

Days Of Snow

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How did Yumi met Shishio? A fic subject you've seen before, a fic you haven't seen in your life n___n

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Hiya everyone! This is another fic, and another One-Shot, I just felt like writing all of the sudden. It's about why Yumi loves Shishio and a little bit about how they maybe met. Most authors believe that they met each other after Shishio gets burned, but this is BEFORE Shishio gets burned. Not that I have something against those authors, I adore such fics **n__n** I just wanted to write something original (**no** offence against the other authors!) Oh anyway, here it is, have fun!

Days of Snow

Yumi's POV

One day, I carefully opened the backdoor of the hideout in mountain HieÅ. It was snowing lightly, covering everything under a white blanket. Though it wasn't that cold I rubbed with my hands over my arms to get some warmth. Like something called me out I stepped in the snow. A smile appeared on my face. I loved snow. I looked up, causing the snow to fall on my face. I closed my eyes, and just like now, I wandered in a memory.

I remembered that day like it happened yesterday. I was fourteen years old and was already working as a Geisha. My superior had told me to create a dance. I had to perform it that evening for a rich man in Kyoto. Because it was crowdie in the building I had to create the dance outside. It was snowing. I carefully stepped in the snow making my feet cold in just a couple of seconds. But I couldn't go back inside. They would've punished me if I did. I looked around. No one in sight. I started to dance slowly, trying some moves that I could use for the dance. When I increased in speed and started to turn around, I bumped into someone. With a shriek I fell on the ground. The coldness of the snow ran trough my body. I heard a movement of the person I bumped into and thought he or she tried to hit me.

"I'm sorry! I didn't mean to bump into you!" I said quickly covering my head with my arms.

When there came no response I looked up carefully. A man stood before me. His handsome face with mysterious red eyes looked at me. The man reached his hand to me.

"It was my fault, you don't have to apologize."

His voice sounded somewhat friendly in a way, but at the same time it was almost as cold like the snow I was sitting on. With some hesitation I took his hand and he pulled me up.

"Thank you." I muttered while I looked at my feet.

We weren't allowed to look at the person with which we spoke. As Geisha's I mean. It was a sign of respect and we had to do that certainly when we had to go to rich men. Actually we had to do that with everyone.

"May I know your name?"

Although it was meant as a question his voice had a demanding tone. I bowed respectfully, also like they had told me. Showing respect for others was typical for a Geisha. I kept staring at my feet.

“Yumi Komagata. Would...?”

A hand lifted my face up and I was confronted with two red eyes.

“I want people to look at me when they talk. There's nothing wrong with your feet, they're still there. Now, Yumi, finish your question please.”

A shiver ran over my back when he spoke my name out. It sounded so weird out of his mouth. Still with a little surprise I continued.

“Would it be rude if I asked your name?”

The man closed his eyes and he bowed back. Never had someone bowed back at me.

“Shishio Makoto.”

Shishio-sama. Just like that, one clap of your hands, he came in my life. Though I had never thought that he would play such a big part in it. My rescuer, my lord, my lover. Nobody knew him like I do. Nobody knew that his eyes could look friendly, that he could be gentle, that he could smile. A smile he only saved for me. That's why I didn't, and I still don't, understand why Kamatari loved him. He didn't know how Shishio-sama really was. He'll never know.

“Why were you dancing?” Shishio-sama had asked me after he told me his name.

“I'm a Geisha of that mansion over there.” I said pointing at the building. “I must create a dance for tonight.”

“You're going to be fine as far as I have seen.”

I looked at him surprised but then nodded thankfully.

“Thank you Shishio-sama.”

“I'll come back tomorrow. So you can tell me how your performance was.”

He turned around and walked away, his long black hair playing with the wind. My eyes looked at his back till he disappeared out of sight.

Who could have guessed that he could be like that against a weak fourteen year old girl? Maybe he saw no threat in me? Or maybe I wasn't so weak in his eyes? I don't really know myself. He became very alert for everything after the Meiji Government tried to assassinate him. But for some reason he had always trusted me. And he started to love me too, just like I started to love him. Who knew that Shishio-sama could love someone?

The dance went fine. Something in me said that I did it for Shishio-sama. Not for the rich man who paid my superior. Shishio-sama's image was burned in my mind. The next day I waited for him. Some of the snow had already melted. Hours crawled past me and, just like the snow, my hope that he would come back melted. Why would he come back for a Geisha anyway? I sighed and wanted to go back inside when I heard footsteps. I looked at the direction of the sound and smiled.

"Shishio-sama." I greeted walking at him. "I thought you wouldn't come anymore..."

"I never break my promises Yumi. How was the dance yesterday?"

"Good, just like you told."

He nodded and stroked some hair out his face. I couldn't help looking at his hand and saw to my surprise that there was blood on it. I quickly walked to him.

"Are you wounded Shishio-sama?"

He looked at me with a questioning look. I carefully took his hand and studied it. Shishio-sama looked too.

"Ow, don't worry about that, I'm not wounded at all."

Not thinking any further of what he had just said, I let go of his hand.

"Follow me Shishio-sama. I'll bring you to the well where you can clean your hands."

I didn't know that he was the Battousai's successor. That wasn't the only time that Shishio-sama came back with blood on his hands, but it looked like I didn't realize that he would probably be a killer. I would find that out later. He visited me every day. Not long, but I treasured the moments that he was with me. I think he felt something for me then already. I certainly felt something for him. Our conversations went better and better. Sometimes we both had to laugh. We knew each other a month or something and like always he left saying that he would come back the next day. So like always I waited for him, the same hour as always. But he didn't come. I thought that he was later, that he would arrive later and he would excuse himself. After an hour was past there was still no sign of Shishio-sama. Never was I so worried before in my life. He never broke his promises. Something must have happened.

I kept waiting for hours till I fell asleep. Someone of the Geisha mansion had carried me to bed. When I woke up the next morning, I ran to the window like I expected Shishio-sama to stand there. He wasn't there. I ran out my room and asked my superior if he had seen a tall man of twenty one with black long hair. My superior hadn't seen anyone. I ran back to my room, dressed myself and ran back outside. I wanted to search him, find him and ask him why he wasn't there yesterday. But then I realized that I didn't know where he lived. Going alone on the street wasn't a good idea either. So I waited again.

After some time a partner Geisha of mine came outside and sat down next to me with the newspaper in her hands. She had an angry look on her face.

“You must read this!” She said pointing at an article.

I didn't really care till I saw the word `Geisha'. I took the newspaper out of her hands and read the article. The Meji Government saw us, Geisha's, like cows. We didn't deserve respect and things like that. I didn't hate the Government. But that article made me hate it.

“This is stupid!” I said looking at the article.

“You can say that again! It are all lies!...” She wanted to say more, but she was so angry, that it didn't come out.

She sighed and threw the newspaper on the street and walked back inside. I looked at the piece of paper that the wind blew away. In an instant I had to think about Shishio-sama again. I waited that day, I waited the day after that. I waited for a week on the same hour like normal. But it was like he had never existed at all. I gave up hope that he would come back as I ran to my room and cried myself asleep. A few days later I had to go to some warriors in the city. Funny enough they worked for the Meji. They saw us like nothing, but they still hired us in. With hatred for them and sadness for Shishio-sama in my heart I and a few other Geisha's did what we had to do. After some hours we were getting our belonging together when I heard a piece of the conversation they were having.

“You remember that one guy that we saw once? He worked for the Meji too.”

“Huh? Who?”

“That guy, I think his name was Shishio Makoto or something like that.”

My heart skipped a beat and I stopped in my tracks.

“Ow ya, that guy. What about him?”

“I heard the Meji killed him...”

My belongings all fell on the floor. Everyone looked at me surprised. One of my partners ran at me and held my shoulders, asking me what was wrong. My eyes were filled with tears. Killed. Killed. The word danced trough my head and hurt me in all kind of ways. I couldn't breathe anymore and I fainted.

I told everyone that I didn't felt good that day. They believed me and said that I'd better took some rest. I lay in bed for days, cried hours long. I knew my tears wouldn't bring Shishio-sama back, but I had so much pain of it that I couldn't help it. After those days of `resting' I had to go back to work. I tried to keep me strong, but sometimes I had to walk away to cry somewhere where no one could see me. Weeks, months and years past. The pain of Shishio-sama's loss was less then in the beginning, but it was still there.

I was eighteen when I saw him back. I hadn't seen him for four years.

It was already dark when they asked me to look of the door was locked. I opened the door and the night air brushed against my face. My eyes looked at the place where I had seen Shishio-sama for the first

time. With my hand I pushed the door further open and walked outside. Everything was so silently and I looked around. A sad smile appeared on my face and I wanted to go back inside when I heard something disturbing the silence.

“Who's there?” I asked.

My hand trailed to my kimono. I always held a dagger in my kimono in case some pervert attacked me. Two hands grabbed me from behind, one covering my mouth and the other one around my waist, before I could get my dagger out. I was pulled in an alley further away from the mansion and the person turned me around. I tried to scream, but the hand was still covering my mouth so I couldn't. I only saw bandages and tried to get away.

“Also nice to see you again Yumi.” A familiar voice said.

I stopped struggling and looked at the bandaged face.

“Don't you recognize me anymore Yumi?” The face said with a smirk.

My eyes winded. It was Shishio-sama. But not like I knew him. His once so handsome face was covered in bandages and his beautiful black hair had now some kind of brown color peeling out under the bandages on some places. He was like everyone knew him now, bandaged and burned. Only his eyes and voice were the same.

“Promise me you won't scream.”

I nodded and he pulled his hand back. My hand trembled when I stroke with my hand over his bandaged face.

“What happened to you Shishio-sama? I heard you were dead...”

“I'm still alive like you can see. The Meji betrayed me and tried to kill me. They burned my body but I survived it. I waited for four years and now I'm here to take you with me.”

I looked at his face confused and then saw someone who was standing next to Shishio-sama. A boy of ten or nine years old. The boy smiled at me.

“Who's that?”

“That's Sojiro. He'll become a good fighter and he'll come with me.” He turned my head to his. “I hope you'll come with us too.”

It didn't took me long to decide if I wanted to go with him or if I would stay at the Geisha's mansion. I left the mansion that evening and started a new life with Shishio-sama. We loved each other even more than in the beginning and we started to know each other better. I had the chance to be with him for more than six years.

Now I'm in Hell. There is no snow here, but those days and the years after our first meeting will always

