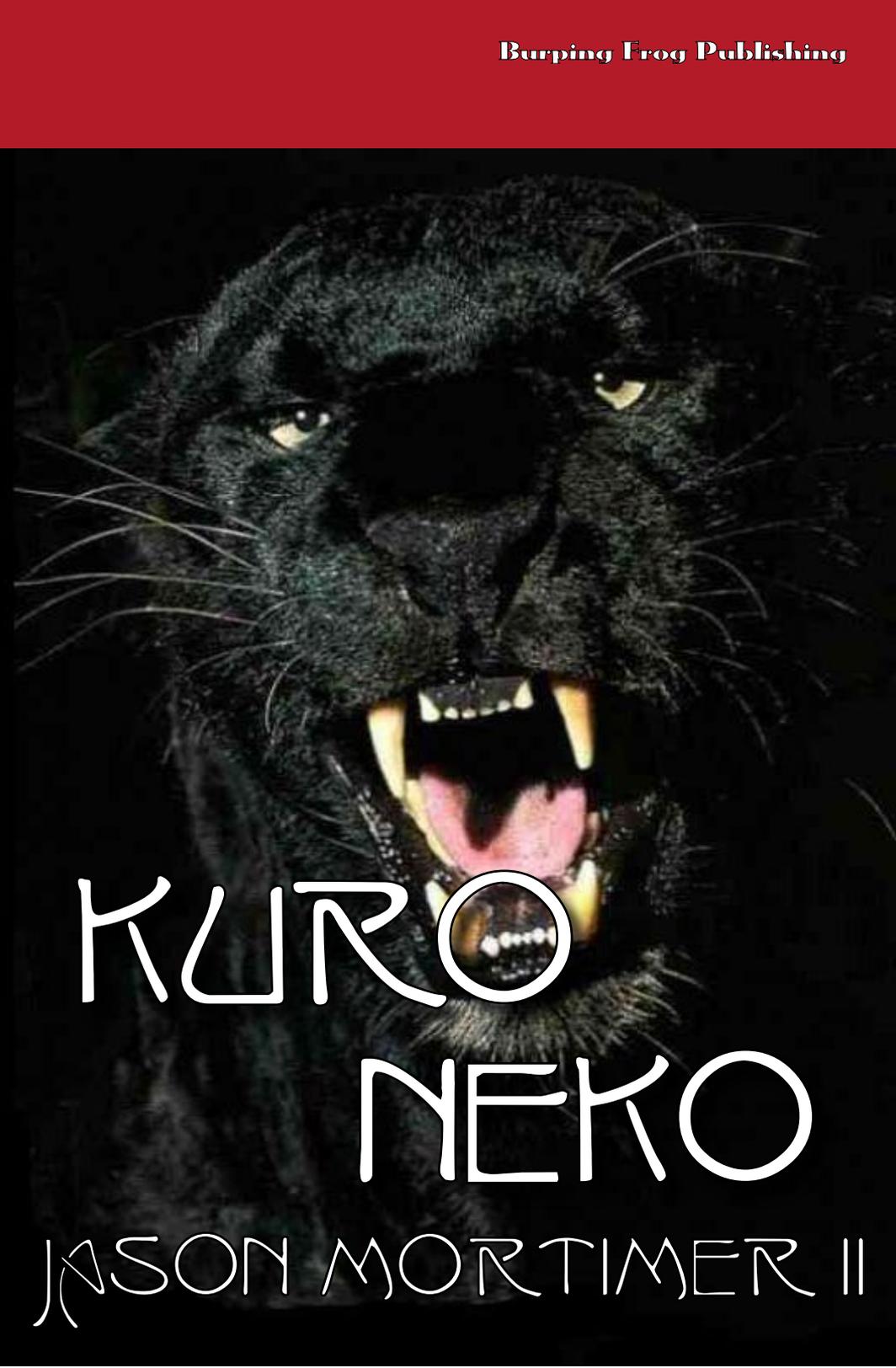


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KURO

NEKO

JASON MORTIMER II

Chapter 1

It is the first day that classes have started for the new year on the Kagesakura Vocational College campus. It is actually the first time that one student in particular ever went to an official school of any kind. If not for the entrance exam he may have never qualified to even attend this prestigious college with the colors black and red worn proudly by her students.

Due to the circumstances beyond his control he is late for the first day and the class has already been in progress for ten minutes. When he enters the computer lab for his first class he walks up to the teacher and hands him a note. The teacher nods and sends him to the only seat left, near the front of the class. He nods and bows politely before heading to his seat.

He takes out his notepad and wakes up the screen of his monitor. He ignores the stares he is getting from both the male and female students.

“Nekomiya-san,” the teacher calls out, “can you finish this programming formula for me?”

The young man gets up from his seat and walks with a certain grace to the chalkboard. The teacher hands him the chalk and smiles.

“You’ve made a few mistakes in the X and Y axis,” the young man states. “If you adjust those and put those here ... add a few things there and here ... then add a few lines of text here ... the purple ball you want will come out just nicely without the bump that was going to result from your errors.”

The teacher takes a step back and looks at the work then the young man. He rushes to the computer on his desk and inputs the program.

“Damn, you were right about the errors. You’ve got amazing skills. You’re a hacker aren’t you?”

“I am good at code. That is it.”

“Your skills are way beyond being good at code but I suppose I won’t press the matter any further. You can take your seat.”

The young man nods and returns to his seat as instructed. He continues to ignore the stares that have turned from stares of curiosity to stares of jealousy and attraction. The class runs until nine and the students are let out to prepare for their next class. The young man is surprisingly the first one out the door. he heads straight to his lockers.

“So who are you?” a girl with a single braid under a bob cut asks him.

“Nekomiya Kuroh,” he answers curtly.

“You look like you use cosgen.”

“This is all natural.”

“Bullshit, your Japanese is way too good for all that to be natural. I mean snow white hair and dark skin just the right shade of brown. And what about those green eyes?”

“I am from a tribe in Brazil that originated in Japan. My mother prepared my sisters and me for our return to the motherland.”

“You’re actually serious.”

“Of course I am.”

Kuroh closes his locker and leaves. He leaves the impolite girl staring after him. He checks his watch and hurries off to his next class. He still had some time to spare but he wanted a place to jot down a few extra notes while it was still fresh in his mind. It is at his destination that he meets a tall girl with purple hair and lavender eyes.

“So that’s what someone with the money for cosgen looks like,” he states as he takes a seat.

“Do you like?” she asks him with a polite smile.

“It’s interesting to say the least.”

“I’m Fugo Kaminari and the head of the student government. I am told you were late to your first class on the first day of the new school year.”

“Couldn’t be helped.”

“Why is that?”

“I don’t think that is any of your business.”

“No need to be rude.”

“No need for you to stick your nose in my affairs.”

“You’ve got some spirit. I like that. If I were you I would not join the kendo club. I am the captain and I would love to crush that spirit of yours.”

“Weird. Kendo is my greatest hobby.”

“We don’t need anybody in the Traditions and Kendo Club that only sees kendo as a hobby.”

“What else do you call something you obsess about for fun?”

“Is this guy bothering you, Fugo-senpai?” the girl from before asks.

“It’s all right, Hikari. We were just having a friendly chat.”

Hikari brushes past Kuroh and purposely bumps his shoulder. He reaches a hand out and the next thing she knows is that she is on her back on the ground.

“You don’t want to mess with me, bitch,” he growls lowly at her and takes a seat.

Hikari goes to retaliate but Kaminari holds up her hand and stops her.

“No sense in getting riled up now. We can think of better things to do to him later.”

Kuroh shoots her a look that makes her smile.

“Such an intimidating glare,” she taunts. “You’ll learn soon enough your place here.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” he asks her as he opens his book.

“You’ll learn that as well.”

“Pray that I never meet you anywhere off campus.”

“Are you seriously threatening me?”

“Threats are for the weak. I am merely giving you a warning.”

“You can’t scare Fugo-senpai, you weak and pathetic fool,” Hikari bellows.

Kuroh ignores her and gets back to his work. His look softens as he becomes engrossed in adding to the notes he had already made. By the time class starts he is in a better mood despite the glare from Hikari. He is attentive and receives stares from more female students. When the class lets out he is the first to leave once more. He heads straight to his locker to put up his bag. Since his next class doesn’t begin until one he decides to take lunch.

Thanks to the on-campus cafeteria Kuroh does not have far to go for his lunch. He loves the fact that they serve sushi and sashimi here, his two favorite foods. He orders the special platter and waits for it to be made fresh. He stands in line looking out at the student populace. A few girls avert their eyes when he looks their way while others are frozen in shock and indecision.

He soon receives his meal, pays for it and takes it over to a table where he can eat in peace. Once he sits down he opens his jacket and pulls out carefully wrapped chopsticks that are black with his family name in gold kanji near their base. He picks up a spicy tuna roll and slips it in his mouth. He chews it carefully before swallowing it as he turns to grip the person behind him by the throat.

“I don’t like being approached from behind,” he tells the frightened girl. “Oh, you must be that one’s sister. Are you here to try and pick a fight?”

The girl shakes her head vigorously and Kuroh lets her go.

“Who are you?”

“Nawasura Tsuki,” she answers quietly.

“You are definitely your sister’s opposite.”

Kuroh sits back down and Tsuki stands to the side of him.

“Aren’t you going to sit down?” he asks her as he takes up another piece of sushi.

Tsuki suddenly lifts up her skirt and blushes fiercely as she looks away.

“What are you doing?”

“I like you,” she answers softly.

“You don’t know me.”

“I still like you. It’s something in your eyes and the way you look and move.”

“So this is how you ask a man to go out with you?”

She nods slowly.

“You must still be a virgin then.”

Her face becomes more flushed.

“You designed these yourself, didn’t you?”

“Yes.”

“You must really like this school to have designed black panties with red cherry blossoms on them.”

“It’s a good school.”

“Okay, because a shy girl like you has such a weird habit and big breasts I’ll make you my girlfriend.”

Tsuki smiles and lowers her skirt.

“Of course that means you will have to think about things like sex and some perverted things.”

“Okay.”

“Just like that?”

Tsuki nods.

“Then join me for lunch. We can have a little chat and see how well things progress.”

Tsuki nods and hurries over to the lunch line to get something to eat. When she comes back she has a large bowl of ramen with pieces of pork and beef in it.

“Can you actually eat all of that?” he asks her as he continues to eat his own food.

“It’s not that much.”

“I’ll take that as a yes.”

Tsuki giggles.

“Can I call you Kuroh-kun?” she asks him after a moment of silence.

“I see your sister told you about me.”

“Yes.”

“Is that why you approached me?”

“She’s a bad judge of character. If she doesn’t like you that means you’ll be good for me.”

“I don’t know about that.”

“I’m sure of it.”

“Have you ever heard the expression ‘become the devil’s bride’, Tsuki?”

“No.”

“Well, basically it means that a sweet and innocent girl becoming something like a pervert for the sake of her significant other who, for all intents and purposes, is a pervert himself.”

“Are you a pervert?”

“Yes I am.”

“Okay.”

“Okay?”

“I’ll become the devil’s bride.”

“Your sister put you up to this didn’t she?”

Tsuki blushes.

“What did she want you to do?”

“Put some sleeping powder in your food.”

“As my girlfriend I am going to have to punish you for that, okay?”

“But I didn’t put anything in your food.”

“The fact that you approached me initially for the wrong reason is why you have to be punished.”

Tsuki pouts but nods.

“You’ll definitely make a good girlfriend for me.”

“You still want to be my boyfriend?”

“Of course I do. You’re a cute girl and you have just what it takes to be the devil’s bride.”

She offers him a slight smile while her eyes shine with a strange eagerness. He chuckles and quickly turns to grip the throat of the person behind him.

“I don’t like being approached from behind,” he tells the large student with red hair.

“What are you doing talking to my Tsuki?” he chokes out.

“Forgive me, Tsuki,” Kuroh tells her before he slams the poor

guy's head into the table and knocks him out.

He tosses the unconscious student to the side and sits down as if nothing happened to continue his lunch.

“Was he really your boyfriend?”

“He thinks so but I don't like him. He assaulted me one time and I managed to get away from him but I had to run home with barely anything covering my chest.”

“Which arm of his do you want me to break?”

“What?”

“Pick an arm and I'll break it.”

“His left one; he's left-handed.”

Kuroh bends over slightly to pick up the arm closest to him and strikes. The young man screams and Tsuki knows she heard the snapping of bone. She blushes at Kuroh and continues to eat her lunch.

“You idiots over there better get your friend to a nurse,” he speaks to the table of the college's soccer team.

Daniel Breyer, the still unconscious young man on the floor, just happens to be the captain of the soccer team. Being jocks they have a sense of superiority when it comes to strength. They lost their sense of danger to adrenaline inducing workouts and fitness that also keeps their testosterone pumping.

They surround the table with Tsuki and Kuroh. Tsuki can tell that Kuroh is not the type of guy to be messed with.

“I wish you didn't have to see this side of me so soon,” he tells her as he stands up and promptly attacks the closet team member.

Kuroh grabs the student by the back of his head and brings his knees up into the man's chest. As the young man begins to fall backwards Kuroh flips over and tosses him into another of his teammates. He then sweeps three of them off of their feet with a low sweep before spinning out and up into a standing position as he takes out another two with the motion. Tsuki stares on in wonderment as his three braids move like tails as he moves. His movements are lithe, graceful and deadly like a jungle cat as he moves and takes out all twelve members of the men's soccer team.

“Because I am in the company of my girlfriend, gentlemen,

I will put the black lion back in its cage and not damage you as I have done to your friend,” he tells them as he brushes himself off.

His words fall on deaf ears as the men that tried to attack him are all unconscious. He shrugs and finishes off his lunch before heading to his third class for the day. During the transition between third and fourth class he finds Tsuki and arranges with her to meet after school. She agrees with a willing smile. He touches her cheek with a warm hand that makes her blush. He smiles at her then heads off to his final class for the day.

After school Tsuki meets Kuroh by the lockers and he agrees to walk her to her dorm.

“Since we get the weekends off do you want to have lunch with me at someplace you like?” he asks her. “I’m still getting used to being here and I don’t know all the places yet.”

“Um, okay. You want to pick me up from the dorm?”

“I think that’s best. My jeep should be here by Friday.”

“You have a jeep?”

“Yeah, made it myself. It has a German engine, American body, Italian interior and Brazilian soul.”

“You?”

“You caught that. Is that a park next to your dorm?”

“Yes.”

“Let’s go over there for a bit.”

Tsuki nods and eagerly pulls Kuroh behind her. She takes a seat on the bench and leans onto his shoulder when he sits down. He smiles and wraps an arm around her. The next thing she knows is that she is over his lap and being spanked. He spansks her fifteen times before he lets her up.

“Wasn’t so bad as a punishment right?” he asks her with a delighted smile.

“I guess,” she answers quietly as she rubs her bottom.

“I had planned on feeling up that large chest of yours you know. We can still do that as punishment.”

Tsuki blushes but sits on the space of bench between his knees then puts his hands on her chest. He does not hesitate to

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