Battleship Chains

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Relationship: Pairings will be put in Later
Character: Original Female Character(s), Jiraiya (Naruto), Hatake Kakashi, Uzumaki Naruto, Momochi Zabuza, Karatachi Yagura, Original Male Character(s), Maito Gai | Might Guy, Nara Shikaku, Namikaze Minato, Uzumaki Kushina, Uchiha Obito, Nohara Rin, Mitarashi Anko, Sarutobi Asuma, Yyuhi Kurenai, Uchiha Sasuke, Haruno Sakura, Nara Shikamaru, Killer Bee, Uchiha Itachi, Uchiha Shisui, Terumi Mei, Bijuu | Tailed Beasts (Naruto)

Additional Tags: Action/Adventure, Self Insert Original Character - Freeform, ninja stuff, OC Clan but they died out, SIOC gives no fucks about that, Angst and Hurt/Comfort, Childhood Sweethearts and Friends, Spy Network, Upcoming Third Shinobi World War, Change or no change that is the question, Butterfly Effects are a Bitch to work with, The More Things Change the More they stay the same...or will they?, English is a Secret Language that Only SI Knows...go figure, Running Jokes in the story, SI Knows of the Canon Stoyline, No Pairings till later...like 16-17 years later, There will be a fun twist later down the road! Mostly Canon Compliant...Mostly, Kekkei Genkai | Bloodline Limit - Blood Users, Yes I'm ripping off some ATLA...Bite Me, SI had some Pacifistic Tendencies, SI is also a bit of a Sadist Will deny it, Animal Summons FTW, Healer and Fighter, the best combination, Beginning is slow-going, but for a good reason, SI has slight questionable Heritage, Seriously her ancestry is twisted and unstable, SI is smart but not that smart, some canon divergence

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by Sunbell27

Summary

Being reborn into a world that was fictional should not be happening. I was not supposed to be here, I should be dead and gone. What sort of Karmatic Bullshit is this? Being Part of an almost extinct clan whose history was as bloody as World War II doesn't help my situation either. I didn't think I would grow up in this world like this, but hey, I guess I'll just have to survive and hopefully not die along the way. Self Insert with a twist. Read if you dare.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Chapter 1

Shattered.

That's what it felt like when I died.

I can remember driving on my way home. Finishing a twelve hour shift as a paramedic and not eating much during that shift took a lot out of me. I didn't even live that far from the hospital where I worked from.

I was passing a green light when I was t-boned from my driver's side. It all happened too fast. I think I blacked out at first. I could hear sirens...but only barely. My sight was blurred and I tried to move. I could see my coworkers who took on the next shift talking to me. I couldn't hear her.

I knew I was dying, I knew that I was leaving this world behind and all I could think was that I can't die. I didn't want to die. I wanted to live. I didn't want to leave behind my family and friends. I had so much to live for...and it was taken away.

I closed my eyes for the last time, and I fell into darkness.

I was expecting to find myself in Heaven. I considered my religion really important to me. I was hoping to meet God and Jesus. But from the looks of things, I must be terribly wrong.

I can remember being in a dark place. It was warm, it was nice, it was wet, but it was still dark. I could hear a heartbeat, probably mine, and I could feel something else. Like an itching under my skin that I couldn't scratch. It felt really uncomfortable. I got used to it eventually. I could hear voices outside the dark. I couldn't discern what they were and what was going on, but I could tell you from there on, I knew.

I had been reincarnated.

I can't tell you how pissed off I was. Figuring out that I was in the womb of an unknown woman who was my new mother, I felt rage run hot through my veins. In the cramped space, I kicked, I punched, I stretched, I was furious. I wanted to scream, but sound doesn't translate in the womb. I could feel something on the outside of my new mother rubbing circles where I was throwing my tantrum. It was soothing and I calmed down. I probably made her throw up a few times as I was rolling around. I'm surprised that I didn't wrap my umbilical cord around my neck.

I will spare you the details of my birth. It was long, it was rough, and being squeezed through a keyhole sized exit was not fun. After being born into a new world, it was freezing cold. I was coughing and crying as I was wrapped in warm blankets and was passed to my new mother. My eyesight was blurry, and knowing my medical knowledge from the past it'll be a couple of months before my eyesight could work better. I could hear okay. I was a bit distracted with trying to stay warm. I could hear my new mother's voice. It was soft and soothing. Maybe...being reborn isn't so bad.

I felt like a horrible infant. That itching that was beneath my skin was unbearable. I would cry whenever something flare up inside of me, and it wasn't just inside of me as well. I was a very sensitive child apparently. There was something around me that just was uncomfortable. At least I
took comfort in the fact that I got used to these strange feelings in my body by the time I was 4 months old.

I don't really remember much of my first four months of being in a new world. I know I got changed, was fed, and slept when I didn't cry. The itchings faded away. I recall hearing my new mother's voice talking to me, and my eyesight had cleared up. Let me tell you, I was shook to the core when I found what she looked like.

She had dark hair. Black as night and silky smooth when it brushed on my skin. She had pale skin. So pale that I could see the blue and red veins clearly on her face. Her face was a bit sharp, but it held a beauty that struck me dumb. She was beautiful. She reminded me of those black and white movie star actresses. She had grace and her smile was painfully kind.

Her eyes...well her eyes was very very unnatural. I took anatomy and physiology, and I studied it religiously to learn about the human body. Her eyes were normal shaped, if a bit more almond sized, but it was the color of her iris that threw me for a loop.

The eyes she had, that were looking down at me with such kindness and also a fierce love that she must have for me, were red as the blood in our veins.

"Ne, Himiko-chan..." She spoke with a soft smile.

She was talking in japanese. Well damn, this was awkward. I took Japanese when I was in high school, shame that I didn't continue down that road in my past life. She was talking to me with a smile on her face, and she curled her hand on my face. She was warm. Very warm.

I blinked and blinked. Wondering if this was truly a dream, but it wasn't. With my tiny infant hand, I reached out rather clumsily, to her face and touched her back. She wasn't my previous mother. My previous mother was a strong opinionated woman, who worked very hard support her family along with my Father who owned his own business.

I suddenly had flashes to my past. My family, my brothers, my sister in laws, my best friend and her family and my nieces and nephews... all flashed across my vision and I burst into tears.

"Oh Himiko-chan..." My new mother picked me up and rocked me.

I had almost forgotten my previous life. I can remember their faces, I can remember their personalities, I can remember who they are and what bonds we have. But their names...

Their names I cannot remember. It is as if it was sand slipping through my fingers, and it hurt my heart so much that I bawled. I cried for my family. I cried for moments that I would never have again with them. All the things I wanted to do, all the relationships I had with them, the closeness and happiness I had with them, the good times and the bad times... they were now in the past. I could never see them again. I would never hear my dad speak to me telling me how to maintenance my car. I would never again spend time with my mother, laughing at the funny things in life that made us happy. I would never see my brothers again as they would come with their wives and kids to spend time with them, even if we don't get along that well. I would never see my best friend and her husband again, who I have spent time with because we became family through similar hardships. My nephews who were smarter than they looked, I would never see them again. My nieces whom would ask me to tell stories of battle princesses and Disney movies were gone.

All of those whom I have loved are gone.

Most of all... I forgot my original name. The name that defined me, that I could speak with pride
and hard work and respect… forgotten in the abyss of death.

In the rocking arms of my new mother, I made a promise that I would never forget my past. It would take heaven and hell for Death to pry those memories from my dead body.
I have learned quite a bit living with my new mother, since I had my mourning period of my past, it was time to adapt...and grow.

So I started to babble more, trying to speak the language that my mother, Kanna, spoke. Learning how to walk again was a pain, but I did it. Soon, I followed my mother like a little duckling. Trying to speak to her about how my day went. Sometimes, I would try and sing to my mother of songs that have followed me into my past. I would sing, sing, sing, my heart out. Kanna would kneel by me as I was singing to a stuffed bat plushie and pinched my cheek gently in loving playfulness.

"You are my little songbird, Himiko-chan." She would giggle at me.

Well, I was a music addict in my past life. Plus it helped me with my speech.

I had noticed that the house I lived in was a bit spartan. Save for the colorful wall scrolls that would be hanging up and the small bookshelf that held a collection of books. The house had a small living area, a bedroom, a bathroom and a kitchen/dining area. It was small but it felt homey to me. I was a curious little girl. I got into everything (Safely!) and would often try to read books to understand the hiragana and katakana again.

Kanna would chuckle at my curiosity and brighten at my desire to learn. I loved reading in my past life, this little hurdle would not stop me from reading again. She then started to read to me from our small collection of books, with me listening intently and trying my damndest to read along.

I think my mother knew that I wasn't exactly like normal children. I didn't throw tantrums often, I picked up after myself with what little toys I have, and I would help around the house just looking for something to do. Being cooped up in here gave me a bit of cabin fever. That was something I noticed. I don't think I ever left the house since I was born. Usually most parents would try and bring their kids out often. Kanna and me? Nope.

I did manage to see myself for the first time while stuck in the house.

I remember one day I was wandering around the house, sometimes running from one end to another. I have add/adhd, and with that came the zoomies. If I have a song stuck in my head, either I dance to it or I run back and forth. My mother would just stare at me as I did so, probably wondering just what possessed me to run everywhere in the house.

I then stopped running when I headed into the bathroom. I was breathing hard because I worked up a bit of a sweat running. I got distracted by seeing a handle on the bathroom counter poking out over the edge. My curiosity bloomed, my hands were already reaching to grab it, and I pulled it down making sure that it wouldn't slip out of my grip and fall.

It was a dark blue color, but it had pearls and silver inlaid into it into a river pattern. It was very beautiful design. It must've been given to my mother as a gift because I didn't see anything else extravagant in the house, save for the wall scrolls.

I turned it around to see my reflection and I almost squeaked in surprise.

I got mad, first off, because I'm calling bullshit on my genetics and I wondered what I did in my
past life that made me deserve to have short, wavy, snow white hair and blood red eyes. My mother had black hair and red eyes, I assumed that I would have inherited her black hair, because black hair is more of a dominant trait. I had pale skin like my mother's, which my blue and red veins stuck out a bit, and her eyes, but the white hair made me look like a damn albino. I did have two red beauty marks on temples near my eyes. They were circular in nature and they were perfectly symmetrical on my face.

I felt tears well up in my eyes and my face contorted into emotional pain. My reflection showed me just how ugly it looked. One thing was that I was teething and my teeth haven't fully grown in, and the other was how painful it was that I missed my dark brown hair from my past. I placed the mirror back on the counter and left the bathroom to find my mother. I was sniffing and whining all the while.

I had a RIGHT to cry about this. Finding out the my genetics were screwed up to the point where I'm practically a living ghost, I hated it. Kanna heard my whining and came to find me. I ran into her legs and hugged her tightly, trying not to think of my old life.

"Oh Himiko-chan, what is wrong?" She cooed as she kneeled down to my height and hugged me close.

Curse my lack of communication, I couldn't tell her that I hated my hair color and I wanted hers. I couldn't ask her who in the seven circles of hell sired me, and I couldn't do SHIT about my appearance. I went white blond once in my past life, It was fun while it lasted, but I went back to dark hair colors after I grew the blond out.

This...this was ridiculous. I'm an adult in a toddler's body and I was getting tears, snot and drool on my mother's clothes. I hiccupped and whined and buried my face into her shoulder. Her arms engulfed me and she started to rub my back to calm me down. It helped a little, but the emotional and physical pain was still prevalent.

I know that I should have just gotten over it. Just accepted my lot in life now, but I hated change and I can't stop fighting it. The thing about change is that it can be like ripping of a band-aid, or fester like an open wound. It truly felt like the latter.

Kanna picked me up and rocked me to calm my whines and cries, humming a nonsensical song to calm me down. I still had tears coming down my face, but at least I had calmed down enough to pull away to look at her.

"Himiko-chan, what brought on this look of sadness on your face, hm?" She asked me as she smiled gently at me.

Most of my words are still all babble to her, but if there was one thing that I managed to get across for her, was body and sign language. It was actually kinda nice that while I still worked on my speaking skills, I can get more explained to her with sign language. Thank heavens that sign language in this world is similar to ASL.

I patted down the side of my head with my chubby hands before I reached out and gently tugged on her silky long strands. I was showing my displeasure at the color. I wanted dark hair. It's a shame that my genetics are bullshit.

"Ah, you like my hair, Himiko-chan?" She smiled down at me.

I nodded yes before making a mad face and pulled at my scalp, showing that I didn't like it.
"Himiko-chan, you look lovely with white hair. Your father..." She abruptly stopped before sighed.

This caught my attention real quickly. Gone was the emotional pain of my white hair and my bold curiosity came out.

"Da?" I peeped, looking at her with wide eyes.

"Well, that seemed to catch your attention quickly. You are not a normal toddler." She mused before speaking again. "Then again, my clan wasn't never normal to begin with." She muttered to herself. She probably thought I didn't hear it, but I did.

"Your father is a kind man. Very brave, very strong, with a bit of a silly streak that sometimes I would smack him. We are very good friends and you came along. I didn't have the heart to tell him about you." She smiled wistfully.

That was oddly vague and didn't give me much to work with. It was weird, but I recall myself saying that it doesn't matter what people do with each other as long as it was consensual. So whoever my sire is, he doesn't know I exist. In a way, I felt bad for him, not knowing who I am and everything. It was my mother's choice though.

"You have his hair color, my little princess." She smiled down at me, before petting the top of my head gently.

Somehow...that didn't make me feel better. If I have the chance to meet my sire, I want to punch him for giving me half his genes. White hair is not natural...it just isn't. So...why do I have it? Oh well...I guess I'll just have to let it go for now.

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Chapter End Notes

Sunbell27: So... as I was writing this chapter, i learned something new. The Ketsuryugan from the Sasuke Shinden, and I call bullshit on the thing. A Dojutsu that much more powerful than the Sharingan and Byakugan? A better genjutsu user? MAKING HUMANS EXPLODE? I mean the concept is sweet as hell, but I think it got over powered really fast. I admit, watching that arc was pretty cool and honestly, it wasn't too bad given that Kishimoto over saw it being written as a light novel. I consider it semi-canon. Mostly because it never showed up anywhere in the series, both in Naruto and Shippuden. Hell, it never even came up in Boruto. So, no ketsuryugan for Himiko. As for Himiko's mom and her clan, well I'll let you guys read and see where I'm going with this. Keep guessing my chibi shadow readers, I don't think you will get disappointed. Plus, I need my sleep. XD I'll put up the next chapter later and I hope you enjoyed this one. Don't worry, the angst won't last too long in this story. :P Please leave reviews and tell me what you think so far! See ya in the next chapter!

Question Time!: Who are your favorite characters in the Naruto/Boruto Series? I have a soft spot towards Sakura and Temari, because they both are bad asses in their own right. Then there is Shikamaru, Gaara, and Naruto. Those three are also my favorite,
next to Kakashi, Asuma, and Ibuki. XD

KEEP ON READING AND WRITING!
I remember when my first birthday came around. I was born on a chilly December 3rd, and my mother took me to our room and She pulled out some clothes. She dressed me first. I would usually wear a simple dress. It was non restrictive and I didn't mind it. But this kind of clothing? I was instantly transported to Edo Period Japan. I was wearing a warm and simple green furisode with what looked like pink bubbles were stitched onto it. Kanna assisted me by putting on warm tabi socks, and placed me on the edge of the bed. Making sure I didn't lose my balance, she turned around and began to undress.

I didn't look away, but my new mother was beautiful. Her pale skin stood out in the dim light of the room, and I can see the red and blue veins stand out like a painting. What surprised me was the rather intricate and colorful back tattoo that she had.

I couldn't look away. It was a wolf in a bowing position, baring its teeth at an unknown enemy, surrounded by red water, and green and white lotus flowers were surrounding it. I didn't know what the symbolism means, but I spoke out.

"Wow." I said as I admired the beautiful tattoo.

Kanna looked back at me curiously, before smiling as she put on a kimono that was blue, gold and red. It trailed further down than my own ankle length furisode. I was disappointed that her beautiful tattoo was covered up, but it was nice to see that she was an interesting person.

She tied her back length black hair up into a simple tight bun and put in a rather sharpened hair ornament through the base of it. She made sure to grab two large scarves to cover my shoulders and herself. As it was a bit cold outside.

She then turned back to the closet and knelt down. Cursing my shortness and tried to see what she was doing. I could hear something creaking and pop out, and she stood up and turned around. She held a blue lacquer box the size of a pizza box. It had a wolf's head engraved on the top and she placed the box next to me.

I'm starting to see a really ironic connection here living with my mother. I was obsessed with animals of the Canine, Vulpine, and Lupine varieties. I really shouldn't be too surprised, I did write quite a bit of fanfiction in my past life revolving around the symbolisms of animals. This? I'm not sure if it was to comfort me or to scare me. It was probably both.

"Wa's dat?" I babbled.

I can't wait to speak properly again.

"Himiko-chan. This is our family's weapons. This will be the first time you will be coming outside with me to go to the Village." She turned her head towards me with gentleness, her red eyes glimmering.

When I learned how to walk and train myself to go to the bathroom without too much help, she would leave me here for a short period of time. I would normally sleep until she came home with groceries and a downcast look on her face. It did worry me a bit when she would come home looking like and emotionless drone, save for the rage that was prevalent in her eyes. I don't think
"We'pon?" I tilted my head a bit.

"Yes." She poked as she opened the box up, and I had to blink a couple of times as I looked into the box.

Have you ever had that feeling when you are on a rollercoaster and you are at the top before you start to fall down the path and your stomach drops? That is what I'm feeling right now.

In the box was a set of Kunai, daggers, three scrolls the size of Kanna's wrists, and a short sword. I was basically stock still. I was wondering if this was still a dream. That I was in a coma and just imagining this new life was just a figment of my imagination. I'm holding onto that notion.

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. I had to calm down. Maybe This world isn't what I think it was. Yes. Maybe I was reborn into an ancient world or maybe a very far post apocalyptic future. Either sounds like a better idea that the one I have in mind.

Kanna grabbed two kunai and hid one on her thigh and the other up on her forearm wearing a protective pouch keeping her skin safe from getting cut. She placed the short sword, a wakizashi, and tied it to her side. One of the scrolls she placed in a special pocket that was on the inside of her kimono. After patting herself down, she closed the box and put it back under the floorboards in the closet. I couldn't see what she was doing to make sure that it was covered right, but I could feel something pulsing before she stood up.

"Himiko-chan. Let us leave." She spoke as she gently picked me up and placed me on the floor and left the room.

I belatedly followed her and went to the front door, she put on the geta for her feet and she motioned me to come to her. I hesitantly walked over to her and sat next to her. She lifted my tiny feet and placed them on toddler sized geta as well.

"Stay close with me, Himiko-chan, and don't speak." She pinned me with a bit of a cold stare with a hint of worry.

This change of attitude surprised me a little. The gentle kind woman who has been raising me this far had done a 180. I wasn't going to argue with her. She stood up and opened her arms to my level. I walked into them with a bit of hesitation, but she had a smile on her face which calmed me a bit. She perched me onto her hip and we took our leave.

I was actually going to go outside. It'll be cold, but I'll be outside. She opened the door and the cold air blasted my face. I closed one eye and laid my head on her shoulder to stay a bit warm. We stepped outside and I saw snow.

It was everywhere. The trees were covered as was the ground. I didn't see that we have neighbors or anything, but I looked up to the grey sky and saw that we had a rather old looking electrical pole that had wire connected to our house. At least I knew that we had electricity.

Kanna reached the end of the path to our house and turned to the left. She followed a path, while I took in my surroundings. There wasn't much around us. Just tall trees and sparse vegetation, through the snow. Our nearest neighbor was a mile down the road. The chill felt a little nice on my skin as I laid my head on her shoulder. Taking in the sights as she held me as she walked down the small road.

My mother pointed out things to me in a whisper, as if speaking out loud would garner unwanted
attention. There were trees, a snow bunny hopped across our path, a rare kind of flower popped up through the snow. She would whisper them into my ears until she became completely silent as we started to pass more and more houses.

We had lived on the outskirts of a rural area. The houses themselves don't look like they are in great shape, but they served their purposes. I still had no clue where we are, as we started to get deeper into this town like area, more and more people started to dot the streets. Some even moved out of the way of my mother, having wide eyes and moving quickly before giving her a wide berth and a rather damning glare at her and me. Remember that strange pulsing feeling that I have felt when I was in the womb? I didn't think much of it because I could feel it in my body as second nature to me and I knew that my Mother had it too. Just a helluva lot more than me. Going into an area filled with people? I could pinpoint that there was more people who had the same pulsing as well.

Now, I had a theory that people themselves have an aura, but this was to ridiculous levels of weirdness.

My mother held her head up high, I noticed. Moving my eyes up to her face she had perfected the resting bitch face. She reminded me of the actress Vivien Leigh. The woman who played Scarlett O'Hara in 'Gone With the Wind'. Hey, I liked my black and white movies, I have a heavy appreciation for them. So my mother was not a pushover. That is badass.

It wasn't until we came to what I call 'City Center' on this particular town. The places looked a bit more modern with a rural twist, and it was an interesting place to be. There were some tall circular-like apartment buildings and the like, but I don't see any skyscrapers or any of the futuristic stuff that was once back in my old life. I could hear street vendors and other things going on. There were no cars anywhere around this place though. Which felt strange. I could hear the whispers (Which was pretty freaking awesome, because I had a Hearing impairment in my previous life. Now my hearing is pretty sharp and I love it), but the whispers were harsh and grating. I couldn't help but wince at the words.

"It's her again."

"I thought she was dead."

"Who's the brat that's with her?"

"Maybe she killed the parents and kept the brat?"

"Creepy Bitch."

"Shut up! What if she hears you? She would cut you down to size!"

"I ain't afraid of no Taira. To hell with 'em."

"Shut the fuck up! You anger her, she will suck your blood dry and use it as a weapon."

There were a bit of people that apparently did not like my mother. I was so focused on the cold white, grey, and black outer landscape and the people around us, that when it darkened and warmed up, I jerked a bit. We had entered a place that I couldn't describe what it was.

"Welcome to the Fair Lotus, may I...Oh, it's you." I heard an annoyed voice call out.

I lifted my head and turned forward as a young tan skinned girl with a sneering grimace making her way towards us. I looked around and saw that were were in an entryway. The dark brown wood of
the walls had rather...provocative paintings nailed on there and I looked back to the girl.

She was wearing a rather skimpy looking kimono, definitely not suitable for the cold. Her eyes were dark green and her hair was...was blue? Did she die her hair blue? Well to each their own. She had a scar going down where her collar bone is and it went down diagonally to the right and it kept going and hid behind the kimono. What happened to this girl?

"Hello, Juushi." My mother said blankly at the young woman. "Is the Madam in today?" She asked.

"Madam Fujioka is indeed here, but she is entertaining some...clientele at the moment. Is this your kid?" She muttered as she got closer.

Was I dreaming or was her teeth sharpened? As she got closer, she smiled fakely and those teeth she had were indeed sharpened. I blinked before furrowing my brows. That...was a bit frightening to say the least.

"Eh? Why is your kid frowning at me?" Juushi raised a hand and poked my cheek.

Now, I was a very touchy feely kind of person back in my past life, but this was a stranger who just decided to touch me without my permission and I always ask for permission if someone wanted a hug or not, after she poked my cheek I moved my mouth and chomped down on the offending appendage that decided to poke me.

Granted, teething is horrible and my baby teeth are still coming in, but I still have some gums.

Juushi squealed before ripping her finger out of my mouth and I let out a high pitched growl. It was the only other form of communication if I couldn't use my words correctly. I was very displeased that she touched me. My mother let out a rather dark chuckle and I turned my head to see her grin maliciously, and I have never seen my mother grin like this before, and I had just noticed that she had sharpened canines. Her eyes flashed with humor and a bit of pride.

"Juushi, Please don't touch my child. Unless you are thinking of losing a finger." She spoke sweetly, but there was a threat in her words.

"Well, I see that motherhood hasn't softened you that much, figures that your kid would also be a bit touchy." Juushi huffed as she wiped her finger on her kimono. "Come on, I'll take you to a room that is not occupied."

My mother was still holding me as we walked through the hallways. I could hear some boisterous laughter coming from a couple of rooms, some rooms I could hear some kind of music, and some others...well, I'm not gonna go into details. I could clearly hear now that those sounds were sounds of raw pleasure. I'm no innocent. I was quite a kinky girl from my past life as well. So I've seen it all. I have a feeling that I'm most likely in a Brothel.

"Ne, Kanna, when will you be returning to work?" Juushi asked as she looked back at us with a smirk on her face.

"I can't have my child with me at work, Juushi. Don't get started on that." Kanna spoke with a gentle tone, but it held a bit of threat with it.

Juushi just waved her hand a bit waving off her threat.

"Don't get testy with me, ever since you got pregnant, our clientele numbers fell a bit. Madam Fujioka wasn't too happy, because we had to hire three new girls because of your maternity leave." Juushi stated bitterly.
"I don't see why you are upset about it." Kanna raised her eyebrow.

"I'm not." Juushi lied as she stopped and turned around with hands on her hips. "Ishida, Emiko, and Naami were not happy to pick up your slack and train three new girls. Some of the Shinobi and Kunoichi were asking for you. Now that you have a kid, your price will go down."

Those words should mean something to me. Why do they sound familiar? C'mon Himiko, you are smart. Think, Think, Think! I got distracted by the drama that started to unfold in front of me.

Juushi had a resentful look on her face as she was speaking to Kanna. I had laid my head on my mother's shoulder as they were talking. I had just realized that my mother's profession was being either a Geisha or an Oiran. Both not too different from each other. The fact that Kanna decided to keep me was interesting. Most women with a profession of Prostitution would usually have an abortion performed or just outright killed the child after birthing them. I think I paled a bit knowing that I had narrowly escaped a second death.

We entered a rather lush and comfortable room. There was pillows everywhere and a bed at the far end of the room, and two sofas placed side by side off to the right of the room. The largest area of the room had a stage and had instruments off to the side as well as some props like fans, knives, and a few other that don't really stick out to me.

"What did you think I should have done?" Kanna raised an eyebrow.

"Honestly, you should have killed her when you had the chance, This village is no place for a kid like her." Juushi said off-handedly.

I turned my head to look at her and I'm pretty sure my glare was just as scary as my mother's.

"Just because I was on maternity leave, Juushi, doesn't mean that you have the rank to talk back to me like that." My mother placed me down onto a fluffy pillow and walked over to the sharp-toothed girl.

I turned my head to see my mother standing over the younger one with her arms at her side. Loose, but I could see that her fingers were twitching, like they were itching to grab the girl by the throat and to throttle her. I have never seen her upset or angry. Kind? Yes. Gentle? Yes. Protective? Oh yeah, but this was a development that I wouldn't have seen coming.

"You know I'm right." The girl's voice shook faintly.

"You have no right to speak to a superior about private matters. Know your place Juushi." Kanna spoke with a cool tone in her voice that settled the matter with a finality.

Juushi locked eyes with Kanna for a moment before she backed down, clearly recognizing that my mother was the Alpha Bitch in the room. I couldn't help but like this side of her, my mother was no pushover, and I'm glad to see that she was a strong woman.

"And here I thought I would be welcomed back." Kanna spoke with sarcasm tinting her voice as she turned around and came over to my side and kneeled by me.

"Now...fetch some refreshment for myself and my daughter, Juushi. If you can find some food from the kitchen bring that too." Mother spoke as she placed and arm around me and pulled me close to her side.

When she did that she started to comb my hair with her hand. It was rather relaxing.
"I'm not your slave, regardless that you are Madam's favorite." She spat ready for a fight.

My mother was calm and moved her head only a fraction and her eyes had become hooded and lazy as she started at Juushi. She was acting like a noblewoman who was thinking of an execution for a peasant who had mouthed off to her.

"I still kept my rank regardless. Do as you are told." She spoke with a chilling tone that booked absolutely no argument.

Juushi snarled before she left the room, slamming the door as she left. Now, I liked drama, but I despise drama being initiated by females. I have worked in healthcare run by woman, and let me tell you it sucked because not only was it competitive, but the woman were catty and petty as hell and would stab you in the back for a klondike bar if they were given the chance. Yeah. I was a gossiper in my previous life, but I did it to get information and blackmail… don't judge me.

"Ne, Himiko-chan. I'm sorry to have brought you here, but I can only stay away from work for so long. Okaa-san needs to make money to keep the house and take care of you." Kanna spoke gently as she ran her hand through my hair.

"Wo'k?" I looked up at her.

I could tell that this kind of profession was not exactly ideal for a woman like her, but if it paid the bills and kept us from being homeless, I'll take it. I had worked three solid jobs in my past life to save up money to go become a paramedic. 5 years of schooling and lots of blood, sweat, and tears poured into that profession. It also helped that I was part of a small group that we poured all our resources into the same pool to take care of each other. It worked quite well for us.

"Yes, dear heart." Kanna sighed, a bit resigned to her position.

It seemed like this type of a job brings no joy to her. I could understand that. I have worked menial jobs that I basically told myself to shut up and do it because it knew the ends justify the means. What about here? Was she forced to work as a worker in a Brothel type place? Was it out of free will? Suddenly I felt compelled to hug her and I wish I could tell her that it was okay. Maybe she could get a different job now that I'm around?

I was taken out of my thoughts as the door opened again, but it was slow and deliberate. I turned my head and I saw an older woman wearing a very, very expensive type of kimono that was usually reserved for nobles. She looked to be in her 60s, but I could tell that she had an elegant beauty and grace about her. Despite the few wrinkles I could see on her, that pulsing feeling that she seemed to have was like a calming wave, but there was something more calculating underneath.

The kimono had different layers, but in a free hand, she held what looked like a pipe that one would use to smoke tobacco. Her graying black hair was straight and long. Her grey eyes held a definitive sharpness and she was most likely quick as a whip. Her lips were painted red. I thought she looked very pretty.

"Kanna-chan. I see you have decided to return to us." The woman gracefully stopped in front of use before kneeling down with a sharp grin on.

"Forgive me for taking Maternity Leave, Madam Fujioka." My mother spoke softly, but it held a steel edge to it. I wisely stayed still and kept my usually babbling mouth shut.

"No, No, I completely understand my dear. To be honest, I expected you to quit, I'm fairly sure that you wouldn't want your little child around the likes of here." Her grey eyes pinned me to where I
That sounded like a threat. I didn't like her. So I sneered my best sneer as a toddler could and I channeled my inner nephew when he gave no fucks. I turned my head a little and looked down at her. You'd be surprised at some people when they have reactions of being looked down at by a toddler of all things.

"That sounds like a suggestion, Madam." My mother tilted her head to the side.

"It is." Fujioka spoke as she sneered at the door, no doubt that someone was listening in. "But, unfortunately, it would drop our clientele much farther if you did leave. Some of the other girls do just fine around here, and the new ones have some smidgeon of talent."

"Then why bring it up then, Madam?" My mother raised a curious eyebrow.

"I took you in as a favor to your Father that I would take care of you. Especially since you are the last of your clan." Fujioka huffed and took a drag from her pipe. "Well...not so last now."

Letting out the smoke, I scrunched up my face at the smell.

"I remember. That was before..." She paused, her eyes glazed over for a brief moment, then she shook her head a little before focusing once more.

"Are you changing your mind, Madam?" My mother asked coldly.

"I am not. However, you need to find childcare for your little one here." Fujioka looked at me with an unsettling stare, before smiling tightly. "I could suggest someone, if you are willing to stay of course."

My mother looked down at me and I looked up at her. Her face was blank, but her eyes were saying a lot of different things. She was protective, worried, and I could see the hint of rage in there. I took a breath calming down my own internal emotions and smiled up at her. I can handle myself. Maybe she could have some sort of babysitter help out. I think she picked up on my calm emotions, because she sighed before turning her head towards the Madam.

"Who would you suggest?" My mother asked politely, clearly not liking being in a position like this.

"She is an old friend of mine. Her name is Umineko Chisato, she had just recently retired from her position in the T&I department. She has been getting quite bored with herself as of late." Fujioka smirked at the way my mother tensed up. "Oh don't worry Kanna-chan. Chisato had 4 children of her own. Granted, only one survived to adulthood, but she is a dear friend of mine. I'm sure she wouldn't mind watching your child. It depends on what sort of price Chisato wants from you."

My mother reached over and held me close to her, her firm handling on me reinforced the thought that she didn't like this idea, but if she needed the money to bring home... well I couldn't really stop her now could I? She took a deep breath and let it out slowly, before she spoke.

"When do you want me to start?"

I didn't think my life would turn on its axis when my mother agreed.
Sunbell27: And another chapter to get this rolling along. It's always the first couple of chapters that have a hard time with traction. But It's gaining a bit of speed. What do you think of this so far? Himiko is starting to recognize a few things, but they won't make that much sense to her for a bit. Also, 'The Last of Your Clan' trope? Yeah, I played that, but trust me when I say that Himiko won't give any fucks about it. What do you think of Madam Fujioka? I was going to make her out to be an evil stepmother kind of deal, but then I changed her up quite a bit. and Juushi is a Bitch. I will say this out loud. Good thing that Kanna is steadfast and hard about her morals and the like. And Yes, it was common for a lot of prostitutes to abort their child to keep doing sex work, and sometimes even outright killing them, due to the fact that money is important. Himiko dodged a bullet there. XD So what do you guys think of this so far? I have this rated M for a reason and yes, I will be touching on a lot of subjects like sex, murder, torture, and the like. Please leave awesome reviews and opinions! I'd like to hear from you guys about your view on this so far. See you in the next chapter!

Question Time!: Which Village is your favorite? Personally, I like Suna and Kumo. Mostly because the cultural differences is pretty freaking awesome. I enjoy reading about them when I have the chance. :D

KEEP ON READNG AND WRITING!
I remember in my past life that I have been a bit...off. I had ADD/ADHD, a hearing impairment, and I didn't have the full spectrum of emotions that most people would have. I was faster than most people, I was a little bit stronger than the average woman, and my brain had been rewired to try and be more logical than emotional (I would still have emotional outbreaks, only because of certain situations), but when I went back to school to become a paramedic, I was in my element.

I can't remember what this condition was though. I knew I was different than my family. When I met my best friend, it was her husband that pointed out that I was similar to him, except that he has a different strain, and my nephews (Their kids) had one of each genetic strain. I can't remember for the life of me what it is called, but I knew that I had found myself when it all clicked together why I acted the way I did before I met them.

Why am I telling you this? Well, because I think I found someone who was similar to me in that aspect in this new world. My mother was normal, if not a cool normal that seemed to understand me and know that I'm not like normal toddlers. She knows that she has seen other kids before and they did not act like me in the slightest. Instead, she took my unknown situation in stride and treated me like not just her daughter, but someone equal to her in a few aspects.

It was Umineko Chisato who caught my attention when she came over to the house to watch me.

"Umineko-san." Kanna spoke blankly.

"Don't be so frigid around me, Taira-san, I'm fairly certain that your brat and I will get along just fine." I could hear an older voice speak.

I was mindlessly occupying my mind reading a children's book about animals, even if it was a short book. I read it quietly out loud with my stuffed bat plushie under my arm. When a foreign presence came into the living room, I snapped my head up and blinked.

My mother was ready to leave, and there was a woman who was dressed quite differently than my mother. She had a toasted skin color, chopped short dark blonde hair, and yellow-ish green eyes. She looked to be in her late fifties early sixties. She had some laugh lines around her face and crow's feet on her eyes. She looked a bit rough and strong. It was her clothing style that caught me off guard.

She wore black cargo pants and a dark green shirt with sleeves that reacher her forearm. She wore a black long sleeved undershirt, and a heavy looking vest that must keep her body warm in this cold winter. Her shins were wrapped in white bandages and she wore open toed black shoes. She had dressed so much differently than my mother that it sort of shocked me.

"So, This is your brat?" She spoke with a mischievous smirk, showing a bit of sharpened teeth.

I'm starting to see a bit of a trend here. Who the hell sharpens their teeth?

My mother gave Chisato a sidelong look before laying her eyes on me before coming over to kneel by me.

"Himiko-chan, this is your babysitter. Umineko-san." She told me as she ran her hand through my
short hair. "Be good and don't give her problems."

She tapped her finger on my nose lightly, making me go cross eyed for a moment. She gave me a smile before she got up and walked over to the older woman who was to be watching me.

"If I come home and she…" My mother threatened.

"I wouldn't dare attack my dear friend's ward's kid. Who do you think I am?" Chisato huffed with a knowing smile. "Now go on. We can discuss a proper payment later."

Chisato flicked her wrist in dismissal and my mother narrowed her eyes in annoyance before turning her eyes to me and she smiled before leaving me in a house with someone I clearly do not know.

Most kids would be whining and crying being separated from their parents. Granted I should have been doing that, but I'm a grown-ass woman. A whole grown-ass woman in a toddler's body. Okay, maybe I did whine just a bit, but I quickly got over that toddler side of my brain knowing that Kanna will come home later tonight.

I felt the same foreign presence and I looked up to see the older woman bend down and balanced on the balls of her feet.

I blinked a couple of times before taking in her form. She was athletically slim, and a little short. I looked up at her face and noticed that her eyes were shaped just a tich differently. Her nose just a little bit sharper, her mouth having a rather mischievous smirk on her face.

I instantly felt a kinship with this woman. It was hard to describe how this woman could have similar genetics to me in terms of my old life. I have met people of the three different stains before and trust me that when we get together it's similar to a very strong kinship and knowing just who you are. No words were spoken, just acceptance.

"Well, kiddo, My name is Umineko Chisato. You may call me Chi-Obaa." She spoke to me as she patted my head.

I nodded before turning to my children's book and frowned. I have memorized everything in this book about every single animal that was in this world, it just was mind numbing. I don't play with the little toys that I have because I get bored easily. I just wished I had a TV again, and my Playstation 3 Console. Hell, I'd watch disney movies on repeat if it meant that my boredom can just go away.

"You look a bit bored, Himiko-chan." Chisato spoke with a curious lit to her voice.

I got up on my feet and went over to the small bookshelf and carefully put back the book. If only there was some better material I can read. I looked over the titles of the small collection of books we have. I have 6 children's books in all, and there was some more books in my mother's room, but she had them high out of my reach.

"Bored." I managed to say.

"Well then, how about we go outside then. I'm sure the backyard sounds like a good idea to you." Chisato offered.

I turned to her and she had her arms crossed with a small smile on her face. She was serious. I smiled and went to the bedroom and grabbed a warm fur-like coat and put it on. I stumbled a little, but I didn't care. I put on the warm tabi socks and rushed to grab my geta shoes. They were
surprisingly comfy to walk in. Being outside sounds a lot better than being cooped up in here.

"Ou'Side!" I quirked.

"My, my, aren't you an excitable child? Well then, let's go." She held out her hand and waited for me to take it.

She didn't say, "Give me your hand." She just held it out and expected me to take it.

I was tiny. I barely went past her knee, but I reached up and grabbed the tips of her fingers and we both went to the backyard door.

There was nothing in the back yard other than snow, snow, and more snow. Which suited me just fine. I let go of Chisato's finger and didn't stray far. I didn't squeal in delight as snow was coming down. I looked up and saw the grey skies. I was reminded of the winter days on my past life when I was a preteen. I would be in the front yard by my Parents driveway and whenever they would build up snow in the front, I would take my father's trench shovel and make a hidey hole away. I was very ambitious when it came to making things like that.

The snowflakes would fall on my face and melt. It made me smile a bit before I looked around. Chisato wasn't too far from me, so I decided to make a snowman. I clumsily mad a snowball and started to roll it around the backyard. It started to get heavier and heavier. Eventually it became a bit bigger than me and I was determined to make a snowman.

As I was trying to push the snowball over again, I slipped and fell onto my face into the cold snow. It hurt, but I didn't cry. I heard the crunching footsteps come up to me and I felt myself being picked up, and placed on a hip.

"Are you okay, Himiko-chan?" I heard Chisato ask seriously.

I turned to her and saw that she was observing my face with a careful eye, not letting any emotion through. It was a moment later that I licked my lips and a coppery tangy taste assaulted my tongue and got startled by something liquidy down the back of my throat. I coughed and I was taken inside to the warm home and taken to the bathroom.

"Strange child." I heard her say as she put me on the counter.

She grabbed a washcloth and wetted it, before using it to wipe my face. My previously chilled face from being outside, started to warm up and tingle as the warm washcloth was wiping away whatever it was on my face.

I then used my hand to wipe away whatever it was under my nose and I looked down at my toddler hand. There was a red streak on the back of my hand. It was blood. No wonder the copper taste is invading my mouth.

I lifted my bloody hand to my eyes and huffed. So my nose is bleeding a bit. I've had worse happen to me. I touched my little nose to see if it was broken, but knowing my toddler body, it was still pretty flexible. It was numb because of the cold, but I doubt that it was broken.

"Does it hurt, Himiko-chan?" Chisato asked as she bent over a bit to my eye level.

"No." I spoke. "It sti'gs."

I need to get my words down. Curse my toddler mouth and trying to get my lips around the words.
Chisato smirked.

"Heh, You are a tough child. I expected you to be bawling your heart out when you fell." She chuckled as she wiped my hand and then my face once more.

She gently pushed my head to my chest so that the blood from my nose can drain onto the wash cloth.

"I no' hurt." I spoke naselly.

"I can see that." She chuckled as she pinched my nose and lifted my face up again.

I felt the blood stop up and she washed the bloody washcloth in cold water. As she was washing it, I was looking at the blood swirling around in the white porcelain sink before being drained down. It was hypnotizing. I knew that I had some residue of blood left in my mouth, so I leaned over and spat out blood colored saliva.

"Bleh." I shook my head.

Blood had never really bothered me much. I have scrapped people off the pavement before, treated gun and knife wounds, and I have had my share of gross horror movies (I criticized and analyzed every single death, creatives deaths are interesting.) and yes, I have taken care of septic wounds before where pus and blood were prevalent. So blood had never been much of a problem for me.

Chisato went eye level with me again, I looked at her with curiosity. She had tilted her head and narrowed her eyes. As if I had become a puzzle for her to figure out.

"You are a strange kid. You are not crying for your mother, you actually trust a stranger in your house, and you are not even fazed by bleeding when you fell. Now, why would you be this way?" Chisato smirked at me.

What was I supposed to say? That I was reincarnated from a different world and I have no clue how to act? I am a 28 year old woman in a 1 year old toddler body, I'm bored as hell, and I don't have many books around here that I could read to keep my brain busy, and I haven't had the chance to voice to my mother that I want to write. Besides, who's gonna believe a small child that had been reincarnated?

"Bored." I spoke again, before I carefully turned over and slowly dropped myself to the floor, my geta hitting the floor so I could keep my balance.

I had to take them off because I know that this home was very much japanese styled. So I took them off and took them to the small stoop and placed them down in their place. After doing that, I sighed. There was only so much I could do. I could sing a song...and run around the place. At this point of my life, it could be passed off as typical kid behavior. Nope. I didn't feel like it.

Ugh. It sucks. Maybe I could go back outside.

"Okay kid, I have an idea." She kneeled by me at the stoop with a grin, before heading to the small sofa.

I followed, curious to hear what idea she had. I followed close before she sat on one end. I scrambled to get on the other end, slipping a couple of times before managing to sit in the corner of the sofa so I didn't fall off.

"Do you like stories, Himiko-chan?" Chisato asked with a gleam in her eyes.
I nodded. The small collection of children's stories that my mother would read me were synonymous with Japanese folklore tales from my old past. Although, they were tweaked differently for some reason. I didn't care to find out why. Curse my toddler mind and short attention span.

"Let's see…" Chisato placed a finger on her chin and smiled. "Let me tell you the tale of the Sage of Six Paths."

I blinked once. Twice. I could feel my face contort into confusion. That sounded familiar. Why does that sound familiar, it's driving me crazy!

"Your mother never told you this story? Bah, Young people these days, never passing on history to the next generation." Chisato huffed before she jumped into the story.

I sat there enraptured by the story she was telling me. My mind eventually imagined of thousands of years past. A Sage that created Chakra to spread Ninjutsu across the nations. Eventually many descendents were able to use chakra and become practically superhuman in their own right.

She then moved onto the tales of the Tailed beasts…

_Familiar…It's so familiar I can taste the nostalgia on my tongue…_

She spoke of the one tailed Tanuki to the Nine tailed fox…

She spoke of Ninja and Shinobi and Kunoichi, and then it all clicked into place when she spoke of the Hidden Villages, and the 1st and Second Shinobi Wars.

_Flashes of the past came rushing to the forefront of my mind. Reading on the computer of a manga I had gotten into as a preteen. Watching the anime over the course of 8 years for the conclusion, loving the characters as they went through hard times, brother against brother, friendship prevailing, pasts revealed and secrets out in the open, a war on the horizon…_

I didn't pass out from shock, but I thought I did. I felt my heart constrict and it took all my pure strength of will to not breakdown crying. I just sat there eyes wide as Chisato explained about the world at large.

Realizing that I was in a world that should not exist, a world that was just pure fiction created for entertainment, I was shaken to the core. I'm pretty sure my silence prompted Chisato to tell me the history of the village we live in.

I had found that we live in Kirigakure. The Bloody Village of the Mist.

I had jerked violently and almost fell off the sofa, if it wasn't for Chisato's quick reflexes, I probably would have bashed my head into the wooden floor. I wanted to laugh hysterically. I wanted to have a mental breakdown after realizing that I was pretty much fucking screwed.

I have been reincarnated into the world of Naruto. I have been born in a world of War and Bloodshed with short periods of Peace, and I just had to be born in a Village that churns out more bloodthirsty missing nin than anywhere else, not to mention that constant genocide of people happen a lot too. I would rather have been born in Kumogakure than here. Damn It.

I wrestled all my emotions and locked them away, putting them behind a shield in my mind. I will deal with said emotions later, I needed more information on the time period I'm in and hopefully figure out what the hell my life will be like.
Chisato continued to speak about the Shinobi world, even as she made dinner for us, she would tell me the tales of the Village's Seven Swordsmen, and the Shinobi and Kunoichi that lived here. She would skim a bit over the fact that there was literal blood on everyone's hands here. It was bizarre to say the least.

She was telling me about some of the clans around Kirigakure, The Hoshigaki, The Kaguya, and the like as a bedtime story, when my mother came home. My mind was wrapping around the fact that all this stuff I had hear from Chisato was real. After my little mind wrecking daze, I could hear her and Chisato talking in the other room. I hunkered down in the large bed and pretended to sleep.

"I think the kid is smarter than she looks, Taira-san. You should think about training her." Chisato chuckled.

"At one years old, Umineko-san?" My mother spoke skeptically. "I understand my my daughter is not like most toddlers, but training at this age?"

"It's never too early to start. She slipped and fell outside today. Didn't whine, didn't fuss… in fact she just stared at her blood as if it didn't interest her." Chisato seemed to be smug.

I can picture my mother frowning.

"It could be a one off thing." My mother replied.

"Or...she could be a prodigy? Just think Taira-san, your kekkai genkei is rather strong." Umineko suggested.

Silence followed.

"Just think on it, Taira-san, That could be payment for me. I can help train your daughter, if you wish to keep working." I could picture Umineko smirking. "Ja-ne! I'll be back tomorrow."

The front door closed and I could hear my mother's footsteps coming to the bedroom. I was hugging my stuffed bat plushie Brucie (Yes, I named my stuffed bat Brucie, don't judge.) and I closed my eyes tightly. I didn't want to believe that I was in this world. Child soldiers, Authoritarian Governments, Genocide, Assassinations, and so much more have been wracking in my mind that it was keeping me awake.

I felt a gentle hand on my head and I opened my eyes. I saw my mother kneeling by my side of the bed. She looked a little tired, and I noticed that her clothes were slightly rumpled. My stomach turned and I couldn't help but wonder why she would work as a prostitute. Then again...This was my new life. I have to accept and adapt.

"Hello Himiko-chan. Did Umineko-san treat you well?" She asked gently.

I nodded and gave her a small smile, The woman did treat me well as I would listen to her intensely as she would give me the history of Kirigakure, as well as the history of the Shinobi world. She was nice, if a little creepy, but she and I seemed to click together and I enjoyed her company.

"I'm glad." She smiled as she rubbed my head a little.

"I like her." I told her. "She tell good story."

"Umineko-san is part of Kiri's Shinobi force, Himiko-chan. She is a Historian and was part of the T&I Department." She told me.
"T.I.?" I fumbled with the word.

"I'll tell you when you are a bit older. But Umineko will be your sitter." She looked a bit defeated for a moment before making eye contact with me.

"I do not regret having you. Not for a moment." Her eyes resolved in some sort of unspoken promise. "Himiko-chan, I wish for you to be an innocent as long as you can be. Whether you may become a Kunoichi or not...I will support whatever you wish to do."

Her eyes held a bit of hope and regret.

If I didn't have a hard time speaking as much as I could I would tell her that I'm not sure what I should do. I'm just a 28 year old from a world that had so much differences from here that I long for it. I wish I could just say that I could just be a normal person. Why was I born into this world? That is my greatest concern.

I suppose that I would find out in time. I blinked slow and looked up at Kanna, then proceeded to sit up and scooted over to her and gave her a hug. She wrapped her arms around my small body, hugging me close to her.

I would always hesitate in making choices in my past life, choices that I would always flip-flop on. Here, flip-flopping would result in my death. It would be considered suicide if I second guess myself. I could be a civilian. Not having to worry about being kidnapped, but could possibly be fodder. If I become a ninja, I would have to train to learn how to become a killer, but I would be able to protect myself. Would I be able to change things here, becoming an ninja?

*Do I want to change everything?*

*Should I change everything?*

I fell asleep with decisions floating around in my head: safety and comfort or danger and change.

I just wish I could do both.

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**Chapter End Notes**

Sunbell27: And the works just keep on coming! Fun Fact: I originally based this story to be in Kumogakure, then it faceplanted into Kiri. So, after working a bit on this, It's time to face the dilemma all SI-OCs go through. Change the Story? Or Stick with Canon? Mwahahaha, you will never know where the chips will fall. I'm super excited to keep writing. I hope you liked this chapter, If not, I'll probably redo it...maybe. XD

Also, I've been dropping hints about Himiko's Sire. Not sure if you guys are picking up on it or not, but I'm having fun with it! As for her mother's side of the family, I have a rather...interesting backstory for the Taira Clan, especially with Kanna. Well I shall leave it as it is right now, and I'm off to keep writing more! Please leave aweosme reviews and opinions of what you think of the story so far! Reviews are my crack and I want them to fuel me! See you guys in the next chapter! :D

*Question Time!: Who is your favorite Jinchurikki? I loved Garra's design and sort of...*
wished that he kept Shukaku. It would have been awesome to see them work together.

KEEP ON READING AND WRITING!
Over the course of the year to almost my second birthday, Chisato would watch over me, she was teaching me basics in writing, talking, history, and surprisingly, Anatomy. I almost jumped in delight when she gave me a scroll of the body system and what it looked like. I poured over the aspect of the the well drawn anatomical structures of both male and female.

Learning about chakra in tandem with Anatomy and physiology was one of the things that Chisato was teaching me about. She was a wealth of information and she seemed to enjoy teaching me about these things. She was a fun, but strict, teacher. She would help me get my consonants and words down so I could talk a bit better. Thank heavens for her patience, because I had thrown tantrums about why everything was so needlessly complicated when you throw chakra into the mix.

Writing is a different thing entirely. My writing of hiragana and katakana was shaky at best, then again, writing with a brush resulting in a bit of a mess and my fine motor skills hadn't set in just yet, I took my time and made sure I made slow deliberate strokes to make the right symbols. I honestly wanted to write again, and write better.

Chisato would test my knowledge weekly. It was like being in school again, except that it was similar to homeschooling. I had the most focus when it came to the body. I was a paramedic once, I had always had an interest in the human body. How it works, how the muscles connected, how the bones moved, how the organs filtered everything...

I had to admit, I had always been curious about a person's body. I wanted to know why most bodies acted the way they did. Whether it was to pain, stress, nerve damage, and much more. The Physical ways the body reacted the stress as well as the psychological aspect of how a person copes with stress as well. I had also participated in rather...less ethical trials of mental trauma for a little extra cash in my past life. I'm surprised that my mind is still stable the way it is now.

Thinking about it now, I see why I would be reincarnated in Kirigakure. There is a helluva lot of dark and bloody humor in this village. I would smile a little at the words that come out of Chisato's mouth. Even Kanna would subtly threaten someone with a kind smile, and I swear I saw an shadowy grinning wolf like thing behind her and I can remember smiling thinking that that was so freaking cool. Killing intent for the win.

I wanted to learn it, come hell or high water.

"Himiko-chan!" I could heard Chisato in the kitchen making food.

I dropped the anatomy scroll that I have been spending intimate time with because, hey learning weak points on the body might help me in the long run, and I hastily went to the kitchen.

I could smell the delightful fish soup that she was making. It was a Salmon and Asparagus soup. I went by her side and looked up where she was stirring the pot. I looked up at the adult in the room before I turned my eyes to the heavy cast iron pot where the food was.

"Smells good." I drooled a little as my stomach growled for food.

"Aren't you a little impatient?" Chisato looked down at me with a smirk on her face.
"Hungry. Need food." I spoke up at her, rubbing my stomach.

"You are always hungry, you little glutton. I have to make sure I leave some for your mother." Chisato chuckled.

"I'm growing." I told her slowly, making sure that I didn't stumble over the words.

I have been eating more recently. Chisato has been making food for me and my mother everytime she would watch me for the day. A lot of the food she would make is seafood based dishes. Very rarely would there be food like beef and chicken. Apparently that is a bit more pricey in the Land of Water and a bit hard to come by. I have been craving for some steak and chicken, but I take what I can get. I miss a lot of my favored dishes from my past, but I'm determined to make pasta and other dishes eventually.

"Yes, you are growing, but I have never see any other toddler eat as much as you. You might get fat in the future if you don't watch yourself." Chisato smirked down at me.

I'm a chubby toddler Chisato, and I'm pretty sure that being as a growing person, I need food.

"Not If I exercise." I muttered.

At least I can thank God for a fast metabolism.

"You are a strange child." Chisato looked down at me with a quirked eyebrow. "Go to the table, I'll bring the food over."

I left her side and went to the dinner table and sat down. My empty bowl was in front of me. I wasn't exactly patient. I placed my tiny hand on the table and started to tap my fingers, thinking back the past four months I have been learning very, very, complicated subjects that most toddlers wouldn't understand. Most toddlers would be throwing tantrums, sticking things in their mouths, becoming typically frustrated with things, and so on and so forth. I have often had to beat down the temptation to throw a tantrum more than once, try and keep my focus on the subjects that Chisato would teach me, and force myself to keep my emotions under control. Every once in awhile I would throw a massive tantrum, not because I missed a nap or screwed up simple one paragraph essay, but because I had emotions building up in me that my small brain needed to work through.

I know that toddler brains are still developing. Toddlers, in general, are still working on language, social skills, problem-solving skills and so on and so forth. They are growing into their own personalities. I had a theory that because my adult 'soul and mind' was reincarnated, I had to relearn everything. I'm constantly trying to fight between being a simple child just enjoying the simple things in life and being an adult in a child's body trying to grow up as fast as possible.

Its disconcerning to say the least. I worked hard to keep child-like tendencies away from my social life and only let it out when I'm alone in my apartment and play my video games, and enjoy old TV shows just for nostalgic purposes. Here, there's nothing nostalgic about being in this world. It's kill or be killed.

I stopped tapping my fingers and sat up straight.

At this age, I shouldn't be thinking about the future. It's just not right. I looked down at my small hands and swallowed. My presence in this world could easily throw this world into constants and variables. I was thinking logically and I can remember playing a video games that had this kind of problem.

Constants and Variables.
What stays the same and what changes?

I wrapped my hands together in a prayer position and closed my eyes. I prayed to whatever God is watching to give me some sort of direction in this life. I don't know if such a God exists, but I was devout in my faith in my past life. It's going to take a lot for me to drop it. Laugh all you like, but if anything, the familiar comfort of doing this helps me think a bit more clearly.

"Planning on becoming a priestess, Himiko-chan?" I heard Chisato coming over and placing the pot of soup on a heating pad and sitting next to me.

"No. Just thinking." I spoke as my stomach growled as I could smell the soup.

"Deep thinking? Now what would someone like you be thinking about?" Chisato spoke as she took my bowl and filled it up with the savory soup.

After she places it in front of me, I placed my hands together in thanks, before taking the spoon and looking in the bowl. Thick chunks of pink cooked salmon was floating in the asparagus cream. I took a bite, enjoying the taste that engulfed my mouth, before I responded to her.

"I...don't know what to be." I spoke softly.

I was just almost 2 years old, I was contemplating my life ahead of me.

Chisato filled up her bowl and looked at me. I think she understands my kind of thought process. My mother too to some extent. I have been getting better at speaking, but I still revert to using sign language because body language gets things across much faster than just spoken word.

"Ah, wondering at this age of what to be? You are almost two…" Chisato placed a finger to her chin in contemplation. "I suppose I should start teaching you self-defence."

I looked up at her after taking another spoonful of soup.

Self-Defence? That was a tempting offer. I couldn't help but wonder if I should take it, if I do take it, it could lead me down the path to become a Kunoichi. It would be beneficial to me to take that choice. I could learn how to become ninja and somehow…

Somehow what? Change the story? Yeah, right. I'm dreaming. I can't just say, "I'm going to change the world by saving key people and to avoid bringing about the 4th shinobi war about.". Right. If I have learned anything about sci-fi and parallel timelines, just by being here I'm already changing things around here. I'm rightfully terrified of the butterfly effect. If I were to try and changes things, something down the line would change the course of history of the Naruto timeline and then everything that was supposed to be set in stone (or paper) would be erased.

Ugh, I didn't even want to think about it. I have read fanfiction of self inserts and the like and I enjoyed them quite a bit, but to actually be someone in a universe that shouldn't exist...Well, I should probably stop that line of thought before I have a mental break and have an existential crisis.

"Himiko-chan? You are staring into space again." Chisato said affectionately as she placed her hand on top of my head, getting me out of my head and focusing on the present.

"Sorry." I apologize.

"I wonder what goes on in your head, kiddo. I've heard tales of the Taira clan having strange quirks along with their Kekkei Genkai…" She trailed off.
I looked at her with a critical look. While Kanna wouldn't really speak about our clan at length, she did explain to me, in short, that the Taira Clan was once hundred members strong, but something affected the clan in the second Shinobi war. She didn't say much but the way she told me that my Grandfather, two Uncles, and herself became the last members of the clan, she didn't elaborate. She probably won't tell me what happened to them until I'm older, but it's very tempting to want to know what happened to my uncles and grandfather, and the rest of the family as well.

Learning about Family History was also something I learned in my past life as well. Learning about who came across the pond to the Americas and the accomplishments and the trials that generations past had done had imprinted into my mind and I enjoyed learning about the past.

"What do you know about my clan?" I asked Chisato.

I want to hear an outsider's point of view.

"Hmm…" Chisato finished her meal and placed her elbows on the table and rested her head on top of her hands.

She closed her eyes and sighed.

"I suppose I could tell you." She sighed reluctantly.

"The Taira Clan was… strange even to our village." She started off. "It was said that before the first villages were settled, they had broken off from the Uzumaki clan."

Uzumaki? Oh, what twisted karma is this? Why am I connected to the Uzumaki? I'm not exactly thrilled to hear the rest of the history of my clan. I think I would be just fine not learning about them. Yep, but I didn't stop Chisato from speaking other than…

"Doesn't the Uzumaki have red hair?" I blurted out as I reached up to my short hair and pulled it to my eyes.

Bullshit genetics. That's what this is. My hair was white as damn snow. So what sort of genetic lottery did I win, being related to the Uzumaki is a 1 in a million?

Chisato looked at me with a weird look in her eyes.

"Himiko-chan...did I not teach you the specifics of genetics?" She raised her eyebrows.

Right...I forgot about that. Even though my genetics had been rather strange, I know I inherited the red eyes from my mother, and the white hair from my Sire, whoever he was. The beauty markings I have on my temples was something new that even I have trouble pinpointing it where that popped up in my DNA. Just because Uzumaki's have red hair doesn't mean that EVERY Uzumaki has red hair. Tsunade is half Uzumaki, as well as Naruto. Both are blond. So...it could be just a bit of a random genetic roulette.

"Right… continue." I said sheepishly.

"The Taira Clan as far as I know, supposedly bred themselves to be stronger than their enemies. Not only did they have large chakra reserves, they also had water nature chakra dominating every clan member." Chisato explained.

Okay...So I have a water based chakra nature. Well, I have ideas starting to bloom in my head. This may or may not help me out in the future.
"But on top of their water nature chakras, they are absolute monsters when it came to Blood Based Jutsus." Chisato smirked darkly.

"Blood...what do you mean?" I narrowed my eyes.

"Right, I forgot that it's rather unknown. As far as I have known, The Taira clan can control blood from their very bodies or from the bodies of their enemies." Chisato chuckled. "I remember seeing your grandfather, Taira Isamu, in the last war. He had his traveling scroll on his back and he would open it up and it would look like a lake's worth of blood spew forth. He can control it and bend it to his will. I remember then that he would take our prisoner's of war and slowly drain them of their blood as torture. He was rather efficient with his techniques."

So...my grandfather was a bloodbender and a sadist. Yes, I'm making Avatar jokes, this was the only way for me to cope with the fact that this world is freaking insane, including the fact that my family had been branched off from the Uzumaki. I would be thinking that would be so freaking cool, but I'm damn near terrified. Geez, not to mention that he as a sadist as well. This sounds like so much fun.

"Back to your history, the Taira Clan was not particularly bloodthirsty, unlike the Kaguya Clan, but they were strong fighters. They would be able to drain the blood of their enemies and seal their blood into a scroll and use it for battles later. Their sealing techniques are similar to the Uzumaki, but instead of ink, they would use their own blood so that no one other than those of their blood can access said scrolls. It's fascinating." Chisato smiled creepily.

And rather insane. But hey! Who needs clan secrets when you literally lock them away with your own goddamn blood and furthermore, no enemy would be able to access those secrets unless you can use your own! Sounds fucking brilliant. I wonder how my clan had been decimated though. If we had been on par with the Uzumaki, why have we been dying off?

"Why is it just me and Mother?" I asked Chisato, breaking her out of her bloody reminiscing of the war.

She looked at me with sympathy.

"Honestly, I'm not entirely sure. Your clan members were dying off one by one. I'm not sure why they died or how they died. Perhaps your mother would know the specifics." Chisato shrugged before pouring a second helping on her food.

I downed my dinner and excused myself to go to bed early.

My family's history must've been toned down to the point where Chisato didn't want to traumatize me. I think I have already been traumatized when I became born in this world. I'm related to the Uzumaki, though many, many times removed, and my family's kekkei genkai was using blood style jutsus. It does sound badass...but at the same time, horrifically strange. I went to sleep that night, not welcoming my mother home when she came back, and fell into blood filled dreams and screams.

"What happened to our clan, Mother?" I asked her when she has her day off from working at the Fair Lotus.

We were on the back porch of our small home soaking up the rare sunshine that would peak through the mist of our village.

I couldn't stop thinking about the situation around my clan's dying off. Chisato said that my mother
and I were the last of the Taira Clan. Mistress Fujioka had also mentions that my mother has the last one alive, at least before I came along.

She looked at me as she fanned herself with a stylized dragon fan. She sighed and muttered, or rather cursed, Chisato.

"Chisato has been saying some things I take it?" She sighed.

"I'm curious." I said looking down at my hands.

"Too curious for your own good, and yet…" She sighed reluctantly. "You seem to understand a lot of things that you have been taught. Chisato is quite amazed at your willingness to learn many things."

What else can I say to her? That I was literally an adult in a child's body? I keep coming around to this subject more often than not.

"Himiko, you must understand that we might be ill ourselves." Kanna closed her eyes as she spoke.

I looked up at her with a morbid curiosity. So it was an illness that ran through our family? What kind of illness would kill off multiple members of my clan?

"It started with your great great Grandfather Taimuren. He became sick with visions in his head before he succumbed to a sickness that wracked his body." She grimaced.

Visions?

"What kind of visions, Mother?" I asked.

"Something about that we shouldn't exist. Our clan had separated from the Uzumaki, I'm sure Chisato told you about that, but it was said that our family would be cursed for being traitors for cutting ourselves off from them. It was rather sad. Taimuren wrote down his experiences of seeing visions of war, death, and violence. Very seldom would he see visions of peace in his mind." She spoke as she fanned herself.

"Like...some sort of seer?" I asked furrowing my brow.

Kanna chuckled bitterly.

"What sort of seer would see the future and only see death and destruction? Taimuren was resigned that his clan would be picked off one by one."

That was disturbing. I can see a clan being murdered in the dead of night (The Uchiha Massacre) or even completely obliterated in bloodlust (The Kaguya Clan), or even an entire Village being destroyed because their powers were too strong (Uzushiogakure).

For a clan to be destroyed because of visions in their minds, it sounded like they were having schizophrenia, hallucinations, or deliriums. Mostly when people suffered like that...

"Did they commit suicide?" I asked her.

She snapped her head down at me with eyes wide and body tense, most likely wondering where I picked up that word, before she relaxed and resigned herself to answer my question.

"No. We have too much of a strong will to live, we protect our own." Kanna said steadfastly. "We are all we have for each other. We don't give up just because things get hard, we defend ourselves
and our loved ones no matter the cost. Family is all that we have, but family doesn't also end in blood."

I was inspired by her words, perhaps she considers Chisato and Fujioka surrogate mothers because they have been helping out here and there with both me and her. Granted, being a prostitute isn't something I would do, but Kanna made sure I had something. Even if it's just a small sweet or a plushie.

"My father passed away on the battlefield. He wanted to die that way, than die in a house knowing that he could see visions that caused him great disturbance. My Brothers were killed off within months of each other by Iwa Shinobi. At least they had died that way rather than succumbing to a sickness." She closed her eyes.

So what were these visions? Were they visions of the future? The past? The present? What kind of visions were these if they were the causes of decimating my clan to just myself and my mother? Was it a mental illness that has been affecting my clan as a whole? If so, then what kind? Those are questions that I do not have the answer to.

"And you?" I asked meekly.

Kanna chuckled bitterly.

"I have yet to receive visions that my predecessors, My father, and brothers, have described. It could happen to me any day now." She reached out and pulled me close to her and hugged me firmly.

I wrapped my arms around her warm neck and hugged back, surprised at this sudden action of affection.

"I do not wish for you to suffer as well, my little songbird." She combed her hand through my hair.

"I won't suffer…"I muttered.

I'm already suffering. Suffering of knowledge and future events. Whatever they were. If that was the case, Kanna would have died by now and I would be left alone. I don't think that might happen anytime soon. She said she isn't having the visions that everyone else had, so I wonder if my appearance had put a stop gap to these so called visions? Visions that made the clan wish they never existed? It sounded like they were not supposed to be in this world. Just like me… but I don't have concrete evidence that it was the case.

"Himiko-chan, I hope that you realize that I love you dearly. I will raise you to be a strong woman." She vowed.

I already am. I was touched by her words and I started to tear up and cry just a bit.

"Oh, Himiko-chan, you are crying, my dear heart." She pulled me away and wiped away my tears.

"I have something in my eyes." I whined trying not to get emotional.

"You cannot lie to your mother, Himiko-chan." She chuckled. "Come along, let us go inside the house. I want to see just how well you can write."

Later that night, as I fell asleep on my side of the bed, with my hand curling in my mother's, I had something flash across my vision. A child standing over a body with a sword run through their chest. Blood had long dried on the floor and the child was just standing there frozen. I snapped
open my eyes and took a deep breath. I blinked multiple times and had to calm my rapid heartbeat.

What was that? Was that something that I could have stopped? Was it important? My memories of the show was a bit dimmed as I have been growing, but I think it was important. The next morning I would work on my writing, but it wouldn't be Katakana. It would be English. I would write down what I could remember, because I'm pretty sure from that night on, that writing would keep my mind sane enough.

My only hope was that I wasn't wrong.

Chapter End Notes

Sunbell27: Yeah, I know that this chapter was a bit of an info dump, but I hope you enjoyed the little twist I put on the Taira Clan. If this chapter is seriously that bad or makes no sense whatsoever, I can do a rewrite and it will take longer for the story to fall into place. So yes, Himiko has been blessed with large chakra reserves, and a pretty cool kekkei genkai to boot. But using that Kekkei Genkai? Hehe, the struggle will be real for her. So, I hope everyone has a good day and I hope you liked this chapter. If not, then meh, more for me. XD Please leave reviews and opinions of what you think of the story so far! I'd love to hear from you guys and see what you think! See you in the next chapter!

Question Time!: What was your favorite arc in the Series? My personal favorite was the Chunin Exams, mostly because we would get to see the wide variety of the cast and what their strengths and weaknesses are. This was the Arc that solidified my love for the series. :)

KEEP ON READING AND WRITING!
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I had decided to become a ninja. Honestly, I really didn't want to, to have blood on my hands, to toss away morals that I had stuck to so resolutely in my past life, that if I really did kill someone, I would be labeled a murderer. I hated making that decision, but I wanted to live long enough to...to do what?

I was two and a half years old, and copying my mother out on the back porch doing a dance that an Oiran would usually do. It included two fans in the hands and grace and balance. It also helped stretched out my muscles in my body. Whenever I messed up, my mother worked to adjust my stance in general and tell me to do it over again. I had also just realized that I couldn't hear her footsteps in the house anymore. Like she was purposely trying to be quiet to teach me something.

I started to learn chakra control, in some strange way that made sense. The intricate dances that my mother would teach me would also contribute to that control. She made sure that I learned how to access my chakra basically keep my steps light and not making any sound. She called it the 'Cat's Paw' Jutsu. Simple enough for toddlers with budding chakra reserves like mine to learn. It was...an interesting experience.

Feeling the chakra in your body for the first time was rather...unsettling for me. I know my adult brain was trying to adjust to the fact that my body had a second body system inside. It was rather disorienting. I had become lightheaded more than once trying to access it as I would try to do the dances that Kanna would teach me.

She had explained to me that I had chakra sensitivity when I was a baby. Given my distant Uzumaki Heritage, my chakra coils were rather large, and the few doctors in Kirigakure told my mother that because of my sensitivity, I would most likely not even make it to three years old. Kanna pretty much told them that they can take their diagnosis and shove it where the sun don't shine.

She was confident that I would be able to feel chakra without pain and she was right. I would liken the chakra system in my body like a warm pulsing feeling. Like a second heart, I suppose. My knowledge of Chakra was a bit limited in my past and I mostly associated it with Meditation techniques. Learning about it at this age and trying to access it continually, was a rather tiring process.

The foot positions for the dances that she would teach me were very similar to ballet positions, and it was a very nostalgic feeling to me, that I would be retraining this small body to do such things. The fact that it was similar to dance helped me meditate and get the feeling of my chakra in my body. Focusing on the pulsing as I moved from one position to another, and over time, the familiar pulsing if chakra in my body became passive, like knowing that it is there without realizing it. Just like knowing that I have veins and blood in my body. I was comforted by that fact. Maybe I can get used to this finally.

One night, things changed once more, and it scared me.

I had been overhearing Chisato and Kanna while I was in bed, they were talking about me.
"I see you have been teaching her the basics." Chisato told her with a smirk in her tone.

"I'm merely preparing her. What is wrong with me wanting my daughter to learn?" Kanna replied with a bit of acid in her voice.

"Don't take me for a fool, Taira-san, that would get you killed one way or another. Don't think I haven't noticed Himiko-Chan's little footsteps becoming much more quieter than they used to," Chisato replied with a mocking tone.

I didn't hear Kanna reply back with her usual sharpness, which worried me a bit, considering that they have a bit of a sarcastic back and forth banter whenever they usually talk.

"Taira-san, I'm not trying to condemn you for trying to teach your daughter the basics, you were a kunoichi once." Chisato's voice became soft.

"I haven't been on active duty since my brother's deaths. I know I still hold special Jonin rank, but I haven't seriously trained for quite some time. Umineko-san, I feel uneasy." Kanna responded.

"Uneasy? Why is that?" Chisato asked curiously.

"I think something is coming." Kanna spoke softly.

I felt chills run down my spine. Is my mother seeing visions now? I don't know if she was. She hasn't had any mental breaks as far as I know, I'm not even sure of schizophrenia is a thing in this world.

"Ha! That funny coming from you. You do work in a brothel. Loose lips and everything. Did you hear something you were not supposed to overhear?" Chisato asked with interest. "We are a village of ninja. It should come to no surprise."

"War, Chisato." Kanna said coldly.

"Ha! We just barely got out of the Second Shinobi War just a few years ago. You really think another war will start up so soon?" Chisato snarled harshly.

The silence was deafening. I wracked my brain as I laid in bed. Second Shinobi war? And it had just ended about 5 maybe 6 years ago. I sat up in the bed and my emotions went into overdrive. I struggled to figure them out, I didn't want to give the impression that I was listening in on the conversation.

I was angry. I was angry that I had to be born in a world where War is just over the horizon.

I was sad. I was sad that I had to be born in this world to a wonderful mother who did nothing short of providing for me and making sure she took care of me as much as she can. Come hell or high water. Even Chisato, seeing that she was very much like an aunt to me and tended to me not just out of obligation, she was a constant in my life.

I was afraid.

**Fear.**

Fear grabbed me by the heart and squeezed tightly. I could only breathe in short puffs. I could feel my eyes go wide and tears started to go down my face. I was scared. I didn't think that this far in my new life, I would have to worry about war.
I was a paramedic. I have seen people die, I have had people die as I would transport them to the Hospital, but those cases were not in the thousands or even millions. I cared for people who had illnesses, minor wounds, sometimes domestic violence and the like. This was on a whole different scale.

I don't even have an idea when this war will really start. The Third Shinobi war. The war that literally kickstarted the events for one of my many favorite characters, Naruto. He wasn't even born yet. I was born just not far away from the horizon of the Third Shinobi War, and I was fucking terrified.

Ha, what was I supposed to do? Prevent it? I'm a Toddler for Hell's sake and I shouldn't even be thinking about this.

I didn't whine. I didn't sob. I felt the flow of tears just running down my face. The terror was shaking me to my core, and I couldn't do anything about this.

Kanna and Chisato were still talking, but I paid them no attention. My mind was running a million miles per second. I needed a plan. I wanted to make a plan. I needed consistency.

I quietly got out of bed and made sure to keep my footsteps quiet as I made my way to the back of the house to the back porch and yard. I brought in the pulsing feeling of the chakra in my body and kept it to the center of my chest keeping it there to keep me warm and to hopefully sneak past Kanna and Chisato.

It worked.

I was outside. It was the end of spring. Summer was just around the corner and it would get more humid in the Land of Water. The more humidity, the more rainstorms and thunderstorms would come along. Unlike Amegakure, which rains constantly, and Kumogakure which has dry storms and lightning storms all the time. Kirigakure *thrived* in the storms that come. The waters are our elements, and woe be unto those who fight us on our home turf.

It was dark, but at least I could see the inky patches of sparkly sky past the clouds that were up in the sky. I kept my eyes to the heavens and I brought my hands together, bowed my head, and with a renewed fervor of tears, I silently prayed.

I know I had wondered what sort of God decided to reincarnate me into this world, I know I cursed and made fun of said God, but at this point, I just wanted to figure out what the hell I'm supposed to do with this new life I have. My faith may have been shaken by the fact that I was born into another world with many memories intact. I can accept the fact that I can't remember my family's names, my friend's names, and even my name. I can accept that. I'm thankful that I can still remember music from my past, books, movies, tv shows, musicals, I can remember all of those even though it would take a bit of time for me to remember them. Once I did, I would keep those memories alive.

I know I can't live in the past anymore. I've accepted that. I needed to be in the present. I needed to plan for the future.

I prayed for strength and courage for my actions. I prayed for the lives of the people out there in this world to find shelter or home wherever they were. I prayed for the protection of the Children of War. I prayed that the world could just feel peace for a brief moment and have no weight on it's shoulders.

I don't know if my prayers could reach to a higher being in this world, but at least I'm trying.
The next morning, when Chisato came and Kanna was ready to leave I made sure to stop them.

"I wanna be a ninja!" I spoke in my high toddler voice, holding Brucie my plushie bat tightly.

Both woman looked down at me. Chisato had a look of surprise and Kanna had shock written all over her face.

After my fervent prayers last night, I felt in my heart that I have to become a ninja. Weather it was a Holy Spirit or not, wasn't the case. I wanted to try and change something. Something had to be done to make this world a little less dangerous. I want to make this world so much better than it would be. I'll accept the consequences when the time comes.

Chisato had a rather reluctant smirk on her face.

"Oh, so the little princess wants to become a Ninja?" She chuckled sadly.

"Himiko-chan..." Kanna kneeled down to my level and held out her hands.

I placed Brucie down by my feet and placed my hands in hers. She looked at me straight in the eyes. Her red gleaming eyes held fear and apprehension. She must be wondering what came to this.

"Why would you want to be a ninja, my little songbird? It's very dangerous, I don't..." She paused and closed her eyes trying to compose herself. "I'd rather you not become one."

"I want to be a ninja, Okaa-San." I spoke resolutely.

"What brought this about, Himiko-Chan? You are much too young..." Kanna started to speak before Chisato interrupted.

"There's already kids being trained at her age. Although, She is a little young to go to the academy..." Chisato crossed her arms and closed her eyes in thought.

"You and Chisato-Obaa can train me. You are strong right? I wanna be strong too!" I gripped my mother's hands with enough strength I could possibly muster. "Please, teach me!"

Kanna looked down at me. I was making her nervous. She bit the bottom of her lip as she searched my face for any sort of hesitation. Her red eyes bore into mine. Noticing this, her eyes took on a glossy sheen and she closed them tightly.

Silence permeated the room. Chisato was observing the tension between myself and my mother. Her yellow-green eyes was calculating and narrowed, as if she had come across a difficult puzzle.

"Okay." Kanna spoke gaining my attention.

I looked up at her with wide eyes. Her eyes sad, but resolute. She smiled, although bitterly and huffed down at me.

"We can train you, my little one. But in three years time, I want to know why you want to become a ninja. I know you are much smarter than you look." Kanna smirked. "This will not be easy."

"Okay. I can take it." My words had sealed my fate.

"Well then, Umineko-san..." Kanna turned her head to Chisato.

"Yes, Taira-san?" Chisato raised an eyebrow.
"You have been teaching my daughter about the body, as well as helping her with her writing and speech. Would it be too much to ask…" Kanna was cut off.

"You want me to assist in training her? You sure you want me to? I might just turn her into someone less than desirable." Chisato had a sadistic smirk on her face.

I think I felt a cold sweat running down my back. What the hell did I just agree to?

"She is a Taira." Kanna turned back to me and gave me a bitter smile. "We have a tendency to be hard-headed and get up from every hit."

Well… The smile that was on Chisato's face was unsettling, and the half-hidden regret in my mother's eyes did nothing to comfort me.

Maybe this wouldn't be so bad?

I had been kicked into a tree. My back cracked, my head hit the hard bark and I fell harshly to the ground.

I let out a yelp and I felt tears coming to my eyes and I really wanted to cry at the pain that is blooming everywhere on my body. I felt a hand run through my hair, and grasping it tightly and I was pulled up. My scalp was screaming and instead of crying out like a child and shouting let me go, I was angry.

I snarled and twisted and turned to get out of Chisato's grip. I tried to scratch at her, bite her, and even tried to kick her. Of course, my small size did shit on her. She slammed me down onto the ground and let go. My vision was blurred and my head was absolutely killing me. I didn't even let out a whine. I was breathing hard and I think something must've broke. Maybe.

"You need to stop running headfirst into trying to fight me, kiddo. You won't be able to win against me in offensive training. Not till you are older at least." Chisato laughed.

She was a sadist. It had been a couple of weeks since my training had started up to become a ninja. It was torture, plain and simple. She was much harsher on me than usual, and she would punish me with smacks on the wrist or flicks to the head if I got my answers wrong or If I'm not doing something correctly.

Like fighting. But this was very badly thought out.

I had thought… well it was more of a hypothesis. I attacked Chisato just to test something out. I probably should have thought it through a bit more, but I found out that my body wasn't as fragile and weak as it should be. Granted, I was thrown around like a rag doll and I had no proper taijutsu training just yet, I've been going through the katas and positions for fighting, but I didn't impliment them. Either way, I let out a high pitched groan and struggled to get up.

As I was getting up, I focused on where most of the pain in my body was. My head was throbbing hard, I have most likely a minor concussion. My back was sore, but nothing felt like anything was broken in my body. I got up on my two feet and staggered to the porch where Chisato had her arms crossed and a smile on her face.

"Well, just what do you think you were trying to do?" She looked down at me.

"Was tryin'... to see If I can survive." I muttered as I laid down on the porch and rolled onto my sore back.
This would be considered child abuse, but I have no time to just sit around and do nothing. I needed to survive.

"Survive, huh? That's a good idea, but you are doing it all wrong here, Himiko-chan." Chisato kneeled down by my head and her hand started to glow green.

I blinked a few times as she placed her glowing hand on my head and my headache was ebbing away slowly.

"At this age, You don't need to learn how to fight. Sure, you might be able to try and hold your own, but I just beat the shit out of you. So...I'm going to start teaching you something else." She chuckled.

"What would that be?" I asked as my headache was now gone.

"Running." She smiled psychotically, her sharp teeth gleaming all the while.

I hated my life.

I wish I could say that there was a training montage that I could just whip up out of nowhere, but I have endured pain with blood, sweat, and tears.

While Chisato took on a training regime for me three days a week, it involved: Taijutsu, Medical Ninjutsu (Which I was pretty stoked to learn), and learning about the body and chakra systems. She also had me to learn how to use shuriken, kunai, and senbon. I really enjoyed the senbon and the Kunai training. I was a crap shot in the beginning, but I've gotten a bit better...sort of.

Every time she would come over, She would make me run around the house 50 times, twice a day. One in the morning, and one at night. She wanted me to build up my endurance, a ninja who is slow is a dead ninja. If I wasn't going her speed or if I started to slow down in my laps, she would start throwing senbon and kunai at me, to keep me motivated and learn how to dodge. The she would make me do push-ups, sit-ups, flexibility tests, and it was like Physical edudaction all over again, except it was tailored to kill you if you were not paying attention.

But Chisato was really good at what she does. She had taught me quite a bit.

My mother on the other hand…

She taught me just as much, if not more so.

She was teaching me chakra control. She would ask me to keep pebbles on my body as I walk around the house, and I would have to be quiet. If I dropped one pebble, she would feed me tomatoes as punishment.

I hate Tomatoes with a passion of a thousand suns. That followed me from my past life.

I caught onto chakra control pretty quickly. With Chisato teaching me medical Ninjutsu and my mother making sure that I could access my chakra quickly and efficiently, I managed to progress pretty well. With smaller people being replaced by other objects, rocks, paper, my small toys, and even books, I was getting the hang of things.

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She taught me how to walk up the thin tree we have in our backyard. I had fallen more than once, and it hurt like hell. Eventually, I was able to use my chakra to walk up the tree. I remember smiling so widely about mastering it that I ran down the tree and going to Kanna with joy. Kanna
patted my head with pride and told me well done. Then she had me walk up the walls of the house, the ceiling, and she would soon take me to the local pond to learn water walking.

There was other things she would teach me on her days off. She would teach me fuinjutsu, and our family's kekkai genkei.

The fuinjutsu aspect was pretty neat. It was a mix of art and maths. At least we were not dealing with calculus or other advanced maths, that would suck for my poor brain. My mother would work with me on my calligraphy and make sure that I make smooth strokes in a short amount of time. You couldn't use fuinjutsu in battle, unless you had some sort of distraction. I remember reading a fanfiction about working with that, but I couldn't really remember much about that one. Maybe I figure it out here eventually.

Our kekkai genkei...well at first, I was a little confused. My mother explained that we had water chakra nature. Proof of that was that she had managed to store away specialized chakra paper in a book that a friend of hers left her. She gave the thin piece of paper to me and told me to channel my chakra into the paper. I did so, and the strangest thing happened. The paper became wet, but it was tinged with red. That unsettled me just a tich. So I have a water nature type chakra, which in of itself is pretty cool, but the red in it...

"Well, that's a relief. You have our lovely Kekkai Genkei after all." She said with a bite of a sarcastic tone.

"Is that good or bad?" I furrowed my brows.

Kanna sighed.

"My little songbird, our Kekkai Genkei is a double edged sword for us. We can control blood." She spoke to me.

I blinked, trying to digest the information. I know she told me that our family have always used blood in our jutsus. I just assumed that it was more along the lines of fuinjutsu and summoning jutsus. So...blood bending then? And Yes, I was thinking of Avatar The Last Airbender, don't judge me.

Kanna took my silence as confusion, rightfully so, and began to explain what our Kekkai Genkei was.

She started off with explaining that generations ago, The Taira Clan was once part of the Uzumaki clan. They had split themselves off due to some differences, what those differences were, was unknown. From there, The Taira Clan had become a rather interesting clan of Ninja. Mostly they were either assassins or front line fighters. Over the course of time, they had married a family of blood wielders. They were dangerous, they were feral, they were new blood and they would mold the clan into who they had become today.

Kanna gave me a side smile that looked dangerous.

"In order to wield our blood, you must understand your body." She said seriously.

Using blood as a weapon was unusual. Kanna gave her a demonstration. She took a sharpened knife and slashed downward from her elbow to her palm. I was jerked out of my watching so fast that I ran up to my mother screaming.

"What are you doing!? Are you TRYING to kill yourself?!!" That was my reaction, but something odd happened as I twisted my mother's forearm over and saw that there was a dark red weapon in
her hand, the deep bleeding gash on her pale skin was healing slowly but surely until there was a light scar where she had cut herself. It was not the first time she had something, and it wouldn't have been the last either.

I looked up at her with a shocked look on my face, I didn't think she thought to see me running up to her screaming. She smiled down at me and patted my head.

"Himiko-chan, We control our blood. It is our weapon." She turned to me and the red weapon in her hand started to flow.

The only thing I can describe her using the blood was literally blood-bending. She made shapes with it. Sometimes weapons, sometimes little figurines, sometime she would turn the liquid into animals and even people. I was fascinated. When she turned it into a weapon, she handed it to me and the dark red blood was shiny like metal, and I could smell the metallic tang.

"We can use our blood for many things, Himiko-chan. Defensive and offensive." She told me.

I looked over the weapon and it started to get unstable and the mold of the weapon suddenly fell apart, blood covered my hands and the puddle of blood at my feet was a bit ominous. I held out my hands in a bit of a clawed motion and I huffed. I think...I would be working on this quite frequently.

After helping me clean up, she started into the logistics of using our blood, and even our enemies blood. I was morbidly fascinated on the list of jutsus that she described to me. A lot of them were either big or small. We would wield them just the same. She told me of her time as a field agent that she would use her own blood and thin it out and use it as a whip against her enemies. It was an added bonus when she would make her enemies bleed and she would be able to use their blood and add it to her arsenal.

The few downfalls is what concerned me. She described that on the downside of chakra exhaustion (we would be able to fight for quite a while, given our large chakra reserves) we would be reaching our breaking points. We only have 2 litters of blood in our body in our body, but we would have symptoms of anemia. Our bodies can produce blood much faster than the normal person, and it is rather hard to tell with our pale skin. At least if I pass out, I would look like a corpse.

It was the mental strain of using blood as our primary weapons. The blood in our bodies is our physical life force that keeps us alive. It transports oxygen, nutrients, and other important things in our body around. Blood loss isn't something that we have to worry about, but its using blood for extended periods of time that causes our mental instability.

She explained it best she could for my toddler mind. Her experience was that in a prolonged battle, she had become psychotic. She would come down onto her enemies, drain them of their blood and hack and slash at them with nary a care in the world. She would laugh and giggle like a schoolgirl as she wrecked havoc on the battlefield, only until after the battle she had stopped and her allies would be far away from her as she had wiped the field clean.

The Laughing Demoness, she had been called once. Until her father and brothers had died, she retired and became a prostitute at the age of 23. She hadn't been on active duty since. She told me that her experience of her own psychosis on the battlefield was her own. She doesn't know what sort of mental affliction I might have if I ever see war or battle.

"Maybe," She mused with a hopeful look in her eyes, "Maybe you will not suffer such a thing. I pray to God that you won't have it."

This didn't deter me one bit. I would train and I would learn to become a ninja. One way or
another. I am doing a full commit. I can’t back out now.

"Kaa-san, please teach me our ways?" I had asked her.

The look in her eyes was my answer.

My future has been sealed. There was no turning back.

When I turned 5 years old, My life took on an interesting turn, and I do believe for either better or worse.

Chapter End Notes

Sunbell27: And here is the sixth chapter! This chapter was giving me a bit of a problem. I really wanted to start up Himiko's training, and she will become a ninja! Things will start getting a little bit lighter for her in the upcoming chapters until the third shinobi war starts. And I will be having fun writing this small arc because it will feature some of our favorite Kiri Shinobi. Take a wild guess on just who I will be introducing. XD I await your opinions and reviews! Those who don't enjoy this story, why are you even reading it? There a back button for a reason. XD I'll see you guys in the next chapter!

Question Time!: Who is your favorite Kage? My favorite Kages would be the Fifth Kazekage Gaara, and the Fourth Hokage Namikaze Minato. Both are respectfully great characters in my opinion. Not to mention their sacrifices to save their villages. It takes a special person to care for their village, so I enjoyed seeing them when I read about them.

KEEP ON READING AND WRITING!
I walked down the street with an open umbrella on my shoulder. It had been raining for the past few days. I was in the city center of the village. Not very many people care about a small child walking by herself in this ninja village. There are a lot of orphans that wander the streets and pick pocket when you are not looking. My mother believed me old enough that I could walk to the inner village and not get snatched off the street. Well, after the training that she and Chisato inflicted on me, I'm pretty sure I can hide myself and run off pretty fast to avoid that very well.

I was wearing a furisode. It was a dark blue with dark grey swans embroidered onto it. The sash that I had on was black with thin red stitchings of poinsettia flowers. I liked this particular clothing. It was breathable cotton for this humid rainy day. It reminded me of the days of summer in the south in my past life.

My white hair had grown over the course of a few years. My mother was very pleased that I have been taking great care of it and she had taught me how to fashion it into practical and beautiful hairstyles. It was pulled back into a stylized bun and I had put a sharpen flower pin at the base.

My geta shoes clacked quietly on the road that I had walked down. I was humming a little tune. I was humming Fur Elise, as I made mental notes of where my weapons were on myself. My senbon hidden in my sleeves, one small scroll hidden in my sash, and a kunai strapped to my shin. The small scroll I have in my sash was a storage scroll. It held about 2 liters of blood in this. So I'm pretty much armed just enough that if someone were to attack me, I'll be able to get away If I caused enough damage.

I was just walking around town to the hospital. Chisato had a few things that she wanted to teach me there. As I walked, the villager's pretty much leave me alone for the most part save for the occasional Kiri Shinobi giving me uneasy glances at me. It's no secret in this village for the past few years that I'm Taira Kanna's, The Laughing Demoness, child. I've kept my ears open and I've been hearing a lot of things about her.

Most Shinobi and Kunoichi don't really retire in this Village. I've heard some say that the reason my mother retired because her brothers deaths' was the last straw. She refused to let herself get snuffed out, so she had retired and became a rather interesting Oiran instead. Others believed her to be a coward and hid herself away, only coming out when needed. Other believed that because she got pregnant with me, she would rather keep her only child alive than go on missions and the like.

My mother had her secrets. She has done a pretty good job keeping even me from knowing about them.

I have also heard people talk about me.

The Laughing Demoness's child. The strange little girl who sings babbling songs in the middle of the road. Hair whiter than snow, skin paler than a cooling corpse and eyes like bloody rubies. Honestly, it's kinda funny how even the most seasoned Shinobi would take on look at me and instantly be on guard just because of my mother. It was startling the first time when I came into town. People talked, people gossiped, and eventually faded into cautious whispers and furtive glances my way.
If it wasn't for the fact that people have seen me with Kanna, they would have assumed that I was part of the Kaguya Clan. The Bone Users, I call them. I have seen them around the village from time to time. It was kinda scary how similar I was to them, looks wise. Kanna has said that we are very distantly related to them, mostly because about 8 generations ago, a few Kaguya and Taira agreed to marry into the clans. That was fun to know. So far, I have some Uzumaki, Taira, and Kaguya heritage. How fun. I'm not going to untangle that kind of mess. I guess, in a sense, the Kaguya are my 'Cousin' Clan, I suppose, seeing that that particular strain of genetics was strong enough to shine through.

I can't tell you how many times I have cursed my crap genetics. I'm still gonna curse them to the die I die...again.

It was a bit of a lonely existence. My mother told me that I would not be going to the Academy that was in the Village to become a ninja, because she and Chisato have been in charge of my education, Mother had managed to get a sort of 'bye' from the Third Mizukage himself. I have only met him once. It was...a really interesting experience.

He is definitely strong. The way leadership is here in Kirigakure is based on a Caste system. I personally don't understand it myself, but The Third Mizukage is the strongest Shinobi at the top of the village. He was an older gentleman. He had these pearls in his dark grey hair, and cold steel eyes. It was last year that I met him. His attitude was calm and he was quite pleasant, even if I can feel my skin crawl when my mother brought me to him to explain our situation.

His dark eyes landed on me and he had smiled. The kind of smile that could make anyone's flesh crawl. My mother was comfortable around him though, even smiling when he had given permission to keep me from going into the academy. Chisato was pretty much my own personal teacher, teaching me history, math, and so much more. Although, he did say that I would still have to take certain... tests.

I dread to find out what these so called tests are. I have an idea of what they are… I'm really, really am not looking forward to that.

Chisato upped my lessons. She had been starting me on working on bodies. My mother had been absolutely furious after finding out that Chisato had been taking me to the morgue and the Hospital to work on bodies. I was actually pretty stoked to be working in a medical setting again, even if I was just following Chisato around. My mind went buzzing with information. There was no such thing as HIPPA or any medical type of legal jargon that exists here. I was able to extract information quite easily. It was rather nice. There weren't very many medical personnel in the hospital, and there was more bodies in the morgue rather than in that actual recovery part of the place.

Kirigakure sure lives up to its bloody namesake. A lot of the corpses were… well, some were children my age, others were teenagers, and very few of those were in their 20s and 30s. It should have bothered me. Especially for my child's mind. But as I have said before, I was a Paramedic. Seeing people die or even saving their lives was commonplace for me.

It was even more so here.

I may have been five years old, but my mind and soul was much older. Chisato believed that I was a prodigy in my own right, and Kanna...well… she wasn't fond of the fact that I was just too damn intelligent for my own good. She never stopped me though, from learning about everything that I needed to know about fighting, medicine, clan secrets, the whole she-bang.

Maybe I should visit her today. Today was a Tuesday and it was one of the slower days.
Entertainment at the Fair Lotus was mostly dances and music playing, nothing along the raunchy and pleasure filled side of the business that happens nearer to the end of the week. Maybe Mistress Fujioka would teach me more about body language and the like. She was always a hoot when it comes to such things. Even if Kanna was very much exasperated by her mentor/mother figure... and it's not like I'm not going to be late for lessons.

After passing a food stall, I heard scufflings down an alley. I turned myself facing down the alley and narrowed my eyes. What the hell is going on?

I made my way down the dark alley, unconsciously quieting my footsteps as I walked. I can hear punches being thrown down and laughing.

"What a weakling!"

"He wouldn't last 5 seconds against an academy student!"

I heard voices up ahead, picking up my pace, I made another turn and saw a small group of older kids picking on a smaller one.

I looked past the kids standing around the kid who was sitting down against a wall of a store. His skin was light grey and his black hair was an absolute mess. Bruises littered his body and there were some small cuts as well. I saw that there was a cut under one of his black eyes and he had a sneer on his face, showing his sharpened teeth in a half-snarl. His clothes were dirty. An Oversized t-shirt over capri like pants, and worn down shoes that looked like they were falling apart.

"You're cowards!" He shot back at the older kids.

That...wasn't the correct response.

One of the boys took a step forward and punched down at him. He didn't let out any sound as he fell to the ground. He lets out a growl and glared at the older kid that punched him.

"You stupid nobody. You think you can beat us in a fight? What bullshit." One of the kids laughed.

I wanted to move. I really did. I hated the way these kids were treating the boy. I was never one for bullying. I once bullied a kid in my life, and I had regretted that choice. I apologized to him when we were in high school, even though it was probably years too late. He accepted my apology and went on to be in the army.

This life though? It's kill or be killed.

I'm not much of a fighter right now. My tiny size? Yeah, I don't care how badass you can be, at my size right now, I'm an anklebiter. I can't KO punch anyone out just yet. Chisato just has me learning how to fucking run for my life, learn to hide, and if I'm able to fight back, aim for the inside of the thighs close to the groin as possible, or if i'm able, aim for the jugular and bite down hard. The collar bone was also a good spot to take out an opponent.

These were children picking on other children. They were not targets. They were just kids.

"See you later loser!"

"Good luck getting back to that shithole you call a home."

"Why don't you just die, you piece of shit weakling."
The last kid gave a rather strong kick to the boy's stomach, knocking him up against the wall.

I winced and gave a silent sigh to myself. I should have stepped in, but I didn't really have that much confidence in myself, especially in fights. The kids disappeared down the other alley and I considered it safe to come out from the shadows and walked up to the beaten kid.

His black eyes suddenly narrowed at my feet before it traveled up to my face. Now that I got closer, I could see that he was a bit on the thin side. He lifted a side of his mouth, baring sharp teeth at me.

"What are you looking at?" He snarled at me.

I looked the the side briefly and held out my hand.

"I...I'm sorry for not intervening… I'm not really proficient in fighting just yet…" I muttered out.

He let out a huff and forced himself to get up without taking my hand. He was barely taller than me, then again I was wearing my geta, so he must be tall for his age at least.

He looked at me and huffed. He was a bit beaten up and I felt bad. He looked like he needed some food too. Well...maybe I can make a friend here.

"My name is Taira Himiko...and I'm sorry for not stopping those boys from picking on you." I winced and twirled my umbrella in nervousness.

"A Taira, Huh? I thought you guys died out." He gave me a sarcastic grin, showing me his sharpened teeth.

"Well, we don't die, we multiply." I nervously smiled.

He shook his head at the bad joke and started to limp away. Rude. I'm not letting you go. I feel bad enough for not stepping in, so I'll make it up to you.

"Hey! You never gave me your name, and you look like you are hungry. I know a place that won't rip you off for food. I'll pay!" I chased after him.

I ran into his back and I bounced back a little. Luckily, I didn't fall down, but I noticed that he turned to me with a suspicious look in his eyes. NO one would go out of their way in Kiri out of the goodness of their hearts to help an orphan. Even though I am from a literally dying clan that has only two members now, Kiri did have some respect for their clans… at least until the Bloodline purge will happen in the future. I hope to avoid that particular part of history.

"No." He said as he turned around and started limping off.

Oh no. You are so not getting away that easily.

I have a sly smirk on my face as I decided to follow the boy. I noticed that he looked back briefly and gave me a glare, before he kept limping away. I ran up to his side and twirled my umbrella a bit.

"So, I gave you my name. What about you? What's yours? Also, I know a place that will give you food for the right cost. I have enough on me if you want to come with me." I smiled and hopped right in front of him.

"Fuck off, I don't need a girl to show pity on me." He snarled at me.
"Rude as hell, but hey, turn down an offer for food. And from the looks of things, you don't look like you have eaten recently either." I smiled and turned around showing my umbrella to him, just to not see his face. "Besides, go ahead and turn me down for a chance of food. You might get beaten to hell and back again if you don't walk with me at least. It's like you said, I'm a Taira. Not very many would want to mess with me, right?"

I at least have a way with words. Then again, I have a bullshitting level of max and even though I'm not sure if it might work.

"Oh well. A clan like mine might be almost wiped out, but I still hold a position like my mother. Even if she is a worker at a Brothel." I spoke one more time before turning my umbrella just a bit to see his face.

He was looking down, his hair shadowing his face and I could hear his stomach growl.

"You are annoying…" He then looked up at me with suspicion. "Why do you want to help?"

I blinked for a moment and I fully turned around and smiled up at him.

"Well...I don't have many friends around here...so...maybe I can be friends with you? I mean, even if we can't be friends, we could be...acquaintances. Contacts. You know… I scratch your back, you scratch mine…" I trailed off.

It would be a beneficial way to stay alive in this village. It might work out.

He gave me a glare before hearing his stomach growl again. He huffed and crossed his arms, wincing as he did so.

"Fine, but if this is a trick…" He started.

"I swear on my clan's name, I'm not tricking you. So...come on, I know a place where they won't turn up their noses at you." I smiled back, unheeding the rather nasty look he gave me.

He followed me without complaint. I may have just made a friend, lessons be damned.

There was a small food stand where an older woman would make crab dishes. And yes, she made primarily crab dishes. Ichina-Obaa had like this secret crab fishing spot that she refused to tell me. Out of most of the people in the village, she was...well she was a hard-ass, but she had a soft spot for the kids in the village.

I had a crab soup with fresh vegetables on the side and I loved every bite of it. My companion on the other hand took one look at the vegetables and huffed.

"I don't like vegetables." He said stubbornly.

"More for me then, Hey Ichina-Obaa! Do you have any fruit for my friend here?" I asked.

"Not much for roots and tubers, boy? You might be short all your life if you don't eat them." Ichina spoke as she plopped down a couple of fruits. A shiny red apple and a ripe orange.

"I don't like them...maybe if they were cooked…" He muttered to himself.

"Well, thank you Ichina-Obaa." I smiled at the elderly woman as she turned her back to work on more food.
"So...are you going to give me your name or do I have to give you one myself?" I turned to him on the rickety stool with my umbrella on my lap.

"Fuck off, why would I give you my name?" He said as he took a bite of the crab dish that he got.

"Uh, because it's polite to give people your name when they are treating you for food? Maybe I should call you...Snarly. Yeah. That is what I'll call you." I smirked as I took a bite of potato.

"Seriously? You would come up with that?" He gave me a disgusted look.

"Well, if you give me a proper name..." I huffed crossing my arms.

This kid was stubborn I admit. Then again, he has no reason to trust me even if I'm buying food for him. I could tell that he was an orphan of sorts. He wasn't well taken care of like my mother and Chisato for me. He was skinny, and a little weak. But there was something about this kid that I wanted to help him out.

"So... let's start over." I told him after taking a bite of a crab rangoon that Ichina-obaa put down in front of me.

He gave me a weary look and sighed with annoyance.

"If I give you my name, will you leave me alone?" He asked looking up at the grey sky.

"No promises, I want to be friends." I stated bluntly.

He gave me a huff and turned towards me.

"Fine. My name is Zabuza Momochi, there. You happy?" He frowned at me.

I stood stock still and I'm pretty sure my pupils were blown wide open at the information. The kid I was feeding...was such and integral part of the story that I couldn't help but try to dredge up how he would come to be. But at this point, he was just a child right now...so I put my thoughts away and smiled.

"Well, that wasn't too hard now was it?" I smiled at him.

He crossed his arms and huffed.

"Whatever." He looked at the food and then out to the street.

"Ichina-Obaa! May we have food to go please?" I asked politey.

Ichina groaned and turned to me with a look of mischief in her eyes.

"You want food to go, Himiko-hime? How rude, am I not a good enough chef that you would sit and talk with me a while longer?" She moaned as she gathered a couple of to go boxes.

"As much as I love talking cooking and everything, My friend here needs to go home. And I think it would be good to send him off with some of your delicious cuisine." I winked at her.

She laughed out loud as she gathers up our food, Zabuza looking at me like I had grown a third head.

"I suppose I'll see you another time, Himiko-hime. Tell you mother that I missed seeing her around here." Ichina smiled at me as she placed the food in cloth bags and handed them to me and Zabuza.
"Okay. Put the food on my tab for now. I'll pay by the end of the week!" I smiled as I grabbed my umbrella with my full hand of the cloth bag and the other tugging Zabuza away from the stand.

"You little brat! You better pay!" She cackled after me.

Ichina was much too kind. At least I pay off my debts to her quite often.

"So, where do you live? I'm pretty sure you don't live at the Orphanage…" I prodded.

"No, I don't live in that piece of shit place. I live elsewhere." He growled at me.

"Well, I shall escort you there. I'll call it guard duty." I laughed at my little joke and he groaned.

"Like a little girl like you can protect me." He huffed as he pulled ahead of me.

"Hey! Don't mock my size! And I dislike having to pull my clan card out, I am part of the Taira clan and I can kick ass…" I crossed my arms and pouted at him.

He gave me a dubious look and gave me half a real smile. It didn't reach his eyes, but I could see that it amused him.

"A little waif of a princess like you, protecting a scrap like me? That sounds like a bad joke." He gave a dark chuckle.

I puffed out my cheeks.

"I'm not a princess. So don't call me one." I grumbled.

"I guess you are okay...for a girl, I suppose." He muttered as we kept walking.

He kept his personal life to himself. Some questions I asked were...obviously prying, so I left the personal stuff out. I told him a little about my life. Mostly about my mother and 'aunt' Chisato teaching me the ropes of becoming a ninja.

"You? A tiny thing like you becoming a ninja? You look like you would fall over from the slightest punch." He had that half-smile again.

"Hey, I can take a beating…" I defended myself.

"Yeah, well you wouldn't last one minute on the streets here, princess." He waved me off.

"Don't call me princess." I found that he would be calling me this quite frequently.

It was when we started to get into the ghetto part of the Village that he limped closer to my side. He looked uneasy and gave me a side glance, like he was very uncomfortable with the fact that I'm going with him to his home.

"What?" I looked at him with a confused look on my face.

"You know, you don't have to do this." He frowned at me.

"Well, I would like to consider us friends… so what if you live here?" I shrugged my shoulders.

"Tch. You are weird." He huffed as he limped away, me following close behind.

This part of the Village, I haven't been to before. Kanna makes sure that I know what place is safe
and what place isn't. So...that being said, The Ghetto isn't a place that I have been to before. So...I kept my eyes and ears open, just in case.

"I'm so getting grounded." I thought to myself.

Especially since I was supposed to be meeting Chisato at the Hospital today. Oh Well. I can make up an excuse.

Sticking close to Zabuza, I had noticed that some of the more poorer people around were looking at us. I'm pretty sure some of them were looking at me as if I was a money ticket. I made sure that my hidden senbon up my arm was in position. If they try to kidnap me, it won't be a pretty sight.

I should count myself lucky that we didn't have any troubles as we made our way to Zabuza's little shack of a house. It wasn't too big. Just a bedroom, a tiny kitchen, a half bathroom, and a small living room. I suppose it's better than nothing. If you wanted a bath or a shower, you would have to go to the nearest stream or pond. I did feel pity for him. He already had a rough life ahead of him...

"So, you're gonna scram then?" He gave me a stink eye, I could have sworn that I saw a bit of regretful hope though. I took that opportunity for all it's worth.

"Eh!?" He stepped back in surprise and winced as he leaned on his bad foot.

"Come on, invite me in. I'll help with your injuries, If you let me." I smiled up at him.

That's how I ended up on the broken couch helping wrap his injuries. He had a sprained ankle, a couple of bruised ribs, and his black eye. I hummed as I did so, to break the shack's silence. Everything here was either broken, fixed or just second hand stuff that he could find.

I asked him if he lived here alone. He said No. Turned out he had an older sister who was a chunin and spent her day either asleep or working her ass off. This was a surprise. Normally those of Chunin Rank would at least earn enough to get a more decent apartment. He was rather reluctant to speak more about her though.

I did catch a name. Suzuka Momochi. Never heard of her before, then again, no one really knew about Zabuza's life other than him being one of the first enemies/kinda good allies in the beginning for Naruto's path to become a great shinobi.

I...kinda feel conflicted. Right in front of me was literally a dead kid walking. But at the same time...he was just a kid right now.

I'm not sure how to approach this. Would I try to change things as the are now? I guess, I'm making a leap of faith now.

"So...now that we are friends..." I started off and smiled at him after bandaging his foot. "I want to invite you over to my place, seeing that you invited me here."

He gave me a look and he sighed.

"You are stubborn...and weird. For a Taira at least." He have me a half-smile.

It may have been a bit of a rough and hesitant start on our friendship, but I had a feeling that maybe things would get better.
Sunbell27: So we got to meet Zabuza! Sorry for the short...exposition of her getting to meet him. I really wanted her to meet him early on so we can start meeting more...prominent people from Kiri. You'll find out who they are if you haven't figured it out yet. XD So The next chapter will be Himiko-dealing with a punishment for missing lessons and expending her friendship a bit with Zabuza and meeting some newer people as well. The next few chapters will be a bit on the boring side with a little bit of excitement. But You'll enjoy them...I hope. XD

Shout Outs!:

SamsaraMorningStar: Thank you for the Fanart of Himiko-Chan! She looks amazingly adorable! Although her birthmarks are on her temples by the corner's of her eyes instead, other than that, you have amazing Talent! Thank you very much for the boost in inspiration for her! :D I look forward to more! Anyone else who is interested for to SamsaraMorningstar's Deviant Art page and look at Himiko-chan there! Give her a round of applause!

Sunbell27: Now that the Shout-Outs are done, I'll see you guys in the next chapter! My inspiration for this chapter was Sunshine Riptide By Fall Out Boy. Give the song a listen to. :) Please leave positive criticism and opinions please! I love to hear from you guys! See you in the new chapter!

KEEP ON READING AND WRITING!
Chapter 8

I was grounded for two weeks. My punishment was extra training in endurance and genjutsu. Genjutsu is a bit of my weakness and I don't like dealing with it much. Messing with the senses of the body gives me a bit of vertigo. It's just tricky overall. Endurance training is basically making me push my small body to its limits… and then keep going regardless. That is torture. Oh, and I have to eat tomatoes with dinner for two weeks. YUCK!

After meeting Zabuza and leaving at a late time to meet up with Chisato, Kanna found out. Then again, Chisato looked rather disappointed at the fact that I missed out on our lesson for that day. That night though…

"I'm severely disappointed in you, Himiko-chan. You missed the lesson with Chisato, for what? Wandering the Village? I expected better from you." She gave me a rather stern look as I sat on the couch.

"I'm sorry…" I spoke automatically.

"Sorry implies that you would change." Kanna glared down at me.

I winced. That tone of voice reminded me of a certain friend of mine from my previous life that would tell me the same thing. I had the urge to run my hands through my hair, but settled to wring my hands instead.

"But Mommy, I got distracted…” I mentioned and looked to the floor.

I glanced up and saw her face softened, it always does when I called her the informal 'Mommy', rather than 'Mother'. She sighed and kneeled in front of me and patted my head.

"Now, why would you get distracted enough that you forgot to go to Chisato?" She asked a bit more tenderly, as she pulled her hand away.

I wiggled in my seat uncomfortably. I wasn't really sure if I should be talking about my newfound yet, slightly unsteady friendship with Zabuza, but I couldn't just disappeared for two weeks and then just show up. Maybe I could escape the house...maybe.

"I...I made a friend." I spoke hesitantly.

My mother stilled and her eyes narrowed just a little.

"A...friend you say?" She tilted her head to the side with an interest. "Who is this...friend?"

"Um...His name is Zabuza… I met him today." I clasped my hands together and bit my lower lip, just to stop moving.

She moved close to me and kneeled down to my height on the couch.

"A boy, huh?" She smirked at me.

That was not the look I wanted to see on my mother's face. There was a hint of mischief and a bit of thoughtfulness, and a rather sinister light flashed in her eyes. I sat still and kept my face carefully
blank. She had an idea in her mind, I just know it.

She stood up and crossed her arms, and gave a rather heavy sigh.

"Well, you are of an age where you should be having...acquaintances..." She then took out a hand and placed it on her chin in thought, her eyes taking a thousand yard stare past me.

I looked up at her, waiting patiently as her eyes focused again and she took on a slight smile. She had a plan. She reached down and gently patted my head.

"Dear heart, I think you have given me an idea. You are still grounded, but I suppose there is no harm in meeting this boy again." She quirked up the side of her mouth. "Although... is this boy from a Clan?" She asked me.

And there it is. I have mentioned the Caste System that is around here. Granted, my mother is an Oiran and works in a brothel, but she still has a higher standing than most of the people in the Brothel, including Mistress Fujioka. In comparison to the other clans in the Village, She is considered lower Upper Class, but she has that good ranking.

It's still a bit to get my head around it, but knowing that Zabuza isn't from a prominent clan and lives in the ghetto...you catch my meaning.

"Well...er...he's not really..." I blushed in embarrassment. "He lives with his sister in the poorer district."

She blinked. Once. Twice. Before her face contorted in a slight grimace. I know what you are thinking, I live in a small home on the outskirts of the Village. So wouldn't I also be considered poor as well? No really. My mother still had her standing as a 'Matriarch' of the Taira Clan. In a sense, she was still loyal to the village, so the Mizukage gave her a smaller home so she didn't have to walk around a compound that was big and empty.

Of course, since I was born, things had changed for her. So instead of the Taira Clan dying out with her, it will die out with me. If I live long enough that is.

That being said, she earns a decent portion of income from the brothel, and having an in with the Mizukage, she also got a small stipend from the Village to live comfortably, rather than luxury. She has a bit of a mindset that she grew up with that poorer people, regardless of standing, were lower than her. She wasn't really against poorer people, but she didn't do much for them either.

"I see..." She frowned.

"He's really nice... if a bit grouchy. His sister is a chunin." I mentioned.

The apprehension on her face disappeared for a minute or so. I suppose if his sister is a Chunin, she would go a little bit easier on him...I hope.

"Well...I would have to meet this...boy. If you are not opposed to meeting new people, I suppose I could make an exception." She looked at me with expectation.

I nodded my head. I wanted to stick around with Zabuza. Maybe we could get along well enough to stay friends. If I have to meet new people in the process, sure I can handle that. Besides...it's not like my mother will forbid me from leaving the house.

"Well then, I suppose if your...friend...would like to come over, I see no problem with that." She spoke shrugging.
I didn't catch the mutter she made after she said that. Something about not stealing anything. Well, I'm pretty sure Zabuza isn't really the type to steal. Then again, I could be wrong.

"Himiko-chan, please work on your katas in the backyard tonight. I'm going to go...visit a few people." She dismissed me by patting me on the head and giving me a smile.

I was curious about what she was planning on doing, but I'm not going to push her buttons. I'm already grounded, I'm not itching to look for more punishment.

So, I did as she asked and I went to the backyard. I made sure to put on my geta shoes and stood in the center of the grassy yard. Granted, the mist that hangs around our area makes everything spooky, especially since it's become nighttime. I looked up to the cloudy twilight sky and smiled. It wasn't too bad, living in Kirigakure.

Three days later after my missing the lesson with Chisato, she had an idea. I was with her today and she had put weighted seals on my legs and arms to 'build up my strength and endurance.' It was pure torture I tell you! It didn't help that it was part of my punishment of missing meeting up with her. Honestly, if it helps me with speed as well, I think I can manage. Although I don't want to be a copy of Maito Guy or Rock Lee. That is their schtick. I'm not looking to replace them in any way.

Weighted Seals are actually easy to come across, although they are mostly used to either crush an opponent if you are fast enough to land the paper on them or make something much heavier than they should. Not very many people would think of them to use it as training implements...except Chisato.

The hardest part was that I had to walk and/or run with my geta shoes on. It's really tricky when you can barely lift your feet off the ground and you get stuck with this awkward shuffling forward like a penguin. Chisato had the cruel thought of having me wear a furisode and putting my hair up in a complicated hairstyle, all the while the paper seals on my legs and arms and on the lower part of my back, on top of that… I have my small scroll in my sash, metal senbon on my arms, and two kunai on my legs. She had added more weight on my body on top of the paper seals.

"Look here kiddo, you want to be a kunoichi? Think of this as part of your training to be an innocent waif of a thing, incapable of killing people. You need to have the confidence and the power to walk through a room and everyone looks at you. Those weights will signify the weight of the mission that is on you. One wrong move, and you either die on the mission, or you get executed." She smiled down at me as I stumbled just a bit trying to lift my left foot up a bit higher as we walk down the road. "Not to mention, you can't keep moving as if you have weapons on you."

She's not wrong. Even though I have weapons on me, I give away that I actually have them on me. In this village, if you don't have a weapon on you, you are either super stupid or incredibly bold. The key is to walk normally as if you don't have anything on you. Have people get their guard down around you. Then strike when they least expect it. Something that I'm still learning.

Sure, I'm being trained to kill, but I'm going to try and avoid it if I can.

Anyways, I'm getting carried away…

I've been trying to keep up with Chisato's strides, and it's really uncomfortable having my arms in my sleeves and my legs practically weighing me down. Don't get me started on the weights on my lower back where my tailbone is, the weight is being distributed properly, but I feel like keeling over any moment. My muscles were crying for relief, my arms were starting to feel like rubber, and
trying to keep my back straight and acting like nothing is wrong is hard. I'm pretty sure my face is red from exertion.

It wasn't until Chisato and I entered the shopping district, that I saw Zabuza again. His clothes look a bit rumpled up on his small frame, but I noticed that he had clean bandages on him on the places that I had wrapped him up in. I'm glad to know that he knew basic first aid. He looked tense as he walked down the road, his eyes shifting everywhere keeping an eye out. I wondered why he was acting like that, before my geta caught itself on a rock and I pitched forward. I instinctively put out my arms and hands, but I should have rolled instead. I landed with a sharp yelp and laid there.

I could feel eyes on me and the disappointed look on Chisato's face. I ignored that and just huffed. I whined a little and struggled to get up. Fun thing about weight when you are on the ground, damn gravity will always be on their side.

"Didn't think you'd be kissing the dirt we walk on." I heard the voice of Zabuza.

I lifted my head and noticed him walking towards us.

"Get lost, kid." Chisato booked no argument. Chisato wasn't as high up in the caste system as me and my mother, but she was up there a bit. She was already giving him a look of disdain.

"No!" I spoke as I stumbled to get up.

I looked a mess, the dirt was on the front of my furisode and there was also dirt on my face and my hair was messed up from my fall.

"Hey, Zabu-kun." I gave him my best smile and stumbled towards him.

I know that I should be working on my grace and poise. If I wanted to be a kunoichi, my mother stated exactly why I should learn from her and Mistress Fujioka. If I could master the ways of an oiran, I could master anything. Sadly, I forgot the lessons I have learned and went up to Zabuza panting and smiling.

"You look like hell." He deadpanned.

"Well, you..." I came up with a bad insult. "You look like a mummy all bandaged up like that." I puffed.

He blushed and crossed his arms in a typical kid way. I find that very adorable.

"S-so? Suzuka helped bandage me before she left for work." He looked away from me and muttered. "Not like she's good at bandaging anyways..."

I felt my heart go out for him. He had one other person in his life that could take care of him but she's hardly at home or she always asleep. Well, I guess that's why I wanted to be his friend. No one should have to go through life alone. I know I did from my first life. Yeah, I had a loving family and everything, but no peers or friends to speak of...at least until 6 years after high school I met my best friend for life. If It wasn't for her, I would not have had a new family with her. She pretty much accepted me as a sister and we did everything together when we didn't have work or when she wanted a break from her husband and three sons.

Everyone deserves a friend.

"Well, it's a good look on you. Makes you look a bit more tough." I gigged.
"You're weird." He muttered looking down with a pale pink blush on his face.

"And yet, you are talking with me. It's part of my punishment for missing a lesson. It's why I fell." I told him as I rolled up my sleeve to show him the paper seal stuck on my arm.

"I thought you were joking about being a kunoichi." He was confused.

"I wasn't. Just because I look pretty now, doesn't mean I'm not training." I spoke. Then I had a brilliant idea.

I grabbed his hand and pulled on him, he let out a shout of disagreement, but I ignored that.

"Chisato-Obaa!" I shouted as I dragged him with me, the weights making it difficult for me to actually walk, so I looked like an awkwardly shuffle running seal.

Stopping in front of Chisato, she looked at me with confusion and then giving a rather dirty look to Zabuza. Zabuza stared back in either pride or defiance. He wasn't breaking his stare with her.

"Chisato-Obaa...Can Zabuza-kun train with me?" I smiled up at her.

I got a simultaneous 'What' from the both of them.

"What the hell goes through your head?" Zabuza ripped his hand from mine and backed away.

"Well, you are my friend...wouldn't friends want to learn together?" I queried.

"Himiko-chan…" Chisato looked down at me sternly.

I looked up with a chagrined look and pouted.

"Chisato-Obaa! Please? He's my friend!" I whipped out the puppy dog eyes.

"Hey! Don't I get a say in this?" Zabuza growled at me.

I turned to him and smiled at him, he looked stunned for a moment as I was talking.

"Hey, Your sister is a chunin right? Have you ever thought about becoming a ninja? I bet you have!" I chattered excitedly. "You can train with me!"

The awkward silence and sputtering from Zabuza was funny to me. At least, until Chisato finally spoke up.

"Himiko." She spoke seriously catching my attention.

"I only agreed to take care of you...not some low class brat." She spoke with a seriousness that I haven't heard from her before.

My smiled dropped off and I frowned. I knew it was too good to be true. Chisato was a retired kunoichi. She may be my 'buddy' taking care of me and teaching me when my mother isn't around. She was rather fond of me, despite that harsh trainings that she would put me through. She had lost three children before I was born, and only one was still alive. She was built for resistance and cunning. Her mind was sharp and her logic was sound.

She knew her place in the Village. Even as she is a retired woman, she could go back to work any time. But taking on a low class citizen and try to train him would be more work that she wanted to deal with. There was a four man cell that Kiri molded after Konoha (I managed to figure that out
early on in my life observing). Chisato never had a genin team. She was a historian and a TI kunoichi. TI don't really work in larger teams unless they absolutely have to.

"Who would want to be taught by a crazy woman like you anyways?" Zabuza muttered.

I lightly punched his arm and scolded him.

"Chisato-Obaa is a great teacher. Maybe if you ask politely, you can train with me." I twitched my nose in agitation.

"What if I'm not interested?" Zabuza crossed his arms and looked away from me.

I highly doubt that he would reject the offer of becoming a ninja. He becomes one of the Seven Swordsmen of the Mist after all. I wasn't going to let this go. My hyperfixation is hitting me full blast.

"Well, you can always have an excuse to beat up your bullies...and we can feed you too." I smirked.

The mention of food caught his attention and his black eyes slid towards me and he had a skeptical look on his face, before moving his stare to Chisato.

Her eyes were twitching a bit and she looked annoyed that she was being ignored.

"Himiko..." She growled.

I turned around and marched up to her (More like stomped due to the weights on my legs) and squared her up. And Yes, I'm fully aware that I was being a brat, but regardless of my little tantrum, I wasn't going to let Zabuza go. Tragic and hard past (or future?) aside, at least I'm trying to make some changes here and there…

"Please Chisato-obaa! I think he will surprise you. He's pretty sturdy in fights and I'm sure he won't disappoint you." I grinned mischievously. "Unless you think that you can't take on another brat to teach. Perhaps you might be training a future swordsmen?"

I was laying it on thick. Zabuza was giving me a weird look and I'm pretty sure that he was probably reconsidering his friendship with me, but I had to try. Not to mention that Chisato was not only my teacher, she was my 'Buddy'. We both have the same ambitions, the same kind of pride, we have the same kind of connections with have with this world. She has a soft spot for me. And she knows it.

She lifted her lips up in an almost sneer before looking at Zabuza. He was a scrawny kid. He was a little beaten up, bandaged and bruised, but he had a look in his eye. Something there that maybe I couldn't see. Chisato turned herself fully to him and sized him up. She walked over to him and bent down to his height with a calculating look on her face. Her yellow green eyes narrowed at him. Zabuza shuffled his stance a little to look at her with defiance and he wasn't going to back down.

"Hmmm...well then," Chisato hummed before roughly placing her hand on Zabuza's head and messed up his hair, "I don't like the idea, and I don't fancy taking on another brat to teach. But…" Chisato turned to look at me.

I smiled brightly and looked at Zabuza. He had a grumpy look on his face and he crossed his arms in defiance.
"Well...I'm not gonna turn down the fact that Himiko-hime is your friend. So...you wanna train with her, brat?" Chisato sneered at him.

Zabuza growled and slapped Chisato's hand off his head.

"And If I don't wanna be a ninja?" Zabuza sneered back at her.

Chisato's face took on a neutral appearance and shrugged.

"No skin off my nose if you don't wanna come along." She lifted he hand up in an 'oh well gesture.'

I ran over to Zabuza, nearly tripping over my weights and went in front of him.

"You really don't want to be a ninja?" I looked into his dark eyes.

He really was a kid. The Zabuza that I have seen on pages of paper and ink and on the TV in motion was a tough guy that you don't want to mess with. He, and Haku, were the pinnacle for Naruto to have his nindo. To never give up and protect his precious people.

I focused on his younger self now. He wasn't frowning as much and he huffed.

"Are you asking me or forcing me?" He gave me a sneer.

"Well… if you don't want to become a ninja, I would still want to be friends with you regardless. Besides, I believe in free agency that you can choose to be whatever you want to be. Honestly, if you don't want to be a ninja, you can always just train with us to learn self defense against bullies."

I smiled.

It would be better for him anyways. Those bullies were from the academy, and If I recall correctly, There was a test that you would have to kill your classmate if you wish to graduate. Those kids were no bullshit.

"Self Defense?" He raised an eyebrow.

"And hopefully stealth as well, Just because you are avoiding conflict, doesn't mean that you are weak. At least you can hide away." I chuckled.

"Smart Idea, then again, it's up to you Brat. Come on Himiko-hime. It's time to keep going. And stop stomping on the ground. I will tell your mother that you are not working on being graceful with those weights." Chisato grinned at me.

I paled just a little and put on a nervous smile. I really don't want to add onto the punishment that was given to me.

"Please no." I fake cried before turning to Zabuza.

"Please think about it. I think you have great potential to be a ninja." I smiled at him before telling him goodbye and made off with Chisato.

I never noticed that Zabuza had a pink blush on his face and looked back at me as I walked away with Chisato.

"You seemed determined to get him to work with you. Does little Himiko-hime have a crush on the ghetto boy?" Chisato smiled down at me.

I felt my face heat up a bit, but I responded.
"No, I don't have a crush… I just...wanted a friend who could train with me. That's all. Maybe he will or he won't." I muttered.

Chisato nodded and didn't say anything else. For the rest of that day, she left the weights on me. When we got back to my home, she insisted on taijutsu training. Lets just say, fighting Chisato with weights on...it hurts. A lot, but I keep getting up. I'm not a quitter.

Actually, I lied… after the first round of hand to hand, and knowing that Chisato basically was messing with me, I passed out due to the exertion of my body. Eh...I'll try again tomorrow.

That night after training, I was ready for bed. I sat down on my side of the bed by the candle light and braided my hair in a fishtail braid. Get it? Because I live in Kiri and we are surrounded by fish? Hehe, I thought my joke was funny because My mom walked into the room with a look of amusement on her face.

"What seems to make you all giggly tonight, Himiko-chan?" She asked as she sat next to me.

She was wearing a lovely white slip of a dress under her light pink silk robe that she would wear. I was practically wearing the same. Like mother like daughter I suppose.

"Just thought of a funny joke." I said with an embarrassed blush on my face. "I made a fishtail braid, see? And We live in a Village that's surrounded by all kinds of fish." I explained.

Kanna gave me a wide smile and shook her head.

"That is quite funny." She patted me on the head and sat next to me. "Now...I have received a new book today…"

I looked up at her curiously.

"In all technicalities, this one of the few first edition books that I have received." She smiled as she held up a small brown book.

It was about an inch thick, but I smiled. Kanna rarely buys books unless it for me and if I would like it or not. She wouldn't have brought it home if I didn't.

"Cool, are we gonna read it together?" I asked her excitedly.

"Yes we are." She helped herself up on top her bed and lifted an arm. I snuggled up by her side and looked up at her with bright eyes.

"Okay, Mommy, I'm ready." I smiled up at her.

"Very well." She spoke as she opened the cover to the first page.


If I wasn't so excited for the new book, I would have been shocked to find that my mother had gotten her hands on a familiar character's first book. I didn't care at all, because I was sucked into the world of the hero of the story, finding a way to peace.

To think that this book would be my favorite in this world.
Sunbell27: YOSH! I got this chapter done! The next chapter should be coming out in the next week or so, and we get to meet some more people! I have a plan people and it's coming together! I have also received a message from an anonymous reader that he didn't understand the hype about self inserts and how it's ruining fanfiction as a whole. Buddy, If you don't like the story, don't read it. It's that simple. Other people enjoy it and I'm happy to see that! I know I have been busy as of late, but I'm hoping that I'll be doing some mini time skips when I introduce other characters into the storyline. We will be hitting the Third Shinobi World War soon my friends, and boy is it going to be crazy. So, please leave awesome detailed reviews and opinions because that is my crack cocaine, and I'll see you guys in the next chapter! Thanks for sticking with me!

Question Time!: Out of all the teams (past or present) which ones are your favorite? I myself favor the InoShikaCho trio because their skill sets work amazingly well, especially in the War Arc. And I enjoy their interactions with each other due to their childhood friendship too. They are Friendship goals. :)

See you in the Next Chapter!
Three Months Later...

Turned out, Zabuza was a great sparring partner.

He was picking up things pretty quick, and even Chisato was a little impressed with the kid's ability to keep up. Of course, then there was the two vs one. We both get our asses kicked. We were down on the grass panting hard and we had small cuts on our bodies. Nothing deep, but they were stinging a bit. Luckily for us, chakra heals our little nicks and cuts easily.

"You lasted 5 minutes...I'm slightly impressed." Chisato mocked.

That was because she was going easy on us. I looked around and saw small puddles of blood everywhere. I forced myself to get up, grabbed my small scroll by my side and limped to the puddles to seal the blood away. Manipulating blood isn't easy. I managed to hold onto a blood weapon for three minutes until it started to lose its shape and fall apart. I was getting better, but I had to perfect this.

Kanna had one month off. That was rare for her, but she was putting forth a great effort to teach me how to mold my chakra and use it. She had also drilled into me the 12 hand signs that were needed for jutsus. Which was tricky at first, but practice makes perfect. She made me go over drill after drill after drill, to mold my chakra and my blood and to use it as a weapon. That month was a month from hell and I'm glad that my mother pushed me through it. Before, I could only control 2 pints of blood. Now I can control 10 pints of blood. Honestly...I felt a bit like Gaara with his sand. If I can use blood as easily as I breathe, it's the perfect instinctual weapon. Of course, I never had anyone love me so much that their blessing somehow stayed long past death. I just have to keep at it.

Zabuza had found me in the Marketplace again with Chisato not long after I pitched the idea to him to train with me. His black eyes held a rather steely determination and, like most of the Kiri nin in the village, a small thirst for violence. He was still a bit of a bean pole, but he had started wearing the bandages as more of an intimidation factor now. And it works. He has yet to cover his mouth though, but he'll get there. Our friendship may have started up rocky, but it's gotten better.

"Your babysitter is a sadist." Zabuza said as he forced himself to get up from the ground.

"She was part of Torture and Interrogation...what did you think was going to happen?" I muttered as I wobbled a bit getting what's left of the wet blood on the ground, and sealing it onto the little scroll that I have.

"You are getting better with your blood weapons, Himiko-chan, keep up the good work. Zabu-chan."

"Don't call me that." He muttered darkly under his breath

"You are getting better with your chakra control. Although, work on being a bit more quiet. You can't sneak up and kill someone if you are breathing too loud right?" Chisato smirked.

Zabuza gave her a frown and a glare. Now honestly, I have no clue what his childhood may have
been like in my past life. I can remember that he had killed a class full of academy students, that was grounds enough for him to graduate and become a ninja. But nothing much on his time as a swordsmen or even as a mercenary. So I really have nothing to go on. But it was fascinating to see him right now as a kid becoming a straight up assassin.

He was still a fun kid to mess around with though, and he gives as good as he gets.

"I admit, coming at me with the intent to kill is one thing, but you still have a long way to go before you can catch me off guard." Chisato walked up to us and patted our heads a bit too roughly. "Now get inside, time for lunch."

Chisato went inside and left me and Zabuza out.

"I thought I had her." Zabuza sneered.

"Zabuza-kun, even I know that you couldn't get her." I laughed.

"I was close." He shot back.

"Close, but you and I both know that she is a jounin and can easily kill us right?" I huffed. "But she isn't wrong, you've gotten better. For a street kid."

"This street kid has a better handle on a sword than you." Zabuza smirked at me.

I grumbled a bit before bumping my hip into his, a friendly gesture from me.

"Sorry, I'm still working on forming my blood weapons." I spoke as I took off my shoes before walking into the home, Zabuza followed my lead.

"What was that one weapon you were trying to make? A Stick?" Zabuza asked.

"It was supposed to be a rod..." I muttered. "I'm trying to make certain weapons, like a scythe, a rod, a broadsword, maybe a kusarigama..."

"You've only made kunai and shuriken so far. They are solid so far." He spoke awkwardly.

That was his code for "You did pretty good." He's so cute like this.

We made our way into the home and I could hear Chisato start up the stove.

"You two did okay for now, but Himiko, we are going to need to work on your speed and endurance." Chisato spoke as she started on the vegetables for the meal she would be making for us.

"I know...I wasn't fast enough." I spoke as I sat down at the low table.

Zabuza sat next to me.

"Maybe you could stop focusing on making bigger weapons and actually focus on your endurance and speed." Chisato smirked at me.

"I'm working on perfecting my blood weapons then I will focus on those later." I spoke as I flopped my head onto the table with a small groan.

"Nope. You will be working on your speed tomorrow," She smirked at me as she placed a pot of soup on the table.
She really was a sadist.

After Lunch, She had me and Zabuza stretch out, working on our flexibility and making sure that we can pop back up after being kicked down. I had to sit out after our stretch session because Chisato was teaching Zabuza with a sword. I may have suggested to Chisato that Zabuza would be good with a sword. She gave me a look of disbelief and she huffed at my so called nativity. But she didn't deny that when she was starting Zabuza on sword work, he was taking it like a duck to water.

As I sat, watching Zabuza having an annoyed face on, but smoothed it out as Chisato gave him instructions, and he followed them to a T. I closed my eyes for a moment and I swore I saw an older version on him wielding the kukibirikucho, along with other Swordsmen.

I felt another presence by my side and I opened my eyes and turned my head. My mother sat next to me with a secret smile on her face. She turned to me and placed her hand on my head and smoothed down my hair from my training. I leaned into her warm touch, humming a small tune, and moved up to her side to cuddle with her. I may be training to be a killer, but I still have my cuddly nature.

"Himiko-chan, I'm afraid that we will have to cut your training short today." She spoke to me and patted my head with comfort.

"Why?" I looked up at her with confusion.

She wouldn't cut my training short unless she had a reason, but that was rare.

"We will be going to the Kaguya Clan Compound Tonight. I have already a dress laid out for you, and I will be managing your hair tonight." She smiled down at me.

I had to look up at her with a bit of shock and slight horror. I can remember the tale of what happened to the Kaguya Clan in my old life. A clan so violent and bloodthirsty that they tried to take Kiri for themselves and died out while doing so.

I felt a little uneasy and I focused on Zabuza as he lunged at Chisato, and she used a kunai to parry his attack. His face wasn't covered with bandages like his older self just yet, but he had a sharp smirk on his face as he tried to strike Chisato. She barked out an order and he reacted quickly, swinging the sword coming up from the lower left side to slice into her ribcage, but she blocked it.

It was an awkward dance that they were doing. But Chisato's flowing style of evading made it work. She was making sure that Zabuza was learning to hit vital points of the body. I would be learning the same way.

Watching them kept my mind off of the fact that I was going to meet this clan. Either Kanna didn't notice, or she looked at me with a strange look wondering what silenced me, but she patted my head before she got up and went back into the house. I couldn't help but be anxious and a little worried.

My focus was bad during this training session. I would be doing extra training tomorrow.

Later that evening, my mother dressed me up. The kimono she had bought was a silky ruby red with white stitchings of rabbits. She had my hair pulled up into a simple hairstyle for myself, something that I could have done myself, but it think my mother was just as slightly nervous as I was. My hair was straightened out with a hot iron, and she was very careful to not burn me. She made three small braids on each side of my head and pulled them back and tied them up into a
small bun on the crown on my head. She placed two small sharpened emerald pins through the base and let the rest of my straightened hair down. Although pulling my hair back showed off the two dots on my temples.

My mother did a much more complicated hairstyle reminiscent of the styles of nobles that I have seen in the village a few times before, with red pins and a gold comb. I could tell that she had done this many, many times before. She then took out a small box of make-up and worked on not just herself, but me. Of course, she only highlighted my cheeks and placed a small amount liquid eyeliner on my eyelids. She did give me a little bit of color at least. She was masterful at it.

"Why are we going to the Kaguya compound?" I asked.

She turned to me for a moment then went back to finishing her make-up.

"The Kaguya Clan is our distant kinsman. I have told you this before, it would be wise to go see your cousin clan as you grow up. They may be much more bloodthirsty and violent than many of the other clans here, but their loyalty runs deep, almost obsessively." She told me with a smile.

That did not fill me with confidence.

Some mascara, light shading of blush, and deep red lip stain later. She looked like a woman dressed to kill. Her kimono was much more elaborate than mine, with rivers, water lilies, and birds on them. It was gold, purple, blue and green, she had one last thing that completed our looks so to speak. We had a light kimono jacket, black as night but the symbol on the back was blood red. I recalled that small chest in the closet that my mother had in our room. I thought that the wolf carving was our family symbol, but it was much different than that.

It was a circle, and within that circle was a teardrop (or blood drop, if you were to look at it that way) and underneath it was a crescent moon shape seemingly cradling it. It was simple, and I actually liked it.

We went to the front of our house and we placed on our geta shoes and made our way out.

I had many questions. And I was going to get answers. Thankfully my mother answered them.

"So how come we never visited them before?" I asked.

I had a brief vision that I knew was a distant memory. I saw many boys, all laughing and jumping on what looked like a trampoline, throwing a...football around? We were all having fun, until I heard my mother's voice.

"It isn't that we couldn't visit them, Himiko, I wanted to wait until you were older to see them." She spoke honestly. "Granted, it would have been much more beneficial to move close to them and grow up with the heir of the clan, but I wanted to wait."

She wanted to wait until I was older to introduce me? Given the fact that half the village thought that I was a Kaguya Clan member, I'm pretty sure I would fit in nicely. But then again in this village? You have to be careful.

"So... they are cousins then?" I asked confused.

"Distant Cousins, from your great-great-grandmother's side. I suppose that the heir of the clan is your closest cousin. Even if he is twice removed." She mused with a small smile on her face.

Heir? Oh joy. This will be interesting.
"The heir? Who's the heir?" I asked as we walked towards the outermost district, where the majority of the Kaguya clan lived.

The Kaguya clan preferred to live on the outskirts of the Island of Kirigakure. Mostly so that if another war popped up, they would be the first to intercept and tear down any invaders that tried to enter out village. To place them out here, it was strategically sound.

"I do believe that the young heir is a year or so older than you. His name escapes me. I had met up with Amaya, she is the matriarch of the family, and asked for a meeting. You would get to know him." she smiled slightly as we walked through the district.

The district was almost quiet. I could hear the distant sounds of people training, swords and kunai clashing, but other than that, it was...kinda nice.

"Okay...I guess..." I grimaced and huffed out my agitation and grabbed onto her hand as reassurance.

"Good. This is just a casual visit. It it was much more formal, I would have gone all out." She smiled as if she had a secret joke to herself.

"And there they are." My mother spoke as we approached the gate.

The Gate had no guard there, and the symbols on there were just two large red dots on either door.

I felt my stomach plummet down to my feet. I was terrified. If...If my memory was correct, the Kaguya clan were bloodthirsty, archaic, and dangerous. I can remember that they pretty much tried to take Kirigakure for themselves and their battle lust overcame their rationality and they were killed off viciously. I don't know why my mother would even consider meeting up with them. Cousin clan or not.

Kanna knocked on the doors five times. Then we waited. I was tempted to say that no one was home and we should just go home for the night but i stayed my tongue and the door opened. It was a man with white hair pulled back in a ponytail, his hair parted in a zig-zag pattern and short red eyebrows that donned his pale skin. His eyes were grey and he had a scowl on his face. He looked rather handsome despite the scowl on his face.

"Who the fu-" He paused as he noticed my mother and myself.

After a moment's silence, he then started to grin.

"Well well, if it isn't Kanna? I heard that you had a brat that looked like us. You sure she isn't ours?" He grinned sharply.

"Given the fact that she doesn't seem to show that she can rip out her bones as easily as one of your ribs, I can safely assume that she is definitely a Taira." My mother replied wittily back with a small smile.

He let out a full-blown laugh, I jumped a little at his loudness.

"Well, that stands to say that your tongue is as sharp as ever." He spoke as he opened the doors up wide.

He was wearing a black and white traditional yukata. Nothing really special, unless you could the sword that it at his side...is that a...bone sword?
"Come on in, Amaya is actually excited to see you. Given the fact that you haven't visited in years." He snarked with a joking manner.

My mother ushered us through the doorway and we followed the man down a stone path. I felt my body tense up as we entered. I was nervous, terrified even, but I kept a grip on my mother's hand as we followed the clansmen.

"You haven't written, you haven't visited, what gives, Kanna-sama?" He spoke with the honorific with sarcasm.

"Tokijin, must you use that infernal honorific?" My mother sneered at him.

"What?" He drawled. "You are the last of the Taira, may Kami have mercy on your clan's souls, and you have a daughter to boot! You must have slept with one of us if she had those colorings." He chuckled as he turned around and knelt down to my height.

I smoothed my face out and looked bored, I was a mix of emotions, terrified, slightly horrified, and super confused. I wasn't going to show it. Unfortunately, I think my nose twitching gave it away.

He placed a finger on my nose, softly I might add, and his face...softened?

"Aren't you a very pretty girl?" He spoke with a kind edge to his voice. "I can see why the rumors that you could be ours are true, but you have those birthmarks, and the white hair."

I couldn't help it.

"You have white hair too." I blurted out, making him smile kindly down at me.

"Yes, but most of our clan has darker hair colors. Very rarely would people in our clan has hair just like yours. Maybe a couple of times in every other generation." He explained to me.

He gently touched both sides of my temples and chuckled with irony, before standing up and crossing his arms.

"She isn't ours, but she is definitely related." He chuckled at Kanna.

"We are kinsman, in a manner of speaking." Kanna smirked.

"I hate my damn genetics. They are joking about this like it's nothing more than just unfortunate circumstances. Mom, why must you betray me like this?" I internally cried.

I listened to my mother's and his conversation.

They must've known each other for quite some time. They joked and snarked at each other, but I can see a fondness that was very close. I relaxed and just observed. I noticed other clansmen and women around. They were minding their own business, a few of them looked our way with curiosity and then back to conversations with their other brethren.

I still reserved the right to be on edge.

We went into the compound itself, leaving our geta outside and putting on guest slippers. I noticed that the walls were covered in paintings. There was a lot of them that were showing warriors covered in Blood and Gore, and wielding bones as weapons. It...well that was one thing that kinda reassured me.

"Here we are..." Tokijin knocked on the sliding door thrice before opening it.
"Amaya-sama, Kanna-sama is here with her daughter." He spoke as he walked into the room.

"Oh, wonderful! Hiromitsu sit up, don't slouch, we have guests." I heard a rather stern voice in the room.

I barely heard a 'Yes, Mother' from inside as my mother followed Tokijin in, pushing me in gently into the room.

I saw a low table that had some food on it, it had yet to be touched, before I saw the matriarch of the Kaguya clan. She was dressed rather extravagantly, her clothes were gold, red, and green, her brown hair was pulled up elaborately, but I could see that zig-zag pattern part in her hair that the clan seemed to be so fond of. Her eyebrows were shaped to black dots and her sharp grey eyes held excitement and humor as she laid her eyes on my and my mother.

"Kanna-chan! It has been forever!" She smiled widely.

"Amaya, please, We had just met earlier today." She gave the woman a long-suffering smile.

"I hope my cousin didn't give you grief, right Tokijin?" Amaya gave a sly grin to the man.

Tokijin gave the matriarch a glare that seemed to melt steel, but then he smiled dangerously and shrugged.

"What can I say, I've missed my dear friend." He chuckled.

"Away with you, Tokijin." Kanna deadpanned.

He gave a mocking low bow.

"Your wish is my command, Laughing Demoness. This lowly man will leave you be." He chuckled as he left the room.

"Such a cad, Although it has been quite some time since any of us has seen you..." the Matriarch spoke fondly before turning to me with curiosity. "I see that you have brought your daughter."

"Yes, I have. Himiko, please come forward." my mother spoke as she placed her hand behind my head and gently pushed me forward to be in the full gaze of Amaya and a young boy.

The boy surprised me for a moment. He wore a black yukata with silver oni and dragons stitched onto it. He was a little pale, but a healthy tone for him, but his hair was black as a raven's wing. It was parted in a zig-zag style and it was a style that I couldn't place. On both sides of his head his hair was clipped into a two sided bun and two strands of hair was let down his front.

It was a nice look for a boy like him. He still had a bit of baby fat on his face, but he looked a bit...flustered? His eyes were as grey as his mother's, and they were slanted. He averted his gaze and looked down and fiddled with his hands, as if he was shy.

"It is a pleasure to meet you, Himiko. I have heard about you through Kanna...and the lips of the village." Amaya giggled. "This is my son and husband's heir, Hiromitsu." she introduced the boy.

I bowed politely.

"My name is Taira Himiko and it is my pleasure to meet the matriarch and the heir of the Kaguya Clan." I spoke softly and deliberately.

I wanted to make some sort of a good impression. Clan politics wasn't exactly something that
Kanna worked with me on much. Mistress Fujioka took the time to teach me what is proper and what isn't.

"Well aren't you a polite child? Hiromitsu, introduce yourself to her, extend the same courtesy." She smiled at first and then was a bit stern with her son.

"A-ah! The pleasure is ours, Himiko-san!" He blustered and bowed back with a red face. "I am Kaguya Hiromitsu, and I'm honored to make your acquaintance." He managed to say before red engulfed his face and looked away from me.

I don't think he is enjoying this meeting very much. He looked very uncomfortable and he would rather be anywhere BUT in this room with us. I don't blame him for that. It was already a shock when I found that I was going to visit this clan earlier today. I'm sure that it wasn't all that easy for him to find that his mother was going to have guests over.

Amaya clicked her tongue a bit.

"We need to work on your confidence, Hiromitsu." She sighed after patting her son on the shoulder.

He turned from embarrassed to sullen very quickly and didn't look up from the food on the table.

"Please take a seat, I have had the cooks bring out some of our favored dishes, as well as some food from the mainland. Help yourselves!" Amaya gestured to the food and excitedly had Kanna and I sit down from across them.

As Amaya and Kanna began to talk, Hiromitsu finally lifted his head and made eye contact with me. I blinked slowly before smiling a little at him with uncertainty. He let out a sigh and a hesitant smile as well.

I think this night will be very interesting to say the least.

Chapter End Notes

Sunbel27: HELLO ALL! I finally got this chapter out! It took a couple of months and some real life issues, but I finally managed to break through the writer's curse and laid out this lovely thing! I know that the transition is a bit wonky at the moment, but everything will fall into place soon! This little mini-arc of Himiko at the Kaguya Clan compound will be fun to write! Super stoked for it and I hope you liked Hiromitsu. I have big plans for this story! Very big. Also, a little bit of a fun fact for you: The rough draft for this chapter was supposed to be just Himiko and Zabuza and how their friendship is growing, then I promptly had a crisis and deleted it and realized my mistake. XD Well, I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! The second part of this mini-arc will be out soon! Mostly by the end of this week. Please leave AWESOME FREAKING REVIEWS AND OPINIONS! I want to hear what you think of the story so far and I also want to hear where you think I'm going with this! See you in the Next chapter! :D

Question Time!: If you were to be part of a clan in Naruto, which clan would you be
in? Personally, I would love to be in the Nara Clan. I can have a high IQ, I love to be lazy and nap most of the day, manipulating shadows on a daily basis, and maybe even run a small stable for the deer. :) 

KEEP ON READING AND WRITING! :D
I kept expecting something to happen. Something to go absolutely and horribly wrong in this clan compound. Yes, I was anxious. I was in the Kaguya Clan's Compound and I was expecting something to go sideways. Like seriously, after hearing the hype of the Kaguya having insatiable bloodlust and have absolutely no care in the world as long as they can fight to the death, it messed with my mind that they would be like the warlords of old.

Kanna and Amaya were having a conversation, a rather civil one too, catching up on the years that they haven't seen each other for so long and making fun of each other. I started to get a little homesick. I remember myself with my best friend… it hurts still.

"You should try the beef." I heard a quiet voice from across me.

Hiromitsu had a red dusting on his face, when I made eye contact with him.

"I'm sorry, what did you say?" I asked kindly.

"Ah…" He opened his mouth before closing it with embarrassment on his face.

"I said, you should try the beef." He replied softly. "We… we get them shipped here often. Our cooks do a good job with making great dishes with them."

I blinked and realized what he was doing. He was offering me food. I haven't even really noticed. I looked at the table and looked for the food that I haven't seen in...possibly years even since my past life.

"I…" I hesitantly spoke. "I haven't had beef before. What does it look like? I've always had seafood."

That thought depressed me a little. That I barely remember what certain meats look like.

From my peripheral vision, I took notice that Hiromitsu took his chopsticks and gently grasped a piece of a dark meat with pink still in the middle and placed it onto my plate with a meticulous frailty that surprised me.

I blinked a couple of times before I placed my hands together and thanked him for the food.

He turned red again and gave me a hesitant smile.

"It's really good. My Mother loves mainland food." He spoke cautiously.

Well, it would be rude on my part to not start a conversation with him. Regardless that he is part of a clan that is much more violent than any other clan in the world. Before I did so, I took my pair of black chopsticks and took the piece of meat, observed it's rareness, and I ate it.

I have never missed beef so much.

The tenderness and flavor hit my taste buds in a way that seafood never did, and I love seafood. The smoky flavor mingled with the sweetness of the meat that it just melted into my mouth.
I didn't even realize that I was crying.

Hiromitsu looked panicked and thought that he must've offended me somehow.

"Oh, please don't cry, I didn't think you would hate it that much." He tried to make me feel better.

"Himiko-chan, what are you crying?" Kanna looked down at me with surprise.

At the look on my face, Amaya gave a rather humorous chuckle.

"Oh, that's not tears of sadness, Kanna-chan, those are tears of joy! I recognize that look on her face. You did the same thing when we were children." Amaya smiled widely.

Well she wasn't wrong. It was very delicious and I think I could give up seafood for a while if I could have beef everyday. God, it was delicious. I took my time chewing it before swallowing it. Both older women gave me a fond look before turning back to their conversation.

I looked at Hiromitsu and he looked very embarrassed about his panicking.

"Sorry, I thought you hated it." He muttered before looking up at me.

"NO!" I spoke up startling him. "No, I mean, it's really delicious. All I've ever really had to eat at my house is mostly crab, shrimp, lobster, and other things from the sea. So...this was a rather...really delicious change."

I smiled up at him before wiping my face from the tears, and taking another piece of meat into my mouth. I savored the flavor and took my time eating this piece. It was just as delicious as the first piece, though I didn't cry the second time.

"I'm glad you like it, I'm not a big fan of fish in general. I like crab just fine, everything else is a bit bland honestly." Hiromitsu attempted conversation.

Well, Food is always a safe conversation.

"I've always liked seafood...well...food in general." I smiled at him. "But this is pretty good. Where from the Mainland did you get the meat from?"

"Mother prefers getting trade from The Land of Fire, and on occasion the Lightning and Earth country. Through the Land Of Fire has more wares." Hiromitsu hesitantly spoke back. "Although trade has been restricted recently. We were lucky to get this type of shipment."

I blinked a little. Economics was a little outside my pay grade. But I was interested in listening to him talk about it.

"Oh? I didn't know Clans had some stake in trade." I spoke after I ate another slice of delicious beef.

A spark of enlightenment entered his eyes. I could tell that he liked learning about stuff like this.

"The larger clans, sure. My clan has a stake in the trade of minerals, vitamins, and medicine." He paused for a moment. "Although, I think the Taira clan had a stake in weapons and fabrics."

That was new to me.

"I haven't learned about that, since it's just myself and my mother left of our clan." I admitted.
"Oh, I apologize…" His face reddened again, as he looked a little humiliated.

"But...I'm interested in what trades you do! It all sounds fascinating. Although, since your clan is known for their…'viciousness'... why medicine? Or vitamins and minerals for that matter?" I asked. "Why not weapons?"

Hiromitsu's embarrassment faded and he focused more on me and his eyes started to have that gleam of intelligence. For a kid that just a year or two older than me, he seemed much older than what he was.

"What use would we have for weapons when we can create them from our bones?" He stated before shrugging. "We can use some weapons sure, but when we can create them, there's no need."

I blinked, there was something that I was missing from my memory. Something about the Kaguya Clan that they locked up certain people because even they feared their own bloodline. Gah! I can barely recall it.

"Does it have something to do with your Kekkai Genkei?" I asked curiously.

He nodded smiling.

"Yeah, although it's a bit painful at first, trying to grab a bone out of your skin, we get used to it as we grow older. I imagine that it must be hard to manipulate your Kekkai Genkei, Taira-san." He responded.

"I have yet to actually use my own blood, although controlling your own biology of your bones must be pretty hard. Not to mention that you would be breaking your own bones and forcing it out of your body." I brought up the topic.

"It's tricky to learn, especially when you have all the abilities for it. The Shikotsumyaku is only prevalent in some of our clan members. I'm one of them, and Tokijin-ojii is one too. I know a couple of my cousins that have it as well, and they train hard to control it. Most of our clan members are only able to harden their bones, or use bones as weapons, or even break them down at will. All separate abilities." He explained, albeit a little quietly.

What?

Seriously ...what?

So...they didn't lock up family members because this very clan feared even their own bloodline? Was that just bullcrap or was it true? My brain went into overdrive.

"So...not all of you are bloodthirsty warmongering beasts that use your own bodies as weapons and kill everything on sight?" I asked.

He let out an 'eep!' and hid the bottom half of his face with his sleeve, looking away with embarrassment.

"Er, I'm not like most of my relatives…" He spoke so softly that I barely caught his words.

I didn't know what to say to that, but my curiosity was burning, but I have a feeling that he didn't want to talk about his Kekkei Genkai. So I switched back to a safer subject.

"So...why medicine? Or Minerals for that matter?" I asked switching the subject. "You guys can break your own bones at will and even create things from your bodies yourselves. You have bone
"swords for crying out loud." I mentioned.

He blinked at me and perked up a little.

"We have a different kind of biology than most people. Because of that, we are constantly learning about our bodies and what we can and can't handle. For example, if we were to thicken and harden our bones, we would sink into the waters out here regardless of chakra control. Not to mention it would slow our own blood production down and we would have less blood in our bodies as we calcify the surrounding muscles." He explained.

Holy shit, now we are talking. Biology is fascinating to me, and the fact that we are on a topic that I'm familiar with made me smile with joy. I didn't notice that he was dumbstruck by it though.

"Is that so? So when you control your bone density, you can literally take hits without any damage? But what are the repercussions? Is your mobility affected? How would your bones affect the rest of your body if that was the case?" I asked him.

"Er, the medicines we buy in bulk mostly so that when the younger clan members, even myself, to stop our muscles from calcifying. We have a few healers in our clan that want nothing to do with fighting unless absolutely necessary. We may know how to rip our bones out from our bodies and use them as weapons, but sometimes the cost outweighs the benefits." He explained to me, he smiled little, but it looked bit strained. "As for taking hits, we can handle pain fairly well because our bones are stronger the most peoples, its harder to break bones when we build them up enough to take a beating. We are constantly using chakra to do that."

"So… if you are constantly not keeping in check of your chakra and the usage of your bones in your body...you get sick?" I furrowed my brows a bit.

"Yes...often times we can reverse the process completely as long as we take care of ourselves, which is where minerals and vitamins come in. We would grind certain minerals and vitamins with the medicine we make and put it in our foods." He explained.

"Hiromitsu, are you boring our guests with talk of medicine?" Amaya looked down at her son.

Hiromitsu shut up and looked down at his food with shame.

No, no, no! I'm not stopping this kid from talking, don't shame him for things that he likes!

"I really like when he talks! He's just talking about how medicine works with your clans bodies! Since I'm wanting to be a medic i should learn about my allies right?" I piped up.

Amaya looked at me with a confused look in her eyes and blinked rapidly. Hiromitsu looking at me with a bit of awe.

"Is that so? You wish to be a medic?" Amaya raised an eyebrow.

"Well, I want to fight...but I want to heal as well. I've heard the rumors of this Tsunade woman from Konoha that she is a very talented medic." I pretty much laid down the bullshit.

"Ah, you mean the Senju woman that took on Hanzo the Salamander? Hmph, well I suppose if you were to look up to a strong woman, that would be it. Isn't that right, Kanna?" Amaya slyly smirked at my mother.

"Yes, I have heard the rumors...Himiko, has Chisato been sniffing around for intel again with you? I keep telling her not to drag you to TI." She narrowed her eyes at me.
I just nervously giggled. She wasn't wrong about Chisato teaching me to sneak around. And It was Zabuza's idea to sneak. Not me.

Kanna sighed with a bit of a smile.

"Regardless, If Himiko wants to become a well rounded kunoichi, I will let her. Besides, last I heard, your clan was working on not having your bodies calcified." Kanna gave a look to Amaya.

Amaya lifted a hand to hide her smile. The adults were talking about the pros and cons of their specific bloodlines. The Taira's being that using too much blood from both our bodies and using it from others can turn into Hysteria and Psychosis if on the battlefield for long periods of time. The Kaguya's dealing with their own bloodlines calcifying their bodies and the chakra that runs through them that could easily kill them if they are not careful, it also didn't help that 'Lust for battle and war doesn't help our psyche either.' Amaya's words, not mine.

"Is that true?" Hiromitsu caught my attention.

"Hm?" I hummed at him.

"Is it true that you would go crazy?" He looked at me with empathy.

"I haven't gotten that far yet… According to mom, it won't happen unless we are fighting for a prolonged period of time." I cringed at the idea.

Would I really go crazy if I used so much blood that the chemicals or chakra in my brain would shift significantly that I would be a murder crazed kunoichi? Or would I actually have control over myself and not have to worry about it? Just thinking about it made me feel a bit queasy.

I took a bite of a few more pieces of beef and fruits and veggies to fill my stomach. I hated thinking too much on an empty stomach to begin with.

"Its...kinda the same here I guess." Hiromitsu spoke softly.

I looked up at him with curious eyes.

"I'm not like the rest of my clan. I'm not much of a fighter, at least according to my sisters and cousins." He looked down at the table. "I'm a bit weak compared to them."

"Why? Why would they call you weak?" I asked him as I leaned forward.

"Because I don't want to hurt them." He frowned. "I know that we have to learn how to fight, and control our Kekkei Genkai, and make sure that we control ourselves to an extent, but I don't like the way they treat sparring."

I blinked a couple of times and was drawing to a conclusion that Hiromitsu is one of those rare people in this world that would rather live life out in peace if he could. And It hurt to see him at such a young age that he came to this conclusion.

"What happens during sparring with your clan members?" I hesitantly asked.

His somber grey eyes looked up at me and he opened his mouth, only to be interrupted by Amaya.

"That sounds like a wonderful Idea, Kanna! I'm very sure that Tokijin would love to spar with you tonight. Perhaps your daughter would love to see just how Kiri's Laughing Demoness can fight." Amaya took my attention from Hiromitsu and I was looking at Kanna.
As far as I know, My mother doesn't really drink. If she does, it's mostly a social nicety. She never touched the drink that Amaya poured for her at the beginning of the dinner, though Amaya never looked offended. Nevertheless, she looked rather pleased and she gave a smile to her.

"It has been quite some time since I've had a decent sparring partner. You don't want to fight me?" Kanna asked.

Amaya scoffed and gave a derisive frown.

"I could if I would, but since Marriage and having children, and finally having a male heir," she patted Hiromitsu on his head fondly, I noticed that despite some sternness from Amaya about his confidence and the like, he seemed to enjoy the little attention from her. "Unfortunately, I can't do that because I have to raise my children."

"Kaito seems to be keeping you on a short leash then?" Kanna asked worriedly.

"Kaito is a wonderful husband and head of the clan, and my three daughters grow wonderfully under his tutelage of their bloodlines. But, Hiromitsu has the full set of Shikotsuyaku. Tokijin is taking over his lessons." Amaya sighed. "Kaito is very proud of the fact that he has a male heir that has the full set, but he himself can't train him in such."

"Is he jealous of Tokijin taking over?" Kanna asked.

"Ha! If anything, He is overjoyed that Tokijin would train his son. Even if Hiromitsu has a little more than shyness holding him back." Amaya smiled down at Hiromitsu.

"Mother…” Hiro whined a little.

I smiled. I was happy to know that despite Amaya's sternness towards Hiromitsu, it came from a place of love and growth. At least in this world, it's not all family drama and hatred.

"I suppose a spar would be in order." Kanna smiled with her canines showing.

I felt shivers go down my spine and I looked at her with wonder.

I had noticed that her eyes started to turn dark red and they seemed to glow in the dimming light. Her voice was low and gleeful when she spoke.

"When can we start?"

Chapter End Notes

Sunbell27: OKAY! HAPPY NEW YEARS! It took me a while, but I finally put up HALF of what this chapter should be. I know it took a bit of time to try and figure out what the Kaguya Clan's culture would be like. You'll be seeing more of them in the next chapter. I apologize that this chapter is on the short side, but it it what it is. It'll have to do for now. I have quite a bit planned for Himiko and her little adventures in Kiri, and it won't be too long before the Third Shinobi War starts up. Also, what do you guys think of Hiromitsu? I personally think he's an adorable awkward kid. Such a sweetie. Please leave critiques and opinions please! Its truly addicting to see what you guys thinks of the story thus far. See ya in the NEW YEAR! ;D
Question Time!: What are your New Years Resolutions? Mine is to pick up on my exercising routine, eat healthy, and work on not spending money this upcoming new years. Its gonna be rough, but I can do it! :D I'm also gonna try my best to at least post one chapter a month if I can.

Keep on Reading and Writing! :D
Hiromitsu and I were ushered by Amaya to the edge of the courtyard and sat in chairs that were placed out on the viewing deck. Apparently, the news spread like wildfire and quite a few Kaguya clan members were on the outskirts of the courtyard. I kept hearing people speak positivity of my mother.

"I didn't know my mom was popular." I muttered.

"Kanna was my and Tokijin's teammate when we were much younger. We were a rather terrifying team to come across." Amaya smiled with a happiness that sent shivers down my spine. "Tokijin is the only one of our team that is still an active duty Jounin, and is also one of those in the clan that have mastered Shikotsumyaku. It is an honor to train and fight with him."

I turned to Hiromitsu, and he had an uncomfortable look on his face.

"Are you okay?" I asked him.

"I… just don't like fighting," he muttered as he stood next to me.

He was just an inch taller than me. I had to look up at him a little. I wish I had something to say, but nothing came to mind. I suppose being raised in a clan that can be so violent can affect even the youngest of its members. Maybe he didn't want to grow up to be violent? Would he be amongst those in the genocide of the Kaguya clan? I shut down those thoughts immediately. I needed to not think like that right then.

"Well, it's been awhile since I wore such an outfit, but I'm not complaining." I heard my mother's voice.

I turned to the side and saw my mother dressed in a jounin outfit. Or at least...a variation of it. She had taken out all the pins, and her fancy hair was pulled back in a high ponytail, making it look like waves of black cascading down her back. She wore geta shoes more suited for combat, and she wore mesh leggings. The outfit she was wearing was patterns of blue, grey, and black. It was draped over her like a dress and it reached only her knees. She had no sleeves on, save for the forearm guards that she tightened up and the top half of the 'dress' was a thick halter. Over her top half was a blue kiri jounin flak jacket.

I had to admit it, my mother looked like a bombshell. I was so glad to know that I took more after her than whoever my sire was.

"Well it is my old outfit, I'm surprised that you even still fit. Think you can still fight? Or has your time at the Fair Lotus made you lazy?" Amaya teased.

"Oh, please, what sort of Kunoichi would I be if I don't practice the skills I still have?" Kanna shot back with a smile.

"Well, it's better than the dress you were wearing earlier." I heard the voice of Tokijin from my other side.

He was still wearing his Yukata outfit, though he adjusted a guard on his forearm. There seems to
be a trend here for forearm guards. His white hair is still in a ponytail, but I noticed that there is something shiny in it. White hair doesn't shine like that, right?

"What's that in your hair, Tokijin-ojii?" Hiromitsu spoke out my thoughts.

"Ah, you mean these?" He smirked down at us and gently reached back to his ponytail, gathered a section of it, and pulled it forward for me and Hiromitsu to see.

There was something thin and barbed that was entwined with his hair!

"Is that barbed wire I see there, Tokijin?" My mother piped up as she walked over to us.

"Why, yes it is! Still in the works for those of us who enjoy long hair." He smirked at my mother.

"Interesting...wouldn't it be tangled in your hair?" She asked with curiosity.

"The wire is chakra infused, I can push a small bit of chakra through them, and my hair will not be tangled in with them. Although it is a pain to put in though, but worth it." He lifted a hand that still had thin cuts on it.

"I'll have to look into that…" Kanna turned her gaze towards me.

"Sounds like a good idea. There is a lot of ninja out there that would go for the hair to control you or even pin you down." I couldn't stop staring at his hair. "Not to mention that whoever doesn't have a good pain tolerance, will get a nasty surprise."

"My thoughts exactly, Himiko-chan." Kanna patted me on the head.

"Smart girl." Tokijin winked at me.

I blushed and looked away, embarrassed.

"Perhaps after this spar, you can give me the details on this interesting accessory. If you are still standing that is." Kanna shifted to one side and placed her hand on her hip.

Tokijin stood up and placed his hand on his sword that was at his side.

"Oh, don't make me laugh, my dear, It's been ages since our last spar." His eyes gleamed with violent intent.

"Then let us take our places… and see who might win." My mother patted my head once more as she took her place in the courtyard.

Tokijin had a sharp smile on his face and headed his way to the far end.

I think the tension was very, very tangible after my Mother spoke those words.

"Good luck...Mom." I stuttered out.

She turned her head towards me with a surprised look on her face before it melted into one of determination and a genuine smile, before she turned back to Tokijin.

The chatter in the courtyard died down. I looked around and noticed a lot of the clan members had smirks on their faces, others had grins that were anticipating something. I turned to Amaya who was grinning gleefully with her hands together.
"On my mark!" She spoke through the silence.

Kanna and Tokijin got into fighting stances. My mother was more low to the ground with one arm outstretched for balance. As if she was ready to perform. Tokijin was turned to the side with one arm up with a flattened palm, one hand gripping his sword.

Anticipation filled the air. I can feel the hairs on the back of my neck stand up. I could feel my heart start to beat loud in my ears.

"Fight!" Amaya called out.

It happened so quickly. I blinked and the next thing I know, I saw Kanna and Tokijin meet in the middle of the courtyard, Tokijin had his bone sword drawn, and my mother...how the hell was she able to cut herself and make a blood sword in a second? I had noticed that her arm was bleeding, but it healed up quickly.

They were both crossing blades. Both had looks of absolute glee. They both pushed each other away and traded blows. Kanna's blood sword would be smashed but it would reform quickly as she would twirl and parry Tokijin's blows towards her.

It was like a very deadly dance that they were doing. My mother was toying with him like one of her patrons, and Tokijin is giving as good as he got. She lifted a leg to side kick him in the ribs and sent him back a few feet, only for him to pause for a moment and run back at her.

I couldn't look away. I was transfixed on the fight. Some blows were being landed on each other. Near the ribs, shoulders, legs, and occasionally the face. They finally jumped away from each other.

"Wow." I gasped.

My mother has been working with me on controlling blood, but seeing that she has been taking certain hits to inflict wounds on herself to using her blood to fight was very enticing. The thick liquid was hovering around her like an obedient animal ready to strike.

"For an Oiran, you can put up a fight!" Tokijin bantered.

"Oh, please, you of all people should know that I always put up a fight." Kanna chuckled as she stood straight up.

Tokijin brought his arm back as if he was pulling something back before his whipped it forward.

"Tenshi Sendan!" He shouted before five loud popping sounds came from him.

It was like seeing a fast paced shoot out. My mother took the blood that was swirling around her into a whip and twirled in place, using the whip like a gymnastics ribbon. I heard a loud crack as the blood whip smacked five white dots away from her and they plowed into the courtyards ground leaving five large divots.

"Holy shit!" popped from my mouth as the fight continued.

"Language, Himiko-chan!" My mother scolded by her place as she was using the whip to keep Tokijin at a distance.

I clasped my hand to my mouth, red from embarrassment that she heard me from this distance.
Cheers and bets were being made off to the sidelines. Clan members were calling for a good fight.
"C'mon Tokijin! Don't let that Taira kick you down!"
"Knock him down to size, Taira-san! Heaven knows his ego needs popping!"

That was one of the few jeers that I can hear. I managed to tear my eyes away from my mother and looked to where Tokijin was.

What I was seeing had to be biologically impossible. Then again, this world was not the world I once came from.

Controlling blood from open wounds was something that doesn't really make me queasy. Kanna had to teach me that taking blood from an open wound is a bit tricky if you don't constantly infuse chakra with it.

I guess the same concept applies for the Bone Users. I could see a few bones sticking out of Tokijin's arms, and blood was dripping from the holes that the bones had punctured through the skin. I could see bits of flesh and muscles the skin was healing around the bones that was outside his skin. From his palm was a growing pale bone spear. It looked like it really hurt. Blood and bits of muscle and skin covered it as he made a short spear and pointed it at Kanna.

He looked menacing, I could see the bones in his arms ripple before poking out a bit as if he was making spines for a defense. It was...actually pretty fascinating to see this happening, but at the same time...realization sank into the depths of my mind.

This wasn't normal. This was something completely NOT normal. Seeing blood whipping around my mother as she outstretched her hands to make bloody spindly needle arms to fight Tokijin, who is currently somehow blasting small bone senbons from his arms to pierce my mother's body, only for her to deflect them with rapid movements of her wrist and the blood cat of nine tails whip she holds in her hand.

The realization that this is my world now...that this is what I have to do to survive.

Kanna and Tokijin clash weapons once again. A blood sword and a bone sword.

I could hear my mother's laughter, she was grinning maniacally. Tokijin was grinning as well.
"Come on, Kanna, surely you have sharpened your skills since before you semi-retired." He pushed her back, forcing her to parry and she flipped her sword and molded it into a dagger, and slashed down at his face, making him stumble back.

She jumped back with a mocking grin.
"Oh please, It's not me whose skills are a bit rusty." She flicked the dagger at him, intent on hitting it mark at his shoulder, but he deflected it with a small bone shield made from his hand. It looked like a bloodied boney gauntlet covering his hands.
"That's frighteningly cool and really freakin scary at the same time." I whispered.
"It makes me feel sick honestly." Hiromitsu admitted.

I turned to him and noticed that he was looking down at the ground, not paying attention to the spar at hand. His form was stiff and his hands were fisted into his pants. I looked back to the spar seeing my mother gaining the upper hand, landing a punch across Tokijin's face and he retaliated
by stabbing at her with a bone dagger.

I turned back to Hiromitsu, reached out a bit and placed my hand on his fist. He turned to me with a surprised look on his face. I snuck another look to where my mother was and looked back at Hiromitsu. I took him by his hand and pulled him through the small crowd to get away from the spar, no matter how much I genuinely wanted to stay and keep watching. Amaya took notice that I was taking Hiromitsu away, but I saw that she had a look of worry towards Hiromitsu.

She looked to me and gave me a small encouraging smile and turned back to the spar. As we got away from the cheering and bets being placed, Hiromitsu and I walked the halls of the compound in silence. We wandered around, given the fact that If he was heir to the clan, he knows where to go, I just followed where he walked.

"You could have stayed and watched your mom…" He spoke softly as he looked ahead.

"You looked really uncomfortable, and it didn't look like you were enjoying the fight anyways." I responded.

"You did…" He cringes.

He wasn't wrong.

"I was fascinated. Mom...never fights unless she has to, and when she teaches me to follow her steps, I make sure I work on them." I spoke unashamed. "Seeing her spar like that...It's a very deadly dance and it feels natural to see her like that. It's terrifying that I may have to do that too, but at the same time…"

Hiromitsu paused and looked at me. He looked a little scared and ashamed.

"I can't stand fighting. I don't want to hurt people. My mother can only do so much to abide to that fact that I'm not like everyone else. My father is a bit disappointed, Tokijin-Oji doesn't push me too hard as he's trying to train me…" He attempted to speak.

"But it is useful." I said turning to him and looking at him with a smile.

"Useful? What is useful about killing people?" His face twisted into a bit of anger.

"Adapt and survive." I poked at his shoulder.

He's angry face turned to surprise.

"Learn to fight to protect those you care about. Don't think of it as that you are a soldier in training, Hiro-kun." I shortened his name.

He blushed a little.

"I…" He stuttered off.

"I can't say what you feel about training to become a shinobi. But you can always use the skills you learn, regardless of who teaches you." I gave him a grin.

"Me? I want to fight to change things. I don't want to die." I paused in my walking and looked up at a painting of warriors fighting in a battle. "I want to fight to defend my friends and family. I'm given this one chance at life. Why spend it in such uncertainty that...you could die at anytime?"

I closed my eyes and for a brief second I swore I saw a vision of a blood soaked battlefield and I
opened up my eyes looking at Hiromitsu standing right beside me, looking up at the same picture.

"Are you trying to convince me?" He spoke rather despondently.

"No." I snapped at him with a snarl.

I wouldn't. I wouldn't manipulate someone like that. Never.

"I'm pointing out to you that it would be useful to learn, to adapt, to grow...I'm still learning new things everyday and I'm constantly changing myself to keep up. I enjoy learning new things, even if its something that I never thought to do before." I explained.

We were quiet for a while, before walking off to a different hallway. I know that Hiromitsu was a child. I probably just laid on him something that an adult would tell him. Not something a child would do.

"You are strange, Taira Himiko."

I squeaked a bit before looking up at the boy. He was looking at me with a smile. Well, I didn't think I would feel warm after that statement, but I felt flattered.

"I guess I am." I muttered.

"That's not a bad thing..." He smiled. "It's a nice change of pace around here at least."

"Thank you...for getting me away." He told me gratefully.

"It's fine, I mean, eventually you have to choose what you want to do. I know that we are kids now, but we are learning how to adapt. That doesn't mean we can't have fun in the long run." I smiled at him with an idea in my mind.

"Fun?" He looked at me confused.

"Tag! You're it!" I poked his arm and took off down the hall.

"What?!" He looked stunned.

"You can't catch me!" I shouted back at him at the end of the hall where I stopped.

He looked so adorable with that look of confusion on his face.

"I..." He paused with his arm stretching out just a little.

"C'mon Hiro-kun! Everyone else is focused on the spar..." I teased him a bit. "Or are you not as fast as Tokijin-san?"

Boys regardless of age, have that sense of pride. I saw in his eyes a glimmer of a challenge accepted.

"So he's not as meek as I thought he would be." I thought to myself as he took off running towards me.

I let out a squeak of glee as I took off down the hall with him catching up. Though we both had socks on I grabbed hold of a corner, slid around, and kept going.

"You're fast, But I'm faster!" He called out with a strong sense of happiness.
I looked behind me and he reached out to grab my shoulder. At this, I slid to a stop and rolled under his arm and popped back up behind him. He twirled around and we both locked eyes. I couldn't help but smile at him.

I took off again and he let out a huff, but took off swiftly after me. Honestly, it felt good acting like a kid again. I couldn't help but laugh as I turned corners and slid down the hall, his laughter also followed. I did slip and tumble into a wall, but I was giggling like a maniac as Hiromitsu stood over me with a bit of concern.

"Are you okay?" He asked and he kneeled down to me.

I giggled and sat up.

"I'm fine. See? That was fun." I smiled at him.

He gave me a small smile back and he reached out, making me feel all warm inside.

"Yeah, and Himiko-chan…" He spoke before poking my nose. "You're it."

I hope we can stay friends forever.

Hiromitsu and I had been questioning each other about what our young lives are like. What aspirations we have, what we want to do in the future, what kinds of friends we have, etc.

When I told him about Zabuza, he was appalled that I would be friends with someone on the lowest in the caste system. I told him that I don't care and screw what other people think. Zabuza may be a bit rough, but he's been warming up to me since inviting him over for training.

It really didn't surprise me that Hiromitsu would have that bit of an outlook. After reassuring him that he would be welcome to join me and Zabuza in training, and even some lessons, he told me that he would like that.

"Well there you two are! We have been looking everywhere for you. Hiromitsu, how could you take Himiko-chan away?" Amaya pouted when the adults found us.

Hiromitsu flushed red and looked down at the floor, embarrassed. I nudged him a bit to have him look at me and I gave him a supporting smile. He gave a smile back before my mother swooped in and kneeled to my height. She was sporting a nasty cut below her left eye and a bruise was forming under her chin, but she looked very much alive.

Her red eyes were gleaming with pride and happiness. I think she had a lot of fun sparring with Tokijin.

"Did you have fun sparring, mom?" I asked her.

"You didn't stick around, dear." She responded.

I glanced at Hiromitsu and I can tell that he felt bad that I was the one that pulled him away from the spar.

"You were pretty awesome Mom, but I did feel a bit tired from the excitement. You looked like a deadly dancer." I smiled up at her. "You HAVE to show me how to manipulate the blood like that!"

Kanna beamed down at me and placed her hand, which was still had a bit of blood on it on top of
"Of course!" She responded.

We were escorted to the front gates, Amaya poking at my cheek cooing at how cute I am and My mother was telling Hiromitsu that he looked adorable in his yukata. I saw Tokijin with his arms folded and he looked a bit beat up like my mother. He had a bruise forming on his cheek and his hair was a bit mussed up.

I remembered that he had that silver wire in his hair.

"Tokijin-san! How was your tactic with the wire in your hair?" I asked gaining his attention.

Tokijin strolled up and looked down at me with a slight smile on his face.

"Well I did surprise your mother with it, so I think I'll keep using it." He then smirked and gave a sly look to my mother.

"Bah! I forgot that you had it in your Hair." Kanna pouted a little.

Seeing my mom act a little lest classy surprised me, but it was refreshing.

"You tried a dirty tactic didn't you, mom. You went for the hair." I mock glared at her.

"We are ninja. Any thing that we can do to get the upper hand in a fight means survival. That being said..." Kanna moved the fingers on her injured hand. "I think Himiko and I will incorporate it into our daily routine."

I felt sick to my stomach and Hiromitsu noticed.

"Himiko-chan, are you okay? You look pale...paler than usual." He asked worriedly.

"I'm fine.~" I cried just a little.

Why must my mother have a sadistic side to her?

"You are more than welcome to come back and visit Kanna. I appreciate that you and Himiko-chan were able to come. And I'm glad that Hiromitsu has a friend outside of the clan." Amaya patted her son's head.

He blushed a little and smiled.

"I'm glad to make friends." I spoke up.

"Yes, if possible, Hiromitsu is also welcome to our home if you wish." Kanna offered.

"What a lovely Idea! He should have a little bit more freedom outside these walls." Kanna smiled.

"I would like that." Hiromitsu responded.

It was a short goodbye. As my mother and I walked off, I turned my head back to see Amaya, Tokijin, and Hiromitsu waving us off. I was holding my mother's non injured and and I smiled all the way back.

I'm glad to have met Hiromitsu. Hopefully our friendship will take off.
"So what do you think, Himiko-Chan?" Mom asked me as we walked back to our home.

I thought for a moment and smiled.

"I like Hiromitsu. He's very kind." I spoke honestly.

Kanna hummed a positive answer and we made our way home. We dressed for sleep that night and my mother helped take off what little make-up I had on. As we settled down to sleep, my mother reached for me and brought me close. I cuddled right up to her and I could still smell the lingering scent of iron and flower blossoms.

That scent along with her heartbeat lulled me to sleep. I couldn't wait for the next day to arrive.

Chapter End Notes

Sunbell27: I'm done? I'm DONE! Yes, I'm done with this chapter and I'm happy to say that it turned out great for me! The next chapter won't be up for a while, but hey, I'm almost done with the Childhood arc. Just a couple more mini arcs before we get this show on the road. I was really worried that this chapter just wouldn't work with me, but I got through! I hope you guys liked it and please leave your reviews and opinions! I want to hear what you think of the story thus far and I hope that you guys will enjoy what's more to come! See you in the next chapter!

Question Time!: If there was a certain power that you want to use from the Naruto Universe, what would it be? Personally, I would LOVE the Kamui from the Mangyeko Sharingan. Seriously, I would use Kamui for a place of storage and not have to worry about losing stuff all the time. :)

KEEP ON READING AND WRITING! :D
Yagura became my most reluctant friend. The future 4th Mizukage was related to the 3rd Mizukage twice removed. So he would be in line for such a position. The Karatachi clan was a little colder, a bit more standoffish. They are a smaller clan than the Kaguya clan, but they are still a very influential clan. My mother was basically rubbing elbows with the Heads of the clan, while she left me to make friends with Yagura Karatachi.

You can imagine how that turned out.

He was a prideful little shit, I admit. I basically kept my mouth shut as he was spouting off rhetoric of how high up the caste system he was, how I should be grateful to be in his presence. To be honest, he was a spoiled brat and he went on forever about it. My curiosity outweighs my annoyance. Mostly because he was three years older than me and shorter than me by two inches as well.

So when he finally quieted down a bit, muttering something about me must being stupid because of my mother’s sleeping around, I smacked his head, not hard clearly, but just enough to shock him.

“Yes, My mother is an Oiran, but that has no bearing on how she is raising me.” I sneered at him.

“Clearly she hasn’t taught you manners either.” He retorted.

Oh, the little shit.

“You know, maybe you are short because you are so rude. Haven’t you heard that if you are too spoiled you’d never grow?” I bit back.

“You take that back!” He tackled me and we both went down.

It was a dirty fight, I know. We were pulling hair, biting each other, kicking and screaming, the whole shebang. It wasn’t until my mother and his parents heard the commotion and had to pry us apart.

We were separated into different rooms when my mother was scolding me for picking a fight when she was clearly trying to make connections with families that she would be able to ally with. She had a member of the family take me to a garden to calm down and think of what disastrous outcome that may have ruined the chance to have allies with the Karatachi clan.

I placed myself at the base of one of their large willow trees and rubbed my face getting rid of the tear tracks that were left on my face when Yagura punched me. You can say what you will, but the kid has a nice left hook. I couldn’t help it. He reminded me of so many people that I ‘tolerated’ back in my past life. Thinking that they are so smart and so successful when all they had was stuck in their own bubble and never leaving the confines of their comfort zone. Never progressing, never learning.

I guess it applies here as well.

I was lost in thought until I heard sniffles. I stood up and looked around and I wondered where the
sound was coming from. I realized that it was behind the tree and I made my way around it. When I peered my head out from the side, I saw Yagura bunched up in a ball with his head in his knees.

I couldn’t help but blink a couple of times before I realized that Yagura was still a child. Everyone that I can think of is still a child at this point and I couldn’t help but feel bad. I silently padded my way over to him and reached out and placed my hand on his shoulder.

He flinched violently from my touch and he snapped his head up, his pink eyes widened in fear. I flinched back myself, not realizing that the violent reaction to my touch made me step back. When I did, I looked at him. His eyes were shining with unshed tears and he had a couple of blossoming bruises on his face. Those didn’t come from me.

His face suddenly twisted and he snarled at me.

“Well, come to gloat? Make fun of me?” He glared at me, tears falling down his face.

I don’t think he realized that he was crying. I hesitantly stepped forward and reached out again placing my hand gently on his face. He flinched again and yanked his head away.

“What the hell do you think you are doing, you weirdo!?” He snapped at me.

“Who hit you?” I spoke sadly.

“None of your business.” He looked down at the ground.

He looked quite a bit like a child despite his age. But I sat close to him and brought my knees up too.

“I’m sorry for picking a fight, but you were rude first.” I stated.

“I was not rude!” He huffed.

“You were, and insulted my mother, a Taira.” I pointed out.

He winced a little before rubbing at his face.

“Not my problem that your mother chose a different line of work.” He muttered.

“That doesn’t mean anything. Look Yagura, you need to stop insulting me and actually try to get along with me. That is, if this alliance might work out.” I muttered.

“I didn’t give you permission to use my name.” He muttered.

“Would you rather have me call you shorty?” I chuckled.

“You are a bitch.” He sneered.

“Jerk. But seriously, you and I BOTH know that we may not like each other much, but we have to get along for who knows how long. Knowing my mother, she wants to be allies. So why not try to get along for alliances sake?” I asked him.

We both were silent for a bit. The breeze the only sound as it blew across the garden making the willow branches sway.

“Maybe we could be friends?” I piped up.
Regardless of how his attitude is, and the possible future that he could have, would it matter if I tried to be friends with him?

“Why would I be friends with you?” He sneered.

“I’d like to think that everyone needs friends, but if my mother makes it so that we would be training together, would you prefer the term comrade? You have my back and I’ll have yours? Regardless of whether or not we like each other?” I suggested.

He went thoughtful for a moment, looking a bit more at ease rather than a brat, before he put on a face that suggested that he really didn’t like it.

“I suppose that isn’t a bad idea...But you will address me as Yagura-sennpai.” He smirked at me.

“Whatever Shorty-kun.” I grinned back.

A little vein popped out on his forehead and I took off running, instigating a game of chase.

“YOU LITTLE-!”

“TOTALLY WORTH IT!”

Chapter End Notes

Sunbell27: Hehe...sorry that I'm late. It's been a wild three months and I'm still reeling back of what has been going on. Quarantine sucks, but unfortunately, since I'm an 'Essential Worker' I suddenly got more hours. Which means that more money, but more at risk to catch the 'Rona. Yeah. BUT! Let's hope that it blows over soon. So I have a new plan. Somewhat more frequent Updates, but shorter chapters for the time being. I hope you guys understand and have fun reading this story so far! I hope you like how I wrote Yagura, but it's going to be hella fun when I get the gang together. I'll see you guys in the next chapter!

Question Time!: If you wanted any animal summons, which ones would you like to affiliate yourselves with?

KEEP ON READING AND WRITING! :D
Zabuza and I were eating dumplings that we picked up from the inner city. Some of the vendors looked apprehensive of me while giving a look of disdain to Zabuza. My seemingly cheerful look made a few people uncomfortable, so they left us alone.

"Why are you so cheery?" He asked me as he bit down into his dumpling.

"Can't I be happy going out with a friend? You are being grumpy today...more than usual." I pointed out.

"So weird...and it's none of your business." He frowned.

I was silent for a bit before I spoke up again.

"Is everything okay, Zabuza?" I asked gently.

"It's nothing, just drop it. What about these other 'friends' that you made?" He was stubborn to not push the subject.

"Are you mad that I made other friends?" I pouted before eating the dumpling I had.

"No!" He snapped at me.

"Hey, don't take it out on me. Besides, I want you to meet them too." I countered.

"Yeah, sure, a bunch of high-classers hanging out with a low-born. Aren't you the comedian?" He said sarcastically.

Wow, I knew he was a bit of a brat, but this was taking it too far.

"Don't be a jerk, Zabuza, I'm sorry that I haven't been around to train with you recently, but my mom is really trying to make some alliances. Look, I'll ask her if we can train and spend more time." I said trying to placate him, though... I think I have an idea of what is bothering him.

"Zabuza...are you Jealous?" I asked him.

"Jealous? Why would I be jealous of you?" He started to get angry and he was currently squishing a dumpling in his hand, the sauces and meat almost coating his hand.

"Your dumpling..." I pointed out before he really did squish it out.

He shoved the dumpling in his mouth and furiously chewed on the food before swallowing.

"I gotta go. See ya 'round." He took off down the street.

I called after him but he was too fast. I felt abandoned that day.

"Himiko-chan, what got you all sad?" My mother asked me while she was placing on her make-up for the night.
She told Chisato that there was some sort of high profile clientele coming into the village for a few days and she wouldn't be coming home for a week. As if I didn't feel alone enough, it's been three days since I've seen Zabuza. Not that Chisato wasn't good company, it was just nice to have someone around my age.

"Zabuza has been acting weird. He got mad at me for not being around much. I mean, he's welcome to be here any time he wants, but he just stormed off." I crossed my arms and pouted.

She looked at me with a fond look on her face and patted my head.

"Well, I can take a guess of why that is." She mused as she placed on her white make-up.

"It's not my fault that I'm constantly heading out with you to go see Hiro-kun or Yagura-kun. I'm just mostly gone some days now...I know I haven't spent time with him recently, but that's no reason to be angry with me." I ranted at her walking around outside the bathroom door raising my hands dramatically to make a point.

Kanna just shook her head with a smile as she applied her blush.

"Perhaps he feels left out." Kanna pointed out.

I stopped in the doorway blinking a few times. Waiting for my mind to catch up to what my mother just said. I turned to her and she had a thoughtful look on her face. She tapped her finger on her chin twice and gave me a gentle smile.

"How about this, you can invite Hiromitsu and Yagura over and introduce them to Zabuza. I'm sure they would like to have another person to train with." Kanna suggested.

Well… I supposed I could give that a shot. That just means I have to plan a day for them all to come over. Or maby convince them to come over tonight...Hiromitsu would be easy enough to convince. He's always up to see me regardless of what day it was. Yagura may be a bit of a spoiled brat, but he doesn't mind getting away from home when he can. Maybe I can get a decent friendship group going on here.

But first…

"Mom, may I go see Zabuza?"

Meeting Shizuka Momochi was a bit daunting. She was fairly taller than that average teen woman, and her tanned skin was littered with scars over the muscles that she had acquired since she had become a Kunoichi for this village. Her black curled hair was cut in a messy a-line bob, her face a bit stern with a hint of a sneer on her lips, showing sharpened teeth. Her eyes were dark and she had a small amount of freckles on the sides of her face. She may have been a chunin, but it was clear to see that she has been through quite a bit since she was hardly at home. She was actually pretty in a scary way to me.

"Who the hell are you?" She raised a brow at me.

I fidgeted a little under her stare, before I spoke up.

"Is Zabuza-kun here?" I asked her politely.

"Who wants to know?" She said rudely.
Well, that settles that fact that he takes after his sister.

"I'm his friend, Taira Himiko. I haven't seen him in a while, and I'm getting worried." I managed to squeak out under her pinning stare.

"So you're the girl the brat has been complaining about." She started to smile like a shark.

"Huh?" I said dumbly.

"Kid won't shut up about how he thinks that his only friend tossed him aside. To be honest, it breaks my little black heart to see that he's acting like this." She smirked at me.

"Come on in." She grabbed my shoulder and pulled me inside a little bit roughly.

I rolled my shoulder after she let me go to ease the pain when she grabbed me but I didn't complain. I followed her to where Zabuza was. He was on the broken couch laying down just staring at the ceiling.

"Oi Brat, you got a visitor, sort your shit out and quit moping around." Shizuka roughly jerked Zabuza up by his shirt to get him to sit up and roughed up his hair.

He growled back at her and started to slap her arms away.

"Quit it!" He complained.

"Then quit your moping and actually talk to your friend, baby bro. I'm going to catch up on some sleep." She smiled crookedly and shoved him lightly on the couch.

I looked upon the interaction between the brother and sister. I could tell that Shizuka actually cared for Zabuza in her own rough way. I blinked a couple of times. For a moment I wished I had older siblings. I think I had them in my previous life… before I fell into another existential crisis, Zabuza was in front of me. I was a bit startled.

"So what are you doing here?" He looked down after making eye contact with me.

I felt bad. I didn't realize that I was excluding him from what I've been doing. I had been visiting Yagura and Hiromitsu for a while, and I hadn't spent time with him. I realized that I was pretty much his first friend in this life. Then again, life in this village is never kind to those lower in the system.

"I'm really sorry. I didn't mean to leave you behind, Zabuza-kun." I wrung my fingers together nervously. "I didn't think you would be angry with me, but I was wrong."

"You did nothing wrong. You're a Taira, Of course you would have to go to other clans to make allies." He looked at me with confusion.

"But you are my friend! My First Friend! And I want you to meet the others too!" I told him with tears in my eyes.

He looked at me shocked that I would declare this, but I kept going.

"You are a grouchy boy, but you are a hard worker. I wouldn't choose you for a friend If I didn't know you would have my back. I want you to meet my other two friends too." I smiled brightly at him.

He frowned at me.
"You want me to meet clan kids?" He huffed and crossed his arms.

"I think you'll be surprised." I beamed at him before putting on a serious face. "I won't leave you behind."

Zabuza huffed before punching me lightly on the arm.

"Fine. Let's meet these new friends you have. And I'm sorry for being angry… and grumpy." He smiled at me.

He really should smile more often. The sharpened teeth he had made him look like a cheeky kid.

"Well then why not today?" I asked him.

"What?" Zabuza deadpanned.

"Okay you brats! Get out of the house, and Zabuza, come home by 10. I'll be awake by then."

Shizuka pushed us both out of the small shack of a home and closed the door on us, but not before she gave us a smile.

"Annoying Big Sister…" Zabuza groused.

"C'mon. I'll have you meet the other boys." I grabbed his hand and tugged him along.

I had a good feeling about this.

I think the friendships will take some time. Currently, Zabuza and Yagura were wrestling on the floor. Yagura did start the fight though. Calling Zabuza 'Street Rat' and Zabuza retorted with 'Short stack'.

Hiromitsu stood by me with a worried look on his face and wondered if he should intervene. Ultimately, I had to take a stand in my own house.

I got in between them, pulled them apart and punched them both where their kidneys were. Both fell to the ground clutching their sides in pain.

"That's enough! Let's learn to get along here. Yagura, I expect you to be respectful to anyone who is in my house and who I associate with. Zabuza, I expect you to do the same. Regardless of status here, I want us to get along.

Yagura gave me a tearful glare as he clutched his side, Zabuza snarled at me for doing so.

Hiromitsu took a stand and put his hands up in a placating manner.

"I'm s-sure we can get along for Himiko's sake. Right?" He gave a hesitant smile to the two boys on the ground.

"Dinnertime!" I heard Chisato call out from the dining area.

Well... I'd say we are off to a nice start.
Sunbell27: I hope you enjoyed this new chapter! The next one will be up late Saturday. I actually did have fun with this chapter. The friendship for these little snapshots I'm making will grow and work. I will hint that something will happen to finally make them all very close friends. Take a chance and hypothesize. XD The next chapter will be really cool. I was looking forward to making this one. I hope you are excited like me about it! Please leave a detailed reviews and opinions! I love to hear from you guys! See you peeps in the next chapter! ;D

Question Time!: Who is your favorite Bijuu? Mine is kinda obvious. XD Kurama is my favorite Grumpy Fox. I wished that he could have been fleshed out a bit more. Along with MOST of the bijuu.

KEEP ON READING AND WRITING! :D

End Notes

Sunbell27: ...this is what happens when I jump from fandom to fandom. It's a never ending struggle to freaking stay on one subject for long. Naruto has taken me by the throat and chucked me off the cliff and I fell into the fanfiction world. So, this will be fun. Dropping the Batman Fanfiction like a hot potato and getting here was fun. T_T SO! This is a SI-OC fan fiction. Mostly because I read Dreaming of Sunshine by SilverQueen, and Yet Again With a Little Extra Help by ThirdFang, and I became pretty damn inspired by them, not to mention a whole bunch of time-travel jutsu and the like. So... It'll be interesting on what I'm planning here. Now, I'm not planning on breaking canon here, but the SI-oc will not be omnipotent of everything there is. She is so not the second coming of whatever god there is out there. She will have her strengths and weaknesses, and trust me when i say that I placed her in a place other than Konaha. Think you can guess? Also, I have just restarted watching Naruto, Naruto: Shippuden, and Boruto. So Yeah, I'll be obsessed with this for a while. See you guys in the next chapter and Leave awesome reviews. ;)

Question Time: Who is your favorite family in the Naruto/Boruto series? The Nara family has me by the feels and I really wished that there was more focus on them. ;)

See you guys in the next chapter!

KEEP ON READING AND WRITING!

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