



AUTHOR PROFILE

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Whispers beneath Tokyo

The curse was born at precisely 11:42 p.m., emerging not from a singular act of violence or a sudden burst of hatred, but from the cumulative weight of a thousand unspoken anxieties. It was a creature birthed from the suffocating silence of the Tokyo commute—the redirected eyes, the suppressed sighs, and the hollow loneliness of millions living in a labyrinth of concrete.

I - The Rumor and the Briefing

Tokyo is a city that masquerades as a living organism, a sprawling neon beast that never truly finds rest. Even in the dead of night, the hum of overhead power lines vibrates in the air, and the rhythmic thrum of the subway system acts as a mechanical heartbeat pulsing through the earth. Yet, beneath this cacophony of progress, a darker resonance had begun to fester.

Deep within the subterranean bowels of the abandoned Shin-Ochanomizu subway platform—a place forgotten by time and shielded from the sun—commuters had begun to report a haunting phenomenon. It wasn't a voice they heard with their ears, but rather a psychic intrusion—a sensation of being whispered to by the very shadows clinging to the tiled walls. When three civilians vanished without a single trace of a struggle, leaving behind only their discarded umbrellas and a lingering scent of ozone, the mundane authorities were forced to call it a “catastrophic structural failure.”

However, at Tokyo Metropolitan Curse Technical College, the atmosphere was far more grim.

“This is no longer a standard Grade 2 apparition,” Instructor Hayami stated, her voice cutting through the humid air of the briefing room like a scalpel. She adjusted her high collar, her eyes fixed on the grainy thermal footage of the station. “The cursed energy readings are fluctuating wildly, suggesting an entity that is not just feeding, but actively evolving through the psychological distress of its victims.”

Standing before her were three second-year sorcerers, each a distinct pillar of the Jujutsu world. Ren Takahashi stood with military posture, his mind already calculating the geometric ley lines of the station to predict the curse's movement. Beside him was Aiko

Fujimura, who leaned against the wall with a practiced nonchalance, though the erratic sparks of crimson energy dancing across her knuckles betrayed her restless hunger for a fight. Finally, there was Daichi Mori, a young man built like a fortress, whose silence was often mistaken for boredom when it was actually a profound, stoic focus.

“If the mission profile intimidates you,” Hayami added, her gaze lingering on Aiko, “I have no qualms about assigning this to the first-years for field experience.”

Aiko’s smirk widened into a sharp, predatory grin. “Let the kids stay in the classroom, Sensei. We wouldn’t want them getting lost in the dark.”

II - Descent Into the Void

The descent into the abandoned station felt like a slow submergence into cold, stagnant water. As the trio bypassed the rusted iron gates and moved down the escalators that had

long ago ceased to move, the ambient light of the city above began to fail. In its place was a thick, cloying miasma—cursed energy so dense it felt like damp velvet against their skin.

“The flow of energy here is jagged,” Ren remarked, his fingers tracing the air as if reading braille. He adjusted his glasses, which were specially enchanted to perceive the spectrum of cursed residue. “It’s pooling along the tracks, drawing inward toward the center of the platform. Whatever this thing is, it’s creating a gravity well of negativity.”

“It’s not just pooling,” Daichi whispered, his voice heavy. He placed a hand on the cold concrete wall, feeling the vibration. “It’s breathing. The whole station is reacting to its presence.”

Aiko rolled her shoulders, her movements fluid and lethal. “I’m tired of the atmosphere. If it’s watching us, let’s give it something worth looking at.”

Suddenly, the last of the flickering maintenance lights gave a final, pathetic pop. Total darkness swallowed them whole, an absolute sensory deprivation that would have driven a normal person to hysterics. For the sorcerers, however, the world simply shifted into a new perspective of glowing blues and jagged purples as they reinforced their eyes with cursed energy.

III - The Anatomy of a Curse

It didn't leap from the shadows; it simply manifested, as if the darkness itself had decided to take a physical shape. The curse was a skeletal monstrosity, its limbs elongated to impossible lengths, snapping and clicking with the sound of breaking dry wood. Its face was a terrifying void—a smooth, featureless expanse of pale grey flesh that lacked eyes, a nose, or a mouth. It was a blank canvas of human suffering.

Ren was the first to initiate his technique, his movements a blur of practiced precision.

"Jujutsu Art: Domain Net!" he shouted. From his fingertips, threads of pure, solidified cursed energy erupted, weaving themselves into a glowing, hexagonal lattice that sought to pin the creature against the tunnel entrance.

The curse did not struggle. Instead, its form began to vibrate at a frequency that defied physics. It stepped forward, passing through the solid energy barriers of Ren's net as if they were nothing more than a light mist.

"Impossible," Ren hissed, his analytical mind reeling. "My technique targets the soul's signature—it shouldn't be able to phase through a direct binding."

As if in response, the whispers returned, louder now, echoing not from the walls but from within the students' own skulls. The creature tilted its head, and even without a mouth, the

air vibrated with a chilling, synthesized voice: “Why do you struggle to preserve a world that finds you so... disposable?”

IV - The Psychological Fracture

Aiko, fueled by a mixture of irritation and adrenaline, ignored the mental intrusion.

“Technique Release: Crimson Spark!” She lunged, her fist wreathed in a volatile aura of red lightning. The impact was seismic; the floor beneath the curse shattered, sending shards of tile and concrete flying into the dark. Yet, her fist passed through the creature’s chest without resistance, striking only the air behind it.

The curse didn’t counter-attack physically. Instead, it split.

Where there was once one skeletal figure, there were now three—each standing before one of the sorcerers. They didn’t attack with claws, but with the weight of their presence. For Aiko, the curse began to whisper about her secret fear of being surpassed by her peers. For Ren, it spoke of the inherent flaws in his calculations and his inevitable failure to protect those he cared for. For Daichi, it was a silent, crushing pressure that reminded him of every person he had failed to save.

“It’s a sensory parasite,” Ren shouted, his voice cracking as he fought to maintain his

composure. "It isn't multiplying its physical mass; it's fragmenting our perception of reality!

It's feeding on the specific frequencies of our individual insecurities!"

Daichi, normally the most grounded of the group, faltered. A reflection of the curse lunged, its spindly fingers turning into jagged blades. Because Daichi believed the threat was real, it became real. The blade tore through his uniform, carving a deep crimson gash across his shoulder. Blood hit the floor with a heavy thud, the sound amplified in the silence of the station.

V - The Counter-Offensive

"Daichi!" Aiko screamed, her anger finally overriding the curse's whispers. She realized that by trying to fight the "reflection" in front of her, she was playing the curse's game. She closed her eyes, shutting out the visual lies, and focused entirely on the "smell" of the cursed energy.

“Ren! It’s not in front of us! It’s the air itself!”

Aiko didn’t strike outward. She drew her cursed energy deep into her core, compressing it until it reached a volatile breaking point. “Maximum Output: Crimson Nova!” She released the energy in a 360-degree shockwave of pure, unfiltered power. The blast stripped the illusions away, forcing the “real” curse to manifest in the corner of the ceiling, where it had been clinging like a spider.

Daichi, despite the blood pouring from his arm, reacted with the instinct of a seasoned warrior. He ignored the pain, channeling his technique into his feet to defy gravity, launching himself toward the ceiling. “Gravity Compression: Mountain Fall!” He slammed his fist into the creature with the force of a falling star. The pressure was so intense that the air itself seemed to liquify around the point of impact. The curse let out a sound that wasn’t a scream, but the collective wail of a thousand lonely souls, as its physical form began to cave in on itself.

In its final moments, the curse's survival instinct triggered a desperate evolution. The walls of the subway station began to melt and reform into a twisted landscape of mirrors and distorted faces.

"It's attempting a Domain Expansion!" Ren warned, his hands moving to form a counter-seal. "But it's too weak—the barrier is porous!"

"Then we don't need a full expansion to break it," Aiko yelled over the sound of the collapsing reality. She slammed her palms against the ground, her own energy surging to meet the curse's domain. "New Shadow Style: Crimson Field!"

Her simple domain acted as a buffer, a small bubble of "true" reality that neutralized the curse's guaranteed-hit factor. Within this circle, the three sorcerers stood back-to-back.

Ren provided the structural support, Daichi provided the raw power, and Aiko provided the lethal precision. Together, they channeled their energy into a single, synchronized strike that shattered the curse's fragile domain like a hammer hitting a sheet of ice.

The entity dissolved into a shower of black soot, the heavy atmosphere of the station vanishing instantly, replaced by the mundane smell of dust and old iron.

VII - The Silent Aftermath

When the emergency teams arrived an hour later, they found nothing but a collapsed section of the ceiling and three exhausted teenagers sitting on the edge of the platform. The report would later be filed as a “natural gas ignition caused by shifting tectonic plates,” a lie designed to keep the civilian population in a state of blissful, dangerous ignorance.

Back at the high school, Instructor Hayami stood on the balcony, watching the sunrise over the Tokyo skyline. She held the mission report in her hand, her eyes lingering on the description of the curse’s evolution.

“Grade 1 potential,” she whispered to the wind. She wasn’t referring to the threat they had faced, but to the three students who had returned. They had stared into the void of their own insecurities and refused to blink. In the world of Jujutsu, that was far more dangerous than any curse born of silence.

For Tokyo would always have its whispers, and its shadows would always be hungry—but as long as there were those willing to speak into the silence, the city would remain standing.