The Occultist

by kdandsheela

Summary

Even though he couldn't see them, he had always known that they existed. He couldn't shake the feeling that something was missing and put that feeling into looking for and researching the occult whenever he could. He never dared to share this passion with others, he didn't need anyone's validation but his own. At some point, his long journey had finally been rewarded with a strangely detailed webpage on how to summon demons.

So he did it, of course. What he didn't know at the time was that the person who appeared in front of him would take him on an adventure that far exceeded his many nights spent staring at a computer screen. This person would both give his life back to him and change it forever.

Notes

Hey Guys! First AO3 fanfic, I'll probably post this one up on FF.net under the same username. I got this idea pretty suddenly and I feel like it's got potential for a good angst/light heartedness balance, so I went for it. Feedback is encouraged.

- Inspired by In Which The Author Tortures The Characters (Oneshots, Fic Ideas and Requests) by SidewaysClarinet
Yukio’s life had not always been strange. Okay, scratch that, Yukio’s life has always been strange, it’s just never been as strange as it is now.

“Do you need more rice? I can always get up and make some more,” Rin inquired from across the table.

“Ah, no, it’s fine. It’s just the two of us after all,” the teenager in glasses awkwardly declined. Things have definitely taken a new turn ever since Rin’s arrival. Even after years of researching how to summon demons, Yukio did not know what he expected, but it was definitely not for his new demon friend to dedicate himself to cooking and cleaning everyday.

He had really just wanted to validate what he knew was true all along; that demons existed. However, he got more than just validation of his personal hunch (obsession). He had also received a roommate, mentor and… housekeeper of sorts in the form of the very demon sitting across from him.

“Ummm…” said demon figeted, “Is there something on my face?” Rin asked.

“Huh? No, why?”

“It’s just that you’re staring kinda intensely at me…”

Yukio tried to hide his embarrassment by quickly finishing the last few bite of his meal before sighing, “I was just wondering… why are you doing, you know, all this?” he wildly motioned around the room, “Do all demons do this for their tamers?”

“Oh, well, no” he nervously chuckled, “Let’s just say these things are the only productive skills I have, and since you’re not really using me for fighting, I should at least try to be a good roommate, right?”

“Fighting?” Yukio’s eyes widened, “Humans are summoning demons to hurt people?”

“What? No! It’s, well, usually it’s just exorcists who use familiars in order to help exorcise other demons.”

“But… some demons are people, too,” Yukio protested.

Rin gave him a sad smile, “I guess they are, Master, I guess they are…”

Outside of his bedroom of posters with mythical beasts of every kind, book shelves overflowing with the occult, and his newly acquired demonic familiar Yukio lead a comically boring life. He was a very studious student, and hard worker as a secretary at a nearby law firm. Whatever free time he got he would grab by the horns and make sure none of it was wasted. Maybe that’s why he had always been attracted to the supernatural, though part of him felt like it went much deeper than that.

It was on days like this, when the work was slow and none of the more interesting lawyers had time to speak with him that he drifted off into thought about Rin and the moment he had summoned him. That look… that look that still sent shivers up his spine. It was a look of utter surprise and fervent hope, only to be replaced with remorse and defeat by the time they finished talking.

“It’s you!” he exclaimed shortly after appearing from a puff of smoke, “I can’t believe it!”
“I… I can’t believe it either! It actually worked!” Yukio stood up with a huge grin on his face only to be tackled into a hug.

Yukio decided to hold the hug before it started to feel a bit awkward, “Ummm, I’m sorry but… why are we hugging?”

The demon backed away so fast it gave Yukio whiplash, “What are you talking about?”

“Well, I mean, I’m happy to see the summoning worked and all but is it really customary to hug afterwards?”

And that was the moment Yukio saw Rin’s face completely change, “You mean… you don’t know me?”

Yukio scratched his head to distract from the heat coming to his face, “I mean, I’ve only been researching demons for a little while now,” he had been studying almost his whole life, “so, it’s possible I might not know about you even if you’re, like, really famous, or something.”

“Oh, I-I see,” he looked at the floor for a couple seconds before looking back at Yukio, his face now completely neutral, “My name is Rin,” he held out his hand, “Sorry for hugging you, I believe this is the proper human interaction?”

“It’s more common in western cultures,” Yukio smiled, “but I’ll take it.”

Ever since then there had been little hints, little things that would tip Yukio off. Sometimes it would feel like Rin would narrate his past. “You’re thinking about seriously going into medicine? Well, you’ve always wanted to be a doctor.” It’s true that he’d aspired to being a doctor since he was very young, but how would Rin have known that?

Another thing was the strange nicknames, “scaredy four-eyes” and even “constellation chest”. Did Rin know that he had been teased mercilessly for being a cowardly child? But more importantly… how did Rin know that Yukio thought the moles on his front chest resembled the big dipper to him? Either way he didn’t know whether to feel insulted or flattered by the name calling considering there was something strangely… intimate about it. Yukio shook his head wildly. Nothing good could come out of just speculation alone, he’d have to gather the courage to bring it up to Rin.

“I’m home!” he called out as he toed his shoes off.

“Welcome back!” a voice said from the kitchen.

Yukio smiled, it had been a long time since he had someone to welcome him back home. Ever since his elderly caretaker passed away the apartment had been eerily quiet. Even though Yukio knew that it was her time, he still missed her gentle nature and caringness. How could he not miss the woman who had raised him for the past eight years, whether they were related or not?

“I hope you’re hungry!” Rin chirped as he set the table with steaming hot dishes. Yukio’s mouth watered a bit as he sat down and waited for Rin to finish.

As they started eating Yukio noticed something different with Rin. He looked somewhat chipper yet reserved and thoughtful, “Hey, Rin, did anything happen while I was gone?”

Rin looked up a bit startled, “Oh, it’s just that I met with a very interesting man today,” he gave Yukio one of those beautifully remorseful smiles, “I’m hoping that you two may be able to meet someday.”
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

In which Rin contemplates Yukio and makes a plain to set up a meeting with himself and the Paladin

Chapter Notes

Sorry for not working on this for awhile! I've been trying to nail down stylistic choices and such. Stuff like point of view. I think I'm going to keep it third person but switch main characters every chapter. I have a direction for most of the story arch, I've just gotta figure out the details. I'm also thinking of changing the summary and tags, but we'll see.

Rin always thought that when he managed to return to Assiah and reunite with his family that he would have to somewhat suppress his demonic traits, or at least pretend to be sheepish about them. This wasn’t the case at all with Yukio, he practically loved the fact Rin was a demon. He constantly asked questions, wanted to see his powers, and reminded him that he didn’t need to hide his tail around the house. Rin was embarrassed but flattered by all the attention. He would’ve accused Yukio of exotifying him if he didn’t think that, despite his lack of memories, Yukio genuinely cared about him.

Rin never really thought about what summoning would be like, he never thought it’d be possible for him, but he certainly wasn’t expecting this. Yukio had yet to give him a single binding order. Not that Rin wanted that to happen, he was just curious as to exactly how much his younger brother knew. Perhaps not too much considering he summoned a demon purely out of curiosity.

He chuckled under his breath as he loaded the laundry out. The fact that he was summoned by his own brother and that once again they were living under the same roof was no coincidence at all. “Fate’s funny like that,” he mumbled under his breath, now folding Yukio’s shirts on the bed. When Rin was younger he always tried to refuse fate, he wanted to feel in control for once. However, with fate being such a large part of demon culture, Rin eventually adopted the philosophy. It didn’t hurt that destiny seemed to be on his side as of late.

Which made him think. If things were to more or less return to how they were, weren’t they still missing their own father? When Rin had inquired as to who was taking care of Yukio he was surprised by the answer. Not only had Yukio been living alone for the past four months but his caretaker all this time had been an elderly woman Rin had never heard of. They weren’t exactly children anymore but 15 was still too young to be supporting oneself. He closed the now full dresser drawer in determination. It was time to find his father.

Luckily, Rin’s father was famous among both worlds. Rin knew that he was the Paladin, possibly the strongest exorcist alive. He also knew that he was probably assigned to the Japanese branch as he
was, well, living in Japan. Rin also knew that the Japanese branch was connected to the school his "uncle" cherished so; True Cross Academy.

Rin frowned at the barrier stopping him from entering the campus and surrounding town. He couldn't see it, but he could feel it, like a weird reverse magnetism that left him with a headache. It's not that he couldn't break through, it was that doing so would get him noticed by him and he didn’t know what would happen if he knew about him being in Assiah. Rin sighed, he would have to do this the hard way.

It took awhile to come up with a plan that would lure the Paladin out. He wanted something big, but not so big that droves of exorcists would come down from helicopters like he was a bomb about to set off, also he didn’t want to hurt anyone. He finally realized the most likely plan was to do something that would cause the order to want an investigation. That way there would be fewer people and it would be easier to get his father alone. Rin thought about all the warning signs of dangerous demons and how he could imitate before his eyes widened. He loathed the idea of risking his cover so early but he felt there was no better way to get the Paladin to take a personal interest in the case.

Rin had known of the abandoned building near the monastery, he used to be so tempted to play in them when he was little. He never managed as Shirou never allowed, now the fact that he was planning a trap for him in the very same building made him feel giddy with deviance. He took candles, scrap wood, trash, anything he could burn and placed them all by the windows. He spontaneously lit all of them, causing an eerie glow in the night.

The first night nothing happened and he gave up by three in the morning. Nobody came the second night either. Rin cursed under his breath, he wanted to be subtle yet obvious but now realized that it was a bit contradictory. A part of him wanted to burn the whole building down in blue but he knew that patience would be the wiser choice.

On the third night he sensed humans around the block. That in of itself would not have been a strange thing, these parts always had an occasional homeless person. It was the fact that they were moving in a highly coordinated manner, multiple stopping at the outskirts of the block where there were alleyways only for the rest to proceed inward. Rin smiled from his hiding place. The fun was about to begin.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Tell me what direction you want this to go in a review, it'd make my day.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

In which Rin is as off putting and offensive as ever and Shirou has to face his demon(s) in a hipster cafe

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait! Enjoy this slightly longer chapter. I've got the writing style down for the most part. I'm going to try to make each chapter switch POV but will always be third person limited (which means only the thoughts of the protagonist is available to the reader). The same events will not be replicated with a different POV (because I personally find reading that a bit on the boring side) I hope this will force me to not turn this fic into an entire Rin fest (afterall the fic was originally meant to be from Yukio's POV). I'm not going to announce who is the protag for each chapter unless people tell me it's confusing otherwise.

Also, I decided which ships I wanna use, tags and rating WILL be updated (and maybe summary). Thanks for reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Shiro was worried, very worried. He didn’t know what would’ve required Satan to stick around for a full three days in the same place but he wasn’t excited to find out. He had dreaded seeing the blue flames again after Rin got taken away. A part of him hoped he could deal with the being, another part of him suspected that that was exactly what Satan was looking for. He shivered in the cold of the night.

Apparently the fire department never got called because the flames looked to be like controlled candle light rather than a rampaging disaster, thank god. The caller assumed it was trespassing and the police got a hold of the case. The Japanese Branch had done a good job of making sure that there was someone who could see demons among the police departments.

And so here he was, an earpiece buzzing low static into his head as he peered around the corner and felt his stomach sink. His comrades had already entered the abandoned building when another source of light caught his eye. To his left, down the alley, was a single tiny blue flame. He was inexplicably drawn to it and glanced around before approaching.

When he got too close the flame started moving. Fujimoto frowned, he was starting to realize this was all a setup for him. He knew nothing good would come from this but he wasn’t going to ignore a summons from Satan himself, not if it meant he was closer to getting his son back.

The flame finally stopped in the middle of a narrow alleyway before extinguishing. Every one of Shirou’s muscles tensed in anticipation as he stood stalk still, hand resting on top of his holster. When he heard something land on the floor behind him he turned around with his shotgun pointed with practiced ease.
“Wait! Don’t shoot!” the voice of a teenage boy shouted. Shirou squinted in the dark; the kid had his hands up but beyond that with the flames gone he couldn’t see much.

He lowered the gun, “You really shouldn’t be here, kid.” Didn’t the order have the police clear the area before hand? How was he going to explain the whole old man in a trench coat with a shotgun thing?

“Are you serious? You don’t recognize me, either? Fucking hell, first Yukio and now you? It’s like I never existed!” as the boy continued ranting Shirou’s eyes widened.

“Rin?”

“Fucking finally I—” Rin didn’t get to finish his speech before his father closed the distance and enveloped him in a hug. His eyes became glassy as he was reminded of when Yukio had summoned him only two weeks ago.

The moment was ruined by the buzzing of the Paladin’s earpiece, “Sir, the flames have suddenly all disappeared.”

Rin took a step back, “Look, this obviously isn't the best time,” he thrust a slip of paper into his father’s hand, “Meet me at that cafe tomorrow at 3 pm.”

Shirou strained his eyes, unable to read it with the light available but when he looked up to ask his son was already gone.

The cafe was a quaint and charming coffee place with dark wood tables and overstuffed armchairs, the walls lined with old framed newspaper articles. Shirou saw his son in the daylight for the first time and his breath caught in his throat. There was no mistaking that black hair and those unique dark blue eyes that were a color that's unable to be found in nature. He also couldn't ignore how the pointed tips of his ears peeked out from his short but tousled hair.

The priest swallowed the lump in his throat and approached the armchair Rin was lounging on, legs swaying off of the left arm and head hanging upside down on the right. Even upside down he was holding a book and reading; *The Odyssey* Shirou managed to make out the title.

“I know you know that you shouldn’t sit in chairs like that, especially if they’re not your own.”

Rin frowned before setting his book on the coffee table and adjusting himself into a more appropriate position, feet on the ground. He dug through his messenger bag hanging from his two-sizes-too-big turtle neck to fish out an intricately woven knot make of what seemed like very long strands of human hair, “Here, take this.”

Shirou was, obviously, unsettled by this. The expression on Rin’s still androgynous face seemed sincere enough. He hated holding suspicions against his own son, but he had not prepared himself for this situation. He had either imagined himself rescuing Rin back when we was still a child or having to fight him when he became an adult sucessfully raised by Satan. Rin, at the age of 15, was really neither of those things.

“You know, if you don’t sit down soon, you’re going to look weird,” the teen motioned to the chair next to his.

The Paladin nodded before sitting down, a grave expression still on his face. He eyed the contraption that Rin was still holding out to him and, in his mind, reaffirmed the decision he made last night that he was going to accept the risks if it meant there was any chance of Rin being able to stay by his
side. He took the knot before pocketing it.

“Try to keep that on your person as much as possible,” he then leaned forward, his face coming much closer to Shirou’s than before and looked in his eyes for a few intense moments before leaning back into his chair, “You’re probably wondering how I got here.”

He nodded.

“I don’t know how it’s possible, but Yukio summoned me,” he shrugged and picked up The Odyssey again, “Have you ever read this one? It’s kinda on the long side but it’s also kinda like an acid trip. Also don’t ruin the ending for me, I wanna see whether or not he makes it back home from the nymphs.”

Shirou frowned at the way Rin quickly and carelessly paved over his immediate concern with conversational but useless small talk. It strongly reminded him of another demon he knew… “No, I haven’t,” he didn’t mean to sound so curt but so much about this reunion rubbed him the wrong way.

“Really?” he frowned at the cover, “I could’ve sworn that I heard this book was wildly popular here…”

The Paladin’s shoulders relaxed somewhat with hearing his son’s outward expression of befuddlement, “Rin, that book’s practically ancient, no one reads it unless they have to.”

The teen let out a quiet chuckle, “You’re supposed to be happy with the fact that I’m actually reading, old man,” it was the first time he had addressed the man as his father. He threw the book back on the table with a huff, “I guess I’ll just have to look for contemporary reading recommendations online or something.”

“Rin,” the priest’s voice dropped an octave in seriousness, “Is Yukio okay?”

“Well, yeah, he’s fine. Oh!” Rin’s face looked like a lightbulb was just turned on, “He told me his caretaker recently passed away. And he apparently doesn’t remember anything about me, or you, from what I’ve gathered.”

Shirou’s entire body went cold. He knew that when he decided to hide Yukio from the world of demons and exorcists that he had to cut off contact but he never expected to hear that it was like he had never existed in the mind of his youngest son.

“Oh yeah, and no matter what I try he can’t see demons,” the boy continued to rattle on as if unaware of his father’s tortured thoughts.

“What?” he uttered, being thrown from his inner speculation.

“Yeah, it’s pretty weird. He can see me because I’m humanoid and all but, like, I cut him a bit in his sleep, and nothing. At first I though ‘OK, I mean I AM only half demon’ but I even convinced a hobgoblin to try and nick him and he just looked down and said, ‘oh, must’ve bumped my leg into something’ it’s the weirdest fucking thing I’ve ever seen.”

The man sat in silence for a moment trying not to openly show his disbelief in the form of a hanging jaw. Not only was Rin admitting to plotting to inflict Yukio with, even a small amount of bodily harm, in order to get him to see demons again, but he was speaking about his own demonic nature in a casual tone not dissimilar to how it would sound like if he was recounting a conversation with a peer. He had felt conflicted about giving Yukio the eye drops provided by Mephisto, about forcing his son to unsee something that he had been able to see since birth. The severity of Shirou’s past decisions weighed down on him not for the first time. He tried not to second guess himself for the
sack of living but he could never allow himself to forget his past.

“Hey,” Rin’s face was, once again, a bit too close to his own, eyebrows scrunched in scrutiny, “Stop looking so fucking guilty, like I said, Yukio’s fine.” He leaned back into a more appropriate distance from the man sitting kitty corner to him, “You should come visit sometime,” he rummaged through his messenger bag before withdrawing a folded up slip of paper, “This is our address and there’s also the number to the landline if you want to call,” he winked, “Dinner’s on me.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for all the kudos and subs and reviews, my expectations for what little I had posted were quite meager, so I'm quite happy to be proven wrong! I hope to hear from you guys in the future (even if you roast my ass).
Yukio watched in amazement as Rin happily vacuumed the floors. He briefly wondered if the demon world had such appliances, otherwise Rin seemed to possess this strange sixth sense regarding how to use modern contraptions... even when all his other ideas about Japanese culture seemed a little off. He could hear multiple pots cooking on the stove, “Geez, you’re busier than normal,” he smiled. “What’s the occasion?”

Rin stopped and stared at him blankly for a moment before he nearly jumped with realization, suddenly looking sheepish, “I, um, forgot to tell you,” he scratched his head and grinned, “we have a guest over for dinner.”

Yukio almost tripped over the vacuum cord, “We what?”

“Yeah, I think I mentioned him before. Don’t worry, he’s cool.”

“Rin! I’m not…” his dragged his hand down his face, “I’m not worried about whether or not he’s cool. It’s just… I know you mentioned that, like, demons are honor bound and shit and that they usually don’t pull anything weird but, well, humans aren’t like that, Rin! They commit crimes all the time! You should know, you’ve been glued to the cable news since you got here.”

Rin leaned his forearms on the vacuum, “Master, if crime was as commonplace as you claim it is then it would not be considered news, now would it?”

Yukio’s jaw dropped. Was his familiar actually giving him sass over inviting a complete stranger to their home? “Rin, you probably hardly know this guy…”

“Actually, I do know this man, which is precisely why I invited him. It is you who does not know this man, which is why you fear him,” he walked over and patted Yukio’s shoulder. “And I think he is quite worthy of getting to know, and you will soon see why.”

The younger teen’s shoulders lowered in defeat, “Fine. What’s our guest’s name?”

“Fujimoto Shirou, he is a priest,” the demon walked backed to the vacuum and was about to turn it back on when Yukio voiced his surprise.

“A priest? You invited a priest?” It’s not that the bespeckled teen had any problem with clergymen, but to hear that his friend from hell had become buddies with one, it was almost too much to process.

Rin shot him a puzzled look, “I’ve observed that it is actually commonplace for the congregation to invite the local priest for dinner. Afterall part of their responsibilities is to provide guidance for members of the community.”
Yukio was no longer worried about the nature of their guest but he was still equally bewildered as before, “Okay, sure, but Rin! Where in the world did you meet a priest?”

The demon’s eyebrows furrowed, “... in a church?” He shrugged, “I was exploring the city and decided to attend the service there.”

The tamer leaned against the wall behind him for support, “But … how? Don’t things like crosses … repulse you?”

Rin couldn’t help but chuckle, “Only if I want them to.”

To say that there was an awkward tension at the table would be an understatement. Being under a kotatsu on a carpeted floor was usually an enjoyable experience for Yukio but in this moment it felt like he was burning up.

Rin had definitely gone overboard, there was enough for at least six people. Yukio wondered if his familiar was used to cooking for large groups and had been holding back this entire time. The fact that all of the dishes barely fit on the small tabletop only added to the brunette’s embarrassment.

The funny thing was, Yukio could almost swear that Father Fujimoto was trying to hide a smile as he was eating. The teen watched him as the priest turned to Rin, “Your cooking has greatly improved.”

The demon cackled, “Oh, gee, I sure hope so.”

Yukio’s eyebrows raised up, “Rin’s cooking has always been pretty good.” How would he have known about Rin’s cooking, anyways?

Fujimoto stiffened before looking him in the eye, “Speaking of which how do you and Rin know each other? You two seem thick as thieves.”

The teen chewed on his cheek, it felt almost like he was purposely putting Yukio on spot in revenge for him doing the same. Perhaps not, it was a completely normal question considering Rin went through the trouble of cooking up a buffet for someone he wasn’t even related to. But, then again, it was entirely possible as he watched Rin hide a grin behind his hand. The tamer glared at his familiar.

Rin lowered his hand from his face, “This is Yukio’s apartment, but I live in this building, too. We’ve known each other since we were young.”

Yukio felt his temperature go back down to a reasonable level as Rin’s lie smoothly slid right off his tongue. The teen felt a sliver of distrust develop for his new friend.

The priest offered a smile that didn't quite reach his eyes as he wiped his hands with a napkin, “Well, I already know quite a bit about Rin, I was hoping to learn some more about you.”

Yukio fiddled with his fingers underneath the table, hoping the other wouldn’t notice his fidgeting, “Of course.”

“Are you planning on attending high school this coming school year?”

“Yes, I’ve been accepted into True Cross Academy, I have a full ride scholarship.”

Shirou coughed on his food in surprise and Rin patted his back with a grin.

“What? What’s wrong?” Yukio furrowed his brows.
“Nothing, I was just surprised, I teach there.”

“But … I thought you were a priest?”

He cleared his throat, “The True Cross Academy is funded by a Christian organization, they try to keep a good relationship with the local churches.”

“What do you teach?”

Rin piped up, much to Shirou’s dismay, “Theology.”

He gave the noisy teenager the side eye, “You wouldn’t end up in one of my classes unless you were registered for the specific program.”

“Oh,” Yukio looked down at his food thoughtfully, “I see.”

The priest gave him a gentle smile and took a final sip of his water, “This has been a wonderful dinner, but it’s time that I return home.”

“Oh!” Rin said excitedly, “Let me walk you back to the station!”

Shirou walked to the front door, Rin by his side, and turned around, “It was very nice meeting you, Watanabe-kun. I hope we may see each other again.”

“Yes,” the teen tried to bring up his most convincing smile, “that would be nice.”

As Yukio was finishing up his nightly ritual he noticed a little demon peering at him through the doorway. Rin had this interesting idea of privacy, the other teen came to realize. If he had the door closed his familiar wouldn’t even knock on it to tell him that dinner was ready or that someone had called the landline, almost as if it worked like a giant, glowing ‘do not disturb’ sign. For that reason he rarely had his door closed anymore, but even when it was open Rin would not step into his bedroom unless explicitly invited inside and would silently wait for permission. Yukio wondered if it was a cultural thing, if Rin was being overly cautious, or if that old vampire myth about needing an invitation extended to all demons. He hoped it wasn’t the last one.

“Rin, come in,” he smiled and sat down in his desk chair. His bespectled face turning blue from the computer screen.

The shorter teen took a couple steps inward and then stopped, his hands behind his back.

Yukio felt nervous at Rin’s behavior but tried to stay casual, “What’s up?”

His face lit up with a genuine smile, “I just wanted to talk to my master!”

“Oh? What about?”

The young demon cast his gaze away, “whatever you want to talk about.”

The brunette sighed and rubbed his eyes underneath his glasses. That was code for ‘Rin wants something but isn’t going to outright say it’. Yukio would have to guess. He almost felt too tired to play this game but he knew Rin was just trying to be less burdensome, trying to be expressive but passive at the same time, “Father Fujimoto seems like a nice guy.”

Rin nodded, still seeming a bit distracted, “He is.”
Okay, since Rin didn’t take the opportunity to mention how he was somehow able to rope the poor man into another awkward dinner party on the way to the subway, it wasn’t that. Yukio almost never gets it on the first try, anyways, “I know you got very excited when you discovered YouTube. I’ll be at work tomorrow. You should use the computer to research human culture while I’m gone.”

He offered a small smile that didn’t reach his eyes, “That is a very generous offer, Master.”

It wasn’t the computer, either? Yukio tried to wrack his brain, thinking about the nice warm bed waiting for him when he finished. And then it hit him and he felt guilt curdle in his stomach, “Rin,” he frowned, “I feel bad about having you sleep on the couch for all this time. I should’ve moved her stuff out by now but it’s —”

Rin flailed his hands in denial, “No! Yukio! It’s okay, it’s not necessarily that I want to sleep in a bed.”

Oh no, back to square one again, “Is it your chores?”

“What? No!” Rin was getting visibly agitated, “It’s just that, well …” he looked down at his feet.

“Well?” Yukio could not help him anymore, his familiar was going to have to spit it out.

“You see, in demon culture it’s typical for … families to all share a bed.”

It took a second before Yukio’s eyes widened, “You … consider me as family?”

Rin nodded with a warm smile.

Yukio felt his vision blur for a second. The only person he had known as family was in an urn locked inside the other bedroom of the apartment. The fact that he had found summoning instructions, an article of the utmost authenticity that he had spent years searching for, so shortly after the death of his elderly adoptive mother seems so coincidental.

“It’s fate,” Rin murmured almost too softly for Yukio to hear. He then walked closer to his tamer and smiled, “May I sleep in your bed with you?”

The younger chuckled. He knew it was going to be a tight fit but Rin was on the lean side and Yukio had been thinking up ways to get the demon more comfortable around him, anyways, “Of course.”

After they had both laid in bed and found a comfortable position, Rin’s tail wrapped around the tamer’s leg. They simply laid in the darkness for awhile before Yukio spoke up, “Goodnight, Rin.”

“Goodnight, Yukio.” And that was the first time he had called the teen by his first name in private.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! Please remember to leave a kudo or a comment, they make me very happy!

I love how Rin will switch from demanding and sassy to coy and innocent (it's his secret weapon). I would say that my interpretations of Rin’s and Yukio’s personalities in this fic would be that Rin is still very much for justice and protecting those around him but his experiences in Gehenna has shaped his philosophy quite a bit (but not necessarily in
a bad way) and he has learned to be smart about things (for the most part). I feel like cannon Yukio has problems with having healthy relationships with people but instead of occasionally appearing to be an apathetic asshole, this Yukio will be socially awkward because he is a geek. This Yukio is actually TOO trusting and it will probably bite him in the butt (just saying).

Also, I've been watching a lot of American Horror Story and it's really helped me tie some themes in the later plot together. Meaning this fic will definitely have some horror elements in it and I can't wait to write it! (again rating and tags will be updated)

Until next time~
In which Shirou goes on a solo mission and hopes he doesn’t completely ruin it by bringing Rin.

“Whoooo! Roadtrip!” the young teen with messy hair cheered in the passenger seat.

The Paladin tried his best not to roll his eyes, “Rin, this is a mission, not a roadtrip.”

He chuckled, “If you didn’t want to have any fun then wouldn’t have brought me. Unless this is your attempt at ‘bring your kid to an exorcism day’.”

Shirou couldn’t help the grin that spread across his face, “There’s no such thing and you know it.”

The teen feigned a gasp, “Next thing you’re going to tell me is that you actually keep me around for my personality, lies.”

The older man couldn’t help but give a laugh at that before the car fell into comfortable silence for awhile. The city soon gave away to suburbs, houses becoming fewer and fewer in between and trees sprouted out to fill the spaces, “Where are we going?”

Shirou was surprised he hadn’t asked earlier, it was obvious that they had left Tokyo awhile back, “We’re going to an inn.”

“Well, yeah, I would hope we’re staying at an inn, but where are we going?” the teen had his head propped with his hand in typical sassy teenage fashion.

“Like I said, this trip isn’t for pleasure. The inn is the destination.”

“Okay … what are we doing at the inn?”

Part of Shirou wanted to correct Rin that he would be doing his mission but resisted doing so. He knew this was an awkward excuse for a family excursion but he hoped Rin would go along with it, “There’s a haunting. The innkeeper says it’s her daughter.”

Rin’s head piqued up in interest, “How did she die?”

“Said she drowned in the lake nearby, she was only nine.” Shirou debated having told his son this as the silence stretched on for far longer than was comfortable, a far away look had taken residence in his son’s eyes, “I don’t expect you to do anything, just so you know.”

The teen waved him off, “It’s not that, it’s just sad, is all.”

The priest hummed in agreement.
When they arrived at the inn half an hour later Mashita was waiting for them at the front desk and waved them over. After somewhat awkward introductions in which Rin was simply given the title of “My apprentice” the young woman went into the event that lead up to her realizing that her daughter was still a part of this world.

“You know,” she sighed looking at the wall behind Shirou’s and Rin’s heads, “I can’t help but feel that it’s my fault. I wouldn’t let anyone else manage the inn and I let her play outside alone …”

Shirou repressed a sigh, dealing with people was a large, if not unhighlighted part of the job, “Ma’am, plenty of parents purposely install pools knowing the possible risks. You couldn’t drain an entire lake, especially since the area is known for it.”

“If you won’t move on, she won’t either,” Rin stared straight through this woman in a way that made the Paladin uncomfortable. He would’ve reprimanded him if he couldn’t see that it seemed to have a noticeable effect on Mashita.

Shirou took the keys, “We’ll start our preliminary search now, if that’s okay.”

She somberly nodded, “Your room is 103, enjoy your stay.”

Once they dropped their luggage in the room Shirou started to go into instructor mode, “I want you to do a basic perimeter with me. We’ve been given permission to check out locations that she frequented in life, like her bedroom. We’ll go to those places together and then, if we don’t find her, we’ll do a broader search all across the property.”

“So… you want me involved just enough that I help you with the dirty work but not anything actually exciting?” He muttered, arms crossed.

“Exactly,” he smiled with mirth, “Also, here,” he tossed a flip phone to Rin, “So you can contact me.”

“Wha?! It’s not even Christmas! Thanks dad!”

Shirou couldn’t help the spread of warmth at that, even though he felt that Rin was being sarcastic. As he watched Rin excitedly fiddle with it, he soon realized that his son’s reaction was genuine, “Rin, it’s just a prepaid disposable, it’s not even worth the price of the gas it took to get here.”

“Disposable?” he held it to his chest, “I’m not throwing it away. As a refresher, I missed the entire iPhone buzz, so I don’t care if it’s not touchable. I’ve always wanted a phone like this, anyways.”

He sighed, “First of all it’s ‘touch screen’, second of all do you understand how SIM cards work?”

The teen shook his head.

The man tried his best not rub his eyes beneath his glasses as he groaned, something that immediately reminded Rin of Yukio, “We’ll talk about this later. Point is, if you see the ghost, don’t interact with it at all. Call me first thing and I’ll come to where you are.”

“Alright, alright, I get it, find it, don’t talk to it.”

“Don’t do anything with it.”

“Except find it?” the demon grinned.

The priest knew by now that the teen was baiting him so he grabbed his arm dragging him through
They checked the bedroom and common room without any luck. The sun was starting to lower and the sky turned the evening orange. Rin was alone now, starting his search by begrudgingly following the outside wall of the inn. He let his thoughts drift as he listened to the cicadas and grasshoppers start to sing their nightly chorus. The nights in Gehenna sound different and he couldn’t help but let nostalgia pleasantly cloud his mind as he remembered playing outside with Yukio until it got dark. Afterwards they would be so tired that Rin wouldn’t want to sleep on the top bunk and would snuggle under the covers with his brother.

Just then Rin’s thoughts were interrupted when by a soft sniffling sound. He quickly looked around realizing it was coming from the small tool shed nestled near the border of the woods. As he walked toward it the sniffing turned into crying. By the time he got to the door the crying turned to sobbing and wailing that left Rin’s insides ice cold. He softly pushed the door open a crack and saw her. She had a short dark bob, a bright watermelon T-shirt and a matching green and red tutu. She was in an upright fetal position crying into her knees. She was completely drenched, constantly dripping as if she were in a rain storm, and yet there was no puddle beneath her, no signs of anything other than her getting wet.

Rin felt every atom of his being reaching out, wanting to comfort her, hold her against him and ask her what was wrong. With much effort he refrained, quietly stepping back and fishing his new phone out of his pocket, “Hey, I’ve found her, she’s in the tool shed to the south.” he said, far enough away that he could still hear Yuka but hopefully didn’t alert her. Though, he wondered, is it really possible for a ghost to be unaware of someone’s presence?

Ten minutes or so the teen spotted the exorcist trotting up to him, his hand firmly grasping his rosary, making the demon feel uneasy. Just as he walked past Rin the teen could no longer hear the crying, leaving an eerie emptiness in his ears. He watched Shirou suddenly push the door wide open to reveal … nothing.

“I …” Rin felt more uncomfortable by the second, “she was just here!” He defended himself.

“Rin,” the other grumbled, “calm down. It’s not like it’s uncommon for ghosts to pull a disappearing act.”

“Yeah …” he sighed.

Afterwards they returned to the room and got ready for bed. Rin had insisted on changing in the bathroom. Shirou had simply told him not to hog that bathroom. That was 15 minutes ago. “Rin?” he called out, knocking on the closed door, “Are you okay in there?” There was still no answer. Worry tightening around his chest he tested the doorknob, which was unlocked, and slowly pushed into the room.

He was greeted by the sight of Rin, dressed in PJ’s two sizes too big, starting expressionless in the mirror.

“Rin!” he barked.

“Ah!” the reaction was instant, the teen jumped a couple feet in the air before landing, his palms gripping the ends of his too long sleeves. “What was that for?!?”

“You’ve been in here for over 15 minutes.” he stated, hoping it would sink in.
“Oh,” the teen’s voice softened in realization, “Well, bathroom’s all yours!” He patted the man on the shoulder as he walked out.

Shirou couldn’t help the twist in his gut as he wondered what exactly was happening with Rin. This wasn’t the first “strange” behavior he’d observed, not by far, but it was definitely the most troubling. He tried to push it from his mind for a later date as he brushed his teeth. When he walked back into the room he saw Rin laying on his bed reading a paperback of *Carrie*, “We should both hit the hay, we’re continuing the search before dawn.”

“Before dawn?!” the teen exclaimed.

“Rin, ghosts have the highest probability of appearing at twilight, we already caught her at sunset, now we need to look again at sunrise.”

The demon dropped his book to the floor and groaned.

The priest suppressed a chuckle as he walked over to the lap and turned it off, “Goodnight.”

Shirou shivered awake, clutching his blanket. He didn’t remember the room being so cold. He groaned and rolled over before he quickly sat up to look at the clock hoping he hadn’t overslept. The alarm chose that moment to scream in his face as it hit the fourth hour, giving Shirou an unsettled feeling. He got up intending to nudge Rin awake only to see he wasn’t in bed. There was a note on top of the pillow ‘out to play’ hastily written in red crayon. His stomach instantly dropped and his chest clenched. He quickly got dressed and ran to the lake cursing internally the whole way there.

When Rin was woken up by a dripping little girl standing next to his bed he wasn’t scared, instead he felt relieved, “Why, hello there.”

“ … hi,” she said, tiny fists gripping the bottom hem of her drenched watermelon shirt. She had her head tilted down but her eyes still met the teen’s, “will you play with me?”

He gave a cautionary glance toward the other bed, “Sure, but we should leave a note for my dad.”

A note was quickly scribbled with paper and crayon that appeared out of thin air and the pair made it outside, Rin still in his oversized PJ’s. He felt the dewy grass tickle the soles of his feet and allowed himself a smile. He had convinced Yukio to sneak out during the night. He had never seen his brother dance and suspected that it was because of his shyness. “See?” he whooped as he jumped up, “The fireflies are dancing, too! They want you to join them!” After a little more coxing Yukio was jumping and spinning with the best of them, it almost made Rin jealous … almost.

While the teen was deep in thought, his small friend surprised him by tapping his arm, “You’re it!” he grinned and went in pursuit.

After a few games of hide and seek the girl once again became quiet and somber she took his hand and lead him to the lake. They both sat down against the strip of sand.

“It’s lonely out here by myself, I can’t go inside anymore.” the girl spoke into her knees as she and Rin sat by the shore.

“Why not?” he asked, genuinely interested.

“It … makes mommy upset,” she was barely keeping the choking weeping out of her voice, “She doesn’t want to see me anymore, because I’m dead.”
Rin nodded as he looked out on the water, the sky on the other side was glowing a hot pink with the incoming day, “She’s just worried, she just wants the best for you.”

“That’s … that’s what all grown-ups say.”

He couldn’t help but let out a chuckle at that, “Do I look like a grown-up?”

She looked at his face and squinted her eyes at him for awhile before muttering, “You look like a big kid.”

His smile widened, “That’s right, half-adult, half-kid, which basically means I get along with everyone.”

“Really?” she asked incredulously in a tone only children could muster.

“Of course, just ask my dad. I was practically born a diplomat!”

She giggled at his enthusiasm, “I want you to come with me.”

“Oh? Where?” Rin could sense Fujimoto walking up to them.

“To the lake bottom.” She flailed her arms in excitement, “We’ll get to play together everyday, and we won’t have to be alone!”

“Yuka … that’s …” He felt the urge to accept, to slowly sink to the bottom and watch the surface of the water move further and further as he drifted into a peaceful slumber, but, no, he had people who needed him, “That’s a nice offer but you know how your mom is worried about you? My dad would be worried, too. And he would really, really, miss me.”

She was on the verge of tears, he could tell.

“Yuka, yuka, don’t worry! I know you’re sad but the thing is you don’t have to stay here.”

“My mom will miss me if I go. She told me I was the only good thing left in her life;”

“I think she’ll understand. The place where you’re going, people aren’t sad there, it’s a better place for you. That’s why she’s sad when she sees you, because there’s a better place out there for you.”

She looked out over the lake again, the sun was shining gold, half risen.

“All you’d have to do is walk forward.”

She got up and toed the water before looking back, “You’re a weird kid, I hope you know that, Rin.”

He rolled his eyes, “Yeah, yeah, I’ve gotten that before.”

She smiled and started to walk across the lake, on top of the water. She turned into a black silhouette against the rising sun before she became transparent and the light shone within and through her. And then she was gone.

“Are you crazy?” Shirou, who had been watching from a good twenty feet away was no longer letting his presence be ignored.

Rin whined and covered his ear, “Daaaaaad, my hearing’s probably more sensitive than yours.”
He lowered his voice but the desperate tone did not lessen, “What were you thinking? What was the
first thing I told you about this mission?”

“… that it pertained to a haunting at an inn?”

“I was referring to the fact that you weren’t supposed to interact with the ghost in any circumstance.”

The teen crossed his arms, “I don’t get the big deal.”

“Rin! She could’ve developed poltergeist abilities. She could’ve dragged you into the water and
killed you before you even got the chance to scream.”

“She wouldn’t have done that.”

“Sure she used to be a little girl, but she’s not anymore.”

“Are you kidding me? You’re talking as if she’s not a person! Just because she’s dead doesn’t make
her a monster.”

“You’re not listening to me! She was potentially dangerous, they all are!”

“Even if she was, she had no intention of hurting me.”

“How could you know that?”

“How could you not!” Silence rang out as the sun finally turned white as if gave the horizon one last
caress, “I know that you’re not angry. You’re just scared, and I’m trying to explain to you why you
don’t have to be. There’s no reason to be afraid.”

The priest opened his mouth wanting to correct him and explain all the horrible things that could
happen but when he thought about the glimmer of hope Rin was giving him all that came out was,
“Let’s go home.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey, this chapter's a weird one. Tell me what you think so far! Next chapter we're going
back to more Rin and Yukio.
“Well, if it ain’t Watanabe-kun,” a sardonic voice greeted him.

Yukio wasn’t sure if he subconsciously looked for trouble or if it was always looking for him. Either way he often found himself in notable situations, “Shiratori, I don’t have time for this.”

“Actually, I get to decide whether or not you have time,” the white haired teen nodded and his two goons stepped out blocking both ends of the path.

Yukio gave off a sigh, “What do you want?”

“A little birdie told me you got a full ride to True Cross on the entrance exam alone.” He grinned too widely for his face.

“I’m attending the Academy, yes.” His back was straight and mouth set at a harsh line, he didn’t like where with was going.

“Yeah, but what about that entrance exam? It was the first time anyone had gotten a perfect on it, I heard.”

“That’s not true…” he protested quietly.

“I also heard that you had a little help,” he grinned wide, his teeth unusually white and jagged.

Yukio crossed his are vehemently, “Not—not everyone cheats, Shiratori!!”

The teen with white hair snapped his fingers and his goons grabbed Yukio’s bag, quickly dumping its contents onto the ground. Something caught Shiratori’s eye, a cerulean four sided die. He held it up to the overcast sky examining it, “Well, what do we have here? Is there a bug in it?”

“No, it’s just a normal die.”

“Then why does it look like a pyramid?”

The brunette threw his hands up, “That’s what a four sided die is, idiot!”

The teen’s expression quickly fell. He slowly stalked toward Yukio until they were chest to chest, “There’s no need to get angry, Yukio, we’re all friends here. Let’s help each other out.”

Yukio had a good half a foot on Renji but he between the backup goons, the previous violation, and Shiratori’s talent in threatening innuendo he found that he couldn’t help but be intimidated, “Why can’t you just leave me alone?”
The other stepped back and laughed, “Since you’re not being helpful, I’m just going to borrow your
die for awhile and see how it works.” he signaled his friends with a flick of the head before turning
and lazily waving, “See you around!”

Yukio looked down at mess of papers and text books laying on the ground and couldn’t stop his fists
from clenching. He was supposed to be the mild mannered one, the meek one, he didn’t like being
angry. But he also knew when he had been wronged. With a sigh and an immense desire to just go
home he started to collect his things.

Yukio was greeted by the familiar sound of Rin watching a crime procedural. During any other day
he would have chuckled and greeted Rin, but today he wanted to forget. He dropped his bag and
plopped onto the couch, staring at the television without really looking.

Rin turned to him, frowning, “Hey, what’s wrong?”

Yukio tried to ignore him and continued staring at nothing in particular.

Rin huffed and turned the TV off, “Hey, common’, you know you can tell me. I’m your familiar,
you can tell me anything!”

Yukio’s arms remained crossed when he muttered out, “He took it.”

“ Took it? Who took what?!?” Rin said excitedly.

“… my lucky die…” he said hesitantly, ready for the incoming teasing.

“What’s a lucky die?”

The bespeckled teen sighed, “Well, usually people have ‘lucky dice’ that give them the numbers they
need in, like, games. But I … well the idea in general is pretty stupid, but sometimes when I’m
having trouble deciding something, I roll it and see what number it lands on.” he looks away, “You
probably think I’m pretty weird, right?”

“No I don’t!” Rin was waving his hands about, “If anyone knows that items can hold power, it’s
demons! Heck, I gave you that protection charm, remember?”

“Oh, yeah,” Yukio pulled out the intricate knot made of long black hair of his bag and looked at it
for a moment, “No offence, Rin, but your ‘protection charm’ didn’t do anything to stop Reiji from
having his way with me.”

“That’s because the charm’s job isn’t to protect you from mere mortal pests ,” Rin grinned widely
and wrapped his arms around Yukio, “But that can be my job if you want it to.”

When Rin met Yukio’s bully he was not expecting him to be shooting pigeons with a freaking
crossbow for shits and giggles. As Rin felt pure glee radiating off of the boy with lavender hair Rin
realized that he was probably a sociopath. And Rin knew that there’s only a few ways to persuade a
sociopath.

“Oi! Shiratori! Don’t you even want to go pick on someone your own size?” Rin called out to him,
making Yukio flinch behind him.

The punk’s head whipped around, “Who the hell are you?”

The half demon grinned and pointed behind him, “I’m this guy’s bodyguard.”

Yukio was definitely sweating now. Not only was Rin baiting Reiji but Reiji had a ranged weapon and his two friends were still with him! As much as Yukio was angry before this is not a good idea, “Rin, maybe we should go…”

Rin looked up at him confused, “Why?”

“You should listen to your wimpy friend, pipsqueak. Even if Watanabe knew how to throw a punch you’d still be outnumbered.”

“Oh?” Rin stepped forward. Suddenly Shiratori’s two ‘friends’ were being dragged by their feet by invisible forced until they hit the chain fence surrounding the empty parking lot. “All I see is you.”

Shiratori’s crossbow and jaw both dropped as he cast disbelieving glances at his still struggling friends.

Rin walked forward and easily tackled him to the ground, keeping a light hold on Reiji’s throat, “Where is it?”

“Where’s what?!” Reiji squeaked out, obviously overwhelmed by his position.

Rin hadn’t thrown a punch in a while and felt like now was as good of a time as ever.

The teen coughed in surprise, “You mean the stupid die we stole from the nerd?”

Rin made the judgement call that he would allow himself one more punch in this interaction, he didn’t want anyone losing teeth today… even if Shiratori was a sociopath who deserved it. The pressure against his knuckles was as good as he always remembered.

“It-it’s in my left front pocket! Take it!”

“Why thank you!” Rin took a couple of moments getting a hold of the tiny die from Reiji’s ridiculously tight jeans, but when he finally got it he leaned back over Reiji and, making sure to flash his eyes bright blue, said, “And remember, if you touch a hair on that boy’s head again I will kill you, keep the good parts for myself, and sacrifice your entrails to the Old Gods, got it?”

He nodded his head frantically.

Rin’s tone took yet another drastic shift to friendly. “Well, okay! Thanks for the chat Reiji, it’s been fun, but I need to go feed the human slaves again. Can you believe they want multiple meals a day?”

Rin gets off of the other boy and, with a friendly wave, releases his hold on the goons, causing them to fall to the ground in exhaustive horror.

Yukio, having witnessed the entire scene, didn’t know whether to be scared or impressed, but as Rin approached him and handed him his lucky die back he was starting to lean towards impressed. With a light chuckle from Rin they made their way home.
“Hey, Yukio!” Rin called from the living room.

Rin got little more than a mumble from Yukio’s bedroom.

“I’m going out for a walk; It’s a full moon tonight!”

Yukio rolled his desk chair away from the computer into his bedroom doorway to look at Rin, “Is that a demon thing? Like, are demon’s behavior or libedos, or something affected by the moon phases? Or is it just werewolves? Are werewolves technically demons?”

Rin scratched the back of his neck, “Um, I’m not sure what werewolves are… or what the moon phases have to do with libedos. I just meant that the moon is pretty tonight!”

“Oh,” Yukio uttered sounding mildly disappointed.

Rin fidgeted with the too-long sleeves of Yukio’s borrowed jacket, “You can come with me if you want?”

“Sorry, Rin, I think I’ll pass for tonight; I’m still looking into what classes to take for this semester.”

“Oh, I’ll probably take a stroll too…”

“Okay! Have fun picking out classes! I’d recommend ceremonial wine making, if, uh, they offer that sort of thing. I promise not to stay out too late!” He quickly slipped on his shoes and was out the front door in the blink of an eye.

“Ceremonial wine making… ?”

A couple of weeks ago Yukio had shown him a parkour video. Ever since Rin couldn’t help but think of buildings like trees only… stonier. His first step is finding a spot without too many human, which is a challenge enough in Tokyo by itself. And then when he finds a suitable building he scales it as quickly as he can without falling. Sometimes he even uses the stopwatch function on his nifty new phone and becomes ecstatic whenever his beats his best time. Then he just sits there, on the roof, thinking while looking out at the starless night sky and city bustle below.

Usually he’s thorough enough in his initial selection that he doesn’t get interrupted but tonight a voice sounds behind him, “Well, lookie here, I can barely tell it’s you!”

Rin furrows his brows in confusion, “Shiratori?”

The other openly snorted, “Guess again.”

Reiji looked the exact same from this afternoon (minus the black eye) but his aura was completely different from before. He didn’t feel like a human or a demon; he felt like Ba’al. He felt like a Ba’al that Rin had met before, “Astaroth?”

Chapter End Notes

Aaaannnndddd, I'm back! Kinda, the guilt was getting to me, but I'm not giving up!!! I keep making plot points that are, like, tens of chapter ahead. BUT I CAN'T HELP IT. Also, yes, Rin's telekinesis is totally non-canon, but, like, it's a setup to a plot that's...tens
of chapters away...

Another thing, looking at the wiki for reference every so often, I'm realizing more and more that this is very much a Anime Manga mixed universe (since I've seen/read both and there's not a whole lot of answered questions, even when you combine them)

Also...did you like the Yukio and Rin chemistry this chapter? Please give feedback :)

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