Pull of The Tide

by talesfromatypewriter

Summary

Sakura Haruno has almost died four times by the time she reaches her ninth birthday. She is no stranger to cruel taunts, as the orphanage children pull at her hair and snicker at her from behind their covered mouths. She no longer stirs when screams can be heard from outside her window, and red tape covers the streets the next morning. She doesn’t even blink when her peers give each other black eyes and teeth marks in the playground, going home bruised and battered.

Sakura Haruno was a blade forged in ash and fire—broken down and put back together. But any fool knew that those swords always came back the strongest, the sharpest, and the deadliest.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
• Inspired by Hoshigaki by writer168
A single man cloaked in midnight made his way down the footpath towards a village nestled in the heart of a lake. Suspended on an island snaking with waterways, numerous houses switched off their lights one by one, yellow glow fading into the night. The figure pressed against the rough stone of an unsuspecting home, relishing the tang of iron that was to come. His footsteps were silent as he drew his katana, the blade glinting ominously in the light of the full moon. Snaking through the crack of an open window, he materialised from shadow to flesh and raised the sword to the delicate skin of the child’s neck. The katana whistled through the air and severed the head from the spinal cord, driving effortlessly through bone and muscle. The young boy hadn’t so much as screamed before blood arced, splattering the walls and staining the sheets red. The man sealed the severed head of the sleeping boy, tucking the scroll into his rucksack.

He took it with him as his first trophy for the night.

It was blazing.

It was wet.

And the wind was screaming.

Her eyes snapped open.

Through the haze of white noise and thick black smoke, the ringing of a clock tower could be heard faintly in the distance. The sickening smell of charred flesh made nausea rise in her stomach and she struggled to choke back the bile. Flames licked at her skin as her home crumbled around her, tatami mats and shoji doors swallowed alive by the heat. Wooden beams above her head groaned and warped with the wind, splintering under the force of the fire. A far-off scream could be heard, resonating in her ears. The loud voice felt like needles in the back of her skull. The scream was cut short by the sharp whistle of a blade, followed by the sickly wet thump of a dismembered head.

The face of a woman rolled towards her, sockets devoid of eyes. The face of a dead woman. Blood pasted her already crimson hair across the side of her face, skin stained black with ash and mud.
Large orbs watched, mystified, as the limp body crumpled to the floor. The lifeless body of the woman was a tangle of missing limbs, severed joints, and in their place remained blackened, bleeding stumps. Her pristine white apron was ripped, to reveal a gaping hole where her stomach should have been, organs spilled across the wooden floorboards like a display at the fish market. The memory of a name echoed in the far reaches of her mind.

*Mother.*

That woman was—had been, her mother. And whoever had done this had butchered her so badly she was almost beyond recognition. Had ripped the eyes from her skull and watched her die a painful, agonising death as they wiped their fingers and moved onto the next victim. Anger curled in her gut, burning hotter than the flames that had laid ruin to her home. Her fingers curled into a ghost of a fist, but they spasmed with nerves and sent shocks of pain spiralling up her arms. She whimpered. A deep bellied laugh rang throughout the decimated halls of her home, chilling her to every inch of her core. Through soot covered lashes a pointed grin and arms slathered elbow deep in blood and gore walked off into the night, embers dotting the sky like stars.

She closed her eyes.

It was blazing.

It was wet.

And her village was *screaming.*
The sun is warm on her face and the air smells like honeysuckle flowers and the springtime azaleas. She can hear the insistent gurgling of a nearby stream that runs by her house and the birds that nest in her roof scratch at the clay tiles. She can feel every blade of grass on her legs and the soft breeze that winds its way through her hair. She nestles into the space between her mother's arms and sighs contentedly, inhaling her unique scent of rain and cherry blossoms. Pale hands roam her face as they continue their yearly ritual of picnics in the garden and day-long chats under the shade of the rustling trees.

Sakura's fondest memories with her mother are the stories she would tell under the light of an oil lamp. Legends of gods old and new, tales passed down from generations living on in the form of whispered stories and her mother's beloved ink paintings. Mebuki Haruno held a special kind of reverence for the gods, one that was possessed through years of teachings and dedication. When the academy became Sakura's place of torment and bullying, Mebuki was there, letting her know that the gods were leading her down a path that she did not yet understand. Sakura found no comfort in her words when the bullying continued and the children still pulled at her hair.

They continue to talk about trivial things, like how pretty the flowers look in Spring and how things are going at school. Sakura chats happily, glad to spend time with her mother as she babbles on endlessly about cats and all the interesting stones that she found by the river this morning. Her mother nods patiently, smiling serenely, basked in the shafts of light that filter in from the trees. Sakura talks and talks until her voice is hoarse and she has nothing left to talk about, her eyelids drooping closed as sleep threatens to take her. A pale hand nudges her cheek, beckoning for her to stay awake and continue.

But the warm sun and honeysuckle breeze is fading as the sun begins to dip and night crawls across the sky. Her feet are numb from sitting on them too long, but she bears it and lets her mother cradle her as the temperature drops and goosebumps spread along her skin. Her eyelashes flutter to stay awake but Sakura has been outside too long, and she wants nothing more but a hot bath and a kiss goodnight.

"Kaa-san, we should go inside," she mumbles drowsily, pulling away from her mother's embrace. Bony arms lock around her protectively.

Sakura lets out a cry of alarm as her mother pulls her into her chest, arms squeezing her like a vice.

"Mama—" she choke's out, eyes wetting with shock.

Looking up, she watches as moonlight illuminates her mother's face, revealing nothing but a smooth expanse of pale skin and empty, gaping sockets. Mebuki looked like those pretty porcelain dolls Sakura would see in windows. The kind she would gush over but find eerily creepy the more she stared at them. She screams loudly but it sounds muffled and warped, alien even in her own ears. This woman is not her mother. This woman is not her mother.

Sakura tugs and pulls but heavy iron chains bind her in place. She’s screaming and begging, but she is powerless, as she has always been in the face of danger. Clawed fingers grip her chin, forcing her to stare into the void of hollow eyes. Look at me. Look at me. Remember me, Sakura.
Blood drips and falls from the strangers gaping sockets, a mirror of her own watery sobs. It runs down her ivory face, splattering onto Sakura’s cheeks like hot, crimson rain. Her sharp claws draw pinpricks of blood as the chains draw tighter and tighter, and cold hands press her into the stranger’s apron. The embrace is a cheap imitation of her mother’s usual comforting arms, and Sakura is smoothered, saline leaking from her eyes. Her chest constricts and suddenly she’s short of breath, choking and gasping. Still, she is pulled closer, and the woman cooes, as if she is nursing a baby to sleep as Sakura struggles for breath.

Her vision swims and all she can smell is iron as the bloody tears continue to fall, dripping down her face. It coats her eyelashes and clogs her throat, a suffocating sickness that spreads through her like ink in water.

Sakura fades to black.

Blood is dripping down her face and she wants to cry.

It takes everything she has to not burst into tears, because she knows how hard it will be stop once she starts. So she bites her tongue even as her eyes fill with burning, watery tears. Sakura has always been soft hearted, and has crumbled under lesser things than the threat of death and the destruction of her home.

She takes stuttering breaths, choking down oxygen greedily but it feels like glass in her throat. The paint wants to make her want to cry all over again. Chest throbbing, it feels like her lungs have been dried and hung inside out, but she is breathing and she can smell smoke and rust.

Sakura's vision is blurred but she can make out smudges of colours like charcoal, red and varying shades of brown. She blinks sleep from her eyes and nurses the pounding in her head. Blinking sluggishly, she props herself on one elbow and nearly throws up from the wave of pain that washes over her. Her arm collapses beneath her and she hits the wooden floor, splintering pain exploding in the back of her head. She chokes on the gasp that crawls up her throat. With nothing left to give, she lets herself lay there, bruised and broken and bleeding.

The next few days she feels herself slip in and out of consciousness, black spots covering her vision like fog over a lake. Sickness grabs hold of her with feverish hands, infection and hysteria quickly following. She stumbles in and out of consciousness, sometimes seeing glimpses of her mother's red hair, Akira's blue ribbons, and, in her highest point of delirium, the man with shark like teeth.

.  
.  

On day one she stares listlessly at the crumbled ruins of her home, charred, broken, and dead. Around her lies her story, unfolded before her, snapshots of her life that she holds close to her heart but seem so out of reach. There are grainy, yellowed pictures of her mother and her, Sakura's first tooth, her first bicycle ride, and her first day at school. Her eyes soak in the wonky popsicle stick creations and scribbled crayon drawing of the river behind her house. She can almost taste the brine and salt on her tongue, but it smells like burnt rice paper and the tatami mats are scorched. She closes her eyes. She wants to forget the broken furniture and the river running red with blood. She wants to
forget it all.

On day two Sakura stirs at the sound of creaking timber and the rumbling of thunder in the distance. She can smell dampness in the air, a telltale sign of the rain to come. She would spit out a string of curse words if she knew any. Wind howls and the sky darkens to a sombre shade of grey, a storm brewing on the horizon. Frustration bubbles up inside of her, hot, angry—threatening to spill over at any moment. She is trembling and sobbing all at once, and then she's screaming. Rage and anger and resentment flood out of her, and she knows she won’t stop until her voice is hoarse and her spirit is spent. If her mother were here she would have chastised for throwing such an obscene tantrum. Sakura thinks if her mother were here she would have spit on her gods and asked them if this was the plan they'd had in mind. She wishes her mother were here.

On day three she wakes to cool water and thick mud. She laps greedily at the rainwater that drips from the shattered awnings, savouring the taste of rain on her tongue. The mud is cooling and the red flush recedes a little, but Sakura knows she is lying in a cesspool of parasites and bacteria. Her body can not do anything but try to fight off the infection, and even without her medical knowledge she knows that her chances of surviving are thin. Her skin is sallow and she knows it's only a matter of time. She just wanted to have more of it.

On day five she doesn’t wake.

She dreams.

Of china-boned dolls chasing her with iron chains and flaming red hair.

Corpse-like children that pull at her dress with their skeleton hands.

Sweet, sweet dark-haired Akira tangled in her own blue ribbons, pulled down into the murky depths of the ocean.

Her mother.

Her father.

And every moment, without fail, the man with shark like teeth.

Chapter End Notes

honestly, i'm not sure if i'm happy with this. It's shorter than i wanted it to be and i just think it's a really boring chapter. Sorry if anyone was anticipating any action or story progression but i PROMISE that i'll get the ball rolling next chapter. I originally already had half of this chapter planned out but after posting the foreword realised that it didn't really fit the plot. I apologise for having such a long wait when the quality/length wasn't even that good.
Again, sorry if it was a let down.

BUT on a more positive note!! Thank you for 100 kudos!!!! I can't explain how grateful i am for everyone that took the time to leave a comment, kudos or bookmark!! I can't explain it but I was blown away by all of your support and exploded with joy every time i opened my inbox. <3

Please leave a comment or a kudos-- everything you say is much appreciated! I will try to post more frequent and lengthy chapters!
Rain pelts from the sky and the slate coloured expanse begins to darken. In no time at all, thunder clouds are already rolling in from the distance and the air is static with electricity. Cursing, he picks up the pace. The rain has made the cobblestones slick but his footing is sure, honed through years of training and fights on blood soaked battlegrounds. Lightning rips through the sky, slashing through the ink stained darkness. The thunder is close behind, deafeningly loud. He pushes forward in the onslaught of unforgiving winds and the rain that batters at his uniform.

Lightning erupts in a brilliant white shock, slashing downwards through the sky and ripping through one of the great oaks. In a resounding crack chunks of charred and blackened wood are sent hurtling through the air, pointed and sharp like daggers. Heaving the ridiculously large blade over his shoulder, he puts a barrier between him and the oncoming wave of senbon like needles. They hail down on his sword, glancing harmlessly off the tempered steel. Dodging the shower of both rain and flaming debris, he shunshins away into the protection of a nearby cave.

The storm is ferocious. Ripping at the landscape it tears down trees, sending brilliant bolts of violet lightning rocketing through the sky. It’s almost shameful for a shinobi of his calibre to turn-tail in the face of a storm, but weeks of travelling on nothing but soldier pills has made him weak and his chakra is low. To make a move now would mean taking the brunt of the storm head on. An unwise decision in any circumstance. Resigned, he slumps against the cool stone of the cave wall and unstraps his sword from its resting place on his back.

Grunting, he pulls his flak jacket aside. The rain soaked material reveals a purple stain, red and dark in some places and yellow in others. The wound is tender, courtesy of a long-dead Kumogakure shinobi. It’s a nasty bruise, but not nearly as serious as the scars that decorate his arms. He rifles through his pack, fingers grasping blindly before he-- there it is. He struggles into a comfortable sitting position before twisting the lid of the silver twin, revealing a green-tinged salve. It smells potently of dirt and mint.

Gingerly, he rubs the cool salve over the swollen bruise. With the amount of rain and noise the storm was making, it would be hard to locate his way out of the woods and into civilization. Tuning out the thunder claps, he sweeps his chakra outwards, covering everything in a fifty-kilometre vicinity. He was no talented sensor, but any seasoned shinobi could pick out chakra signals if they put their mind to it. His chakra passes the thirty-kilometre mark before he senses people. He counts at least two-hundred civilians, centralised around what appears to be a village. Away from the central cities like Kirigakure and Tengoku, Wave Country is spotted with numerous fishing villages and trading harbours.

This far deep into the countryside he’d encountered nothing but squirrels, the odd travelling merchant, and that squad of Kumogakure chunin that had unfortunately crossed his path. He placed the ointment back in his pack and devised a plan. As soon as the storm let out and the rain lessened he would travel to the village beyond the treeline, rest up for a few days, and return home. The troublesome B-rank Yagura dumped on him had led to an onsen deep within the mountains, where he’d spent three days patrolling the rocky slopes. The mission had ended when the troupe of bandits appeared one night, drunk off their asses and brandishing their rusted katanas.

The fight had ended as quickly as it had begun.
After wiping the blood from his blade, he’d settled his tab and went on his way. Only, regrettfully, to be caught up in one of the most intense storms he’d ever witnessed. All he could do was wait patiently and hope that the storm would pass overhead swiftly. Bitterly, he popped a soldier pill into his mouth and chewed, the taste of rice and chalk spreading over his tongue. It was going to be a long night.

.
.
.

Fuku watched from her place in the kitchen, running the damp rag up and down the polished wood. Through the glass pane she could see rain and wind clawing at the market stalls, pulling on the colourful noren that extended from the shops windows. Thunder, louder than she had ever heard before, reverberated through the night, shaking the tea cups she had so artfully set out. Clicking her tongue in annoyance, she plucked the cups from the tray, the ceramic set held skillfully between her fingers. Setting them down on a redwood tray, she places a few tea leaves in the grey pot, fills it with boiling water and leaves it to steep.

She steps out of the kitchen and into the tea-room, where a small crowd has gathered to wait out the storm. Her lip almost curls. The villagers sit unaware, chatting loudly, oblivious to the mud and rainwater they’ve trekked all over her pristine floors. Eiko, her darling Eiko, serves them the green tea she’d prepared in the kitchen. They promptly ignore her and Fuku wants to knock them over the head with her staff. The younger generations have no respect and traditional tea shops and tea serving is a dying art. These men have no place in her teahouse if they turn their noses up at tradition and her granddaughter.

Over the night, she watches patiently from her spot in the kitchen. She makes tea when Eiko needs it, mops up any stains the customers may have left behind, and rinses the sticky plates when Eiko delivers them to the sink. One day, Eiko will takeover the teahouse when she is no longer around. Though the village isn’t all that of a bad place, she wishes she could have given her granddaughter more than a simple country life. Eiko is young and talented. Regrettfully, she thinks, she could have been so much more.

The storm rages into the night and the customers are long gone. Eiko, hair pulled back at the nape of her neck, lights the oil lamps and closes up shop. A tree had fallen during the storm, knocking out the main powerbox and all of the town's electricity. This far out from the main villages she knows it will be weeks until someone comes to fix it. Hours after the storm began rain is still pelting from the sky, lightning illuminating the dark expanse with flashes of white and purple. The village is silent.

There is a knock at the door.

Pausing, she stops her sweeping and frowns. “We’re closed,” she calls.

The door opens anyway. A hooded figure steps into the threshold, black cloak drenched with rain and lined with mud. Her wrinkles deepen.

“I said we are closed--” she snaps, fist curling around her staff protectively. The figure makes no move to leave, face hidden by the dark shadows of his hood. They eye each other like a lion watches its next meal, each unsure of which role they play. She curses her gnarled hands and bent spine, her muscles gone from years of serving tea and sweeping pathways. Stepping between them, Eiko
squares her shoulders. “My grandmother is right. We’re packing up shop. I’m afraid you’ll have to find tea elsewhere.” The teashop is silent for a few, quiet heartbeats.

Then he thrusts his sword into her granddaughters chest.

He trudges into town, saturated in rain water and freezing to the core. Dawn breaks over the horizon in splashes of red and yellow, vermillion clouds rolling across the sky. The sleepy town begins to stir and several villagers have trickled out of their homes to survey last night's damage. He whistles lowly, intrigued and impressed as a tree dangles roots up in the air, dirt clinging to the thick tangle of plant life. Pausing, he stops to look at the commotion forming outside one of the stores. It is a quaint little tea store, but the villagers are murmuring loudly amongst themselves, hysteria growing by the second.

He wonders if it would be rude to ask for breakfast.

Slinging his soaking pack over his shoulder, he trudges along the muddy road, pushing the farmers aside with the flat of his sword.

“Hey! What the hell do you think you’re--”

The words die in the man's throat as he makes eye contact with the Kiri nin. The silver forehead protector and blood splattered clothes promptly shut him up and he continues onwards. The tea shop is a mess. The tables have been knocked over, cold green tea running in rivulets across the floor. Blood decorates the walls in sprays of crimson and a limp body is hastily covered with a white sheet. A woman consoles a puffy eyed old lady, her simpering condolences sliding off her stony exterior. The old woman sits hunched on the floor, grey hair crusted with blood and bandages spotting her body like dew on a winter field.

Her scarred, tan hands grip the pale lifeless one firmly.

So, no breakfast he thinks blandly.

He flips the sheet over with his foot, revealing a decapitated head and a blue-tinged body drained of blood. He presses two fingers to corpses wrist. Cold, but the body is fresh. Killed six or seven hours ago, if he had to guess. Pulling the sheet down further, a gaping stab wound on the girls midsection still bleeds red, blood so dark it almost looks black. The villagers protest at the sight, gagging at the smell of the rotting body. He stands, ready to question the villagers for more information.

The old woman hits him on the back of the head. It doesn’t particularly hurt, he’s a trained shinobi after all, but it’s enough to disorientate him. What surprises him most is that she was able to sneak up on him. He should have heard her move, but the arc of the wooden stick was silent. There were no creaking floorboards or intake of breath as she tensed, ready to swing. No flare in chakra, either. By all means, she shouldn’t have been able to get near him, let alone land the blow. He feels more impressed than angry, if anything.

“Ah! Shinobi-san, my apologies. Fuku-baachan isn't in the right state of mind, please forgive her
actions,” splutters the woman, glancing nervously between the two. She places a placating hand on the old woman's shoulder, but she promptly shrugs it off. The old crone looks anything but apologetic. Despite her slightly hunched stature, she is staggeringly tall for her age. Her grey hair is bundled at the base of her neck, tied back with a leather cord. The skin of her face is tanned and worn but she holds herself high and wields the staff like a weapon instead of a cane. Interesting.

“My granddaughter was slaughtered by one of your people,” she spits, ready to shove the weapon straight through his eye. One of his people? Does she mean kirigakure shinobi or ninja as a whole, he thinks, ducking as the staff sails over his head. He evades her sweeping kick, noting the defined muscles in her calves. Grabbing a laquered tray, he uses it as a shield as Fuku’s fist flies straight through it, sending splinters straight towards his eyes. Strong. Stronger than he’d expected. Weaving, he ducks and flips, avoiding her attacks with grace as the villagers empty the teashop, horror and poorly concealed excitement displayed on their faces. It’s been six years since something this interesting happened in wave country.

Fuku’s fist connects with his jaw, sending him crashing through a table. He rolls to the side, dodging the furious blows of the staff against the tatami floors. Grunting, sweat slides down his face as he blocks her kick with his forearm. He’s tired of their little game of cat and mouse. Spinning on his heel, he roundhouse kicks her across the room. She slams into the polished countertops with enough force to break that hunched spine in two. He expects this to be the end of their brawl. Instead, the old woman gets back up, wiping sweat off her brow and grinning maniacally.

“Is that all you’ve got? Bah, Kiri-nin are getting soft. Weren’t you supposed to be the *scary* village?”

His eyebrow twitches.

Then they’re at it again.

He pulls his sword from his back, aiming it straight for her neck. The blade connects but the woman disappears with a hiss of steam, hot white fog spreading across the room. It annoys him how much the technique is similar to his own. Out of nowhere, Fuku leaps from the clouds, and her foot connects with his leg. It crumples beneath him and she wastes no time, swinging that damn staff at his jaw again. Crack. Blood fills his mouth and he spits, the red glob gleaming on the surprisingly clean floors. He ignores the way the old woman glares at him for it.

He shunshins away, reappearing behind her. Swiping at her neck with a kunai she ducks, evading his attack. They trade a series of blows and he lands a solid kick to her chest. Rolling to her feet, she flicks her staff and a blade slips free from one of it’s panels. She sweeps out her leg in an arc and catches his feet, sending him sprawling ungracefully to the floor. Pointing the blade at his neck, sweat coats her brow. Chest heaving and arms trembling she glares at him, digging her sandal into his injured leg.

“Tell me who sent you,” she hisses.

He doesn't answer.

“You’re no rogue shinobi, are you? Is the Mizukage behind this?” she questions. Her grey eyes flicker and Fuku shakes her head, dismissing the idea.

“No, Kiri has no business out here.” She presses the cold steel harder and it pierces his throat, a single drop of blood trickles down his jugular.

“Why,” she growls. “Did you kill my granddaughter?”
Finally, he spits out.

“I didn't.”

Miles away from the tea shop and the freshly dug grave, a girl no older than seven struggles against the weight of a collapsed wooden beam. Face red and soaked in sweat, she struggles, legs trapped beneath the fallen debris. For the past five days she has been trapped here, sick and sweating. The illness has been the hardest to fight off, and her arms are tired and aching. But she has to get out. If she stays here she will die quickly and painfully--Sakura needs help and she needs it soon.

She pushes again, heaving against the wooden beam. Her almost non-existent muscles are screaming from exertion and her limbs feel like jelly. Sweat is slick against her brow and her usual cotton-candy hair is plastered to the back of her neck. Gulping down breaths of air, she tries again. Sakura has been at it for hours ever since she gained conscious, pinned beneath the hefty wooden log. But she is seven and scrawny, her muscles underdeveloped because she wanted to look pretty. Tears of frustration threaten to spill over and she blinks them away, tired of being pathetic and afraid. Laying back in the cool mud her heart beats rapidly, threatening to burst out of her chest. Her biceps feel like mush and her cheeks are flushed. She doesn’t know if she can do this anymore.

Gathering her energy for one last attempt, she waits for her heart to return to its normal pace and inhales, breathing deeply. Then she shoves. Arms trembling she pushes against the overbearing weight of the beam, nails digging into the charred wood. The beam groans, and her breath hitches. The beam finally gives, gifting her with an inch of space. I've done all that I can do it seems to say. The rest is up to you. She almost cries with relief. She slides her legs from beneath the beam, and the squeeze on her hips is almost painful but then-- she’s free. Laughing almost hysterically she stumbles to her feet, only for them to buckle beneath her. Catching herself knee deep in mud, pins and needles crawl up her legs and she gets up, stumbling and falling like a newborn deer. Tears and snot pour down her face as she limps forward, ignoring the splintering pain in her thigh and her matted tangle of hair. For once she doesn’t care about her appearance and she lets herself weep freely, the salty tears running rivers through the dirt and crusted blood. She is a mess and it isn’t pretty, but her fluffy hair and embroidered dress hadn’t helped her when she was trapped underneath that beam. Sakura drags herself through the street, scraping her knees as she falls, exhaustion and infection clinging to her like a second skin. There are moments where she thinks she’s going to black out but she bites her lip and moves forward, steadying herself.

I’m free. I’m alive.

A sob escapes her lips.

“I survived.”

For now.
Hey, so yeah i’m alive. Honestly school absolutely slammed me in the last few weeks and i barely passed my maths test. Fun stuff. This chapter is definitely longer than the last one but i’d still like them to have a little more content, but here it is.

But hey! Sakura is free and alive (for now). I can finally get the ball rolling and we actually have some more characters now. Like Fuku, our mystery nin and Eiko (who is actually dead but). To clear some stuff up the mystery nin who fought Fuku is not the same shinobi who slaughtered sakuras village and killed Eiko. They are different people and his identity will be revealed in the next chapter.

*Also i only realised after i wrote the chapter that technically they fought whilst Eiko’s body was still there? so... might fix that later

As always tell me what you think of this chapter, what i could improve on and what was good.

Thank you for all the love <3

---

Pull of The Tide is the first fan-fiction I've ever publicly published, though I've written a lot of pieces before hand. (Those will stay in the deepest, darkest parts of my Microsoft Word folder). Any kudos or constructive criticism or comments are always much appreciated-- please let me know what you think :) I've never used Ao3 before but I constantly use it for reading and I decided to join the bandwagon

All the amazing works that writers post on this site are always appreciated and cherished by those who read it.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!