

# Misery Defined

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*This story takes place from Rin's point of view as a teenager... I hope you enjoy it^^*

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# 1 - Flowers for a Demon

*It's been 6 years since I last laid eyes upon the face of my Lord... his words still resound in my head... 'Rin, do not leave this village...' I wonder if Lord Sesshomaru cares what happens to me... If perhaps he's forgotten where to find me... or if he even wishes to come for me this time... Master Jaken always said the lord will tire of my presence eventually... that I am nothing but a nuisance to Lord Sesshomaru...* Rin pondered over those thoughts in her mind as she picked flowers in a nearby village for her demon lord.

A shrill call was heard from the village, "Miss Riiiiin!!!! It's time for your supper!" Rin stood in the field to her full height. "I'm coming!" she responded to the woman's voice.

As Rin entered the house of the gracious village leader's the table was surrounded with people. "Come, you may sit and eat now at my side." The woman told her with a smile. Rin smiled back and sat beside the kind maiden. Gently Rin caressed the flowers in her hands. The woman took notice of this and finally asked, "Dear child, to whom do those flowers go? Surely they're for someone close to your heart, I would imagine... perhaps a young lord or a pleasantly charming farm boy?" Rin giggled to herself, "Neither rich, nor poor... simply neither..." "Hm?" "These flowers are for a *demon*." The table that had been full of merrymen and laughter had suddenly gone silent at the sound of that word.

"M-mikoto! Have we heard this outsider correctly? Has she spoken out of her feelings towards demons in a manner of sin?!" One of the many strong village men shouted. The village leader, Mikoto, was silent for sometime before saying, "I believe she has... tonight is our night of happiness and merrymen... and tomorrow is the day of sorrow... why not allow the girl to live out her final night in harmony and peace... for tomorrow... she will be hung from the rafters... as sacrifice to our Wolf God in the Northern Mountains...." Silence filled the room, and Rin knew she'd sealed her fate. Mikoto stood with a glass of ale in her hand, "Tonight we feast! Let us save more pressing matters for tomorrow's morn!" A cheer animated from the room of half-drunk villagers.

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Okay, that's all I feel like writing. If anyone would like me to continue this story, let me know, and I'll get right on it. Arigato Gozaimasu!! ^-^