

# Kyome

**By Angels\_Secrets**

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*A story that I made up about a girl named Kyome.*

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**Chapter 1 - Untitled**

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At the age of 6, Kyome was bleeding from a slit throat and left for dead, until she was found by a traveling merchant and his sons. The middle-aged man took Kyome in and nursed her back to health, which happened in miraculous time. Kyome stayed with the kind Gomichi, partly because she felt indebted to him, but mostly due to she had nowhere else to go. Her mother had been killed for reasons known only to the murderer and her father. She knew nothing much of him except he was very mysterious and had the makings to be most wicked man alive, or so her mother used to say. Regardless, as she grew up, Kyome had never heard from him, so thoughts of her father never crossed Kyome's mind.

Gomichi's three sons, Yure, Tatsuo, and Dagoi took Kyome under their wing and as soon as she was healthy and began her training. Gomichi's quiet and pleasant life wasn't, as the man liked to believe. The kind-hearted soul should have and would have been dead if not for the acts of his children. The three boys were secretly demon slayers, taught and trained in the discreetness of the night, by humans who wanted nothing to do with the demons that hoped to take over their land. Yure, the oldest, often taught Kyome himself, teaching her many of the skills he had learned, without his brother knowing. Quickly, he became impressed by her sharp take to new skills and her zeal to learn more. Soon Yure felt comfortable enough in the girl's talents, and introduced her to his sensei. Eroji too became impressed by Kyome's vigor and despite his initial skepticism at training a female, he made her his closest apprentice, taking her on missions Yure wasn't allowed on himself.

Jealousy began to tarnish the young Slayer's being and thus began Kyome's torture. Despite the six-year difference between the two, Yure would challenge the twelve-year-old and attack her all out, often times leaving her bruised and battered. Tatsuo and Dagoi often tried to tame their brother's ferocity, but both would feel his wrath and soon quit trying to help Kyome. Upon turning thirteen, Eroji took Kyome's training to the next level, surpassing Yure. Kyome was trained to summon and work along side the great beast, Shishi, natural enemies to the Kitsune and Kyome's focus for slaying. By then, Yure had coaxed Tatsuo, the brother closest to his age, into joining him in his berating of Kyome. The two brothers tortured Kyome endless when in private, never wanting to disturb the serenity Gomichi lived in, and Kyome had the same courtesy, never telling neither Gomichi nor Eroji if what she was going through. She accepted her torture as emotional training, for demons could use any type of treachery, but Kyome soon found that Yure's disdain was on a more personal level. Eroji suspected a rivalry forming between his two top pupils amid the class of ten others, but he never would have guessed the depth it reached on their home front. Although he continued to train the three brothers, he continued to favor Kyome, hoping her advance knowledge would help her fit in among the rowdy boys, instead of the other way around.

After Kyome's eighth year of training, Eroji graduated her into the title of Shinobi, equal to her four-year senior Yure. As they got older, the more the two drew apart. Tatsuo had let go of his influenced vexing, and now looked at Kyome as one of them. He looked at and treated her like a sister, ribbing her for doing manly work like him and his brother. Though their teasing was always friendly, Kyome took Tatsuo and Dagoi's word to more heart than Yure's. She had often wished she were a boy, simply to avoid the

awkward situations and rude suggestions. By day, Kyome often dressed as the boys did, taking on their chores of tending the horses, lugging wood for fires, repairing the wagons and even helping Gomichi pound ore chunks into trinkets and jewelry.

It seemed that during the day, Yure's disposition was tame, even when his father wasn't around. It wasn't until it was time to go patrolling did Yure turn harsh towards to her. Critiquing her every move, Yure's demeanor became spiteful and malicious. Kyome forced herself to use his chides as motivation, making her become more precise, deadlier and coming off as the better of the two entirely, infuriating Yure more. Eroji happened to witness Yure harsh treatment of Kyome and forbid his previous student from using any of the particular skills he had learned under Eroji, which paled in comparison to Kyome's knowledge regardless. From that day, Kyome never saw Yure again. Knowing Yure's leaving was her fault, Kyome prepared to leave herself, not able to face Gomichi after driving his son off. The merchant assured her that Yure simply had to find his own path in life. Kyome stayed with Gomichi for five more years, joined by Eroji and his family none of the others ever knew of. Three of Eroji other students were his relative, two his sons and one his younger brother. The four men, plus Eroji's wife and sister-in-law not only doubled Gomichi's help, but triple his commerce for the women made clothes and sandals, while the men help Gomichi. Even with other females around, Kyome refused to join them in their work, finding their jobs too easy and boring.

During the five years with Yure gone, direct demon attacks on the merchant's camps increased from once or twice a year, to at least two expected attacks a month. Kyome felt personally responsible for the attacks and decided it would be best if she stayed if she went out on her own for a while. Gomichi gave her his blessing and bestowed her with the kodachi he had made for Kyome's eighteenth birthday. Eroji also gave her a parting gift, a small box containing golden cymbals. With three clangs of the instruments, the Shishi Hinomori, the one Kyome trained with personally would appear at her beck and call. Kyome thanked her sensei, said good-bye to her one time family and went on her way. As she suspected, Kyome's encounters with demons increased into nightly trails. Before killing the night's respective assailant, Kyome would beat it for information on who sent it, often going on wild goes chases, leading her to nowhere in particular.

After almost a year, Kyome fought the right demon and was sent to a small village. The townsfolk seemed nice enough, but the minute the sun set, all doors were locked, windows shuttered and the streets emptied. Her slayer instincts told Kyome that the demon she wanted resided in those parts and she wanted to deal with it as soon as possible. Her second night in the village, Kyome met not one but both of the demons the town harbored. One claimed to be her father the minute he laid eyes on the girl. Kyome could not deny it. She could see the identical glow of the purple-blue shading in the demon's eyes under the moonlight. Their encounter was brief, being cut short by the deranged Yure. Before vanishing into the night, Kyome was told if she survived, to find her sister, she would be waiting. With no one to answer the questions she was left with, Kyome turned her attention to Yure. Her former comrade was tainted and turned into a hanyou himself from coming in contact with a very powerful jewel that had been rumored of all over the land. Yure was so furious to see Kyome in person again; he set the village to fire. He then put Kyome to a test, save at least one of the villagers or destroy him. Kyome was not given much time to make a decision, for the wooden huts were quite flammable and soon all of them were ablaze. Kyome felt deep down, she had to save at least one person, even if it meant Yure was to escape. Tearing through the orange lit streets, Kyome searched every where, looking for one person to wonder from their burning homes. At last, after Kyome was about to give up hope, a little boy wondered out from a barn, coughing, almost suffocating from smoke. Just as she were about to reach the boy and

take him to safety, a horse, whose tail was on fire burst from the barn. Kyome gasped in horror, as a masked rider guided the pained animal towards the little boy and trampled him into the ground. Enraged, Kyome drew her dagger and sliced at the horse as it charged her next. The rider had vanished from the horse's back, laughing maniacally in the night, leaping over the animal's severed head. With a final glance, Kyome could see the tail of a fox on the demonic murderer.

Cradling the little boy in her arms, Kyome rocked his battered body as the child looked at her and smiled. Then in a fit of coughing, the boy died in her arms. From behind a burning house, Yure appeared, and glared at the scene in disgust. Kyome laid the frail body down and stood. She clutched her dagger tight and unlatched the trident from her back. Yure grinned with pure malice. Snatching his kitana from the scabbard on his hip, Yure rushed towards Kyome. The demon slayer sidestepped his swing and countered with her own attacks. The demon deflected both slashes, and then kicked Kyome square in the stomach, sending her flying down the road. Kyome rose, wincing from two broken ribs. With arms growing shaky from pain, Kyome tried fruitlessly to strike Yure, who took advantage of her injuries. He ducked and dodged her actions effortlessly and slapped her back up the street. When Kyome could put up no further fight, she collapsed against her halberd. With much exertion, Kyome looked up to see Yure looming over her aching body. Kyome watched him through blurred vision and waited for him to kill her at last. Instead Yure burst into a fit of laughter. "You failed, not once but twice", he taunted, "you couldn't save a single soul nor could you kill me. Come back and try me when you can do both!" Kyome watched him vanish, taking with him the flames of the village. The body of the boy, who was in visual range faded, the heat of the fires disappeared at her back and not a drop of smoke poisoned the cloudless sky. Kyome closed her eyes and cried until unconsciousness came.

Kyome awoke leaning beside a tree. Though she was groggy, she could feel the tight restraints from bandages around her waist, but not the sharp anguish of the broken bones. Kyome slapped her own cheeks making sure she was awake, as she watched people bustle along the village, once again squeezing in all they could before night fell. With a sigh, Kyome stood, flinching from the pain she expected. When nothing of the sort happened, Kyome patted down her stomach, wondering what had caused her miraculous healing. It had dawned on her; her demon blood must have done the wonderful trick of healing the bones over night, for it had happened before though she paid it no mind. It had been her night-eyed father that reminded her of what she really was. Under her examination, Kyome found a note attached to her bandages. It read: "Come back soon, I'll be waiting. Yure". Kyome crumpled the paper and looked for her pack. After stocking up on food from the village, she headed off, hoping to find her father again or even the sister she didn't know she had.