

## The Daily Lives of Two Necromancers

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# The Daily Lives of Two Necromancers

by [Dreamtiel](#)

## Summary

A group of amicable Summoners had decided to provide their summoned units a chance at a second life, living in a little town of their own when not participating in battle. But can two former colleagues live so comfortably with one another given what had happened in their previous lives? And as they learn to live with one another and recover the familiarity of their relationship before calamity struck, will the feelings they had for each other eventually surface yet again?

## Notes

I know I've still got the other story to work on, but I wanted to challenge myself and see if I can continuously update this series, since each chapter shouldn't be too long to write every day or so. But let's see how it goes!

# Shida's New Roommate

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Shida, I trust you'll take care of Yuura?”

“Yes, Summoner.”

“Very good. That takes care of that for me~”

Shida watched as his Summoner sauntered off carefree. Of course the Summoner wanted to not have to deal with yet another new unit joining the ranks... But honestly, it wasn't a problem for Shida. He looked towards Yuura, side-eyeing him carefully.

*This... cannot be more awkward.*

“So, uh, Shida!” Yuura suddenly spoke up, the tone of his voice inviting a lukewarm, casual attitude. “Where the hell are we? Heaven? Hell?” The purple-haired Necromancer was looking around the Summoning grounds, awe clear in his eyes, although he remained stoic and composed.

And why wouldn't he be in awe? Ten thousand years after their deaths, there was bound to be some eye-catching sights, such as the intricate and unknown spell runes on the walls of the chamber, or the architecture of the old-looking but fairly recent Summoning Gate itself... or the very modern and sleek-looking capital of El Gaia in the distance, with numerous buildings that rivaled or perhaps even surpassed the numbers of the Bariurian Capital.

Shida merely sighed. “There's quite a bit to explain... Come this way. I'll show you where we're staying.”

Yuura followed, quite confused but trusting of his former colleague's word. As Shida explained the nature of their second chance at life, as well as the current state of the world with the War between Gods and Humanity, he noticed Yuura looking around at everything, a bit of a curious glint in his eye. There was surely a need for discovery in him, to discover more about this new world and what had happened to the world since their deaths. Shida had honestly felt the same way as Yuura did when he was first summoned.

“So,” Yuura nodded as they came across a multistoried building, “humans have achieved the power to summon the dead... and I was summoned... so the person who summoned us can fight the gods.” His eyes followed various other units who strolled around nearby, going about their daily lives. He didn't look like he was ready to accept such an explanation.

To see a blue-skinned angel walking alongside a woman holding two fiery axes... or a cat-eared Mage casually strolling by with a little pink-haired girl with water-wings... Such sights were very surreal.

“That's about right.”

“That's... awesome.” Yuura grinned widely, clearly entertained by such a thought. “So we’re brought back to life and all, but where are we staying? Is this a, uh, permanent thing?”

“Here.” Shida gestured to the building. “It's something of an apartment complex where the Summoner keeps the summoned heroes. This is essentially your new life.”

“Really... how many units are staying here?”

Shida looked at the many windows. Construction was currently halted, but there was at least one expansion every month. “I believe we’re at 250 and counting.”

“That many?! There can't possibly be enough rooms in this building!”

“That's why the Summoner asked that units room with each other...” The gray-haired Mage cleared his throat, mumbling softly to himself so that Yuura would not hear. “And we’ll be...”

Yuura looked up at the many windows. Indeed, there couldn’t have possibly been enough rooms for every single unit to have their own room. “Wouldn’t it be, I dunno, more cost-efficient to just have us all stay in barracks like normal people?”

“You see... the Summoner who brought us back to life is a rather wealthy young man. He’s part of a guild who wishes to give their units a better life after researching their various lores and backstories. While this is all fairly extravagant, it's a good way to boost morale and keep loyalty among the group. So you ought to be thankful.” Shida paused. “Although I have pitched the idea, he simply laughed and said we can’t just revert to living in barracks after all the trouble of building these apartments...”

“Huh... all righty then.” He smiled. “Can’t look a gift horse in the mouth after all.”

“And another thing...” Shida’s crimson eyes drifted off to the side, as if wanting to hold off what he was about to say. “We’ll be... rooming together.”

There was a long, almost awkward silence. Shida feared the worst reaction.

“Oh, sweet! C’m on, show me our room!” was Yuura’s response, instead, paired with an almost giddy smile. “Come on, my feet are already killing me!”

The horned magician looked at him in brief surprise before allowing a tiny smile to grace his own face. With a brief wave of his hand, he gestured his old colleague to follow him into the building and into an elevator (which left Yuura in endless awe), to the 6th floor.

“Incredible... a metal box that transports us to different floors...”

“You’re still on that?” Shida snarked.

At that moment, Princess Alice of the Bariurian Empire passed by. She blankly glanced at the two necromancers as she got into the elevator, disappearing behind its metal doors.

Yuura blinked. "... Hey, uh, wasn't that the Princess? Or one of them, anyway?"

"Yes, that was."

"She... lives here too?"

"Yes. Living as a unit in our Summoner's command means everyone is essentially living the same lifestyle."

"Really? Hm. It sounds like there should be a word for that." He looked around at the wall decorations depicting rather childish-looking posters and wall stickers of ghosts and goblins. "Nice decor... Who else lives around here? Anyone we know?"

"Hm... Lemia, for one."

"The lady whose husband..."

"There's also some gambler named Zeul..." It was clear that Shida didn't want to converse about Lemia. "There's a swordsman named Mifune living in one of these apartments, I know..."

"So... just dark-affiliated units live up here?"

"On this floor, yes. Heroes of different elemental affinities reside on different floors."

"I see..." Yuura suddenly grew quiet. "You're gonna... give me a tour of the place, right? Including those floors?"

"Tomorrow, perhaps. It's quite late as it is." He side-glanced at Yuura as he pulled a room key out of his robe pocket and unlocked the door labeled "606."

Their apartment was up to a fairly regular living standard. In the living room alone was a couch facing a small television, currently turned off. In the corner were some kitchen cabinets, as well as an oven, a sink, a microwave, and a table against the window with two chairs. Yuura wandered around, going over to another doorway which led to the bedroom, which contained two rather small beds, and two doorways leading to a bathroom and closet.

"Whoa! Humanity has really made a leap in discovery!" He came back to the kitchen area and poked at the microwave. "What's this?"

"It's a microwave. Think of it as a tiny oven."

"Ooh. How about this?" Yuura quickly made his way over to the television and pressed a button. The sudden appearance of a projection of a talking man evidently startled Yuura. "A vision spell?"

"Not quite. It's entertainment, supposedly... I don't use it much..." Shida looked over to find Yuura pressing his face against the screen. "Don't do that. You're going to hurt your eyes."

“Interesting...” he murmured as he pressed another button, changing the channel to a cooking show hosted by a red-haired girl. “Oh? What’d I do?”

“There are different channels to watch, I believe. This is how we receive news, information, et cetera... I think this one is a show on different recipes.”

“I see, I see...” Yuura pulled away from the television and reclined on the couch. “Ahh... this is comfy. I like it here already,” he hummed happily. “Hey, sit next to me.”

Shida did so, with a touch of hesitation.

There was still an elephant in the room to discuss, if they were to live together. And yet... neither really wanted to talk about it, especially Shida.

*If I hadn't been there when Yuura was summoned... I'd surely have avoided him like the plague. It's hard to tell just what he's thinking. He seems amicable enough, but... did he remember what I made him go through? Didn't he remember I had effectively sent him to his death? I wonder... if some of my memories are hazy, did he not remember...?*

His thoughts were interrupted by a loud growl. Both men looked towards Yuura’s stomach, with Yuura himself blushing noticeably.

“Aha... sorry. I’m kinda hungry.” He grinned sheepishly and rubbed the back of his neck. “H-Hey, Shida, what’s for dinner...?”

About ten minutes later, the two were sitting at the small table in the corner, enjoying what had been frozen chicken from the ice box.

“Mm...” Yuura was obviously enjoying the meal. “So ice magic has been mastered as well... This just keeps getting better and better.”

Shida chuckled. “Not exactly... but close enough.” He paused. “Hm... that’s right, you don’t have any sleepwear for the night, seeing as you only got here today.”

“Oh, you’re right... Hah, I didn’t even think of that. I could just strip into my undergarments if that doesn’t bother you--”

“I have spare pajamas if you’d like,” Shida cut him off. “... I apologize. I don’t mean to bring up this topic so abruptly, but... I’d like to keep our living arrangement as professional as possible, if it’s no trouble to you.” He was met with a look of confusion from his former superior.

“Well, I mean... sure, if that’s what’ll make you comfortable...” He grew quiet again. “I just wanna know...” He paused. “... Or, another time, actually...”

Shida didn’t pry to ask what Yuura meant. He understood well enough. After all, there wasn’t much use in digging up the past and trying to decipher every complex emotion between them, from the days there were tensions between them.

In truth, Shida was more than happy with this second chance as it were. Yet his fear of what could happen drove him to suggest they live professionally and not mingle too much in each other's personal lives, if they could help it. That was surely the most reasonable approach, wasn't it?

... Wasn't it?

Some twenty minutes later, and the two were lying in their respective beds on either side of the bedroom, both men wearing night gowns. It was dark and quiet. Neither were really that tired, yet both didn't know what to say.

"Thanks, Shida," Yuura said, breaking the silence.

Shida took a moment to answer, blinking in the darkness. "For what?"

"For lending me these pajamas, for one. And... for taking me in. I... I know it must be awkward, suddenly having me back in your life like this..." There it was. Yuura had brought up the elephant in the room. "I know you, Shida. I know you were probably looking forward to not seeing me again, and that you were probably dreading the possibility of meeting me again after everything that happened. And yet... you took me in immediately. That takes some serious balls."

"..."

"... Shida?"

"Yuura... I want you to know that in truth, I did look forward to seeing you again. I'd like to leave it at that."

"R-Right... right. You're right. Sorry, just... wanted to say that now, before I forget later." There was a long pause. "Goodnight, Shida."

"Goodnight, Yuura." Shida turned in his bed, facing the wall.

*How am I going to handle this?... Yuura... Getting to see you again alone was a blessing, yet I feel as though something eats away at me. This guilt within me, perhaps... Part of me hopes it'll stay like this, where we forget the past and move on. Yet... part of me wishes we could confront what had happened... so that I may apologize... so that you know how I truly feel...*

## Chapter End Notes

Ahaha it's like two exes living together. Next chapter: Yuura learns about shopping.

# Yuura Learns About Shopping

## Chapter Summary

Shida takes Yuura shopping for clothes, because he's got his priorities straight.

## Chapter Notes

If it isn't clear that this is essentially a crackfic, here you go.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The bedroom was rather dark, with blinds shut and not a hint of the morning sun peeking through. The air conditioning kicked in, prompting a still-sleeping Yuura to pull the covers of his small bed up a little more. This was truly peace in its purest form, an eternal rest without the death, a--

“Time to get up, Yuura.” Up the blinds went, rays of sunlight blaring through.

The aforementioned Necromancer groaned and shut his eyes further, before turning on his side to face away from the window. “Five more minutes...”

Shida stood at the doorway between the bedroom and the kitchen, already dressed to go out. “I made breakfast.”

Yuura groaned again and turned onto his back, facing the ceiling. “Ugh... what time is it?” he whined.

“It's 10 o'clock. We really ought to get going.”

“Go where, again...?”

“I thought you wanted a tour of the town. We can get some clothes for you too.” He stood there patiently, waiting for Yuura to at least sit up in bed, which he eventually did with a yawn.

“All right, all right... Gimme like, twenty minutes, all right?”

Twenty-five minutes later, Yuura had cleaned himself up and dressed himself in the same clothes he was wearing the night before, when he stepped out of the gate. All the while, Shida was waiting in the living room couch, a look of impatience still on his face when Yuura finally came out.



“You spent fifteen minutes slicking your hair back, didn’t you?”

“Hey, if there’s one part of me I have to keep clean, it’s this bad boy,” Yuura grinned, smoothing his hair back once more for emphasis. Shida merely sighed and led him out of their apartment, into the elevator at the end of the hallway.

“Did you sleep well?” Shida asked as the elevator descended.

“Yeah,” Yuura stretched, mumbling, “though I could’ve used another hour of sleep...”

“You’ll have plenty of time to rest later, I assure you.” Shida kept his gaze forward. He had dressed in a basic white shirt and a thin purple jacket, nothing too special or warm for the summer day. Still, he hoped there wouldn’t be too much attention drawn to him and Yuura for how simple he looked next to the rather old-fashioned style his roommate wore. “Was breakfast satisfactory?”

“Yeah, very.” Yuura cracked a smile as the elevator doors opened. “Heh, I see you’re still talking like that after all this time...”

Shida didn’t respond. There he went again, bringing up the past... “I think we ought to visit the town outlet first. We can get some clothes for you there.”

“All right, whatever you say.” Yuura stuck close to Shida, looking around. He wasn’t too out of place, thankfully. Some other units wore their regular battle clothes and held onto their weapons. Although, they looked as if they were heading to a specific place. “Yo, Shida, where are those guys going?” he asked, gesturing to an armored knight on a horse and a black-haired lady in a dress that passed by.

“They’re probably going to the Arena.”

“Arena?”

“It’s one way for units to earn money. I’ll show you some other time; the Arena is on the other side of town.”

“All right... I’m intrigued.”

The pair walked along a cobblestone road, passing by young twin girls giggling and chasing after a little girl followed by a shadowy figure. Human-placed trees lined the path, which occasionally branched off to smaller stores and establishments. Off in the distance, a blue-haired man was about to toss a frisbee to a pink-haired girl and a blond man.

“Hey, Edea, catch this!” The man tossed the frisbee, only for it to sail over the girl’s head and towards Yuura, who caught it effortlessly.

“I got it! Back at ya!” Yuura called out, tossing the frisbee back.

The girl caught it, smiling. “Thank you!”

“No prob!” Yuura grinned, before turning his attention back to Shida and walking alongside him. “The people living around here are so carefree... isn’t there a war going on?”

“Mm. It’s not so much a war, more like... a constant stream of confrontation,” Shida explained.

“... You’re not making much sense.”

“It’s not as if there are whole armies being deployed on a daily basis. Actually, the Summoner only sends out five of us at a time due to power limitations. So those who aren’t needed can live their daily lives freely.”

“I see... Who exactly is our Summoner anyway?”

“You’ll meet him again another time. Here we are.” The two finally arrived at a square with many stores and places to eat. A fountain stood in the middle of the square, surrounded by benches. “Where do you feel like going first?”

“Oh, nice places. Uhh...” The purple-haired magician turned his attention to a rather basic clothing store to his left and wandered off inside. “Whoa, fashion these days is really... different,” he said as he held up a short-sleeved tee with a photographed image of an island with a palm tree. “... I like it!”

Shida was also browsing, picking out a polo shirt in what looked like Yuura’s size. “Go ahead and pick whatever you like. I’ll pay.”

Yuura had already picked up two other shirts, stopping when he heard that last bit. “Oh, uh, are you sure, though? I feel bad for making you pay...”

“It’s no problem, really.” Shida gave a small smile. “I’ve got enough money to pay for it, I assure you. So go ahead, all right?”

“All right... I’ll pay you back, promise!” Yuura grinned right back and went off to pick more shirts. “I’ll go try these out!” He disappeared into a changing room.

“Ah, Shida, hey!” The cashier waved, his pale green hair bouncing, calling Shida’s attention towards him. “Long time, no see. Out clothes shopping?”

“Hello, Lucca,” he greeted. “No, I’m simply buying clothes for my roommate. He’s new.”

“Ahh, you finally got a roommate? That’s great! Who is he?” Lucca leaned on the counter.

“My old coworker.”

“Oh, it’s someone you know, at least!”

“... I sent him to his death.”

A long silence. “Oh.... uh, okay!”

“Shida!” Yuura called out. He looked over to find Yuura stepping out in the first shirt he had picked out. It clung to Yuura’s stomach rather snugly. “I think this is too small...”

Shida glanced off to the side, averting his eyes. “Much too small...”

A curt smile appeared on Lucca’s face. “I can help you find a bigger size, sir!” he said, gladly taking the small shirts Yuura got and going off to find them in a bigger size.

“Huh. Nice service,” Yuura said as he received the bigger shirts, disappearing back into the changing rock afterward. “Yeah, these are the perfect size. Thanks, uh...”

“Call me Lucca~”

“Is that short for something?”

“Nope! That’s just my name. Are you finished shopping?”

Yura glanced down at all his items, then at Shida. “Yeah, I think this should be good.”

Shida went up to the cashier and pulled out a card. “Here we are.”

“Thank you, I’ll just scan this...” Lucca scanned the card. “Enter the pin, please...”

As Shida typed away on the keypad, Yura looked over his shoulder. “What’s this?”

“It’s how modern folks pay these days. Basically, I have money on his card, so I don’t necessarily need to carry Zel on me.”

Lucca handed a receipt to Shida. “Thank you! Hope to see you again~”

“Thank you, Lucca. Have a nice day.” The two mages walked out of the store. “There’s a lot I need to teach you about this world, it seems.”

“Yeah, no kidding. You’re already kinda losing me.” Yuura gave a dry laugh. “Where are we going next?”

“There are other shops you can check out around here...”

“I dunno, if it’s all the same old, same old-- ooh, hey, what’s that shirt?!”

Three clothes stores later...

“Yuura, are you sure you’ve got enough shirts?” Shida asked, carrying two bags in his hands.

The aforementioned Dark unit finally stepped out of the last store, carrying about three bags in each hand. “I’ve had enough shirts since store number two...”

“You can never be too sure. Better to be prepared--”

“--than unprepared, I know.” Yuura chuckled. “You used to say that all the time.” He stopped walking along the cobblestone floor to sniff the air. “What’s that smell?” He looked over to a

nearby food stand. There, a red-headed girl was handing out a sweet-smelling, twisted baked good to someone.

“Pretzels?” Shida looked over to the stand, then to his colleague’s face. He swore he heard a faint grumble. He started to move into the line. “I’ll get us some.”

“Huh? Ah-- wait! I’m not that hungry! I’ll wait until dinner!”

“But I wanted one too.”

“... All right...”

Once they got to the front, the girl greeted them with a smile. “Welcome to Auntie Lan’s Pretzels!”

“Hello Lancia,” Shida greeted with a curt smile. “Shouldn’t you be at Lan-Lan’s?”

“Lan-Lan’s?” Yuura echoed.

“Only the best restaurant you’ll find in our little town!” Lancia cut in. “... It’s, ah, going under renovations at the moment, though. So for now I’ve got pretzels to sell, along with hot dogs, doughnuts, sandwiches, pork buns--”

“We’ll take two pretzels, please.”

With the pretzels paid for, the pair went on their way back home. Yuura at least looked content with the treat.

“Hey, Shida. Thanks again for this.”

Shida kept his eyes forward. “It’s not a problem. Don’t worry about having to pay me back, at least until you earn money on your own.”

“Okay... Hey, I’ll cook dinner tonight as thanks! I’ll think of something.”

“If you really want to...”

A few hours later, Shida was reading on the couch in house clothes after a meal from Yuura. Thankfully he had grown accustomed to the new kitchen technology. At least Yuura was happy about that day...

*I didn't even show him everything this place has to offer, yet he seemed content for the day... At least he looked like he had fun. Although I can't help but worry for some reason, like we forgot something...*

“Uh, yo, Shida...” Yuura called from the doorway.

“Yes, Yuura?”

“I think we have a problem...”

Shida sighed and shut his book, turning to face him. “And what's the pro--”

Yuura stood there in one of the shirts he (well, Shida) bought. He had no pants on.

“W-Where are your pants?!”

“Aha, yeah, we forgot to buy pants with the shirts...”

## Chapter End Notes

We're not going to ask why Yuura didn't just wear the pants he wore that day. We're just going to accept it. Next time: Shida places ground rules for their shared living space.

# Sharing the Housework

## Chapter Summary

Yuura learns about Shida's cleaning schedule and tries to help out.

## Chapter Notes

I've had to type out the beginning notes here like three times now because my laptop kept crashing and every time it's been different so I'll just say Shida doesn't really set ground rules, it's mostly just Yuura trying to be a part of the cleaning schedule. Good? Good. My god if this thing crashes on me again I'll be so upset.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's been three days since Yuura and Shida became roommates. Yet despite his promise to show Yuura around, Shida had become rather lax with keeping that promise. Not that it's a problem for Yuura, however, since it became quickly apparent that he enjoyed sleeping and staying in at home.

There weren't any problems until Yuura was reminded of Shida's meticulous sense of keeping everything clean.

Yuura woke up to the sound of Shida getting out of bed and walking off to the bathroom, turning the lights on and shutting the door. With bleary eyes, he looked up at the clock hanging on the far end of the room. 6 o'clock, right on the dot.

Thinking nothing of it, Yuura tried to go back to sleep, only... the light peeking out of the cracks of the bathroom door was enough to bother him. It was a small nitpick, sure, but being affiliated with the dark arts came with a little-known side effect of preferring the room to be completely dark when it's time to sleep. At least, that's what Yuura thought.

*Shouldn't be a problem... I'm sure Shida will be out in five minutes, top...*

An hour later and Shida still hadn't gotten out. Yuura gave up on trying to sleep after many long minutes of attempting to go back to sleep. With an air of concern and frustration, he forced himself out of bed and knocked on the bathroom door.

“Yo, Shida, you okay--”

The door immediately opened, revealing Shida in what looked like a housekeeper's uniform, complete with a head bandana and dust mask.

“Is something wrong?” Shida asked, muffled by the mask.

“... You're *cleaning* this early in the morning?”

Shida put his mask down. “Yes. Every Sunday I like to keep the apartment clean.”

“All right, I gotcha...” Yuura scratched the back of his head. “It's just, well... the light's kind peering into the bedroom, and it's kinda preventing me from sleeping.”

“Oh, my apologies.”

“N-No need! You didn't know.”

“Ah, also, Yuura, I took the liberty of arranging your hair care supplies on the side.”

“W-Wha? Hey, I'll fix it later, but I'd really appreciate it if you didn't do that! I have a system!”

“It's a very... ahem, cluttered system.” Shida's eyes narrowed. “If it's all the same to you, I'd like to have some space on the sink counter for my belongings...”

“I said I'll fix it later. I mean, you should just leave my things to me!”

“Yuura... I mean no offense, but you used to say such a thing all the time back in the lab. And you never got around to it, thus I took matters into my own hand.”

*Why, the nerve! I thought he didn't like bringing up the past, but he just used it against me! It's not my fault I was always busy back then... Then again...*

Yuura's shoulders slumped in defeat. “All right, all right... I swear, as in I promise, that I'll rearrange my things later, by... noon.”

Shida nodded in understanding. “Okay. Now then, I'll just finish up cleaning the shower--”

“Er, actually, can I use the bathroom first? I might as well prepare for the day...”

---

9 o'clock eventually came, with Yuura having finished breakfast. Shida had gone out an hour earlier to do the laundry, leaving Yuura to explore the wonders of television further.

“... and to finish off our stew, we're gonna add some ginger!” the girl on the cooking show said through the TV.

Yuura scoffed to himself. “That looks like way too much ginger...”

At that moment, Shida came back with a load of fresh laundry, still wearing his housekeeping clothes. “I'm back.”



“Hey Shida,” Yuura greeted, eyes still fixated on the television. “Hey, isn't that the girl who served us pretzels the other day? There, on the TV.”

“Yes,” he said, sitting down on the end of the couch far from Yuura. “She does a cooking show as well, probably for extra Zel.” He began to fold some shirts.

“So, are the other people on here supposed to be units from around the town too?” Yuura changed the channel to what looked like a wrestling show. A girl(?) with short, green hair was currently punching away at a boy with spiky, light brown hair. “Heheh, I like this channel.”

“Mm, I see...” Shida absentmindedly muttered as he continued folding.

Yuura glanced over. He watched as how Shida carefully folded each shirt, perfectly every time. *Steady hands...* “Hey, Shida, how about I take over folding? You go relax or something.”

“Huh?” He looked up from the laundry basket. “Oh, um, okay. I'll go out and buy some groceries for tonight.”

“Oy, I said you should go relax... You've been up for a while now.”

“Well, so have you. The day is only just beginning, Yuura, don't worry.” Shida got up and picked up a small satchel. “I won't be long. Thank you again, Yuura.”

“Take caaaare,” Yuura waved as Shida left. He scooted over to the side of the couch where the laundry basket sat and started by picking up a shirt.

*How did he do it...? I never fold my clothes... Let's see, it's one fold this way, and then this way? Gah, but these sleeves are peeking out! That doesn't look right! Wait, okay, if I do this...*

It took five minutes, but eventually Yuura folded one shirt perfectly. He stared at the meticulously-folded shirt as he placed it on the coffee table in front of the couch, along with the pile of shirts Shida had folded before. With determination in his heart, Yuura took another shirt from the basket and folded it, placed it down, and took another.

*Yeah, I'm doing something! Something productive! And I can watch this show too~*

After a few minutes, Yuura's eyes began to stare straight ahead at the TV, only looking down to make sure his folding was perfect enough and to put it down on the pile. His hand wandered to the basket and pulled something back, but he looked down when he realized it wasn't a shirt he had taken.

It was a pair of purple boxers.

“Huh? Are these Shida's?” he asked aloud, holding them up to the light. There was no mistaking it; they couldn't possibly be Yuura's, considering the undergarments they bought for him the other day were all briefs.

*They look... a little small... Come to think of it, Shida's clothes are so baggy that I can't tell how his body must look. Is he really this thin? Or does he just prefer it like this... I shouldn't be thinking about this, yet--*

The door suddenly unlocked and opened, revealing Shida. “Ah, sorry I'm back so soon. It turns out I forgot my coupons--” He stopped mid-sentence to find Yuura holding up his boxers. “... What're you doing with my boxers up high like that?”

*Damn! It's not what it looks like! Play it cool, Yuura, he'll think you're weird! Say something coherent!*

“I didn't know you wore boxers, Shida. You seem like the kinda guy who would wear briefs or something.”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

“Please just leave my laundry to me.”

Shida took some scraps of paper on the kitchen counter and promptly left, leaving Yuura in the same position he was in before, only with a hot blush on his face.

*... Of all the things I could've said, I had to say that. Gods, I'm sad.*

He quickly put the pair down and went back to folding the rest of his own laundry, avoiding anything that wasn't a shirt.

---

11 o'clock came around, and Shida came home with five grocery bags and four Dark Spirits helping him carry them. Yuura was currently cooking something on the stove.

“Hm? Ah, yo, Shida!” He cheerfully waved with a ladle in his hand, although he didn't get a response right away.

“Just leave them on the counter, please,” Shida instructed.

“Okey doke~”

“Here we go~”

“Upsy daisy~”

“That'll be 100 Zel, please.” The last one held out a big hand, wiggling its stubby fingers. Shida obliged and dropped some coins onto its very thick palm. “Thank you for choosing Dark Spirit Services. We hope to see you again.”

“Bye now.” Shida blankly waved as they left, leaving him alone once more with Yuura, whom he finally turned his attention to. “What's all this?”

“Shida... be honest, did you even eat breakfast this morning?” Yuura asked, still attentive to his cooking. He had a plain smile on his face, yet his tone was laced with worry and concern.

“... I don't believe I did,” Shida admitted.

“What do you mean?” He looked at Shida with surprise. “Either you did or didn't.”

“I... don't always eat breakfast. But I do usually eat around noon.”

“Shida... that's not very healthy. You should really be eating more.”

He didn't answer at first, merely looking away while putting away some groceries.

Yuura gave a cheeky grin. “Ah, or are you afraid that you'll outgrow your boxers if you eat like a healthy person?”

That got a reaction. “Y-Yuura!!”

“Ahahaha, I’m kidding! Hey, you go sit down. I’ll bring some food over to you.”

Shida sat down begrudgingly, a grumpy look now prominent on his face. However, it went away when Yuura presented him with a bowl of meat and potato stew. The smell alone seemed to remind Shida how hungry he was. Hesitating regardless, Shida took a bite...

“... Mm. This is delicious...” he mumbled in-between bites.

Yuura grinned again. “Aww, thanks. I’ll cook dinner again later, okay?”

“That... would be nice.” Shida smiled, a little wider than usual. It looked far more natural than the small ones he would let appear on his face on rare occasions. He continued eating, obviously enjoying the meal. Yuura sat across from him, with his own helping.

*Ah... Moments like these really give me nostalgia. I must admit, I don’t remember a lot of our old life, but... something about this feels familiar. Hm... That’s right. We always used to eat at that noodle shop down the street. I wonder if there’s a noodle place around here. I’d love to hang out with Shida. But even in this life he’s busy sometimes. I wonder what work here must be like...*

The pair’s meal was interrupted by a knock on the door. Before Shida could get up, Yuura did and walked over. “You keep eating. I’ll get it.”

When he opened the door, he had to angle his head downwards to see who it was. There in front of him stood a young adult with fair skin, mostly covered in a white cloak, underneath which he(?) wore a light blue shirt and jean shorts. Light brown, wavy hair peeked through the hood, covering jade green, youthful eyes. In the visitor’s hand was a clipboard, on which Yuura could see a paper labeled “Arena Duty” at the top.

“Oh, hi! You’re the recruit from a few days ago, right?”

“Uhh... yeah. Yuura.” He extended a hand in greeting, which was immediately taken and shook.

“Nice to meet you, Yuura! I’m one of your Summoners, Ica. I’m here to see Shida for Arena Duty tomorrow!~”

## Chapter End Notes

Next time: Yuura learns about Arena Duty and we learn more about the Summoner(s)?!

# Meet the Summoners!

## Chapter Summary

Yuura meets a few oddball Summoners and spends an extensive amount of time with one while Shida goes off to fight for Arena Duty. It's like jury duty but with less soul-sucking.

## Chapter Notes

"I'm definitely gonna finish this chapter today," I tell myself for the past week as I struggle to try not to make my Summoner OC's a spotlight stealing squad and fail miserably.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The Summoner had made himself at home when he came in, reclining on the couch and taking up as much space as he could with his arms. Yuura could only stand there awkwardly as Shida finished up lunch and came over.

"Ahhh, man," Summoner Ica sighed. "Do I know how to interior decorate or what? You guys really ought to be thankful that I lobbied for splurging on furniture like this!~" He started to hum. "I wonder if this is how college would've felt like..."

Shida and Yuura exchanged glances, before the former spoke up. "You, uh, came to deliver an Arena Duty letter, Summoner Ica?"

"Huh... oh yeah! Yes, here you go~" The brunette got up and handed over a piece of paper. "You know the drill, Shida-dida! If you don't show up tomorrow for Arena, you'll have to pay a fine, so show up!"

"Ah, excuse me..." Yuura interrupted. "What's the Arena thing?"

"That's right, I never did get around to explaining it, did I?" Shida glanced down at his paper before looking up at Yuura. "You see, this town is actually run by four Summoners, each with their own selection of summoned units."

"Yup!" Ica chimed in. "Nye and Koma and Shima are my best friends! We provide housing for summoned units so they can enjoy a second, more modern life! Ah, but because of how expensive it can be between the four of us... well, we kinda need to form Arena teams to win

some money against other Summoners, and to convince the Akras Summoner Hall to keep sending government funds.”

“... You kinda lost me.”

“I know!” he chirped. “Bottom line is Nye-chan and Koma-senpai need to survey the skills and prowess of new units to form the best Arena team we can, so we can guarantee some wins!”

“I see... Are you going to test me too?” Yuura asked.

*I don't even know how powerful I still am... Would my powers have degraded over time? I haven't noticed until now, but... there's no doubt about it. I definitely feel weaker than when I fought Karna Masta with the others...*

“Oh yeah! Sure! But not yet. We still need to work you out to your max potential and learn just who you are, so in fact, you should go report to Summoner Nye’s office tomorrow during the Arena matches.” Ica scribbled an address on a spare piece of paper and handed it to Yuura. “Arena’s a big league game, boys! Although it might not look like it. I mean, you've got your standard Arena, Colosseum, Challenge Arena-- although that's still closed...”

“...”

“So I'll see you tomorrow, Shida-dida! And Nye will see you tomorrow, Yuura! Get a good night's rest!” With that, Ica departed from the apartment, leaving the two necromancers alone once more.

“... ‘Shida-dida?’”

“Don't start.”

---

The next day, Shida rose early as usual, and for once Yuura got up without needing to be awoken manually.

“So I take it you want to see Summoner Nye as soon as possible?” Shida asked as he fixed the collar of his robe.

“Yeah, might as well get it over with,” Yuura answered, smoothing his hair back. “How does my hair look? Not that I'm aiming to impress them...”

“As spick and span as always. Don't worry too much about the Summoners. Truth be told, I rather despise how they work sometimes...”

“And why is that?”



"They're all rather... extreme in their own ways." Shida started to comb his own hair. "You've already seen how eccentric Ica is, although for someone as young as he is, it shouldn't be much of a surprise. Nye is tasked with not only helping Koma form squads, but also with writing down the different lores and stories of the people who live here, so he's rather... invasive."

"What about Koma?"

"He either stands off to the side or takes the center stage as needed, and then some. But at the very least, he's very good at strategy. It simply isn't obvious. A bit hard to read."

"And the last one?"

"Shima. I'll tell you now, he's a man, but he's just as perverted as the prepubescent Summoners that thankfully aren't in charge of this town. With men and women alike, mind you."

Yuura blinked, thinking he had heard wrong. "Okay... well, glad I'm only meeting Nye today... Speaking of which, I better get going. Good luck with your duty or whatever, Shida."

"If you want, if you have time after the interview, perhaps you can stop by the Arena to watch." Shida coyly smiled, not taking his eyes off the mirror.

Yuura tiredly combed his hair back one last time. "Yeah, sure," he mumbled absentmindedly. Although he was serious about it. He was too tired to admit it, but he was curious about this whole Arena Duty deal.

And soon the two parted ways, with Shida heading towards the large and rather obvious Arena on one side of the town, and Yuura heading towards a series of buildings on the other side of town, just past the shopping outlet.

He glanced down at the piece of paper with Summoner Nye's address on it, and entered a rather quaint building with moss and vines attached to the brick walls.

A cloaked young man with shiny gray hair and a strange device over his left eye was currently typing away on a typewriter, with scrolls and books levitating around him. He suddenly stopped and looked Yuura's way.

"Oh! Are you Ica's newest unit?" he asked.

Yuura approached, clearly distracted by the interior of the building itself, full of shelves and holes in the wall with more scrolls and books, and tree branches arching and intertwining above. Light fixtures hung from the branches, dimly illuminating the inside of the building and giving him the feel of stepping inside a cult room. Or the basement of a 35-year old living with his mother.

"Yeah..." he murmured. He snapped out of his daze and faced the Summoner directly. "Uh, Summoner Nye, I presume? I'm Yuura."

"Full title?" Nye asked.

Yuura looked at him very confused. "Pardon?"

"Your full unit title at this stage of power." That evidently didn't help much.

"I-I'm sorry, I don't believe I have one...?"

"Oh! Okay, I was just wondering if there was a grand title you preferred to go by... S-Sorry, I shouldn't just assume Ica would explain this..."

"Oh no, it's fine," Yuura hand-waved. "But nah, I don't have anything in mind."

"Hm... How about 'Eerie Possession?' I think that fits you well, considering what your current profile tells me."

"My... current profile?"

"W-Well, you see, in this organization, I'm in charge of recording summoned units' lore and compiling a coherent timeline so we may understand what happened ten thousand years ago..." Nye tapped on the device over his eye, causing an array of holographic screens to project from the device.

"Whoa... nice gadget."

"Thank you. It appears here that... ah yes, here." On one of the screens, a portrait of Shida popped up. "June 26, Shida, full title 'Omega Demise Shida,' mentioned you by name in an interview when asked about any other potential heroes around his time."

"Oh?" Yuura tried to angle his head to read the words on the screen. "What... did he say about me?"

"Hm... It says here, in his own words... 'Ah, yes, Yuura... He was my supervisor back in the days of Bariura's glory, but I eventually surpassed him.'" There was something of an imitation of Shida acting smug in Nye's voice. "He specialized in utilizing the undead to perform tasks for him. I had ordered him to..."

"... Kill the Oracle Knight and Maiden?" Yuura offered.

Nye looked at him with surprise. "So that's what he was going to say..."

*Oh. Well. Damn. I need to think before I finish people's sentences.*

Nye started typing away on the screen excitedly. "That's what he was going to say! I was wondering why he trailed off like that! Oh, if Ica hadn't bothered us at that point and I had been able to urge him to continue--"

"H-Hang on," Yuura interrupted. "So, that's all Shida said about me?"

"Well, there's an extensive memoir here, but I think that's a rather sufficient summary... why?"

"Well... I mean... I'm not sure I'm keen to the idea of this information being spread to others..."

"O-Oh, I see..." Nye nodded slowly, pushing aside some screens to face Yuura directly. "U-Uh... Don't worry, Yuura! This information is mostly spread between Summoners instead of with units to keep the peace."

"What do you mean?"

"W-Well, you see... some Summoners such as myself like to write... er, hypothetical stories between some units! A-And, well, I rewrote some parts of Shida's memoir to make a coherent story..."

"So you're an author?"

"S-Something like that..." Nye paused for a long time. "Okay fine I wrote a fanfiction on what he told me and posted it! But it wasn't so much of a fanfiction actually it was kinda more like I just wrote down everything he said and fixed some grammar issues but I did upload it to a fanfiction website which maybe wasn't the best thing to do but you know what trying my hand at a street rapper career wasn't either but we all make mistakes--"

"You lost me."

Nye sighed in relief. "O-Okay, s-sorry about that... Ahahah, I don't need to explain! L-Let's just get to the part where you tell me about other heroes of your time who may become future units and residents... and maybe forget about everything I just said..."

Yuura perked up slightly at that. "... Wait... so, could the others of my group be here, in town? Ark, and Ilia, and Medina? Maybe Ruby? Dion? Rinon? Uh-- Ilia's brother?" Yuura asked with a touch of hopefulness.

"Ahh..." Nye looked through some files on his screen. "I have some info on an Ark and Ilia, but no such people are listed as presiding in this town. And we have very little if anything recorded for those others you mentioned..." Nye rubbed his chin as he searched through some of the floating scrolls. "... Would you care to tell me about them, in case they may be able to be summoned? And while we're at it, tell me about your strengths and abilities?"

"I guess so..." Yuura looked around the room. "Also... what time is it? When do the Arena matches start?"

"It's... only 8 right now. Arena matches should start in an hour. Why? You shouldn't have a match to participate in until you've cleared in with Koma and me."

"Oh, uh, actually, I wanted to see Shida perform..." The magician scratched the back of his neck.

A small smile spread on Nye's face. "Ahh, I see... hehe~"

"What?"

"N-Nothing! I wouldn't worry about missing his performance though. If I remember correctly, Shida is Ica's unit. By the time we're done here, Ica's matches against Koma should be going underway."

"All right... So you just want me to talk about me and my friends?"

"Yes please! And, uh, w-would it be okay if I ask questions?"

"Go ahead," Yuura nodded. Although he began to regret agreeing to such a thing as Nye pulled up many screens at once, ready to type with a mischievous glint in his eye.

Three hours later...

Yuura slumped in his chair, rather frazzled and obviously very tired and irritated from the excessive Q&A session. The sound of Nye's typing was a sound that would not leave him soon. They talked minimally about Yuura's own abilities and more about his friends, it seemed.

He sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. "Okay, in that order... I think Ruby did like Ark, I still don't remember Ilia's brother's name, and as far as I can tell Dion may or may not be gay. Why is that even important?"

Nye didn't answer the counter-question, completely focused on typing. "May... or... may not... be..... gay."

Yuura glanced at the clock. "How much longer...? It's almost lunchtime..."

Nye suddenly looked up, alarmed. "Oh my gods! Eleven o'clock already?! I-I-I am so sorry to keep you here this long!"

"It's nothing," Yuura said in a rather deadpan tone. He yawned.

"C-Come on! We can probably catch the last match if we hurry!"

That snapped Yuura out of it. He stood up suddenly, as if remembering himself about the match. "That's right!! The match! Hey, take me there asap!"

"R-Right! One second!" Nye finished up the last sentence on his recording screen before clicking on his eyepiece again, disabling the screens. He quickly dashed past Yuura, pulling him along by the arm to the Arena.

The Arena itself looked like a huge colosseum, making Yuura wonder what the actual Colosseum must've looked like. He kept his gaze up at the tall structure, letting Nye pull him inside at an astonishing rate of two inches per second.

"Nn! You're heavy, please walk yourself..."

Other units were already seated inside on the various seats usually reserved for Summoners and other spectators. However, Nye pulled Yuura to what looked like an actual reserved area, with seats right in front of the actual fight zone.

"Whoa, nice seats," Yuura nodded in approval.

"As my way of apologizing, you can sit here in the Special Booth." Nye smiled.

Yuura looked at him appreciatively before looking down at the fight area, where there stood three units on one side of the Arena closer to his seat, and two units on the other side. When he squinted, he could see Summoner Ica standing on the side with the three units, one of them being Shida.

Yuura could hardly believe it was Shida, but the frayed white hair gave it away. He looked very different, with wings resembling a dragon's keeping him off the ground, and bigger, redder horns, along with a tail protruding from... well, where a tail would usually protrude from.

*Holy hell he looks awesome.*

There were two others who stood next to Shida on either side. Surprisingly, one of them was Lucca, the cashier from the other day, with green earth magic swirling in his fingers and manifesting into a dragon. The other was a blue-haired dancer girl with a flamesword.

The Summoner on the other side of the Arena was a tall, caped man with a ballroom mask covering his eyes. His long, lavender hair seemed to bounce in the air as he pointed and apparently spoke to his own two units: a deer-woman with antlers and purple hair, and an intimidating figure garbed in so much flaming armor that there was no way to identify if he was even human.

Yuura heard a low whistle next to him as someone, presumably a Summoner, sat next to him. He wore an oversized pair of designer shades, a black tank top that only covered his chest, and tight white pants. "Koma's bringing out Zeruiah and Azurai today, too? Heh, thought he wasn't done with their SP yet."

"Oh, Shima!" Nye waved, his sleeve flopping from side to side. "You made it! Yuura, this is Shima. Shima, this is Ica's newest unit, Yuura."

Shima lowered his shades and winked. "Nice to meet you." His eyes quickly surveyed Yuura up and down. "Ooh, yes, you'll do just nicely..."

"F-For what?"

"For missions, of course. What else?~" The tone in his voice was teasing.

Yuura nearly scrambled for an answer when he heard a roar of flames alongside an odd jingle of bells in the actual Arena. His attention snapped back to the field, only to find Lucca and the blue-haired girl on Ica's side lying on the ground, scorched and frozen, respectively. Only Shida remained standing (well, floating) on Ica's side.

"Hahahah!" Ica chortled unexpectedly, his laughter audible only when the audience stopped cheering for what were clearly fan favorites in the Arena. "You must think I'm through, eh?! I've still got one unit standing, baby! I'm totes gonna win this time, Koma-senpai!"

Koma, the Summoner on the other side of the Arena, spoke in a surprisingly booming voice. "Your overconfidence will be the end of you!"

The brunette struck a pose in response, hunched over to the side with a hand in front of his face. "Enough talk! Shida, go get 'em!"

Yuura could see Shida sigh with slumped shoulders, muttering just loud enough for him to hear. "Oh brother..."

"Hey, Shida!!" Yuura shouted, immediately grabbing his attention. He grinned. "Good luck!!"

Shida merely smirked in response before turning back to his opponents. He lifted himself into the air, tucking his arms back with his wings as his chest crystal glowed a deep red.

"Glowsoul Prison!!"

He bent his head back as streams of dark magic launched from his wings to his opponents, blowing them back somewhat. Explosions of dark energy covered the battlefield, clouding the Arena for a moment in dark smog, a loud, low drone humming in everybody's ear.

Yuura leaned forward in his seat in excitement as he watched Zeruiah and Azurai look around cautiously, only for Shida to strike them both from behind with his tail, suddenly sharp and infused in energy.

*Must be why he's not using his staff, I bet... Shida, this new form of yours is impressive...*

Manifestation of dark energy in the shape of intricately-detailed swords rained down on the two opposing units, visibly cutting into them, and actually defeating the deer lady...

... but leaving Azurai alive.

"B-Baka!!" Ica cried. "You had enough power to use your Super Brave Burst!"

Yuura leaned over to Shima. "You mean Shida's got magic even more powerful than that?"

"Ohhh yes~... He's toast now though."

The hulking armored figure reared his head back and raised his sword, lifting off the ground with wings that looked like they belonged to a demon from Hell. The whole Arena seemed to rise in temperature rapidly as flames danced around the edges of the battlefield.

"Soaring Dragon Helix!!" Azurai dive-bombed towards Ica's side of the Arena with his sword aimed downwards, towards a Shida who was already accepting defeat.

He sighed audibly. "Well fu--"

Yuura looked away with a wince as part of the battlefield burst into flames. He looked in horror at the crater left in its wake, with Shida lying in the middle of it. "Shida?! Shida!!"

"He'll be fine," Nye reassured rather nonchalantly and nonplussed.

Shima tapped on a device in his ear, a little mic extending from it to his mouth. The speakers around the Arena blared to life again. "And the winner is... Komaaaaa!~"

The audience burst into cheers, leaving Yuura mildly confused and a bit concerned, although that concern quickly turned to relief upon seeing Shida rise, looking only somewhat dazed. Upon seeing Yuura's concern, he smiled.

---

"That. Was. So cool." Yuura grinned as he and Shida, freshly healed offscreen, left the Arena together. "I never knew you just how much of a monster you are in the battlefield! Literally! Seriously, you had a *dragon form*?! And you never told me?!"

The white-haired man could only smile somewhat sheepishly. "I've got many skills you never knew about... but thank you."

"Ooh, really? What other tricks do you have up your sleeve?"

"Maybe one day I could show you..." Shida chuckled, only confusing Yuura once more.

"H-Hey!" Summoner Nye called out behind them, before catching up. "So... whew... w-what did you think of Arena?"

"Uh... looks painful. Is that really the only way to earn money around here?" Yuura scratched the back of his head. "I mean... hell, Shida looked like he was in the right place in all, but I've only ever been in so many fights."

Nye nodded as he tapped his eyepiece and brought up his screen. "Right, right... well, we'll have to screen your actual fighting ability one of these days, but we've been so backed up with new units that it'll probably be a while! So few units get picked for actual Arena Squad placement anyway, so I'd suggest you find a different job for now..."

"Like...?" Yuura groaned internally. As much as he didn't really want to work and just go about daily life as he were at that time, he at least wanted to pull his own weight while living with Shida.

"Actually," Shida spoke up, "Yuura, I might be able to get you a job at the Synthesis or the Fusion Chambers. It's the closest thing we have to working like how we did back in the old days."

"Really..." The thought of working with Shida in a similar place to where they worked before piqued his interest, and it showed. "Yeah, I'd much rather prefer that!"

"Oh!" Nye chirped. "Then we could do that! But only so many units can work at either place, so the hiring process may take a bit... A-Anyway! It was nice to meet you, Yuura. You have a good night, and I'll send Ica to your dorm once we need you for Arena Duty."

"Sure thing, boss." Yuura nodded.

"Heeeeey!" Ica called in the distance, with the other three Summoners. "Nye-Nye! Nye my fly guy! Bill Nye the Science Guy!! Come on already!"

"Aha... that's my cue to leave..." With an awkward chuckle, he left towards their direction. Ica practically jumped on him while Shima draped an arm over both of them, with Koma simply walking ahead of them, arms hidden in his cloak.

Yuura couldn't help but smile fondly at the four very different men sauntering off like they were friends their whole lives. While it was a short time in his last life, he remembered a similar feeling, a feeling of having friends that were all very different from one another.

*No such people are listed as presiding in this town...*

"I wonder if I'll ever see my friends here..." Yuura mused, apparently just loud enough for Shida to hear.

"Friends?"

*Yeah, my friends. Y'know, the people I teamed up with out of nowhere to take down Karna Masta while deliberately disobeying you and betraying the Empire. I don't think you'd understand. You had to be there.*

He bit his tongue back. Where did that come from? Such a sudden thought was harsh even for someone as loose-lipped as Yuura. He cleared his throat, thankful he hadn't said that out loud.

"Yeah... old friends. You wouldn't know them, but Nye said they might come here one day."

A cloudy look in Shida's eye told Yuura that he still figured out who these friends actually were. Of course. He was smart like that. Yet if he did know, he did a good job of hiding it.

"Well... perhaps one day, you'll see them. You should introduce me to them." He turned to look at Yuura, an odd smile on his face. Yet it was impossible to tell if it was a smile of genuine sentiments, or one of hidden intent. "But for now, perhaps you should make other friends. I'll have to go to the Fusion Chambers tomorrow to see if I can give you credentials for a station there. So you ought to go explore."

"Sounds good!" Yuura grinned, somewhat forced.

*That smile... Shida, I wish I knew what you were really thinking just now... I bet you'd like them too if you got to know them...*

"Let's go find somewhere to eat."



"Oh yes please. But only if you're buying."

"Of course. I'm the one with a job."

---

A figure with hair as deep red as the moped he sat upon watched the pair leave from a distance. The mantle of his oversized hoodie fluttered in the wind, sky-blue eyes glinting in the setting sun. He smirked, his knuckles turning white as he gripped the handlebars of his trusty mount, as he looked down at the golden little blob sitting in the basket on the moped's front.

"Someone needs a job, hm? Looks like we might've just found Lancia's Pizza's newest potential employee, eh, Jewel?"

## Chapter End Notes

Next time: Yuura gets a part-time job!

Edit: For anybody who doesn't like the overexposure to the Summoners, please don't worry. They've got their own story in the background, but I'll try not to make them steal the spotlight again. I'm planning to make a twitter to make up their story there, under the same username as my account here, if anyone cares to learn more!

# Zelnite and Yuura's Pizza Delivery Service

## Chapter Summary

Yuura gets a job as a pizza delivery boy with a certain infamous thief... But how will Shida react?

## Chapter Notes

Dedicated to one friend of mine who has never stopped believing in me, and helped me remember to have fun with writing, and another friend who had, intentionally or not, helped me come up with ideas for more chapters for this fic.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Yuura reclined on the couch in the apartment's little living room, wearing only a loose t-shirt and shorts. He looked up at the ceiling, counting the dark purple hairs on his head. Shida had already gone to ask their Summoner if Yuura could work at the Fusion Chambers, and it was only noon. He claimed he'd return by six that night, but...

"Ugh, bored..." Yuura huffed, giving up on his hair, stiff from hairspray. He turned over onto his stomach, looking at the old, outdated flip-phone that sat on the table, left behind by Shida "in case of emergency." He picked it up and started texting Shida the old-fashioned way; that is, pushing the same button over and over to type each letter out.

"Shida help im bored." Short, simple, sweet, and to the point.

Not a minute later, and a reply came through. "Yuura, this phone is for emergencies only. Please only use it for emergencies."

"This is an emergency im dying of boredom."

"I'm at work."

"Is nythin evn happnin there?"

"... No. Fine, I guess you can text me with this phone. But try not to do so excessively. I have two phone bills to pay for now." And with that, the chat messaging ended for a while.

Yuura turned back onto his back, sighing. "Wish something would happen..."

As if on cue, there was a knock on the door. Yuura sat up immediately, a bit surprised. With a skeptical eyebrow raised, he got up and peeked through the peephole on the door.

“Who is it?”

On the other side of the door was a good-looking, red-headed young man with a green hoodie and a stack of pizza boxes in his hands. He grinned. “Did someone order a Hawaiian pizza? ~”

“... No.”

“Whaaat? You're joking me, right? You're, uh...” he checked a receipt on the box, “Mifune, right?”

“I'm not. I'm Yuura. What's a ‘pizza’ anyway?” Yuura opened the door. His first mistake.

The man sighed wearily and overdramatically. “Oh, what’s a fellow to do... I'm so hopelessly lost... and if I don't deliver these pizzas in the next ten minutes they'll be free and I'll be fired!”

“...” Yuura looked around in the empty hall. Not another soul in sight.

Guess I have to deal with this guy... or I could just shut the door on his face.

The man sighed dramatically, making a melodramatic pose to add onto it. “If only someone would help me out...”

“Correct me if I'm wrong, but... you're a delivery boy, right?”

“That's right!” he practically sang, dropping the dramatically depressed disposition for a moment. “Name’s Zelnite, Chivalrous Thief and Employee of the Month at Lancia’s Pizza!” He handed Yuura a card advertising said place. To his shallow surprise, the girl on the card was the one who sold him pretzels the other day.

*So she’s in this “pizza” business too...? Lancia must be a really big name food-wise around here....*

“... How’d you get to be Employee of the Month when you get lost easily?” Yuura asked, skeptical once again.

“Ahahaha we’re uh, understaffed. And the boss felt bad for me.” Zelnite put on the same distressed face as before, letting out a loud sigh. “Oh, if only someone were to join me and help us out...”

Yuura sighed heavily in return. “You're trying to get me to apply for a job there, huh?”

“Oh, would you really?!~” Zelnite perked up once more with sparkles in his eyes, before suddenly turning to the side and grinning smugly. “And so the Chivalrous Thief Zelnite, with cunning and charm, found the next new employee for the pizzeria...”

“Actually it was more with pity and obnoxiousness. You know I can hear you, right?”

“Ahaha... anyway, do you know where that samurai guy lives?”

---

Yuura looked around the little pizza joint, right on the corner in the shopping district of the town. A few units were eating, chatting, and generally having fun. He felt envious at the sight of twelve young adult warriors, all dressed in loose clothing to accommodate for the warm weather, sharing a pizza at a large booth that clearly wasn't actually big enough for all twelve of them.

I ought to bring my friends here if they ever get summoned... Pizza looks delicious...

“I'll need you to change into these~!” Zelnite chirped, presenting Yuura with a fresh set of employee clothes once they got to the back area behind the counter. The collared shirt was a bright orange, and the pants were white enough that if they got wet, they'd surely become see-through...

“I'm guessing the glaringly lime green hoodie is to hide this hideous orange shirt?”

“Aha, you guessed it! But if you don't wanna wear that, we do have the mascot costume.” The thief jerked a thumb at a sad-looking, limp pizza slice costume in the very back of the kitchen.

“... Show me the changing room.” Second mistake.

A quick change of clothes later, and Yuura was out with his shirt tucked into his rather tight-fitting pants. Zelnite gave a low whistle before laughing. If there was ever a moment where one wanted to die... this might as well have been it. At least nobody was staring. Perhaps people had gotten used to it. Maybe this was why the pizzeria was understaffed.

“Perfect fit! Snug, isn't it?” the thief smugly asked.

“Uh, yeah... Who made these uniforms? I could use a bigger size.”

“That would be me, darling~” Yuura turned around to find Summoner Shima reclining with his feet on the booth's table. Sitting next to him on the other side of the table was Summoner Koma, eating a slice of pizza in silence. The black-haired man lowered his oversized designer shades and got a good look at Yuura. “Sorry, I only ever learned to make clothes in one size.”

“That doesn't sound... okay. Never mind. Whatever. So what am I supposed to do here? Didn't I need to fill out an application or something?”

“Nope!” a voice behind them rang out. They looked behind them to find Lancia working a wood-burning oven, holding two piping-hot plates of pizza in her hands. She smiled with a wink. “I don't really do applications. I could always use more help, so I'm not picky!”

“I really should make more summons...” Shima wistfully said, glancing at Koma. “If someone could just float me some gems...”

There was a long silence as they waited for Koma to finish the pizza slice he was currently holding. He turned to face Shima with an unflinching expression. “No.”

At that moment, while Zelnite was laughing his ass off, Yuura felt his phone vibrate. He quickly flipped it open.

“Yuura, are you doing all right?”

“Aww does someone care?” He couldn't help but tease.

“I'm only checking up on you. Are you all right?”

“Yea, just got job at pizza place with Zel guy.”

“Zel guy?” Another text came through right after. “Wait... Do you mean Zelnite?!” was Shida's reply not a second later. “The thief from Bariura?!”

“Hey, Zelnite,” Lancia began, snapping Yuura's attention away from an onslaught of messages from Shida, “could you and the new guy deliver these pizzas to these addresses? The delivery moped should be up and running now.” She handed Yuura the receipts and Zelnite the pizza boxes. To Yuura's surprise, she also suddenly pulled Zelnite in real close by the collar of his uniform. “And I reeeeeeally would appreciate it if you didn't dillydally this time, mmkay?~” she sang with a rather dark look on her face.

“S-Sure thing, Boss...” he gulped. As soon as she let him go, he turned to Yuura with his usual cheerful smile. “So, uh, let's go, partner!”

“But...” Yuura looked down at his phone, deciding it was best to put it away.

*I'm delivering pizzas with a criminal...*

---

“Whoa. So, uh... do I get to drive?” Yuura couldn't help but admire the restaurant's moped parked out front. He decided to take his chances with this job. Zelnite didn't seem like a bad guy to him. The moped looked sleek and brand new, definitely a testament to the advances of modern technology.

“Hah. You're funny.” Zelnite strapped the pizzas to the back and sat on the seat, gesturing for Yuura to get on behind him. “Get on.” And he did, albeit a bit awkwardly.

“Uh, am I gonna have to hold onto--” His question was answered when Zelnite suddenly turned the handlebar, making the moped accelerate in an instant and propel forward.

“Whoa!!” His hands clung tightly to the thief’s hips.

“Haha! And with the wind in his auburn hair, the Chivalrous Thief and his new sidekick set forth!” Zelnite cackled as they sped across the cobblestone path in front of them, nearly hitting a couple of pedestrians on the side.

“W-Watch where you’re going, idiot!!” Yuura yelped as they took a sharp turn into an alleyway. “Where the hell--?!”

“Shortcut!~” The moped barely fit into the tight space between the buildings, forcing both men to scrunch in to avoid hitting any stray objects. “If Boss wants me to not dillydally, then I hope she can handle sending this bad boy into the shop for repairs again!”

“Do you even know where we’re going?!” Yuura cried, clutching the receipts with the addresses on them.

“Nope! Enlighten me!” he laughed.

“U-Uh--” The necromancer squinted to read the tiny fine print. “807 Felneus Road!”

“Ooh, good timing!” Zelnite jerked the handlebar to steer, turning the moped so sharply that Yuura was worried he’d constrict his ribs into breaking. “Ow, hey, not so tight!”

“Can you drive slower?!” Third mistake of the day. With a smug grin, Zelnite squeezed the brake on the other handlebar, forcing the moped into stopping harshly and sending Yuura into slamming into Zelnite’s back. Yuura was afraid that the pizzas would fall off the back, but luckily they stayed in place.

“We’re here. All right newbie, you go and deliver, and I’ll stay here.”

Yuura glared at his co-worker and got off, feeling his legs shake like gelatin underneath him.

*No wonder Shida sounded so worried...*

He took a look at the pizzas in their boxes and took the ones that matched the receipt. Walking up to the door, Yuura knocked on the door.

A woman with magenta hair opened the door. Her wings were the only odd thing about her, but her face...

“I-Ilia?” Yuura choked out. The Ilia he knew didn’t have hair like that, but those wings and that face... looked just like hers. The kind smile and warmth in her eyes bought Yuura back to the past. The face that had been so inviting to him back then hadn’t changed in ten thousand years.

“Huh?” The woman looked at him oddly. “I’m sorry, I think you’re mistaken. My name is Maria~”

Disappointment must have been apparent on Yuura’s face as he snapped back to the present, because he could see the pity in the woman’s eyes. He quickly shook it off when he realized

how hot his hands were from holding the boxes of pizza. “S-Sorry. Uh, pizza delivery.”

Maria took the boxes gratefully, smiling at Yuura once more, albeit with some worry. “Thank you! Here, keep the change.” She handed Yuura a few thousand Zel.

“You, uh, have a good one,” he muttered as he shoved the money in his pocket, although he doubted Maria heard.

“Kids, pizza’s here!” he heard her cheerfully shout, followed by a few cheers from what were definitely small children. He walked back to the moped to find Zelnite talking to a weird yellow blob on the basket of the moped’s front.

“Uh, Zelnite?”

The thief practically jumped in his seat, and the golden blob suddenly disappeared into a jewel in his hand, before he shoved said hand into his pocket. “Geez, don’t scare me like that!” he scolded. “H-How’d the delivery go?”

“Uh, fine... Hey, so what is this place anyway?” Yuura asked as he got back in his seat. The moped roared to life again, this time with Zelnite driving at a much slower rate, to his relief.

“Ah, that place? One of Ica’s assistant runs the place. Kids are too young to be living in apartments, y’know?” He shrugged it off with nonchalance, although a tone in his voice suggested some disdain towards the place.

“Wait, so... it’s an orphanage?” Yuura’s heart sank a bit at the thought. He knew how rough orphanages could be at times... But at the very least, those children sounded happy...

“Something like that... Unless their parents were also summonable units, then yeah, I guess you could call it that. But that’s pretty damn rare.”

“Don’t tell me...”

“Yup. Sometimes children spawn from the summoning gates. It’s messed up, I know. But it’s not like the Summoners themselves designed it that way.”

“Really...”

“Yeah. Gates are still a bit of a mystery to us all. There’s a rumor that the Summoners were even brought here through a similar gate, with no recollection of who they are... Spooky, huh?”

“Incredible... So is a Gate connecting this world to Grand Gaia as well?” Shida had explained the nature of the land they were in some time ago. Apparently, the survivors of the God War fled to this world, Elgaia, thanks to the God of the Gate, Lucius.

“Oh yeah. There are rumors that there’s even a Gate connecting to Ishgria.”

“Wait, really--” The moped suddenly braked once again, sending Yuura flying into Zelnite’s back once again. “Ow!! Watch the brakes!”

“Next stop!~ I’ll take care of this one.” Zelnite hopped off, eagerly fixing his hoodie a bit as he retrieved a couple more pizzas from the back.

“But--” Before Yuura could respond, the thief quickly left into a familiar store. It took Yuura a moment to realize it was, in fact, the store where Yuura and Shida first went clothes-shopping. Through the glass door, Yuura could spy Zelnite exchanging words with the same cashier, even earning what looked like a giggle from him.

Yuura felt another vibration in his pants pocket. “Ack, that’s right, Shida!” he hissed to himself, pulling out the old phone and reading through the messages sent during that stretch of time.

“Yuura, do you know who Zelnite is?”

“Answer me Yuura.”

“He stole straight from the Empire’s treasury! He’s the reason why we had that recession the year after I left your lab...”

“Please don’t tell me you’re working with him now.”

“Yuura.”

“You don’t know how much I want to experiment on that thief for what he did to the Empire...”

Yuura felt a chill up his spine. *Is Shida always this intense towards traitor of Bariura...? Geez, working in the court must’ve messed him up into being so patriotic that he’s willing to ignore the flaws of his country... And he’s not even a native Bariurian! I guess that’s just the power of patriotism... But...*

A memory of his childhood came back, the memory of living in a run-down orphanage in which he was picked on constantly and bullied for showing even the slightest signs of weakness... And in his adulthood, he noticed even during the recession caused by the theft in the grand treasury, the orphanages were becoming more comforting to kids, more like a home... Those kids were lucky, he assumed. Could it be that the cause was...

Yuura looked up to find Zelnite still exchanging what were probably flirtatious comments with the cashier inside. He smiled.

*Zelnite had to be a good person, right?*

As the redhead left the building, with the cashier waving a coy goodbye, he was met with a grin from the Necromancer.

“What?”

“Awww, does Zelnite have a lover?~”

“Y-You saw--”



“Yeah. Also, I don’t think you got paid.”

Zelnite scoffed, surprisingly with a confident smile on his face, as he hopped back onto the moped. “Who needs to get paid when you can get laid?”

The moped once again roared to life, before speeding past a couple of pedestrians, one of whom happened to be Summoner Nye.

“... I hope we don’t need to raise the rating just for that line...”

---

“But seriously, what about payment?” Yuura asked as they rode away from the shopping district.

“Bah, don’t worry about it,” Zelnite hand-waved. “I told him it’s my treat. I don’t mind Lancia shaving a few Zel off my next paycheck. So next delivery’s at the Summoners’ Square?”

“Yeah. At Ica’s place, apparently.”

As they rode along the long stretch of cobblestone, silence settled in upon the pair. “Hey,” Zelnite said, breaking the silence, “check it out, I got a radio installed in this baby.”

“Radio?”

“Yeah! To play songs! Wanna try it out?”

Yuura shrugged with a smile. “Sure, why not?” Fourth mistake of the day. Zelnite clicked a button, and in an instant the relative silence of the area was utterly obliterated with an unholy mix of infectious beats and electronic pop.

“~JUST STANDING HERE WAITING AT THE BUS STOP~”

“Oh! I love this song!” And thus Zelnite joined in, not even trying to sound like a good singer.

“~BUT THE BUS HASN’T COME YET, I WONDER WHAT’S UP~”

*Oh gods kill me now.*

“~I DON’T WANNA WAIT HERE ALL DAAAAY~”

And so, Yuura had to endure the rest of the ride silently wishing he was deaf.

“~I WANT THE BUS TO COME AND TAKE ME AWAAAY...~”

---

“~WHERE AM I GOING, YOU KNOW I DON’T KNOW--”

“OKAY I think we’re here we can turn off the radio now!” Yuura near-shouted in exasperation. True to his word, they had finally come across the Summoners’ Square. He was ready to praise the gods when Zelnite finally stopped singing along with the radio. “Which one is Ica’s?”

The Square actually had five buildings, one for each Summoner. Zelnite led Yuura to the one that looked like a life-sized dollhouse, with neatly-trimmed grass, a classic little picket fence, and a brick path leading to the front door. There was a note on the door.

“At the Summoning Gate! Please deliver pizza there!”  
~ Ica”

“Well, to the Summoning Gate we go then!” Zelnite hummed, leading the way.

*Awfully chipper guy... I can see why Shida doesn't like him but...*

The middle building was apparently where the Summoning Gate, although it would've been more accurate to call it a temple of sorts. Yuura couldn't help but admire the marble columns and the cool air inside. He stood for a moment in awe at the rows of Summoning Gates inside, and true to his word, Ica was at the far end of the room with Shida, arguing over whether to open a Gate or not.

“Summoner,” Shida was saying, “I advise that we put the summoning on hold and get back to discussing the matter of finding a job for--” He stopped when he heard footsteps approach and turned. “Yuura.”

“Oh! Hiiiiii!” Ica sang in greeting. “Ooh yay! Pizza! Thank you Zel-Zel!” He exchanged some Zel for the pizzas in Zelnite’s hands.

Yuura couldn't help but notice the look of concealed anger on Shida’s face as he stared at the thief, who was either ignoring his staring or completely oblivious.

“So you got a job at Lancia’s Pizza...” the horned man mumbled.

“What can I say? I pitied him. Got lost and stuff.”

“Please, I know you're new, but you should know he just ropes people into doing work for him. And, oh yes, he also steals from people.”

“Hey,” the redhead piped up, a serene smile on his face, “I don't steal much anymore.” He lifted his hands to the back of his head in a relaxed manner. “Well, not too much. Haha!”

“I'm sure the nobility of Bariura would be happy to hear that,” Shida retorted, also smiling. “That is, if they were still around.”

Zelnite suddenly got awfully close to Shida's face, a dark look over his face even as he kept up that cheeky grin. “Oh, you're not accusing me of murder are you?~”

“Pardon me for stereotyping a petty thief such as yourself~” Shida said with an unnervingly dark smile. Yuura could've sworn he saw dark spirits rising out of the ground.

“WOW!!” Ica suddenly said very loudly, eating a slice of pizza. “Is it cold in here or what? Mmn, mmn...”

“Ah, ahem, pardon me once more, Summoner Ica...” Shida cleared his throat. “About finding Yuura a real job...”

“Hey, I kinda like being a pizza delivery guy...” Yuura spoke up.

“Oh yeah! Mm, Shida provided some very, mm, valid credentials and recommendations so...” Ica paused to swallow. “I'll see about hiring you for the Fusion Chambers!”

“Ah... thank you...” Yuura quietly said, to both Shida and Ica. He figured he would probably need a better job in the future...

“So now that I've said that, let's do some summons!” Ica cheerfully finished up his slice and pulled a handful of Gems out of a pouch on his belt.

“W-Wait, you're going to use all of those?!” Zelnite asked incredulously.

“Yeah, why not? I'm impulsive! Let's see, which one-- whoops!!” The young brunette tripped on the cold marble floor, sending Gems flying through the air and landing on the floor in front of a few doors. “Ahh!! No!!”

The Gems glowed as they disappeared, powering three gold-encrusted Gates as they did so. The Gates themselves shook with ferocity, cracking as they started to glow blinding rainbow colors.

“W-What's happening?!” Yuura shouted.

“I guess that's fifteen Gems gone to waste...” Shida mumbled.

The Gates opened, revealing...

A fox girl...

“Huh? Where am I?! Well, I guess as long as it looks fun it doesn't matter where I end up!”

A swordswoman with ocean-blue hair...

“Were you the one to summon me here? Can you fill the great hole that lies deep within my heart?”

And a green-haired dual-wielder...

"You want to use my powers? All right. Just don't bore me to death."

Yuura stood in awe of the three warriors in front of him, overwhelmed with emotion. He took a step forward past Shida, who he didn't realize at the time looked apprehensive.

"R-Ruby? Medina? Dion? Y-You guys...!"

## Chapter End Notes

Next time: Yuura introduces Shida to the very friends he betrayed him and their empire for.

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