

# Anime Collection

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*Lot's of different fics here. Naruto meets Ouran High School Host club. Love Hina, Negima, Happy Seven, etc, all to come soon.*

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# 1 - NarutoXOuran High School Host Club

"I can't believe it's fall already!"

Sakura had made the declaration. It was a rare day for her- a day off. Tenten had joined, along with Hinata, for a walk around the Leaf Village. Ino had caught up a little later. When the foliage changed colors, and the leaves fell, the entire village changed. It was a rare beauty, and one the girls always tried to find time to appreciate.

Sakura led the way, a step ahead of the pack. Just behind her on the right was Tenten, with Ino to the left. Shy Hinata brought up the rear. Each kunoichi was dressed to her particular liking today. Sakura was wearing long black stockings, complimented by her normal skirt. Over her red vest was a pink jacket that matched her hair, and somehow complimented her eyes.

Tenten was less concerned with looks. Her normal attire sufficed, but she had thrown a light red and orange flak jacket over her vest. Ino, by contrast, had gone all-out, even letting her hair down for the day. She had taken the time to match her jacket with her everything down to her socks. She didn't normally wear socks, but it WAS fall, after all.

Hinata hadn't changed her look, as her jacket was perfect for the weather.

"Y'know Hinata, you might get that special boy's attention if you flashed a little leg, ya know?" Ino ribbed, nudging Hinata.

" 'Cause it's worked SO well for you, Ino?" Sakura shot back, knowing Hinata didn't have any words ready to use to defend herself.

"You're single, too, forehead!" Ino replied, adding a mature eye-lid pull to accent her feelings.

"Geez, you guys are so lucky! You don't even have to try to get guys to look at you!" Tenten moaned. She had been woefully unlucky with the opposite gender. That was surprising. With two buns of hair drawn up cutely on either side of her head, and big, brown eyes, coupled with surprising strength, you'd think that she would be taken.

"Ten, you don't even notice when boys pay attention to you! And besides, everyone thinks you and Neji are together!" Sakura explained, surprised to find that Tenten didn't seem to know any of this.

"R-really? They think Neji and I are-" Tenten seemed at a loss for words.

"Duh! So did we, until you started complaining you were single!" Ino didn't mince words, and showed it now.

"D-do you h-have any s-special?" Hinata questioned nervously, playing wit her fingers. **Naruto...**

“Hold that thought...how about this: We find one boy who is fair game, and we just see how he reacts to us? I mean, modesty aside, ALL of us look hot today!” Ino said, playfully spinning around, showing off her boots.

“That sounds fun, but who do we pick?” Sakura was wracking her brain, trying to think up some single guys that might make this fun. Naruto was too crude, Lee was too stiff and formal...then who? Then, it dawned on Sakura.

“I’ve got it- Ryouko Amakatsu!” Sakura exclaimed, snapping her fingers.

“TOO perfect, Sakura! We can have fun with that guy!”

“Now to find him...”

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“There he is, girls. Target sighted!”

Ino was grinning like that cat that swallowed the canary, and with good reason. It was a well-known fact that Ryouko was one of the nicest guys in the village. He was a gentleman, and he wasn’t half bad looking. But it was ALSO common knowledge that he was horribly shy around kunoichi. Pathetically so, really. There was a rumor that he had expressed a desire to date a kunoichi, but no one seemed to know who, and only a couple people had been told by Ryouko himself.

“Alright. Now, how to get his attention...” Tenten said quietly, plotting. But Sakura had already stood up and walked over to Ryouko.

“She’s going first...alright, let’s see how she does...”

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Ryouko looked at the stream, watching it flow peacefully. It would freeze over soon, so now was a good time to watch it and write it off as meditation. A form of training, Ryouko told himself so that he wouldn’t feel guilty.

“Hi Ryouko! I’m surprised to see you here!”

Ryouko raised his head, hearing a voice. It belonged to Sakura. Ryouko looked around- they were alone?! And Sakura looked really cute, wearing that skirt, with her cheeks reddened from the cold weather.

“Hi Sakura. Well, even study fanatics need a break, I guess. What brings you here?” Ryouko replied mechanically. Alone with a cute girl...alone...with a ...cute...girl? Ryouko could count how many times that had happened to him in twenty years on his fingers!

“Oh, you know, just looking around. The Leaf Village is so pretty right now. The leaves are changing color, and you know winter’s coming. It’s such a beautiful time of year!”

“It is,” Ryouko said in return, blushing. He was already thinking of Valentine’s Day and White Day. Getting chocolate was as nerve-wracking as giving.

Sakura decided she couldn’t do this to Ryouko. **He looks so innocent...just standing her, all by himself. He’s cute today, wearing that trench coat and dress uniform. He seems like such a pure soul...I feel like a heal...I know what I’ll do!** Instead of messing with him, she would mess with the girls.

“Hey, Ryouko, listen. I’ve got to warn you...” Sakura whispered what the girls were doing. Ryouko turned redder and redder.

“I’ll go home and get ready, then! Please excuse me!” Ryouko bowed stiffly and almost ran. Sakura smirked to herself, then started to walk back over to the girls. She was playing two jokes at once- this was going to be fun.

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The girls questioned Sakura as she returned, but she was strangely quiet on the issue.

Finally, Ryouko returned. But he was different- his headband was around his neck, and- whoa!

“Oh...my...God...what happened here? Yo-you’re...” Ino sputtered, looking at the others for support. But they were as dumbfounded as she was.

Ryouko was glowing, it seemed. His hair, normally combed in a plain pattern, was mussed stylishly. His mask was gone, and what was that on his face? A Smile?! Had hell frozen over?!

“Hello there! My, I seem to have stumbled into a group of angels. ...! And you!” Ryouko grabbed Sakura’s hands, staring into her eyes. A pout had crossed his face, and even Sakura was stunned.

“Such a beautiful group of females shouldn’t be exposed to these beastly elements! Allow me to offer all of you shelter! But until then...You should stay close to me, to keep yourselves protected!”

Ryouko put his arm around each girl and pulled them in close, smiling, but somehow looking serious. Ino’s mouth had dropped open and stayed that way- Tenten was blinking a lot- Hinata was pushing her fingers together even faster and harder- Sakura was just gaping in shock.

“Ah, this way! I believe I know of a place where such gorgeous cherubs may seek shelter!”

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Ryouko had led them inside to a teahouse. But this place- it was different. Chairs replaced cushions. There seemed to be an abundance of high-class items. But there were no waitresses. Only Shizune and Tsunade in a corner. (Shizune and Tsunade are in on the joke)

“Please, make yourselves comfortable, I’ll be right with you.”

The girls sat down, numb from shock.

“Is that Ryouko? THIS is the guy without a girlfriend? WHY THE HELL IS HE SINGLE?!” Ino asked, looking from member to member of his group.

“I don’t know. I guess he got over his shyness or something. I can’t believe- Oh my God. Look over there, quick!” Sakura pointed, her chair titling dangerously as she pointed. When the girls turned, their eyes went wide.

“No way!” Tenten managed to say. This scene defied scientific reasoning.

Ryouko was kneeling near Tsunade, holding her hand, smiling, then bringing it to his lips and kissing it. Tsunade was blushing, and Shizune had transformed into a fangirl apparently. Even more when Ryouko was behind her, massaging her shoulders.

“Such lovely skin on such a beautiful creature! You really must come here more often and relax! Here is one place where you won’t have to do any more work than sit down and tell me what I can do for you.”

Shizune and Tsunade came down with a bad case of the giggles. Ryouko gave them both a warm smile, then apologized. “I have to go tend to the others. Please excuse me.”

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Pop!

Ryouko was instantly at Ino’s feet, kneeling. He handed her some kind of red flower that he seemed to produce from the air. Ino took it, clearly surprised, to put it mildly.

“Flowing blond hair...such a rarity in our world. It goes hand in hand with a fun and outgoing personality...”

Next was Tenten.

“Beautiful brown eyes, and cute buns...I refer, of course, to your hair! I wouldn’t be so callous as to refer to your...well (charming chuckle) you understand...”

Hinata was up now, and already turning red.

“An ornate shyness that cannot camouflage a rare splendor...”

And Sakura. She might have set this up, but she wasn’t prepared after seeing this. Ryouko was so convincing! **I’ve been reading too much Shojo manga! This is so...**

“An exquisiteness, nearly beyond words. Such a darling female...”

Ryouko straightened, shedding his coat. The girls gasped- Ryouko wasn’t wearing ninja gear! No, even

more shocking was the crisp black dress pants, white dress shirt, black tie with red stripes, and the flower in his pocket. That flower multiplied magically, it seemed, so each girl had one in her hand.

“Striking kunoichi such as you shouldn’t muddle around in the harshness of the oncoming winter! Allow me to provide you with a beverage that might restore some of your lost warmth...”

Ryouko put a hand on Sakura’s chin, holding it there for a long second, his eyes seeming to smile into hers. Then he swept away, into a back room.

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“Uh, who IS winning our contest anyway?” Ino asked, still reeling from the shock.

“Ryouko is,” Tenten replied, blushing. This felt so strange, but so comfortable at the same time.

“You got THAT right!” Sakura replied. She snickered to herself- her joke was a success!

“Wait...Sakura, you said this is something out of a Shoyo manga, didn’t you?” Ino said accusingly.

“What about it?” Sakura answered innocently, her hands cupped under her chin.

“You put him up to this to live out some fantasy, didn’t you?!” Ino demanded. “You were reading that mushy romance crap again!”

“Oh, and your datings sims are any better, ‘pig?” Sakura shot back. “Besides, admit it- you had fun with this. Ryouko playing a charming guy, catering to us like that.”

“Sh-she has a point...” Hinata squeaked.

“Yeah, this WAS fun! How do we get Neji to do this...” Tenten wondered, imagining Neji in Ryouko’s place.

“I’ll hand it to you, forehead. This WAS fun. You win the contest, you definitely had the most fun with him!”

Ryouko returned now, tea in hand. Sakura whispered to him, and he nodded. Ryouko set the tray down.

“I hope none of you were offended. It was all in good fun, I hope?” Ryouko asked hopefully. The girls nodded.

“We had fun! You’re really good at this, too! You don’t do this secretly at night, do you?” Tenten queried.

“No. It’s not my personality, really. But what could it hurt to let go for a couple hours and have fun, right?”

Now, unbeknownst to the others, Ino had cooked up a scheme of her own. She asked Tenten to come

with her for a moment. When they came back, they both had ideas on how to repay the kindness of their friends.

“Mind/Body Transfer!” Ino called suddenly, hitting Sakura with her jutsu so quickly Sakura couldn’t counter. Inner-Sakura was even surprised, and therefore stifled. Tenten, for her part, had grabbed Ryouko and forced him into a chair, using a chain weighted with a kunai to tie him down.

Ino left Sakura’s body once Tenten had safely restrained her as well. With some help from an amused Tsunade and Shizune, the girls carried Ryouko and Sakura outside into the crisp weather.

“If you play Casanova, you’re going to get caught eventually! And here’s your punishment!” Ino dictated to Ryouko. Ryouko was, of course, blushing, and yet scared out of his mind- what were they going to do with him?

“And you- good joke, Sakura, I’ll give you that. But one good joke deserves another!”

“Guys? What are you-okay, joke’s over, right?” Sakura asked nervously, not liking this.

“NOPE!”

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Tied up, out in the cold. This certainly sucked. Ryouko wasn’t disturbed. Since he was already humiliated, the day couldn’t get worse. He’d had some fun playing his role, too.

Sakura was cold, but trying not to shiver. The girls had been ‘thoughtful’ enough to add chakra to their chains, making them too hard to break. It was like they were waiting for something. That was apparent when Ino came out and talked to Ryouko. Sakura couldn’t hear it, but Ino said “You know what you have to do to get her out of the cold, don’t you? You just got done playing Romeo- it’s obvious that forehead is your Juliet. Don’t try to fool us, just tell her! After she answers, she can come back in.”

Somewhere, deep down, Ryouko knew this had been coming. He had to muster up his courage, but he did.

“Sakura? Um, the stuff I said to you...I kind of...meant it...” Ryouko heard Sakura’s sound of surprise, so she had heard him. That was reason enough to continue. “I’ve kind of had this...crush on you for a while. I guess now would be a good time to admit it...I don’t know if you can accept my feelings or not, but I guess I want you to know they DO exist.”

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“He said it...” Tenten sounded a little surprised by that.

“I knew he’d crack...it’s Ryouko’s weakness- he won’t leave a friend in distress. No matter what it means for him, he’ll protect that person over himself. But that was no bluff to get her out of the cold...”

“H-how do you know?” Hinata managed. Ino nodded toward Tsunade.

“Well, he and I have spent a good amount of time together. All the times he’s gotten in trouble, or in a fight, you know? Well, he lit up like a Christmas tree whenever Sakura was around. Eventually, he even told me that he had feelings for her. Ino, I should promote you for getting him to say that.”

Ino smirked. “Oh, his day isn’t over yet. I almost fell for him myself, with that charming act. He’s gotta pay...and Sakura cooked up this whole scheme. So I think that maybe forcing those two to show a little love toward each other is in order...Lady Tsunade, would you help me with this?”

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Ryouko waited for Sakura to answer. It was taking a while. Ryouko kind of wanted to fall right now. Maybe, if he was lucky, he’d hit his head and black out for a while...

“Okay, you two. That was a nice confession, Ryouko. Now you, Sakura. Go on...” Tsunade prompted, as Tenten hauled Ryouko and Sakura to their feet. Their hands and legs were still tied together, so there was no escape.

Sakura’s cheeks turned pink, making her look even cuter in Ryouko’s eyes.

“Well, Ryouko, I...I accept!” Sakura blurted out. (‘I accept’ as in ‘I accept your feelings’-neither one can say the ‘L’ word yet, apparently)

“Good. Now, time for you two to seal the deal!” Ino announced happily. Tsunade pushed Sakura forward, while Tenten shoved Ryouko from behind. They fell into each other, their faces inches apart.

“You know what you have to do for us to untie you...” Ino prompted. “Don’t make us push you into that, too!”

Neither one seemed to be able to make the first move. Finally, Ryouko got a surge of courage and planted a kiss on Sakura’s cheek.

“Oh brother! What are you, in grade school?!” Ino shouted. “You idiot! You’ve got a cute girl, trapped helplessly in front of you, and you’re in love with her! So you kiss her *on the cheek*?! What kind of guy are you?!”

Ryouko wanted to say ‘I’ll kiss you if it’ll shut you up!’, but his mouth was suddenly occupied. Sakura had leaned forward a little more and met his lips, just as they were parting to threaten Ino.

Perfect timing.

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AUTHOR’S NOTE: NOT SURE WHY I WROTE THIS, OR WHERE IT CAME FROM. IT JUST SEEMED UNLIKE ME TO WRITE A STRAIGHT-UP ROMANCE STORY. I MEAN, NO FIGHTS, AND MY LOSER OF DIDN’T GET HIT WITH SOME JUTSU, AND DIDN’T SACRIFICE HIMSELF, OR USE SOME LIFE-THREATENING JUTSU! HUH! OH WELL, HOPE YOU ENJOYED IT! THERE’LL BE



PLENTY OF VIOLENCE TO MAKE UP FOR THIS ONE IN MY OTHER STORIES!

-NG

## 2 - Negima: Magister Negi Magi

“A new student, Takamichi?”

Ten year old Negi Springfield, a wizard from England and a genius boy entrusted with teaching English to Class 3-A in the prestigious Mahora Academy- in Japan. That's who was speaking to the older professor, Takamichi T. Takahata. It wasn't everyday class 3-A got a new student.

“That's right, Negi,” Takamichi replied, cigarette in hand.

“Another rowdy female. Well, since Chao Lingshen has left, we have the room, I suppose.”

“Not quite, Negi,” Takamichi said. “This one's a boy.”

“A b-boy, sir?”

“Yes. And he's being entrusted to you personally- you see, he may be a magician. But he's not aware of it. That's why he's being sent here. Even though this is an all-girl's academy, there are a lot of magical personnel here. If he discovers his secret, then what better place? He'll have you to learn from. That's why he's in your capable hands, Negi.”

Negi gripped the staff from his Father, the Thousand Master. “I'll do my best, Takamichi.”

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The next day, it appeared word had traveled fast. The girls of 3-A were already talking about the new student.

“I hope he's cute!” Makie Sasaki said happily, twirling her baton gracefully.

“I hope he new baka ranger. It less lonely after school with more,” Ku Fei added in her broken Japanese.

“He won't be as cute as Negi-sensei, but he WILL eliminate some of the competition for him...” Ayaka, the class representative thought aloud, to giggles from Konoka Konoe.

“What about you, Asuna? What do you think?” Konoka asked the red-haired girl that wore bells in her ponytails.

“I hope he's not another brat like Negi. One of those...things is enough! I'm just getting used to him!” Asuna groaned. Negi was more or less her responsibility- she didn't want another boy to take care of.

The doors slid open. In walked Negi-sensei. Behind him came two guys- one who had to be a student.

“Class, please rise and greet our newest student. Netsubou Kimihiro.”

The class looked at the newest boy in class. He had thick brown hair, and wore a black and white uniform with a purple and black tie (The school colors). He was hunched forward slightly, and his eyes were burdened with bags underneath them. But he looked nervous, and he was already blushing.

**They don't make girls like this in America! All these girls seem so...mature!** thought Kimihiro. He was blushing even more. **Kimihiro...fifteen years old. Likes: Martial arts, girls. Dislikes: Liars, criminals. But most of all...**

**I'm scared of girls!**

Kimihiro never had luck with girls in America. Not least of all because none seemed to like him. Truth be told, that was true both ways. Kimihiro didn't like most American girls. Obsessed with glamour and glitz; or one-tracked minds on sex- granted, his dealings with females were rare, but still.

**But man, Japanese girls are so different! Cute, mature- wish we had uniforms like these for girls back home! Well, I've always liked Japan anyway. Let's try to make a good impression. And where'd the name Kimihiro come from? That sure as heck wasn't my name back home!**

“Pleased meet all you. Forward look learning with all...wait, damn, that's not right...”

The class burst into laughter. Ku Fei was thrilled. “Yes! He be Baka White!”

Negi smiled kindly; Japanese wasn't his first language either, but he did better than that. “You'll get the hang of Japanese, Kimihiro-san. In my class, I daresay you'll have an advantage.”

“Thank you, Negi-sensei. I'll try my best.” Kimihiro switched to English with Negi- he didn't want to accidentally call the teacher a retard or something.

“Let me see...I have two empty spots. One where Chao-san sat, and one next to Eva...Oh dear.”

“Hey! Boya! Put him next to me!” Evangeline shouted from the back, smirking nastily. Funny thing about Evangeline- she was a vampire, hundreds of years old. A complicated curse forced her to stay in school. The one who cursed her- Negi's father.

“Er, Evangeline-san, are you sure that-”

“Do it, Negi-bozu. I'll see that he learns Japanese...”

Kimihiro was suddenly nervous. **This class is drop-dead gorgeous! Oh man, I sound like a pervert! Then again, I'm a boy who just got dropped into heaven!**

“Negi-sensei, it's fine with me.” Kimihiro didn't know the danger he had just put himself in. He took his place, and class began.

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“Translate the following passage into English: Jinsei nanakorobi, ya’oki. Let me see...” Negi saw a hand up in the back of the room, belonging to his new student. “Yes, Kimihiro-san?”

“Life is falling down seven times, getting up eight,” Kimihiro recited.

“I’m impressed, Kimihiro-san!” Negi said happily. “I thought you didn’t understand Japanese?”

“I don’t speak it very well, but I can understand some of it,” Kimihiro answered sheepishly. “That’s a phrase I use in martial arts.”

BRRRINNNGGG!

“Class is dismissed. Kimihiro-san, may I have a word? Oh, Baka Rangers, please don’t leave yet!”

With a grumble, Ku Fei, Asuna Kagarazaka, Makie Sasaki, Kaede Nagase, and Yue Ayase sat back down. The rest of the class left, a few of them saying kind words to Kimihiro. One of them was Tatsumiya Mana. She and Kimihiro were around the same height. Tatsumiya spoke lots of languages, so she offered some kind words in English.

“Welcome to our class. Your bad luck getting seated next to the vampire, though. You can always pay me for protection. But, in any case, welcome.”

“Vampire?” Kimihiro wasn’t sure he heard that right, despite Tatsumiya speaking English.

“Er, yes, Evangeline-san is a vampire. But, um, don’t worry until the full moon!” Negi started to panic that Tatsumiya had spilled the beans. “Now, since you’re new, I’ve asked you to stay with our Baka Rangers. Of course, you’re here for the opposite reason- they need to learn English, and you need to learn Japanese. Perhaps one of them will be willing to teach you. But not Ku Fei-san, she still has trouble. You might ask her if you want to learn martial arts, or Chinese.”

“Is true, I no very good speak Japanese,” Ku said with a laugh.

“That makes two of us,” Kimihiro said. That’s when he met the gaze of the redhead, Asuna.

Asuna didn’t like kids. But Kimihiro was her age, so she didn’t come off with an attitude, as she had with Negi.

“Welcome, Baka White,” Asuna greeted to a chorus of laughs.

“That’s Asuna-san,” Negi supplied helpfully. “She’s not as scary as she looks.”

“WHADDDAYA MEAN BY THAT, SHRIMP?!” Asuna shouted. Kimihiro was pretty sure Negi was wrong- she WAS as scary as she looked right about now!

“Your bells are charming,” Kimihiro said, hoping he had said ‘bells’ and not something else. **Watch me have said ‘breasts’ or something. That’d be my luck!**

“Oh, thank you. They were a gift.” Asuna tapped them, making them clang in a pleasant pitch.

“Next we have Kaede Nagase.”

A girl with mostly closed eyes and a permanent smile nodded her greeting.

“Hi, I’m Makie!” said the pink-haired girl, twirling her baton. She was one of the many in class to have a crush on Negi, so she wasn’t disturbed by the new boy in class. She was friendly by nature (Most of the girls were) and energetic (again, like most of the girls), and accepting.

“And I’m Yue,” said a short girl with blue hair tied back into two long pony tails. The girl spoke as if she were asleep, or in a trance. She also seemed to be drinking a mix of chicken broth and milk in a juice box. Kimihiro didn’t say anything about that- the label was in Japanese, and he might have read it wrong.

“Right then. I’ve asked Class Rep-san to come and watch for a few moments while I speak with our new student,” Negi announced. Asuna groaned loudly, banging her head against the table.

“Watch it, Bells! Just because you have the emotional stability of a three year old doesn’t mean you should act like that in front of our new classmate!” the tall blond, Ayaka Yukihiro reprimanded.

“What’d you say, you peroxide blonde?!” Asuna shot back, instantly standing up.

“Nothing you shouldn’t already know, Red! Insult me again and I’ll make you bald!”

“Girls, please!” Negi pleaded. But he was drowned out as the two girls rushed each other and locked hands, still yelling insulting.

“Bimbo!”

“Grandfather complex!”

“Jail bait!”

A whisp of Asuna’s hair caught Negi’s nose. As he sneezed, a gust of wind came in the room and blew both girls skirt’s up. The girls and Kimihiro blushed.

“AGAIN WITH THAT?!” Asuna shouted, forgetting Ayaka and grabbing Negi around the head.

“I’m sorry, Asuna-san! I didn’t mean to!” Negi protested, his sentence punctuated with ‘ow ow ow’!

“Is it your personal goal to have EVERY guy on campus see my panties?!” Asuna yelled even louder.

Kimihiro was a healthy fifteen year old. His innocence was fully in-tact, but so was his curiosity. He just stood there and blushed for a moment.

“Er, Asuna-san, was it? Um, you’re going to kill sensei...” Kimihiro chanced, seeing Negi turn red.

“What do you expect from a violent ape-girl?” Ayaka supplied. “I hope Negi-sensei likes black lace...Oh!”

Kimihiro pretended he hadn’t heard that- clearly the girls needed time to get used to having another guy in glass. Ayaka apologized, then pried Asuna’s hand off Negi’s head.

“Negi-sensei, leave it to me! Have your chat with Kimihiro-kun!” Ayaka had calmed down, and Asuna seemed to feel better after shaking Negi for a minute or so.

“Thank you, Rep-san! Please come with me, Kimihiro-san,” Negi spoke in English. Under his breath, he muttered something in Latin, then put a hand on Kimihiro’s forehead.

“Do you believe in magic?” Negi asked.

“Magic? Well, sort of. I mean, not like ‘mystical’ magic. The sleight of hand stuff on TV, yeah.”

Kimihiro’s mind told a different story. **But that would explain all the weird stuff that’s happened...black lace? No no no, bad thoughts, bad thoughts! Magic...is that so unbelievable. Not really. Pink bear panties...that was Asuna, right? Gah! Damn, I’ve got to stop thinking that!**

Negi took his hand off Kimihiro’s forehead. **I can sense magic in him. But how do I make him aware of it?**

“Psst, Aniki!”

Negi turned his eyes toward his right should. There was Albert Chamomile (Better known as ‘Chamo-kun), a white ermine with an eye for magic. He was rarely away from Negi’s side.

“Aniki, no doubt about it, this guy’s got magic in his blood! If we can get him into the Pactio thing, we can make sure you and the ne-chan’s are safer!”

“Right Chamo-kun, but how do we prove it- hey!”

Chamo leapt onto Kimihiro’s shoulder, a cigarette in his mouth.

“Hey there kid! I’m Albert Chamomile, but you can call me ‘Chamo’. Who’re you? I didn’t catch your name while you were talking to my big brother.”

Kimihiro’s jaw dropped. “Uh, I’m Kimihiro...pardon me, Chamo-kun (that’s right, isn’t it?), but what are you? And why can I understand you?”

Chamo leapt back onto Negi’s shoulder. “I’m an ermine. And I, my friend, am the proof you need- magic is real! And guess what else- you can perform it!”

“Say what?!” Kimihiro looked to Negi, who nodded.

"I was going to tell you more subtly, but Chamo-kun is right. Here, proof magic is real. *Sagita magica una lucis!*"

An arrow made of something Kimihiro couldn't quite make out (was it wind?!) shot across the empty room the three had strolled to. It knocked a pencil off the edge of a desk. Kimihiro was convinced.

"So that's why I'm here...instead of prison...because it wasn't my fault..."

"Er, why would you be in prison?" Negi wanted to know. Kimihiro had turned a rather sickly shade of green.

"It's kind of awkward to explain, but I'll try. See, one day I was in school (my old school, I mean), and a group of bullies cornered me. They all had knives. I forgot all my martial arts and panicked. All of a sudden, the bullies' hands were all badly burned. The next thing I knew, I was running forward and punching- but my fist was crackling with energy! Fire, to be precise. I thought it was Ki, but I hadn't focused any...I didn't know what happened. But then I got expelled for burning the students' hands. But I didn't do it! Or, not intentionally!" Kimihiro had taken a seat, then sighed. "I was told then I was being transferred here. And that was it."

"So, a fire user! That's great! Aniki uses wind, you'll compliment each other perfectly! Even better, you're a martial artist! Heh heh heh, now we need to get you some probationary contracts!"

"Chamo-kun, it's too soon! None of the girls will agree to kiss him!" Negi protested. Kimihiro was lost.

"K-kiss? They won't agree now OR later! Girls just don't get me, and I don't get them (Big sigh)."

"We need a laid-back Ne-chan...let's see...Commander Tatsumiya...nah, she'd make you pay first. You okay with that, kid?" Chamo asked Kimihiro.

"Huh? Commander?- Hell no, it's my first kiss!" Kimihiro exclaimed.

"Alright, alright. Let's see...Setsuna's too wound up...then again, she might be perfect. You know how to use a sword, kid?" Chamo was really flying now- he seemed to love to see people making probationary contracts.

"Sure I do, what kind do you mean?"

"PERFECT! C'mon Aniki, take him to Setsuna!"

--

Setsuna balked immediately.

"What?! One of these *pactio* things again? But I already made one!"

"True enough, Ne-chan, but with TWO contracts, you can protect Konoka; er, Ojou-sama better. More

power, right?" Chamo knew what motivated Setsuna Sakurazaki.

"Well...for Kono-chan...I mean, Ojou-sama...I guess..."

"Please don't feel pressured to do this, Setsuna-san. As much as I'd love my first kiss to be with a beautiful girl like you, I certainly don't want to force you into anything." Kimihiro wriggled uncomfortably. Setsuna was one of the first girls he had REALLY seen. She was one of the few who looked clearly Japanese, but she was that much more cute for it. And the fact that she did martial arts...

**...means that I might have half a chance with her! But not like this! Not forced!**

Setsuna hadn't heard those words from a boy before. She found herself blushing heavily.

"Er, well, I mean...it's fine, really, I don't mind. Besides, my skills might get dull, and if you can use a sword...maybe we can train together sometime?" Setsuna was really interested in a training partner. She could sense Kimihiro's Ki, and it was very developed, meaning that if he wasn't strong, he COULD be.

"Your Ki is very strong; I'm not sure I'd stand a chance against you," Kimihiro said, quiet truthfully. "What's a *pactio* do anyway?"

"Kiss now, explanation later!" Chamo said. He was already in the midst of drawing a hexagram underneath Setsuna and Kimihiro. "Oh, and no half-assed kissing! Mouth to mouth, kids! Even better if you throw in a little tongue! (heh heh heh)"

"I caught you, vermin ermine!"

Asuna barreled into the room and squashed Chamo. "Don't do that to the new guy, what's wrong with you?!"

"Asuna-san, it's okay. He's, er, well...a potential wizard," Negi admitted. Asuna and wizards tended to not get along very well, and he didn't want that to be the case. He needed the two on good terms in class.

"Huh?! 'Potential Wizard'? What's that mean?"

"He's not sure yet, Ane-san. The kid has a chance, but he didn't even know about magic until now," Chamo informed Asuna. Asuna looked at Kimihiro. She stepped back.

"Alright, it's done!" Chamo declared. A golden light came up from the ground below Setsuna and Kimihiro. Setsuna's skirt and Kimihiro's tie flew in the air. Their eyes met, confirming their targets. They both leaned forward. Neither one was experienced when it came to kissing. (Kiss count: Setsuna- 2; Kimihiro- 1) But they locked lips (Neither one knew that Chamo-kun was only kidding about the tongue part) and held it. The light intensified. Chamo declared 'Pactio!'.

"Alright, Aniki! Another one to fight on the side of good!"

Setsuna and Kimihiro were wondering when they could stop kissing. Chamo had 'forgotten' to tell



them.

“Enough already!” Asuna pushed the two apart. “How long were you two gonna swap spit, anyway?!”

Chamo smirked. “You’re a little jealous, aren’tcha Ane-san?! You want the next *pactio*?”

“I do not, you pervert ermine! Er...no offense, Kimihiro-kun.”

“N-none taken,” Kimihiro said, his voice dripping with a mix of wonder and happiness. He turned to Setsuna and bowed, blushing a violent crimson.

“Thank you very much!” he blurted out in English. Setsuna knew enough of English to understand him, but she replied in Japanese.

“It’s fine. Now I can protect Ojou-sama better. Thank you!”

--

“So, this card does all that?” Kimihiro was amazed, to put it mildly.

“Yep. Teleportation, Telepathy, and Setsuna-nesan gets a little of your power, plus an artifact. She got a sword, of course, since you two both are into that whole hack n’ slash thing.”

“So that makes her a ‘Ministra Magi’? Did I get that right?”

“That’s correct. Now then, where will you be staying?” Negi asked, playing the concerned teacher.

“Well, Evangeline-san offered to put me up...”

“NO!” Negi yelled. “You don’t want to do that!”

The ‘Evangeline-san’ in question was right behind Negi when he yelled.

“WHY doesn’t he want to do that, Boya? The rent is cheap...Just a little bite on the neck every night...”

Kimihiro hadn’t heard that part of the deal. “Er, what?”

“Mistress is a vampire,” came a female yet robotic voice.

“Oh! Chachamaru-san, you came, too?” Negi said. He then introduced Kimihiro to Chachamaru.

“Chachamaru-san is a robot, and her mistress is Evangeline-san, a vampire.”

Blink.

“Okay, now I’m a little freaked,” Kimihiro admitted. “We’ve got a bunch of magical people...and robots? Just what the hell is this place?”

“Welcome to Mahora Academy, kiddo!” Evangeline told Kimihiro. “This place is pretty magical, so you’d do well to keep making magical friends, like Boya over there. And of course, myself. They don’t come more powerful than me!”

“That’s why Negi totally kicked your tiny @\$!” Asuna muttered. Evangeline heard, and Asuna was in her second fight of the day.

“Cup of tea, sensei?” Kimihiro offered, needing to get something hot and calming in him.

**So they sent me here to learn to fight with magic...this is going to take some getting use to...**

Author’s notes:

This is my first try at making a fic out of Negima. I’ll do my best to keep up the standard set by the creator, Ken Akamatsu, as I’m a huge fan of his work. Please be patient with me as I learn to write in an a different style. I hope you’ll be entertained- if you are, ask for more!

I’ve decided to include my notes about Kimihiro. You’ll notice he’s similar to Ekyt/Ryouko/Holmes from my other fics, but he has a few different traits (Such as he can be blatantly perverted at times ^^ )

Kimihiro Netsubou

Age 15

Practices four martial arts

Brown hair, hazel eyes, bags under the eyes (Small ones)

Likes girls but can’t understand them, at least at first.

From America, he has trouble speaking Japanese.

Crushes on several girls.

Befriends Negi, Setsuna, Konoka, Asuna, and Takamichi early

Dresses in black dress pants, white shirt, and red and black tie.

The girls like Negi best, but they don’t dislike Kimihiro either. Most call him ‘Kimi-kun’ to make him blush. Some mess with him but really like him.

### 3 - Tsubasa/XXXHolic/Naruto

A mix of the three in the title. Please comment and enjoy!

-NG

“Watanuki!”

Watanuki gritted his teeth to answer his ‘owner’s’ call. The Dimension Witch, the Space/Time Witch, whatever you called her, she was a powerful woman.

“Yes, Yuko-san?” Watanuki asked, dodging Moro and Maru as they danced around, chanting his name.

Yuko was sitting in her smoke-filled parlor. Or maybe it was Chi-filled. Watanuki couldn’t tell. **Domeki could, of course! Being perfect and all! I hate that guy!**

“Watanuki, in the storage room, please take out my special notebook. It’s bound in black leather, and written in blood. You’ll know it...or rather, sense it, when you see it. I’m expecting someone...he’ll be coming very soon.”

Watanuki hadn’t seen Yuko so preoccupied in a long time. He actually hurried up to obey, despite the fact that this book scared him. He HAD sensed it once, when cleaning out the back rooms. But it didn’t feel evil. Not even sad. Just...powerful and mysterious. A lot of what Yuko owned was mysterious...

Yuko petted the Black Mokona.

“Mokona, do you sense him yet?” Yuko asked the black pork bun-looking thing that was seated on the armrest of her chair.

“Mokona will go ‘boink’ when Mokona senses him!” the black Mokona replied happily. Maru and Moro chanted ‘boink’ for a while. Yuko enjoyed the enthusiasm. But it was too hot for her to partake herself.

“He’ll come...”

--

Ryouko made his rounds, his heart really not in this.

**Damn it...ever since Sasuke came back, Sakura’s been getting weaker...but I can’t prove that it’s Sasuke! How do I do this?**

Ryouko bit his thumb nervously. Despite his talent, he was a low-ranked ninja in the Hidden Leaf. However, he DID stand out in Anbu Torture/Interrogation, under Ibikki Morino. It wasn’t that Ryouko was sadistic. He was bright and perceptive, though, and that was what his job entailed.

**Damn that Sasuke, he's good! I know it's him doing this! If I could get away for help, only Naruto would believe me, and be able to keep Sasuke at bay while I was gone...**

"Ryouko-san! Please, come quickly! It's Sakura-san!"

Ryouko stopped his pacing and took off at top speed. Any news about Sakura had been bad, and he feared the worst each time he heard something new.

--

"It's a mystery. I don't know how she got like this. We were on a mission, and she just...collapsed."

Sasuke was explaining his story to all who had come. When Ryouko came, Sasuke stopped talking and glared at him. Ryouko pushed past him without a word, putting two fingers up to his eye.

"Remote Body Search!"

After only a few minutes, Ryouko came to a conclusion: Whatever Sasuke had done was in her brain, and she could only be saved with very special treatment. And Ryouko was going to do what it took to GET her that treatment.

"Naruto...I'm giving you an S-ranked mission to not leave Sakura's side, not for a second...I'm going to get a cure. I don't know how long I'll be gone...but I WILL be back with a cure!"

Ryouko took off, giving Sasuke a glare on his way out. Adjusting his trench coat on his shoulders, Ryouko made his move. He had heard of a fortune teller of sorts. It was a long shot, but it was Ryouko's best shot. He had to trust this fortune teller, or whatever she was. It was the only way to save Sakura.

--

BOINK!

Yuko smiled at Mokona. "So he HAS come. Mokona, where is the white Mokona?"

The black Mokona opened its mouth, and a projection came out. On the other end, a white Mokona popped its head into view.

"Yuko!" it exclaimed happily.

"Hello Mokona! I've got a surprise for your group! But first...where are you?" Yuko leaned forward, a little excited.

"Mokona isn't sure, but Mokona knows the name of the land is 'Ryuuza'!" Mokona made a serious face as it thought.

"Thank you Mokona. Stand by for a special gift, okay?"

Yuko called for Watanuki.

“Yes, Yuko-san? Oh, I have your book.” Watanuki handed over the book, curious as to why Yuko wanted it.

“Thank you, Watanuki. Kindly take one of the long coats from the closet, and make sure it will fit a boy about your size. We’re going to get another wish-maker...Histsuzen.”

Sure enough, the door to Yuko’s shop opened. She raised her eyebrows at the mask the boy was wearing. But his humility was enough for her. He was already on his knees.

“You must be the Space/Time Witch...if the stories are true...”

Yuko laid her head on her hand. “I am. And who are you?”

“My name is Ryouko! I’ve come here with-”

“With a wish. Yes, I’ve been expecting you. However, you understand, nothing is free...whatever your wish, you must pay for it appropriately.”

Ryouko bowed. “With money, or whatever it takes. I must do this! My wish...is to save my friend. A girl warrior named Sakura.”

Watanuki dropped the coat he was carrying. “Sakura? Isn’t that the name of the girl the other group was saving?!”

“There are different Sakura’s, Watanuki. Or are you so naïve as to think only ONE Sakura exists in the world? (It IS a common name, after all. But a cute name!)”

Moro and Maru started to chant the name. Yuko was vaguely surprised at how nonplussed at the admittedly strange atmosphere around her shop.

“Your price?” he repeated.

Yuko smiled. “I have two...first, as collateral, I’m going to take almost all your techniques that use your Chakra, or Chi. You will be able to defend yourself conventionally, however. Secondly...I need a favor from you. Your name isn’t unknown here, Ryouko.”

Yuko’s smile widened. “One of my customers begged me to free him from you, in fact. You’re quite the torturer, aren’t you?!”

“Not by choice. Only to protect my village. I get no enjoyment from it. It’s a job, nothing more. And I’m sorry I drove someone that close to insanity. But I make no mistakes when it comes to my village. Now, your second price? The favor? Anything...anything at all...” Ryouko’s voice trailed off.

“My price is this: You will be my eyes and ears for a certain group of travelers. Once you have paid that price, you will be able to heal this girl. I cannot say how long it will take, but rest assured, she will live

here until you return, successful or not. She may die the second you return, but she will last until then.” Yuko was never wrong about these things.

“I agree. I’ll do it,” Ryouko replied, repeating his plea.

“Very well. This girl...is she special to you?” Yuko asked slyly, while Watanuki was holding the coat and the black Mokona.

Ryouko’s head seemed to drop farther. “Yes...she’s very special to me. I may even love her...although she probably doesn’t feel it, or return that love. There’s another in her life. He’s the one that’s killing her, but I can’t prove it! But that doesn’t matter, all that matters is her life! When I come back...I’ll kill her murderer. I can’t let her die...I just can’t...”

Watanuki couldn’t help but speak up. “But murder, even murdering a murder, that’s wrong! You’re talking out of grief!”

Ryouko didn’t seem phased by what Watanuki said. “Maybe I am...but if I do, make no mistake, it will be no accident. This person has too much evil in their heart...though, far be it from me to judge, lest I be judged...”

Yuko’s smile had grown slightly somber, but returned in full force.

“Alright, payment received. Mokona, if you please, send him to the other Mokona. Ryouko, write all you think important in this book. Do not tell the others why you’re there, at least not at first.”

Mokona sucked Ryouko in, transporting him to the other Mokona. A disgusting, but fast way to travel.

As soon as he was gone, Watanuki asked Yuko why she did this.

“You don’t NEED eyes and ears, you’ve got that other Mokona! What did you need him for?”

“Perspective...humans are generally less light-hearted than Mokona. This one especially, he is cautious of everyone, myself included. His move was made out of desperation. Things must have been out of his hands.”

“Couldn’t you have cured the girl, Yuko-san?” Watanuki wanted to know.

“Of course! (Foolish kid, doesn’t even get my powers yet! Right Maru, Moro?) But...that would be putting my hand in his destiny...too many cooks spoil the broth, Watanuki. Fate, like a slow-cooked food, is best left in the hands of ONE chef...”

--

BOINK!

“Yuko-san has sent something! (Wonderful!) “

Fai, the wizard; Kurogane, the warrior; Syaoran, the Archeologist; Sakura, the Princess of Clow who lost her memory; and Mokona, whatever he/she/it was, from Yuko. A group of travelers fate had pieced together. They had, despite trepidation, worked well together, fulfilling a common goal, while each striving to achieve his (or her) personal goal. What had Yuko sent?

When a human came flying out of Mokona's mouth, they got their answer.

"Huh? A human? She never sent us one of those before!" Fai said cheerfully.

"It's dead, I'm not paying for another gift from that batty witch!" Kurogane said, charging at the crouched figure. Ryouko stood up and countered Kurogane's punch. Kurogane, in turn, countered his, and they were deadlocked.

"Who...the hell...are you?!" Kurogane demanded, straining under Ryouko's pressure.

"What are you attacking me for if you don't know?!" Ryouko shot back.

"Kuro-pi, let him go, let's hear his story. If Yuko sent him, and she hasn't asked for payment, he's fine! Now, TRY to be a gentleman for once, will you, Kuro-tan?"

"I TOLD YOU TO STOP WITH THE STUPID NAMES!" Kurogane shouted. Ryouko took the opportunity to try to shift his weight, but Kurogane held on.

"I'll introduce myself, if you let go of me," Ryouko offered. Kurogane let go.

"My name is Ryouko. I come from a different world. I'm here to save someone important to me, a girl named Sakura, and I-

Syaoran had leapt to his feet. Ryouko was anticipating an attack, but none came. Shock rang through the group, for some reason Ryouko didn't understand.

"Sakura? A girl? You mean...her?!" Syaoran pointed to the girl sleeping on the ground.

"No? Is that her name, then? No, MY Sakura...well, not MINE...the Sakura I know is being murdered slowly by a friend of hers, and I can't prove it until I cure her myself. She's different...pink hair, really powerful...but, to continue...The Space/Time Witch sent me here."

Ryouko looked at the group, trying to figure something out. **The tall one, with the black hair...he's a fighter, a warrior...the kid I'm talking to...he's with that girl, his version of a 'Sakura'...the other tall one...not sure yet, he hasn't spoken up. He SEEMS friendly, or at least interested in hearing my story...**

"Sorry about Kuro-tan's antics! Let us introduce ourselves. Fai D. Flowright, at your service! This is Syaoran, Sakura, and you've met Kuro-pi! Oh, and this is Mokona!" Fai help up the white pork bun-thing. Ryouko looked at Mokona.

"Mokona Modoki is my name, but you can say Mokona, Ryouko!" the white thing declared.

“Mokona-kun? Mokona-chan?” Ryouko offered/questioned.

“Mokona is Mokona!”

Ryouko didn't look taken aback. He realized that he may well have caused the tall one, Kuro-pi, was it, to be worried upon seeing his mask.

“I'm sorry, forgive me, I forgot I was wearing this...” Ryouko pulled off his mask, to reveal a stony face, devoid of emotion. The emotionless lips curled into a half-smile.

“And how old are you, kid?” Kurogane shot at Ryouko.

“Twenty...though I fail to see what difference that makes...” Ryouko frowned. “I'm going to assume that those were pet names you got...what's your real name?”

“Why should I tell you?” Kurogane shot back.

“You're right, why should you? Because we're both warriors, that much is evident to me. It's custom to offer your own name before demanding information, hence the reason I gave you my name. It's also custom...to reciprocate. While you think that over...”

Ryouko turned to the other two. Fai and Syaoran. Oh, and Sakura and Mokona.

“There's no need for formality with me, unless it's more comfortable for you. If I might ask a question myself...why are all of you traveling together?”

Syaoran was the one who answered this time, causing Ryouko to mentally mark him as the leader.

“I'm searching for the scattered memories of Princess Sakura. Fai is helping me, and Kurogane is trying to get home. Mokona is...well, kind of...well, we're not sure our selves, but Mokona is helpful!”

Fai had sat down. Ryouko noticed suddenly that this was a hotel room he was in.

“I'm also avoiding going back to my home world. I'm just going where fate...in the form of Mokona, of course!...takes me. And Kuro-tan is trying to get home, so he can slay more baddies!” Fai leaned close and loudly whispered: “Kuro-tan's got an awful temper, that's why he got sent away to begin with!”

“AWFUL TEMPER, HUH?! I HEARD THAT!”

Kurogane took off, chasing Fai around the room.

“Does this happen a lot?” Ryouko asked Syaoran.

“Yeah. It's kind of funny, really...”

Ryouko looked at the girl. “I could tell you how much of her memory has returned...the Space/Time witch



took most of my abilities, but not my genjutsu or taijutsu..."

"Huh? Genjutsu? You mean, mind abilities? Are you a wizard, like Fai?" Syaoran asked in surprise.

"No. I'm a ninja where I come from. Ironic that I'm also looking after a "Sakura", isn't it? But, you're correct, mind techniques. Usually used in self-defense, although I suspect Yuko-san took most of those techniques. But I can still use my mind in certain ways...But perhaps it might be better if we waited until you could trust me for sure."

BOINK!

"Syaoran! Mokona sense's Sakura's feather! But Mokona doesn't know WHO has it! Look!"

Everyone took a look through the window, and they didn't like what they saw. A crowd, all demanding that they leave, was shouting at the top of their lungs.

"They must not like outsiders..." Fai said, a placid smile still in place.

"Too bad. The white pork bun said that the feather's down there? Then let's go get it!" Kurogane snarled. He had been wanting a fight, and here was one. He shot a sideways glance at Ryouko.

"Let's see if you fight as well as you talk! The name is Kurogane."

Ryouko walked away from the window, putting on the coat Yuko had given him.

"It'll be an honor. I haven't fought anyone from a different world before. But, I get the feeling that this isn't a rare thing with this group, so I'll be glad to help, since I WAS kind of dumped in your lap."

**I'll make some notes in that book later...It'll be easier to carry out Yuko-san's mission if I get their trust first. They've given me no reason not to trust them yet, I should offer the same courtesy.**