





# Table Of Contents

1. [Under the Moon by Kabura Fuchii](#)

# Under the Moon by Kabura Fuchii

This is a translation of the short story about Rin in his Bl@ster days, by the scenario writer of the Togainu no Chi game. Many many thanks to [\\_ragdoll](#) for translating! This story appeared in the book [Togainu no Gaiden](#).

—

*Impossible*, he thought.

It had to be a different person. But, as sure of that as he was, he couldn't stop his heart from racing for a moment. They just looked similar. It was the face, and the attitude - nothing more. After all, the person he was thinking of...

...didn't exist anymore.

—

It hadn't taken very long for Peska Koshika to become famous in Bl@ster. This was because most of the people participating were half-assing it. One would think that talking like that would be liable to get them all killed, but there wasn't really anyone with the courage to say otherwise.

Anyone who stood up against them ended up running away with their tail between their legs so quickly it was laughable. These people have no spirit, they thought.

It wasn't as if they had no spirit, though. It was more that they were just playing.

Seeing the terrified faces of people like that made him shiver. They couldn't do anything by themselves. When they grouped up to protect themselves, they felt strong. He loved tearing them away from their groups, singling them out, and making them afraid.

*After all, the bonds between you people are false. Lies. We're the only ones who are different*, he thought. Only Peska Koshika was different... definitely.

It was late at night, so much so that the sun's face would soon be peeking over the horizon, and Rin and his comrades, drunk from the celebrating after another

victory, were heading back to their hideout. Shoulder to shoulder and joking as they walked, each of them had countless bloodstains on their worn-out fists. Some even had the sticky stains flecked on their clothes and faces. Despite this, all of them smiled brightly, their expressions proud.

They had stepped up their “retribution” to another level, today. After the Bl@ster game had finished, they’d visited a more literal “retribution” on the opposing team.

“Always do it seriously and with all your strength” - that was their motto. They felt no guilt. All they felt was elation, and superiority.

Tomorrow, rumours would start to thread throughout the GHOST area, and throughout the whole Bl@ster community. That they had taken another step towards making their strength known was cause for considerable joy.

Rin, their leader, the man who had calmly carried out this horrendous violence... was regarded by his teammates in equal parts respect and awe.

Upon returning to their hideout, each member began passing the time as they wished. Some started drinking again, whilst other toppled over and began snoring the moment they sat down.

The hideout was built underground, and upon entry one’s vision was immediately filled with a world of drab, dreary concrete. The building appeared to have begun life as a workshop for cars or something to that nature. Further in, there were several smaller rooms, but for the most part it consisted of a wide, open space.

Inside, Rin calmly passed by his comrades, heading towards one of the smaller rooms. Rin and the team’s number two member, Kazui, both made of rooms for themselves. At the moment, Rin wasn’t making for his own room, but rather the room next door, the door of which he pushed open without so much as knocking.

“...You’re back?”

The first sentence spoken didn’t sound particularly friendly. However, Rin didn’t read into it. He didn’t have anything resembling a guilty conscience. Rin closed the door behind him, leaned against the wall, folded his arms, and shifted

his gaze towards Kazui.

“Something wrong with that?”, he replied, raising his chin in a slight challenge.

A faint smell of iron drifted through the room. The distinctive smell of blood.

Kazui would absolutely not participate in any “retribution”. He had become the Number Two member of Peska Koshika, so his strength wasn’t to be questioned. However, he never used more of it than was necessary. It seemed that, to him, “retribution” wasn’t a necessary action.

The foundation of Peska Koshika was to have fun. It was impossible to drag its members along on something that wasn’t enjoyable. That’s why Rin hadn’t pressed Kazui on staying behind, but if he thought that if the Number 2 had’ve joined them, it would have brought the two of them closer to solving the problems between them, which would have actually been more fun in the long run. Kazui didn’t change his expression, and stayed silent.

“ ... ”

“*What?*”, Kazui muttered quietly while glaring, uncomfortable under Rin’s stare.

“...Let’s stop this.”

“Stop what?”

“You know what I’m talking about.”

“Why?”

“It’s gone too far.”

“If it’s done to you, do it back. If you do it, see it through. That’s our way of doing things. Anything short of that and people would look down on us.”

“ ... ”

After being struck by Rin’s defiant proclamation, Kazui let out a small sigh, and stood up from the wall he’d been leaning on. With a troubled expression, halfway between anger and sadness, he walked towards Rin, who was standing in front of the doorway.

Rin was about to be struck. In a conditioned reflex, he tensed his body - only to

feel a cool, gentle touch on his cheek. It was Kazui's palm.

"...Blood doesn't suit you, Rin", Kazui muttered quietly, before slipping past Rin and out the door.

"..."

Even after the room's occupant had left, Rin stayed frozen in place. The cheek where Kazui had touched him began to tingle with warmth. Subconsciously, he brushed the spot with his fingers, only to feel something rough encrusted on his skin.

*...Blood?*

It had already dried. He must have gotten it on him during the "retribution". Kazui's words wouldn't stop running through his head.

*Blood doesn't suit you, Rin.*

"...Why wouldn't it...?!"

Rin clenched his fists in a sudden swell of anger. He felt frustrated, but he didn't understand why. He was still fired up after the "Retribution". If it had been anyone other than Kazui, he would have knocked them flat before they had a chance to leave the room.

Kazui's silent stare hadn't had any aggression in it, yet it had somehow left Rin unable to speak.

*Where would he have gone from here?*

*...There's only one place I can think of.*

Thinking that, Rin left the room, and went looking for Kazui.

Kazui loved stargazing in high places. If it was a clear night, it was almost certain that he'd be outside, looking at the sky. Thanks to Peska Koshika's arrogant behaviour, they had amassed quite a large number of enemies, and to counter that, they had several secret headquarters. Somehow, it had ended up that all of them were chosen near places where one could get a good view of the sky.

Rin headed towards a raised knoll above the base, which offered quite an

impeccable view. After passing by some thick vegetation, he found Kazui, who was sitting on the ground, staring intently at the sky above.

Hesitating slightly with what had happened earlier in mind, Rin sat down beside Kazui.

Kazui, for his part, neither said a word nor looked at Rin; his gaze stayed fixed on the heavens. However, looking at him sidelong, Rin couldn't see any trace of anger on his face. He just got the feeling that Kazui couldn't bring himself to look away from the sky.

His eyes having adjusted to the night, Rin took the opportunity to look Kazui over. Kazui's hair, while it appeared black at first glance, actually had a slight tinge of blue to it. It was so subtle as to be almost unnoticeable. Rin supposed that almost everyone else would have assumed it was black. However, just for an instant, under the moonlight, its blue shone through in an ethereal display of beauty. For some reason, it was visible in the moon's light, but not in the sun's.

It was so astoundingly pretty, and Rin was secretly fascinated by it. It suited Kazui's reserved yet elegant face well.

"Y'know, Rin..."

Just as Rin was stealing a sidelong glance, Kazui spoke suddenly. It was almost enough to give Rin a heart attack.

"...What?", Rin prompted curtly, attempting to hide how flustered he was and quickly looking away.

Seemingly oblivious to Rin's behaviour, Kazui continued.

"One day, I'd like to go to one of those stars."

"...To a star?"

Surprised at the choice of topic, Rin found himself looking up at the sky. Perhaps because it had rained this morning, the atmosphere was crystal clear, and countless stars were glittering brightly overhead.

"You want to be an astronaut or something?"

"Something like that, I guess."

“How childish.”

His thoughts tumbled out of his mouth before he had a chance to organize them. Going to the stars was actually quite romantic, Rin thought.

“...Shut up”, Kazui pouted slightly.

*...That's a rare sight.*

“Who cares if it's childish? It's been my dream for a long time.”

“Oh?”, Rin offered half-heartedly, in an attempt to hide how much he was enjoying seeing Kazui acting irritated for once.

Rin pulled his knees up to his chest. Despite calling Kazui childish, he actually felt somewhat jealous of him. When he tried to think of what his own dream was, nothing really came to mind. For now, he was happy with Peska Koshika. However, beyond that, all he had was surpassing his older brother. Defeating him. Nothing more. With that in mind, it made sense to him that even the adult-like Kazui was just a regular kid.

“...Take me with you when you go.”

The words suddenly spilled from Rin's lips.

“Huh?”

Kazui looked over at him in surprise. Having said it without thinking, Rin was surprised with himself as well.

“...Nothing.”

Unable to stand his growing embarrassment, Rin looked away. A short moment later, he heard Kazui sigh softly.

“Sure. When I go, let's go together”, Kazui said with a mischievous laugh.

Rin was amazed.

“...If you hear me the first time, don't make me repeat myself, you asshole”, Rin muttered in an attempt to hide his embarrassment, getting only a snigger from Kazui before the latter turned his gaze back to the night sky.

Rin, hoping his racing heart wouldn't be noticed, looked up as well.

The two of them stayed silent after that, but it was a comfortable silence. The stars and moon shone like gemstones set into the endless sky. How could something so easily drowned out by the light of the sun be so beautiful when the sky became dark, Rin wondered.

He couldn't help but think that that which huddled together closely and glittered was far better than anything that obnoxiously shone, and his gaze once again returned to his blue-haired companion. Kazui's hair, illuminated by the stars and the moon. If you could only see it like this at night, maybe he should offer to show him a picture of it, he thought. Did Kazui himself even know about it? He usually wasn't very concerned with himself, so he probably wouldn't.

It'd be even better to show him suddenly, and surprise him with it.

Then, a sudden thought hit him.

"...Kazui, do you have a girlfriend or anything like that?", Rin asked, getting a surprised glance for his trouble.

"Why do you ask, all of a sudden?"

"Ah, I was just thinking, all the other guys have had a few. I guess I was wondering what you thought of that."

If he was already that close to someone, they probably already would have told him about his hair. Rin couldn't stomach the thought of that.

"What I thought of it...?"

Kazui shook his head, a thin smile on his face.

"I have my hands full just with looking after the rest of you. You're always all getting in trouble."

"What's that supposed to mean, you think you're our nanny or something? You're only a year older than me, y'know?"

Rin had to concede that Kazui was the stronger team member. He had a lot of faith in him. Kazui never raised his voice in anger, and he never made threats. It made him wonder if Kazui would make a better leader than him. He certainly had the charisma.

There wasn't a single person in the team who would go against Kazui's opinion.

“What about you?”

“...Huh?”, Rin’s mouth opened in surprise, not having anticipated having his question reversed.

“I’m... not really interested.”

Thanks to his hesitation, the last part of his answer came off quite weakly. Rin also could tell that his face was reddening. Kazui’s quiet stare remained on him, and Rin turned away in embarrassment.

...In truth, when he’d heard Kazui say that he had his hands full with the team, Rin had felt a rush of relief. He had no idea why.

...Or rather, he knew why. But he didn’t want to acknowledge that just yet. It didn’t need to be acknowledged. He was more than happy with he and Kazui’s relationship as it was now.

Rin didn’t know what to call this feeling. However, if he and Kazui could stay together in Peska Koshika forever, he’d be happy. Nobody but Kazui could bring him back down to earth when he acted recklessly from time to time. That’s why he wanted Kazui to look after him... after all of them, forever.

Or so Rin thought.

Until *that* happened.

A pool of blood. There was so much, it was almost as if someone had spilled a bucket of paint. And laying in that blood was...

He had no idea what had happened. If this was a nightmare, he just wanted to wake up as soon as possible. He was praying for that from the bottom of his heart. And amidst all that, he found him. He’d always wanted them to be together. He thought they’d be side by side for the rest of their lives. The two of them...

It was sacrilege, he thought, for the beautiful blue in his dark hair to be dyed this colour.

To be stained red.

Even when his teammates came running, Rin was still standing there, stiff in shock, as if his soul had left his body.

When Rin had arrived, the culprit had still been at the scene. The image was burned into his memory. He'd never forget - no matter how much he wanted to, he'd never forget.

Finally, Rin regained his senses enough to push through his now-chaotic teammates and chase after the culprit. However, the rift that suddenly opened in his team was worse than he thought, and when he returned, he found that they'd they'd come to a conclusion he'd never expected.

Rin had tried to save himself; he'd run away in fear. That's what they thought. He'd abandoned his teammates when they needed him most.

He tried to explain to them that he'd never do that, but it was no good. A wall of mistrust that had been forged from their mutual fears stood in his way. Stares of hatred cut into him like daggers. Rin could feel the sound of something breaking in his own heart.

It wasn't here, he thought. He'd lost it again. The place he belonged had been painted red. There was nothing for him to go back to.

Kazui. Kazui would have believed in him. He would have had faith that Rin had done no wrong.

...But that didn't mean anything. Because Kazui?

*He died, and it's my fault.*

*If only I'd told him.*

It was ridiculous to have thought he was fine with things how they were. To have one-sided feelings, forever. To have feelings that would never be fulfilled.

More than anything, he felt pain.

*I'll get revenge, even if it costs me my life. I'll get revenge on the man who took everything that mattered to me and trampled it into the dirt. I'll search, and search, and search and search until I find him.*

With that in mind, Rin made his way to Toshima, to take part in Igura.

So that he could wring the life out of that man with his own two hands.

END

(First shown in: Togainu no Chi Short Story Compilation/25th February 2005)

—

### “Under the Moon” Explanation

This was a short story I wrote for a Togainu no Chi compilation. Reading it now, it's kinda awkwardly written... I didn't touch it up very much. It's about Rin's time playing Bl@ster, which wasn't covered in the game. I remember having a lot of trouble with the long dialogue scene, and making change after change to it. The idea about Kazui's hair only looking blue under the light of the moon came to me while I was working on it, so I included it. Rin was probably quite rough around the edges at the time it's set, but I wanted to write about him having a more-than-friends-but-less-than-lovers type light romance. In the game, he was quite a smiley, affable person, but I like to think that back then he had a lot of trouble communicating with other people.

(Kou Fuuchi)