

# Be My Escape

By HellCat666

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*When ones past is filled with tragedies, it's often difficult to find your meaning in life. Now that Kali has found it, will her companion become more, or will destiny continue to be cruel to her? OC FOCUS!*

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# 1 - Chapter One: Kalimena

Author Note: ZOMG Amaria's writing ANOTHER fic and overloading herself with WORK yet again! ...Meh, oh well, I'll manage. Plus, Faeriestone won't be moving all that quickly because I want to get the comic pages for each chapter drawn and finished before I move on to the next chapter of the story and... yah. Plus, this is an adventure into a genre I've yet to write for! INUYASHA! ZOMG! ... though it focuses around OC's DON'T KILL ME! O.o I just warned you so don't freak out and go 'ZOMG she's using OC's lets get her cause we didn't know!' ... yah. Don't worry, I'm not putting an OC with a main canon character (except Sesshoumaru but it won't be a main event type thinger). Anyways... on with the fic!  
*\*cough\**

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## BE MY ESCAPE

By Amariahellcat/Hellcat666

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### Chapter One: Kalimena

It's been said that time heals a broken heart, that eventually we learn how to cope with our losses and move on with our lives.

Well, I guess it's not *completely* wrong. I *have* learned how to cope with it and I have moved on, to a certain degree.

But my heart will never be healed, for if it were to heal, I would forget, and I do not wish to forget.

It's been five years since the day my world was turned upside down.

Five years since the rogues invaded my home.

Five years since my family and friends were murdered ruthlessly before my eyes.

Five years that I've been an orphan.

And then, again, two years ago, I lost someone important to me; my friend, my tutor, my adopted mother.

I lost her as well.

In five, short years, I've lost everything that was important to me; my parents, my baby brother, my friends, my home, my mentor, everything and everyone I ever treasure was stolen from me by death and destruction. You're probably wondering what happened, either that or you don't care to waste your time on something that doesn't involve you, right?

That seems to be my choice of actions right now; if it doesn't involve me, don't get involved. Things

don't always like to work out that way though. So even if you don't care why I'm where I am today, or how I got here, I'm going to tell you anyways, because it's about friggin time I got it off my chest.

I lived in a small village under the Lord of the west's, at this point in time, Lord Sesshoumaru's, rule. We were a peaceful group of people, a community of full dog demons. We were neither poor, nor rich; we were simply somewhere in the middle. My brother and I stood out in our small village; despite the both of us being full blooded dog demons, we both received the dog ears and tails that generally marked a half demon.

This didn't bother me though; I was 'unique', my parents told me, and that made me all the happier to have the ears and tail. It was nearing the beginning of the winter, and my baby brother, Haku, had just been born a week before hand. It was then that my hatred of cat demons began; began when a rogue group of those monsters attacked my village needlessly, slaying our fellow villagers without a care.

My father was killed that day; slain, sacrificing himself so that my mother, Haku and I could escape into the forest and run. Just running away, away from the fire, away from the massacre. The screams ring in my ears to this very day.

We ran for two days street, stopping only when my mother or I could run no longer. When mother felt that we were far enough away, we stopped for the night to sleep; a mistake I regret making to this day. Mother awoke only in time to save my brother and myself, sending me running with him clutched in my arms as she was attacked and killed by the rogues that had followed us, just as my father had been days before.

Just as she had instructed me, I didn't look back as I ran. I just kept going, Haku clutched in my small arms as I desperately tried to find a means of surviving. Winter was setting in just as we found a village bigger then our own had been, and we were saved by a kind, elderly couple who took us in and fed us.

For three months I was happy; then the rogues took my happiness away yet again, attacking the village early one morning. As I was escaping with the elderly couple and my brother, I was separated and found myself lost in the forest, screams piercing my ears and forcing me to flatten them against my head in an attempt to block them out.

I assumed my care takers and my baby brother had shared the fate of my parents, and forced myself to trudge through the thick brush of the forest, away from the ruins of the once bustling city. After about a day and half of walking, I collapsed near a small river. I hadn't eaten since the rogue's second attack, and I was tired and weak. So weak I let myself sleep, a big mistake on my part. I was woken when a bandit picked me up by my tail (not a pleasant situation) and attempted to take my last remaining thing of value; my mother's wedding ring that she had given me the day we ran.

I made a vain attempt to fight them off, but soon found myself on the brink of unconsciousness, vaguely aware when I was saved by a strange form dressed in blues and purples. When I woke up again, I was laying beside a small camp fire, the blonde elf from before sitting beside me. She introduced herself as Rayna, guardian of the elven stone, and I wound up traveling with her for three years. Those three years were a happy time for me; I opened up again, feeling as though Rayna were my adoptive mother. She taught me how to wield my fire magic, and gave me a necklace that would keep anyone with an evil heart from touching me. However, god wasn't finished 'punishing' me for whatever the hell I'd done

wrong.

The year I turned thirteen, Rayna and I were attacked as we were leaving an elven temple. This time, it wasn't some rogue cat demon's, it was Rayna's own sister, a jealous woman named Tanasee, with her followers Cicada and Haya. I fought alongside Rayna for as long as I could, but my magic was still too weak, and I soon found myself unable to do anything but watching from the sidelines as my mentor, my friend, was slaughtered by her own sister.

Taking what she wanted, the elven stone, Tanasee looked to me and smirked, only taking long enough to say "I have what I came for; your life is of no importance to me," before turning and leaving with her minions in tow. And for the first time in my life, I hated someone; hated someone with such passion that I wanted to kill them. I wanted to have Tanasee's head on a platter for what she had done.

Just before she died, Rayna gave me the ribboned belt that she always wore; the same one that I still wear to this day, in memory of my friend. For two years after that, I trained. I wandered and I trained and I wandered some more, taking odd jobs wherever I could find them to survive and preparing myself to kill Tanasee. I became a rogue demon slayer, ironically ending half of the rogue cat demons that had attacked our village's lives myself.

One especially thankful patron gave me a pair of demon fangs that I had crafted into a pair of wave swords; it didn't take long to learn how to channel fire energy into them to create attacks, and I became known as a prominent demon slayer. I've saved up my money, and finally, I am ready to go after her. I've been heading east for the past few weeks, and it was at the very edge of the western lands that I met someone who would become someone very dear to me.

This is not a fairytale, nor a fable, nor fiction.

My name is Kalimena, and this is my story.

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Well, there's the first chapter. Hope everyone enjoyed! Also, this WILL have Inuyasha characters in it, it just focuses more on Kali and the one mentioned at the end of the chapter. Please review! Flames will be used to cook marshmallows! XD

Amaria