

The End is only the Beginning

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Kapitel 8: Sick

I should really not be sitting here writing fanfiction. I should work on my lab course reports. Yeah...

Chapter 8: Sick

The sound of a sliding shoji screen and a shrill voice demanding her attention woke Kagome up the next morning. Judging by the twilight in the room, it was still very early. Way too early to deal with hyper toad youkai. Turning around on her futon, she tried to ignore Jakken who had apparently taken up the job of a very annoying alarm clock.

"Miko, get up! It is lord Sesshoumaru has awoken but he is sick! Your dilettantism made milord sick! Oh why couldn't I get a miko who knows her trade? You are such a useless human! And when Lord Sesshoumaru gets better he will...."

Jakken was cut off by a wooden stool that collided with his head rather painfully. The miko, however, seemed to be finally coherent enough to understand the emergency and was already preparing to leave the room.

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Kagome had no time to admire her surroundings in the first morning light as she hurried to follow Jakken to Sesshoumaru's apartment. She was worried for her patient. What if the wound had opened again? What if he got an infection? She would not be able to deal with blood poisoning in this era. On the corridor behind the wooden door, they passed a servant who was clutching a bleeding arm. Not a good sign. She took a deep breath to calm herself, told Jakken to wait in case she needed rescuing and quickly entered the bedchamber.

Her first thought was that Sesshoumaru looked even better in the morning light than he did in candlelight. He looked so ethereal. Like a sleeping god. The illusion, however, was destroyed by his claws which were deeply embedded in the hard wood of the floor as if it were made out of clay.

The brave servant had removed all traces of blood from the previous evening, including his master's ruined clothing. Fortunately for Kagome's maidenly

sensibilities, he had also covered Sesshoumaru with a blanket. Kneeling down next to him, she could almost immediately feel what was wrong with him. His body, which had been so cool to the touch the night before, was radiating heat. Trying not to think about festering wounds, she carefully lifted the blanket from his chest to reveal her stitches. To her utter relief, the wound was healing cleanly with no sign of infection. The fever was probably due to the blood loss or was an aftereffect of the strong reiki he had been exposed to. In any case, it could not be healthy even for a demon to have a temperature that high. She grabbed a wet cloth from the basin filled with fresh water and put it on the taiyoukai's forehead. She tried very hard not to think about the silky texture of his hair when she brushed it aside. Turning to her satchel, she began to pick out herbs that she would use for tea later until she figured that the cloth on his forehead would need changing. When she looked at her patient, she found a pair of tired, golden eyes staring at her.

The first thing Sesshoumaru noticed when his senses started coming back was the presence of a human. He had a strong feeling of déjà-vu but when he opened his eyes, it was not Rin who grinned down at him but someone else. He started growling. Unfortunately, it did not sound as threatening as he wanted it to.

"So you are awake. Good. You made me worried. Aren't demons like you supposed to never be sick?"

Sesshoumaru continued to stare at the human while his brain tried to connect scent, looks and voice of the person in front of him with a name and further information. The human continued her babbling.

"Jakken got me from the village to heal you yesterday. I was able to get rid of the reiki in your wound but I had to sew it up afterwards or you would've lost too much blood."

It was a relief when he finally managed to remember the person in front of him. Inuyasha's wench. The miko that had travelled with his half-brother. The girl who had drawn Tetsusaiga from its resting place.

"So... how are you feeling?"

Sesshoumaru's staring made her nervous. His eyes were back to normal so he should be himself by now, shouldn't he? Or was he thinking about the best way to end her life? He did not look murderous, just... tired which was a strange sight, indeed. She had seen him indifferent, bored and angry but never tired. It made him look almost vulnerable.

"Fine."

It was a lie, of course. Sesshoumaru did not feel fine. He had an enormous headache, his body felt weak and he was burning but he would be damned if he let the human wench know that. Unfortunately, the miko was more perceptible than she looked. She even dared to remove the cloth from his forehead to exchange it for another. The cooling sensation was extremely pleasant but when had he allowed the human to take such liberties with his person?

"Look, I'm supposed to heal you from whatever you have and according to Jakken I'm not allowed to leave before you are yourself again. So, it would be really helpful if you'd tell me how you really feel so we can both get it over with."

Instead of answering, Sesshoumaru just turned his cold stare at the miko. He loathed to admit it, but he was too weak to do anything else. After her little speech, the insolent wench had crossed her arms and was now returning his stare. Of all the mikos in Japan, Jakken just had to fetch the one miko that did not fear him and would apparently not back down. The toad would definitely pay for this. Closing his eyes briefly, he decided that telling her would be the fastest way to get rid of her presence.

"Warmer than usual. Tired."

"Thank you. I'll prepare some tea for you, then, to bring the fever down."

Kagome took her satchel and stood up. Looking down, she regarded the taiyoukai laying on the floor who had closed his eyes again. She decided that he definitely liked him better when he was unconscious. After their short, one-sided talk she was certain that he would not be an easy patient to deal with and would probably get more difficult the better his health was.

This would not be fun.