Stan in his arms, bowing his head, “DAMIEN PLEASE! I KNOW MAGIC IS SHORT BUT PLEASE SAVE HIM! I CAN’T LOSE HIM AGAIN! I’M BEGGING YOU PLEASE! I WON’T EVER ARGUE WITH YOU AGAIN JUST.... SAVE HIM!”

Kyle finally looked up at the god with glowing pleading eyes.

Damien finally saw all the blood and his eyes widened. He quickly picked Stan up and placed him on the stone table. He was as careful as he could as he placed a hand over Stan’s heart and began to chant. Kyle grabbed Damien’s other hand, giving him as much spirit energy as he needed. Slowly, all the holes in Stan’s chest began to heal. Kyle smiled in relief as the spell ended.

Kyle walked over and placed his hand in Stan’s own.

Stan opened his eyes and turned to Kyle.

“...Ky?”

Kyle couldn’t stop himself as he hugged Stan tightly, tears threatening him eyes.

“Stan! You’re okay!.... WHY THE HELL DID YOU DO THAT! YOU ALMOST DIED AGAIN! WHAT WERE YOU THINKING!.... Please.... don’t leave me alone again.... Stan....”

Kyle finally broke down in tears, hugging Stan tightly in an iron like grip... yet at the same time still gentle and loving.

Stan patted Kyle’s head, “Ky... I’m okay.”

Kyle leaned up, his face angry but also relieved, “NO YOU IDIOT! YOU WERE IN A POOL OF YOUR OWN BLOOD!”

Stan looked at Kyle’s amber eyes. He saw the pain he’d given him and wanted to take it away.

‘Fuck it... might as well tell him now before I really do die.’

Stan cupped Kyle’s face causing the angry look on the red head to vanish, instead he was just confused and embarrassed.

“Stan... what are you-”

But Kyle was cut off when Stan claimed his lips.

Kyle couldn’t stop himself turning bright red the second it happened. Even through his fur Damien could clearly see the flushed look. Kyle just closed his eyes as he pulled Stan close to him, tears really spilling from his eyes now.
Stan finally pulled back and wiped Kyle’s tears away.

“You calm now super best friend?”

Kyle turned away, clearly not sure what to think.

“... Why did you do that?”

Stan smiled as he hugged Kyle again, “Because I wanted to calm you somehow.... and for one other reason.”

Stan pulled Kyle away to look at him straight in the eyes, his hands on both his shoulders, “.... I like you as more than a friend Ky.... I have for a while now.... I fought Leslie to keep everyone... but mostly you safe. If anything happened to you I don’t know what I would do. I..... I think I love you Ky.”

Kyle’s face went through many emotions then. Confusion, doubt, acceptance before he just started to cry again. He buried his face in the dog spirits chest.

“Never do anything that fucking stupid again! Even if you like me it’s not worth it if you die you fool! Promise you won’t!”

Stan nodded as he hugged the fox spirit in his arms.

“I promise Ky.”

Kyle leaned back as he still glared at Stan, “...... It’s not fair.”

Stan raised a brow as Kyle continued to get mad, grabbing the front of Stan’s kimono and shaking him, “I wanted to confess first dammit! I was going to tell you when this Leslie thing was taken care of and you beat me to the punch! Not cool dude!”

Stan laughed as Kyle switched from shaking him to hitting his chest a few times, “Ky..... it’s not a competition.”

Kyle pouted, “Yes it is and I’m losing! Come here so I can kiss you properly and not be caught off guard this time you asshole!”

Stan laughed harder, “You want to kiss an asshole... dude that’s really gay!”

Kyle growled again, “Shut up and just pucker your lips!”

Stan smiled as Kyle leaned in. He could still tell the red head was mad, but he wouldn’t have him any other way.

Damien just smiled at the two of them, ‘Love.... the one thing I’m hopeless against. The mystical power that no one truly understands. The one kind of magic that even humans can feel.’

Pip smiled from beside the God, “I had no idea.... still... it’s things like this that reminds us all what we're fighting for in the end. That peace to be who we are. Freedom... love... friendship... all that. Don’t you agree Damien?”

Damien nodded as he gazed fondly at the werewolf, playing with his ruby gem as he did.

The god looked back at the two spirits who had stopped kissing and were now just holding each other while yelling words of affection and jokes.
Damien couldn’t stop his mind from wandering as he side glanced Pip again.

‘I wonder... is this what I feel for Pip? This tightness... could it be a feeling of affection and not just friendship?’

The God mentally slapped himself, ‘No... You don’t have time to chase what ifs.... you have a village to protect... It’s too ridiculous to focus on during this turmoil.’

Damien looked at the sky, ‘Besides... he’s going to leave when his curse breaks. He won’t be able to see us anymore. I can’t let myself like him too much when it will only end in one sided heartbreak.’

The God turned and sat back in his throne, “You two... please inform the others of what happened.... and tell them the good news.... we all need it in this troubling time.”

The two canid spirits nodded. Stan jumped off the table and held his paw out to Kyle, “May I?”

Kyle rolled his eyes as he took Stan’s paw in his own, “Seriously dude?.... So gay.”

Stan laughed as he swung their arms, “Yep.... but I’m only gay for you....”

Kyle blushed as he walked, “.... Are you trying to be king of the gays?... Come on! Craig and Tweek will always beat us.”

Stan laughed as he let go of Kyle’s hand and rested it around his waist.

“You sure?”

Kyle just rolled his eyes again, “Do not turn our relationship into some competition between you and Craig to see who can be the most gay... Seriously.”

Stan laughed again as him and Kyle walked.

“Oh yeah... speaking of Craig’s friendship group, we definitely should go see Bebe.... I need this kimono fixed.” Stan declared.

Kyle smirked, “Are you sure? Don’t you want to show your body off to your super boyfriend?”

Stan now blushed through his fur, “.... Dude.... I think you’re the one saying gayer stuff now.”

Kyle giggled as he leaned his head on Stan.

“Yeah yeah... just.... keep holding me okay.... I don’t want you dying on me again.”

Stan smiled as he kissed the top of Kyle’s head, “.... I promise.”

Kyle froze as he looked at Stan again, “... I love you too you know... I thought I should say it back.”

Stan smiled as he patted his head, “I knew you’d say it back.”

Kyle scowled, “Don’t treat me like a dog.... you dog....”

Stan laughed again, “Sure Ky.”
Scene redraw of Kyle holding a bleeding Stan can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/186729886404/please-click-for-better-quality-scene-redraw-of
I will never let my spirit side win

Chapter Notes

Time for some of Scott’s character arc (and my rare pair of Scott and Wendy) I hope you enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Scott quickly scratched him claws on a fallen tree before he stretched out. The boy was very good at controlling his spirit side, but every so often he agreed he needed to blunt his claws a bit. His spirit side wanted it so that the upper layer of ceritin was removed, Scott did it so he didn’t unintentionally hurt his friends. He needed them a little sharp in case Leslie attacked though, that was something he could agree with.

The bakeneko then went to go find Stan and Kyle. He had heard that the two were now a couple from Butters and wanted to congratulate them. With their current situation as well, he wanted to embrace the sweetness, however limited it was.

Scott saw the two canid spirits and smiled, calling out to them.

“Thstan, Kyle! Congratulations you two! I wanted to thsee how you were doing. I heard that you got thscratched pretty badly Thstan and wanted to thsee if I could help in any way?”

The second Stan turned to the cat he started to growl. Kyle sighed, trying his best to stop his kitsune side from doing the same.

“Hey Scott. Thanks for coming to check on us.”

Scott, who was very experienced at stopping his dark spirit from committing crimes smiled, “Of courthe! I know Thstan can’t help hiths Inu gami thside from dithsliking me, but I thstill want to offer you my thsupport. I’ve very glad you’re both okay. Lethslie thsure iths a piethce of work, but I know we’ll defeat her thsome day.”

Stan nodded, “And then we can save Kenny.”

Scott eye’s widened, “He’ths alive! But Karen thsaid he died?”

Kyle looked around before he whispered into Scott’s ear. The cat ear flicked a few times as he did, “You can’t tell Butters because we don’t want to give him false hope, but Kenny’s soul is still fighting Leslie. Stan was told by Leslie.”

Scott held his chin in his paw, “Hmmm, I’m not thsure to believe her. She is a liar, but I thstill like the idea that Kenny is holding on. That meanths we should devise a plan to defeat her thsoon, before Kenny is lothst forever.”

Kyle nodded, “Yeah... and even if it is a lie.... that bitch is going to pay for what she did to Stan.”

Kyle’s amber eyes glowed dangerously then. Stan however smiled as he took Kyle’s paw and kissed it.
“Come on Ky, I’m alive.... undead?.... Well whatever I am, I’m here.”

Stan then growled again, “Look, I’m really sorry Scott... But you better go..... I can’t stop myself much longer....”

Scott nodded, “I understand... I’m just happy you two are okay and now together... I’ll go sort out Cartman’s prank in the village for now.”

Kyle nodded, “Thanks Scott... Give that fatass hell.”

Scott laughed as he scratched the back of his neck, “I don’t know about that.”

Scott waved as he walked away from the two canids. The two finally relaxed as the cat spirit walked away.

Scott looked up at a tree and saw Timmy shaking.

Karen looked at Scott with kind eyes, “I’m so sorry! I don’t know what happened. He was in my arms and then a second later he was in a tree. Please help Scott... I don’t know what to do if something bad happened to him too.”

Scott smiled as he looked at the tree, “Don’t worry, I can get him down.”

Scott then jumped onto the side of the tree and used his claws to quickly scale the bark. Luckily Timmy wasn’t very high, and Scott had him in his arm. The feline then jumped down, landing on his feet. Timmy was still shaking in his arms.

“T-Timmy....”

Karen smiled as Scott held the small Karakasa-Obake out to her.

“He’s fine. A little shaken up, but fine.”

Karen took Timmy and smiled, “Thank you! Thank you so much Scott!”

The bakeneko bent down and smiled, “Don’t worry. I will always help you out Karen.”

The small girl smiled softly as she scratched Scott’s chin, “Still, thank you!”

Scott couldn’t stop himself as he purred, closing his eyes in content. Even if his spirit side wanted to be bad, it still liked the sensation.

Karen laughed for the first time in a while before she skipped off.

Scott smiled after her, ‘I really hope she can keep that smile. We have to hold onto these good times... after all a fight is coming... even if we don’t want to we’re all going to have to give it our all so that we have our freedom.’
As he walked he soon ran into Kevin. The monkey spirit high fived Scott before he smiled.

“Nice to see you Scott! How’s your day been so far?”

Scott smiled as him and Kevin walked, “Just the usual. Trying my best to use my powers to stop a certain someone’s prank… I also got Timmy out of a tree for Karen. Ah, and I congratulated Kyle and Thstan.”

Kevin looked confused for a second, “What happened with Kyle and Stan?”

Scott laughed softly, “I’m guessing no one told you then, they’re dating now. After Thstan was attacked, Damien healed him and they confessed to each other.”

Kevin looked shocked, “I heard about the attack from Red, but nothing about a confession! That is new to me!”

Scott laughed, “You and Red are pretty close. I guess she either forgot or didn’t know herself… I doubt it though, the girls tell each other everything.”

Kevin sighed, “Craig told her so I think he didn’t mention it to her. Don’t know why.”

Scott laughed then, “Oh that’s why. Him and Thstan are always competing, guess he didn’t say it because of that or something.”

Kevin looked blank before he laughed, “Oh yeah… That would be why I didn’t know.”

Kevin quickly got a book out of his kimono sleeve, “Do you want to sit and read some books together?”

Scott nodded, “Sure, what do you have to read today?”

The monkey opened another Chinese book, “Now I know my abilities I think I’ve narrowed it down to what I am.”

Scott and him looked at the book for a few minutes until Kevin found the page.

Kevin lit up, “Here we are! What… according to this I have the holy powers that can repel darkness from this God called Sun Wukong?! What!”

Scott smiled, “That’s how you were able to repel Lethslie! The holy power of a God! Lethslie is pure evil so of course your powers would be able to hurt her! Light and dark! Those two things have always been at war!

Scott stood up, a plan in his head, “I gotta go! You must tell everyone the great news!”

Kevin tried to stop Scott, but the boy was running too fast.

Scott just smiled, ‘If I can trap Leslie, we can have Kevin use his powers to end her! We’ll all be safe and people will finally see that Kevin isn’t just some nerd and shouldn’t be bullied! He is the key!’

Scott wasted no time in looking everywhere.
Scott collapsed to the floor in exhaustion. He had been looking for hours and still was having no luck in his search.

‘Dammit.... I can’t.... find her! I’m a failure!’

As Scott went to head back to the village, he felt a small trail of magic. He looked up and saw a small orb of grey. It looked like a soul, but he could clearly see darkness in it. The darkness had stained it.

Scott climbed a tree quickly before leaping and catching the soul, landing on his feet once more. Scott couldn’t hear the soul like Kenny could, but he had a suspicion on whose soul this was.... only one human had died with darkness in their heart.

This was Nathan’s soul. Kenny never had a chance to collect it before he passed.

Scott started to run, even though he was already tired. He wouldn’t let this soul slip away and not get justice.

Scott finally reached the cave, his claws out really stop the soul from slipping away.

“Dai.... Damien.....”

The god turned to the bakeneko, curiosity clearly on his face.

Scott just held his claws tight, “... Ths....oul...... Needths...... To be dealt..... with.”

Damien came over and took the soul. He saw the darkness and his eyes glowed as an evil smile coated his lips.

“Oh... it’s you is it? How was the fire I killed you with? Hmmmmm, you don’t want to pass on? I wonder why..... oh, could it be that you know that what you did means that your soul is going to burn? Could that be it? What? You want to make a deal?.... No....”

Damien eyes glowed harder as he opened a hole to the next plane. Unlike Mimsy who had moved on peacefully, this time fire leapt out from the hole. Damien released the soul then. Nathan’s soul tried to escape, but the fire wrapped around it and pulled it towards the hole. Nathan’s soul then turned into his human form as he screamed.

“No Please! I didn’t mean too!”

Damien smiled as the fire pulled him, “You lie! The wrath of the fallen shall have your soul. You will never be allowed back on this plane.”
Scott watched as Nathan disappeared into the hole. His screams filled the cave and then he was gone forever.

Damien finally turned back to Scott, a slight smile on his face, “Thank you Scott... there’s no telling what would have happened if he had become a willowisp. He would have gotten in the way again. Thank you.”

Scott smiled, “I was happy to help. Lethslie needs to be stopped and I want to do my part to help.”

Damien then placed a hand on Scott’s shoulder, “No... any normal bakeneko would have kept the soul for their own purpose. I seriously want to thank you. You try so hard to help everyone.... I’m so sorry for the reputation they have.”

Scott smiled, “Please don’t worry Damien. It takeths one perthson to break the mould. I just hope that I can do it.”

Damien nodded, “You already have. Now come on, you better let the others know. I would go but I have to stay here for a little longer.”

Scott nodded, “Pip almothst better?”

Damien nodded, “Yes. We do have a plan too... We can’t share it yet but hopefully we’ll be ready soon.”

Scott nodded, “Okay, but don’t be too thesecretive with everyone again. After hiding Lethslie in the first place you are kind of thin ice with thsome people.”

Damien nodded, “Trust me... this plan will definitely help us. We just need a surprise for this too work... I don’t know who is and isn’t on her side so I have to be careful.”

Scott sighed, “You thshouldn’t doubt uths, but I thsee what you mean. By the way... Kevin will be of utheese too, he appeahrs to have the power of a Chinethse god which is powerful against evil. I know he’ll be our trump card to winning.”

Damien relaxed a little at that, “This is good news. I shall let Pip know straight away. Be careful on your way back.”

Scott waved as he headed back to the village.

He still held one thought in his heart.

‘I shall show them all that bakeneko aren’t evil.’

As Scott left the mountain cave though, he was filled with regret.

Scott closed his eyes as he came face to face with his spirit nature. The mass gazed at him

Why? We could have used that soul for our own reason!

Scott shook his head, “Becausethse I don’t want to be evil or a trickster.”

But it is your nature now!

Again, Scott stood his ground, “For you maybe... But I am in control of thiths body. Even though I died I will still thstay true to myself.”
The mass screamed at him, *You made a deal to live! Now give in to your nature!*

Scott scowled as he lifted a paw to the mass, “NEVER!”

The mass dissipated the second Scott willed it. Unlike Heidi, Scott had a far stronger mental strength. He would never let his spirit side rule over him.

Scott opened his eyes again and sighed, ‘*That mass... Does everyone have to deal with that? Or is it just me because my spirit side is normally a trickster? There must have been Bakeneko in the past that were good? Spirits are like people after all. We all have these animalistic desires, but it’s up to us if we actually give into them. I don’t want that... I just want to stay with my friends and defend this place... for all the spirits and humans.*’

Scott sighed as he started to finally make his way back down the mountain. However, he was not alone.

“I have a question?”

Scott turned to see Wendyl leaning against a rock, umbrella under his arm.

“What was the grey orb you had?” He asked with a slight head tilt.

Scott smiled, his green slit pupil cat eyes staring into red raindrop shaped pupils.

“Oh, that was the thsoul of Lethslie human helper, Nathan... The one that helped get uths all killed... well thsome of uths. My death was more me being clumthsy.”

Wendyl nodded, “So you brought it to Damien to deal with it?”

Scott nodded back, “Of courthse. It would be bad if even in death that guy was cauthsing trouble for uths. With no Shinigami I took it upon mythself so we got justice. I hate to thsound rude, but any evil doer dethserveths to face all they’ve done. I felt like a thsuperhero almost!”

“A superhero, that definitely fits you considering all the good deeds you do! Thank you for that Scott.” Wendyl agreed, chuckling slightly as he did.

Scott put his paws together, “You’ve thseen my good deedths?”

Wendyl smiled as he nodded, “I’ve seen all you do for us. You help out the spirits when you can and even though humans can’t see you, you use your transforming powers to help them out when Cartman causes trouble. I think it’s sweet. Even if the others don’t see what you do I just wanted to say that I do and I really appreciate it. I used to be such an advocate for various causes in our village, now that can’t do anything I feel sad that my skills are pointless.”

Scott walked over as he shook his head, “Your thskills aren’t pointlethss. You can control water and rain. That’s really cool! You can water the croptths and with your water manipulation I’m sure you can help thsomeone. After all, I’m juthst trying to do the right thing and thshow I’m thstill human dethspite my appearanthce.”

Scott then looked down at the village, “Even though I have no humanity now, I want to show humility. Just because I look like a monster, doethsn’t mean I’m going to let how I appear dictate how I act.”

Scott looked back and Wendyl and smiled, “Don’t you agree?”
Wendyl was awestruck by Scott’s words. He looked at the bakeneko as if it was the first time he’d ever seen him. He regretted not talking to Scott more when they were both alive in that moment.

‘Scott, have you always been like this?’

Wendyl felt something in his chest. It was a similar feeling he’d had with Stan with their on and off again relationship. However, this time, it felt more powerful.

Scott then placed a hand on Wendyl’s shoulder, “I’ve been meaning to thsay this for awhile now. I never told you when we were alive becauthse we were in very different thsocial thcircles, but I’m glad you can exprethss who you are.”

“What do you mean?” The rain spirit asked, confusion on his face.

Scott closed his eyes, “I’m probably going to thsay this wrong, but I always admired that you could be both Wendyl and Wendy. Not that they’re thseparate people, but you being able to be who you are no matter what, I rethspect that. I guess what I’m trying to thsay... is that I admire you a little... Thsorry, I probably thsound thsupid right now.”

Wendyl shook his head, “No, I think I get it. Thank you Scott.”

The boys cheeks started to feel hot so he turned to continue his walk back to the village, “Come on Scott. Let’s go tell the others what you did together... If you want to?”

The cat spirit nodded, “Thsure.”

Wendyl couldn’t help but smile as him and Scott walked.

‘He really is one of the most kind hearted spirits in this village... I wish it hadn’t taken me dying to realise that.’

Wendyl heart started to beat more as he looked at the cat.

‘... The heart is a confusing thing...’

Scott just had a look of determination as he walked, ‘I will stop Leslie... Even if my spirit side tries to get in my way, I will do everything to make our home peaceful once more!’

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Scott with Nathan's soul can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/186894578269/please-click-for-better-quality-scene-redraw-of
And with one final snap... YOU ARE MINE!

Chapter Notes

I will say this mow, writing a character slip into insanity is really hard. It takes a lot out of you...
Anyway, I hope you enjoy (that might be a too strong word) this chapter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Heidi was clutching at her chest as she hyperventilated. Here she was at Leslie lair and she was regretting everything. Every choice since she took the deal had only led to death and despair.

The snake spirit had being doing everything Cartman had told her too and part of her felt she really had made a bad choice now. Leslie was horrible to her even though he had said she was not the bad guy.

Said spider demon turned to her, “I’m hungry... get me something alive to eat.”

Heidi shook as she looked at the demon, “.... I... I don’t...”

The second she said that Leslie fired a web at her. Heidi shrieked as she was suspended from the ceiling of the cave. The spider then walked over and put one hand around her throat as she slapped her with the other, her claws scratching her cheek as she did.

“GET ME A HUMAN TO EAT NOW! OR DO YOU WANT ME TO KILL YOU INSTEAD!”

Heidi screamed as she was slapped again.

Leslie then cut the web and let Heidi free. She quickly slithered out of the cave and straight into Cartman. The raccoon smiled as he patted her head.

“Heidi, you got some bad scratches on you, let me help you with that.”

Heidi was frozen as the raccoon but his paws on her bleeding face and concentrated. He quickly picked up a few leaves and held them to her face.

Cartman smiled warmly, “I used my power on these leaves. You’re still cut but no one will see them now. What happened?”

Heidi shook, “She.... She wanted me to get her....”

Cartman sighed, “A human right? She doesn’t mean it you know. But she is hungry.”

Heidi cried, “But why! We’re spirits! We don’t need to eat!”

Cartman sighed once more, “But Leslie is trying to help us Heidi. She eats to get more power so that she can free Damien. Come on... If you listen to her I’ll do my best to help you okay?”

Heidi didn’t want to hurt anyone, but she was also scared for her life.
“Will this protect everyone?”

Cartman nodded, “It will, in fact I know just the human you can grab.”

Heidi cried. Her mind was breaking. She didn’t know what was real anymore. The voices in her head were getting worse every day and she had no one to turn to. She had gotten Kenny killed so who would want to help her? Cartman was the only person that seemed to care and even though a part of her knew it was dangerous she couldn’t listen as she didn’t trust herself anymore.

Heidi nodded, “Which human?”

Heidi felt sick as she dragged the once sleeping teen. He was now screaming as he looked at Heidi.

“What are you shit going to do to me!?”

Heidi stayed silent as tears rolled down her face.

“Shit cock! This is a dream right? I’m asshole dreaming!” Thomas called out as Heidi dragged him.

The snake girl didn’t know why she was doing this.

‘Leslie is the bad guy! Yet why am I helping her!’

The voices then came back. They knew Heidi would do the opposite of what they said so they were now pushing her to the brink more.

‘No don’t do as Leslie says!’

‘We don’t want to help her!’

Hearing that Heidi continued to move, ‘No! I won’t let you control me!’

The voices just laughed as Heidi shut them out, continuing to move back to the lair of the demon.

Soon she reached Leslie’s cave, destination.

Leslie uncurled her legs as she smiled at Heidi, “Maybe you are of use after all.”

Heidi closed her eyes as she threw Thomas in the cave, his yellow and green kimono fluttering as he did. The snake spirit looked so hurt, but she too wondered if she was dreaming. What was reality anymore?

He finally looked at Leslie, “WHAT THE FUCK!”

The demon grinned as she summoned her scythe.

Kenny screamed for her to stop, but the demon slashed her blade down, cutting Thomas’ chest
The boy's eyes widened as he let out a blood curling scream.

“BUT THIS SHIT IS A DREAM! MONSTERS DON’T EXIST!”

He screamed again as Leslie embedded the scythe in the boy’s chest once more.

Leslie smiled, “Up....he...HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

Kenny was screaming for her to stop from inside her mind but the spider demon just ignored him as she slashed at the boy’s body more. Heidi covered her mouth but couldn’t stop herself as she threw up from the sight. The smell of death was growing.

Thomas’ heart stopped.

A single blue orb floated from his corpse.

Leslie grabbed his soul and in a matter of seconds had devoured it. Leslie closed her eyes before the ground shook slightly.

“Hehehe, the power! Even from a human like that!”

Heidi watched as the scar from the bite Stan had given her disappeared. She couldn’t take it.

Heidi ran from the cave. She had made a great mistake.

‘I did it again! All I ever do is hurt people! I have to end it!’

Heidi started to bite her own arms, trying to inject herself with her own venom, but it did nothing to her.

She continued to slither, wanting to find anyone that would kill her. She didn’t want to see Cartman as she knew he would talk her out of it.

It was then that she saw her friend, the Kuchisake Onna that had been friends with her before this all started.

Heidi ran to Bebe, crying her eyes out.

Bebe turned as soon as she heard the crying and fell to the floor when Heidi hugged her.

“Bebe.... Bebe... please.”

Bebe sat up as she looked at Heidi. Her arms were bleeding from where she had bitten herself. Her eyes glowed a dangerous shade of blue as she hugged her friend.

“Who did this to you!? I’m going to fucking end that bitch!”

Heidi shook her head, “Bebe... please kill me!”

Bebe pulled back as Heidi cried, “Please! I don’t want to be manipulated anymore! I’m a danger to you all if you keep me alive! Please! I want to die! Use your scalpel and end me! I’m responsible for everything, Please!”

Bebe held her friend as tears escaped her eyes, “What happened with Kenny was not your fault. I
can’t kill you Heidi, you’re one of my best friends.”

Heidi cried more as she held her, “No! I’ve done so many horrible things! My venom will keep being used as a weapon so please!”

Heidi pulled away as she looked into Bebe’s eyes, “I’m asking you because you’re my friend! Please... I’m asking you so you don’t have to feel bad. I want to die.”

Bebe closed her eyes before she finally pulled her weapon out, “.... Okay...”

Heidi smiled, “Thank you...”

Bebe had tears on her face as she placed her blade against Heidi’s neck. She looked at her friend as she took a breath in.

“I’m sorry Heidi.”

As she was about to swiftly cut her neck to end her pain, she felt rope tie itself around her arm and pull it back. Bebe turned to see Cartman. His hand was the rope. He was using his powers to stop her no matter what as he still wanted his puppet.

“You fucking murderer!”

Bebe looked at him, “No, she asked for this!”

Cartman slapped Bebe, “Cut the crap you fucking bitch! You’re just doing this because Kuchisake Onna love to kill!”

Bebe touched her now stinging cheek and ran.

Cartman walked over to Heidi and hugged her, “Thank goodness I got here in time. She was about to kill you.”

Heidi cried, “Eric I wanted her to do that! I don’t want to live! I got a person killed! I got Kenny killed! Please!”

Cartman sighed as he rubbed Heidi’s head, “No, that’s what they want you to think...”

Heidi stopped crying as she looked at Cartman, “They?”

Cartman hid his face as he leaned towards Heidi’s ear, a cruel smile on his lips.

“All the spirits... They all want blood. Damien put that in their minds the second they were made. You’ve heard the voices right?”

Heidi’s eyes widened as Cartman continued, “You and I are the only ones yet to fall to them. Bebe was acting nice but all she wants to do is slash people’s faces so they now look like her. They all want vengeance for their deaths, and now Nathan is gone they will seek it on all the humans instead. This whole village is in danger. You can only trust me and Leslie.”

Heidi was starting to become emotionless as Cartman talked, “But Leslie just killed a human.”

Cartman could hear that Heidi was losing and just smiled more, “That human was planning on killing more of us to make more spirits... he was on their side.”

Cartman then really drove the metaphorical knife in, “Would I lie to you Heidi?”
Heidi’s mind finally snapped.

‘Yes... Eric would never lie to me. I just have to do as he says. No matter what I just have to do what he says... follow his orders no matter what. Only then will I be safe.’

Heidi slumped onto Cartman.

The tanuki smiled, “... And now you are mine.”

Heidi opened her eyes. All personality and sense of self was gone. She smiled at Cartman as she hissed.

Cartman smiled evilly, “Oh Heidi, would you kill that rat over there for me?”

Heidi turned to the small creature and coiled round it. She struck from above and in a second the rat was dead. Blood dripped from her mouth as she turned to Cartman again.

The raccoon smiled, “Yes... that’s exactly what I wanted.”

Heidi smiled as she came back over to Cartman.

Cartman laughed, “Hahahahaha! Finally! You promise to do everything I say right?”

Heidi nodded as she spoke, “Of courssssse. You freed me after all!”

Cartman smiled, “For now you will act like you still care about the others and will do as Leslie says, but as soon as I give you the signal though I want you to kill Leslie. Then I will take charge! Everyone will respect my authority! Hahahahaha!”

The creature taking Heidi’s form nodded.

Heidi Turner herself was gone. Crying the deepest part of her mind.

‘It’s all my fault! It’s all my fault! It’s all my fault! It’s all my fault! It’s all my fault! It’s all my fault! It’s all my fault! It’s all my fault! It’s all my fault! It’s all my fault! It’s all my fault! It’s all my fault! It’s all my fault! It’s all my fault! It’s all my fault! It’s all my fault! It’s all my fault!’

Heidi had lost.

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Heidi when she’s insane can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/187058046704/please-click-for-better-quality-scene-redraw-of
Pip, now fully recovered, sat near the cave entrance. Damien was standing, leaning against the wall next to him. The two were looking out to the very edge of the land, right near the sea.

“Can you tell who it is?”

Pip closed his eyes as he focused. He couldn’t feel magic like Damien could, but this definitely was familiar. He could almost smell them. A pure blood wolf and a half vampire.

Pip opened his eyes, “It’s them.”

Damien nodded, “Do you want me to accompany you? It is late after all.”

Pip shook his head, “No, I need you to stay here in case Leslie is around. Don’t worry, I’ll be fine.”

Damien looked concerned but nodded, “If you’re sure. You only just recovered though.”

Pip’s eyes flicked red as he smiled, “Trust me. I am a gentleman but if the buggering bitch tries anything I’ll rip her throat out.”

Damien chuckled a little, “Alright, I’ll be watching over you though.”

Pip bowed as he left the cave, the God keeping a watchful eye on him.

‘Be safe Pip.’

Pip jogged as he made his way to the boat docks. It was a long trek, but Pip stayed on the roads and soon he arrived.

He instantly saw Gregory, Christophe and Bradley. Gregory was already yelling at his companion.

“For goodness sake would you put that cigarette out! Once you’re human you’ll get lung cancer if you aren’t careful!”

Christophe rolled his eyes as he purposefully blew smoke into Gregory’s face, “Don’t tell me what to do faggot.”

Gregory glared, “You have no idea how happy I will be to finally not have to sleep in tunnels! Finally, we’ll have nice warm beds again!”

Christophe smirked, “And I won’t have to drink your disgusting blood anymore. Zhat will be ze highlight of everything.”

Gregory hit his companion over the head for that one, “REALLY! I didn’t see you complaining when you begged for a meal on the boat because you didn’t want to eat rat blood!”
Bradley just sighed before he sniffed the air and turned to Pip. Pip couldn’t stop himself as he ran to him, Bradley doing the same as they collided into a tight hug.

“Bradley! I’m so glad you made it!” Pip said as he hugged his friend tight.

The pure blooded wolf pulled back and smiled, his blue shining eyes glittering in the darkness, “Me too Pip! We’re here to fight.”

Gregory finally stopped yelling at Christophe and walked over, holding his hand out to Pip.

“It has been a while my friend. Glad to see you well. Bradley told us you’re having a little spot of trouble here, and if we assist we can get Christophe’s wish?”

As Pip shook Gregory’s hand, Christophe grumbled, “Ze mole! How many times do I have to tell you zhis.”

Gregory face became apathetic as he ignored the half vampire, “Anyway... you found a God... Very impressive.”

Pip smiled, “Yes, his name is Damien. Speaking of, he’s waiting for us. He already has a spell ready so we can all understand each other.”

Gregory beamed, “I must admit, my Japanese is a little clunky, but at least I tried to learn it, unlike Mr grumpy fang over there.”

Christophe only grunted, “Let’s zee if zhis God is anything more zhan a bastard. God cursed me so he is going to break it before zhis day is out.”

Pip sweated. He forgot how much he hated the French, but Christophe wasn’t too bad.

Gregory sighed as he walked, “Let’s just skedaddle before the sailors find us. Bradley, can you smell any danger?”

Bradley took a few sniffs and sighed, “I don’t smell anything fresh, but I am smelling a lot of death.”

Pip sighed as he began to walk, “It’s been hard... Recently another human died. This kid called Thomas just vanished. The scary thing is that no one even found his soul. All the spirits are on edge and we need a miracle right now.”

Gregory pulled his cutlass out, “Whatever we have to kill, I shall make it feel vengeance!”

As they got to the mountain path Pip paused, “... Gregory? You can see spirit stuff right? I can because I’m a werewolf, but can you?”

Gregory smiled, “Fear not Pip old chap. I told you I’m a paranormal investigator. I came into contact with the spirit world a lot... oh, and I’m still sane so don’t worry.”

Bradley nodded, “I know any human can see vampires and werewolves, but Gregory has had the sight since he was a child. You don’t need to worry.”

Pip nodded again as he walked up the familiar path, “Okay... oh, also no one stare at the horns. He may look scary, but Damien is a good guy.”

As the group finally entered the cave, Damien turned, “Welcome.”
Christophe just blew his cigarette, “What did ze demon bastard say?”

Pip sighed as he spoke in English, “Don’t call him that.”

Pip then turned to Damien, effortlessly switching to Japanese, “Can you use the spell Damien?”

The God nodded and chanted for a few seconds. A small flicker of flame appeared above the foreigners heads before it vanished.

Christophe rolled his eyes, “Zhat did nothing. Some God.”

Damien smirked, “Pip warned me about you.”

The half vampires purple eyes went wide for a second, but he shrugged, “So you can do some fancy spells. Big deal. Just as long as I get my wish I don’t care. Zhis curse is getting broken.”

Gregory ignored the vampire and stepped forward, “Great and powerful Damien, I have come here to offer my assistance in your problem. Please ignore my companion... he’s a douche.”

The mole flipped Gregory off, “Faggot.”

Gregory just rolled his eyes as he continued, “I offer you my blade. I am ready to lay down my life so be it to help my friends.”

Pip shook, “Gregory, don’t say something like that.”

“Me too.” Christophe added as he raised his shovel.

Bradley bowed, “I cannot afford to, but I will fight as hard as I can as well.”

Pip looked at them, “Guys, please don’t say things like that.”

Gregory smiled, “We know what we signed up for my friend.”

“And I will do anything to break zhis curse.” Christophe added.

Damien looked at the three helpers, “... I see why you helped Pip. Very well. Allow me to explain in detail why you were summoned here.”

After Damien had finished Gregory had a hand to his chin in thought, “I see. So this Leslie is determined to try and rule this world at any cost. I actually think Henrietta and Vampir would join forces for once if we failed.”

Christophe eyes glowed purple, “Let us hope it doesn’t come to zhat. To kill a companion like that... eat his soul... unforgivable.”

Gregory chuckled, “My, is the self-proclaimed uncaring vampire actually angry.”
Christophe rolled his eyes, “I don’t care what happens to you... but... zhis bitch is still going to pay.”

Bradley smiled, “Just be honest Mole. You’re worried about Gregory.”

“Fuck you wolf boy.”

Gregory got down on one knee and placed an arm across his chest, “Damien, guardian and God of this place, I Gregory of Yardale hereby pledge my sword to you. I shall find this Leslie and destroy her.”

Christophe didn’t bow, but he aimed his shovel at the god, “I shall also pledge... but with none of zhat overdramatic crap.”

Bradley then bowed, “And as a pureblood werewolf, if I get my teeth on her I’m ripping her to shreds.”

Everyone saw Bradley’s eyes turn into thin slits as he spoke.

“No one hurts my pack and gets away with it.”

Pip smiled, “Thank you.”

Bradley smiled, “It’s what friends do.”

Gregory stood up, “Brothers in arms.”

Christophe sighed as he stamped on his cigarette, “I do owe you a debt after all.”

Gregory then glared, “Me and Christophe shall go find her now. The longer we wait the more likely we lose the element of surprise. Bradley will stay here for now. If we fail we need another fighter.”

Bradley nodded, “Are you sure?”

Christophe sighed, “We don’t need your bitch sister down our necks if we get you killed. We can handle zhis.”

Pip sweated, “Chaps, don’t underestimate her. She will play dirty just to get your souls.”

Gregory smiled, “We have a few tricks up our sleeves. Even if we fail we’ll make it so she can’t fight at full strength.”

Bradley turned to Pip, “Okay, but while they’re gone I’m not just sitting around! Pip, you and I shall spar!”

Pip eyes went wide, “What?”

“It’s as I said. We shall go into wolf form and fight. We could both do with the practice.” Bradley added.

Damien nodded, “And I shall help. I could do with combat practice.”

Bradley nodded, “I won’t go easy on you.”

Damien smiled, “As if I would either.”
Gregory turned, “Jolly good, in that case me and the Mole shall be on our way. Get to sniffing.”

Christophe flipped Gregory off. “I shall sniff for ze bitch on my own terms.... She’s this way.”

Pip meanwhile began to strip as he looked at Bradley, “Don’t hold back now.”

Bradley smiled as he also got ready, “Like I would.”

The two boys quickly shifted. One grey werewolf, one blond one. Bradley and Pip ran at each other and were soon a pile of teeth and claws. Damien just sighed.

“Don’t hurt yourselves.”

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Christophe was on one knee as he sniffed the ground, “… Zhis way. I’m smelling blood... and a lot of it.”

Gregory nodded, “She shall know vengeance for all she has done.”

As they walked, Gregory actually spoke to Christophe calmly, “I never asked... but once your curse is broken what do you plan to do?”

Christophe sighed, “... Go to ze city back in England and eat a whole roast dinner to myself.”

Gregory laughed, “Do you have any idea how large that is? You’ll get fat.”

“I don’t care.” Christophe simply stated.

Gregory stopped laughing as his friend continued, “I want to eat all ze food. See what I like, see what I don’t. I’ve never been able to so if I get fat it shows I’m alive. I want to feel the sun on my skin, I want to go places. I want to know what it feels like to have a beating heart.”

Gregory looked sad, “So you’re going to retire from what we do.”

The French boy was silent, “... I don’t know.”

He then turned, “But I still want you to come with me.”

Gregory looked blank as Christophe turned away once more, “The trail continues this way, come on fag.”

Gregory smiled, ‘He still wants me with him even when he’s human. So troublesome. But I would never leave my blood brother. Together until the end.’

Christophe went deathly quiet as he smelt more blood. Gregory could feel like he couldn’t go much further, so he knew it was a barrier.

Christophe simply whacked his shovel into it and the power dissipated. The two jumped inside as the barrier reformed.
Gregory smiled, “You put vampire blood on the head didn’t you.”

Christophe smirked, “Of course. Blood that repels magic? Why wouldn’t I use it?”

Gregory rolled his eyes as they saw a cave. Spider webs were all around it, ready to catch intruders, but the two were careful and didn’t hit a single thread.

The two were at the entrance then. Gregory gave Christophe a few hand signals and the two nodded. They peered inside and saw the demon, her eyes closed as if in deep thought. Gregory drew his blade and the two boys nodded, sneaking inside.

Gregory aimed his blade at Leslie and swiped... only for her to catch it.

Leslie eyes opened and she looked at the human, throwing him across the room effortlessly. Christophe yelled and turned to Leslie.

“You bitch! You’ll pay for that!”

Leslie jumped up and smiled, “You’re new... Never have I sensed a being such as yourself.”

Christophe still tried to hit her with his shovel, “Well I shall kill you!”

Leslie smiled, “I also sense human in you... don’t you want to be complete?”

Christophe dodged Leslie claws and hit the other away with a metal twang, “Ha, I’m cursed you bitch!”

Leslie smiled, “Then... join me and I’ll break your curse. I am a God after all?”

Christophe froze. Leslie smiled as she did her usual tempting, “I bet you’ve longed to be human. I can give you that.”

Leslie was about to use her venomous tongue, when a cutlass flew through the air, hitting one of Leslie’s legs.

“Ha, my companion hates Gods! Isn’t that right Mole!”

Christophe looked at Gregory and smiled, “Heh, he’s right. I don’t need some bitch God! I’ll break this curse my own way!”

Leslie sighed as she summoned Kenny’s scythe, “Then you will both die!”

Gregory parried the scythe as Christophe went to hit Leslie’s leg. The spider jumped back to avoid it. She raised the scythe and aimed at Christophe, however Gregory jumped in the way and blocked it once again, smiling as he did.

“He may be a vampire, but I will defend my friend to the end!”

Leslie grinned, “That will be sooner than you think!”

Christophe used his shovel to hit the claw back, “Back off bitch! He’s my faggot!”

Gregory sighed, “Is now really the time for that!”

Leslie growled, “You dare mock me!”
The scythe swung for Christophe’s head. Gregory pushed him out of the way, getting slashed across the chest.

Christophe smelled the familiar smell of Gregory’s blood. He always said he hated it and found it a bother to use his saliva to close his puncture marks, but now he saw it being spilled violently all he wanted to do was seal it shut as best he could.

Christophe eyes glowed as he aimed his shovel into the cut Gregory’s cutlass had made earlier. All he had to do was get one hit that broke the skin.

The shovel collided in the cut, removing the leg completely.

‘Got you.’

The anti-demon weapons effects came into play as Leslie screamed. Her skin bubbled as its powers hit her. Leslie raised her other leg and before Christophe could move she stabbed him through the heart. Leslie then fell to the floor as her whole leg felt like it was boiling. Her scythe vanishing now she let go of it.

Gregory released his cutlass as he crawled over to his fallen comrade. Christophe could feel he was dying, but he still grabbed his cigarette packet and put a new one in his mouth. Gregory sighed as he pulled a match out and lit it for him.

“Even... in the end.... you’re hopeless....”

Christophe smiled, “Heh.... I always... will be.... me.”

Gregory linked his hand in Christophe’s, “It’s be.... an honour.... fighting with you..... friend....”

Christophe smirked, “Only a friend.... don’t lie.... you’re my brother.... Gregory.”

The blond smiled, “You... didn’t call me fag...”

Christophe actually smiled, “We both know.... you aren’t.”

Leslie finally stood up and looked at the two boys, “... FOOLS! You did nothing!”

Christophe smiled, “We did a lot... more zhan you... think.”

Gregory smiled as he lifted his middle finger, “So... you can fuck off.... you’ll never win...”

Christophe smiled, “Heh... you.... never will.... Gregory... you finally.... flipped so... someone off...”

Gregory laughed, “... You... are my brother after all....”

Christophe lifted his own middle finger, “.... Fuck.... off... god.”

The two boys smiled at each other before they both closed their eyes. Their hands flopped to the floor as their lives ended.

Even so, they were both smiling.

Chapter End Notes
Scene redraw of Pip, Gregory, Christophe and Bradley can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/187219816884/please-click-for-better-quality-scene-redraw-of
And now you have one less power

Chapter Notes

I really like the emotion in this chapter! That and Christophe did do something very useful to Leslie to make her less powerful! Let's see what it was!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Leslie looked at the fallen heroes and lifted her hands up. She was going to remove their souls and devour them, making herself even stronger.

As she called the scythe however, she felt that something was wrong.

She flexed her hands and nothing happened. They were empty. She tried again and still nothing. She looked at her hands and saw something that annoyed her.

The tattoos she’d obtained by eating Kenny’s soul were gone.

Kenny soul smiled, ‘That purple eyed creature was right, He really did do something. I’m amazed such a power exists, and now my powers won’t be at your beck and call anymore. Leslie, you just got played! Losing a leg and my shinigami gift! Ha! Serves you right bitch!’

Leslie immediately pressured Kenny for information, ‘What the fuck do you mean?!’

Kenny smiled, ‘That burning feeling? That was your tattoos being removed and my old powers being sealed. The spade must have had some anti demon spell or something on it. The second it got into your bloodstream it sealed the powers of death... you don’t have my scythe anymore.’

Kenny then found his powers and smiled, ‘And I will keep these with me. You want them back? You have to kill me first!’

Leslie growled, “Fine! But you can’t stop me from eating their souls!”

Leslie saw the orbs at that moment and went to grab them. The second she was about to touch them they flew away. It was almost as if they teleported.

Leslie growled as she looked at the mountain, “DAMIEN!”

Kenny only laughed, ‘We win this fight!’

Leslie chuckled, “Oh you may have this fight... but you will lose the war!”
Damien eyes reopened and the two souls were before him again. Bradley and Pip, now back in human form, looked distraught.

Bradley fell to his knees, “They... they died?”

Damien sighed as the two souls changed from orbs to their human appearance.

Gregory sighed, “Don’t feel too bad Bradley, we put up a good fight. The demon has one less leg now.”

Christophe nodded, “I also have sealed that scythe. My vampire blood was useful for something as it repels magic. Should stop her from spells too.”

Pip walked over and tried to hug them both, but he fell through them. He turned back, tears in his eyes.

“This... This is all my fault. If I hadn’t run away from Estella none of you would be dead!”

Gregory and Christophe only looked at Pip with kind eyes. Gregory spoke first.

“Cheer up Pip, It’s not your fault.”

“It’s all that spider bitches and the English tramp. They wanted to rule and only cause others misery. We just did our best to stop one of them.”

Damien walked over to them, “I can offer you a second chance, if you want? Come back as spirits and help once again?”

Christophe shook his head, “I don’t want to be cursed again. One cursed life was enough.... but thank you friend. For a God you’re not so bad.”

“And I make the same choice. I lived a long life, and you should keep the power. From what you said before, Leslie wants more spirits so she can use more magic. I don’t want to help her in any way.”

Damien smiled, “Very well.... I just pray that when you return to this world once more we shall all meet again... I am in your debt for all your help.”

Pip nodded, “I am too... I will avenge you both! You saved me twice after all!”

Bradley was in the worst state, “.... You two.... you were my only friends for so long.”

Gregory came over to him, “Bradly, my dear friend, you will make new friends. Pip and Damien have your back now. It was always a pleasure to be with you. I know your sister is a bitch but you can always go and make your own pack. We will come find you again... after all, pureblood wolves are immortal unless they’re killed. You don’t have to worry about old age.”

Bradley nodded as he dried his tears, “Thank you... I’ll wait... I’ll wait for the day we can meet again.”

Christophe smirked, “We’ll try not to keep you waiting... and this time I will be human... you better do that God!”

Damien rolled his eyes, “Your vampire side died when you got hit in the heart, you’re a complete human soul.”
Christophe smiled, “That’s something at least.”

Damien then opened the gate to the next plane. Unlike with Nathan it was a calm white light instead of fire. Gregory and Christophe walked over, turning back at the last second.

“Tally ho chaps! Until we meet again!” Gregory yelled.

“We’ll do all we can to support you from wherever we’re going. We better not see you there anytime soon! I’ll kick your butts if we do!” Christophe added.

Bradley and Pip waved as the two boys disappeared.

Pip finally looked at Bradley, “You need to go. We have to get you home.”

Bradley’s eyes went wide before they glowed dangerously, “That bitch effectively killed my pack members... she needs to die!”

Pip shook his head, “I know... but Henrietta will kill me if you die too! That was the one rule to allow you here... I can’t let you die too. She may hate you but you’re still family.”

Bradley glared a bit more before he sighed, “I understand... I’ll head back now before Leslie comes looking for me too.”

Pip turned to Damien, “I’ll take him back to the docks.”

Damien nodded, “... I’m sorry... I really am...”

Bradley shook his head, “You don’t need to apologies, just kill this bitch... for them and every other person she has killed.”

Damien did something unexpected and bowed to the wolf, “I promise... you have my word.”

Bradley turned and walked, Pip following behind. Damien leaned back up as they did and looked at the ceiling of his cave.

‘... Father... can I win this?’

---

Pip and Bradley walked in silence for a bit, not sure what to talk about. Pip was cursing himself at how he never wanted this to happen. He wished he had gone in Gregory and Christophe’s place.

“I have a question for you.”

Pip jumped as he turned to his friend, “What?”

Bradley smiled like a cat, “How do you feel about Damien?”

Pip couldn’t stop the dusting of pink forming on his face, “What do you mean by that?”
Bradley continued to grin as he slung an arm over Pip’s shoulders, “Please... the way you look at him... your eyes fill with admiration... and something else.”

Pip shook his head as the blush grew, “Oh heaven no, I only look up to him! He’s given me a place to stay and is working hard to help break my curse. We’re just really good friends. I’ve had the pleasure of hearing about his past as he trusts me, and I’ve shared mine with him as I trust him back. Yes I admire him but something else? I have no idea what that could be.”

Bradley stopped as he looked at Pip seriously, “Pip.... you do realise that you love him right?”

Pip froze. Yes back in England the mere idea of being gay could have you jailed, but he wasn’t there anymore. He didn’t know what he felt for the God, but Bradley had brought up an excellent point.

The blond wolf continued, “Love is love, it doesn’t matter what form it takes. And he’s a God, if he doesn’t care than the rest of the people on this planet who are bigots really have the wrong idea. I mean, they say they worship these gods, but if just one of them doesn’t care, doesn’t that mean we shouldn’t punish people back in England? Gods are the ones who deal out punishment... sorry, that is a complicated subject... we should be focusing on you for now.”

Pip closed his eyes as he thought. He really did care for Damien more than anyone. He may be a gentleman, but he realised he really had been showing favouritism to Damien than anyone else. The God had really taken care of him and he knew he did feel something.

Pip opened his eyes, “… You’re right. Tweek and Craig, Stan and Kyle... they don’t care either.... they just want to be happy.... I’ve been a fool.... I’m sorry.”

Bradley smiled as he walked again, “That’s okay.... anyway, I know he likes you too.”

Pip blushed again as he ran after Bradley, “What! How!?”

Bradley laughed, “Come on, every five minutes during our sparring he would check to see if you were okay. He keeps touching that necklace I’m guessing you got him... he’s smitten for you!”

Bradley chuckled, “I’m just saying what I see. You better tell him you like him when I visit next!”

Pip pouted, “That’s if we survive this Leslie thing first.”

Bradley sighed, “Yeah.... then make me a promise.”

Bradley chuckled, “I’m just saying what I see. You better tell him you like him when I visit next!”

Pip pouted, “That’s if we survive this Leslie thing first.”

Bradley sighed, “Yeah.... then make me a promise.”

Pip lifted a brow as the boys reached the outskirts of the docks, “When you kill her... the first thing you do is tell him the truth.”

Pip looked down, “… but what about my curse? As soon as it’s broken I probably won’t be able to see him anymore.”

Bradley sighed, “… You may have to choose... Would you rather be happy with Damien or get
your curse broken? I know you hate being a werewolf... but you may have to make that choice.”

Bradley hugged his friend, “I’m not forcing you... but listen to your heart.... I just want you to be happy so I will accept any decision you make my friend.... my brother.”

Pip nodded as they finally reached the docks, “I will... I promise you that.”

Bradley quickly jumped towards the boat that was going to head back to England, “Right... make sure you kill that bitch first. That’s the most important thing to focus on right now. Don’t let this decision cloud your judgement as she will use it to tempt you. Don’t let her use those mind games.”

Pip nodded as Bradley hugged him one final time.

“Bradley... safe journey... I know you only just got here... but...”

Bradley shook his, “It’s fine. It was good to see you Pip.... I hope.... stay safe.”

Pip nodded as the boat started to leave.

Pip waved as his alpha left.

He then turned and shifted into a werewolf. He didn’t care, but he wanted to get back to his home... He was growling and crying over Gregory and Christophe still. He was done with feeling sad. He wanted Leslie to pay.

‘No more Mr nice Phillip. She will die... I’ll kill her myself...’

Pip howled. Mourning the loss of two more brave warriors.

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Pip accepting he loves Damien can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/187380759554/please-click-for-better-quality-scene-redraw-of
Chapter Notes

FINALLY! I GET TO WRITE CREEK AGAIN!

I really do love these two and I feel bad for not writing them for so long. I hope I still write them well... I'm quite out of practice.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Craig smiled as he held Tweek’s hand. The snow spirit was blushing, but he had good control over his powers now. Craig’s hand was still a little cold when touching Tweek’s, but it was bearable now. Just a dull cool touch instead of a burning one.

Craig smiled, “Are you okay? I’m not smothering you am I? I don’t want to stress you out or make you use too much spirit energy.”

Tweek shook his head, “Ahh, no you’re nugh okay Craig. I like holding your hand.”

The tengu sighed in relief, “I’m glad. I love you Tweek and I worry that I’m making you control your powers too much and it’s hurting you.”

The yuki-onna shook in fear, “What! No Craig, I want to control my powers better! Oh god, unless you don’t want to be with me! That’s it isn’t it!”

Craig immediately grabbed Tweek’s wrists as they shot towards his obi to pull it tight. He looked at his boyfriend with calm eyes.

“Honey, I will always want to be with you... your brain is playing tricks on you again. I love you so much and I will do my best to show you that for as long as I’m by your side.”

Tweek calmed a little as he hugged his boyfriend, “.... Thank you.... I love you too Craig.... thank you for going on these dates with me... even though everything is scary right now... I love this peace you try to give me.”

Tweek’s eyes then glowed silver as his snowflake pupils became thin slits, “If that bitch comes near you though I’m turning her into a popsicle...”

Some cold mist wrapped around both boys feet just then as the sky turned dark. Flakes of snow started to try and fall as the first signs of a snow storm started.

Craig put a hand to Tweek’s face and looked him in the eyes, “Deep breaths, your powers are getting a bit antsy because you’re mad... do it with me now babe.”

Tweek nodded as the two boys took in a calming breath. The sky got brighter as the cold air left, the snow melting into the ground, giving the plants some much needed water.

Tweek sighed as most of the tension left his body. He was still shaking a little, but he was a lot better.
“... Thank you Craig... you really are so patient with me.”

A rare Craig Tucker smile graced the tengu’s beak, “Of course... you’re worth it.”

Craig then smiled as an idea hit him, “Hey Tweek, you want to get better at controlling your powers to help in case of a fight right?”

Tweek nodded, “I don’t like fighting, but I gahh know we may have to so I want to help. What do you have in mind?”

Craig’s black wings unfurled as he lifted into the air a little, “We can use your powers to help me fly! If we get into a fight with Leslie, not only could you freeze her, but you can use your storm slash wind powers to help me and Red fly faster. Want to give it a try?”

Tweek’s eyes now sparkled, “I... Um... I’d like too... I want to help you Craig...”

Craig made his tengu beak disappear and kissed Tweek gently, the snow spirit smiled as he kissed back. He was careful he didn’t lose himself this time and pulled away carefully. Craig was still worried he’d melt if they went to far after all.

“Um... You fly up and I’ll try and use small bursts of power to help keep you in the air.”

Craig’s beak reappeared as he nodded.

Craig flapped his wings a few times and was in the air, ready to attempt this idea. When Tweek had first come back from the dead he had blown Craig away in fear, this time he wanted to help him, not hurt him.

Tweek stopped focusing on keeping his temperature a little warm and let his power return to normal. Ice formed at his feet as he channelled the feeling of a mini storm into one hand. It was cold and harsh, but Tweek knew he had to be careful. He slowly lifted the hand up to Craig, a gentle breeze emanating from it.

Craig saw the snow highlight the winds trajectory and he carefully flew into the path, his wings caching the wind and helping him sour higher. The tengu swirled and twirled in the wind, doing a few loops and gracefully zooming up and down. His wigs barely flapped together as he silently rode the wind current.

Tweek couldn’t stop his warm smile. It looked as if Craig was dancing, dancing in the wind he helped create. This was the combined effort of them both and Tweek couldn’t believe that his powers could do something this beautiful.

“Wow, you two look amaz- Woah!”

Tweek’s powers dissipated as he turned to Clyde. Craig saw his fool of a best friend and carefully landed next to his body, “Clyde... really?”

Clyde’s head, which had come off again, grinned from near Tweek’s feet, “Hey, I was too mesmerised by my two best bros to watch where I was going.”

Tweek however was panicking a little, “Ahh, Clyde! You have your legs tied together so please be more careful!”

Clyde looked at Tweek and still continued grinning. Craig just wanted to punch him at this point for being such an annoyance.
“It’s okay Tweekers! I don’t feel a thing!”

Tweek took in a breath as he leaned down and carefully picked up Clyde’s head. Both Craig and Clyde were shocked that Tweek wasn’t freezing him solid. Craig picked up Clyde’s body as Tweek carefully rested his head back in position. The snow spirit looked pensive.

“...I can’t sew this back on! The threads are ripped! Oh god, Pressure! Where’s Bebe when you need her!”

“Right here honey cakes!”

Tweek jumped as the blonde haired girl leapt onto him. He screeched a little before quickly focusing on not making his friend into an ice sculpture unintentionally. Bebe originally felt a mild bit of pain, but it soon left. She hugged Tweek tightly as she smiled.

“You’re so brave, we knew you could do it Tweek!”

Tweek nodded, “Thank you Bebe... but rahhh please stop calling me that! Only Craig can call me cute pet names!”

Bebe smiled, “I’m sorry, I can’t help it. You’re just so sweet that I could just eat you up!”

Tweek shook, “Ahhh! Please don’t eat me! Pressure!”

Bebe sighed, “I wouldn’t do that, I care about you too much... You’re special to us Tweek.”

Tweek blushed and a small dusting of snow began to fall. Everyone looked up and Craig couldn’t stop his smile, “Honey, you’re happy aren’t you?”

Tweek nodded, “I feel like I’m alive again... I finally have a hold on these powers that I can be with my friends again.”

The group all smiled as they hugged Tweek close. They then heard a thump and turned to see Clyde’s head back on the floor.

“...I’m fine.”

Bebe rolled her eyes, “Clyde I love you... but you are hopeless... honey cakes can you give me a hand with sewing his head back on?”

Tweek nodded, “Sure Bebe... but please stop calling me that...”

Tweek carefully picked Clyde’s head up again and placed it back on his neck, holding him still. Bebe quickly got her thread out and started to sew.

She sighed as she pulled the thread in and out of his grey skin, “Clyde honey, I love you, but please be careful. Every time you pop these stitches I worry you’ll lose some of your skin, you are a zombie after all.”

Clyde beamed, “Fear not Bebe! Damien’s spell made it so I don’t rot! I may be grey but I won’t ever smell! And even if the stitches pop, my skin doesn’t tear too badly and it heals back up! I’m A-Okay!”

Bebe chuckled, “You’re so optimistic... I love you so much you dumbass.”

Clyde pouted, “I’m not a dumbass!”
Both Craig and Tweek snorted at that one causing Clyde to tear up, “You meanies!”

Tweek sighed as he continued to hold Clyde’s head in place, “You’re still our friend Clyde, but you are... a little dumb sometimes.”

“Pff, only sometimes?” Craig added with a smirk.

Before Clyde really started crying, Bebe finished, “There we go! Thank you Tweekie pie!”

Tweek sighed, “I give up...”

Clyde moved his neck a bit, “Perfect! And I’m not frozen! Awesome tea cup! I knew you could control your gift!”

Craig smiled again as he took Tweek’s hand and kissed it, “He just needed a little push, that’s all.”

Tweek couldn’t stop his blush, “Craig, you’re embarrassing me...”

Tweek then got a small idea and put his hands together. Snow and ice swirled around his fingers and in a matter of seconds a small ice sculpture was in his hands. He held out the item to Craig.

“A small gift... For helping me believe in myself... I know now I’m capable of more than I think.”

Craig eyes sparkled as he held the small guinea pig in his hands. Craig had always loved the exotic creatures and he was so touched that Tweek remembered.

“It’s beautiful honey!”

Clyde and Bebe both looked at the couple, a mischievous smile on their lips. Craig could practically see the cat lips on both their faces... god he hated when they were like this.

Craig was about to flip them both off when he felt Tweek pull on his hat. His eyes widened in surprise when Tweek kissed his crow beak. Tweek kept it small and sweet before he pulled away.

“I love you... and you know... you can kiss me whenever you want. I won’t stop you.”

Craig couldn’t deny at how sexy Tweek was just then. He was normally so shy, but he really loved Craig so much he didn’t care what other people thought.

Craig smiled and a small smirk came on his face, “You can kiss me whenever you want to you know?”

Tweek’s eyes closed a little as he smiled seductively. He giggled slightly as he still held Craig hat in his hands, “You shouldn’t have said that... Craig~.”

Craig really wanted to kiss Tweek then. He quickly stood up and took his boyfriends hand, running from Bebe and Clyde so that he could be alone.

As they ran Craig flashed another smirk at Tweek, “I’m looking forward to this!”

Tweek smiled, “I’m going to show you how much I love you... and this time I won’t almost melt!”

Craig just scooped up Tweek then and flapped his wings.

‘I am going to enjoy this! But I’m stopping if Tweek shows any sign of melting! I’m not going to kill my soulmate!’
Tweek just smiled, ‘I won’t lose it this time! I will shower Craig with love! My wonderful and perfect Craig!’

Craig was careful as he flew Tweek to a safe part of the forest. They wanted so alone time, but they still didn’t want Leslie to find them.

Tweek couldn't deny, he loved Craig and Craig loved him. He felt like the luckiest guy in the whole world. Even in these dark times, Craig was doing his best to soothe his nerves. He hoped he was doing the same for Craig.

Craig smiled as they landed, quickly claiming Tweek’s lips in a more heated kiss. Tweek smiled back as he held Craig close.

Both showered each other with love and safety, they bared their whole of their souls to each other.

… And Tweek didn’t melt.

Chapter End Notes

Yes... they (cough) did the do...
I thought about writing that scene.... but I really can't do it (I did one NSFW for my other fandom.... yeah.... I don't think I can do that again)

Scene redraw of Craig and Tweek in love can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/187538569734/please-click-for-better-quality-scene-redraw-of
Why should I care about what people think!

Chapter Notes

We get a little more Revin here! And we also get to see how Heidi has been acting recently...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As Craig and Tweek were helping Bebe to sew Clyde back together, two other figures were looking at them.

Red gazed at Tweek, watching the Yuki-onna control his powers with ease now. A small smile covered her beak as she watched her cousin marvel at the Guinea pig sculpture.

“He’s finally found love.... He was pining after him for so long.”

Kevin sat next to her and smiled, “Yeah... but haven’t they been dating for a while now? You invited me to the party everyone held.... that was really fun! Even though as spirits we can’t actually eat it was nice of Damien to use magic so we could at least drink tea in celebration.”

Red sniggered to herself, “That was a good party... but.... you have no idea HOW long he was pining.... seven years Kevin.... SEVEN! My dad almost grabbed Craig by the scruff of his neck and made him go confess to Tweek... he said he should be a man already and just admit to his crush how he felt... so many middle fingers... Tricia actually got Tweek and instead, Craig went on a rant about how cute Guinea pigs were.... it was painful to watch to be honest. My dad wanted to remove him from our family tree after that.... he didn’t but god was he embarrassed when he went to the local bar and all the parents were talking about it. He was extra annoyed because of the bet they had going… We thought our bets were bad, the adults really went all out on those two.”

Kevin sniggered, “I remember those bets! Cartman kept trying to cheat and in the end we all gave up because Clyde and Bebe kept winning.... I didn’t bet that often though.”

She then looked up at the sky, “I know... he’s trying so hard to keep him calm in all this chaos... even when Craig first died he’d turn into a crow and just watch over him. He did everything he could to protect him. He even went out in a snow storm to try and save him, the wind wouldn’t let him... He cried by his body for a while as he waited for Tweek to make his verdict.... then when Tweek came back he was so happy.... sad... but also happy the one he loved was still on this earth... Love like that is precious.”

Kevin closed his book as he looked at Red. The tengu looked into the Monkey spirits eyes as he smiled, her heart picking up.

“Yes... love like that is special.... love in general is so precious. I hate when people take it for granted. It’s so hard to find in the first place, and I know I can’t speak from personal experience, but reading about love helps give me a little insight I like to hope. I mean... this couple in this book.... They protect each other no matter what. The author writes so well I almost feel like I can understand it if only for a moment.”

Kevin showed her the page and the Tengu started to read. He was right... but not completely. It was
true that the two characters were in love, but Red could feel the females characters emotions were more like hers than Tweek and Craig’s. Her heart ached in the same way the author explained when the love interest had to leave. Her heart ached the same way when Kevin left to help the others.... it ached when she left him to patrol the skies. It was the same feeling, and she hated how accurate it was.

This was one reason Red loved to read, you could feel emotions that you normally wouldn’t feel and relate to these characters the creator had poured their soul into. The emotions like that couldn’t be fake.

Red realised she’d been quiet for a while and looked away, “You dork... but I get it... I’ve never felt it either myself.”

Red mentally sighed, ‘You liar... the one you like is sat right next to you... You need to tell him how you feel! We’re at war! Cliques don’t matter anymore!’

As if the universe hated her though, Wendy walked past. She saw Red immediately and walked over to the two of them.

“Red, why are you hanging out with this lonely geek? Why aren’t you with Bebe over there or Nichole?”

Red willed her blush away as she turned to look away from Wendy. This was what she hated.... even now the other still judged him.

“Why do you care who she speaks with? She’s her own person you know!”

Red’s head snapped to look at Kevin. He looked mildly pissed off as he started down the ame-washari in front of him.

Kevin stood up and closed his book forcefully, “What gives you the right? You shouldn’t judge people like that. After we died I thought this would all change.... I’m sick of this! We aren’t human anymore! Yes I want to keep my humility, but this is ridiculous! Red doesn’t need some group approval to talk to people she wants too! She’s her own person capable of making her own decisions!”

Red stared wide eyed at him, hearts practically in her eyes, ‘Is he.... sticking up for me? He’s actually yelling at Wendy... someone you really shouldn’t annoy to help me... but why? He doesn’t have to do this as he doesn’t get any benefit... yet he still is.... I can’t let him do this by himself!’

Wendy’s eyes narrowed as it started to drizzle, “Are you yelling at me!”

Red stood up, “Wends.... he right.... besides, I’ve seen you hang out with Scott. Wouldn’t he be a ‘lonely geek’ too? I haven’t judged you at all for that.... so why are you being a hypocrite with me?”

The rain stopped as Wendy looked at the two spirits. She always liked to pride herself in her equal rights for all, but even she noticed how much of a bitch she had been in that moment.

Wendy sighed as she bowed her head deeply, “I.... I am sorry..... That was rude of me.... That was Cartman level rude and I never want to be like that fatass! Red.... I never meant..... can you forgive me?”

Red walked over and hugged her friend, “Of course.”
Wendy smiled as she pulled back from the hug, “I’ll let you two continue. I have to find Heidi anyway.... I don’t know why.... but she just feels off at the moment.”

Red nodded, “I get what you mean.... Like, she’s still the same as she always has, yet the air around her seem...... just..... I can’t explain it....”

“Her aura is dark.... like she isn’t actually the real Heidi.”

The girls turned to Kevin as he folded his arms, “I haven’t ever spent one on one time with her... but just from observing her mannerisms have slightly changed. Just a hint here and there, but.... I just feel unsettled. It’s like... she’s possessed almost.”

Wendy smiled, “.... You are right on the money there Kevin. As her close friend you have put into words what I couldn’t.... I really am sorry.... I have to find her.... I need to know what’s going on.”

Kevin looked serious, “Be careful... If something is off you can’t let her know you know... it could mean you getting hurt.”

Wendy was touched then. Even though she had just been a bitch he was still treating her with kindness. It reminded her a little of Scott. She bowed once more before she turned on her heel.

As she walked away Red turned back to Kevin, “.... Thank you.... no one has ever done that for me.”

Red then blushed as she fiddled with her kimono sleeve, “.... I.... I really do love reading with you Kevin. I know there’s the stigma that you’re a nerd if you do, but I really do enjoy it.... it’s..... It’s one of the most fun parts of my day.”

Red really blushed hard, ‘Come on! Keep up this confidence streak!’

Red bowed her head so her fringe hid her eyes, “I...... I don’t mean to be mean to you.... I’m just bad.... at being honest and open.... I hide behind this mask to protect myself.... I don’t want to be labelled as a nerd or geek.... I know it shouldn’t matter!”

Kevin couldn’t stop the heartfelt smile on his lips as he walked over to Red. He placed a hand on her shoulder which caused her to look up. The monkey spirit just regarded her with kind eyes.

“I understand.... but you really should be more honest with yourself Red. You’ll just be miserable if you don’t. I feel like I know you a bit more now and I know you only deserve to be happy.”

Red’s whole face turned crimson, even her ears, as she gazed at Kevin.

‘When did he get so cool! He’s so sweet and kind! I just.... I WANT TO KISS HIM SO BAD! SHIT I’M AS BAD AS MY FUCKING COUSIN..... WELL SCREW WAITING SEVEN YEARS!”

Red took in a deep breath and gave Kevin a determined look. She quickly used her magic to make her beak disappear and kissed Kevin.

Kevin’s eyes widened as Red shoved their lips together. It was short and she pulled back sharply as she turned away.

Her beak was back as she looked at Kevin over her shoulder, “DON’T READ INTO THAT TOO MUCH!”

Kevin touched his lips with his monkey paw as realisation sunk in.
Red actually liked him as more than a friend.

‘I see... her bratty, head strong side won’t let her admit it out loud, but her heart is telling her something else.’

Kevin smiled as he took Red’s hand in his own, “I won’t read into it too much.... I know you need space to figure it out. You can talk to me if you need to though Red.”

The tengu blushed more as she pulled Kevin back to wear they were sitting before.

“Just let me lean my head on you while you read... you dumbass!”

Kevin smiled as he re-opened his book. Red slowly rested her head on his shoulder as he continued. He smiled and patted her head to calm her. Red just huffed as she blushed.

She did speak almost in a whisper in his ear, “Thank you.... I’ll find the words soon....”

Kevin nodded as he lent his own head on hers a little, “I shall wait until you are ready....”

Kevin needed time too after all. He needed to make sure the flower blooming in his heart was a rose after all... he hoped it was a red one to match the girl who was so kind to him.

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Kevin protecting Red from Wendy's accusations can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/187695620109/please-click-for-better-quality-scene-redraw-of
That’s it! We’re taking this fight to the enemy!

Chapter Notes

This is the start of final confrontation! Get ready, the final battle will soon be upon us!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Butters sighed to himself as he looked at the lake water. He knew he shouldn’t be here as it wasn’t safe, yet his heart always brought him back here.... back to the water he died in.... and the place where Kenny had been so kind to him.

His heart ached so bad. He felt numb. Nothing he did ever made him feel happy anymore.

Butters face turned cold as he got lost in his thoughts again.

‘Leslie..... I will get revenge for Kenny! I know spiders hate water... I will drown you!’

Butter dived into the water and a few seconds later sprang to the surface. He fired water out of his beak. He repeated this action again and again, even when he flipped and his water bowl became empty, he just fell back in the water and recovered.

He didn’t care about his own safety anymore.

Someone he loved was taken from him.

And they would come to regret that decision forever!

Butters knew it was wrong to wish such hate on someone, but he couldn’t help himself. Part of his heart was gone and the only way it would find peace was if Leslie ceased to exist!

The kappa finally crawled out of the water and looked at the forest. His eyes glowed dangerously. Even though he was partially blind in one eye now, the hate behind it was obvious if anyone could see him.

But Butters was alone.

Just like he had always been until Kenny had reached out his hand to him.

He regretted so much not realising until it was too late that it was love he felt, and that Kenny felt it too.

Butters shook his head as he walked towards the forest.

‘I don’t care if it costs me my life... no one will care if I disappear anyway.... I can’t let her keep winning! We’ve all lost so much because of her! I have to stop this cycle of death and despair! She has to die! If not than everyone will continue to suffer!’

The water spirit soldiered on into the dense forest.
Butters was starting to flag. For hours he’d been wondering and all he’d seen were wild animals. His skin was starting to feel dry and a headache was setting in. The hot sun was taking its toll and Butters knew that if he didn’t find water soon he’d be stuck. He was severely dehydrated. He held onto to the trees so his remaining water didn’t spill out. If he tripped on a root it was game over.

Fortunately, the kappa saw a grey wolf. He knew from the clothes that it was Pip.

The werewolf boy was alone for once, currently using his claws to punch a tree. He scratched and punched the mighty tree, dodging invisible attacks as well. Butters knew that he was also training.

The wolf growled but stopped when he saw Butters. Pip instantly shifted back to human form and ran to him, catching him in his arms as he fell.

“Butters! Oh gosh, you’re burning up! Stay with me! Oh bugger, we got to dash to the lake now!”

Butters let Pip place him on his back and piggy back ride him back to the lake. The wolf boy sniffed the air the whole time just to make sure no danger got them. When he saw the lake he ran and dropped Butters in. The second the cool moisture touched his skin, Butters felt re-energised.

The Kappa burst to the surface and took a few breaths, “... Thank you... Pip.”

The boy nodded as he collapsed to the ground, his legs exhausted, “It was my pleasure... but you ought not to be out here Butters. Leslie might have found you and then you would have been in a real pickle.”

Butters looked away, “I know... I was looking for her....”

Pip looked worried then, “You can’t take her on alone... look what almost happened to Stan! What did happen to my friends! She is a beast that won’t hesitate to kill you, and when she does she’ll just take your soul to heal herself.”

Tears streamed from Butters eyes as he looked at Pip, “YOU DON’T THINK I KNOW THAT! I JUST CAN’T LET HER LIVE PIP!”

Pip’s eyes widened as Butters sobbed, “She took him away.... she took him away before I could realise how I felt! I feel empty Pip! I know I had a life before I met him and that I should be over this pain by now.... but every time I close my eyes I see him! I see his kind face as he reaches his hand out to me!.... Why.... why didn’t I take that hand when I had the chance!”

Pip sat down at the side of the lake and gave him a sad smile, “.... Tell me...”

Butters looked up in confusion as Pip continued, “Please... tell me how you felt and what he did for you.”

Butters eye still streamed as a melancholy smile graced his lips, “Every time he called me Leo my heart jumped. I always thought it was from surprise, but soon the way he called me just.... anyway..... he’d just sit with me... just like you are now. We’d share our feelings, our dreams. It was mostly boring stuff, but even so I loved it so much. He always knew how to put a smile on my
face. Even when I was down because no one visited that often, he could make it go upside down in a matter of minutes.”

Pip listened to his words. He felt a little selfish for thinking it, but the way Butters described it sounded exactly like his feelings and emotions to Damien. It made him realise how much pain it would cause him if the God really did die. It made him boil with anger that Leslie would inflict such an emotion on Butters.

His eyes glowed red as he looked at the crying Kappa, “..... That’s it.... no.... not anymore.”

Butters looked up as Pip gritted his teeth and pure anger took over him, “Enough is a pissing enough! That bloody fucking bitch is getting her arse handed to her today!”

Butters looked shocked at how the normally kind and gentle Pip had changed, “I’m buggering sick of how that bitch treats us! And I’m sick of the rest of us cowering like scared mice! Well, fuck it! If we’re all going to die anyway us bastards might as well go out with a fucking bang right!”

Butters looked up as Pip glared at him, “You feel it too right? You’re sick that we just stay in the village and try to find safety, yet none of us have actually done a thing to go find her! We’ve been doing this all wrong and that’s what she wanted! We’ve all separated ourselves when we should have rallied together!”

Butters nodded as he got out of the water, “I’m sick.... I’m sick that everyone is acting like Kenny never existed than going after the source of the problem. Yes, I get that everyone is scared, but doing nothing is cheapening his memory! We should be fighting back! There is one of her and a mini army of us! If we band together there’s nothing we can’t do! Fear has just choked us!”

Determination filled Pip’s eyes, “Let’s go!”

He grabbed Butters’ webbed hand and pulled. The kappa flashed a look of confusion at the wolf but Pip continued to walk. He stopped for a second and looked at the water spirit again.

“We’re going to the mountain and we’re gathering everyone... we are making this a fight....”

Butters nodded as the two boys ran. The mountain wasn’t far and in a few minutes they were face to face with Damien.

The God looked at Pip with a worried expression, “Pip, what goi-”

“Call everyone here! We’re ending this.... TODAY!”

Damien looked mad that he was cut off, but Pip’s eyes held something that made the God nod.

Pip smiled, “Time to show Leslie the true power of a wrath God and his spirits!”

Damien nodded as a scowl appeared on his features, “... You remind me of him.... both of you.... he never gave up either... You’re right.... I am a wrath God! AND I REFUSE TO BE MADE INTO SOME PUNK ASS LITTLE BITCH!”

Damien clapped his hands and a faint signal spread through the air.

*Come to the mountain..... it is time to fight!*

Both Pip and Butters watched from the cave entrance as shapes started to move.

Pip eyes became thin slits as he looked out over the village, his wolf fangs coming out of his gums
and his nails growing longer, “Either we fight today.... or we die trying!”

Butters nodded as he lifted his hand. Small balls of water formed in them. The kappa had never done this before, but he knew it would be useful, “No more holding back.”

Damien joined them as his eyes also glowed. Powerful fire danced around his gauntlets making embers rise off himself, “No more cowering.”

They all spoke in unison as they closed their eyes.

“Tonight that bitch dies!”

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Pip, Damien and Butters eyes glowing can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/187846193794/please-click-for-better-quality-scene-redraw-of
You call yourselves spirits, but I only see cowards!

Chapter Notes

The spirits have a choice to make.... what is their choice?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The three spirits dispelled their powers as one by one everyone arrived. The last person to arrive was Cartman of course, not having any interest in what was going on.

Kyle snarled, “And where the hell were you?! Damien called us and you stroll in late when you feel like it!”

Cartman rolled his eyes, “Fuck you Kahl, I came as soon as I could! And Jimmy isn’t even here!”

Token sighed, “He said he’s looking after Karen and he’d get here as soon as he can. We can start without him.”

Cartman rolled his eyes, “Ha, at least I’m not last Kahl!”

The kitsune just ignored Cartman and held onto Stan’s hand.

Inside, Cartman was was sneering, ‘I already gave Leslie the heads up... whatever this plan is, I know it will backfire... then when Leslie kills Damien, I kill her with Heidi... and then I win! You all have no idea what’s ahead!’

Cartman quickly turned to Heidi. The snake had her poker face up as she looked sweet and innocent. The two nodded to each other before Cartman walked up to Damien.

“So what’s this all about? I’m a busy man.”

Damien just glared at the raccoon before he sighed, “I shall leave this to Pip... If you don’t mind.”

Pip bowed before standing before everyone. Cartman rolled his eyes again but kept quiet. He found the British idiot to be a thorn in his side.

Pip cleared his throat, “Everyone... Thank you so much for coming on such short notice. I know a lot has happened recently and that is precisely why you’re here.... We are going to fight back against Leslie!”

Chaos broke out as everyone started talking. Pip tried to get control again, but it didn’t seem to work. Damien was about to yell when someone else beat him.

“Oi! Shut the fuck up and listen!”

Everyone turned to Butters. The kappa spirit looked pissed off as he summoned more water balls. They were in awe at the new ability but was quickly silenced when he continued talking.

“Shut your mouths and listen to Pip before I throw one of these at you! This is serious so stop acting like you’re on a school trip and listen! Our lives are on the line!”
The room actually fell silent and Butters lowered his hands. He turned back to the werewolf and smiled, “There you are fella, please continue Pip.”

Pip smiled brightly at the Kappa, “Thank you Butters.”

He then went serious again as he looked at all the spirits once more, “As I was saying, we are going to fight back! We need to kill Leslie before more of us die.... every person she's killed has made her stronger, we have to kill her now before she becomes invincible. With Kenny’s abilities...... she gains more power as she is able to tap into that strength and domain over death. Even when she didn’t, by eating souls she immediately heals from any wounds she previously sustained... Even so, we need to fight back. She’s already started killing more humans, so we have to stop her before she wipes out the village. So..... I ask you all.... who is with us?”

The spirits were all quiet as they thought the request over. Many of them were scared, they didn’t want to die again. The first time had been bad enough.

“I am with you.”

Everyone turned to see Kevin step forwards. He lifted his hand and a bright light glowed, “I am scared.... but I know that my power really hurts Leslie! So, even though I am still terrified, I will fight.... I will fight with everything I have to kill her!”

Pip nodded as a smile coated his face, “Thank you Kevin.... your holy power is the main key to stopping her I believe. Anyone else?”

Pip didn’t want to force them. They had to be united of their own free will, if they forced them they wouldn’t work together and everything would fall apart.

It was Cartman that spoke next, “Fuck that! I don’t want to die again! She’s killed how many of us? There’s no way we’ll all make it out alive!”

Kyle snarled, “No one asked you fat ass! You can go fuck off if you’re going to be like that!”

The kitsune then felt his hand shake. Stan was shaking like a leaf as he remembered what Leslie had almost done to him… twice. Kyle looked at Stan as the Inugami spoke.

“I’m sorry Ky.... I don’t want to fight either. I don’t want to almost die again. I couldn’t leave you alone again! Or what if you die! My heart would break if I lost you! I can’t....”

Tweek shivered when he heard that, latching onto Craig, “Oh god! Craig, what if you died! I can’t bear to see you get hurt by her!”

That planted the seeds of doubt in Craig too, “.... I can’t....”

Cartman sneered to himself as one by one, everyone started to panic once more, ‘All according to plan! They won’t fight back, they’re too scared to die! They’ve seen what she can do!’

Clyde started to cry as Bebe held him, “I don’t want to die like Kenny or my mom! Leslie killed Kenny who had been alive for one hundred years! We’re like.... nothing compared to him! She’d kill us all with one swing of that scythe! She will kill us and then eat our souls, making herself stronger!”

Everyone was yelling now as they spoke over each other. Damien couldn’t stop how they felt but thought that calming the situation down was a good call.
He was interrupted though again... and this time not by Butters.

“Oh for god thshake! Why don’t you all do thsomething for onthce!”

Everyone turned to Scott who was now hissing. The Bake neko leapt up and landed at the front of the group, perfectly on his feet.

Wendy couldn’t stop the smile on her lips as Scott began to speak.

“I get that you’re all thscared, I am too, but if Lethslie haths her way we’re all going to die thsoon anyway. I get trying to hold onto the good times, but there comeths a point where you have to thsay ‘f*ck it’ and actually take a thstand! What’ths the point of waiting for death when we have thethse abilitieths to fight back!”

As if to prove his point, Scott shifted into a bear, an elephant and then a lion before changing back into his normal form.

“But no! You’d rather not fight and cower... You’re all nothing but a bunch of weak, good for nothing trickthsters! I should know, my thspirit is a trickster.... but unlike the rethst of you I actually fight my thspirit thside to thstay who I am! Have you all forgotten who you are? I remember that you all uthsed to be kids that didn’t care about danger! You made your own ruleths aths you ran into the forethst to play games and enjoy life! You didn’t care, you were living in the moment.... Where iths that pathssion and fire gone!”

Scott’s eyes then glowed dangerously as he said something that he knew would strike a nerve, “Kenny gave uths thiths new life, we might as well do thsomething with it instead of juthst thsitting around! You’re just making his thsacrifice meaningless, thso we thshould fight to the end to protect thspirits and humanths alike!”

Scott then pointed to three others, “Kyle, Thstan, Craig..... what about your thsiblings! Didn’t you vow to protect them no matter what!? If we die without fighting, who’ths going to thstop Lethslie from killing them next?!”

Silence fell as Scott lowered his hand. The three in question were stunned. They couldn’t refute Scott’s logic. Who would stop Leslie from killing their loved one’s next.

Everyone was speechless. Scott was normally the quiet one that tried to get on with everyone, but in that moment they saw that he had a backbone. He wouldn’t let them get away with this bullshit.

They also remembered the fun time they had as kids. He was right, back then they didn’t care about the rules. They always did stuff that got them in trouble, but they didn’t care. Yes there was less danger, but they could all remember the silly adventures Cartman, Stan and Kyle would end up on by some weird form of luck. Many times these adventures had almost burned the village to the ground and killed a few visitors, but they always came back stronger.

Where had that bravery gone? Why were they hesitating so much? Yeah, they were older now, but with age came strength and wisdom. They even had powers they could rely on now.

As the spirits tried to think, Karen appeared at the entrance to the cave. The girl looked scared, but her eyes were filled with determination.

“Everyone... please.... save my ancestor.”

Jimmy floated down so he was next to her, “T-t-there is a chance after all! Kenny is p-powerful, so he may still b-b-b-b-be alive... it’s small, but m-m-maybe it’s the hope we need to enter this f-
fight.”

Butters instantly looked at Jimmy. Hearing those words filled him with more courage than before. He was more determined than ever to fight Leslie now.

Jimmy then laughed, “But if I still c-can’t convince you.... maybe these g-g-guys can…”

The spirits looked as three more shadows appeared at the entrance.

Stan, Kyle and Craig all gasped as they saw their siblings stand before them.

Ike smiled, “It’s great to see you Ky! You’re a little furrier than I remember you being.”

Tricia laughed, “Hey, at least he doesn’t have a bird beak like my hopeless brother!”

Craig couldn’t stop himself as he flipped his sister off. He then quickly put it down. Tricia only laughed more as she flipped him off right back.

Shelly scoffed as she tapped her sword up and down on her shoulder, “So you’re all being a bunch of turds I see.... If you don’t shape up I’ll just knock some sense into you all! I’m still the oldest after all!”

Everyone was so confused now.

“Er.... Damien.... I thought humans can’t see spirits.” Token stated simply.

Damien had a feeling on what was going on as he glared at Jimmy, “There are ways.... care to explain.... Jimmy!”

Jimmy floated up as he folded his arms behind his head, “I have no idea w-w-w-w-what you’re talking about.”

Karen bowed her head, “Please... allow me to explain... this was my idea after all..... I just.... I had to help somehow.... I don’t have spirit powers, but still, a human like me had to do something!”

Ike patted Karen’s shoulder, “You’ve got this Karen.”

Tricia smiled as she hugged her best friend, “We support you.”

Shelly scoffed a little, but there was a tiny smile. She was so happy she could see her brother again after all.

The small girl nodded as she started from the beginning.

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Scott giving everyone a piece of his mind can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/187988526509/please-click-for-better-quality-scene-redraw-of
So let’s get this straight.... our siblings... ARE SPIRITS?! 

Chapter Notes

We get to see more of Karen, Ike and Tricia's friendship here (and yes, Ike does have a crush on Karen and Tricia knows... Karen has no clue though). I also enjoyed writing Shelly here where she's less of a bitch. She has learned from her past mistakes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Hey Jimmy.... how was Nathan able to see spirits?”

Jimmy looked at Karen with slight confusion, “What do you mean?”

Karen pointed to her eyes, “Well, I’ve always had the sight. I’ve always been able to see the supernatural. As far as I can tell, Nathan never had the sight. So this made me realise... how was he able to help Leslie without being able to see her? I overheard Pip say that it was like he was in control, so he wasn’t under a spell as he still had free will.... Maybe there’s a way for humans to see spirits?”

Jimmy floated so he was upside down, “Hmmm, it is possible there may be a way. I mean, humans can see me when I’m corporeal... Kenny always said I had to never let a human see me change from one form to the next.”

Karen closed her eyes as she processed that information, “Maybe.... maybe if they see you... they can see all spirits! Kenny never told you what would happen... but think about it!”

Karen stood up as her eyes held slight fear, “What if Nathan saw you or someone else die! What if he saw Leslie and decided to cooperate with her! Nathan was already a mean person, maybe Leslie saw that and somehow used magic to make him see her! If you come into contact with the spirit veil you have the sight! Pip only has it because he’s a werewolf, once his curse is broken he loses the sight, but maybe he won’t.... I don’t know... but it is the only theory that works!”

Jimmy floated so he was next to her, “What’s bringing this on all of a sudden Karen? Why the interest in humans being able to see spirits?”

Karen smiled, “Because... I want to know if we can get help with people joining this fight!”

Jimmy sighed, “I don’t think the parents will be much help... they’ll just call you crazy Karen.”

Karen shook her head, “Not the parents... I mean Ike, Tricia and Shelly! They’re the only ones who would help as they are kids and they are linked to the spirits due to their siblings. Shelly especially would help as she’s been training with that katana now for months. She may not be a master, but any help is good!”

Jimmy looked concerned, “Karen, Ike and Tricia are j-j-just kids! Won’t you just put them in danger?”

Karen hugged herself, “Yeah... but.... they still love their families. And what’s to say that Leslie won’t kill them next! They need to know what’s going on so they can at least defend themselves!”
They're my friends... no, my family! I don’t want to lose anyone else! I’m just a kid too! I’m the youngest out of all of you and I’m stuck with dealing with this. I don’t want to make them see because I’m lonely though, I want to do it so we can help! Us little kids can do things teenagers can’t Jimmy... Please?”

Jimmy sighed and nodded, “I’ll help.... b-b-but I still don’t think this is a good idea.”

Karen hugged the Zashiki-warashi, but fell through him, “Ah... oops.”

Jimmy laughed slightly but still looked serious, “Are you sure Karen?”

The small girl nodded, “Yeah... It may be selfish... but I have to!”

Karen saw Ike jogging to her just then. Jimmy floated up as the boy reached her.

“Karen! I saw you fall over! Are you okay?”

The girl smiled as her friend helped her up, “I’m fine... this kimono is just a bit long.... but that’s not important right now. Ike, I need you to get Tricia and Shelly for me! Meet me outside my house as soon as you can! My parents are asleep but we have to discuss something!”

Ike looked confused but nodded, “Why Shelly? We don’t normally talk to her?”

Karen looked desperate as she held Ike’s hand, “Please... I’ll explain everything.”

The boy blushed a little but nodded, “.... Okay.”

Karen smiled as he ran off. She looked at Jimmy again as he looked up into the air, “What’s wrong?”

Jimmy sighed, “D-d-d-damien is calling us.... I’ll do your p-plan first, but I’ll tell Token I’m g-g-g-going to be late.... I hope this w-w-works Karen.”

Karen nodded, “Me too.”

Karen smiled as the three arrived, she quickly pulled them to her room and smiled.

“I’m sorry for the short notice but I wanted to ask you guys something.... do you believe in spirits?”

Shelly looked confused but nodded, “Yeah.... after Stan appeared in my dream I feel like it’s not impossible. But that was probably my brain just helping me find a way to cope.”

Ike sighed, “Maybe.... It’s not impossible, but we do have a lot of folklore stories about magic and gods.... I love the ones about Kitsune though!”

Tricia smiled, “Meh, Tengu are pretty cool.... but what has this got to do about you calling us
here?"

Karen took in a deep breath as she held Timmy, “.... because they are real.”

Everyone was quiet before Ike started to laugh, “Come on Karen, that’s a little far fetched!”

Karen smiled as she lifted Timmy up, “Really, because I’m holding one right now.”

As if on cue, Timmy opened his eye and smiled, “TIMMY!”

Tricia jumped, “What the fuck!”

Karen then looked up, “And Jimmy is right there.”

She picked up the bamboo crutches and Jimmy became corporeal.

“W-wow, what a terrific audience.”

Ike was now panicking, “What! But... he died!”

Karen nodded, “Yes... he did... but he came back.... just like Stan, Craig and Kyle.”

Everyone froze. Shelly stood up and glared at the girl, “Is this some kind of joke?”

Karen shook her head, “No joke. I would never joke about something this serious. I just have to test one more thing... Jimmy, please turn incorporeal again.”

Jimmy’s crutches just fell to the floor as the spirit rose up. He flipped and smiled at the kids.

Karen looked serious, “Can you still see him?”

Ike rubbed his eyes a few times, “... no way!”

Karen smiled, “My theory was right... it appears once someone has come into contact with the spirit world they can see it...”

Tricia was crying, “Wait... does that mean?”

Shelly was trying to hold back the tears as she looked at Karen, “Start explaining.”

Karen nodded, “All your siblings are still alive. They made a deal with the guardian of this village, a Kishin God who lives in the mountain. They got a second chance but they had to become spirits that can’t be seen... well, I’m the only exception. See, my family has magic in their blood. An old ancestor of mine became a Shinigami and was linked to this place. He helped guide everyone to the mountain when they passed.”

Karen turned to Ike, “Kyle came back as a kitsune spirit.”

“He’s actually the b-b-bear that scared you in the woods. The w-w-w-wolf was Pip, the h-human that’s b-b-been in the village. He’s known as a w-w-werewolf and is here to break his c-c-curse. Kyle has been m-m-making sure you stay alive and don’t fall into Leslie’s trap.” Jimmy added with a smile.

Ike smiled, “Thanks Ky.... wait, trap?”

Karen sighed, “I’ll get to that... Tricia, Red and Craig are the crows that have been watching over
“Karen then looked at Shelly. The oldest girl was giving her daggers, but Karen kept going.

“Shelly.... Stan had Nichole, a baku spirit, help him enter your dream. The real Stan was talking to you there. At the moment he is an inugami spirit and even though you can’t see him, he too has been protecting you.”

Shelly’s eyes were wide, “That.... was the real Stan.... that turd, always thinking of others... that dumbass.”

Karen then went serious again, “But now they are all in danger. They were killed thanks to an evil spirit. A Kumo-Yōkai called Leslie. They are about to possibly fight this demon, and if they fail, she is going to kill everyone in the village to gain more power. They don’t know I did this, but we need to help them fight somehow. If they die, we’re all screwed... losing my ancestor was bad enough.”

Ike looked concerned, “I’m sorry Karen.... is that why you’ve been so down lately? And how you got that cut?”

Karen finally let her tears spill over, “I’m so sorry... I wanted to tell you, but... I didn’t want you to hate me or put you in danger. I know you’re still in danger, but this was the only idea I had that could help them. I don’t want to sit on the side-lines anymore... but I’m only ten! I know you and Tricia are only ten too... but....”

Karen was stopped by a hand on her shoulder. Karen looked as Shelly smiled at her. She stood back and drew her sword.

“You may be ten.... but I am nineteen! Older than all these spirits! Those turds have to respect their elders! So I swear on this blade to help get you kids out of trouble from this mean bully! No one hurts my brother but me!”

Karen laughed at that one, “You are his older sister... he can’t really ignore you now can he.”

Ike stood up and hugged Karen, “I’ll help too! I may not be able to transform like Ky, but I was always smart! I’m sure I can help!”

Tricia stood up too, an all knowing twinkle in her eye as she watched Ike blush a little while holding Karen, “And someone has to flip my brother off... and if Tweek is back too I have to force him to actually confess already.... even in death I know my brother is fucking hopeless!”

Karen laughed, “.... are you sure about that?”

Tricia smiled, “Ooooh, did he finally tell him! Now I have to go see him!”

Jimmy smiled, “Well, e-everyone has g-g-g-gathered at the mountain for the final f-f-f-fight. You can now all see the h-hidden path so I say we go now and surprise t-t-them!”

Karen stood up, Timmy by her side, “Let’s go help our family!”
“And that’s what I did... I’m sorry I couldn’t keep the secret Damien... but I wanted to help. My power is useless in battle... but I just...”

Damien raised a hand, “Karen, you’re okay... They can help... However, I am a little disappointed in you! You are also very VERY lucky none of them went insane like Nathan from coming into contact with our world!”

Jimmy floated down and bowed his head, “If I had k-k-known that Damien I wouldn’t have done it.”

Damien shook his head as a small smile coated his lips, “It’s okay... I actually am more happy than mad. A God like myself draws power if he is believed in. The fact that three human believe in me has already made me stronger than before! Karen, even though what you did was dangerous, it worked in our favour... just double check next time... and good on you for working out how humans can see spirits.”

Damien looked at the humans, “I cannot grant you powers... but I can give you weapons to defend yourselves with if you really wish to fight. Shelly, please step forward and draw your katana.”

The girl did as she was told and stood before the kishin, bowing a little as she did. Damien waved his hand over it and the blade glowed brightly before returning to normal.

The God smiled, “I have put a charm on it that will allow you to hurt a spirit.”

He then put his hands together and produced three more weapons. A bow and arrows, a naginata and finally a chain scythe.

Karen took the bow, Tricia the naginata and Ike the chain scythe.

Damien looked serious, “You three, these weapons will fade in a few days... I am not going to let you keep weapons that could hurt you. You’re only ten!... but these weapons also have a charm on them... I want you to defend only and not get too close to Leslie. Nichole is a baku and will therefore be healing anyone who needs it with dreams. Your job in this fight is to protect her. Token will be with you too, but Leslie will not be expecting you.”

He looked at Shelly again, “You however are very experienced with that weapon. Only you may attack the bitch head on, but only if you know you’ll get a hit... She won’t hesitate to kill you.”

“NO!”

Everyone turned to Stan. The dog spirit looked worried.

Shelly rolled her eyes, “Shut up turd!”

Stan gulped as Shelly looked at her blade, “I want to do this... You gave your life to defend the village when I was nothing but a coward... I’m fighting to repay you for that and you can’t change my mind!”

Damien smiled and looked at the spirits again, “So... who else will fight... we never decided who was joining and who refused to.”

Scott, Nichole, Token, Kevin, Pip and Butters all joined Damien. Karen smiled as all the humans joined them. They looked at the remaining spirits. Kyle sighed as he walked forwards, Stan
following behind him.

The kitsune laughed, “I can’t say no now my little brother is showing me up. I will fight.”

Stan nodded, “Ditto.”

Craig flapped his wings and joined them, “I hate agreeing with those two... but if Trish is fighting I better too.”

Tweek jolted but nodded, “I will too!”

Clyde smiled, “I can’t let teacup have all the glory now! If he can fight then I will too!”

One by one, every spirit found their courage and walked forwards. Cartman was the last one.

Damien looked at him, “... Well.”

The raccoon sighed, “Well I can’t exactly be the only one not fighting now can I! Jesus fucking Christ you all are too serious... plus... I don’t want my soul set on fire again!”

Damien stood up and smiled, “I shall also fight. I will be careful though as if she kills me we’re all dead.... I can’t hide forever though. I am one of the most powerful, but a God is nothing without his spirits... my father always said that, but only now do I understand what he really meant.”

Damien smiled as he looked over his village, “Father.... I’m finally taking a stand.”

He then looked at all his spirits, “Besides, I created Leslie.”

He lifted his hand and a single tiny blue fireball appeared. His eyes changed colour as he smiled.

“I should be the one to uncreate her!”

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Ike, Tricia and Shelly praising Karen can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/188134114374/please-click-for-better-quality-scene-redraw-of
Sneak attack time!

Chapter Notes

Cartman.... always so fun to write (She says sarcastically)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As Damien finished talking to the spirits about strategy and weak points, Eric Cartman snuck out and away from the group. He gave Heidi a quick nod before he did so, making sure the snake spirit stayed to hear the plan. The broken minded snake just nodded as her eyes flashed pure yellow for a second.

Cartman ran to find Leslie, well, actually he shifted into bird as that required less walking, but he still made sure to get to her as fast as he could be bothered with.

The spider sighed as the raccoon stumbled into the cave, ripping some of her webs as he did. Her purple eyes glowed, “You better have some important information for me boy!”

Cartman smirked, “Be like that and I won’t tell you Damien’s new plan that we can use as a ticket out of here.”

The demon shifted to her true face for a second before looking him dead in the eye, “Speak! Now!”

The tanuki smiled as he leaned against the wall, “Not much, just that every spirit and the few of the humans are planning a surprise attack on you. They all banded together and grew a backbone, saying things like ‘We’ll avenge Kenny’ and ‘We should do something with our lives before we all die again’.... pathetic if you ask me. They’re all marching to an early death.”

Leslie started off neutral before her face produced a cruel smile and she started to cackle with laughter.

“Pfff, hahahahaha! They think they can fight me! Come to find and put an end to my life? Such fools! Well, thank you.... this information is interesting.... so why don’t we have a little surprise attack of our own.... the God will be focused on preening himself and his useless fire! He won’t be looking out for me! We can assassinate him today! Hahahaha! I can steal his soul and become the new ruler of the mountain! ALL THE HUMANS WILL BOW BEFORE ME! BWAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

Cartman rolled his eyes before he nodded, “Let’s go then.... I want him dead so I can do what I want again!”

Leslie smiled as she walked on her seven legs. She was now used to the situation and revelled in the fact the two humans were now dead. She wouldn’t have their souls, but she would have their friends.

Cartman followed the spider, keeping an eye out for anyone who might see him. Leslie was also stalking for any signs of life, but neither of them saw any.

Leslie couldn’t stop her thoughts as she smiled. Kenny could hear her and looked afraid, but still
wanted to put her in her place if he could.

“I still won’t let you win Leslie! Cartman is going to backstab you! You know that better than anyone!”

The spider mentally sighed as she spoke to him through her thoughts, not wanting the raccoon spirit to hear her.

‘I know that..... Why do you think as soon as Damien is dead our alliance is gone! I’m killing him and his bitch toy first! Their power will make me stronger! The power to shapeshift and more potent venom! Amazing!’

Kenny held onto his power, resonating with the vampire blood so Leslie couldn’t use the scythe, “I don’t care! I will make sure you die! I’ll let Cartman win if I have to! He’s the lesser of two evils! With Damien dead and you too, the spirits will fade..... it may be a heavy price to lose so many innocent souls, but I will do it if it means the humans are safe! I will protect my descendents! Even if Karen is the only source of old magic left I will protect her!”

Leslie rolled her eyes, ‘You never will! To stop me you’d have to stop defending your power... the seal will break and then I can still kill the snake and the rat..... either way, you lose Kenny! You were never going to win! It is your destiny to die! You can’t escape death! Even as a human you felt death every day..... no one remembered did they? You almost went mad didn’t you..... well, let that thought that you will always lose be your final comfort..... I will kill you Kenny.... a true death.’

Kenny’s soul shook, but he remained silent. He needed the energy to focus on keeping his soul and power safe. He couldn’t waste more on Leslie. He just prayed and wished with all of his being that Damien had a trick up his sleeve. Damien may be a God of wrath, but he knew he could rely on him to be smart and figure out what Cartman was up to. He just wanted his soul brother to live, even if it meant he would have to destroy his own soul when he finally killed Leslie.

Leslie just laughed at the former Shinigami, happy that her words had silenced him. Instead she just focused on walking with Cartman.

As they reached the mountain base, Cartman put an arm out to stop Leslie, “Wait... I need to check something first.”

He shifted one of his fingers into a whistle and blew.

HWEH-OO-WIH

In a few seconds, Heidi appeared from the bushes, “You called Eric?”
Cartman smiled as he pulled her down by her hair, “Report.”

Heidi liked the pain of the hair pull and smiled, “Oh.... Damien is charging hissssss power. He made usssss all go away assss he’d absorb usssss during the sssspell. The other sssssspirits have taken refuge at the lake. They are arming themsssssesvesssss and getting ssssome ressssssst. The humanssssss and the werewolf went to town to get ssssssome food and ssssssupplies for when the fight ssstartssssss. Damien isssss therefore praying alone. I told the othersssss I would go find you sssssso they let me ssssstay back.”

Cartman smiled as he kissed the snake on the forehead, “You did well Heidi, now we just have to have Leslie stab him and we win!”

Leslie sneered, “If he’s praying, I should be able to kill him. I just need to protect myself from that spell.”

The demon did a few hand movements and soon her, Heidi and Cartman were covered in a light bubble. It vanished after a few seconds.

Leslie moved once more, “There.... we can get close and kill him now.... That God left himself wide open.... Ha!”

The three made their way to the top of the mountain, Leslie growing with anticipation. She had never set foot inside the mountain before, so she was smiling that she was close to finally ruling. Whoever controlled the mountain controlled the area. They controlled the portal to the next plane.... they would be God! Soon Leslie would have it all! First, the village, then Japan.... finally, THE WORLD!

Leslie reached the top and placed one leg inside. The energy around her was brimming with power. It was almost intoxicating. She could do so much with this.

She looked and saw the God at his table, back away from the entrance.

She sneered once more as she approached, silently, ‘Ha, he turns his back to his cave! How stupidly foolish! It’s almost too easy.... this land is now mine! After so long, he finally slips up! The Kumo Yōkai will rule again! You Gods hunteed us for sport... but now we rise! We rise to take back what is rightfully ours!’

Cartman and Heidi stood at the entrance with bated breath. Heidi started to drool at the thought of finally being free, no longer would she have to keep up the nice girl act! She could start with killing Wendy! Then the real Heidi would never come back!

Cartman just rubbed his fingers together as he looked at Heidi, the two were ready to strike the Kumo Yōkai down as soon as Damien was done. Cartman was so close to freedom!

Leslie threw a string of web and lifted herself up and onto the ceiling. She saw the God’s eyes were closed and sneaked until her leg was positioned where his heart was. She raised it back and smiled.

‘Time.... TO DIE!’

She thrusted her leg forwards and into the God’s chest.

Everything fell silent.

Chapter End Notes
Scene redraw of Cartman being calculating can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/188285482954/please-click-for-better-quality-scene-redraw-of
Ha! Sike!

Chapter Notes

All I have to say is that I love this chapters title ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shatter!

Leslie looked in horror as the Damien she just stabbed burst into thousands of pieces of ice. In a matter of seconds of touching the floor the ice had melted.

Leslie just stayed frozen for a good few seconds to register what had happened. Sure Kenny had shattered when he died, but this was actual water. No power or soul had been released. The figure before her had literally just been a block of frozen water.

The spider turned to her two helpers. Cartman was just as confused as he shifted the hand that had been a knife a few seconds earlier back into his normal hand. She walked over to them, her eyes glowing dangerously.

“What is going on?! Explain now!”

For once Cartman was speechless. Heidi on the other hand was freaking out, “Thissssst makes no sssssense! He ssssshould have been here! I sssssssaw him!”

Cartman finally found his words as he grabbed Heidi by the neck of her cropped kimono and slapped her, using his claws.

“What the hell bitch! You dare lie to me! I kept you around as you were meant to serve me! I broke your fucking mind! Answer me bitch!”

Heidi winced. Boy did her spirit side want to rip his head off, but she stayed composed, “I didn’t lie! I really didn’t! He wasssss here! I don’t underssssstand!? I can’t lie to you! You sssssset me free!”

It was then that every single spirit sprang out from behind the rocks in the cave.

Leslie, Cartman and Heidi jumped as they were now surrounded. Off to one side was Token and Nichole, the human siblings around her in a defensive stance. Karen glared at the spirit that had caused so much trouble while Tricia and Ike shook in fear. Ike swallowed his fear as best he could as he kept Karen behind him. The supernatural sight gifted human smiled at her friend while Tricia rolled her eyes a little before focusing on the creatures in front of her. Token stood his ground as he bared his oni claws to swipe at anyone who tried to hurt the kids. Shelly stood next to him, her sword stance that of trained expert.

Damien walked forwards, Pip as a full werewolf next to him growling quietly. The god smirked at the three ants caught in his trap.

“Humph... it’s a good thing that I had Clyde attach an eyeball and ear to you so we could spy on what you were doing Cartman. And good one Tweek, Kyle.... your illusion ice doll was perfect!”
The three intruders looked at Clyde who was waving. He had one eye missing as well as an ear. Cartman jumped when he saw two flies lift the two body parts off him before shifting into Kyle and Scott, handing Clyde his body parts as Bebe sewed his ear back in place. Tweek then walked over to Kyle and the two lifted their hands up and high fived, not turning away from glaring at Cartman... they were pissed!

Cartman turned to Damien who spoke once more, glaring at him the whole time, “You see... I never trusted you... not ever.... so I wanted to keep an eye on you.... I also had the feeling Heidi was in on it as she’s been following you around a lot more recently and her soul energy has changed.... did you really think I wouldn’t notice?”

Heidi hissed then, “Sssso..... I didn’t have you fooled.... Sssssuch a ssssshame.... The real Heidi is gone! Sssssshe’sssss never coming back!”

Leslie on the other hand looked towards the cave entrance, “DEFEND ME WHILE I ESCAPE!”

Cartman and Heidi started to leap into action as Damien chanted. The spirits all held hands as the scenery around them shifted and changed. No longer were they in the cave, but somehow they were now in a forest clearing.

The three looked more confused and shocked as they saw where they were. Even Leslie was at a loss as to what was going on.

“I used the mountain’s magic to make a separate dimension pocket. This is one of its many secrets. This area will be the setting of our finally battle.... You won’t escape this time Leslie... This is the lion’s den, and you are but one mouse.” Damien declared.

The spider looked mad now. She stared down her old foe, looking at him straight in the eyes. He was her creator, but she saw him only as a pest.

“Very well.... I will fight you Damien Thorn... and I plan to win!”

Damien smiled as he used a new form of magic. All the spirits on his side jumped as they heard a voice in their heads.

“Do not be alarmed... I have simply set up a psychic link with you all. This way we can communicate without the bitch listening. We can plan surprise attacks together... we all will have to work together to win this! In this moment I am not your God.... I am but your comrade in battle. A fellow spirit who wants to fight for freedom.”

The spirits all mentally agreed as they stared Leslie down. One by one their eyes began to glow as their emotions took over to become their strength.

The Kumo Yōkai stared at them and raised her arms, yet still the scythe didn’t appear.

Stan saw this and smiled, “Everyone! She can’t summon Kenny’s scythe! That is one less trick up her sleeve!”

Pip smiled, his voice slightly altered due to being in wolf form, “Oh golly good! Christophe’s vampire blood must still be in her... The anti-demon properties must be sealing it still! Just be careful, that may be what she wants us to think!”

Cartman growled, “Fuck you Damien! I’ll kill you myself!”

The tanuki’s body rippled as he turned into a giant scorpion, his tail thick as well as his claws.
Heidi hissed too as venom leaked from her maw.

“You sssssshall all ssssuffer!” She called out as she got ready to attack, her snake tongue flicking out.

Shelly readied her weapon, “Damien, I shall do my best to stay back, but if you see an opening let me know... this bitch is going to pay for messing with you turds!”

Kyle smiled at Cartman, smirking that even as a scorpion he still had the three scars he’d given him.

“I am going to enjoy ripping this fatass a new one!” Kyle sneered as he turned into a giant eagle again. His body wasn’t in pain this time. It was as if the mountain was bending its rules to protect them.

Scott didn’t utter a word as he shifted into a mountain lion. His spirit side smiled as finally it was going to be allowed to cause some damage. For once they were on the same page.

Damien was about to fight when he saw a wispy form of a red kishin appear before him. All the spirits saw it, but only Damien and Pip knew who it was. The last remnants of Damien’s father’s soul smiled at them all.

Fight as best as you can.... I wish you the best of luck to all of you.... and you most of all, my son.... I couldn’t be more proud of you.... I know you can end her..... Use the power and belief of your fellow spirits... that is where a kishin’s power truly lies.... I tried to teach you that from the start after all...

Damien smiled as he finally understood why his father respected his spirits so much. They weren’t just his followers, they were his friends and warriors.

Damien smiled as his eyes turned blue, “I get it now... I will make you proud.... father...”

The form disappeared, making Damien lock eyes with Leslie once more.

Pip stood beside his guardian, “Are you ready? Let’s do this together!”

Damien nodded to werewolf and smiled, “Let’s do this Phillip!”

Pip’s heartbeat picked up at his real name being used. It fired him up and gave him extra power. He knew he was ready now.

The two nodded to each other as they ran forwards.

The two screamed as they raised their claws.

The battle had begun....

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Damien and Leslie about to kill each other can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/188434365664/please-click-for-better-quality-
Leslie blocked the first two attacks by Damien and Pip with ease, but that had been the plan.

“Kevin! Now!” Damien yelled out.

Leslie looked up and saw the Monkey spirit charge his hands with light. He was ready to punch her with everything he had! He was going to try and end this in one blow.

He jumped when he saw the serpent tail and had no way to dodge as Heidi whacked him away as if he was nothing more than an insect. She laughed as he sailed through the air and hit a tree, knocking him out instantly. Nichole immediately ran to him to try and heal what she could, the kids and Token not far behind.

Heidi smirked, “What are you going to do now! I jussssst knocked out your trump card! Ha!”

Heidi then saw flaming red hair as a certain tengu attacked her, “HOW DARE YOU HURT MY MAN YOU BITCH!”

Heidi blocked the attacks as Red continued her assault, “FUCK YOU HEIDI! YOU DARE HURT THE MAN I LOVE! I’LL FUCKING KILL YOU!”

Heidi lifted her tail up and slammed Red out of the sky, “Ha! Your emotionssssssssss make you weak!”

Red closed her eyes as Heidi bared her fangs at her. Heidi then screamed as a mountain lion bit her. She moved back as Scott looked at Red and nuzzled her, “You okay?”

Red nodded as she stood up, “Yeah... thanks.”

Scott growled at Heidi, “No problem... I know you’re worried about Kevin, but you have to focus. I don’t know if I can save you again. And don’t worry about getting judged for caring about him. If anyone gives you shit they answer to me!”

One by one she heard the spirits agree and congratulate her. They weren’t mad at all. Red smiled and focused back on the fight.

Butters was a little confused, “Scott, I’m not used to hearing you without a lisp.... It’s kind of neato!”

Scott laughed, “Mental communication. I don’t lisp in my brain.”

Wendy rolled her eyes as she dodged Cartman, “Guys, focus! We’re fighting for our lives here!”
Scott and Butters quickly made their apologies and Wendy went back to trying to fire water at Cartman. As she was about to get hit with his stinger, Kyle as an eagle pushed him back, and Tweek joined Wendy in freezing the water. Cartman dodged, but Tweek still took Wendy’s hand.

“I have an idea! We freeze the ground so it’s more difficult for them to move! We warn our side, but we use it to our advantage!”

Wendy nodded as the two charged their powers and aimed it at the ground.

Cartman jumped up, quickly shifting into his spirit form and grabbed Kyle.

“Hey! Let me go fatass!”

Cartman sneered, “I’m not fat! I’m buff!”

Kyle managed to kick him off, but Cartman also shifted into a bird.

Stan saw that Leslie was still trying to get away even when fighting Damien and growled, “There’s got to be a way to get her!?"

Shelly smiled as she walked beside him, “Let’s come at her together turd! She can’t dodge two Marsh’s!”

Bebe and Clyde smiled from the other side of the field, “Shelly, Stan! We’ll come at her from this side! If we box her in, one of us will surely get a hit in!”

The Marsh siblings nodded and all four of them charged.

Leslie saw out of the corners of her four eyes what was going on. The Spider devil quickly fired a web towards one of the trees. The second they were just close enough, she leaped into the air, causing the four figures to slam into each other. At the last second Selly dropped her sword, not wanting to hurt anyone with the blade.

Clyde yelped as his stitches came loose. Body parts went everywhere. Bebe grabbed a few, but it was still difficult. Craig was lucky enough to grab his friends head as he dodged Cartman in the sky.

“Thanks bro!” Clyde yelled.

Craig flipped Cartman off before flying down to help Bebe, “Be careful Clyde.... I don’t want you getting killed for real.”

A rare look of true determination was on Clyde’s features, “I won’t.... It’s a besties promise.”

A incredibly rare, genuine smile coated Craig’s lips.

As Leslie jumped away, she screamed as a wolf bit one of her legs. Pip refused to let go, so Leslie punched him in the face. Pip whined, but still ripped one of her legs off in the process... now she was down to six.

As he fell Leslie saw Damien charge another blue fireball and throw it. The Kumo Yōkai just managed to dodge by cutting the web. She saw Scott below her, ready to bite. She scratched at him and made him jump back. As she landed, Craig, now back in the fight after getting all of Clyde in one spot, dive bombed her with his beak. Leslie screamed as she fired dark magic projectiles.

Jimmy meanwhile was doing his best to fight. He had one crutch on and was swinging Timmy
around like a sword, trying to hit Cartman out of the air. Cartman sniggered as he turned into a giant frog and latched his tongue onto Timmy to eat him.

“Timmy! TIMMY!” The poor spirit screamed as Cartman pulled him into his mouth. Jimmy used all of his limited strength to pull the umbrella spirit to him.

“I’VE G-G-GOT YOU T-TIMMY!” The Zashiki-warashi screamed. He would rather get eaten himself then let go of Timmy.

Kyle quickly turned into a snake and fell through the air, landing on Cartman’s head, fangs bared. Cartman yelped as he changed forms, slipping on some of the ice.

Kyle jumped back and shifted into his kitsune form, “Now! Tweek! Wendy!”

But before Wendy could fire water, it was Butters that hit Cartman with his own water projectiles. Tweek still froze it though, encasing Cartman in thick ice. The Tanuki was struggling now as he tried to break the magic ice prison he was stuck in. He watched as Butters walked over, picking up Shelly’s fallen sword.

“You.... you helped kill Kenny.” The Kappa said with a voice devoid of emotion.

Cartman watched as Butters stopped. His eyes glowed as he looked at the pathetic raccoon before him.

Cartman actually looked scared, “No! I was forced into it! I’m sorry! I never meant to help get Ken killed! Please... Butters... Leo! We can work something out!”

Butters only got madder, “You DO NOT get to call him Ken! And, YOU ARE NEVER ALLOWED TO CALL ME LEO!”

Butters raised the sword up and Cartman struggled as hard as he could as his life flashed before his eyes.

“BUTTERS! I’M SORRY! PLEASE SHOW MERCY!”

Butters eyes turned pure black.

“.... Go to hell...”

Butters swung the sword down and in one swift movement, Cartman was beheaded.

Tweek melted the ice so Kyle could have his way with what was left. The Kitsune turned into a bear and ripped his body apart so he could never come back. Butters grabbed the soul and squeezed it tightly.

Leslie saw what happened and ran to claim Cartman’s soul.

Pip and Scott got in her way as Damien reached Butters first. He took the soul and let it pass on. The fire claimed it, and just like Nathan, Cartman was screaming.

Damien spat on what was left of Cartman’s body, “A fitting end for a garbage spirit.... You soul will never return to this world..... you will only have torment.”

Damien then removed the sword from Butters hands and passed it back to Shelly.

He patted Butters shoulder for a second before he went back to the fight.
He left him with one final word.

“Kenny would have been proud of how strong you’ve become.”

A single tear rolled down his face before he turned to Heidi. The snake was spitting with rage now that her love had been killed.

‘Now you know how it feels bitch!’

The two love lost spirits charged at each other. One who lost a pure love, the other, a toxic love.

Either way, they were ready to rip the others’ throats out.

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Kevin using his power can be found here:

https://dreamingkatfish.tumblr.com/post/188752132983/brightstarblogs-please-click-for-better
How to reverse mind breaking

Chapter Notes

I tried to work with more philological themes for this chapter, please let me know if it was effective.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Heidi had been fighting off as many of her old friends as she could when she heard him.

“No! I was forced into it! I’m sorry! I never meant to help get Ken killed! Please... Butters... Leo! We can work something out!”

Heidi turned as her eyes became thin slits. She hissed as she saw Butters loom over her partner. She saw the kappa yell, but she was too focused on the sword in his hands to register his words. She hissed and snarled when he raised it. She started to slither towards them, she had to save Cartman. Red however had other plans as she dived at the snake demon. She wasn’t going to let her past, they had had enough of Cartman and he had to answer for his crimes.

“BUTTERS! I’M SORRY! PLEASE SHOW MERCY!”

Heidi tried her best to ignore the Tengu, but she was pulling on her tail. Heidi was screaming as Butters muttered his final words before swinging the blade down.

“ERIC!”

She watched as his head sailed off his neck, only to be devoured by Kyle.

She had to save his soul at least. If she ate it there was a chance he could live on in her, but Damien got there before her and Leslie could.

She watched in horror as Cartman’s soul was dragged into fire and torment. She couldn’t save him. She hissed at Red once more before wiggling free to stare at Butters. The kappa stared back with dark eyes, a single tear going down his face.

They both charged at each other with the intent to kill. Butters punched Heidi, but she used that to knock the kappa over, making his water bowl spill. She went to laugh but stopped when she saw Wendy manipulate the water into staying in place.

As she was about to bite him, Bebe and Red jumped and hugged her, grappling her so she couldn’t move her arms.

Bebe had tears in her eyes, “You have to snap out of it, Heidi! This isn’t you!”

Red nodded, “We know you would never hurt someone! The real Heidi is still in there and we will find her!”

Wendy nodded as she walked towards her, “You need to remember who you are! The human part of you is still alive! Heidi Turner is a fighter and would never let a demon win!”
Part of Heidi stirred for a moment. Her human side for so long had been chanting it was all her fault, ever since Cartman snapped her mind she had been doing it, but she finally paused and started to come back. The snake in her was surprised and turned to look at her.

*You won’t win! It’s all your fault remember!*

Heidi then hissed again, but she had been still just long enough for one spirit to get to her.

Nichole placed her trunk on Heidi’s head and in a matter of seconds she was out. Nichole stayed with her while the others went back to the fight. It was just Leslie now.

Before they went, each of the girls made a silent prayer.

“*Come back to us Heidi....*”

The snake Heidi hissed as she looked around the white dreamscape.

“*Releasssssse me! Now!*”

Nichole shook her head, “No... I am only here to observe.”

Heidi went to attack her, but the Baku spirit simply floated away. In the realm of dreams it was her that was the strongest. The snake Heidi hissed while the soul inside still cried.

“... It wasn’t your fault.”

The snake turned to see a human version of Heidi. Not the human version that was crying, but a human that was her before this all started.

This human spoke calmly, “You need to make things right.”

The snake kept the real Heidi powerless, “Hahahaha! And why would I do that! I am evil! The real Heidi isssssss jussst a fabric of her old sssself! Her mind isssss broken!”

The human shook her head, “No..... Her mind is still there. She blames herself but I am here to tell the truth.”

The real Heidi stopped crying and started to listen. The snake didn’t like that and tried to choke her, but she was still holding on.

The snake grinned, “Oh really? Who even are you!”

The human side bowed, “I am the Heidi before this all started, the fragment of her soul that split away before you, her powers, entered her body.”

The snake’s eyes went wide, “How! Itssss not possssssssssssible!”

The human smiled, “It is.... all of us have a good side and a bad side... people are made up of that.
A soul is complex. I was made by an accident... but I am here to make the human Heidi whole again.”

The human side walked towards the snake. The snake tried to attack, but the real Heidi was using her will to stop it. The human side smiled as she came over.

“I know this is just a dream deep in your subconscious... but that is where I live. I have a memory to show you, one that will show you the truth of what Cartman was.”

The real Heidi started to regain control, “But.... Eric said he was the only one who cared for me. That I could trust him.”

The human Heidi patted her head, “He did not... and I have just the memory to show you. You didn’t really see it at the time because you couldn’t see magic yet, you were still human, but I remember thanks to now having the sight.”

Heidi saw a vision come into her head as the human form before her cupped her cheeks. It was of the day she had died.

She was about to reach her front door. When she heard the hiss. In her panic she started to run, run away from her front door as she didn’t want the town curse to get her too. As she ran she saw in the corner of her eye the snake change forms. It turned into Cartman as he laughed.

The human Heidi removed her hands, “He was never helping you.... right from the start he had a part to play in your death. If he hadn’t scared you, you wouldn’t have ran and gotten bitten by the real snake.... Eric Cartman is the reason you are like this!”

The real Heidi was burning with rage, “..... Everything.... it was all a lie.... all of it....”

The snake was starting to panic as Heidi’s inner strength started to take over.

No! That is the lie! Come on! It’s a trick!

The real Heidi reached into her chest and pulled out the snake, the embodiment of her powers.

“No! You are the liar! I was fooled once! I won’t be fooled again! I will kill you! I reject you!”

The snake smiled, “You can’t reject me! I am the thing keeping you alive! You die if you reject me!”

Heidi smiled, “… I know... but I will use these powers for me! I chose to use them to help people! Not for my own selfish desire! I won’t let you speak anymore! I am Heidi Turner! This is my body! I am going to show humility and I will make up for my mistakes!”

The real Heidi ate the snake, taking its powers, but silencing it for good.

She looked at the human half before her, “How.... how can I ever thank you?”

Her human side just hugged her, “Just.... remember me. Use me as your strength, not your powers. I was only able to come here to help thanks to Nichole. You may have done some bad things, but you can always repent. As long as your soul is in the right place.”

Heidi nodded as she let go. Her human half then went into her. She could feel all the love and memories she’d had before this nightmare started. This was the courage she needed to fight back.

The now complete Heidi turned around to face Nichole, “.... I’m sorry.... I promise.... I’ll make it
Nichole nodded, “I’m glad. Really, don’t blame yourself. We all have monsters in us trying to tempt us, you just gotta remember what makes you strong and fight back.”

Heidi nodded one last time, “I was a fool... I wanted to see good in Eri.... Cartman.... I wanted to believe. I guess I just.... bet on the wrong side.”

Nichole smiled, “We all make mistakes. It was kind of you. You just wanted us all to get along. Now come on.... we have to stop Leslie so we can have a future.”

Heidi could feel she was waking up.

Her eyes opened and she saw that she was lying on the ground. No one was by her as they all focused on Leslie. Nichole was standing near Token once more, the human with her, holding her arm as it bled.

Heidi sat up and looked at Leslie. The demon was a little way from her, staring down the rest of the group. They had all retreated a bit, holding their wounds as they started her down. They were fighting hard. She still wasn’t psychically linked with them, but she knew they were running out of steam.

She looked at Leslie again and an idea hit her. It was the only way.

She hoped her idea would save everyone, and allow her to heal her own soul. It would make up for everything.

Heidi stood up with a look of pure determination.

‘... This is it.... I won’t let her win!’

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Heidi's human and spirit side sharing the same soul can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/188910713584/please-click-for-better-quality-scene-redraw-of
My final sacrifice

Chapter Notes

I only have one chapter left to draft as of next week! This project is almost completed! I hope you enjoy the end of this battle!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

While Heidi was still out, the group did their best to fight of Leslie. Now she was backed into a corner she was even more dangerous than before. It was like the mouse finally standing up to the cat after being cornered…. If the mouse was a hundred year old demon scared of dying and the cat was a bunch of experienced kids. She was using all the magic she had at her disposal and she had one hundred years’ worth of hate to really make it sting.

Bebe did her best to quickly sew Clyde back together. She made the stitches wide as she had little time but so he was just in one piece. She warned him to not get too close to the action, she was adamant about that.

“You have to stay back Clyde! I don’t want you falling apart again. It’s just her and I have no idea what I’d do if I really lost you.”

Clyde nodded and gave his girlfriend a quick hug. He steadied her hand on her scalpel, “I’m here, and I won’t be an idiot this time. You have my word. I would never hurt you on purpose.”

As Nichole detached her trunk from Heidi’s head, a projectile hit her that managed to slip past Token. Nichole screamed as the shot slit her skin open. The Oni growled while Karen ripped part of her Kimono to quickly slow the blood loss. She didn’t really know anything about spirit biology, but she did what she could. She knew it probably couldn’t get infected though.

The spirits all moved together as they kept their distance from Leslie. The demon smiled, “Hahahaha! I’ve actually taken damage… kudos, but that will not help you defeat me! My two minions have damaged you all, but I have done the most! You won’t make it out of this! So much for your powerful all seeing God!”

She was right. Damien was run down, Pip was bleeding from a cut on his head. Stan and Kyle were covered in scratches from Leslie’s claws. Craig has scratches all over him from Cartman. Tweek was sweating and at his shattering point. Clyde arm was coming off and Jimmy had gone incorporeal again to avoid the projectiles. Bebe was holding her arm from where she was shot. Red was panting as part of her wing has lost a lot of feathers. Scott was covered in bites from Cartman and was on his knee. Kevin was still out and being held by Token now. The kids were all okay apart from Shelly who had also been hit with a projectile. Butters was having trouble controlling water as his energy was getting low. Timmy was leaning on Karen as he was also at his limit.

All of them were worse for wear as they didn’t have the years Leslie had. Their power was much lower due to being so young.

Damien growled, “We can’t fight her head on! I had no idea she had this many tricks up her sleeves…. There’s got to be a way!”
Pip just ran forwards. He was bleeding pretty badly but he wasn’t giving up, “I won’t back down! I will give my life to stop her if I need to! I will protect my pack!”

Damien felt panic set in as the one he cared for the most charged ahead. Leslie just smiled as she got ready to grab the werewolf and tear him to shreds. Damien wanted to run after him when a voice held him back.

“Stay back... This is our plan.”

Damien froze as he watched Pip take a hard left at the last second. Leslie missed and then looked up to see a revived Kevin. Jump from behind him. The monkey spirit had been playing dead while Token held him and was ready to strike.

“You fell for the same trick twice! Guess you aren’t used to strategies from books! Ha!” Kevin said with a smile as he aimed his hands down to hit Leslie with two blasts of his holy power.

The Kumo Yōkai screamed as two punches of pure light hit her. She almost fell over due to having only six legs as she held her head in a dazed state. The other spirits saw this as an opening to charge, but were stunned when someone else got there first.

In the few seconds Leslie was dazed, Heidi Turner had zipped forwards and wrapped herself around the demon from behind. Leslie looked at her shocked as Heidi opened her maw and injected a full dose of her venom into the demon. She didn’t hold back as she pumped every drop into her.

The primal scream Leslie let out echoed out for miles. Even the village heard it.

Leslie could feel that she was starting to become paralysed, so she did the only thing she could. She used her arms one last time before they were useless.

Heidi gasped the second Leslie moved.

All the spirits eyes went wide as they stared in horror.

Heidi starts to make choked pained sounds as she looked at her chest.

Time slowed as she realised Leslie arm was going right through her chest and out the other side, blood gushed from around the wound. Leslie smiled as she dropped Heidi’s heart onto the ground. Heidi could only make choked noises as Leslie swiftly removed her arm as painfully as she could. Heidi swayed before she fell to the floor, her tail going slack as she ungrappled Leslie. She held onto her life so the poison could work, if she died her attack wound have been for nothing and Leslie would use her soul to heal herself.

Leslie could feel her limbs seize up. She was starting to become immobile.

Damien just ran forwards as he lifted the biggest fire ball he’d ever charged. It was blue, but at its core it was white. It was like a mini sun in terms of pure heat. Leslie tried to lift herself, to do anything, but Heidi remained alive so that Damien could take her down. She took in calming breaths as she used all her spirit energy to keep herself from falling unconscious.

Leslie returned to her human disguise as she watched the fire come closer. All her hate couldn’t stop the fire coming. She could see her death, but she still wasn’t giving up.

Kenny’s soul smiled, ‘Checkmate Leslie..... I told you so.’
Leslie just smiled as she looked at the fire, “It appears.... I have lost.... well played Kishin.... at least you weren’t boring. But I won’t go down easy!”

Damien let out a primal scream as he hit Leslie point blank range.

The demon screamed as her body was burned. She stuck her hand out of the flames, using all her magic and soul energy to try and keep her body in one piece. All the spirits grabbed Kevin and fired his holy energy at Leslie along with their own powers of their souls. They were working as a team to finally take down Leslie with their power. The holy light changed colours as it came towards Leslie. All their united friendship would be the final nail in the coffin.

The second it hit her hand it started to be reduced to mere ashes. She did her best to hold onto her physical form, but she lost and soon even her very soul was burnt to a crisp. The flame and holy power combines together and crushed the ashes.

Silence fell as the flames died. The dust blew away and soon there was nothing left of Leslie Meyers.

The only sound was Heidi’s choked noises as she held onto the little life she had. Soon the spirits had run to her side. Wendy sat Heidi up as the snake spirit smiled, “.... I..... helped...... I.... finally did.... something.... good.....”

The snake spirit coughed up some blood and closed her eyes, “I don’t.... expect forgiveness.... I’m fine with my soul..... burning.... I’m just..... happy... I helped.... kill her....”

Damien rested a hand on her forehead, the metal had a warm calming touch, “... Thank you...”

Heidi opened her eyes slowly. Darkness started to cloud her vision, “.... I’m.... sor...ry....... for......ever....yth...ing.............. at lea....st....... I...... did... one thing..... ri...ght.....”

The light in Heidi’s eyes started to fade as she slumped on Wendy. Tears fell from the Ame-onna’s eyes.

“Heidi.” She called out as she held the girl to her chest.

Damien bowed his head in respect as he closed her eyes.

“.... You were brave.... Thank you for helping me finally destroy the creature that has plagued this land for one hundred years.”

Even though she was gone, Heidi Turner still had a warm smile on her face.

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Leslie reaching out as she burns in the flames can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/189088651769/please-click-for-better-quality-scene-redraw-of
The return of long since dead friend

Chapter Notes

It is my pleasure to announce that the final chapter is drafted! That's right, in two weeks this story is over! I'm still amazed I managed to do it! I really hope you enjoy these last few chapters!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As Damien made a silent prayer and waited for Heidi’s soul to appear, he was surprised when he felt the presence of another soul. Everyone looked to where Leslie had used to stand and saw the orb. The other spirits were ready to attack and obliterate it, but Damien knew that soul better than anyone. The red marks on it were a dead giveaway.

“Wait!” The God yelled. The spirits instantly stopped as Damien let go of Heidi with the gentlest care and walked over to the soul. He picked it up and smiled.

“.... You guys don’t want to hurt Kenny do you?”

Everyone gasped.

Kyle's eyes widened, “He kept fighting! He managed to hold on!?”

Damien smiled, “He’s very weak.... but I knew my immortal brother could do it.”

Butters looked as if he was about to cry, “Ken.... survived?”

Damien nodded as he spoke to the soul, ‘Nice to see you....’

Kenny laughed, ‘Hey good looking! You thought you saw the last of me didn’t you! Ha! Like fuck I’d give up and let Leslie win! I vowed I’d take her down! I mean,... I didn’t in the end, but I like to think I contributed!’

Damien couldn’t stop his laughter as he lifted the soul up and used the powers of the mountain to give Kenny his body back.

His soul exploded with light as it changed and turned into a figure. Black mist wrapped around it and soon it fell to the ground. A pair of black bone wings stuck out of the back of the hooded figure. It looked up with purple eyes, dirty blond hair poked out from the sides of the hood and red tattoos were on his face along with a smirk. He then winked at the spirits.

“Hello my hot attractive friends I’d totally do.... Did you miss me?” Kenny stated as he blew a kiss.

Kyle rolled his eyes along with a few others, but they all had tears in their eyes. However, one human ran towards him and hugged him with all her strength. Kenny smiled as he leaned down and picked up Karen.

“Hey Kare-bear.”

Karen smiled as she sobbed, “I’m so happy you’re alive. I thought I’d gotten you killed.... You
gave your life to protect me.”

Kenny stroked her head as he held her, “Of course. You’re family. And I’d do anything to protect you. I don’t regret what I did. You deserve to be happy and live a long happy life.”

Karen just continued to cry as she lost her voice.

Kenny then turned to the soul that was now floating next to him. He touched it to hear who it was.

‘Kenny! I’m so glad you’re okay! I’m so sorry for all I did! I was horrible to you! To everyone!’

Kenny smiled as he calmed the shaking soul, “It’s okay Heidi. You aren’t to blame. Cartman broke your mind. You were not fully aware of your actions. You did the right thing in the end and that’s what matters in the grand scheme of things.”

Karen looked up as she couldn’t hear the spirit. Soon she got an idea, “.... Heidi... possess my body.”

Kenny looked shocked, “Karen?”

Karen smiled, “She deserves a real chance to say goodbye. Besides, my body is tied with magic so it won’t harm me, and also, it should be easier than possessing Shelly, Ike or Tricia.”

Kenny looked at Heidi’s soul before bringing it closer to Karen. Heidi’s soul was still for a second before it went into Karen. Karen closed her eyes for a few breaths. When she re-opened them they were glowing yellow.

Her voice was distorted as two voices came out, Karen’s and Heidi’s, “... I am so sorry for everything. I really did a lot of bad things. I killed a human, I tried to kill all of you... I helped Cartman.... I should not be allowed to pass on. I should just face judgment and burn like the others for my crimes.”

Damien shook his head, “That was not you Heidi. You did bad things yes, but you gave your life selflessly to help us. You did it because it was the right thing to do, not to get a free pass. You were one of the keys in taking down Leslie, and for that I will give you one final gift.”

The God placed a hand on Karen’s head and smiled. Warm energy went into Heidi’s soul.

“... I have blessed your soul. As a God I can clear you your sins. You can pass on and soon your soul will return to this world. You will get a new chance. Even if you don’t have you memories, you soul deserves to not burn. Souls that pass on will always be re-incarnated. It will be up to your soul what you do then.”

Heidi smiled before she turned to her friends. One by one she said her goodbyes. She hoped they all lived on.

Wendy was last as she hugged her friend, “I promise.... a spirit is immortal. I’ll find your soul and watch over you. We all will! You may never be a spirit again, but we will watch over you even when you can’t see us.”

Everyone nodded while Heidi laughed, “I hope.... even if I can’t see you, that we’ll always be friends.”

Heidi then left Karen’s body and floated towards Damien, “.... I am ready.”
Damien nodded as he let Kenny take over. The Shinigami summoned his scythe, which was now back to its original look and not the one Leslie had turned it into. He ripped a hole in the fabric of reality and Heidi’s soul floated up. Just like Mimsy’s did all that time ago.

Heidi already felt at peace as she lifted up. She waved one last time before she disappeared into the light, which closed up behind her. They turned to Heidi’s body, which had vanished. All that was left was her hat.

Kenny looked sad, but soon jumped when a green scaly figure held him. Kenny blushed a little before patting Butter’s back, “Hey Leo.”

Butter’s just cried and cried, “Ken... I’m so glad you’re okay! You were gone for so long... I... I couldn’t move on. I wished for you to come back.... and I got my wish. I’m so glad you’re okay!”

Kenny was blushing more, “Oh Leo.... come on, don’t be like that. Please don’t cry.”

Butter’s looked up and cupped Kenny’s face, “I can’t help it. Ken, I really missed you... not because you were my friend.”

Kenny started to get the feeling that Butter’s was about to open his heart, so he stayed quiet and let the kappa confess. Inside though Kenny was screaming in joy.

“All the other spirits turned away so they got a little privacy. Craig has to physically turn Tweek though as the snow spirit was in awe at how sweet it all was. The other spirits however, they felt a little uncomfortable. It wasn’t because it was two boys, they were all tolerant and in support of same sex relationships, they just hated that they really couldn’t give them space or at least hide. The mountain magic was still active after all. Damien did wave his hand so some flowers could bloom though, just to help with the romance. Kenny gave the God a hidden thumbs up for that.

Butter’s took in a deep breath again, “Oh hamburgers.... oh geez, the truth is... Ken... I.... I really like you, and it’s more than as a friend. Oh golly, I could even say that I was in love with you Ken. After you died I went through a mighty rough patch as I finally understood I liked you. I realise that one time, why, you were trying to kiss me. I was an oblivious fool and didn’t notice how you felt. I’m sorry I did that. Oh boy am I sorry. I love you Ken, and I really want to be with you. I know you only just came back to life and that you probably have mental trauma with being dead, but I... oh geez.”

Kenny could see he was starting to ramble and quickly cut him off with a kiss. It was weird kissing a boy with a duck beak, but Kenny still loved Butter’s soul that he didn’t care. He pulled back and saw Butter’s embarrassed face, “I love you too Leo. It’s okay really. And you don’t have to worry. That was nothing compared to all the times I died while I was human. I’m a Shinigami because even as a human I had the power to not die. I would just wake up in my bed again. So you really don’t need to worry. It was that power that allowed me to hold out against Leslie. I have old magic in me, and Leslie had that same magic as she was created when I was..... in truth, she was sort of... like my sibling. But that doesn’t matter anymore. That spider is dead now.”

He looked and saw where Leslie had once stood was a tiny dead spider. Leslie had returned to her old form. Just your common spider. He looked at it intensely and the body decomposed. She was nothing.

Kenny held Butter’s webbed hand as he smiled, “But don’t worry about that now. Now we just have to look forward to the future. We are finally at peace Leo. I don’t have to patrol as much
anymore. I can finally spend time and be the spirit I always wanted to be. Less responsibility.... and now I can flirt with you as much as I want~”

Butters flushed, “Yeah.... I’m looking forward to that, Ken.”

The two hugged once more, wanting this moment to last forever.

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Kenny back from the dead can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/189236272084/please-click-for-better-quality-scene-redraw-of
As the two spirits hugged, the mountain shifted once more. The field with trees started to vanish as the stone walls returned. The throne that Damien often sat on as well as the rest of the cave came back too as the magic plane disappeared. The weapons the humans were holding also vanished, all apart for Shelly’s katana, that lost its magic enchantment.

Ike and Tricia quickly ran to their older brothers and hugged them tightly. They finally managed to pour their hearts out to their family and how truly happy they were to see them again.

The God smiled at it all before he came over to Pip. The werewolf looked confused as the God lowered onto one knee.

“Pip Pirrup.... I believe you wanted me to grant you a wish. Your reason for coming here was to have your curse broken. I am happy to say that with Leslie dying, enough magic has been released so I may do so. I can finally free you from the curse of the wolf. Are you ready?”

Despite Damien’s words, the Kishin held sadness in his eyes. The thought of Pip leaving him crushed his heart, no, his very soul. He didn’t want to never see the human again. He wanted to spend more days, learning and growing alongside the boy. He wanted to stay with the human that had taught him this new emotion... but it was not up to him.

Pip looked at the man he was in love with. The mere idea of not seeing him anymore hurt him. He looked at the red ruby around the God’s neck. He got him that gift. It was way more than just a simple pendant. Pip also had another problem though. He had wanted to be human again for so long. But did he still want that? This power had given him so many friends. Not just the God and the spirits, but Gregory, Christophe and finally Bradley.

Pip kneeled down in front of the God, “..... No.”

Damien actually tilted his head, “Huh? But... isn’t that what you want? Isn’t that your reason for coming here in the first place?”

Pip removed his hands from Damien’s and cupped his face, “Damien, without this power I wouldn’t be able to see you. I wouldn’t be able to see you or my friends. I would never have made your acquaintance and the thought of that.... If I lose my power I will never see you again or.... hold you like this. So my wish now is to keep these powers... I want to keep them and live with you all. I don’t want to return to my old human life. It was dark and abusive. Estella did nothing but hurt me. I don’t want to go back now I’m finally free. Please let me stay.”

The God seemed to brighten as he hugs the human before him, “I’m glad! I am so happy you want to stay!”
Pip then blushed as he pulled back a little, “Damien.... can I stay by your side! I want to stay with you for as long as you live! You might get bored of me as you’re an immortal.... but I want to stay with you! For as long as I live!”

For the first time in his life, Damien had gone as red as a tomato. The God was even stuttering, “Err. P-pip... If y-you really.... um... want to. T-to... er... be completely honest, I don’t want you to go either. I want you to stay. I don’t want to ever lose you. I want.... I want..... Please be my soul partner!”

Kenny gasped as Damien uttered those words, “Damien! Really!”

Pip tilted his head as Damien explained, “As a God I live forever. I want to live with you, a human forever. So, I want to share my powers with you! I want to link souls so that we can always find each other. Not many Gods ever do it as they never find the one.... but Pip. I... I really care for you! I want to live my immortal life with the person that means so much to me!”

Pip smiled as he kissed the God. It was short and sweet as he pulled away, “Yes Damien! I will!”

Damien smiled, “It’s a promise. I’ll do the spell later though... I want you to really think about it because once I start it, you can never be a human again. You’ll be half human, half kishin.... with some werewolf in there.”

Pip nodded, “You are right. We should not rush this.”

As Damien and Pip turned back to the rest of the spirits, Kyle caught their eye. The kitsune stepped forward and away from his brother. He climbed onto the stone throne and looked at the ground.

Stan looked as confused as Ike as he walked next to him, “Ky?”

Everyone watched as the fox spirit took off his mask. He looked at it for a second before he threw it onto the floor, smashing it into tiny pieces.

Stan screamed as he grabbed his boyfriend’s arm, “Ky! What are you doing! Your mask!”

But Kyle was crying. He had a bright smile on his face as the tears fell down his face, “I don’t need to hide anymore Stan. I only made the mask because Cartman hurt me. No one will tease me about my face now. Besides, Ike has accepted me so I don’t need it.”

Ike quickly climbed up onto the throne and hugged his brother again, “You don’t need to worry! Fox Kyle is just as cool as human Kyle.... he’s still a butt though!”

Kyle grinned as he ruffled his brother’s hair, “You’re an ass too!”

Ike stuck his tongue out, “Dick.”

Kyle rolled his eyes, “Bitch.”

Stan sighed as he hugged Kyle and lifted him up. He twirled him a few times before putting him down, “You’re so brave Ky. I love you so much.”

Kyle smiled as he cupped Stan’s face, “I love you too.”

Ike then gasped as Kyle lit up. Kyle turned and saw his tails glow. Everyone watched as the light grew. His tails got longer as a third one joined the already present two.

As the light died down Stan grinned, “You just got a power up!”
Tricia ran up and stroked it, “Awwwwww! Look how fluffy!”

Craig quickly moved her away, “Please don’t pay attention to the attention whore.”

Kyle glared, “Suck my balls Tucker!”

Craig flipped him off, “No thanks, I only do that for Tweek.”

The snow spirit blushed as he threw a snowball at Craig’s face, “Can we keep that private! Kids are present!”

Tricia smirked, “Oh please. I’ve overheard you all say way worse, don’t worry about it. On a more important note though... Craig, Tweek, I am so happy you two are finally together. You deserve to finally be happy. I hope you spend the rest of time together.”

Tweek blushed more as he hugged Craig. The Tengu smiled before he looked at his sister, “Well it is thanks to you.... Tweek overheard you when you went to our graves.”

Clyde then groaned, “You invalidated all the bets Tricia! Good going!”

The girl flipped him off, “Fuck off Donovan.”

Clyde gasped as he started to cry, “Why are you Tuckers so heartless!”

Token started to walk out, “If he’s crying, I’m out.”

Nichole laughed as she followed him, “Come on, let’s go celebrate our freedom!”

Everyone nodded. Red took Kevin’s hand and beamed, “You were so brave. You truly are perfect.... I would..... could...”

Kevin kissed the Tengu’s cheek, “Yes, I will date you. Come on my strong maiden!”

Red blushed as Kevin ran on ahead. Scott and the girls all ran after them as they wanted details. Pip and Damien stayed behind for a second. The two held hands as they prayed together for a good future together.

They knew it would be okay....

**End of Death Arc**

Chapter End Notes

Scene redraw of Damien and Pip admitting their feelings can be found here:

https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com/post/189377869424/please-click-for-better-quality-scene-redraw-of
Here is it... the final chapter.... I am a little emotional.... this has been such a long road.... I've been working on this for nearly two years. It took so long to plan and even longer to write. I really really hope you all enjoyed it, new and old viewers. This story has been so fun to do art for and I can't thank the fan artists enough for drawing for it too.

During this week I was lucky enough to receive some more art. Hopetilia drew Bebe with and without her scar. I can't thank them enough for drawing this: https://hopetilia.tumblr.com/post/189471696682/kuchisake-onnabebe-from-brightstarblogs

I will do proper thank yous at the end. Now without further ado..... let's finish this tale....

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**Many years later....**

Damien opened his eyes and sat up from the bed he was leaning on. Granted he didn’t need sleep as he wasn’t human, but he enjoyed it a little. The main reason he even had a bed was lying next to him. He turned over to see Pip sleeping beside him. The boy looked so peaceful in his sleep. Damien stroked his face and looked at the eye tattoos he now had. He wasn’t fully human anymore, but he still needed sleep unlike the God.

Pip slowly opened his eyes, a pure blood red greeted Damien’s own. He let out a small yawn before he smiled, “Morning Damien.”

Damien smiled as he kissed his partner, “Morning my king.”

Pip sat up and realised something that made him blush, “Err.... oh gosh, where are my clothes? A gentleman should never flash.”

Damien smirked as he pointed to the floor, “You got really needy last night and ripped everything off before you pinned me.... Normally I would be mad, but when it’s you it’s really hot. Then we stayed up late having fun~.... God I sound like Kenny....”

Pip flushed more as he quickly put his clothes back on, “I can’t help it.... You make me feel so many things that I just can’t help it. I love you Damien.”

Damien let out a small laugh as he kissed Pip softly, “I don’t mind Pip, you’re my soul partner. We are bound together now. You look even more beautiful with a kishin’s eye tattoos.”

Pip just smiled as he hugged the god before pinching his nose, “Come on, get dressed too you.”

Damien pouted before quickly putting his Kimono on, still keeping it off his left arm.
Pip just rolled his eyes, “You’re never going to wear that correctly are you?!

Damien nodded, “I am who I am.”

Pip giggled as he laced his hand with the god’s own. He couldn’t help but beam at him.

“So what’s the plan for today?” Pip asked.

Damien thought for a moment before hugged him, “Not much, just another day of keeping the peace and harmony in this village.

Kenny walked over to Butter’s lake and smiled as he saw Karen sitting on the bank edge with some paper and a calligraphy brush. He beamed at how happy his boyfriend was at for finally being able to be a teacher. A little way away was Jimmy and Timmy. Jimmy seemed to be teaching Timmy how to read. Timmy was nodding seriously as he read.

“And you see that this kanji symbol is made of two smaller kanji. Together they mean this. Does that make sense?” The kappa asked as he drew in the mud and manipulated the water.

Karen nodded, “Yeah! Thank you so much! You’re the best teacher ever Butters!”

The kappa smiled before turning to the other two spirits, “You two make sure she does her homework okay? I need her to learn after all.”

Jimmy nodded, “W-will do Butters! The l-lesson over?”

Butters saw Kenny and nodded, “For now at least, you all travel safe now. Come back after lunch for more if you like?”

Karen bowed as she put the paper in her sleeve. It just about stayed put but the holes made it difficult, “See you tomorrow Butters if I don’t see you later!”

Butters waved as he turned to Kenny, “Well hey Ken!”

Kenny nodded, “Hey Leo... you really are a good teacher. Very fair.”

Butters climbed out of the water and held Kenny’s hand, “Well golly, thanks Ken! And thank you for letting me teach Karen in the first place! She’s a great student!”

Kenny smirked as he kissed Butter’s cheek, “No problem, Leo.”

Butters flushed bright red before diving under the water once more, “Don’t look! Give me a moment!”

Kenny laughed as he jumped in afterwards to kiss him passionately under the surface. As a shinigami he didn’t need water to breathe so he just held the kappa close. Butters just kissed back, loving that the water was a place just for them. Kenny pulled back before smirking, “What do you
Token bowed to Nichole as she smiled, “I remember my dream... finally.”

Nichole sat down in the flowers as she picked a few, “Oh? You did it? You got rid of all the blockers my magic put up?”

Token smiled, “Not that I needed to as I have already fallen in love with you all over again. But I have one question left to ask you. You don’t have to answer now if you’re not ready as this is a difficult question.”

Nichole gasped as the oni demon got down on one knee, “Nishole Daniels.... will you marry me? My love for you is so strong that it survived my forgetting. I know that I want to be with you and make my dream a reality.”

Nichole smiled as she hugged him, “Yes! I will! I want that dream too!”

Token beamed brightly as he slipped on the ring Damien had made for him. The gem shined with the power of hopes and dreams, changing colours often.

Nichole blushed as she moved her trunk out of the way to kiss Token. The two fell onto the flowers and laughed as they held each other close. They felt so at peace.

Red smiled as she continued to read her current book. She leaned on Kevin as she got lost in the world, “I totally think this guy in the prince in disguise.”

Kevin laughed, “Oh? How so?”

Red beamed, “He knows everything about the royal family! He always has an answer.... and we they sneaked into that castle he seemed too suspiciously know his way around it far too well for a simple lute player. Come on! It’s obvious he left the family to be able to learn the lute properly!”

Kevin just hugged her close and kissed her cheek, “Well.... you better keep reading to find out.”

Red nodded as she kept on, taking a few seconds to realise what had happened before she turned crimson. She looked at the monkey with a scowl, “Hey! Don’t kiss me on the cheek like that! That was mighty evil of you!”
Kevin just smiled as he closed his book, “Mwhaha! You discovered me but I already have stolen what I desire! What will you do now! You are no match for my dark powers!”

Red laughed as she joined the role play, “You pesky demon! I know exactly what I will do! For you see, I am far more powerful than anyone knows! My powers grow and grow! For I am... crow girl!”

The monkey gasped, “No! Have mercy! Had I known you were crow girl I would have never! My powers are no match for you!”

Red then quickly kissed his nose, “There... I have defeated you!”

Kevin blushed as he just hugged Red, “I love you so much!”

Red giggled as she continued to kiss his head, “Love you too, nerd.”

“Hey, you're a nerd too!” The boy pointed out.

Red smirked, “I am the queen of nerds! Mwhahaha!”

Kevin grinned, “And I am the king!”

Red and Kevin laughed as they continued their fun roleplay.

Bebe smiled as she looked up at the sky, “I see..... ah! A dragon!”

Clyde chortled as he pointed up, “I see a ball.”

Bebe rolled her eyes, “Really? Come on! Try harder!”

Clyde then looked at Bebe upside down, “I see the most beautiful creature in the world, who looks even more stunning now she doesn’t wear her mask.”

Bebe blushed as she covered he gashed face, “You’re just saying that you dork.”

Clyde lent down more and brushed her hair out of her eyes, “Nope... I mean it. In all my life I have never met someone as beautiful and kind as you. Yeah you do have off days, but I still love you and I’m so happy you picked an idiot like me.”

Bebe smiled as she kissed Clyde. It was awkward as the boy was upside down, but she didn’t care. Clyde just beamed as he went to go lie back down.... until his head came off.

Bebe sighed as she sat up and got to work fixing him. Clyde just sweated, “Sorry.”

The Kuchisake onna smiled, “It’s okay, you’ve been really good recently. I know the threads still get worn down over time.”

She then paused to kiss his lips, “I love you, Clyde.”
Clyde couldn’t help but blush, “I love you too, Bebe.”

Bebe then put Clyde’s head in place as she got her needle threaded. Clyde looked up as he waited, eyes sparkling as he saw something, “Oh! I see a heart!”

Bebe looked up and saw it too, “I see it.... wow.... it’s beautiful.”

Clyde booped her nose, “Not as pretty as you~”

Bebe once again rolled her eyes, “Yeah yeah... now hold still.”

Scott smiled as he shifted his arm back to normal, “Thso yeah.... I thscared that bear away before it came clothsse to the village.”

Kyle looked serious as he pondered, “You did the right thing Scott.... Stan, quit playing with my tails!”

Stan whimpered as he sat back down between the kitsune and the bake neko, “I can’t help it! You have four now and they’re huge! I just..... want to play with them.”

Kyle flicked his forehead, “No! It’s weird!”

Stan got an evil glint in his eye, “You let me play with them last night~”

Kyle went as red as his hair even though you couldn’t tell because of his fur, “That was different! Act like that and you won’t get any of that for a year!”

Stan whimpered again, “A YEAR! COME ON KY!”

Kyle smirked now, “A year is nothing to us now we’re immortal... are you that horny little puppy?”

Stan whimpered more as he laid his head on Kyle’s legs, “I’ll be good.”

Kyle then turned back to Scott, “Sorry about him. He can be an idiot sometimes.”

Stan punched him for that but the fox ignored him. Scott just laughed, “It’s quite alright. It’s thatsweet though how much he careths for you. And thank you both for controlling your thspirit thsides thso we can just hang out.”

Kyle smiled, “It’s alright. It took some practice but I knew we could do it.”

Stan held up a fist and the two canids fist bumped.

Wendy then ran over, “Scott! I’m glad I found you! Pip’s powers still aren’t behaving very well and some weird mushrooms are growing again.”

Scott sighed as he stood up, “Leths go!” The boy quickly shifted into a horse and Wendy climbed
on and led the way.

Stan growled a little as they left causing Kyle to stare at him with confusion, “You okay?”

Stan just turned away, “I can’t believe he’s dating my ex... it’s weird.”

Kyle rolled his eyes, “Let them be happy. Come on you....”

Shelly then stuck her head out the window, “Hey turd! Dad is drunk again and I need you to get me out of here! Cause a haunting or something!”

Stan sighed as he stood up, “Sorry Ky... I gotta go.”

Kyle stood up to, “That’s okay Stan... stay safe.” He gave the Inugami a small kiss before Stan ran off.

As he was about to sit down, Ike ran over and smiled, “Hey! Kyle! I need you to transform into a pen and help me with my homework! Please please!”

Kyle nodded, “Okay, I’m coming. Come on.... I’m not giving you the answer though okay?”

Ike pouted but nodded.

Tweek screamed as Craig flew across the sea, “Woo! This is nugh amazing!”

Craig smiled as he flapped, “Yeah! You having fun?”

Tweek quickly grabbed Craig’s hat as it tried to come off his head, “Yeah! It’s beautiful out here! Thanks for letting me come with you.”

Craig beamed as he weaved in and out to avoid rocks, “It’s fine. I’m just glad you wanted to come. It’s really lovely to see the world from above.”

The tengu then looked at the position of the sun, “We better head back soon. Tricia wants us to help make a new kimono for Karen as her current one is falling apart and her chastity must be protected. I swear my sister has a crush on her.”

Tweek laughed, “Or they’re just good friends.... But she does get jealous when Ike flirts with her. Love triangle?”

Craig shrugged, “I don’t care. Tricia can do what she wants... I just hate her dragging me into her shit. I’ll do this though as I like Karen and she does need a new kimono.”

Tweek nodded before he leaned close to Craig’s ear, “And maybe.... after we can do something more adult?”

Craig shuddered before he looked at the yuki-onna, “.... you have a filthy mind honey.”
Tweek giggled, “I can’t help it. I just love you so much! You’re just so perfect and I love being connected with you.”

Craig simply flew up and turned to head for home, Tweek held onto him tightly in a hug as he did.

Damien looked out over the whole of his domain. He smiled as he watched the spirits laugh and play. The air seemed to spark with energy as he lifted his hand. The god just took a deep breath as he felt the wind, “Magic really has returned. In a few years some humans may be able to see us again if they believe. It will be both good and bad..... but I will protect my people just like my father before me. Hopefully history won’t repeat itself.”

Pip smiled as he stood next to his god, “You really have made him proud Damien. I know he loves you.”

Damien nodded as he laced his fingers with Pip’s, “I just hope peace lasts forever in this place. I bless all my spirits too. They all deserve to live side by side, fall in love, and watch over their families as their guardian protectors.”

Pip nodded as he continued to gaze out into the world, he couldn’t wait to see what was in store.

Karen sighed as she put her pen down. She was proud of her work as she double checked her last few pages. Yep, everyone’s accounts were correct and accurate as possible. They even managed to use magic to get Heidi’s account. Cartman’s, Nathan’s and Leslie’s had been harder, but Damien had managed to speak to the land and have it retell what happened. Some of the stuff with Nathan and Leslie had been terrifying, but Karen did her best to document everything. They did not want their souls to return so they didn’t ask them directly.

Karen sighed before quickly looking up at the tapestry of the McCormick house guardian. She smiled at the picture of the Shinigami, so proud Tricia, Shelly, Ike and her had made them. All the families had their protector, and would know of all their legends for a long time.

Karen picked up her pen one last time as she thought of the perfect title for this tale.
She beamed as she blew out her candle and headed to bed, taking her book with her and placing it on a shelf. She tied her extravagant kimono, happy she had finally left the McCormick house thanks to the power of good fortune Jimmy had blessed her with. She wasn’t rich, but she was better off than she ever had been before.

Jimmy smiled as he floated down. Karen sensed him and turned on the stairs to him, a bright smile on her face as she looked at the Zashiki-warashi and Kasa-obake. Even now they took care of her.

“Night K-karen.” Jimmy said as he floated.

“Timmy!” Timmy yelled softly as he headed to the fire to blow it out.

Karen laughed at the two spirits that had not aged a day, “Night you two. Pleasant dreams.”
Updates are on Fridays but if you want more updates between chapter posts, then feel free to follow me on tumblr: https://brightstarblogs.tumblr.com

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!