

Crossing Over

Von konpaku

Kapitel 1: First Contact

Chapter 1 - First Contact

In a distant forest

"Should we eat him?"

"I don't think that would be a good idea. We should ask Tobi."

"You think so?"

"Yeah. Maybe he knows what to do with this one."

"He looks weird..."

Upon hearing the foreign voices Kuchiki Byakuya awoke from unconsciousness with a low grumble. Trying to sit up some more he noticed something hard behind his back, accompanied with the smell of grass and trees he concluded that he might be in a forest. As a nauseous feeling rushed through his body he settled for stopping to move any farther and to have a look at the ones who have just talked. After opening them carefully he laid his eyes on what was in front of him. Even though he expected to see two people, there was only one. Halfway out of the ground was something that looked remotely like a person that was hiding between two large, sturdy, spiked leaves. If this thing wouldn't have shown signs of human behavior earlier, he would have thought it to be a Hollow. Still it did not possess any traces of the usual aura such a being was always surrounded by. Nevertheless the different colored halves of its face suggested otherwise. While one side was completely black and had a mere yellow dot for an eye, the other was white and bore resemblance to normal facial features, except the iris that held the same color as its counterpart. The thought struck him, that he was not the weird one of them as he looked remotely normal. This even with the headpieces, the Kenseikan, in his hair, the long silken scarf around his neck and the long white captain's Haori he wore. Even with his sword he would have looked more like an average person than this thing. Thinking of his weapon brought back memories of a dream he seemed to have had during his blackout. A dream about Senbonzakura being caged within his soul. Putting the thought aside he focused again on the other one.

"Who are you?" The Shinigami asked in the cold tone of his, still sitting on the ground near the tree.

"Zetsu." "Can you move?" The creature answered, again in two different voices.

"Yes." The Kuchiki replied.

Even if he didn't trust himself to stand up at the moment, he could not let this thing

stand above him.

At first he attempted to go at it like he wasn't the least bit dizzy. When his legs started to wobble he moved his hand to the trunk behind him for support. Nearly stumbling he caught his breath and closed his eyes for a moment. He felt that something was not right. There was an emptiness inside him that was not supposed to be there. Focusing his strength and thoughts on the task at hand, he managed to hold himself upright after nearly failing twice. All the time being watched by the giggling creature.

As Byakuya finally regained his composure he simply ordered: "Bring me to that man." Accompanied by a glare that suggested immediate danger if the other would not obey.

The white half wanted to complain, but the black cut him short by saying: "So you've listened. Very well, follow me then".

Ascending from the ground Zetsu's appearance became more human like or so it seemed. The leaves gave the impression to be part of his body as they emerged from around the waist line to end above the head, giving him the look of a venus fly-trap. Furthermore, his body was enclosed in a long black cloak as well as plain trousers and sandals. If it would not be for the plant he could be counted as human, even with the short, green hair.

Looking at the man with the cold gray eyes for a moment Zetsu decided that caring about him any more than this would be just a waste of time. He did not seem to be armored in any way. Still he did trespass on their territory and therefore needed to be reported. If they would kill him now or later it would not make a difference. Either case he would get to eat him afterwards.

Turning around he led the way, asking: "Ya coming?"

Not knowing where he was and what exactly had happened the Kuchiki used this creature to find answers to his unasked questions. This seemed to be the most rational choice of action.

In the desert

A warm breeze blew through her hair and the always present strand in the middle of her face tickled her nose. Awakening slowly Rukia scratched it and stretched a bit opening her eyes anticipating to see her room in the Kuchiki mansion. But what she saw was totally unexpected. Surrounded by walls she found herself in a deserted alleyway. Different to any other town she has been in. This one was build completely out of sand. Never had she seen anything like it. Only memories of small sand castles at the beach crossed her mind, but never anything this big. Cautiously she stood up and tried to find traces of her brother's or Renji's Reaitsu or at least a familiar one. But she could not find anything. Dusting herself off she decided to take a look around for information.

Still deep in thought the Soul Reaper continued her search while slowly moving forward in this foreign sandy city.

It ended when her nose met a giant gourd causing her to land on her rear.

"Oww," she grumbled holding her nose.

"Are you alright?" A concerned male voice asked from above.

"No. I think my nose is broken, damn it!" She cursed still trying to figure out whether the organ was really harmed.

Taken aback by her actions the young boy stared at her for a moment before the girl beside him stepped in.

"Hey, let me see your nose." She requested kneeling down in front of the other girl. Slowly Rukia lifted her head to look at the blond female that was smiling down at her. Her hair was divided into four ponytails in a symmetric pattern with two on each side of her head. Underneath short bangs was a metal plate, with an engraved hourglass, on top of a headband. Aside from that the other also wore a plain black, short-sleeved Kimono held by a red sash, completely contradicting her dark green eyes. After a measuring glare Rukia let the taller woman proceed lifting her hands from her nose.

"It's not broken. Just a bit bruised." She concluded after examining the wound.

"You're lucky that it's not broken!" Rukia growled at the boy who bore a minor resemblance to her childhood friend.

Even though the boy was much shorter and had rather short hair the color just struck her.

Being reminded of the other red haired male in her life, she couldn't help but point her finger at him and yelling in her Runkongai accent: "What'cha wearing that fuck'in vase for anyway?"

"It's a gourd damn it! And who do you think you are, talking to the Kazekage like that?" A boy she hadn't noticed before burst out causing Rukia to back away, which wasn't easy as she still sat on the ground.

"The what?" She asked astonished after a moment of taking in what has been said and his looks.

He wore a complete black outfit with a hood covering most of his head. Oddly a similar metal plate was enclosed in the headgear that also had two catlike ears. His face was painted with purple streaks that reminded her of stories about a human group that painted themselves for rituals. She just couldn't remember their name. However, if the boy didn't look that serious right now, she probably would have laughed at his appearance.

"Don't tell me you don't know what that is!" He dared her coming a bit closer and leaning down as well.

"Kankurou." The shorter boy simply stated silencing him and causing him to halt his movement.

"The Kazekage is the leader of this village." The blond girl explained shortly.

After a moment of realization Rukia's education as member of the Kuchiki clan clicked in and she fluently stood up, bowing respectfully.

"I am deeply sorry for my earlier rudeness." She apologised.

"The hells with you?" Kankurou tried again, but was again silenced by the glares of the others.

"You are not from this village." The Kazekage stated.

"That is correct."

"Then where're you from?" The other boy wanted to know.

Fidgeting for a moment she answered pointing behind her: "From that alley, I do not know how I got there and where the rest of the people I have been with are."

"What happened?" The red haired boy wanted to know.

"I do not know." She sadly replied, looking down.

"Do you know anything?" The cat boy asked impatiently, dramatically flailing his arms in the air.

"Kankurou!" The girl scolded him this time.

"What?" He wanted to know, but was met with a measuring glare, that sent a shiver down his spine.

"I am sorry. I did not want to bother you. I will continue my search on my own. Thank you for your concern." Rukia concluded, bowing again.

"We will help you." Decided the head of the village and which was met by his companions questioning gazes.

From her position she looked up to him, seeing the sincerity in his light blue eyes. She also noticed the black circles surrounding them and the Kanji for love on his forehead. A small smile graced her lips as she bowed even deeper replying: "I thank you very much."

In another village

Stretching, the bosomy lieutenant of squad ten awoke from her slumber. Feeling a rather hard ground beneath her and not remembering falling asleep in the first place she felt confused as to what had happened.

"Where am I?" Was the first thing that came to her mind, the next being: "Ugh I'm starting to get hungover..." as she shielded her eyes from the sun and sat up to take in her surroundings.

Right away Matsumoto noticed that she was on a rooftop in a place she had not seen before. There were several wooden buildings around her looking like they either had just been constructed or were still in the process of completion. In the distance she could see trees as well as a mountainside with large faces engraved into it.

It looked like a peaceful little village, but definitely not like Seireitei, where she knew she had been previously.

"Are you alright?" A foreign male voice suddenly asked from the side.

"Do I know you?" The blond countered squinting her eyes as she looked in his direction.

"I don't think so. I'm Umino Iruka."

"And you are sleeping on the academy's rooftop." He continued after a short moment of catching himself to not look at her assets.

"What academy? Where am I? And where is everyone else?" Rangiku wanted to know, boisterously looking around once again, wobbling all the while.

"T-the Ninja Academy. I-in the village of Konohagakure. And who is everyone else?" the man tried to answer and concentrating solely on her face.

"Everyone I have been with earlier..." she told him, simply waving off his question.

"Why don't you explain everything inside instead of on the rooftop?" He suggested motioning to the ground.

Thinking about it Rangiku studied the awkwardly smiling man. He had dark hair put into a ponytail and a scar that ran across the bridge of his nose. Around his forehead was a cloth that adorned a metal plate with a weird bird symbol engraved into it. Not seeing bad intentions in the man's eyes, that did not even dare to drift downwards, she stood up with a sigh answering: "Sure why not, but you have to give me something against the headache first..."

