

Ying and Yang

A Malice Mizer story

Von abgemeldet

Prologue

Author's note: Hello! This is my first attempt on a Malice Mizer story. Sorry for the reason that it's in English, but I'll start writting it in German (extra) if you want (because my German writting is not perfect, it will take time). And also, this story has nothing to do with the music carrier of Malice Mizer. Just some dates and so on are the same. So, now enjoy!

Ying and Yang ~A Malice Mizer~ Story
Prologue

A young man in his late teenage years was packing some shoes in a box. He had shoulder length, red hair and had brown eyes. He was wearing black pants and a blue shirt, matching them. He sighed, as he looked at the other boxes that needed to be filled. He shook his head and resumed his work. He remembered that the costumer didn't EVEN chose a pair of shoes, but only tried more than he would look.

He now, took a pair of black leather boots and put them in the box. He looked at the clock and it read 'half past seven'. Suddenly, a co-worker approached him.

"Do you need any help, Kami?"

The asked man looked at his friend and smiled weakly, from tiredness. His friend had long, straight black hair with piercing brown eyes. He was wearing the work's uniform, which consisted of some normal, black pants and a blue shirt. Kami shook his head.

"lie, Mana. There is no need. I'm finishing..."-he replied and went back to work. Mana crossed his arms in front of his chest and chuckled.

"Oh, Chéri!-he said dramatically, - Do not be so modest. It is not you. Here, let me help you and we will finish early."

Kami looked at him and smiled. Mana took another box and began doing the same thing as Kami, putting the shoes in the box and away...

"Kouji, make another pair of fries in there!"-a muffled voice was heard out of the kitchen. The spoken one yelled/replied back:

"Ok, ok!" -He mutters. - You are not the one who's doing this job. Baka!"

He took a bag of fries and opened it. He let the fries fall down in the hot pan with oil. An 'oilish' sound was heard and he began shaking them.

I hate this job. I hate this place. I hate the boss. But I love eyeballs...

Kouji sighed, and returned to work. After some good minutes, the fries were ready and he put them in a plate. He gave them to the waiter from the little window, and went to the back side room, where he and the other workers leave their clothes. He quickly got dressed and looked at himself in the mirror. He was a young man, in his early twenties, wearing a pair of colorful pants and jacket, with a red blouse in and a pink 'pimp' hat on. He smiled as he regulated his red hair a bit and goes out smiling.

He walks past some tables, and lights a cigarette.

"Oy, Kozi!"

He turned around and met a dear friend of his. He was sitting in a table eating. He smiled and gestured him to come there. Kouji, or better Kozi, went at him, smiling with the cigarette in his mouth. He looked at his friend, who had a black, fuzzy hat on with yellow sun glasses. He had a yellow/black jacket, with a black shirt underneath. Kozi looked at him and then saw the fries.

"Just when did you shift finish?"-he asked his dear friend.

"Some minutes ago, why?"

Kozi smiled awkwardly and kind of angry.

"Please, do NOT tell me that it was you that I made the fries for, Yu~ki?"-he asked. Yu~ki smiled and nodded.

"I love your fries!"-he exclaimed and put one in his mouth. Kozi sighed and helped himself. He looked at the clock on his hand. It read twenty to eight.

"Boku wa...kimi no...Vanilla!"

A sing song voice was heard through the small apartment. A young man was in front of a tall mirror, doing his long hair. He was dancing (more of swinging his hips) to the beat of the music he was listening in his walkman. He was wearing a red, leather jacket, with perfectly matched brown trousers and blouse. He bent down to clean his shoes and looked at himself in the mirror.

"Gackt, you look sexy as ever!"-he said to himself. He stopped the music and before heading outside, he looked at the clock: ten to eight.

"Do you think they can handle themselves?"-asked a god like voice, in the thin air. It was rather had a scent of mysteriousness and angriness in it.

"Of course they can. That is also why I chose them!"-answered another god like voice and sighed. He had a more gentle voice than the other, but with the same mysteriousness.

Meanwhile, a man emerged from a dark alley. He striated his shirt and began to walk. He was pale, with medium length, raven black hair, piercing black eyes. He was wearing a white shirt and tattered black jeans. He also had a ying yang necklace and white sunglasses. He looked into the sky.

"There is no reason for you to be angry Tetsu. No reason..."-he said in a monotone voice and walked off, to God knows where.