

This Thing Called "Love"

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Submitted: May 18, 2005

Updated: May 18, 2005

Hiei ponders over this thing humans love so much and so he searches for answers.

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1 - Answers

He pities me....

How can he?

"I pity you Hiei....For never knowing what I have." his eyes shown with such sorrow and his face showed nothing but hurt. Never knowing a mother's love he said, that's what he pities me for. Hn, I don't need his words. Yet then I look at Yukina holding her child that she bore not long ago and I feel what is like a jealousy burning deep within my soul. I hear Kurama's soft and gentle words of his mother and the jealousy returns.... I feel weak, and for once, scared. I've never felt this way before and I don't know how to make it go away.

I wasn't meant to have family, otherwise I would have. I look about my at the vacant and cold streets of this utterly human world and I think of the fox's words and the deep emotion that glowed in those emerald orbs. Did he really pity me? I almost couldn't believe it, human or not he was still Youko Kurama. But that is exactly why... he was human and nothing could even change that. It was not the fiery heart deep within his soul that found the time to pity a dark cold blooded animal like me, it was the tender side shaped by a mother's love.

Would it have changed? Would anything have changed had I actually had a family? I feel my heart begin to constrict as I recall more of those gentle words that stung like a blow to the face.

"Love is not dependance Hiei. It is why you are so cold. Hatred and hurt is all you've known, so what else can you show?"

Yes... what else can I show? I don't know anything else... What is it about a mother's love? Her touch, her loving gaze into that of her child, her scent. What is it that is needed to reshape me? Why... I snarl in frustration and end up punching a nearby tree bruising my knuckles on the rough bark and the pain only awakened the cold inside me. I sank to my knees and just stared at the ground, looking into a nearby puddle formed by the oppressive rain pouring down all around me.

I am soaked all the way through, my bangs obscuring my vision and I look into the puddle at my reflection and what stares back at me is the face of a cold blooded monster, a murderer. I don't see anything that describes what Kurama was saying. There is nothing fragile, kind or loving about me. I am the Forbidden Child, nothing will ever change what I am.

A mother's love...

What is so important about it?

What...

I feel weak inside, my chest wrenches with this new confusion. I can't help but wonder what it is that makes love so important to Kurama but he claims it is what I am missing. Hn, strength is all I need, I don't need to waste my time on foolish human sentimental emotions. I climb into a tree and flit from here to there until I pick one with suitable shelter from the pouring rain and I try to curl up to sleep but the fox's words continue to plague my thoughts and echo within my mind. Love, a mother's love.... I snarl and keep trying to sleep but nothing comes to me, only more thoughts about this thing called love that all

humans seem to think so highly of.

Finally, I give up on sleep and I simply take to sitting on my chosen perch and staring out into the downpour all around me and my heart wrenches with what I take to be jealousy as I picture again Yukina and her babe. I close my eyes and try to shove these images from my mind but they stay there and they burn in my head like the flames I wield, they burn me like a painful flame. I try to clench them shut tighter as a tear threatens to escape those welling up and burning my eyes. One finally escapes only to fall upon my soaked cloak as the smooth black hiraseki stone worth who knows how much.

I hold the stone in a clenched fist and finally find the heart to somehow pocket it. More tears threaten to flow but I fight them, I can't allow my emotions to show after all this time. As I sat there in the tree I could no longer find the will to sit there any longer and I leave my perch, dashing through the streets of Tokyo towards the house of my teammate and best friend. To the ningens I am but a shadow if they are even lucky to see that much and I soon see Kurama's houses coming within my excellent sight, something I pride myself on.

I jump to the branch of a tree by his bedroom window and peer into the kitsune's room. Even through the deep black and the relentless downpour one could see the form of the elegant human laying curled in his bed, red locks as of liquid flame flowing over his flawless face which looked as if at utter peace in sleep. Maybe it is possible for one such as himself to find peace in sleep. Hn, lucky for him. I continue to stare into his room at his face, normally so impassive and emotionless now so full of a peace never seen by the eyes of the Tantei.

I am the only one honored enough to see this view of him. I blink as he begins to stir, the human boy looking in the direction of the window no doubt at me. I take a step back but the branch creaks under my weight; assuring him of my presence. He opens the window and steps back to allow me entrance. I hop into the room off the sill and look up at him with his smooth lithe form.

Just by looking into my eyes he can tell something is wrong.

He strides over to his dresser, finding me his only pair of black clothes while I strip out of my wet ones, my body convulsing in tiny shivers as the chill night air nipped at my dampened skin. I accepted the change of clothes which were much too big for me but with that aside at least I stayed warm. A coy, amused smile curled the fox's lips as he looked at me and I rolled my own in return, giving a derisive snort.

He sat down upon his bed and patted the spot beside him, instructing me to sit which I reluctantly did, folding my arms around my torso to try and trap heat, utilizing my ki's ability to raise my body temperature. Kurama looked at me and wordlessly picked up a blanket, tucking it around me and I looked at him with a look of slight surprise. With a move as simple as this, a blanket around me, I felt the burn in my heart begin to subside. Whenever I was around Kurama the ache of jealousy in my heart began to ebb away, as if he was giving me the cure to take away the pain. It was then I knew I could no longer deny.

I was in love with him.

I snorted to myself mentally, it seemed repulsive to think that I, the Forbidden Child of Koorime, could love the legendary bandit Youko Kurama. Repulsive or not, it was true and I knew know I could no longer deny it no matter how many other countless times I tried. I looked up at the fox and he looked down at me, our eyes meeting. I looked as deep into those emerald orbs as I could manage but still could read nothing and yet he was probably beginning to penetrate the barriers I had fortified around my mind and heart without me knowing. I felt defenseless and I didn't like it.

I blinked as I snapped back into reality and noticed his face not two inches from mine, his breath hot on my face, my own coming out in shaky breaths that I tried to steady. But it was too late.

I opened my eyes that had closed without my knowing, looking into the kitsune's face whose eyes were closed as he enjoyed letting his mouth capture mine in a gentle, tender kiss. At first I felt my instincts inside my rage and burn with a want to push him away but I felt myself unable to and I instead gave way to the pleasures lacing themselves through my very being. It felt good, having the fox's soft lips against mine, his moist tongue trailing my upper lip, his lithe warm body pressed against mine. I couldn't rebel against these feelings, only accept them.

I felt myself falling back on the bed but I didn't care. I was enjoying myself as much as I don't like to admit it. I shivered in response to the fox's touches, and I allowed the line of kisses down my neck and over my chest. He was loving me and I could feel the ache in my chest being replaced by a deep rippling pleasure.

Love....maybe...

It isn't for the weak..

So I'll learn about this...

This thing called "love".