

((Note: This whole story takes place during [chapter 11](#)..))

Kai stuffed their hands into their pockets as they stepped out from under an awning. "Jeez, that kid sure does love his rain. Pointlessly turns it on while fighting, keeps it on after. What a buzzkill. It was so nice out. Though... I suppose the gloominess does suit me better," the necromancer mused to themselves with a grin. Kai considered going outside the city to practice their magic. Especially with so many new toys in their collection. And the one they had to fix from the skirmish with Nick. *'He can't take a joke either. Though I suppose those people are the most fun. Quite easy to provoke.'*

"Hey, watch it!" Kai turned on their heel as there was a loud commotion. It seemed some dark-skinned man had crashed into a red-haired girl and started a fight. Kai sniggered, leaning against the window and watching.

When the situation quickly died down, the necromancer let out a little huff. They pushed off against the glass and muttered, "Disappointing; was hoping for more entertainment." The necromancer passed them up, exited the city and moved off into the woods. Practicing necromancy often alarmed people, so this was the safest option. The necromancer looked around to make sure no one was looking and raised the dragon corpse from the ground that had been bettered from their earlier battle. They frowned at its state. Stone had partially covered the dragon's limbs as it twitched on the ground. "Damn... hmm..." they muttered, reaching into their pouch. Kai retrieved a small vial of green liquid and poured a bit on each segment, emptying the vial. The stone melted away, freeing the undead dragon. "Now to do something about your.... appearance," the necromancer muttered, cracking their knuckles.

Kai looked around the woods; it was still clear. They raised their glowing green hands and ran the magic over the dragon's undead carcass. The scales slowly started to mend together, new muscle forming underneath it where needed. It was a slow process and took heavy concentration from the necromancer. Kai finished finally, the undead dragon looking healthy and normal. It was a short lived victory as the necromancer then slumped to the ground and panted. *'That needs more practice.... still takes so much energy,'* they thought with a frown. Kai leaned back in the grass, stretching out, "Mmm, so much quieter out here. And not raining."

Akuma watched as Nick came into the house muttering, "And she's gone." The mage plopped down on the couch and continued, "Or it rather."

Akuma scooted to the other end of the couch and snorted, looking off to the side. He grumbled, "So? What's the big deal? They or it as you call them seem to annoy you anyway. What does it matter?" The hybrid didn't like it in general since Nick seemed to make it rain whenever the necromancer was around. He didn't really understand how the mage held his anger phenomenally against him and yet this stranger nearly made him lose his mind.

Nick rolled his eyes. "Because Kai.... As he paused, Akuma cocked an eyeball at him. The mage leaned back into the couch where he closed his eyes, yawning. The hybrid perked again as Nick said, "Ah, because it seems like Kai has made it their life mission to annoy me to death."

Akuma simply snorted in response. *'Humans. They think everything revolves around them,'* he thought. "Tch," he sniggered quietly. "And they told me I had issues," he smirked.

The mage just stuck out his tongue and blew a raspberry. "Why don't you go get high off catnip or something?" he said sourly before rolling over and facing the wall of the couch. "Friggin' jiggling necromancer," he muttered under his breath.

The hybrid slit his eyes and growled, "Sure, I'd have a better time with that than your company." Akuma stood up and walked briskly to the door, opening it and leaving out the door. He glared at the clouds, making sure it wasn't going to rain again. When all seemed clear, he continued walking, peering in windows as he went along. *'What do they even need with all this stuff?'* he thought, furrowing his brow at the things inside the buildings. There were TVs, toys and other sorts that seemed pointless to a dragon.

Kai walked briskly from the city in silence, hands stuffed in their pockets. The necromancer walked out to the river where there was a small wooden house. A shack would be a more appropriate name. It looked as if it were over 100 years old, the wood worn and the windows cracked on the panes. The door looked as if it were on its last legs. "Home sweet home," the necromancer chuckled, walking inside. The floorboards creaked under their feet. The inside was simply wooden. An area rug was strewn to the side by a little fireplace and couch. A bed sat off in another corner with a nightstand close by. Around the corner was a small kitchen with a little cafe table to match. Back in the living room, there was a wooden table in the center strewn with a cauldron and potion supplies. Cupboards were underneath, housing more supplies. Shelves lined the walls with a china hutch in the corner. The shelves and hutch were fill with valuable gems and artifacts, looking out of place in the worn house.

"I'm home," Kai chirped, not bothering to remove their shoes. "Just stopping in to refill my potions," they continued, standing over the cauldron and mixing ingredients in. Kai stepped back, letting it simmer. "I got something for you today," they laughed, knowing 'got' meant 'stole'. They took a gold chain from their pocket that was studded with emeralds. The necromancer walked across the room, setting it on the nightstand. Next to the nightstand sat a rocking chair. A young woman in her late twenties sat stone still staring ahead with a blank expression. Her hair was blonde like Kai's, but much longer. She had blue eyes that seemed to lack a twinkle. The woman's breathing was content, but she didn't seem to notice Kai's presence. The necromancer didn't seem fazed by this, smiling and skipping to the cauldron. They picked up a spoon, starting to stir the mixture. "I made a friend today. He's another mage..." They paused for a bit. "Ok, maybe we're not friends. But you said I should try to get some

friends, right?" they asked, laughing. No response. "Well actually, he said I was a terrible person; that I'm not wanted. You don't think so....right, mum?" Kai asked, smiling. Silence again. Kai's hands trembled for a moment before stilling again. They finished the mixture in silence, pouring a bit into one of their vials and corking it.

Kai refilled their other vials before walking back to the door. "I'll be back sometime tonight... probably," they said simply as they stepped outside and closed the door behind them. *'Better decide where I wanna hit tonight,'* they thought, walking the ways back to town. They stared at the cobblestone road as they walked, pondering. Glancing up, Kai saw a bar. Shrugging, the necromancer walked inside and sat down at the bar.

The bartender approached, "What'll it be?..." He seemed put off, probably unable to tell Kai's gender like most people.

Kai came across this problem daily, but had never really thought about doing anything to solve it or correct people. It almost seemed like a game anymore. Not that the necromancer cared if they guessed it, Kai was more interested in necromancy than dating like most people their age. "Beer," they said simply, pulling a small book from their pouch and reading. The bartender set a bottle of beer on the counter, popping the lid off before pushing it to them. Kai took a drink before looking back to the book intently. They kept on reading, ordering more beers as they went along. Four empty bottles were strewn about the counter. Kai had a fifth in hand. Taking a swig, the necromancer set the bottle down for a moment to squint at the book. The letters seemed to be running over the page by now. A moment later, Kai wobbled in the bar stool and slid off, thumping onto the floor and rattling nearby glasses on tables.

The bartender chided, "Think that's enough for ya, lad."

Kai grumbled, "And what do you know? I'm paying you, aren't I?" The necromancer looked at the book again, glaring at it as they realized they haven't been able to read it for the past 10 minutes. Grumbling, they stood up and stuffed the book into their pouch, retrieving a gold shilling and flipping it onto the counter. Kai nabbed the remaining fifth beer and waddled to the door, swinging it open. They stumbled out into the road, wincing at the sudden change in light. The sun seemed especially bright since it was late afternoon. The necromancer grunted, heading between two buildings and to some shade.

Kai stumbled into the alley way, grabbing and leaning over a trash can for support. The necromancer stayed there a moment, breathing heavily to catch their breath. Their brow furrowed, hearing a certain mage shout after them, "HEY YOU!" He ranted, "Why would you do that!? I mean I know you like making my life miserable, but come on! Cut me a break why don't you? I can't even leave my house now, can I?"

The necromancer pushed off the cans and whipped around. Kai's eyes adjusted, settling on Nick's form. They flinched, dropping the beer bottle, the glass shattering on the ground and the contents spewing everywhere. "Oh ho ho, that's just great. I'm supposed to avoid you and you're fucking everywhere. Whose problem is that hmm?!" they shouted, pointing at the mage. "Shouldn't you be home kissing that

kid's ass? Go seethe somewhere else! I've got *hic* work to do!" they ranted. Kai shoved their way down the road, tripping once and getting back to their feet, continuing along.

Nick shouted, "Work to do? By work do you mean paint your bathroom mirror with vomit? Because you're so drunk off your ass that's the only thing you're going to get done."

Kai weaved about and sputtered, "Ha, even the stupid immortal doesn't know how to make a simple potion to cure that. Figures as much."

The mage bellowed, "And to think that I felt bad, that I was going to apologize! WELL FUCK YOU AND FUCK APOLOGIZING!"

The necromancer stumbled to a stop. "Apologize?" they slurred, confused. They turned, only to be nailed in the face by a ball of cold water. The necromancer stumbled back and fell over again, cracking the back of their head on the stone ground. Kai ground their teeth, glaring at the clouds as they felt the back of their head. A few specks of blood, nothing serious by their standard. Well, that and a killer headache. "Tch," they rubbed their head as they sat up, smearing the blood through the back of their blonde hair. Kai got to their feet, not bothering to wipe the bloodied hand; not like they much noticed in their drunken state. "Thanks. I'm a terrible person. I deserve that. You're a great person. You must be so proud. Obviously, I don't deserve to be in your presence, your highness," Kai spoke loudly to gather attention of passersby. The necromancer bowed at Nick flamboyantly. They then turned, wobbling away down the road toward the city gates, leaving a long trail of water as they went along.

Kai stumbled about the road, drawing some attention because of the puddle and bleeding. A couple human guards at the gates gave the necromancer odd looks. Kai said, "I'm fine, jeez. Why do you all have to STARE? Never seen blood before?" They wobbled through woods and back to the house. The door opened and closed as their shadow walker dragon slithered into Kai's shadow. "Well that's just great, it's not stopping," Kai growled, touching the back of their head again. Looking around to make sure no one was nearby, they stripped down and eased into the river. They groaned, gritting their teeth as the cold water touched the injured area. Blood washed down the stream as Kai rinsed out their hair too. Feeling a bit light headed, they sank in the water. The shadow walker grabbed the necromancer's arm with his tail, pulling his master out of the river and dropping a towel by them. Kai dried off and redressed. "Well... how does it look?" they asked, turning their head for the dragon to see. The dragon made a series of clicks. "Good," Kai breathed, laying in the grass. "Can't even drink in peace, can I? Guess I should be used to this by now, being a necromancer. Master seems to just enjoy being knocked around," they shuddered. "Creepy by my standards."

Kai rolled to their side, pushing themselves up to their feet. The shadow walker did what he could to help as Kai fumbled along only to flop back into the grass after a few steps. This time, they had effectively passed out. Sighing, the dragon sank into the necromancer's shadow. A while later, a certain mage's loud bellowing woke Kai from their slumber, "Hello, Kai, are you there?"

The necromancer groaned quietly, grabbing their head that was now in intense pain from the alcohol and the injury. "Fucking hell..." Kai hissed angrily. They considered laying still, but remembered there wasn't anything around to hide behind. Kai rolled onto their stomach and pushed themselves onto their knees, glaring over at Nick. "And what the fuck do you want? Because let's see. You've already announced how much you hate me, told me to get out, stalked me to the bar where you then assaulted me. What's next? Come to burn my fucking house down? God damn, I may be the necromancer but you're the real creep here. Get away." Nick slouched slightly under the torrent of profanity directed at him. Kai fumbled forward, tripping into the river with a splash. Nick gasped and rushed forward to see if they were alright. They clawed at the grass on the other side, narrowly pulling themselves out. "Fucking fuck you shitty fucker. Why don't you go fuck yourself with a fucking dildo, you fucking bastard," Kai yelled at the ground as their headache pain increased. The necromancer flopped onto the ground on their side, taking heaving breaths and facing the other way.

Kai felt their limbs tremble from a multitude of things. Probably mostly from the chilly air of the evening. They stared forward, glaring at the grass as Nick stated his intentions, "I came here to apologize."

"Well you can cram it. The last apology you thought of giving me ended up with me being maimed. I don't really care if you hate me or not. I don't care about you. Nor your kid. Nor your crummy apology." Kai forced themselves up onto their legs, their legs shaking in effort to stay balanced all the way. Nick avoided eye contact during the onslaught of harshness. The pain of Kai's head was only aided by a pang of something they felt in their chest. Getting to the medicine meant going past the mage, something they wanted to avoid at all costs right now. "You hate my guts, so don't suddenly start acting like you care. You either hate me or you don't. And from what I've seen, you certainly seem to hate me a lot. So why don't you turn around and go back the way you came. Settle into your nice, cozy house and forget about the necromancer that isn't wanted," Kai growled, pointing towards the city with a soaking wet hand. The necromancer held onto a nearby tree for support.

Instead of listening to the necromancer, Nick stood there just looking at his hand, rotating it slowly as if it was the most interesting thing in the world. Without looking up, he said quietly, "I don't hate you. I'm just bad with people. A big ball of grumpy social awkwardness." Sighing and looking up, he took a few steps towards Kai, who narrowed their eyes at him. He stopped at the river side for a moment, before walking right over it, using magic to freeze the water below his feet into a solid path. The necromancer balled a fist as he got too close for comfort. Kai backed away as he drew closer. Then Nick slipped off his robe and placed it over the cold necromancer's shoulders, making them flinch. "You're all wet and cold, take my robe," he said quietly.

Kai fled across the ice that Nick came across on, narrowly avoiding slipping as they did so. "Yes, you are. I make a joke and you tried to KILL me. You have issues," the necromancer growled, whipping back around to face Nick. Kai moved backwards until they felt themselves bump the house. They felt around for the door handle and added, "I don't need your pity. I've survived this long by myself; I can survive the next day without your help." Kai paused, remembering the robe around their shoulders. A flustered feeling came across Kai as they took the robe off and tossed it onto the grass. "I got...things to do. I'm

going to... City stuff. Bye," Kai fumbled back into the house and shut the door. They stumbled over to their cauldron table and rustled through vials in the cupboard. Kai plopped onto the floor, finding the right vial and uncorking it. They took a long swig and corked it back again. A quiet sigh escaped their mouth as the headache started to fade. Kai sat on the floor quietly, listening intently to the sounds outside. The sounds of crunching grass coming closer made them tense, only to hear them soon fade in the distance. The necromancer sighed quietly in relief. They ran a hand through their hair and muttered, "Better get ready for tonight...."

Meanwhile off in the distance of the city, Akuma was up on a rooftop. The boy scowled at his situation. How had this happened he wondered? One moment he was walking down the street and the next he was swarmed by a group of teenage human girls, who just thought he was the most adorable thing. It all led to the hybrid running away and being trapped on a rooftop. The girls had just made a game out of it, following him wherever he tried to move. Akuma had considered turning into a dragon and flying off, but wouldn't that make him easier to spot? Being a golden dragon with glimmering scales at sunset lighting was like being a light bulb. The hybrid looked around, contemplating an escape from his situation. The sound of an out of place voice caught his attention, "Ahoy there!" It was Nick, who was waving an arm over his head at Akuma obnoxiously. "Enjoying yourself?" the mage called out.

The girls glanced in Nick's direction. They chirped, "He just won't come down. We just want to plaaaaaay~" They wiggled in place and continued, "We asked where his parents were and he said he didn't have any. Can't just let an adorable little orphan like that run around on his own." Akuma glared across the way at Nick. His silver eyes lit up gold for a moment and a lightning bolt struck loudly about a foot from where Nick stood. The mage burst out laughing in response. Akuma turned his head as he heard Nick burst into laughter. Why was his suffering so funny? What was it with human girls? Sure, normally he could just attack anyone after him, but now there were guards everywhere. "Oh, is he a halfling too? He has horns and can do magic." The hybrid flattened himself against the roof on his stomach, scowling.

Straightening up, Nick looked at Akuma and winked before backing around the corner. The hybrid's brow furrowed as he watched the mage go. Akuma half-expected him to be gone. He flinched when he felt someone grab him by the scruff, yelping. He instinctively dug his claws into the roof, leaving a tearing line as Nick dragged him out of sight. Akuma whipped around, surprised to see the mage and then remembered he had teleporting abilities. That was just creepy sometimes. Akuma stared suspiciously at Nick as the mage proposed his idea, "I'll meet you back at home."

"What are you..." the hybrid trailed off as Nick took his form. The mage was a nearly identical look alike; there was some minor differences, but the girls certainly wouldn't be able to tell. Screw the teleporting behind him, morphing into him took the cake on a scale of one to some weird shit. Running forward, Nick leapt off the roof over the girls' heads and landed hard on the ground right behind them before pushing himself up and making a run for it to draw them away from Akuma. "Sure..." the hybrid

mumbled, morphing into a dragon when the girls ran out of sight. He flew off; in this form, it took only a minute to reach the house and he fluttered his wings, setting down. Akuma stretched his wings; it had been a while since he had flown. He seemed to use his human form so much anymore.

Akuma sat in front of the house waiting for Nick. It was a few minutes before he saw the mage come walking down the road; he looked a bit unkempt. As Nick drew closer, the hybrid peered suspiciously down at him. He sniffed once and snorted, shaking his head. "I don't wanna talk about it," Nick said as he passed Akuma.

Akuma smirked and commented smugly, "Oh you don't have to. I can smell what happened. Literally." He waited until the mage had disappeared into the bathroom to shift back to human form, just in case Nick pulled something for his commentary. The hybrid stepped into the house, though keeping his distance from the bathroom door.

Akuma eventually eased over to the couch and sat down, sighing quietly as he heard running water. So, Nick hadn't gone for revenge after all. Perhaps he was being a bit too paranoid. Didn't seem too farfetched for him. The door to the bathroom opened and the mage emerged in a fresh pair of clothes and robes, shaking his head and sending droplets of water in every which direction from his wet hair. Nick asked, "So how was your little adventure through town today, had fun with the ladies?" He ran a hand through his hair a few times in an attempt to comb it into place. He failed though and it still just sat there as clumpy and messy as ever. Sighing, he went into the bathroom and got a comb to fix it. "Unmanageable hair is unmanageable," he muttered under his breath. Akuma cocked an eyebrow. He didn't really think about keeping his hair up. He just washed in the river and his hair seemed to take care of itself. The hybrid reached up, playing with a strand of silver hair while the mage finished in the bathroom. After the mage was done in the bathroom, he headed to the front door. He stopped before he left. "Help yourself to the kitchen if you get hungry, and you can sleep wherever. There is an empty room you can use if you want. I'm going for a walk." And with that he was off.

Kai looked in the window of an old artifact shop. It was old and rusting, holding antiques that looked as if they had been gathered over a long time. Looking in the shop window, Kai could see the pricey and demanding tags. When the lights flickered off, Kai ducked out of sight. The necromancer hid in the shadows and whispered, "Alright, go." A shadow dashed across the ground, moving through the door unnoticed as the shopkeeper opened and closed it, locking it for the night. Once the shopkeeper was out of view, the shadow walker dragon zipped around the room, looking for security alarms. He then dashed to the window, quietly opening it. Kai jumped inside and closed the window. The dragon gave his report in a series of clicking. "Alright. Let's start then," Kai whispered, ducking around in the shadows. The necromancer scanned the shelves for anything of interest. Their eyes settled on an old book with a skull on it. Grabbing it, Kai stuffed it into their bag before continuing on.

Kai looked along the shelves for anything of interest. Spotting a glowing red pendant on a gold chain,

they nabbed it up, stuffing it into their hip pouch next to the book. "See anything?" the necromancer whispered. The dragon looked around the room, making a few clicks before zipping back to Kai and hiding in their shadow. "Alright, let's go," they whispered, walking quickly and silently to the window. Kai lifted the window, pausing when they saw movement in their peripheral vision. Their head snapped to the front window, seeing Nick's face flatly pressed against the glass. Kai's brow slanted downward, slowly furrowing. The necromancer looked at the ground. "Come to get me caught now, have you?... Well then," Kai whispered to themselves. They took an old polished stone off a shelf stealthily and made a quick movement, throwing it across the room and to the glass where Nick's face was planted. Kai then quickly jumped out the window, running for the end of the alley and starting to scale the wall of the city. They hoped the breaking glass would bring attention to Nick instead of the necromancer.

Kai reached the top of the wall and glanced back over their shoulder, seeing Nick running past them and shouting angrily, "Get back here! You... You... You slippery little weasel you!"

"Snrk," the necromancer smirked. People started to gather in the area of the shop from the yelling, so Kai dropped down the other side of the wall. The necromancer backed away, expecting to see something go wrong, but laughed quietly in joy as no dragons or Nick came running. Kai turned and ran out to the woods. *'Maybe that book will have something on souls... It's really old so it ought to have something...'* Kai pondered as they walked. Nearing the house, their walk slowed to a stop as they noticed Nick waiting outside their house. Oh, that's right; he knew where they lived. Kai sidestepped so that they were next to a tree. It made them feel safer from something to hide behind should attacks be thrown. The necromancer normally liked to enter with snide comments, but this case seemed different as they had just thrown a rock at the person's face.

Kai watched Nick warily as the mage glared at them. They stiffened when Nick started to speak, "I wasn't going to say anything, but then you hit me in the face. In the face with a rock to be more exact." Of course, Kai wasn't surprised when the incident with the rock came up. Nick rubbed the spot on his forehead only to find it was bleeding. "Thanks for that," he said, wiping the blood off on his cloak. After an awkward pause, he asked, "So I caught you stealing.... Why is that?" He cocked his head to the side, his harsh look becoming replaced with that of curiosity. "What would you have done if you were caught?" he added in questioningly.

Kai furrowed their brow, taken off guard since Nick's temper was usually explosive around them. Kai would have been more fine with a retaliation than when Nick suddenly asked about why the necromancer stole. They felt their breath hitch. Telling Nick about their mother or anything similar would reveal a weakness. "Because I'm the typical greedy necromancer. Got a problem with that, twinkle toes? I'm more interested in what YOU were doing there. See I had a purpose there, stealing. You however seem to just pop up wherever I am? Are you following me now?" Kai asked, moving around the mage subtly so that they were now between him and the door to the house.

Nick looked over them and said, shrugging, "No, that's not it, there's another reason as to why, but I wouldn't say you were the greedy type." Crossing his arms and letting out a huff, he responded, "Me

following you? No, if anything it seems like you are just strategically putting yourself directly in my path every time I go outside."

Kai snorted, looking to the side. The necromancer stared the mage down and announced, "And just what would some little mage know about me? You know nothing."

"I know more than you want me to know, I know that much," Nick said taking another step towards Kai.

The necromancer frowned back at the mage in retaliation and flattened against the door defensively. They laughed bitterly and retorted, "Tch, and what do you know? That I stole something? Big whoop. That tells you nothing. You only just learned my name. Not very impressive if you're trying to tell me you know anything about me."

Nick turned to face them again. "On the contrary, it tells me everything," the boy said, sounding confident in his word. Kai narrowed their eyes at him. Then they stared in confusion as he explained, "We know that attention acts as a lightning rod. Merely by concentrating on something, one causes endless analogies to collect around it, even penetrate the boundaries of the subject itself: an experience that we call coincidence, serendipity – the terminology is extensive. My experience has been that in these circular travels what is really significant surrounds a central absence, an absence that, paradoxically, is the text being written or to be written."

'What was the point of that?' they thought, briefly cocking an eyebrow.

The necromancer noticed the mage's face change as he started to seem interested with the house. He nosily asked, "What cha' got in there?"

The necromancer's brow sloped more, glancing to the side where the house was briefly. They growled, "And now you're concerned about the contents of my house. That's none of your business. Just like you have no business following me back to my house or stalking me all day after declaring I was the biggest nuisance to your life." Kai lifted a hand only slightly, fingers outward and folding it into a clenched position, sinking the form of their mother back into their collection. Kai would be damned if anyone found out about that, including their master. "Now if there's nothing else..." they said quietly, backing to the door so it was completely blocked.

"I'm not stalking you, you just happen to be wherever it is that I'm going," Nick finished before turning and starting to walk off. "And by the way, I can feel when you use magic and I felt that."

Kai stiffened again and their cheeks flushed. "Yes, I'm so impressed. You can feel a necromancer doing magic. You don't do a good job at selling yourself."

The mage starting walking forward towards them. Kai held their hand over their potion bag in case he tried something. "Oh yes, I can feel your magic, but what did you do? Hiding something?" He made a

turning motion with his hand.

The necromancer's head snapped to the door handle as Nick moved it with magic. "What are you-" they were cut off as a gust of wind came and swung the door open, sending Kai back with it. They hit the ground, yelping in surprise.

"Nice place you got there," Nick said, looking around the room. "What, not going to invite me in? How rude." Then he noticed the necromancer on the floor and apologized, "Ops, didn't mean to send you flying too, Ka-"

He got interrupted as Kai scrambled to their feet and yelled, "Like hell I'm going to let you barge into my house." Kai ran out the door, closing it behind them and continuing, tackling Nick to the ground as he let out a gasp. The necromancer raised a hand with three needles lined with the poison from before and swinging down at one of Nick's biceps to start.

The mage said, "So we're going to play this game now, are we?"

Kai smirked as they thought, *'Now for the other two and he'll be-'* Kai recoiled as Nick lurched his head forward to bite their arm. The necromancer jerked their hand back, dropping the other two needles into the grass. "Tch," they growled, looking at the ground in the dark and trying to find them. "Ah?" the small noise escaped Kai as they felt the odd shift underneath them while Nick pulled his legs up into a ball position as if he was trying to force open a space between himself and the rampaging necromancer.

"Get off!" he demanded angrily.

"Don't think I'll come off that easy," they said smugly. Kai straddled Nick, sitting on his chest in front of where his legs were. The necromancer glared down at the mage. "What? You think I was just going to let you do whatever you wanted on my turf?" they asked, feeling around the grass now for the needles.

Nick clenched his non-poisoned hand and formed a loose earth, launching it directly at Kai's chest. He punctuated, "I am going to do whatever I want, whether it's on your turf or not."

Kai muttered when they couldn't find the needles through all the squirming coming from Nick. They narrowed their eyes, grabbing the mage's chin to force him to look at the necromancer, causing him to stiffen. Kai smirked down at him and said smugly, "No, you can't. And just look at you now. You can't even sit up."

The mage spat, "Of course I can't sit up; you're sitting on me and I only have one working arm."

Kai raised an eyebrow at him and chided, "Being adept in...gymnastics myself; forgive me if I don't sympathize with a man that can't lift one hundred pounds with one arm and partial control of the other. You must have terrible balance."

When Nick tried to headbutt Kai while continuing to squirm, the necromancer pushed at his shoulders to keep him pinned, but out of range of headbutts. He still fought to get up as he questioned, "What do you have to hide, what could be worse already then stealing the souls of others and dealing with the dead and damned?"

The necromancer said quietly, "One who knows nothing can understand nothing."

"Keeping everything bottled up to yourself isn't healthy you know," Nick said as he continued to struggle to get up.

Kai laughed in his face and prodded his chest, accusing, "Yes of course, because I don't spill my guts to some random STRANGER who doesn't even like me, I'm bottling things up. You may be an immortal but you're pretty dense."

"I'm not a stranger!" the mage added. "You know my name is Nick, therefore you know me."

Kai grabbed the front of his shirt, laughing as Nick tried to buck them off by throwing his weight to the side. "Heh, it's like a kiddie ride. With about as much ferocity as one too," they continued, wiggling in their spot to try and embarrass Nick.

"And when did I ever say that I don't like you? You shouldn't assume things; when you do that, you make an ass out of you and me." Despite his current situation, the mage seemed to laugh at himself.

The necromancer turned their head with a look of disbelief. "When did you-....? What do you have the memory of a goldfish? You went on and on about how I was a terrible person and I exist to annoy you earlier. Then you attacked me when I was trying to enjoy my drink. That totally sounds like someone who is ecstatic to know me. Of course. My bad." They rolled their eyes.

Nick growled in response and defended himself, "Hey let's get things straight here, you smashed a door into my face, then I attacked you with a ball of water...." Kai leaned back in their spot, showing signs of lax.

Kai looked at their nails briefly, "Uh huh, you got bumped by a drunk and then attacked them. Because what could possibly go wrong with sending a drunk person off balance on a stone surface? That's harsh."

Kai sat up again as the mage asked earnestly, "And yes, you are a horrible person. You eat people's souls, and yes, I am still convinced that your sole purpose on this world is to annoy the living hell out of me, but I never once said that I don't like you. Why do you think I tracked you down to apologize?" He seemed to have given up trying to get up and instead propped his working arm under him, elevating himself slightly.

"Oh right right. You mean when you said you couldn't believe you were thinking of apologizing to me?" Kai leaned down, putting their face close to Nick's to disrupt the mage's comfort zone.

"No," Nick began. "I mean when I tracked you down afterwards and actually did apologize, then tried to lend you my cloak because you were cold. Perhaps you were too busy being drunk to remember."

The necromancer asked, "And what about the part of knowing where I'm not wanted? Doesn't seem like a very smart idea to insult the ones who can eat souls."

The mage answered, "I just wanted you to go away, I was dealing with a high dragon hybrid, and well, you know how my anger is. I was just spouting rage out of my ass."

The necromancer really didn't understand him. One moment, he was acting like he wanted to kill Kai and the next, he was taking pity and acting like they were buddies. *'High hybrid?... Oh the kid...what the hell are they doing over there? And he makes it sound bad that I got drunk,'* Kai thought, looking down at him in silence. "Tell me, do you know how a necromancer eats a soul?" they asked, smirking and staying close to purposely make him uncomfortable.

Nick just furrowed his brow. "You've been sitting on my chest for so long I'd assume you're trying to squeeze it out of my ears."

A smile crept across Kai's lips as the mage remained dense to how a soul was taken. Kai thought they had spelt it out with their personal space invasion, but apparently the mage didn't catch on to things very fast. "No, not your ears. But quite close," they said quietly, a mischievous glimmer coming into their eye. The necromancer leaned down, feathering their lips over Nick's neck and then over his lips, making the mage stiffen. Kai grinned at him and said, "But maybe that's a lesson for another time." They pulled back and licked their lips. They chuckled softly at Nick's face. "Ah," they made a quiet noise as the boy used his strength to force them off to the side before he shot up.

"Let's not go there...." Nick said as he backed away. Kai felt themselves get shoved off and they hit the grass on their back. They relaxed in their spot, figuring the mage would run off again like usual. Kai rolled onto their side, flinching at the sudden noise of stone pillars being torn from the ground. Kai jerked up to a sitting position as the wicked-looking weapons hovered, suspended in air, and pointed towards them. He took another step back as he said, "Burning your house down doesn't seem like that bad an idea after all."

Their face dusted at Nick's words, staring blankly. It was soon replaced by a heated blush across their face, "No, stop!... I was...just playing around..." Kai stared intently at the mage, edging onto their knees warily in case the stone pillars moved. Kai thought over the possibilities. The house was old and wooden and would no doubt burn to a crisp easily and they didn't know any water magic. *'Now that's just cheating...'* Kai thought bitterly. It had been years since they had been on the receiving end of an inescapable situation.

Nick stared at Kai for a long moment. "Just a joke, huh?" he asked as the necromancer's brow furrowed slightly at him. Kai jolted up angrily as he raised his hands as if he was going to attack. But he lowered them instead, releasing his hold on the pikes. They fell to the ground, embedding themselves deep into the earth below them, just from the mere pressure of their own weight. "Fine," he said as he turned around. He glanced at the necromancer one more time before he started to walk off. "Don't worry, I won't bother you again," he called out behind him.

Kai stood in silence, glaring across the way at the mage. "Good," they growled, storming into their house as Nick left. Silence filled the house. Sweet silence as Kai would call it at this point. Muttering, they returned their mother to the rocking chair and pulled the old book from their bag, sitting at the table and starting to read through the pages. "Souls souls souls....no...eh?" They paused over a page with a large beast-like form on it. It stated the spell as 'final form'. "Maybe I'll ask master about that one," they muttered, flipping through the pages again.