

Yuffie the Vampire Slayer

The Captain (chighwind@usa.net)

She was a Ninja....

She was a thief...

She was a Yuffie...

She wasn't the Chosen One...

Episode III....

"C'mon, Cloud!"

Cloud Strife pushed a little charcoal-haired girl out of his villa in sunny Costa Del Sol. She straightened her feet and tried to grip her sneakers into the steps to prevent the removal.

"No, Yuffie!" Cloud answered in an annoyed tone, "You cannot join me and Tifa on our honeymoon!" He was dressed in a tacky green with yellow flowers Hawaiian shirt, a pair of dark sunglasses rested on his spikey blonde head.

"But I'm bored!" Yuffie Kisaragi argued, "C'mon! You guys never want to do anything since we had that party up at the Northern Crater!" Cloud gave the girl a puzzled look before slamming the door. "Please!" Yuffie pounded on the wooden door with both fists.

"No!" a voice called from inside, "Why don't you go bother Cid?"

"He hired the Turks and posted them as guards outside Rocket Town after the surprise birthday party I threw for him!" She turned away from the door and folded her arms across her chest. "How was I supposed to know the Highwind can't land on water?"

Defeated, the young ninja/thief marched down the steps from Cloud's villa and into the town square. She couldn't believe Cloud would rather spend his honeymoon with his wife instead of her. After all the fun she brought into his life! He got to come down to the police station three whole times just to bail her out.

Yuffie pushed past the swinging saloon-style doors of the Costa Del Bar and entered the smoky establishment. "Excuse me, miss?" The scantily-clad waitress stepped in front of the minor before she could take a seat at the corner table. "Could I see some ID?"

"Oh," Yuffie slanted her eyebrows in thought for just a moment, "Of course." She quickly fumbled through her pockets and produced a small white card which she handed to the barmaid. "Here ya go!"

"Okay," the waitress looked up from the card, "What will you have, Ms. Lockhart?"

"A Lime Hojo, on the rocks, please." Yuffie grinned while taking her card back. After a few sips of her drink, Yuffie happened to glance up at the television mounted on the ceiling above the bar. "Hey! Turn that up!"

The bartender stopped wiping off a beer mug and reached up to increase the volume.

["Next on Hard Copy, 'WEAPON is the father of my child'. But first: 'Vampires - the army of undead'. They lurk in the shadows. They gain your confidence and strike when least expected. They could be anywhere! Shinra Inc. CEO, Reeve repeatedly denies the existence of vampires, saying, quote: 'don't you people have anything better to do?' Well, mister big, we DON'T! Hard Copy refuses to stand idly by while the governing powers cover up this heinous threat to the human race!"]

["We caution any viewer in the audience about trusting these bizarre creatures! If you see a vampire, you are urged to exercise extreme caution when beating the crap out of one! You can tell someone's a vampire by the following traits: pale skin, black hair, a long cape and sharp claws. They sleep in coffins in dark, spooky mansions and sometimes turn into giant, bat-like creatures."]

As Yuffie watched the over-manicured host ramble on about inane theories and evidence he and his show has gathered, her eyes began to twinkle. The waitress dropped a towel on the table as she walked by, in preparation for any drooling.

["HARD COPY is offering a twenty thousand gil reward for the capture of one of these foul creatures, to be filmed and ogled and gawked at by slack-jawed yokels all over the Planet!"]

And then came the drool.

All was quiet in the sleepy little town of Nibelheim. The stars in the night sky sparkled as the distant coyotes howled. A faint wind rolled over the locked shops and homes, gently whistling past the trees. The Shinra Mansion was all but deserted on this dismal eve. The rustling trees that tapped against the window panes created a soft echo through the nearly vacant dwelling. The only accompanying sound: a crackling fire in the lavish stone fireplace.

In a large chair in front of the fire sat the still form of Vincent Valentine. No discernable movement was made by this tortured soul. For he carried the weight of the Planet on his crimson cowled shoulders. Vincent Valentine - devil turned angel, master of darkness, dweller of shadows, conqueror of evil, doer of ...crossword puzzles.

"Five letter word," he tapped a pencil on his teeth in concentration, "Starts with 'M'. 'Bea Arthur sitcom from 1963'...."

Several minutes of still silence passed until, "Blast!!" He tossed the puzzle down on the end-table in disgust and got up to make himself a drink. He sauntered into the abandoned kitchen, swung open the dilapidated old refrigerator door, revealing a tightly packed supply of milk bottles. Nothing but milk bottles. He retrieved one glass container and mixed up what Cid often called a 'Valentine Tonic' - a tall glass of warm milk with a pink umbrella on top.

A thunderous pounding at the front door caused him to almost drop his beverage. When he flung open the large oak door, he saw Yuffie, dressed all in black, grinning wickedly.

"What do you want," Vincent said with an annoyed sigh.

"Drop the act, hellspawn!" Yuffie poked a finger into Vincent's chest. She paused for a minute when her eye caught the 'milk-mustache' on his face.

"Who told you - I mean, what are you talking about?!"

Yuffie pushed past Vincent and dropped a large backpack on the floor.

"Yuffie," Vincent turned away from the entrance with a bothered demeanor, "Get out of my house. Now!" He walked over to the fireplace and set his glass of milk on the mantle.

"You can't fool me," she called out as she produced a crossbow from her satchel and took aim, "Vampire!"

"Oh, please," Vincent rubbed his forehead in annoyance. This was almost as bothersome as Cid's surprise birthday. "Will you get out of here? I am not a vampire."

Without another word, Yuffie pulled the trigger, sending a sharp, pointy pencil at the crimson clad man and shattered his glass of milk!

"Hey!" Vincent yelled at her, "I only got 58 bottles left! And the milk man won't be here until tomorrow!"

"You won't need it where you're going...!" she bellowed as she fired a few more HB's.

"The dairy state?" Vincent rolled across the floor to escape the lead-tipped barrage.

Yuffie reached into her backpack to get more pencils. She hastily reloaded and took up aim. But Vincent was gone. Carefully she tiptoed across the creaky floorboards, stalking her prey. Without warning, Vincent lunged at her from behind! She dropped the crossbow as he struggled to restrain her! "No! Don't bite my neck!" she cried.

"Yuck!" he gargled, "Even if I **WAS** a vampire, which I am not, I would not chose you as my next meal." Vincent dragged her over to the door and pushed her outside, where she landed on

her rear. He tossed her backpack outside at her and amended, "You would have too many empty calories, anyway!"

After he slammed the door, Yuffie called up from where she was sitting, "Did you just call me stupid??!!"

It was a dark and stormy night. Vincent had just polished off the last of the milk, and was settling in for the night in the basement coffin room. He wearily approached the bright red coffin in the middle of the room, opened it, and climbed in. He gently closed the lid and was sound asleep.

Without a sound, the door to the coffin room creaked open. Well, almost without a sound. A shadowy figure crept in and snuck up to the bright red coffin. The figure lifted up a large wooden stake and rammed it through the lid!

"Yaaaghhh!!!" Vincent burst from the coffin shrieking like a school girl!

Yuffie flipped on the light switch to identify her kill. Vincent hastily examined his chest. Not a scratch. He dreadfully turned his head back to the coffin and choked. Yuffie followed his gaze, and what she saw sickened and alarmed the young ninja-turned-vampire slayer.

A bright blue stuffed bear hung on the stake protruding through the lid.

"Bedtime Bear!!" Vincent cried.

That was that. Vincent was peeved. This time, he would raise his voice. "Get out! Get out!" he growled, "And close the door, there's a draft in here!!" He carefully pulled the little blue bear from the wooden pike and climbed into a shabby coffin in the corner of the room.

After retrieving her wooden stake, she slowly walked over to the coffin and flung open the lid. Empty. "Wow, a secret passage," she whistled, "Just like on Scooby Doo!"

Yuffie ascended the creaky steps from the basement of the Shinra Mansion to continue her hunt. The vampire had escaped her, for now. But she was ready. She snuck into the library and stopped. The little ninja looked around the room for any sign of her target. Nothing but a dusty old library. She slowly took out her PHS and dialed a number. Suddenly, the curtains started ringing.

"Aha!" Yuffie rushed over to the heavy curtains and aimed her crossbow. She switched the weapon to 'rapid-fire' and unloaded an entire box of pencils into the draperies.

She slowly pulled back the bludgeoned curtain and gasped. A bright blue teddy bear with a PHS placed in its lap, nailed to the wall with pencils. She clenched her fists and roared, "Damn you, Bedtime Bear!!! Damn you to hell!!!"

Yuffie stormed out of the library and down the steps into the front room. He was here, somewhere. She just knew it. Yuffie held her crossbow out in front of her, ready to fire at the slightest movement. Her eyes fell upon a strange piece of paper on the floor by the grand piano. She carefully picked it up and read: 'I must get rid of all those who stand in the way of my research. Even that one from the Turks. I scientifically altered him, and put him to sleep in the basement. If you want to find him, search the area. But...this is merely a game I thought of. It is not necessary for you to participate if you don't want to. And that man's name... was Regis Philbin. And now you know... the REST... of the story.' Puzzled, she crumpled up the piece of paper and tossed it on the floor.

Yuffie walked up the steps and turned left. She entered a room that had a small safe in the center. She knelt next to the steel box and placed an ear up against it. She carefully turned the combination dial back and forth for a few minutes and heard a click. With an echoed pop, Vincent flew out of the tiny safe.

"How did you fit in there?!" Yuffie yelled in amazement.

"I was holding my breath," he answered simply. Vincent leapt to his feet and ran for the door, just as Yuffie grabbed her crossbow and shot a trail of pencils into the wall!

"You won't escape me, Nospheratu!" she called after him.

"Gesundheit!" he called back.

Yuffie reached into her backpack as she raced down the hall in pursuit of her 'undead' prey and produced a large spotlight. Vincent ran into a room at the end of the hall and stopped. Dead end. Yuffie marched in behind him and turned on the lamp. Vincent cringed as the white light beamed into his face, holding up his hands to shield it.

"Aha!" Yuffie proclaimed, "That proves it! You don't like this sun-lamp because you're a vampire!"

"No," Vincent held his metal claw over his eyes, "It proves I'm wearing the cheap second pair of contact lenses I got when I fell for the buy-one-get-one-free deal at Nibelheim Optical!"

"Bull!" Yuffie strolled up to the cowering 'vampire' and pulled out a white cross. "See!" She flashed it in his face, poking him in the eye.

"Ow! Watch it with that thing!"

That was all the proof Yuffie needed. This vampire was coming with her and she was going to be rich.

Vincent, sensing his own capture, came up with a distraction, "Look over there! A materia tree!" he yelled as he pointed a finger into the opposite corner of the room. As soon as she turned away, he bolted out of the room to freedom!

Yuffie carefully and zealously examined the area where Vincent pointed and stamped her foot. "Hey! There's no materia tree in here!" She turned and fumed, hurrying after her target.

She saw Vincent in the front room frantically trying to open the door and escape, not knowing Yuffie had jammed her bubble gum into the keyhole. As she ran toward him, she quickly pulled out her 'Large Wooden Crate' summon materia and summoned a large wooden crate, which fell over Vincent, sealing him inside, capturing him.

Triumphantly, Yuffie pulled the bubble gum out of the keyhole and tossed it back into her mouth. With a merry chew, she pushed the crate outside and down the steps.

The following morning, Yuffie Kisaragi sat in the office of HARD COPY's executive producer.

"So where's my big, fat check?" she bubbled.

"Um, Ms. Kisagari," the suit began.

"Kisa-RA-gi," she corrected.

"Whatever. I'm sorry to say that we cannot honor any claims that fail to prove what someone brought in is actually a vampire."

"Whadaya mean?!" Yuffie cried, "What about the pale skin? The inhuman eyes? The claws?"

"Well, it's just that we serious journalists cannot accept the claim that someone has captured a real-live vampire when they bring us a large wooden crate where they claim to be holding said vampire," The producer got up and strolled over to the crate, opened the top, and looked inside. "- Especially when the supposed 'vampire' appears to be nothing more than a beat-up bright blue teddy bear."

"Rats," she fumed.

"However," the soulless television producer turned back to her, "If you happen to know anyone that slept with a Weapon, or who we could claim has, I think we can work something out..."

A sparkle returned to Yuffie's eyes as she pondered. After a few seconds, she grinned and took out her PHS. "Hello, Cloud? Where's Tifa?"

To be continued.....?