

~A Luck Mistake 2~  
~Christmas Company~  
~A Krystal and Starfox Fanfic~

It had been a month since the adventure with the Starfox team had experienced. Snow was falling on the ground and Kota was looking at a window of gifts on the busy street of New York City. He sighed. Celebrating the holidays alone was sometimes depressing. He would have spent it with his family but his father and mother were busy with their own plans in Kansas.

Kota buttoned his coat and clutched his messenger bag. He walked down the street to a door and opened the door with the key. After entering the warm building, He pressed the button and a cargo lift came down. He opened the gate, stepped inside and pressed the button for the top floor. As he approached it, he heard some muffled noises, but assumed it was the neighbors. They were probably having a party for their holiday guest.

He opened the door and walked out. As he went to go turn on the lights, he saw two silhouetted figures one seemed to be on top of the other. *Well, no point hiding. They've already seen me walk in.* He flicked on the light and tried to fight down the emotions to what he was seeing.

Chapter 1: Not going without a fight.

Krystal talked to Slippy after Kota had left three weeks before. They were both in the kitchen and Krystal had proposed the idea to him.

“You want me to do what!?” Slippy said shocked.

“Not so loudly,” said Krystal looking at the dinning hall door. “All I want you to do is help me get some parts.”

“You remember what that gate caused? It was one thing to shut Fox out of his room, but this is endangering you. You don’t even have the plans to make the gate.” Krystal looked a little abashed. “Please tell me that you don’t have the plans.”

“Kota’s laptop had fallen through the gate with him. He didn’t even notice. It was right by my foot and he was to busy with...other things.” Kota had arrived and accidentally seen Krystal naked. “Anyway, I know how to make it. I just need the right parts.”

“And how are you going to start this thing up? The last time that happened, you were almost killed.” This was true too, but she had not been any where near the “gate” as they called it. “And Kota had a screwdriver in his shoulder.”

“Listen, All I need is the right parts. And you don’t want Fox to find out who locked him out of his room do you?” Krystal looked sternly at Slippy. Slippy drew himself up to his full height. Krystal put her finger up to stop him. “Remember, before you say what you’re going to say, You helped me of your own free will.” All the fight seemed to go out of him. He had nothing to use.

“Okay. Only the right amount of parts. Are you sure you want to do this?”

“Yeas, I have to talk to him.”

Surprisingly, it took half the time to make the gate, but to find the right time to visit Kota was more difficult. Krystal had taken a private mission from Peppy Hare who had taken up a desk job at headquarters.

“Hi, could I get the extension to Peppy Hare please?” Krystal said as she flew through the space in the Arwing. Peppy’s wise old face appeared on the intercom. “Hi Peppy”

“What’s up? You usually don’t call unless there’s something wrong”

“Could you set up a mission tonight for Fox to take?”

“Let’s see what we got. Ah ha! Here we go. Pirates rumored to be right by the Great Fox” Peppy looked at Krystal with suspicion. “Why do you want to set Fox up with a mission tonight?”

“Some personally reasons”

“Have you two been arguing?”

“It’s something like that.”

The old hare shook his head. “It’ll be the death of both of you. Okay, I’ll send it to him right away.”

“Thanks. Oh one more thing. I want to call in some vacation time. Make it about 2 weeks.”

Fox had received the mission and called to Falco to see if he wanted to a routine pirate butt-kicking. There was something odd about the mission that he had sent Fox. At the end of his message, he said, “...and try to talk to Krystal. Get back on better terms.” Since the message was prerecorded he couldn’t ask Peppy what he meant by it. So, he decided to ask Krystal. There was a dip in the energy and the light flickered on and off. Then every thing seemed to be normal. As he approached Krystal’s door, he heard a rushing. That didn’t sound like water. It sounded like wind. *Maybe there’s a crack in her window*, thought Fox. He entered the code and walked into Krystal’s room. She had a backpack on her back and seemed to be wearing a green turtle neck sweater and brown jeans. She was standing in front of the Swirling blue light of-

“Krystal! No!” Fox lunged for her but tripped and they both fell through the gate. It automatically turned itself once they both fell through.

“Krystal! What were thinking?” came Fox’s out of the darkness. “Where are we?”

“hush! Do you hear something?” Krystal said. There was a low humming and a light to Krystal’s right seemed to rise. To the left was a tall window. A figure walked out of the light to their right and paused for a second. The light turned on and Kota stood there in shock, staring at Fox’s and Krystal. Fox was still over Krystal, whose arms were laying flat on the floor above her head.

The scene in front of Kota looked like Fox was taking advantage of Krystal. They stared at each other for a full minute. Then Kota dropped his bag on the floor and walked to the lift. The silence was broken, only by Krystal who said, “Where are you going.”

“I need a really big drink. Don’t mind me. You can go back to what you were doing earlier.” And with that, he sank through the floor.

## Chapter 2: The Holidays With Friends.

Kota did return to his apartment, but not until a half hour later, in which time Fox sat down in a stylish curved chair. Krystal had walked around the room. She looked at the brick walls papered with building designs, video games pictures, and what looked like

ancient symbols. All around the room, was a brick wall with the exception of the two floor high windows and the second level staircase that spiraled in a tight circle. The floor was wooden and the ceiling was white. Every few yards against the wall was a black bookshelf that was either piled with books, circuit boards, 3-D models of the buildings that he made, and some miscellaneous objects.

When the lift opened up again, he was holding to bags full of six pack beers and a third holding sodas. He walked over to the counter and placed the bags on top of it and walked back over to the coat rack.

“Welcome to my lovely home. Now, before I panic and think that I’m already too drunk to have another two beers, might I ask how you got here, and what the heck is going on?” Kota asked, hanging up his coat and clapping his hands together, looking at Fox who was looking annoyed, and Krystal who was looking at the artifacts from his digs.

“I might ask you the same question,” Fox began. Kota put up a finger before he continued.

“This is after all my apartment.” Kota gestured to the entire room, and then turned to the counter, listening to Fox’s story. He didn’t have much to say.

“Well, all I know is that Krystal was in front of the gate that was destroyed and I kind of tripped when trying to stop her from going through,” Fox stated. “So if you want to explain how we got here, you might want to ask Krystal.” Kota had pulled out two sodas and a beer and handed one of the sodas to Fox. He looked at the can in confusion. “What do you want me to do with this?” he asked. Kota pulled the tab on his beer to show how to open it. Fox mimicked him, hearing the “pssht!” of the carbon being released.

“Don’t worry, it’s not poison. Just a little something like coffee.” He walked over to Krystal and handed her the remaining unopened canister and showed her how to open it while asking at the same time, “How did you get here?”

“later,” she whispered. Kota nodded his head and stepped aside. “Well, since it seems like you two are the only ones here, why don’t you join me for the holiday.” He held up his beer in respect for the two and looked back and forth.

“No.” Fox had stood up and was staring at Kota. “You planed this didn’t you? You left something behind that would tell her how to build the gate again.”

“No he didn’t,” Krystal had said. “It wasn’t his fault that we are here. It’s...it’s my fault. ”

“But he must have told you something that would put the gate back together. Every thing has been ruined since-”

“Since the day, that fateful day, I appeared in her cabin.” Kota finished his sentence. “You still haven’t let that go.” He gave him a pitying look. “Look I came just when you two were on vacation and if I remember correctly, you said ‘I’m on as much vacation as you are’. All I want to do is return the favor. Or is the great Mr. McCloud too mighty to go on vacation?”

Fox stared at him, then put his drink down on a nearby table and said, “I’m going to use the facilities.”

“Top floor, first door to the right.” Fox went up the stairs and closed the door. Then Kota looked at Krystal. They were close to each other now and Krystal, not wanting to make any inclinations to Kota, took a sip of the soda. She coked, only once and gulped it down. She rather liked it. She drank most if it down in one sitting. “Whoa, whoa, easy there. You might just drown yourself in that stuff.” She giggled.

“What is this anyway?” she asked looking at the label.

“Sprite. A carbonated beverage that’s supposed to taste like lemon like, but I’ve never tasted it.” Kota took another sip of his beer. “So, don’t tell me the great Krystal is too mighty to take a little vacation.” He allowed a smile and they both looked out the falling night on the city. It was beautiful in Kota’s opinion, which is why he had chosen to live here.

“Actually,” Krystal said. “I had planned on it.”

### Chapter 3: Learning a New Country

After a night of many drinks, Krystal the Sprites, Kota the beers, He had eventually gotten so drunk that he admitted to Krystal that she was the cutest thing that he had ever seen (Of course, he could have done that sober too). Kota had told Krystal that if she didn’t mind, Fox and Krystal Could sleep in his bed as long as he could me sure that no “funny business” was going on that night. Krystal wasn’t sure about that last statement because then Kota had stretched out on the floor and was lying down in front of the window.

The next morning, the snow had stopped and Krystal was lying in bed with Fox. After convincing him the night before, Fox had agreed to sleep in his bed and muttered to Krystal, “Now me and him are even.” Krystal woke to the sound of clanking of metal on metal and an odd smell of bacon was in the air. Krystal rolled out of bed and pulled a pair of pants and shirt on. She reached into her bag and pulled out a black thin laptop. There was a logo of an apple with a bite taken out of it. “Strange” thought Krystal when she first examined it but it was, after all, strange that he should appear at all. She walked downstairs with the device in hand and walked over to the black marble top of the island kitchen counter. “Good morning!” Krystal said.

“Not so loud, please,” Kota said with his eye’s slightly shut.

“Why? You don’t want to wake Fox?” She asked.

“Not, just a bad hangover.” When Krystal looked puzzled, Kota continued, “A hangover is something like getting hit in the head with a wrench. One the effects of being knocked out last shorter. So you’ve known what I’ve been through. Ah,” He had just seen the Laptop. “My eBook.”

“It doesn’t look any thing like a book,” Krystal said, holding it up to the light. “Looks more like a-”

“A notepad. I know the thing that you do your report on. No,” Kota said. “eBooks are just thing like that notepad but rather then touch screen sensitivity, you have to use the keyboards. But I assumed that you already knew that or otherwise you wouldn’t be here. So that explains how you got here so quickly. But the parts?”

“Slippy helped me. I told him not to tell anyone and I had to threaten him,” Krystal looked at the eBook. “Well here you go.” She offered the laptop back to him. Kota shook his head.

“It’s kind of too late for me to take it back. I already told the insurance company that my eBook was stolen and they reimbursed the money for me to by a new one.” He pushed the Laptop back to her, along with a plate of bacon that was slightly burnt and eggs sunny side up.

“But this must have cost you a lot of money,” Krystal said looking at the eBook. “Just take it.”

“No really, I insist. You might have a promotion for have a great discovery such as the gate. Your government sounds more fair then mine.” He smiled. “All I ask is a favor in return.” Kota took a bite out of piece of egg. Krystal was intrigued. “Join me for a walk around the town? I need to pick out a Christmas tree.” Krystal smiled. “It’s a deal.”

Kota had explained to her that she had to dress a little warmer when he went over to the drawer and looked for something. Krystal went upstairs to find that Fox was still asleep. She took a sticky note next to His bed and wrote down that she would be back in a little while, that she had gone out with Krystal to look for a Christmas tree.

She came bad down, wearing a sweater and jeans. “Uh, you might want to wear something a little warmer then that. It’s nearly down to 20 degrees.” Kota was holding a black collar with little lights on the outside.

“You must remember, I’m a fox. We have thicker fur then humans.” She said with a hint of crossness in her voice.

“Oh right. Well,” He offered the collar. Krystal almost looked insulted. “Don’t worry, no one will see it. I’m a bit of meddler with technology myself. I bet even Slippy hasn’t even made this. It’s a solid holograph projector. The only person that can take it off it the person that’s wearing it. It shapes the personality of the person that’s wearing it OR whoever overrides it to their personality. Never plan on selling it unless I’m in dept with someone.”

“What does it do?” Krystal asked pulling the thin strip of leather from Kota.

“It makes you look different.”

“And why would I want to look different?”

“Well, no one has really seen a fox in our world with such humanoid appearances. Most foxes here are on all for legs. And though we do have different people here, they don’t have a muzzle, ears, or tail.” Krystal looked at him. Then put her hands above her head and buttoned the collar in the back. It’s a loose fit, she thought. A second later, it tightens just the right amount to keep the entire collar against her neck. She didn’t feel any different.

“And this helped me how?” She asked Kota. Kota was busy putting his hair into a ponytail and then slipping on a pair of glasses. They seem to shine a little transparent purple.

“Much better,” he said, looking at her. “Take a look in the mirror.” She turned to the full body mirror at the door, and then did a double take. Right were she was standing, there was a maturely cute girl with blue hair and teal green eyes. She was wearing the same outfit that Krystal herself was wearing, but the same jewelry. She noticed this and turned to Kota.

“The exact same outfits as you see,” Kota said examining her appearance. “Here.” He handed her his glasses. “Take a look.” Krystal took the glasses from Kota’s open palm, held them up to the mirror and saw the blue fox underneath the skin. She pulled it up and down a few times, and compared the two pictures. “The Glasses counteract the light being shed on your skin. It’s too bright for man to see, and I think for you to see. It grates a skin from the patterns it sees and creates a finial image for the entire world to see. The coating on the glasses was made to block out that light and bring into sharper images the person below.”

“But what about my ears and tail?” She held the glasses up to see the top of her head. Her ears and been pointed down to just the point where her hair was and as for her tail, it had been flattened to one of her legs, though not making her uncomfortable. She hand the glasses to Kota who put them on, then offered his forearm.

“Shall we?” He asked. Krystal grasped it and they walked to the lift and went down. 15 minutes later, Fox got up and leaned against the railing and looked out the winter city. “Looks like I’ll have to learn a whole new country.” He sniffed. “I smell bacon!”

Chapter 4: Close one.

Krystal and Kota had a wonderful time picking out the Christmas tree. Krystal enjoyed the smell of the pine trees and the cold air. She didn’t know how to put her thumb on it, but the country seemed, peaceful. This was entirely different to Kota, however, who thought that Christmas had become too commercialized. Where Kota had seen little kids whining at their mothers for a bigger tree, Krystal saw a child engaging nature, all be it strange in a city of metal and smoke. Where Krystal saw an odd sport involving kid throwing balls of white fluff at each other, Kota saw kids getting exercise.

“Do you want to have a cup of hot chocolate before we pick out the tree?” Kota asked, gesturing at a Starbucks© nearby.

“Hot chocolate?” she asked looking puzzled.

“Oh, I forgot, you’ve never had chocolate before,” He said, tilting his head up to see the expression on the real Krystal face. “Chocolate is like a...hmmm...it’s like a silky rich version of milk. You can enjoy eating over and over, but too much is a bad thing. I know from personal experience. Now, Hot chocolate is like a watered down milky version of chocolate. It fills you inside up with warmth while enjoying that good feeling.”

“I’d like that, On such a cold day as this.” She said. Kota opened the door and being the perfect gentlemen, allowed Krystal to step through. A little tinkle above the door signaled to the already busy clerk that there was another customer entering or leaving the shop. After helping the man in front of her, the male clerk asked, “Welcome to starbuck. May I help you?”

“Yes I’d like two Grande cups of hot chocolate please,” He kota replied, pulling out a thin piece of plastic. Krystal looked at it quizzically and Kota could see another question coming on. He swiped the card through the credit card machine and thanked the clerk for the receipt and assured him that he could see that they were a little busy. They backed off to the wall and he showed the card to her. “Some people have these to tell other people that they don’t have money or that they have the money in their accounts, but don’t really feel like going to the bank that very day. It’s kind of like having money with you, but not wanting to get robbed.”

“I see. And the piece of paper?” she pointed to the slip in his hand.

“That’s just to tell people how much they’ve just spent and, if they pay and cash, how much they got back in change.” Minutes later, after Kota had explained everything about American currency, the left. Kota warned Krystal not to drink the hot chocolate too hast or it might burn her tongue.

In a little part of central park, there was a gated part with all the pine trees, some tall, some short, a few with not that many braches, some with needles just falling out of the place. Kota said that she could pick the tree and together both of them could decorate. Krystal was looking and she had found the perfect one in no time. They paid for the tree

and it was just big enough that Kota had pulled the base of it on a sled that he had brought from home.

“It’s so nice,” Krystal said, looking at a group of kids throwing snowballs at each other, “that your planet can enjoy the fact of giving gifts to each other.”

“I don’t know, the whole thing about Christmas has been about gifts. All the kids act up in the stores and throw tantrums. It’s quite embarrassing reall-” He broke off. “Oh dear.”

“What?” she said, turning to face him. Kota was still looking ahead and they both stopped. Kota pulled a hand off the trunk of the tree and pointed ahead across the street. “Oh dear” summed up what they were both seeing.

Fox was outside looking at a window, oblivious to the little boy pointing at him. He was looking into a Barnes and Nobles bookstore and reading the signs. The little boy was pulling on her mothers arm and saying, “Look mom! It’s Fox!”

“Should you tell him that he shouldn’t be out or should I?” Kota grabbed the trunk of the tree and seemed to double time over to Fox. “Fox!” He called out. Fox turned around to see Kota and Krystal.

“Picking up dates and trees?” Fox asked. “Who’s the cutie?” He looked the girl he did not know to be Krystal. Both Krystal and Kota shook their heads. If it hadn’t been for that fact they he was exposed to the world, he would have laughed. Instead he said, “Not now. People are listening. We have to get back to the apartment.”

“How come? Did you lose Krystal?” Fox asked.

“Just help me carry the tree,” Kota said.

Fox grabbed the trunk and pulled it down a side ally. “Kota. Where is Krystal?”

“She’s still with me. Just trust me.”

“I don’t trust you.” The girl next to Kota giggled.

“I’ll explain everything back in the apartment. Let’s just get moving.”

They were able to fit the tree into the lift and Fox, Krystal, and Kota squeezed in. As soon as they reached the top floor, Kota pulled the top of the tree and Krystal and Fox pushed from behind. As soon as the lift disappeared, Fox started on him. “where’s Krystal and who is this person?” He gestured at the Krystal again. Kota looked at Krystal.

“Can you summarize everything I said earlier?”

“I think so,” she replied.

“Good. I’m gonna go get the decoration.” Kota raced up the stairs and went into his bedroom. Fox looked even more puzzled. Krystal unsnapped the collar and the ‘girl’ materialized out of existence.

“It’s a little camouflage device that Kota invented. He told me that this world only had seen foxes, but they’re not quiet evolved as we are. He and I went to get a Christmas tree for decorating.” Krystal sighed. “Actually he was more concerned that you were exposed then I am.” Kota returned a few minutes later and was carrying two boxes full of decoration, one piled on top of the other.

“Does he get it now?” Kota asked from behind the boxes.

“Yeah,” She replied.

“Cool,” Kota put the boxes down on the main floor and looked at the two of them. “Once we’re decorating the tree, I can show you your other self’s if you like.”

They had fun decorating the tree. Kota was a bit flustered with the lights and Fox sneezed every time he tried to sprinkle fake snow on the tree. Krystal laughed at the two of them until she fell from the step stool and landed on her back with the angel landing on the top of her head. Finally after a half hours work, all three stepped back to admire their work. Kota plugged in the lights and Fox and Krystal thought there was no other way a tree could look more ceremonial. Kota went to the kitchen part of the room and made some hot chocolate for all three to share. Kota handed each a mug to drink and Krystal looked into the mug.

“Kota, what’s this white stuff?” She asked.

“Those are marshmallows. They supposed to make it even tastier but they melt too quickly to do anything except make it even frothier,” Kota told her. he held his cup up to the others. “To Christmas Company.”

“You’ve already toasted us when we got here,” Fox said.

“Did I? Wow, I must have been wasted when I did that because I don’t remember.” Kota said, shaking his head. “Well, how about meeting you in action?”

They walked across to a blank white screen and in front of it were a black leather couch, a glass coffee table, and, a sliver box with DVD cases in front of it. Two controllers were hooked up to the sliver box and each had buttons. Kota walked over and flicked two of the switches down and one switch up. The curtains, on a motorized roll, covered the two story windows and the third, as he knew, turned the projector on. As the Room grew darker, the screen became brighter until the only thing what lit up the room was the screen.

“What you are about to play,” Kota said, turning on the silver box. “Is a game called ‘Starfox Adventures.’ It was the introduction of Krystal.” The screen lit up with the Gamecube© logo and then the menu was pulled up. After showing Krystal and Fox the tutorial menu, a phone beeped. “Excuse me, I have to take this call.” Fox and Krystal were absorbed into the game and seemed to enjoy playing as themselves.

Kota was upstairs in his room talking to someone one the phone. “Yes?...No sir, I...No...No...I’m trying...alright...yes...yes I understand... OK...goodbye.” Kota sighed and looked back down at the two foxes on his couch. “Not exactly a Christmas greeting,” He muttered to himself.

Fox and Krystal seemed really good at the game that they were playing, and why not? They themselves had been in those adventures. They were at the part where Fox had discovered the staff when Kota had finished his phone call.

“I have to go out for a while,” Said Kota tucking in his shirt in the back while going down the stairs. “I’ll be back in a while.”

“Can I come with? I want to see more of the city,” Krystal said over the back of the couched. It seemed like the two were taking turns at the game.

“No!” Kota said rather panicky. “Err, no, I have some business to take care of it and would be best if I did it alone. I’ll going to see if I can find any parts to send you home with.” With a wave, he told them to enjoy the game and disappeared into the lift. Once Kota had reached the outside, he looked up to see a figure next to the gargoyle in a white outfit. “Ops” he thought to himself.

At factory in the south-eastern part of the city, Kota hopped off his motor cycle and parked it next to the door. He ran up the stairs and into the factory. After negotiating his



way through the buildings, storage boxes, he found the office and entered a code next to the door. The door unlocked and he entered the room with a desk and a single lap. In the shadows were men in black trying their best to blend into the surrounding. At the Desk was a man that looked beefy, wearing a suit and tie. He looked like the head of the mafia.

“What’s with them?” Kota gestured at the armed guards.

The man nodded and smiled. “Well, I’m glad to see your eye sight is working just fine. How about your memory?”

“I haven’t discovered anything new over the past month,” Kota told him. Of Course he wasn’t going to tell them about two in his apartment.

“Evidence says otherwise.” The man held up a picture to show Krystal and Fox decorating the tree now in his apartment. “I must say, have you trained the wild animals to stand on their hind legs.” Kota clutched his hands in anger. “Or perhaps you’re playing host to a couple of really enthusiastic actors.” Kota got up from the chair and moved to the door, two of the guards stood in his way with machine guns held in their hands. Kota stopped short of them, pulling his hands out of the fist and into a loose position, as if holding an apple. “Or maybe your lying to me.” Behind Kota, the man waves the two guards to stand aside and Kota reached for the door handle. “Remember, I gave to shelter when you had no where else to go.”

Chapter 5: Dark Angel is born.

Kota was thinking about the words that the man had said on the way back. “Remember, I gave you shelter when you had no where to else to go.” He thought of the first day he had met the man. It was four years ago that it happened.

“Hey Kid! Get back here!” Said a clerk. A boy of about 13 years of age ran out the store with a bulging jacket. He ran down the street and down a side ally. A few cops right next to the store turned and pursued after the boy. One pulled out his tazer gun and attempted to shock him, but Kota zigzagged through the ally and turned the corner. In front of him, there was a factory. He ran inside and saw all the workers. Running through all the workers and machine, he ran into the same office that he had just left. The business man was sitting there and only just noticed the boy when he attempted to hid in the closet.

“Whoa! Whoa! What have we here? A little thief?” Said the man putting down his newspaper.

“Please sir! You got to hide me!” Kota said

“And would I had someone like you?” The man asked.

“Please, I’ll do anything.” There was a knocked at the door and the boy gasped.

“Police! Open up.”

The man looked at the door and then the boy. “Okay, I’ll hide you, but not for the reasons that you think.” He shoved the boy into the closet and closed the door. Kota listened to the conversation that developed outside. “Come in!”

“Sir we’re looking for a boy that might have- Ah look who it is Harry.”

“Well, the mister Devnull himself. I thought you were in jail.”

“As you two arresting officers know, I have very useful contacts. Now how may I help you.”

“You can help us in two ways I suppose. The first is a little information about the money you embezzled out of the country-”

“I have no clue what you’re talking about” said the Devneull person. “And the other?”

“We’re in pursuit of a little boy.” Kota looked at the ground and say a shadow move to the door. “You wouldn’t happen to know where he went, do you?”

“Surly, why would I want to hide a boy in here? A rich successful businessman such as myself wouldn’t need a little boy hanging around with me?”

“Well, If we find the money or the boy, we’ll let you know.” Then the door closed. The man waited, then pulled open the door.

“My, you must have stolen something valuable to have the police on your tail. What’d you take? A watch? A necklace?” Kota pulled out the Snicker bars that he held in his hands. “That’s it?”

“The only reason why they pursued men was because they were right outside the shop at the time.”

“Boy I need to send you to a friend of mine. He’ll show you how to steal.” Kota looked the man in disbelief.

“You mean that you’re not going to turn me in?” Kota said.

“In my line of work, you learn that if you snitch anyone out, you’re dead meat. What’s your name kid?”

“Kota Leo,” He said nervously. The man named Devnull shook his head.

“Never reveal your name to anyone.”

Over then next month, he was taught by the best pickpocket in contact with Devnull. Kota learned to bump into People and take their wallets, how to notice lost possessions and take them and the part that he wanted to learn the most, how to crack safes. After that month, we went back to the Devnull and showed him his skills.

“Good, Good. You’ve learned a lot. Now the test. What’s your name?” Devnull asked, replacing the watch that Kota had just taken. Kota smiled.

“I am the Dark Angel.”

“I like it! The police won’t believe him but he’ll do just fine in our line of work. Now, I’ll have you know that I’m not a man to mess around with. Your training has come with a price. All I want is something from you each month. Either a hundred dollars worth of stuff, or more.”

Kota stole his way to the top of the thief chain. He had even showed off by taking the Mona Lisa and replacing it the very next day. Even Devnull was impressed. As the years rolled on, the safe were cracked but Kota seemed to grow bored. He started to pay the hundred dollar minimum to Devnull. After his 16<sup>th</sup> birthday, He got a job using a fake degree. Devnull was most upset at this, but Kota merely said that being a thief all the time might be suspicious if he was living in a loft apartment with no apparent job.

Kota was so absorbed in his past life that he didn’t even notice the car in front of him. There wasn’t enough room to brake and the cars on both sides of the rode blocked him from turning. He pulled on the brake and turned the bike on its side. The machine landed on his leg and he just narrowly missed the car. “Ah!” He said as the pain spurted all throughout his leg. He pulled his bike back up and noticed that he had ridden a block past his apartment. He got into he turning lane and pulled around the back. He parked his bike

and when up to his apartment. Fox and Krystal had nearly finished the game in the time that he had been gone. Fox looked around and saw that something was wrong with his leg as he walked in. Krystal was playing as Fox and was enjoying the game immensely.

“Kota, are you alright?” Fox hopped over the couch and Krystal paused the game and looked over the couches back. Kota went over to the chair and sat down, rubbing up and down his leg.

“It’s nothing. I just fell on my motorcycle. That’s all,” he said. I think I’ll go and lie down for a little while. He looked up at the screen that Krystal had paused. “Ah I see that you’re almost done with the game. Mind if I just watch for a little while.” With a few more assurances from Kota, Krystal and Fox went back to the couch, though admittedly, Krystal wasn’t quite into the game as before.

## Chapter 6: Kidnapped!

Kota went to the drugstore below the apartments and looked for some painkiller for his leg. It’s funny. A year ago, he would have just walked in, told the clerk he was just browsing and walked back out with everything he needed, walking stick included. As he was in the isle, a blue hair, teal eyed girl walked up to him.

“Krystal!” Kota said. “What are...?”

“You really think that just saying that you fell off a motorcycle and you leg got hurt would get you out of it?” Krystal asked, looking at the drugs on the shelf. “What really happened?”

“That’s what really happened, honest,” Kota said. Then another fact hit him. He wouldn’t be telling the truth to her either, or for that matter, his real name. Krystal looked at him. She seemed to try and read his expression, but he turned and looked back at the shelf, face blank.

“Something’s wrong. What’s bothering you?” She asked.

“Nothing, I...”

“Why did you leave so suddenly?”

“It was my boss. He had a project that he needed help with and so I went over to his office.” A half truth, Kota thought. You’re not entirely lying to her. He picked up the bottle that he needed and walked over to the counter. “Listen, don’t worry about it. I’m fine.”

Krystal still wasn’t convinced and Kota told her that he’ll show her what all the holiday fuss was about if she would stop asking. She said that she already knew but that she would drop the subject. Went back into the apartment and Kota limped over to his desk and pulled over a chair. Pulling out a tool kit he worked on a wrist watch the Fox could wear so that they could all go out tomorrow and enjoy the air. Krystal, having returned to her former self, walked up to Kota’s bedroom, and Fox sat of the couch, now switching through the channels. He was particularly interested in the discovery channel, which was showing the different kinds of foxes and what they did during the winter, but this made Kota nervous. Fox seemed to read his expression and then continued flipping through the channels, landing on a movie (Die Hard 2). Kota checked thoroughly, making sure all the circuits were connected and secured by the time the movie had ended. When the credits were being shown, Kota tossed the watch to Fox, who seemed to have fallen asleep.

“Want to go out for a beer?” Kota asked. He figured that the painkillers could wait. In any case, a good amount of beer could numb almost anything.

When they left the lift, Kota being in company with a military-like man who had green eyes and somewhat medium length blond hair. They strode in a local bar with a few bikers and businessmen. In almost no time at all, both Fox and Kota were talking about the most embarrassing times in their career, though they were quick to stop themselves for mentioning the time that Fox had gotten locked out of his room.

The bartender had finally assured him that both they had enough beers and told them to head on home. Laughing, they went up the lift and opened the gate. The lights were off and Kota thought that Krystal had turned them off before going to bed. He reached over in the darkness and flicked the switch. Nothing happened. He flipped the switch again. Nothing. From the darkness to his left, he heard a crash and Fox cursing. Kota felt his way around to the kitchen where he had put a flashlight in the drawer. He found the long black cylinder, clinked and turned it on Fox's voice. He had tripped over one of the lamps. That would explain why that light was out, but why the rest? And why was it so cold? He shined his light on the rest of the room. His jaw dropped. His leather couch was torn up, his glass table shattered. This lay on the floor all around as if someone had ransacked the place looking for something.

"Krystal?!" Fox shouted. The noise made him jump. Kota pointed the flashlight on Fox. "Give me the flashlight! Quick!" Kota tossed the light to Fox. Now that he didn't have that light source, he let his eyes adjust to the situation. He could see his way around and looked to see that the curtains had been slashed and was waving back and forth. Making his way over to the window, he saw a giant shatter in the glass and they reason why it was so cold. "She's not in the Bed room or the bathroom!"

"No, of course not." Kota said rather grimly. He looked closely at the glass. There was a clump of blue hair caught in the glass. "she's been kidnapped."

#### Chapter 7: On board the Great Fox.

"Fox? Fox?" Falco was walking up to his compartment and found that he wasn't there. He had a message that just came in that could change his career. That is if he was there. If not he was just going to get skipped out on the promotion for General. After finding his room was empty, Falco walked over to Krystal's room. She wasn't there either. That was strange. Falco walked over to the intercom and paged, "Fox, You just got a message. It's about that promotion that you wanted. Meet me on the bridge."

Falco waited on the bridge for over a half hour. Fox never showed. "Maybe he's on the Arwing." But then came the fact that the intercom was also connected to each of the ships. He thought while still waiting for Fox. Finally, he called for Slippy. When Slippy came into the room, he said, "What's up?"

"Do you know if there's any way the com systems could go out on any of the Arwing?" Slippy shook his head.

"Not without me knowing. Why?"

"I wanted to tell Fox he finally got that call for the promotion. But I can't find him or Krystal. In Fact, I haven't seen them since the day before yesterday." Slippy thought of Krystal. He turned to see if he could contact her with Falco's attention.

"Well, I'll go check the Arwing room to see if all the ships are there. If they are-" Falco tapped a screen.

"All the ships are docked so they have to be here."

“I check-”  
“Slippy, you seem really nervous. Beside, I’ve check everywhere.” Flaco gave Slippy a piercing look. “You know something. What?”  
“I..I don’t know what you’re talking-”  
“Slippy, where’s Krystal and Fox?”  
“I swear-” Falco grabbed him by the collar and pulled him off his feet, pressing him against the wall.  
“Where are they Slippy?”  
“Krystal went to look for Kota and I helped make the gate to go and see-” Said Slippy and very quick succession  
“What!?” Falco Said.  
“-and Fox and Krystal have been missings since I’ve made the gate-” Slippy Continued in one breath.  
“Does the gate still exist?” Falco said shaking the toad. Slippy quailed under his anger  
“Yea but I can’t get it to work” He said.  
“Why not?” Falco Shouted.  
“Because Krystal took the software with her.”

Thank You for reading  
~A Luck Mistake 2~  
Please Stay Tuned For the Sequel