

# The Call

By keera\_punked\_out

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*Just a little thing I did during some spare time. Hatori gets a call and one thing leads to another and Hatori is faced with a problem.*

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# 1 - The Call

The phone rang, blistering through the silence of the night. The man rolled off the bed, making a loud thud on the hardwood floor, and moaned.

"Annoying machine," Hatori groaned, reaching for the still chirping phone. "Hello?"

"Hatori?" sounded Ayame's voice on the other line. "I need to tell you something."

"What?" Hatori sighed. "Is it about your pet care? You know what ... it's too late to listen to your voice." The dragon was about to drop the phone, but Ayame spoke again, only more panicky. "Kisa is missing. Go find her. I couldn't contact anyone else."

Hatori hung up the phone and climbed off the floor. He quickly gathered his shoes, jacket, and a flashlight and headed into the devouring darkness and through the pelting rain.

On foot, he traveled near three miles, calling out the tiger's name, yet he didn't get an answer. The farther he traveled, the more it seemed that the rain was swallowing him. Hatori stopped and looked into the sky. The stars barely showed and the moon wasn't even visible.

A small coo came from behind him and the dragon turned on his heel so fast he almost slipped on the dew from the grass.

Kisa's golden-brown eyes shimmered in the stream of light cutting through the nothing of darkness.

"Kisa," Hatori whispered as the girl crawled over to the older Sohma. "What happened to you?" The blue night gown that she had on was covered in teeth marks. "Did something happen to you?"

"Wolves," Kisa murmured, crawling into Hatori's outstretched arms. She curled into the body heat, wrapping her small fingers around part of his wet shirt.

As the two Sohmas traveled back to the doctor's house, the small tiger drifted into dream land.

Once inside the house, Hatori headed straight to his room, not even pausing to take off his shoes.

Laying her down on his mattress, he inspected what was visible on her body for wounds - a few small gashes on her left cheek, but not much else. The dragon headed to his closet, taking out a short sleeved shirt that Ayame bought for him, knowing that the dragon would never wear it.

Hatori stood for a moment, recalling exactly what the snake said that day.

"Hatori, would you ever wear this?" Ayame shoved a dark blue T-shirt into Hatori's face, smiling largely.

"No." The stubborn dragon turned away. Looking back over his shoulder, he noticed the snake's quivering lower lip.

"Would you even wear it if I died? Don't you care for me? If you really were my friend you would wear this shirt." The silver-haired man let his arms droop to the floor, letting the shirt hit the ground.

"Nothing could make me wear that shirt." Tears formed in the younger man's eyes. "But you can buy it for me if you want."

"Yay!" the snake cheered.

Hatori headed to his bed. Looking at Kisa's small, wet form, curled up on the blanket, he smiled. The dragon rolled her onto her back, gently and removed the night gown. He pulled her body up and brought the shirt over her head. Hatori pulled her arms through the sleeves, straightening the bottom. He picked her up again and moved her up so her head rest on his pillow and covered her under the blankets.

Once his task of dressing Kisa was finished, he sat on the bed and looked at the telephone. The dragon lifted the receiver up and dialed Kisa's number in. It rang a few times, but quickly the tiger's mother answered.

"Hello?" came her shaky voice. Hatori assumed she was crying.

"This is Hatori Sohma. Kisa is over here, if you were looking for her."

Her voice slackened on the shaking, "Is she all right?"

"Yes. I was wondering if I could keep her over here for the night to see if she's hurt. Is that all right?"

"It's fine, as long as my baby's okay."

Hatori hung up the phone and looked at the sleeping girl on his bed. The dragon lifted his own shaking, wet form off the bed and headed to the closet to change.

The next day Hatori drove Kisa home and got his shirt back. He looked out the window and reconized it as the area that was carnival once apoun a time. Ayame and Shigure once brought him there, and even though he'd hate to admit it, the dragon had a good time.

Hatori turned to the left and pulled up to the main house.

Akito was outside, near the entrance. The dragon rolled down the window and said, "Akito." The small man looked up at the dragon. "Did you tell Aya that I was home?" Akito was the only person that Hatori told when he got home after his two week vacation, and was slightly confused when Ayame called.

"Ayame called me last night."

"Hatori," Akito murmured, standing up and wobbling, weakly over to the car and rested his arms over the place where the window would be. "Ayame died five days ago."

"Oh," Hatori sighed. Akito walked back to his perch and the dragon parked his car.

Hatori reached his own house and threw the shirt on the bed. He stood, looking down at the floor, holding his tears back.

"What's with the shirt?" Shigure questioned, grabbing at Hatori's clothing. "Can't you even respect Ayame's death by wearing something nice?"

Hatori looked at the coffin of his friend. "I'm respecting him more than you know." Shigure walked away. He looked up, into the sky and said, "I did care for you Aya, and I still do." a gentle breeze brushed his cheek, like a soft hand across his face, allowing a few tears to fall from the dragon cold eyes onto the dark blue material of his T-shirt.