

The Threat of Tears

By Icy_inu_youkai4

Submitted: May 4, 2005

Updated: May 4, 2005

Sesshoumaru has lost the one thing that he unknowingly held close to his heart. Will we finally see some emotion from the "heartless" Demon Lord...or will he keep them locked up inside?

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Icy_inu_youkai4/14363/The-Threat-of-Tears

Chapter 1 - The Threat of Tears

2

1 - The Threat of Tears

Disclaimer: I don't own Inuyasha.

The Threat Of Tears

The scent of death was thickly cloaking the air in the massacre of the village. It was a sickening and gut wrenching smell that usually wasn't noticed by a mere human. But demons were a different story. They were either drawn to the scent or scared away from it. No one was left alive in the little village. The whole population had been slaughtered without discrimination. Even the livestock had been killed. The only things that remained were the houses and a few bags from villagers trying to flee from the murderer.

All the bodies were splayed everywhere. Bloody and decaying, they lay out in the open and were now collecting flies. If a wanderer had come by the smell of rotting flesh could have choked him to death.

There was no sign of the killer anywhere. No track leading out of the village, no messages or clues anywhere. The only way anyone could figure out who he is was the way he'd killed everyone and that was still unidentified. A sword could not have sliced through the victims with such a perfect cut as the ones made.

A great distance from the massacred village sat a sullen looking demon. His long silver hair was matted with blood. The blood also covered his normally white kimono. Part of his right sleeve was missing, as though it was shredded off. The blood was everywhere from his head to his feet. It was obvious that he had been in a recent killing spree and it looked like he had satisfied his desire for bloodshed. His hand lay clenched tightly into a fist in his lap as he gritted his teeth, sweat forming on his brow. His broad shoulders rise and fall with every deep breath he took as he tried to control himself. Human blood was not a scent he was too fond of...especially if it was on him. His spiky armor had been destroyed as he fought the humans in the village. Someone in the village had thrown a rather large stone at him and he was saved from the blow by his armor, which was then shattered. He normally had a fur pelt wrapped around his left shoulder but it was strangely absent at the moment.

He was sitting in the ruins of a tree he had knocked over in his attempts to ease the stubborn pain. Now

he could only sit and wait. Wait for the pain to leave him, but all it seemed to do was grow more and more whenever he tried to ignore it. He refused to let himself be consumed by the useless emotions filling his mind and heart. But the image of the little girl staring blankly and lifelessly up at him would not leave his mind. What made it worse was that she had weakly called his name out as she left the world and passed into the next.

'She was just a mortal' he'd tried to tell himself. But his heart had other plans.

'That may be, but she wasn't just a mortal. She was a companion...and a very good feeling of responsibility.' This was his heart, or more like his conscience that he so dearly tried to ignore. But this time it seemed to be more persistent than usual. *'And you can't forget her...you must remember her...she wouldn't want you to forget her...'*

'That is not of my concern...it is no longer my duty to make her happy...' he thought shakily. The pain increased and it caused him to grasp his chest. *'But I suppose I should reflect on it...to try to learn what could be done next time instead of having what happened reoccur...'* he thought as he hopped around his true feelings. If his conscience were a person standing beside him he would have rolled his eyes. He knew that the real reason he wanted to think about it again.

-Flashback-

There had been a storm the day before...that would explain why the grass and the trees were all wet. The air was filled with the fresh smell of wet grass and new mud. And the little girl took notice to the mud puddles.

"Sesshoumaru-sama..." she had said with pleading eyes. "Can I go outside?"

Sesshoumaru remained seated in the cave they had taken shelter in. He gave her an apathetic look, followed by a mere 'Fine'.

Her eyes lit up and she clapped her hands. "Thank you, Sesshoumaru-sama!" and then she got up and

bowed before running happily out of the shelter.

He rolled his eyes and continued brooding over random things he'd thought of the night before. Thoughts about his accursed half breed brother, how he was going to kill Naraku, and WHY had his father given the runt of the family his strongest sword and cast him a sword as worthless as the Tenseiga.

However all of his energy was not focused on his thoughts. His acute hearing kept track of every move of the young human girl outside the cave. Though he didn't show it he obviously cared for Rin. Making sure that nothing happened to her, keeping her sheltered and providing everything she ever wanted. And really that wasn't much, considering all she really wanted was his praise and approval. Not that he gave it much, but he would give an occasional nod or sigh and even on very rare occasions he would say something in response to her questions. Any of those responses were good enough for her.

Sesshoumaru stopped his brooding when he heard her shriek suddenly. In a flash he was before her, hand on his Toukijin ready to draw it if necessary. Rin looked up at him in confusion.

“What are you doing Sesshoumaru-sama?” she asked in a panic.

Sesshoumaru looked around and saw no threatening demons or monsters or anything really. He turned to Rin and raised an eyebrow quizzically. “Did you just scream?”

Rin nodded and quickly explained, “Only because I saw a huge creepy spider. It almost crawled on my hand when I reached for this flower.” She held her tiny hands up, showing him the delicate flower she was talking about. “But when you came it fell off the stem it was sitting on and you stepped on it.” Sesshoumaru gaze rest on the flower. It was pink around the edges of its petals that eventually faded into white near the center and yellow stem like things stuck out of the middle and drooped lazily out to the sides. “I don't like spiders, Sesshoumaru-sama...I'm sorry for disturbing you,” she continued guiltily as she looked to the ground.

Sesshoumaru felt a tinge of guilt as well for her feeling guilty for such a meaningless thing. But he shook it off as he always did and looked forward saying, “Be more careful Rin.” Then he headed back into the cave.

Rin sighed in relief and bowed. "Yes! I will! Thank you Sesshoumaru-sama!" Rin said and skipped out further into the woods to get more flowers.

His thoughts were now on how much of a child Rin really was. Yet, strangely enough to him, she seemed to see and understand things in a way that he didn't. Like, a flower's beauty, how kind words can be the best thing you can receive, and how it doesn't matter what something looks like, that you can't really tell what something is until you know it very well. These things were things he'd thought of as foolish and weak, yet Rin was far from weak.

He could no longer hear Rin's footsteps skipping in the forest or her humming. That meant it was time to find her and bring her back. He stood slowly and stretched his arm up and then to the side. With a heavy sigh, he set out to retrieve her.

As he walked along Tenseiga's sheath clinked together with Toukijin's blade proving to him that the forest was uneasy. There was a scent of uncertainty thick within the air. He was slightly baffled by this. Then his nose picked up Rin's scent so he turned towards it and dashed forward.

She was sitting in a clearing putting her gathered flowers together with a pink ribbon she'd found somewhere. There was an assortment of flowers with their colors ranging from pink and red to blue and purple. They were arranged in a neat way that only she understood. Sesshoumaru stood behind her, waiting for her to turn around and notice he'd been watching her.

Rin already knew he was there though and was waiting for the right time to whirl around and surprise him with the bouquet and a big hug. He rarely let her hug him. Maybe once and awhile he did, but rarely. She stood up and then whirled around and pounced, landing in his strong arms. She supposed he only caught so she didn't go crashing to the ground and it was. But he knew her intentions and drew her closer to him. Rin accepted the offer and burrowed her face into his furry pelt.

A familiar warm feeling entered his heart when she snuggled into him. It was a feeling he didn't mind having but he knew it wasn't right for a Demon Lord such as himself to allow these feelings to even enter his mind. It would only lead to troubles and difficulties like his Father had experienced. And he had no intentions of following those particular footsteps of his Father.

Sesshoumaru walked back to the cave with Rin comfortably resting in his arms. She'd started to begin to loll off to sleep from his smooth steps. Eventually she did fall asleep and that was right before they arrived at the cave. Sesshoumaru rolled his eyes and removed his pelt from his shoulder and wrapped it snugly around the snoozing little girl. It was only the afternoon so she would wake up again soon. He needed to attend to the disturbance he'd felt earlier, so he left the fluffy garment around her and left.

However, Rin awoke soon after he left. She woke up and couldn't find him anywhere near by so she stayed within the safety of the cave. Noticing the pelt had been left behind she picked it up off the ground and wrapped it around her neck and tenderly stroked it. The feeling of the fur beneath her fingers reminded her of how silky smooth Sesshoumaru's hair was. She wished she had long flowing hair like his instead of her messy black hair. Rin had to brush her hair several times a day when Sesshoumaru had to do nothing. She kind of envied him.

She wandered out of the cave, furry pelt still wrapped about her. Spinning around in slow circles, Rin looked to the clear blue sky. She moved slowly to a patch of clean dry grass and plopped down into it. Not wanting to get the precious pelt dirtier than it already was, she figured it was wisest to lye in the grass. A light breeze caused the fur to ruffle, brushing lightly against her skin. Rin closed her eyes and sighed then opened them and cast them to the sky. It made her wonder what was beyond the blueness of the sky and why did the sky turn from light blue too dark. These were questions she would ask her Lord when he returned.

Unknown to Rin, unfortunately, there was a demon crouched in the grass just meters away from her; ready to move in for the kill. He knew very well that he would surely be killed if the Demon Lord came and found him with the remains of the dead human girl. Everything seemed to be on the line for this demon. He `d been promised paradise by a strange demon in a baboon pelt if he could pull through with the seemingly easy task. Of course he didn't know, at the time, that the little girl belonged to Sesshoumaru. And as an added bonus to the deal, the demon told him if he didn't do it properly, like if he ran away before he did anything or ran away and didn't get killed by Sesshoumaru, then the demon said he would personally see to it that his life would forever after that be a living hell.

This demons appearance wasn't the most appealing. He had dark blue and wrinkled skin all over. His face was badly scarred up and his eyes were orange. His clothes and all in all his body were both very dirty. He had wanted nothing more than a paradise he could be happy in. To him the deal was the best thing that could be offered to him. Without another moment's hesitation, he lunged forward and landed on top of the vulnerable human.

Rin screamed and thrashed at him, clawing the air before her in attempts to knock the demon off of her. He simply pinned her arms above her with one of his hands and then flexed his claws before her face. An evil smirk formed on his disgusting face as he noticed the big salty tears that began streaming down her face as she realized that Sesshoumaru hadn't come yet. Rin screamed out his name and cried out loudly, hoping anyone would hear and help her.

The demon laughed a deep throaty laugh and was about to bring his claws down to her soft fleshy neck when a sudden sharp pain struck him in the groin. Rin had accidentally kicked upward in her struggles and landed her flailing feet in that area. He keeled over, making noises of pain as he curled up on the ground. Taking this chance to run, Rin took off towards the forest only a few meters and was suddenly grabbed and thrust to the ground harshly. The Demon growled and shook her hard.

“HOW DARE YOU INJURE ME? I'LL KILL YOU HERE AND NOW!!!” he shouted in a deep and growly voice. His hands were soon around her neck and he squeezed with all his might.

Rin wasn't even trying to get away any more. All of her hope had gone out of her as the hands around her neck constricted tighter. If Sesshoumaru had any plans to save her he already would have killed the horrendous demon. Her eyes filled with tears as the world began to spin around her and the oxygen began to become obviously absent in her lungs.

The demon snickered at her tears again and tightened his grip even harder. His dirty claws started to cut deep into her skin, drawing great streams of blood from her. She tried to scream out one last time, but only a gurgle was heard.

Now with the oxygen and the loss of blood, Rin took one last look to the sky and thought of her Sesshoumaru before passing out. As she did, the demon let go, thinking she was dead. Without a second of thought, he took off into the forest away from the corpse of the little girl.

Her body lay peacefully among the furry pelt of Sesshoumaru. However, now it was covered in her blood. The wounds on her neck severely bled continuously onto the fur and her breathing became shallow.

Sesshoumaru had run as fast as his legs would carry him. He'd been all the way on the other side of his territory and had heard her first cry. He was, however, delayed by an outsider that would not let him move. After swiftly killing the beast he had began to run.

Sesshoumaru was practically out of breath when he arrived at the scene, which was a moment after the demon escaped. His eyes now stared with disbelief at the unconscious body of Rin. There was no doubt to in his mind that she was going to die soon. His eyes traced every inch of his furry pelt that was smeared in her crimson blood. He walked slowly towards the pathetic form and dropped to his knees. Very carefully and slowly he reached with his left arm and daintily scooped Rin up and drew her close to his chest. Now his eyes scanned her neck where the demon had dug his claws in. And they still hadn't ceased from bleeding either, so her blood was soaking into his kimono.

Sesshoumaru stared intently at the girl and quietly called her name. He shook her lightly, knowing she was merely unconscious and that she would eventually wake up. He continued to shake her until she cringed and moaned from the pain. His eyes widened and then immediately narrowed them.

Rin coughed and her chest heaved. She looked weakly up at him and tried to smile. "Sessh...oumaru...sama..." she tried to say and barely managed to.

"Do not talk." He said plainly. The worry never left his mind though.

Rin shook her head weakly and looked up at him again. She took a deep breath and coughed then said very quietly, "I...am not going...to...to make it..."

"You will Rin."

Rin coughed a few more times; blood was beginning to dribble from her mouth. "I know...I'm going to...go away now...I'm so sorry..." she rested her head on his chest and he felt the life slowly drain out of her. "I'm sorry...Sesshoumaru..." Then her body went limp. He watched her eyes cloud over and then close. His eyes quivered slightly as he tore off a part of his right sleeve and tied it securely about her bleeding neck. Then he placed her body down onto his fluffy pelt once more.

Reaching for Tenseiga, he focused his eyes to see the messengers from the under world. Sesshoumaru drew out the sword of healing, but to his utter dismay, he could not see them. He placed the sword angrily back into its sheath and stepped back from her body.

His eyes remained quivering. He couldn't bring her back to him. She was gone and he would never hear her giggly little voice. He would never again be the reason for her happy face. She would never bring him another bouquet of flowers, which she would pick especially for him. Rin would never be there to tell him he was her hero ever again. Rin would never be there to depend on him. Now no one would be there.

Sesshoumaru looked to the sky that was no longer clear and blue. Dark and rain filled clouds now loomed overhead as he stopped his eyes from there threatening tears. He covered his face with his hand and growled an aggravated growl. He felt his anger and sorrow build up inside.

Sesshoumaru's eyes turned red and two stripes on his cheeks broadened. He took off towards the nearest village. He had to do something with these feelings...

-End of Flashback-

Sesshoumaru shook his head and gained control of himself quickly. He had felt terrible for letting her die like that. There were so many things he could've done instead of leaving her in that cave.

"But its too late now..." he said aloud, standing up and brushing off his pants. "Rin...I am the one...the one who should be..." he didn't allow himself to finish.

He began to walk away from the dead village and tree, hoping to put all of these feelings of pain and loss behind him. Something caught his eye and made him stop and crouch down to gain a closer look at it. A pink flower.

'Similar to the one that Rin had gotten when she screamed about the spider.' He thought apathetically. He didn't know why he kept staring at it though. It was only a flower. Nothing special. There were lots of flowers and he'd seen more amazing ones than this.

And that's when he realized something. He delicately plucked the flower from the ground and felt its soft, smooth petals beneath his fingertips. It meant something to him right then and there.

'It reminds me of Rin...' he put it in his remaining sleeve and thought, *'There are a lot of humans in this world too...none of them were really different from each other...except Rin...'* Sesshoumaru walked on down the moonlit path.

'Rin...I am sorry...' he thought as a single tear finally slid down his cheek.