

# Shioris Heart

Von Lestat

## Kapitel 2: Cap 01

Shiori's heart

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Cap. 1

There was Youko Kurama laying at the floor, bleeding, unconscious at the entrance of the Minamino's house. Shiori arrived and stood in shock when she saw the monster there at her doorstep.

"Oh my god... what...is...this...?" She took a step forward and waited, then one step more...Would that thing move? One step, and she was close enough to touch it.

She touched it.

Her fingertips slightly stroked the foot of the monster. It still didn't move. She kneeled down by the demon and stroked the face with her hand, the soft skin and then the silvery hair. "So soft... what happened to you?" The demon didn't breath, was it dead? She stroked the face with her hand once more and she saw the blood again. She stood up and walked to the medicine case. She took a little bottle with alcohol and some herbs that normally Shuichi used and some cloth bandages.

"Poor thing... I don't know what you are, if your evil or good, but I will help you, so please hold still."

She rolled the Youko onto his back and saw a cut at his arm and his leg. The cut on his leg was deeper and had a green tinge, like it was poisoned. She applied the herbs at the wound and wrapped around the bandages. She did the same thing to his arm. With a towel and a little alcohol she cleaned the wound at his head.

"What can I do? You seem so heavy, I couldn't move you inside, perhaps. Where is

Shuichi, he is still not back from his high school trip to London. I need help." When she went to the phone to call the ambulance, the demon let out a sad tone of whimpering and moaning.

"Kaasan..."

Shiori hung up the phone and got back to the creature.

"So you are dreaming of your mother, ne? She must be a great—person? Demon? Don't be scared, I will watch you."

Then the Youko smiled a little, until his face got limp.

Shiori stayed there about 10 minutes when she remembered about the shopping bags she had dropped when seeing Youko in the door. She stood up and fit the meals and stuffs in the refrigerator and made soup. Always, she remained watching the demon, waiting for him to move, or to do anything.

"Are you hungry?"

But Youko didn't move.

Shiori continued cooking and set her a plate with soup and finished it up. Later she washed the dishes and got back to the demon. She looked after the wound at the leg; it wasn't that bad anymore. It seemed that the inched stepped back and the green color vanished.

"Good, I will get some new herbs, please stay where you are." When she was out of sight, Youko opened his eyes. His sight wasn't that good. He couldn't see anything, all of his vision was black and swimming. His head was dizzy and his wounds were pounding. He tried to get to his feet, but collapsed right in the movement. Shiori came back running and helped him to support his head on her legs.

"K... Kaasan..." He was sweating a lot and his breath was trembling. -No... how can it be, that I have to tell her all in this way? I wanted to talk to her, but I can't. What will she think? I can smell she's afraid, but I can't move or talk. The poison is coming back, but still I can't move.-

"Don't suffer. It's ok, if you remember about your mother... I will do so. Don't be afraid, I will care for you."

Shiori's fear vanished a little, and she calmed down when she saw the Youko purring at her legs and getting into sleep.

"What will I do now? Where's Shuichi? Why isn't he back? I need his help."

-One hour later-

Shiori was curling the silver locks of the Youko's hair when he awoke.

"Kaasan... gomen..."

"I'm sorry, I'm not your Kaasan, but it doesn't matter."

Youko sat up, his injuries not hurting anymore. He watched his leg; it was healed.

"You're a good mother to your son, Shuichi. He's very lucky to have you as his mother."

"How do you know?"

"I know it, because I'm your son." Youko's heart was beating with 100 speed. -Why does she look so calm?-

"You're my son? How can it be? I only have my son, Shuichi Minamino."

"So, I will show you..." Youko stood up and Shiori stood up, too, but stepped back. She was a little afraid of what will coming next, feeling frightened because Youko was really tall. Then a silver kekai formed around his figure and the silver locks turned to crimson red. The Youko was now the human or half demon, Shuichi Minamino.

"What? What does this mean?"

"It means that I'm your son. I would have told you before, but never had an occasion to do so. I'm sorry, kaasan."

"But, what are you?" Her heart was beating faster and her eyes turned big.

"I'm a kitsune..."

They took a place in the chairs in the kitchen and he told her the whole story about his past life; that he was a demon, a thief and was killed by a mere hunter, so he transformed into the newborn child Minamino Shuichi and restore his power. And now living with here, only with the permission of Reikai and helping the Urameshi team.

"So that means, that I never have had a son? The whole time you were tricking me?"

That was a point that Shuichi never had thought about, that yes, he had been tricking her. But those words were stalking into his heart.

"Do you know how I'm feeling? I have a child that is not my child, because it's a kitsune." Her heart was crying and now her tears were flowing down her cheek. She stood up and went to the bathroom.

"Kaasan..."

"Don't call me that...gomen..."

Shuichi was about to cry, but he held his tears in. He knew that she had the right to be

alone now. She must think all about this situation, but those words hurt him so much that he went to his room and opened the window. He saw into the sky. His wounds were cured but the wound in his heart was still bleeding.

"What's the matter fox?"

A shadow appeared right in front of him.

"HIEI!"

Then without anything, he started to cry. Kurama was crying with his heart and yelling that he want to be dead.

"URUSEI!" Hiei shouted. Kurama shut up. He watched Hiei. The little koorime was at the brunch of the cherry tree.

"Do you want me to make her forget?"

"I don't know. I... I wished I never had told her, or make some herbs to forget her, but now I don't know what to do."

"If you know, call me." And with this he disappeared the same way he come.

-Make her forget it all? What's better? To let her knew that she never have had a child or that her son is a demon?-

Shuichi went downstairs and knocked at the bath door.

"Kas... ehm... can I talk to you?"

Nobody answered.

"Kaasan?" Shuichi was scared... what had happened? He tried to enter the bath but the door was locked.

His heart was beating with speed, he used a plant to open the door and entered.

There was his mother, at the floor, unconscious, and her hands were bleeding.

"NOOO!!" Shuichi ran to her and put her up on his lap, but it was already too late. The bleeding knife was in one hand, her wrist was slit and the blood was spreading over the floor like a lake.

"KAAASAAN!" Shuichi was crying. "WHYYYYY???" He held her into his arms. One second later, Hiei appeared at the door of the bathroom.

"I knew it..."

"And why didn't you tell me?"

"You didn't ask. Besides, it was your wish."

"My wish?"

"Yes, you were talking in your mind when you were in coma. You said that you wished that nobody could ever know more about you and you're mother."

Shuichi held back his tears... - Could it be right?-

His tears were flowing to the ground.

"Kurama, now you're free."

"I know Hiei, but I didn't wanted it that way.. or yes... I don't know..."

Kurama held his mother some moments in his arm and then he lay her down on the floor and went to his room, picked up some herbs and went back to the bathroom. He placed some seeds into the wound of Shiori's arm and seeped up his youki. Some beautiful violet flowers began growing and covered her corpse like a sea.

Then he stepped back and Hiei called the fire of the demon world and burned everything to ash.

Some minutes later the whole house was on fire. The two demons were standing on a tree near the fire.

"Now I'm free... I will go back to the Makai."

"Hn..."

Two shadows disappeared and some minutes later the bombers was trying to get off the fire.

FIN.