

The Story so Far

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The story so far: In the beginning the universe was created. This has made a lot of people very angry and been widely regarded as a bad move. Sesshoumaru is one of those people.

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The Story So Far Author's Notes: This was originally meant to be a story which expounded upon the horrors the universe has thrust upon Lord Fluffy. However, it refused to be written that way and, thus, we end up with... this...mess of strangeness.

All ideas concerning Lord Fluffy come from me and, thus, are my opinion. They are also my attempt to make you laugh. If they don't, that's sad, and if they do, then you can get a cookie.

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The story so far: In the beginning the universe was created.

This has made a lot of people very angry and been widely regarded as a bad move.

Sesshoumaru, walking through the forest as he was, considered himself to be a part of the group of people who were very angry at the universe for being created. He generally agreed with their regarding the creation of the universe as a bad move. If, per chance, the universe hadn't been created, he wouldn't have been forced into his current, long-suffering situation.

He mulled over that for a moment. Yes, he did seem to have many problems. Three of which were following him quite insistently. It wasn't that he hadn't tried to get rid of them, but with all the other things he had to deal with, he shouldn't really expect to have to take care of them as well.

Sesshoumaru, in his infinite wisdom, figured that, by now, two of the problems should have realized this and left, which would have taken care of the third problem.

"You've ruined my robes! You stupid human brat!" The whine nearly caused Sesshoumaru to flinch. Nearly. Sesshoumaru would never allow him to flinch; he was too prodigious for flinching.

"You're so mean!!" a high-pitched voice shrieked in reply. Again, he nearly flinched. But he was Sesshoumaru. And Sesshoumaru did not flinch. Flinching was one of the many things Sesshoumaru did not do, including, but not limited to, completely ignoring the blithering idiots behind him.

Now that was an interesting word, he mused as he continued on. Blithering. Was it even Japanese? He didn't think so, but then he couldn't quite recall where he had heard it last, only that the yokai who had used it on him was now quite thoroughly mauled. Sesshoumaru didn't necessarily understand what blithering meant, although he'd never admit it—he was Sesshoumaru and Sesshoumaru always knew everything there was to know—but the yokai had been snide enough while using the word. Clearly, that yokai had not been able to comprehend the great wonderfulness that was Sesshoumaru.

"Sesshoumaru-sama!" Rin squealed. "Jaken-sama is being mean to me!"

"Sesshoumaru-sama, you mustn't listen to the human brat! She ruined my new robes!" Jaken whined.

Sesshoumaru allowed himself a daydream in which he mauled Jaken quite thoroughly, that he might never place his grating voice in Sesshoumaru's hearing again. Rin he only chastised lightly in his mind. If he was too harsh, she would try to bring him flowers to apologize. And if Sesshoumaru did not need more of something, he was quite sure he did not need more flowers.

"Sesshoumaru-sama!" two voices whined/shrieked behind him.

"Silence," he replied.

As he was Sesshoumaru, he didn't need to explain further. And they stopped talking. This was good, considering Sesshoumaru was about to run one of them through with Toukijin. Rin he would bring

back with Tenseiga; Jaken he would leave for a while.

After a few moments of blissful silence, Rin skipped up to his side and looked up at him with huge brown eyes. Sesshoumaru would have groaned if he was any less ayakai. The child wanted something. She only looked at him like that when she wanted something and, of course, that something was not going to be easy for him to locate. No, it would involve changing direction and detouring all the way to the mainland. Like last time, when she had decided she wanted to be sick and miserable.

Sesshoumaru couldn't fathom why she continued on like that. Any normal person would have shut up and dealt with it, but not Rin. She whined and moaned and was generally pathetic until he traveled to a far land and returned with the cure. He had, of course, debated lopping her head off and then healing her with Tenseiga, but something about that just didn't strike his fancy. Now, if it had been Inu Yasha or Jaken it would have been different.

"Yes, Rin?" he growled, not looking at her as he walked across the grass.

"I'm hungry, Sesshoumaru-sama."

"Ah-Un's packs have meat in them, as well as berries. Eat those," he replied.

Rin shook her head. "Those things are all gone."

"Oh." Sesshoumaru refused to believe that was a question. He wasn't asking a question, merely raising his voice ever so slightly. As he was Sesshoumaru, he knew everything there was to know and, thus, there was no need to ask questions.

"Can we go somewhere to get food?" Rin asked.

Sesshoumaru said nothing in reply, merely turning and heading across the field towards the town he smelled in the distance. Human stench was unbearable, he decided as he walked along. It was overpowering, and his sensitive nose didn't appreciate it at all. One would think humans had enough pride to clean themselves as they were so prideful in just about everything else. Alas, though, they had no idea. Ignorant, stupid fools. They weren't worth his time.

He frowned, mentally of course, since his only expression was cold disinterest, wondering why he was even thinking about them if they weren't worth his time. He decided he was spending far too much time around Rin and promptly stopped thinking in general. This was a difficult feat for him, since he was so important. He always had something to be thinking of, but now he refused to think at all. Not at all. No. He wouldn't think. No.

A thought crept its way across his mind, reminding him that he had a land treaty to deal with, as well as an idiotic younger brother who kept messing said land treaty up by traipsing across the whole of Honshu as if he owned it. Idiot. Stupid, idiotic hanyou. Sesshoumaru thought he had best do something about Inu Yasha soon. Then he snarled, internally of course, reminding himself that he shouldn't be thinking. Then he wondered if thinking about not thinking constituted thinking in general.

By the time his group had reached the human village and he had sufficiently scared the hell out of everyone to get Rin food, he didn't know if thinking about not thinking constituted thinking in general. Instead of having an answer, he had a vicious migraine and a stomach ache. He wanted nothing more than to go home and indulge in a smoke that he had received from a rather dead merchant from the mainland. The smoke would make him forget all about his migraine and his stomach ache. One of his retainers had expressed surprise that Sesshoumaru would be smoking opium, so he was promptly killed. Sesshoumaru did as he pleased and if Sesshoumaru decided to chain smoke opium, then, by all the gods, he would.

As Rin and Jaken vied for yakiniku and yosenabe, Sesshoumaru decided to go for a walk in hopes that his head ache would go away. He walked from the village, the innkeeper eyeing him suspiciously. Sesshoumaru figured the man would cease to feed his ward and retainer with him gone, even if Ah-Un was breathing down the idiot human's neck, so he promptly stuck his claws into a tree and melted it with his poison. Flicking melted bark from his fingers, he continued on his way, enjoying

thenoise the man's knees made as they banged together.

Once sufficiently far from the village, Sesshoumaru pulled a bottle of sake from his kimono sleeve, uncorked it, and downed half of it in one gulp. Sesshoumaru would not, of course, ever drink like that in front of anyone else. No one needed to know that Sesshoumaru, the most powerful yokai in Japan, was something of a heavy drinker. He couldn't get drunk, which pleased him immensely, as a yokai's body consumed liquor far faster than any human's body, but he still enjoyed tossing back a good bottle of sake. Often.

Off to the left, his sensitive ears picked up a rather large explosion. He growled, figuring it was probably his idiotic hanyou half-brother once again trying to ruin his land treaty. Sesshoumaru turned on his heel and bounded across the land, dropping his bottle of sake and vowing to break every bone in Inu Yasha's body, starting at his toes and ending at his neck. No, better than that, Sesshoumaru would grind those bones into a fine powder after extracting them from the idiot hanyou's body. And then he would use the bone powder to make bread. This, Sesshoumaru decided, was a fine idea and worth his immediate attention. Then he wondered if a decision was considered thinking, which left him to wonder if he had ever decided to start thinking again.

Sesshoumaru broke through the trees, ready to tear his brother to shreds, along with the taijiya, the houshi, the kitsune pup, and the woman he assumed to be a prostitute. No woman that he knew of, human or yokai, dressed like she did. Instead of finding his brother, however, he discovered, much not to his surprise as he was above feeling anything, a rather angry looking red haired human woman screaming at another human woman, this one with blonde hair. A black haired human girl stood off to the side looking perturbed and beside her stood something that looked like a demon, but probably wasn't. Sesshoumaru cursed himself for standing downwind, but then recalled that he was himself and, thus, was incapable of doing anything wrong. Therefore he was exactly where he should be, whether he could scent them or not. It didn't matter, he told himself, that he wanted to catch their scent to figure out just who they were. Sesshoumaru's eyebrow twitched momentarily as he reminded himself that he was above curiosity.

He watched idly as the red head closed her hands around the blonde's neck, wondering what the former hoped to accomplish. It was plain, to him at least, that she was not going to succeed in harming the other woman.

"Lina!" the other woman screamed, clawing at Lina's hands. "Let go! I can't breathe!"

"Gourry, you've gone and screw up another spell and now we don't know where we are, or when we are, and I'm going to rip your head off!" Lina shrieked.

Sesshoumaru stuck a finger in one ear. He corrected his mind on an earlier note he had made to himself: He felt more than just cold indifference. He felt anger. And rage. He felt that his brother was extremely stupid. He also felt annoyance. And, at this moment, Sesshoumaru was very annoyed. Didn't the stupid human woman realize she was shouting loud enough to wake the dead? Obviously not. Humans were pitifully oblivious when it came to such things.

The man with the stone face pointed towards where Sesshoumaru stood, and the yokai's lip curled. The stupid stone human dared to announce his presence before Sesshoumaru was good and ready to do it himself. Sesshoumaru decided that he would make bread from his brother's ground up bones after he had watched stone-man's skin slough off.

"Lina, there's someone there."

Sesshoumaru growled softly as Lina turned, along with Gourry and the yet unnamed black haired girl. These humans were such idiots, which really wasn't much of an observation, as most other humans were much the same. What had ever possessed them to move out of the trees flooded Sesshoumaru. He couldn't understand how they could be stupid enough to be standing in his presence. They should be on the ground, their faces pressed in to the dirt, not pointing at him and making stupid comments about

how Sesshoumaru was gracing them with his presence.

“Who the hell are you, pretty boy?” Lina asked, walking up to him, the others trailing her.

Sesshoumaru decided to be somewhat amicable, and turned his icy stare on her as she stood before him, hands on hips, looking vaguely annoyed. She, Sesshoumaru figured to himself, should not be looking so annoyed. If anyone had the right to be annoyed, Sesshoumaru did. He decided to ignore her and look at the other two.

“Excuse you, I asked you a question,” she snapped.

Sesshoumaru wondered how her blood would feel under his nails. It would be very relaxing to rip her throat out. If he did that, he wouldn't have to listen to that annoying, screechy, high-pitched voice of hers. Continuing to imagine such things, he went on with ignoring her.

“Miss Lina—”

“Shut up, Amelia.”

Sesshoumaru felt her presence come closer as he studied the blonde woman named Gourry. His eyebrows twitched when he realized that Gourry was, in fact, quite male. It was the hair, Sesshoumaru decided as he regarded the stupid human, which made him look like a woman. He came to the conclusion that the idiotic man should cut it off, and briefly entertained the thought of cutting it off for him, along with his head and arms and legs.

“Hey, buddy,” Lina snapped as she reached out and grabbed Sesshoumaru's arm, obviously intending to turn him to her.

Sesshoumaru looked down at her hand, and then looked up at her. He smiled.

A moment later, Sesshoumaru found himself holding Lina off the ground by her throat, the other three human idiots trying to attack him. Or something. He wasn't quite sure just what they were doing, nor was he quite sure how he ended up with the stupid human in his hands, hanging above the ground. So he dropped her.

“These are my lands,” he said, looking bored. “Get off them.”

Lina coughed for a moment, and Sesshoumaru watched her idly.

“You jerk,” she finally ground out.

Jerk. Sesshoumaru wondered if that was supposed to be an insult. He didn't recognize the word. However, the way she spoke indicated that it probably was an insult, and no one insulted Sesshoumaru. He figured it was time she was personally introduced to his poison.

As he came to this decision, however, there was an obscenely loud clap of noiseless thunder, something that would have confused any other living creature, and two more people appeared.

A purple-haired man fell out of the sky, much to Sesshoumaru's surprise, and landed on top of Lina. Another man, swathed in an utterly ridiculous ensemble that had to be crushing his balls, fell from the sky to the ground right next to Lina. His hair, Sesshoumaru noted, was an incredibly annoying shade of blue-green.

“Xellos!” stone-man hissed. “How did you get here?”

“I'm not too sure, Zeligadis. Why do you ask?”

“And what the hell is Valgaav doing here?” Lina shrieked, pushing Xellos off her body.

Sesshoumaru found himself growing annoyed that the humans were losing focus. They weren't supposed to be focused on this Valgaav, or this Xellos. Those people were completely unimportant. Sesshoumaru resigned himself to the realization that the humans simply didn't understand that they were in the presence of greatness.

Valgaav, intelligent human that he was, or, Sesshoumaru amended his thought, as intelligent as a human could be, turned his attention to Sesshoumaru. Sesshoumaru was quite pleased as the human's eyes widened.

“He's even more of a challenge than you, Lina!” Valgaav exclaimed.

“What thehell does that mean?!” Lina shrieked.

Sesshoumarusnorted. “Of course I am a challenge,” he said idly, scenting Valgaav. Hewasn’t human, nor was he a demon, and he wasn’t anywhere near as powerful asSesshoumaru. “I am Sesshoumaru.”

“Go figure.You tell Valgaav who you are...” Linagrumbled, looking upset.

“Oh, my!”Xellos said, turning to attempt to illuminate Sesshoumaru’s existence with a pitifully fake smile. “It seems to me that Valgaav is going to fight thisSesshoumaru!”

Valgaavsmirked at Sesshoumaru, who began to feel something more than vague annoyance.The itch that formed on the back of his neck when someone presumed they werebetter than he came into full effect. It was then that Sesshoumaru decided hedidn’t care for Valgaav much at all. In fact, he cared for Valgaav about asmuch as he cared for Inu Yasha. However, Rin, Jaken, and Ah-Un were comingtowards him and he didn’t have much time to deal with this moronic creaturethat insisted on standing before him and taking up space that could be betterused.

Sesshoumarublinked at the warm tingle suddenly engulfing his right side and glanced overto see that he was on fire. Sesshoumaru blinked again and the fire went out.

“Hesurvived Valgaav’s fire?!” Lina was shrieking. Sesshoumaru decided ripping herthroat out would be too kind. He’d have to do something else, but he wasfeeling too annoyed with Valgaav at the moment to be creative. The stupid,foolish, idiotic, moronic thing had singed his outfit.

He lookedup as Valgaav lunged at him, holding a strange looking weapon in his hand.Sesshoumaru stepped to the side and, in the same fluid motion, drew Tokijin andflicked it at Valgaav. When Toukijin’s blue light faded, Valgaav’s skeletongraced the ground he had been standing on moments before.

Sesshoumarusmiled.

SheathingTokijin, he fought a brief battle with Tenseiga about killing unnecessarily anddisrupting other timelines. What did Sesshoumaru care about other timelines? Ifthe humans were stupid enough to end up in his word and make him angry, thenanything that happened as a result of his anger was a consequence they wouldhave to deal with. It wasn’t his job to preserve any timelines.

He turnedas Ah-Un appeared from the forest, Jaken leading the dragon and Rin on itsback. He turned again and walked by the still stunned humans, who were allgaping like fools, and continued on his way.

Theuniverse, he decided as he walked, was clearly out to get him. It kept throwingstupid things like this at him in some sick, pathetic attempt to get him to dosomething that he quite obviously wasn’t about to do. It also didn’t help thatSesshoumaru had no idea what the universe wanted him to do in the first place.Maybe, if he did, he could avoid it better. Let it never be said thatSesshoumaru cared about the general state of the universe. The universe, hebelieved, was a mistake to begin with.

“Sesshoumaru-sama!”Rin called as she skipped up to his side. “Can we find Kohaku?”

Sesshoumarusaid nothing, having exceeded his word quota for the month by twenty sevenwords.

“I’d reallylike to see him again,” Rin continued. She spun in a little circle and plucked a flower from the side of the road, bringing to her face and inhaling deeply.Sesshoumaru wondered vaguely why she didn’t vomit after smelling something sodisgustingly sweet. “But, you know, alone this time.”

Sesshoumarusteel himself to say nothing, focusing instead on how he had exceeded hismonthly word quota.

“It’s justnot the same when you have a father-figure hanging around when you’re with a potential boyfriend,” Rin added before skipping back to Ah-Un.

Yes,Sesshoumaru seethed to himself, the universe was a sick, sick twisted place. Ithad a sick, twisted sense of humor and enjoyed making jokes at his expense. Itwas the only explanation for the

many problems that had been dumped upon Sesshoumaru by the universe. He had a stupid, idiotic hanyou brother that traipsed about Honshu and messed up important land treaties. He had a human ward that wanted to make nice, and who knew what else, with an enemy. He had a retainer that wouldn't know common sense if it danced about in a fuzzy clown suit with a neon sign above it—not that Sesshoumaru knew what a clown was, or a neon sign for that matter. And, to top it all off, he had a stupid sword that yelled at him for upsetting the harmonic flow of the universe.

Sesshoumaru decided at that moment that his purpose, henceforth, would be to hunt down the fool who had created the universe, which was, quite obviously, a bad move, and kill him. He breathed the sigh of the martyred and continued on.

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In case you're wondering, Sesshoumaru speaks exactly thirty-two words throughout this fanfiction. If he has exceeded his monthly word quota by twenty-seven words, simple math reveals his monthly word quota to be five words. Sucks for him when he makes speech to his dumb brother.

Notes:

Yakiniku: Traditional Japanese dish—sautéed beef and vegetables

Yosenabe: Traditional Japanese dish—simmered fish and chicken with vegetables and noodles, a soup