

# Youkai Scene Two

**By TheSoulPrincess**

Submitted: May 23, 2006

Updated: May 23, 2006

*A scene from one of my stories that I'm going to create but I need help from an audience to see if I should create it.*

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# 1 - Youkai Scene Two

## Youkai Scene Two:

...For some reason I started to feel this humid air on the right side of my neck. I touched the side of my neck and nothing was there. I finally woke up and there he was hovering over me. His glowing demon eyes glared into mine. I gasped and he grinned evilly. He opened his mouth with a growl and his fangs seemed sharper and larger than the last time I saw him. Saliva dripped on my shirt a little but I was stunned...so stunned that I couldn't move. If I moved he would surely strike. *My staff, where is my staff?* I glanced over his shoulder and there I saw my staff broken into pieces. He noticed I was looking at my staff so he turned to look at it also; and then turned his head back towards me.

``Aw, I see your little play toy is broken." He smirked.

*Who is he and why is he here? What does he want from me...?* ``Who are you and what do you want?"

He pushed forward, closer to my face. I can smell the bad odor of his breath. ``I am Mesoe (Meh So Eh), the nightmare of your reality if you don't hand me my possession." His voice made a slight chill down my spine. This is the first time in years I've been this frightened by a demon. I know he knows I'm frightened and that's why he's trying to intimidate me.

``You bastard...leave me alone. I have nothing of yours." This angered him and he clawed his way through the flesh of my arms and then left them his nails in there to hold me down.

``What did you call me dog?"

``Get...off...me..."

``Not until you give me back my ring!"

*What the hell is he talking about?* Then I remembered the gorgeous antique ring my boyfriend Kyle gave to me for our anniversary. *Oh my God...`Hell...no..."* I struggled to say. The pain in my arms hurt too much. He began to growl and spit dripped on my face. ``My...boyfriend...gave..." Slap. He scratched me across my face with his right hand.

``Lies, you stole it!" I wanted to cry. That was the most painful, burning sensation I felt in my life.

The scars started to bubble and fizz. I truly began to cry pathetically. He's eyes stopped glowing and he jumped off of me and landed next to the broken pieces of my staff. He sneered then tilted his head curiously. He realized I was holding my cheek and crying like a weakling swearing I was going to die. Seconds later he fell to the ground laughing. His amusement is my humiliation.

``Haha...and you call yourself a demon slayer!" *Wow, now I feel very bad.* ``I won't even attempt to fight you anymore.' His laughter continued and my shame grew. ``You probably can't wipe your @\$\$ without crying." *Okay that statement was unnecessary.* As his comments became more and more insulting, I became more and more pissed off. ``Humans are so pathetic. Okay, I'll make a deal with you..." As he continued talking, the spirit energy in my hands increased. I held my hand out and wiggled my fingers. The pieces of my staff began to reform. ``...if you give me my ring, I promise I won't abuse your flesh and bones."

When my staff finished reforming it hovered over the ground and I placed my arms and hands in a batting position. My staff acted upon my actions as if it were a bat. Then I swung. My staff whacked Mesoe in the back of his head.

``What the..." He turned around and saw the staff. ``frack..." I swung again and again. He tried blocking but that only helped bruise his arms. Then he grabbed it. ``Haha. Gotcha!" He tried to break it in

two but thorn like spikes grew from the staff and shoved their way through his flesh and he screamed. I got up and pulled the staff out of his hands then slammed it into his back. In the inside of his back, the thorn like spikes formed hooks on the end of them. So when I lifted the staff up from his back, skin and blood ripped from his back and fled everywhere. He screeched then scurried out my window. Blood was all over the place even on the ceiling, floor, walls and the furniture including my bed.