

The Hidden Library

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Shunsuixoc Jushiroxoc When Shunsui's interest is peaked it leads him to what looks to be an abandoned house, but it's not really abandoned. A strange young woman is living in the old house alone. Meanwhile, Jushiro contemplates about a woman of the past.

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The Hidden Library

Hi, I know it's been two years, but ideas have been bouncing around in my head for this story, so I had to flesh it out before I even consider writing another chapter. I apologize for jumping the gun with this story. Since I have so many story ideas, I thought it be best to try and shorten the number by combining a few, and I've figured out which stories. So the pairings for The Hidden Library consist of Shunsui x OC, Jushiro x OC, Kira x OC, and Byakuya x OC. Please take note, this story takes place at least a century after Aizen is killed (there will be more information as the story continues on. Enjoy what you can.

Mistrust the man who finds everything good, the man who finds everything evil and still more the man who is indifferent to everything." - Johann K. Lavater

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It was a cool night and there was a gentle warm breeze that I was swaying to on my way home. I was admiring my surroundings while still thinking about Jushiro and my conversation earlier. I could hear Jushiro's soft laughter in my mind as the whispering of the trees and the rumbling of the bushes creating a sort of background music. Nothing but the soft glow of the waxing moon lit my way.

From the corner of my eye I saw a swift streak of light weaving through the trees. At first, I thought it was a lightning bug, but the light was more of a bright orange and it was too big. On a whim, I quickly decided to follow whatever it was before it disappeared and lose my chance on finding out. When I caught up, I saw that it was just a young man hurrying through the woods carrying a lantern. He had dark hair and dark eyes, wearing the standard shinigami uniform and a big box on his back which made me wonder if he was from the 4th division. He occasionally stopped to rest for a bit and then went back to running wherever he was running to.

When he had appeared to have arrived at his destination, we were very deep into a section of the woods which no one really came to anymore. There was what looked to be an abandoned noble's home; the place was huge after all and too big to be for just a local family. There were a few holes and a few dowels broken in the paper doors, ivy, moss and other small plants seemed to have taken over the home and part of the roof looked like it was torn or blasted off but was covered with planks of relatively fresh wood to keep the rain out. The grass around the decrepit building was at least to my hip if it was standing fully upright.

The young man I had followed carefully stepped inside the wreckage. I decided to hide and wait because I wanted to know what was in the building that was so important to sneak around in the middle of the night. Fortunately I didn't have to sit out too long. He came out of the building only about ten minutes later with the box on his back seemingly lighter. I had to find out what division he was from later, but after I check out the building and find out what he dropped off.

I carefully crept closer to the house, almost expecting poison tipped darts to shoot out and try to maim me. Of course, almost to my displeasure, there were no traps of any sort. In order to stay quiet, I took off my sandals and stepped onto the wooden platform right outside the door. I was careful that my shadow didn't show up on any of the paper doors before I peeked through one of the holes. It was dark inside and there were only a few moon rays that lit certain parts of the room inside. Right before I was going to open the door, I saw a figure begin to shape in the darkness. It was a small person seated in the middle of the room and with the familiar small clacks of wood on wood and the light smell of food, I figured that the person was eating.

I didn't want to disturb the person yet until I at least knew who I was going to be dealing with. After the dark enshrouded person had finished eating he stood up with the box and walked towards me. I shuffled out of the way and hid around a corner, hoping that he didn't

realize he had an intruder. The paper door opened slightly and a dainty woman's hand put the bento box on the floor outside before shutting herself in again. That was it, I had to find out who she was.

I opened the door to see her turn around facing me. The moon highlighted from her chest down unfortunately so her face was still in the dark. She wore a long sleeved brown kimono that was decorated with black, grey and cream waterfowl with a red obi. I took all of those details in a split second, for she fled as soon as she saw me.

"Hey, wait!" I uttered loudly, but I tried to use a friendly tone. I quickly followed her through the many hallways and rooms trying to catch her, but while I did have greater speed, she knew the terrain well by hopping over furniture which I kept tripping over whenever I was getting close to her. When I finally caught hold of her tiny wrist, making sure to be careful, I pulled her toward me and grabbed her other wrist so she was facing me. She was still struggling a bit by pulling her wrists trying to get me to let go. I put on a friendly smile so that she wouldn't think that I was out to hurt her and said, "Now, now, calm down, no more running. I'm not going to hurt you and I wouldn't, honest."

She stilled in her struggles but she didn't look up at me and I could hear her shallow breathing. That was when I noticed how short she was compared to me; she had to be at least 5'5" coming just to the center of my chest. We were at a completely other section of the home so the room was in complete darkness.

"What's your name, doll?" I asked as I slightly loosened my hands from her arms.

She responded with a quick kido blast from both of her hands which I had no time to dodge. She didn't even say an incantation to give me a warning of what she was going to do, but it wasn't very powerful so she didn't want to hurt me either. When I got back on my feet she had disappeared somewhere. I could have searched the house, but that would just scare her so I decided to visit another time. Besides, I

had her bracelet which slipped off of her wrist when she pulled away after her attack.

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"Dignity and love do not blend well, nor do they continue long together." - Ovid