

# Taikyado's Biography

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*NOTE: I dont own Saiyuki...duh! So this aint real...*

*DSCPTN: In my fanfic, Sanzo and Nuriko are 1/2 brother and sister. So i decided to write a story about their "mother" and why Nuriko is full blooded Youkai, and Sanzo 100% human...The story is tol*

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# 1 - The Story...

Some people might call me crazy, and, perhaps I am. But, they don't know what it's like to be me...But, I'm going ahead of myself...Let's start from the beginning...

I was young, a 16yr old living in a world of human, and Youkai. Me, I was human. I had countless friends and many admires. My hair was raven black; shoulder length. I had deep amethyst eyes, and an astonishing body; or so I've been told. I was young and inexperienced and still a kid at heart. Yet no matter how greatly I tried, I could never face the fact; even though I seemed happy and care free, I knew something would happen to me... I had foreseen the future, and there was nothing I could do to change it...

However, like I said, I was young, and didn't know much about the world outside. Nevertheless, I decided I would do something about fate...

Many nights, I would have a nightmare...I would be care-free, and walking down the street. The sky a beautiful blue, the wind blowing through my hair, it was wonderful. Then, unexpectedly, I was grabbed. A dark evil figure pulled me into an alley, away from the sight of others...And there...I was...raped...

For as long as I can remember, I've been haunted by it...I dare not tell my friends, but I sort the help of a wise man. When I had to him, the old man looked away sadly with his hand on my shoulder.

"My dear," he began. "What is written on the timeline, cannot be changed...No matter what you do, nothing will change what is to occur...But I can tell you this; there is but a mere shred of hope...Stay inside my child...Never sort the world of light, stay in the safety of your home, and never come out. That is the only possible way for you to change what is to occur,"

I thanked him, and silently left...my mind a complete mess. As I staggered home, I paid no attention to my surroundings...A mistake, I will never make again...As I stared into space; a dark hand placed itself upon my shoulder...It pulled me into the darkness, and hid me from the light. I panicked, but realized who it was...

I knew this dark figure; from school at that...He began taking advantage of me. I pushed away, but he just grabbed me and continued. I struggled so much to be set free...I wanted to cry out, but, he had put take over my mouth...I cried...the tears never stopped coming...He yelled silently with pleasure and excitement, while I cried with sadness, and heart pain...But truth be told, I guess you could say I sort of liked it, but not how it started...

When it was all over, he pulled off the tape; kissed me and walked off...I laid there, quietly crying. My legs weak, my heart broken, my entire life scared with utter shame. Yet again, another shadowy and soaring figure appeared. However, they smiled kindly at me and offered a hand out to me. Without a second thought, I took their hand and staggered to my feet. They wrapped a warm blanket around me, and took me to their home. It was warm, and cozy. I washed, and was fed well. This woman was by no means like the others of our village. She was huge...If memory serves me correct, she had been 200cm tall..., and she was Youkai...a full blooded Youkai...I asked her name, and she said,

“Dearest child; to whom the heavens have been cruel...My name, is Sarina...You are Shira...You are a saint my dear...and that is why those who pry within the darkness have chosen you...they could see your holiness to the gods above has affected your ability to protect yourself...They could see you supposedly believed the great Gods above would protect you from them, and they knew you were wrong...The gods above don't care about us...they never did...that's why heaven turned it's back on you when you needed them the most...”

I listened intently... Word after word chiseled into mind. I stayed with her for many weeks. In fact, I believe it had been months before I returned home. My mother greeted me with a tearful face, and hugged me as if she hadn't seen me since I was born. Even my father was crying. His blue eyes filled with happiness and lit up like the morning sky. After my parents' crying had come to pass, I told them what had happened and how this demon woman had helped me. I could see the fury in my father's eyes. It scared me to see him that angry.

He wanted to find this teen, and kill him with his bare hands. However, I stopped him.

“It's no use father...” I began. “He's probably left this village; knowing what you would do to him, if you ever found out what he did to me...”

My father listened to reason, and sat back down. My mother held my hand and looked at my stomach.

“My dearest Shira. How much has that woman been feeding you? You've never been this fat,” she had asked. I looked down at my stomach. Even I was taken by surprise. Had I been eating a little too much than I should? Or was there another reason to this? I prayed it had to do with my eating habits, but I had been most certainly wrong...When I had returned to the demon woman, Sarina, she examined me for roughly five minutes. When she was finished, she seemed not to look at me.

“What? What is it?” I persisted. “I must know...Why do you dare not gaze upon my face? Am I to die? What is wrong?” The need to know grew and grew. I felt that if she were not to tell me I would most certainly die...

“No my child...Tis' not death thy shall experience...But the miracle of birth...” I fainted soon after. About a few hours later, I awoke to the smell of freshly made bread, warm milk, and the smell of stew.

I remembered what she had said, and I wanted to cry. A tear trickled down my cheek as I thought of what she had said. Sarina put her hand on my shoulder, and smiled sweetly.

“My dear, do not fret. Tis' not something thou should fear, but embrace with happiness and joy. You are to be a mother to a surely beautiful infant. I offer all my support, for as long as I may live.”

Hearing her words of reassurance comforted me. I decided to live with Sarina for the rest of my days. I often visited my parents, bringing them stories that Sarina had told me about her past and of course money. However when the baby was due, I wasn't at all confident. I was in labor for about three hours when my child was born.

It was a boy, and I was pleased. When he opened his eyes and looked at his mother, I could see the love for me in his deep amethyst eyes.

I loved my son very much...However, when he had grown to the age of one, the love had evaporated from within my soul.

Every time I gazed at him, all I saw was the man who had raped me; his father. Though having my eyes, and my own father's hair colour, everything else made me think of his father. It was very hard for me to believe that his father was someone I had trusted during my school years. His name was Kensei; meaning power. And he did have power. Enough strength to hold me to the ground, and here I was, the best athlete in school...

Sarina could sense this. She could see the hatred in my eyes, and didn't want harm to come to my son.

“My dear,” she had begun one day. “I see the hatred in your eyes...You have lost your love for your child...For it's own safety, and your own, you'd best abdomen it...Do not harm it but, I guess you could say, set him free...”

I did as she said. I wrapped him in cloth, put him in a basket, and left him by the riverside. As I walked up back to the forest, I could hear his faint crying. I turned around, as though something was calling me back to my son. I shrugged it away, and walked off. As I traveled further his crying drifted away with the wind.

Over the next few days, I did feel rather distort about leaving my birth child there to...to die...However, I soon got over it. I constantly thought of Kensei and how much I despised him. I wanted so badly to hurt him. I wanted to take a sword and stab it through his heart. Oh the joy I would get out of that. I decided that I should consult Sarina about this.

“Well Shira...” she started and pulled out a book. It was rather large, and it had written on the top, “Kijutsu”.

“What is that?” I asked, fascinated by its golden embroidery and red gemstone.

“This is my magic book. Kijutsu...It contains the magic spells of many generations. Each spell explained in detail, and very powerful. From simple things like turning invisible, to more extreme things like bringing back the dead.” She handed it to me and I scrolled through the pages. I became engrossed by the typed

of spells there were.

“My dear, I would happily let you use my book. It has equivalent power to that of The Hateshiganai Jinsei Kouseki. The Eternal Life Crystal...A Crystal created many millenniums ago...During the era of The Sands of Time, when the guardian of the timeline, The Dahaka, was murdered by the one whom he had loved. She had killed him with the Water Sword...Before he died; he used his power to kill her in return. Their almighty power sealed within the crystal. Being able to go back through time...This crystal has the power to do great things...This book, was an extract from the crystal...And it was formed into the shape of a book.

However, my book has one problem. It only let's me or a Sanzo use it. Not even the gods may use it. I studied the history and it said something about The Dahaka being a God-hater and Gaea, creator of our world, made him so powerful, that even if a god was to die, yet didn't, The Dahaka would have to hunt them down, and see that they meet their fate. As you've probably heard, what is written in the timeline cannot be changed. No matter what you do, you may try to change your fate, but you will fail...”

She spoke for hours. I never got tired of listening to her stories and explanation. She showed me a picture of the Dahaka. He was very tall. Taller than she was, obviously. She said he had been over 1000cm tall. I thought he had nice eyes. They were red and filled with evil, yet a sense of good deep within. I stood up. A powerful flame ignited within my heart.

“Ok! I'll do it! I want to become as powerful as you, or as high ranked as a Sanzo! I will revive the Dahaka and let him be free once more!”

“My dear calm down,” Sarina said with a laugh.

“First things first...In your normal human form; you are but weak and frail compared to the human man.”

“Ok...so why not use your magic to make me Youkai?” I asked enthusiastically.

“It's not as easy as that...For some reason, not even the greatest of magic will make you one of us...However, there is but one way...A legend was foretold that if a human bathes in the blood of a thousand demon, they will become a demon themselves.”

“Very well...” I said. “Teach me the way of fighting. Teach me how you hide in the shadows of the night. How you can run swift and silently like the wind...”

She smiled. Over the next few years she taught me many a things. With my incredible athletic abilities, learning things like running up or along walls was easier than I expected.

It had been three years since I had last seen the face of my child. Even though I despised him so, I actually longed to gaze upon his face.

“Sarina...I...”

“I know my dear...You wish to see your son...” she let me go off to find him. I returned to where I left him. I stood where I had left him, and looked around. After quite some time, I saw a temple across the bank.

Sarina had taught me one of her many magical tricks. I took a few steps back and breathed deeply. As I counted down from three, I was running on the spot. As soon as three crossed my lips, I was already jolting across the water. It was rather fun to be able to run on water. I enjoyed it.

I quietly crept around the temple. I had hoped my son would be here. As I sneaked about I thought to myself, 'Why am I doing this? Why am I searching for him? I thought I had hated him. Despised him! Yet, like I had felt three years ago, there was something drawing me back to him...'

It took a very long time, but I did in fact find my son. He was asleep on a bed, in the room of the Sanzo. I figured this Sanzo must've found him and taken him into his own care.

I hid within the shadows as monk after monk passed the room. When I felt it was safe, I reappeared. As I approached him, I could hear him waking up. He winced silently when he had felt my presence. However, when I lent over him, our gazes meeting, he smiled and outstretched his arms to me...He had remembered who I was...His mother, the one who abandoned him, yet he still loved me...I felt horrible. I wanted to cry and throw up. How could I do this to him? I realized I did love him, but at the same time hated him because he looked like his father.

I picked him up and held my four year old son close to my heart.

"How could I have done that to you...my son...please forgive me..." I wept silently.

"That's ok...I forgive you mummy..." he whispered into my ear. I was taken by surprise to hear him speak. I smiled and held him close.

"Oh that's good..." I said and sat on the bed; holding him still. I rocked back and forth, patting his back lightly, and humming softly in his ear.

He soon fell asleep, and I laid him back down. I knelt my his ear and whispered, "I am sorry, my son...but mommy cannot come back...it would be many years before I come back...this is goodbye...my son..." I kissed him lightly and disappeared into the shadow of the room.

He jolted up and looked around nervously.

"Mommy? Mommy?! Mommy!!!" he yelled. I wanted so badly to just hold him in my arms...to tell him it would be ok, and that I was there and I wouldn't leave his side. But I could see that it wouldn't work out. Without warning, the Sanzo came rushing into the room and picked up my son.

"There, there Kouryuu...Why are you crying out mommy all of a sudden?" he had asked. I could see this man was treating my son like it was his own.

"She...she was here...I saw her...my mommy...she held me in her arms, and said, she couldn't come back...I want her to come back Master!" he cried. So that was his name...Koumyou Sanzo...Interesting...And he had named my son, Kouryuu...River child? But I understood...It made sense... As Koumyou comforted him, 'Kouryuu' fell asleep once more. He put him down gently on the bed and

walked toward the door. He stood by the frame; his hand on the door handle. He looked directly at me, smiled, and closed the door quietly. Was he looking at me, or just into thin air?

If he was looking me, how could he have sensed my presence? I was in total darkness...Nevertheless, I returned to Sarina. She greeted me with a warm meal and a comforting hug. I explained how my son was taken in by the great Koumyou Sanzo, and how I assumed he would be the next Sanzo. She smiled at my thought, but became a bit concerned when I told her about Koumyou's gaze meeting my own. Sure it was perplexing to both our minds, but we just ignored it.

Days seem to drag along over the next few weeks. Perhaps seeing my son wasn't a good idea. After that night, and holding him in my arms, I wanted to be with him constantly. I wanted to feed him, dress him in cute clothes, play games with him, read him stories, make him cookies and all those sweet things. Be extravagant and buy him expensive toys...But I had to sustain myself. Sarina knew this...she knew what I desired. I sometimes thought that perhaps she was testing my strength of resistance.

I decided perhaps I should consult my parents, so I set off to pay them a visit. As I walked through the streets, my old school friends greeted me with hugs and tears of joy. I didn't have time to explain what had been going on, but all I said was that I was in hiding because of what had happened in the alley. I was talking to roughly my entire old class mates. That's when I saw him...Kensei, just standing there talking to one of his friends. Gina was my most trusted friend and she saw me looking at him.

"Kensei! Kensei!" she called out to him. He came over to her, and kissed her lightly.

"Can you believe it Shira? I'm going out with Kensei! And kensei, can you believe she's back?!" I wished they hadn't gotten together. I couldn't kill him in front of her...I didn't have the heart...or did I?

"Shira? Oh...hey...you're the one who's been miss—" he stopped dead in his tracks when he looked directly into my eyes. His face went slightly white when he remembered who I was.

"What's wrong Kensei?" Gina asked and held his hand. God, I wanted to slap him repeatedly across the face...I just turned around, and left. Gina tried running after me, but I disappeared into shadows.

When I returned home I dressed myself in black armour, and took hold of two swords; the handles golden and engraved with black jewels.

"And what are you dressing up for?" Sarina asked.

"Hope you don't mind...but the demon population is decreasing by one thousand today. Females are advised to start producing babies if they want their race to live till next week. Thank you and tune in later tonight for the news update..."

Sarina laughed slightly at my joke. "Oh alright..." she said and bid me farewell. I traveled for many miles. Across barren wastelands of desert sand. Through thick marshland, and ran over dangerous waters. Those who greeted me I had ignored. I soon found myself at the base of a mountain. At the top, I could see snow, and lots of it. I didn't care though. I took a deep breathe and began climbing. About half way, I

felt the feeling within my hands slowly drifting away. But I kept going. When I reached the top, I feel to my knees. I produced a warm cloak and wrapped it tightly around myself.

As I walked through the bitter cold, all that I could hear was my deep breathing, the howling wind, and the snow crunching beneath my feet. It was difficult to see, but I kept going. I had to reach this place. It was a town all consisting of Demon alike. I kept walking until I bumped into a wall. It was the house of one of the Youkai residence. I pulled out a small bag, took out some of the white sand, and blew it into the sky. As it rose, the storm began to disappear. Soon, the sky was as clear as day. The moon shining bright, with the stars right beside...They seemed like radiant diamonds and dazzling pearl.

I entered the first house. Nothing special about it. There were many voodoo dolls stacked on shelves though. Each pierced with about ten rusting needles. I saw the two adult Youkai approaching me.

“Human! What business do you have here?” cried the man. He produced a sword. I smirked slightly. He attacked me as the woman held my arms behind me. I kicked into the air, causing the man to fly into the wall. I flipped forward making the woman Youkai do the same. I chuckled evilly and stabbed them both with my swords.

“Two down...Nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight to go...” I said and walked out. House after house I entered. Making sure when I killed them, I did it bloody and messy, thus the blood spilt on me.

The killing seemed to go on for hours on end. But I didn't mind at all...I enjoyed it...The slicing of their bodies, their warm blood spilling on my skin, their yells...I enjoyed it all. What confused me most of all, was no matter what house I entered, there were no children. It was as if they knew that I was coming, and had put their children in hiding. It didn't matter to me.

At the very last house, the last Youkai left, and my 1000th Youkai to kill, pleaded for his life. I was astounded he wouldn't put up a fight like the others. What on earth was wrong with him? He said he wasn't like the others, and had a purpose for living.

“Please don't kill me...please! I beg of you...I know I am but nothing compared to you, and here I am; kneeling before your awesome power begging to live!” he dared not look at me, but I could he was crying. I sighed.

“Tch fine...whatever...You can live...You big baby...However, I need someone as a replacement...” I stabbed my sword into the ground of his home, and cut out a square. I threw the wood piece away, and under the flooring, was a tunnel. I jumped down and followed the darkening path. All my senses became very alert to every sound and smell that surrounded me.

There came a door at the end. I opened it and found what seemed to be the rest of the village. All men and women, and about 20 kids; all ages. They trembled behind their parents at the sight of my blood-covered swords and body. My long black hair covering most of my face as I breathed deeply. I could see the fear in all their eyes. They could see my power in my once beautiful, now dull Amethyst eyes. All it took was one swipe from my sword, and I killed the nearest Youkai. A man, with no children surrounding him. The other children started to cry.

“Shut up! Unless you want me to slit your throat!” I yelled angrily. They kept quiet and cried softly into the



arms of their parents.

“How...How could you do such a thing?!” one of the mothers asked me. I laughed in her face.

“Because...my dearest Youkai...I can...” I laughed more as I closed and barricaded the door behind me, trapping them in there for eternity.

When I reached the surface once more, I felt the transformation begin. It was painful, but I could with stand it.

Everything went black, and I couldn't remember what had happened during the transformation.

When everything came back into view, I looked down at my hands. They were still slender and feminine, but my nails were pointed, and longer than before. I looked up and realized how close things became when I focused on them. It was like being a cat in a way. I stood up and nearly fell over when I looked to the ground. I walked to one of the houses and touched the roof without even having my arm fully outstretched...I was monstrously tall.

It didn't take me that long to return back to Sarina. She was most pleased by the transformation. She said I had improved more than she had expected. However, she was still taller than me. I felt a bit odd about that. She measured me and said I was 237cm tall. It was good enough for me. Suddenly, the first thing that came into my mind, was Kouryuu. I wanted to see him. Sarina tried to stop me, but I broke free from her grip and jolted off.

All I thought about was my darling son and oh how I wished to see him. I hid in the safety of the trees as I watch him rake leaves. He had grown quite a bit. He was a handsome young man, but he looked a toddler from where I stood. Even Koumyou Sanzo seemed like a teenager compared with my height. I tried listening to their conversation. His master talked about hearing a voice in the wind. I thought I'd support this...

“Kouryuu.....Kouryuu.....” I said softly, letting my voice drift with the wind. I saw him look around for the voice. But I dare not appear. Only when Kouryuu went inside did I follow him to his room. I stood against the wall, just another shadow unnoticed by anyone. Except him...

“Who are you? Why do you persist on watching me from the darkness...come out and show yourself...” he said as he folded an airplane.

I felt dumbfounded after that...I slowly stepped into the light. I could see in the shocked face of my son, he did not expect me to tower so high above him.

I knelt down and he stepped back. I was roughly his height now.

“Who...who are you?” he said frowning, but I sensed slight fear within.

“My master said the Youkai of this time were insane...and should not be trusted...”

“Hmph...My dearest ten year old...how you've grown...how can you not recognize me?” I said and looked deeply into his eyes. He approached me cautiously. He stared into eyes, I didn't know what he was visualizing though.

“I've...I've seen you before...I know I have...” he whispered.

I moved closer to him, and hummed silently the song that I had sung to him six years ago. He stepped back and looked at me weirdly.

“No...no...it can't be!”

“Oh but it is...It is me Kouryuu...I am your mother...” I said and stood up.

“You're not my mother...”

“Oh but I am...” I said to him. It took a lot of convincing, but he eventually believed me. He sat on his bed; I sat beside him.

“Why...why did you leave me?” he asked. He didn't look at me, but down at the ground instead.

I didn't know what to say. What on earth could any mother say to their son if they'd been asked such a question?

“I...I...” I tried to explain, but I couldn't formulate an answer. He stood up, walked over to the draws, and pulled out the blanket, which he had been found in.

“My Master said this would probably be all that's left of my mother. I have wondered for many years who you were, and why you had left me...”

I grabbed him and held him close to me; lovingly, and just as any mother would. He stood motionless, perplexed, and calm.

“I am sorry...I am truly sorry...Please understand this...I was 16, and was most undoubtedly not ready to be a mother...” I continued to explain to him. He sat in silence and listened attentively.

When I had finished, he hugged me tightly.

“All these years I waited, and prayed. Master had sometimes said to me that `she is coming...be patient...’ It looks like he was right,”