

K Powerless

Von Alma

Kapitel 1: Raging Fire

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This short fanfiction of approximately 10 chapters deals with a different ending of K in episode 13. Therefore it contains heavy SPOILERS – do only read it once you have finished season 1 (for your own peace of mind). The first chapter was a dream I had some time ago of an alternative ending. Please enjoy.

Mature Content just in case (violence).

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A hard swallow shook his throat, and forced him to heave for air for a second. Feverishly, he tried not to lose sight of this man before him, but the black strands of hair reaching down to his nose didn't make it easier. His vision was blurry, but it was hard to overlook the red hair of his opponent, even more so in contrast to the snow surrounding them. He breathed calmly, unlike his counterpart. One could see that his body was crumbling - even though he was too stubborn to admit it, of course. Sweat shimmered on the forehead of the red-haired man, his body shook with every violent, shallow breath he took. What worried him most, however, were the black spots that ran over the king's body. Even without his glasses, he could see the black burns trailing up over his fingers and his neck. It was apparent, he couldn't withstand it for long.

Reisi twitched briefly as he realized how much pain Suoh seemed to be in. The heavy panting of his opponent made him cringe even more than the wintry cold that slowly devoured his limbs. There was not much time left. For a moment, he lowered his sword, and focused on the golden eyes of the king before him. The icy cold wind seemed as if it tried to cut up his face. It fueled his despair even more. He could already feel how his fingers started to freeze - slowly, and without mercy. He still had enough volition to move them, but he felt his will to fight eroding with every passing moment. The longer he forced himself to fight this man, the weaker he felt, the more he seemed to lose the ground beneath his feet. He knew it could not go on like this much longer. Eventually, they had to stop playing around, and start fighting seriously. Just the thought alone turned his stomach.

"What's wrong, Munakata?" Suoh scoffed with a spiteful grin which concealed half-heartedly how much he was struggling to contain the flames burning inside of him. Reisi could see very well how every breath, every movement tortured him. Ready for

battle, the redhead was still holding his hands in a combative position. "Was that all you've got? If you don't get serious soon, you will not be able to stop me."

Reisi forced himself to keep his face expressionless. He had already shown a great deal too much. Desperate, he was still looking for a way to change Suoh's mind, to make him listen. But he felt that no words of his would be able to move his heart. He wanted to help him, but everything Suoh cared for was his revenge. And under this weight he burned to ashes – slowly he was falling apart. It was just like he actually wanted it to happen - as if he wished to be scorched and left to die. He was not fighting Reisi seriously. He seemed to be saving his strength for something else. Reisi's eyes narrowed a little more, and he hoped that his opponent could not see his inner chaos. His voice was no longer calm and untouchable as before. "If you keep this up, you'll leave me no choice ... Suoh ... It's still not too late ... or is your pride more important than your life?"

"Tsk" With a bitter grin, he began to move, dashed towards him, and let the fire consume him even more. "Don't interfere in my business, Munakata!"

It was not hard to dodge the blow for it was never intended to hurt him seriously after all. With a twist, he slipped the attack and swung his sword half-heartedly in Suoh's direction at the same time. The heat on his skin prickled uncomfortably as the second shot hit him and bounced off of his aura. This time it seemed as if his opponent didn't want to waste any more time. Blow after blow, he pushed back the man in the uniform, every attack a little more rampant, a little stronger. Reisi felt every strike hit him harder and resounding in his bones like a brutal echo. It was funny how much he had to force himself to show honest opposition. Suoh's eyes were getting closer with every assault and seemed to pierce his heart with every inch that crumbled between them. Reisi felt as if he was close to drowning in those eyes. As if those golden eyes were about to drag him down with him into the black abyss that opened in the flames. He had to do something. He finally had to do something. He could not allow Suoh to be devoured by his rage and flames.

The final blow went straight to his face. The impact shook Reisi violently and almost made him lose his footing - even though he was protected by his aura. A loud gasp escaped his throat and made him stagger two steps back. Blinking, he raised his sword again and went into a defensive position. His fingers obeyed him less and less, as the cold swept into his bones. The icy wind that cut his face, gradually let his blood run cold. An exhausted smile slid from Suoh's mouth just like the sweat that ran down his forehead as he saw Reisi like that. Scornfully, the Red King bared his teeth, trying to dissemble the pain of the fire that continued to dig into his skin without any sign of mercy. "You look pretty exhausted."

"So do you," Reisi replied with a forced smile. And it was true, the man in the uniform had no energy left to continue playing this game. It felt as if it would tear his heart from his chest. Just how could he talk some sense into that stubborn man? How could he keep him from digging his own grave? How could he make him see that he did not want him to die?

The smile with which Suoh replied was more honest than before, and drove another dagger right into Reisi's chest. It was almost like so many years before - almost like in

the beginning. Back then, when everything was still in order and Suoh had done nothing but smile for him. Suddenly, sorrow distorted Reisi's smile and for a moment the pain flared from the depths of his soul to the surface. He felt his heart pounding in his chest, in his temples, his tongue and his fingers. And he felt that it went quieter and weaker with each beat it took. His mouth opened, but there was no sound. His violet eyes, however, spoke volumes. They shimmered in the dim light like dying flames, pouring his heart out to his opponent, begging him to stop already.

It made Suoh catch his breath. Confused, he stopped and stared into the familiar face that was no longer calm and seemed to shout at him without making any sound. For a moment, he forgot himself and the pain on his skin. Slowly, uncertain, he lowered his scorched arms. His eyes crossed with those of the black-haired man until he seemed to be lost in that violet sea. All he could muster at that moment was an incredulous whisper. "Munakata"

"Hahahahahah! What, what, what? "A sudden cry shrilled through the snow and caught the attention of the two kings. A girl stood there, only a few feet away, and put her hands on her hips, leaned forward and watched them. Her face twisted into an antic ugliness as a laugh poured out of her mouth - mad and dangerous. "No time for tenderness, my dears. I thought you were here because of something else. Hehehehe!"

From the corner of his eye, Munakata could see how Suoh's face bent and distorted with rage. He snorted, grunted, and the next moment the flames consumed him once more. His voice rumbled like a dangerous thunderstorm. "You ..."

"Suoh, no!" He grabbed him, tried to stop him, but the redhead was already running, increasing the distance between them in fast, big leaps. Suddenly, the blood rose to Reisi's head and started itching terribly in his veins, pumping frantically in his legs until he dashed forward as well. As fast as he could, he ran forward, drew his sword and activated his magic to outrun his friend. But fate was not on his side.

A fearsome laughter tore the girl's face apart and flashed towards them like a white bolt of lightning. Her screaming was like a raging storm as white arrows bolted out of her eyes into freedom. It only took a few seconds before the white spirit of the Colorless King had cut through the air and disappeared once again. Just a moment later, the girl's body crashed to the ground lifelessly.

It was Suoh who suddenly stopped and doubled over like he was about to throw up. Not being able to respond that quickly, Reisi slid past him, staring aghast at the unconscious girl on the ground. The sight of it sent shivers down his spine. It took him a number of accelerating heartbeats until he was able to grasp the situation. Only slowly, unable to breathe, Reisi turned his head around and took a glimpse at a violently panting Suoh. The king choked and gasped heavily for air as if he were close to suffocating. Between the breaths, however, his mouth distorted into a devilish grin, the insanely widened eyes fixed on the ground. He chuckled, and it sounded like an avalanche of stones.

"Ha Haha.... Hahahaha ... Looks like I am the winner this time... "

Reisi held his breath. His eyes widened as he understood the full capacity of the situation. Hastily, he stepped back a pace and swung his sword in the air defensively. For one terrible long moment he was unable to breathe, his voice trembling. "S-Suoh?"

"Ha... Hahahaha!" His body convulsed, whether with laughter or pain Reisi could not tell. His counterpart straightened up, his muscles still trembling with every movement, and stared at his hands. His pupils were dilated, his eyeballs flushed with red and his brows still sparkled with sweat. Suoh's deep, rough voice sounded, but the words were those of another man. "It's incredible ... this power ... this energy. Hahaha... This is just incredible! "

It was the first time in a long time that Reisi felt something that came perilously close to panic. He still had difficulty with breathing properly. There was a hot lump blocking his throat and a burning trail of blood pounding from his heart to his temples so strongly that his vision blurred. He felt his legs growing weak, his heart crying in despair. Instinctively, he took another step backwards and held his sword in both hands, wishing he had never taken off his glasses in the first place. Before him still stood the red-haired man he knew so well, but the grin on his lips was nothing he had ever seen before. It was as if an icy knife drilled into his stomach as "Suoh" finally looked at him and bared his teeth.

"You are next ..."

A barrage of fire rolled up against him before he could even blink. Hastily, Reisi forced his arm into the air to activate his aura, trying to repel the attack. He succeeded, but only at the very last second. He could feel the pressure of the hot flames charring his clothes, still lingering to destroy everything in their path. The wall of fire bounced off of him and scattered into the wind, but at the very same moment Reisi could see again, a fist skyrocketed at him, slamming with a massive force against the blue cocoon around him. All he realized then was that he swallowed mud the moment after. His head was spinning and he felt snow and earth between his fingers as he found himself on the ground. Behind him, he still heard the disturbing laugh drumming against his bones.

"Hahahaha! That's the way it should be. Crawl in the mud before me! Hahahaha! "

For a moment, time seemed to stand still. Reisi stared at the soil beneath him and heaved for breath. He felt how drained his legs, his magic and his lungs were already; every muscle and sinew begged him to stop now. But he also felt something growing inside of him, boiling, and, eventually, breaking furiously to the surface. All of a sudden his fingers were no longer cold, the drumming of his heart pushed into the background and he no longer tasted the blood in his mouth. Trembling still, but not wavering, his fingers pressed tightly around the handle of his sword as he straightened up. His entire body rustled of adrenaline, but his eyes were fixed and full of poison. A low growl rattled through his throat as he raised his sword, ready to attack. A hissing crawled through his clenched teeth and his eyes narrowed in the

anger that shook him.

"... How dare you? ...This is not your body ... I will not let you abuse him! "

Another mocking laughter rolled up against him and the golden eyes flashed of ridicule and amusement at the same time. Arrogantly "Suoh" made a dismissive gesture. "Oh? As I see it, this already IS my body now.The energy of the Red King is mine ... from now on... his flames obey me alone! "He blinked and an abnormal grin distorted his face before he struck again and sent a huge fireball at his opponent.

Munakata was prepared this time, which did not mean that it was easy for him to evade this daunting attack the red-haired man threw heedlessly in his direction. This was a completely different level than before. Suoh had never really wanted to hurt him, but this man used all of his power to put him out of action. Reisi barely jumped out of the way before he was running towards "Suoh", unsheathing his sword along the way. With an expectant, blood thirsty face, the redhead was ready to greet him. Another fist of fire shot up to meet him and fizzled past Reisi's ear. Deftly, he ducked his head to avoid the attack before the black-haired man slammed the hilt of his sword into his opponent's belly. With a painful groan, the Colorless King staggered back and choked. It confirmed what Reisi had hoped for. Perhaps the Colorless King had Suoh's powers now, but not his skill and experience to use them. As quick as a flash, Munakata attacked again and rammed the grip of the sword against the jaw, the kidneys and the lungs of his counterpart.

Panting, the man began to tumble in front of him, seemed almost close to falling. But before Reisi could launch another attack, an explosive heat urged him to move back. With an animalistic and hurt roar, a huge column of flames suddenly spiraled into the sky in front of him, causing Reisi to gasp for air desperately. Hastily, he staggered back, trying to protect himself with his aura, but the flames were growing wilder and even more unrestrained the longer the cry continued. Below him, the earth began to crumble, the snow melting within the blink of an eye till the air around him seemed to be aflame itself. It put him in an unprecedented terror. If he did not stop this, then... "Stop that! You are going to destroy him! "

The pillar of fire burst and blew from the man who stood in its midst. Panting, but still with the wrong, lunatic grin on his lips, the Colorless King examined him. The black burn marks spread out even further, now even charring Suoh's clothes. Reisi could see how much the king had to fight with the flames, but it seemed as if he didn't care that much.

"Hah ... why should that bother me? I don't need this body any longer... Everything I wanted, were his powers... "

Those words fueled the anger in Reisi's heart even further and he lost control of his voice. Suddenly, he was overcome by his emotions and an engulfing fear. "Free him!" he roared, shaking in despair.

Drunk with power, "Suoh" licked his lips and looked at him. "Oh ... even if I could, I would not. The Red King is no longer ... there is only me. The only king this world needs." Grinning, he raised both arms and let the flames play between his fingers. Not

as controlled and deft as it should have been, but much more brutal, much more destructive. "There is no point in resisting, Blue King. You can not kill me. Even if this body here disintegrates into dust, I live on. And then I'll take over your body ..."

Anger flickered in Reisi's eyes, combined with even more despair. He could not think clearly. Yet he looked feverishly for a way out of this situation. But what should he do? If Suoh was really already... if he ... if he was not...

A new flame attack interrupted his thoughts abruptly. The fire slammed into his aura, leaving him shaken to his foundations. For a moment, Munakata had to close his eyes to recover from the sudden and brutal impact that hit him. He felt his legs tremble and he gasped for breath. Another headless attack almost tore him off his feet. The flames raged around him, hammering repeatedly against his defense, ready to relentlessly burn down everything that stood in their way. Reisi had enough to do, dealing with the flames. However, when suddenly "Suoh" dashed at him with his fist clenched, it was already too late. His aura began to crack, break, and the unimaginable force of the attack simply swept him away. It felt like several ribs had been broken, although Reisi instinctively knew that was not true. Just one second later, the black-haired man crashed into a tree several meters away and eventually slid to the ground.

The world around him began spinning, and for a few excruciating seconds, he could not breathe at all. The charring pain still drubbed him, seemed to attempt breaking him as the strike had done with his magic. Disoriented, Reisi fumbled for his sword, but all he got between his fingers were snow and frozen ground. He coughed from the pain and felt how something sticky and hot trickled over his temple. The steps that were headed for him rang in his head like a distant, surreal echo. He groaned and tried to sit up, lost his balance and fell again. Only in the last second his reflexes saved him from tasting mud again when his hands cushioned the fall.

The familiar and yet so utterly strange voice crept into his ears like a snake in its nest, lurking, just waiting to devour him. "... The end is inevitable. And it's pointless to fight against it. You're tired. You don't have any strength left. Just accept it already. That would save us both a lot of time. "

The man in blue blinked again and forced himself to avoid eye contact with the man before him. He struggled to his knees and let his eyes circle through the melting snow once more. Hot blood ran down from his temple to his jaw, dripping onto his clothes. He felt a violent pain in his head, his ribs and his shoulder, but he swallowed it all down his throat – even though the beating of his heart and the searing of his wounds made it worse with every second. There had to be a way. There just had to be a way to beat this king. Without hurting Suoh's body... Without losing him... There was still a chance, right? ...Right?

"Looking for this?" the voice sounded spiteful and just a second later the tip of Munakata's sword cut the air and loomed before his nose. The avalanche of laughter roared at him again and resounded aching in his ribs. It was a disgusting feeling. "Let's bring this to an end, shall we? I promise you, you will not even feel anything. You are a clever one, right? So let's make this as pleasant as possible. Do not make me hurt your body even further.... "

Reisi's breathing began to rattle as he stared at the ground. Shaking his head, he tried to regain his magic, to set up his aura once more. He could feel the panic beginning to strike roots in him, pulling him further and further into despair. He was about to lose his grip completely. He had no strength left – he knew. He didn't stand a chance against this man who used the Red Kings flames so recklessly, so brutally and with no self control at all. Compared to this man, Suoh really had held himself back all this time. The thought seared a spot in his heart and made him muster all the strength he had left. Briefly, his magic flashed, flickered until it began to regenerate. The attempt was honored with another devastating blow which sent Reisi back to the ground. He whirled back until his head hit the soil very hard. Stars danced around him and he could feel the cold of the ground below him ooze into his limbs. He wanted to open his eyes, but as soon as he became aware of the risk it brought, he pressed them together again.

A foot slammed into his belly and pushed him to the earth a little more. It startled the black-haired man, but instead of following the instinct to widen his eyes, he kept them sealed. Helpless, he fumbled around him for help and tried to stabilize his magic, but he already knew that he was at the end of his tether. The reckless manner in which this man used Suoh's magic broke all dimensions. Even now, he pressed him to the ground with all of Suoh's magic power and made Reisi unable to move. He restrained himself nothing like his friend had or at least had tried to do. No, the king destroyed everything, even the body in which he was. Munakata gritted his teeth.

"If you keep this up ... his Sword of Damocles will drop ..."

The devilish grin grew even darker and an amused laugh tormented his battered body. "What do I care? As long as there is a body I can flee into, I will not die. And now I've got the Red King's power. Nothing will be able to stop me."

It was the moment when Reisi - for the first time in a long time - was thoroughly overcome by fear. It ate through his body like a virus and paralyzed his limbs. He tried to fight back, but the more he struggled against it, the more he seemed engrossed by it. His breathing began to rattle heavily when he felt the tip of his sword on his shoulder and the voice of the man in front of him sending an icy chill down his spine.

"What is it, Blue King? You don't stand a chance against me. Give it up and look death in the eye like a man!"

In shallow, violent spurts, Reisi's breath escaped between his teeth. With his last strength he shook his head. Was there really nothing he could do? Nothing at all? He didn't want to kill Suoh. But even if he did - it wouldn't kill the Colourless King as well, wouldn't it? There was no way he could physically beat this opponent. The despair caused his heart to almost stand still. But there had to be a way! His voice shook violently and yet there was a last spark of strength in it. "... You will not... get me."

"Oh, I beg to differ." He could hear the grin without needing to look at him. A moment later, however, the tip of his sword dug into Reisi's shoulder and tore the flesh apart with a single, silky movement. With all of his strength, he suppressed a scream and pressed his eyes shut even harder. His magic flared up again, but this attempt was stopped by the blade that further dug itself into his tendons. Sweat beaded on his

forehead and with all his might he tried to do anything but look up. He would not show that bastard an opening. Reisi resisted the urge to wrest himself from the blade. It elicited an unhappy grunt from the Colorless King. His voice grew louder, but the sword in his hand didn't move another inch.

"Give up!"

Violently, Reisi shook his head and heaved for breath as he felt the despair devouring him from within. "I won't! I will not surrender to the likes of you! I would rather die! "

"Dead you won't do me any good." Hissed "Suoh" and the next moment Reisi felt his sword drawn out of his flesh, felt how the foot was taken off of his stomach. But the short freedom was ended when the man placed himself on his belly with his full weight on it. Munakata almost blinked when he felt hot hands closing around his neck. The redhead's face twisted into a grotesque mask yet again. "... I will make you look at me..."

The pain that followed these words was like nothing Munakata had ever experienced in his life. When the flames of "Suoh"'s hands spread on his neck, and cut off the air he was breathing, a cry sounded to the air that didn't seem to be human. Desperately panting for freedom, trying to push against the flames with all his might, the black-haired man could not fight the urge any longer. Abruptly, his eyes shot open and even though he was completely blind with pain, he stared helplessly into the sky above. For one moment the world didn't exist anymore – only the feeling of himself dying. He couldn't even perceive the deep voice of his "friend" anymore.

"Gotcha!"

Another cry sounded and Munakata believed to be truly unconscious for a moment. The pain that haunted him was indescribable. Like hundreds of toxic pinpricks – no like piercings of a knife - it felt as if someone would slice the skin off his bones; as if someone would stab him over and over again. One last time his magic tried to materialize, flickered violently like a flame in the wind until it finally managed to cover him protectively. Panting and sweating, he raised his arms, trying to reorientate himself, but the roaring, relentless pain that thundered against him made it impossible for him. Another scream rang out, but only now the blue king noticed that it was not his own. And it was not until this moment that he realized he was not pinned to the ground anymore and no flames tormented him any longer, though their remaining bite still drove him close to the unconscious. The pained cries grew louder, even more frightening and haunting and made Reisi blink. Ahead, he saw "Suoh's" shape as it staggered to stand and held its head. Again and again the flames broke out, enveloped him, but sputtered at the very moment they came to life. It was not the familiar voice now that writhed in pain and screamed in anger.

"No! NO! What are you doing? Stop it at once!"

Suddenly, "Suoh's" head jerked back and forth and his arms whirled through the air as

if to defend himself. Breathlessly, Munakata stared at him, but the colorless King seemed to pay him no attention. His cries grew louder and even more macabre, literally begging for help.

"Ahhhh! No! Let it stop! You'll kill us both! NO! Stop it! LET ME GO! "

"Suoh 's" body shook even more violently as if he was hanging from invisible threads. His fingers dug into his temples, his pupils dilated and showed unimaginable fear. He seemed to fight against something, but it gorged him from the inside. Munakata was too dazed by pain to understand what was happening. All he saw was that "Suoh" was brought to his knees, holding his head, beginning to tremble violently. The cry he sent to heaven seemed to cut him and everything around him like a knife did with a piece of paper. It rang so loudly and so harshly in his ears that Reisi instinctively squeezed his eyes shut.

"No! NO! AHHHH! Please stop it! Have mercy! I do not want to- No! DON'T! "

A twitch drove through the man's body as if a volley of bullets slipped through him. For a moment there was silence before his eyes rolled inwards, and his body crashed to the ground. Everything went silent. His body lay still, showing no sign of life whatsoever. It brought Reisi's inside to collapse. Defeating all his pain, the man in uniform got to his knees and slid towards the lifeless body of the Red King. Breathless, with trembling hands and a heart torn apart by fear, he grabbed "Suoh" and pulled him up. Completely limp and motionless, his body rested in Reisi's arms and showed no signs of life anymore. Violently, the black-haired man wrestled for air. Just from the corner of his eye, he saw the red Sword of Damocles above him starting to dissemble and scatter into the dawning sky.

"... Suoh? ...Suoh, do you hear me? Suoh!"

From the distance the sound of steps drew closer, but Reisi couldn't hear them. All he focused on was the lifeless man in his arms. Desperately, Reisi started to shake him violently, making his body fling back and forth like a doll. It worsened the pain in his chest even more and took his breath away for one last time. The burns on his neck triggered water to his eyes and made him tremble to his core. His voice rose inadvertently, as he clutched to the man in his arms with a last remnant of foolish hope.

"MIKOTO! Wake up! "