

# Scars of The Past

By BlackRoseAngel

Submitted: November 13, 2005

Updated: November 14, 2005

*Sekumi, an 18 year old wolf hanyou, has been put upon with a major burden on her past. When she was ten Sekumi's family and village was slaughtered. Although her family was only an adoptive family it still stung hard. The scar on her left shoulder re*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/BlackRoseAngel/23022/Scars-of-The-Past>

<b>Chapter 1 - The Intoduction</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Chapter 2 - The Dream</b>	<b>5</b>

# 1 - The Introduction

The night came silently and unnoticeable like a lion hunting pray. Sekumi had been sitting on a cliff looking over the ocean thinking of the past, present, and future. A book lay on her lap reading 'The Ghosts of Razgriz; A Demon of Legend'. A book her friend had given her when she was young, when she believed in such ruffraff. Her home was gone now though, her friends, family, everyone slaughtered so cruelly. She sighed softly *-I will never forget...-* she thought to herself.

The day was getting old night was coming and everyone was getting ready to sleep. Little kids came in from play and parents rested down from a hard day at work everything was fine. A horse's shriek disturbed the silence as thousands went out to find out what was going on. A man was posted on top of the shrieking horse red blazing eyes and a dark smirk as he threw his arm forwards thousands upon thousands of demons heading into the village. Sekumi was no older then ten when it happened...that was eight years ago.

Sekumi sighed shaking her head wolf ears flipping to her head her tail curling next to her. Before she stood throwing the book from the ledge as it fell splashing into the ocean. She sighed looking down beginning to head back into the forest. She had on black priestess pants and just bandages to cover her chest stopping at her belly button.

Sekumi rubbed her shoulder softly her wakizashi strapped to her back. She blinked when she heard someone in the forest gently putting her hand on the hilt of her blade to be cautious on who was there.

"Great going guys you got us lost!" A young voice cried out it didn't seem too old at all.

"We're not lost Shippo," a second voice said much older then the first. Male she guessed both of them to be. She stepped closer to the voices trying to get a glance on who was there. She stopped when someone stepped in front of her causing her to stumble back slightly.

"Just who the hell are you?" A third one said to her, male, she blinked noticing his ears so she only guessed he was a half demon just like her. He had white hair and golden eyes also. She blinked a moment looking at him.

"Uh...me? I'm Sekumi..." she stated looking at him as he sniffed her a moment. She smacked him quickly he being in direct violation of being to close, "Excuse me!" she growled out, looking at him as he rubbed his cheek glairing at her.

"What was that for?!" he yelled. Sekumi crossed her arms.

"You were getting to personal there..." she stated, "I don't even know your-"

"Inuyasha!" came the second voice she had heard. Sekumi looked into the woods to see a monk step out. He had prayer beads on his right arm and held a staff as he stepped out looking at Sekumi she

blinked a moment. Looking at him then at the one identified as Inuyasha. Looking totally lost she looked at the monk.

“And you are?” she asked rubbing the back of her head. A small fox demon popped up from his shoulder. She guessed the one they had called Shippo. The monk looked at her smiling softly walking over to her and taking her hand in his.

“I'm sorry Ms. Sekumi if I heard correct. I'm Miroku...Please, forgive my friends rudeness.” The monk who called himself Miroku stated. He began to rub Sekumi's hand lightly, “My Ms. Sekumi you surely are a beautiful lady...” he said smiling, “Would you be so kind as to bare my children?”

Sekumi pulled her hand away quickly looking at him, “Are you crazy?” she asked him looking at the hanyou identified as Inuyasha as he hit Miroku hard on the head causing him to fall to the ground. Sekumi was blushing from Miroku's question. Inuyasha looked at her.

“Don't flatter yourself,” he said after noticing her blush, “He says that to every woman he meets.” He stated his arms crossing over his chest his eyes closed. Dressed in a full red kimono she blinked a moment before she had knelt down next to Miroku helping him up.

Shippo the young fox demon jumped up onto her shoulder, “Well Hello Sekumi it's a pleasure to meet you...” he said smiling, “I'm Shippo that's Inuyasha and Miroku already introduced himself.” He stated still smiling, “What brings you to the forest?” he asked her. Sekumi looked at him smiling softly.

“Just wandering I suppose I've been kinda looking for someone...but no matter how hard I try I can never seem to find him...” she stated her ears flipping to her head.

“Hey!” Shippo said noticing her ears, “Are you a hanyou like Inuyasha?” he asked. Sekumi blinked nodding.

“I'm a wolf hanyou...” she stated looked at Inuyasha, “But as I smell your friend is a mutt...I mean dog...” she looked at Shippo sensing Inuyasha's anger causing her to lightly smile. Inuyasha crossed his arms.

“She reminds me of that mangy Kouga...” he stated, “They'd get along pretty well...”

Shippo tapped on her head softly, “Anyway, now that we got your race out of the way. Who is it that you've been looking for?” he asked her blinking. She looked down rubbing her shoulder softly.

“I'm not so sure of his name...but, I believe it is a man by the name Naraku.”

The other three stopped just staring at her as though she had an extra head.

“Did you say Naraku?” the young fox demon asked. Sekumi looked around at them nodding.

“Yea, that's what I said...What? Have you heard of him?” she asked them blinking. The three nodded Inuyasha looking down growling slightly.

“Yea we heard of him...” he stated, “That basterd has destroyed ours lives in more then one way...” his

hands making fists, as he turned his back to the group looking at the sky.

Sekumi blinked looking at Inuyasha then the other two. They both nodded she looked down rubbing her shoulder.

“What did he do to you?” Shippo asked her. She shook her head.

“I'd rather not talk about it...” she said softly, “It was a pleasure meeting you all...may our paths cross again...” she said as she turned on her heels to head in the other direction of the group still rubbing her shoulder softly. - *So I'm not the only one who has been hurt by this Naraku character.*- She thought to herself blinking when someone put a hand on her shoulder.

“Hey...” the monk said, “Why don't you come with us?” he asked her, “You will be more successful in finding him with us...” Miroku stated with a small smile, “and you won't be as lonely. Sekumi looked at him her soft brunette hair swaying slightly from the wind she looked down then at him once more.

“I suppose so...” she crossed her arms looking at them with a small smile, “Yea...that would be fun.”

Inuyasha grunted, “Yea, Yea just stay away from me wolf...” he said, “and there will be no problems...”

Sekumi looked at him her arms crossing over her chest, “No problem mutt... you started anything with me and I'd take you down faster then you could blink” She smirked looking at him.

“You wish...” he growled

“I don't wish I know...” she glared at him and he glared back soon enough they were in one another's faces.

“This is going to be a long trip...” Shippo said with a small uneasy laugh.

## 2 - The Dream

The new group had formed, Sekumi being the freshly added, although she had still failed to meet Kagome. Apparently, the group had been searching for her when Sekumi had come along. Demons had taken her after a long battle with Naraku. They told Sekumi about Kagome's ability to track the sacred jewel shards. Sekumi blinked looking at them.

“Sacred jewel shards?” she asked them still blinking in confusion.

Miroku nodded, “Yes...the sacred jewel shards, you have heard of them right?” he asked her. She shook her head and thus began the long story on the sacred shards Inuyasha and Shippo adding in their own comments on the stories. Sekumi nodded as she listened in and tried to catch up. All she really got from it was a priestess named Kikyo, who she had indeed heard of, Naraku and some evil plan splitting the priestess and Inuyasha up killing Kikyo and pinning Inuyasha to a tree. She didn't get too much on what the shards actually were. She blinked a moment as she dug slowly into the bandages that covered her breasts pulling out a small vile within the vile 2 or 3 slightly glowing shards shown. She looked at them holding them out.

“You mean these?” she asked them holding it in her hand. Inuyasha quickly went to grab them from her, which he had just barely managed, “Hey give them back!” she growled out looking at him.

“Make me...” he hissed back at her. Sekumi's hands made tight fists as she looked at him.

“I don't make trash I burn it!” she yelled as she swiped them quickly back from him quickly, causing Inuyasha to stumble forward and hit face first on the ground, “I was asking you if they were the shards I wasn't offering them to you, mutt...never try to take something from me again...” she mumbled out putting them back to their original position. Inuyasha shot up growling looking at her.

“Did you not hear us?!” he asked her in an angry roar. Sekumi looked at him blinking a moment like she didn't care, “Well?!” he asked, “We need those!” he stated.

She crossed her arms over her chest looking at him, “You also need a bath, but I don't hear you yelling for that...” she growled out looking at him with a small smirk. Inuyasha growled looking at her.

“You stubborn wolf just hand them over you'll lose them if you don't!” he yelled; “I'll forcefully take them if you continue to refuse...” he threatened.

Sekumi shook her head turning her back to him continuing to walk down the path they had currently been put on, “Ok then...go ahead and try...” she said more than likely she didn't care if he tried. They all blinked looking at her before continuing to follow after her. Inuyasha suppressing his anger which Shippo and Miroku both found weird.

Shippo ran up to her jumping onto her shoulder, “Sekumi is something wrong? You seemed to snap

when Inuyasha took those shards from you..." he stated to her resting on her shoulder. Sekumi looked down a moment not saying anything for a moment before sighing putting a fake smile looking at him.

"No, Shippo, nothings wrong...I just don't like it when things are taken from me..." she told him looking down again her fake smile slowly vanishing. Shippo looked at her and nodded as though believing her. She sighed softly and Shippo soon just sat on her shoulder looking forward.

The day soon turned to dawn and shortly into night. It didn't take them long to find a rest area to camp for the night. Getting a fire going Sekumi sat down looking into it with a small smile. As the guys had gone off to bathe, all of them, and leaving her alone for the time being. Gazing into the fire she sighed softly thoughts running through her mind. She put her hand where she had the shards. Sighing softly -*These are the closest thing I have to my past...*- she thought as she lay down slowly by the fire to warm up -*I can't let them go...*- she sighed softly looking into the fire before slowly her eyes had grown heavy causing her to slowly drift into a sleep.

*The forest is silent. A light breeze softly stirs the leaves in the tree's surrounding a path. It carries a rich, earthy smell that lingers, gently blending with the other smells of decay that filled the woods. A green moss clings to the rocks on the ground and single violets and buttercups grow where the thick tree covers lets in rays of sunlight. Wrens and sparrows flit from the tree to tree quietly, as if they know not to disturb the peace around them. Silvery birch bark lays in spirals on the forest floor and a butterfly stops to rest on a limb of a fallen tree. Her wings whisper soft regrets as she lands. This is a perfect world, it seems. Everything is gentle and slow, soft and sweet.*

*The path ends abruptly. The springy soil turns to mud, then rock. Smooth pebbles appear as the trees thin, and then the water. It rushes and surges along its narrow path, cutting sharply into the silence of the forest. It is clear, so clear and clean that the boulders at its bottom are visible. At the same time, it is so cold, as cold as ice. The rivers waters were biting, like the air in winter that makes it hurt to breathe.*

*A little girl and her mother played by the river. They stuck their big toes in the water and whoever can leave theirs in the longest wins. It's a child's game and neither cares who wins. They are together and the forest was beautiful.*

*The little girl had a head of golden curls so pale they are almost white. They just touch her shoulders and when the wind blows, they tickle the back of her neck. Her blue eyes glow against her tanned brown skin and are framed by dark lashes. Her mother's hair is dark and falls softly to the middle of her back. Her brown eyes are warm and seem to dance, golden flames flickering in their depths.*

*Growing bored with their game, the little girl drifts away from her mother. Not too far though, for she can still hear the splashes of water as her mother drops pebbles in the river, humming a soft tune as she picks. The she weaves the flowers into chains. She places on upon her head like a crown and decides to bring the other to her mother. She skips back to the water's edge, but in her hurry, takes a different route. The little girl is forced to climb over the boulders that she simply walked around before. They were tall, twice her height, and long ago rubbed smooth by the river when it spilled over its banks in the spring. She scurries over their slippery surfaces on her hands and knee's, the churning water of the river at her side.*

*The little girl makes her way by finding handgrips and footholds. After a while, though, she grows tired,*

*and so takes a rest, leaning a tree growing up through the rocks. Yet, the tree is old and the moisture has had its way with it. As much as it wanted to support the small girl's body, it couldn't. It's trunk splits and its bark cracks, and it crashes into the river, taking the little girl with it. Their splash startles the birds in the tree, and they fly off in all directions, weaving intricate patterns in their rush to get away. But all the woman, sitting by the side of the waters lost in her own thoughts, hears, is her little girl's gasp as the icy waters envelop her. A small ring of wildflowers floats down the river, breaking apart as the current pulled it along.*

Sekumi shot up in a sweat holding her head in pain slightly as she looked at the fox demon in her fast seeming scared at her sudden actions. She looked at him holding her chest softly with her hand as her breathing slowed slightly.

"I'm sorry Shippo..." she said, "I didn't mean to scare you..." she stated

Shippo looked at her, "Are you sure your ok Sekumi?" he asked, "You seem kinda out of it..." he stated. Sekumi held her head nodding.

"Yea Shippo...it was just a dream..." she stated. Inuyasha looked at her with suspicion. Miroku doing the same.

"Sekumi...what kind of dream causes you to wake up in such a fright? It sounds more like a nightmare if you ask me..." he said crossing his arms his staff resting in them. They all seemed to know something was up. Sekumi shook her head.

"It's a dream I've head since waking up to my adoptive family..." she told them, "It's nothing...really..." she stated as she looked down laying back down, "Just don't worry about me..." she said in a more of a growl her ears flipping to her head slowly.