

# **Youko's Capture**

**By eternal\_question**

Submitted: February 7, 2008

Updated: February 7, 2008

*This is a one-shot insert into the anime about how Yoko gets chased into the Ningenkai.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

[http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/eternal\\_question/51230/Youkos-Capture](http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/eternal_question/51230/Youkos-Capture)

**Chapter 1 - Yoko's Capture**

**2**

# 1 - Yoko's Capture

The scent was driving Youko mad as he rushed through a forest within the Makai in pursuit of it. He was running on all fours, a beautiful, large, silver fox dashing in and out of trees in his path. The kitsune paused once to catch the scent again before taking off.

He stopped at the edge of a medium-sized clearing, the object of his chase in plain sight.

A sleek, perfect fox much like himself, though slightly smaller in size, sauntered lazily about the clearing, occasionally rolling onto her back and scooting around a little releasing the intoxicating smell into the air; a smell that only another male kitsune would be drawn to. She was in heat.

Despite the smell that urged him onward, Youko's ears shifted back and forth, his nose raised into the air, attempting to smell something that would warn him of other kitsune males that had caught the scent. But at such a close proximity to the source, Youko was unable to tell if any others were nearby.

His four legs shook but he fought back a need to rush into the clearing, instead crouching down and waiting for her to invite him forward.

Either because she did not know he was there or because she chose to ignore him, the fox ambled to the large tree at the edge of the clearing, the hips of her back legs rolling sensually. She rubbed her shoulder against the tree, her fur releasing more of the smell into the air.

Absently trying to distract himself for a moment, Youko noticed that the roots of the tree formed a deep burrow, the bottom of the trunk caved in to make a decent sized niche.

He attempted to dissect the smell that was drawing him in. This particular female did not already have a mate which was rare as female kitsune were few and far between. Most if not all of said females were taken and Youko was not one to tread on another's territory where this was concerned. There were others that would suit him just fine when the moment called for it or need arose. So Youko did not have a mate as a result, even with his already numerous years of life.

These facts taken into account, it surprised him that other male kitsune were not already bounding into the clearing unless they thought similarly as himself, wondering if such a thing as an unclaimed female was real.

This scent she was broadcasting he had caught his nose from a long ways away, but still he waited, his patience legendary, sure that she did not have a mate and yet unwilling to step forward in case she did. He was not in the mood for a misunderstanding.

Suddenly her piercing, dark amber eyes locked with his, an indication that she did know he was present. His body began to tremble again but she did not ask him to come forward.

Steadily he was being worked into a frenzy, barely able to restrain his own muscles from betraying him and launching him into the clearing.

Just when his spine was coiling up for a leap, she signaled to him with an accepting flick of the end of her tail, similar to a ningen 'sniff' as if to say 'I suppose you'll do.'

Youko trotted into the open towards her, only to find that a number of other males were doing the same. The female was sitting on her haunches near the large tree, her sharp eyes taking in every male. When she made no move to accept any of them, they all eyed each other warily.

Then the fight erupted. The snarling and growling could be heard for miles as the males fought one another.

The female's mood was indifferent to any passes attempted in the midst of the fight, revealing that she would take the victor and the victor only by turning her head haughtily away from those who approached her.

As if on cue, the other males turned on Youko, hackles raised to make them appear twice their true size as they tried to surround him. He was the only silver-furred male specimen of the species present and since his kind were classed well above any of the other kitsune, the lower-ranked kitsune decided to take him down first as a group, each one confident that they could easily defeat the remaining combatants on their own.

Youko put his back to a tree, insuring that he would not be hit from that direction, legs taunt and ready for their first move.

The only ones who could come close to matching him in size were the two reds, but the speed of the smaller whites was a force to be reckoned with. The blacks were all power: stocky, muscular and beautiful even as their lips curled back to show sharp snowy white teeth.

In the midst of the blur of battle, one white snuck away from the others and came up behind the vixen who was watching the fight with great personal interest. As the white mounted her, she snarled angrily, rising up on her forepaws and kicking him squarely in the chest with her powerful back legs, sending him flying into a tree behind her. Her eyes dared any of the others to try the same.

Because of their intoxication, the fight lasted longer than it normally would have, their brains continuously addled by the scent on the air. Under normal circumstances, if this many kitsune ever somehow battled, each one would have used cunning and trickery to gain an upper hand against the others. There was no cunning or trickery involved in this mêlée, only pure force. The combat was clumsy for these graceful youkai, but brutal.

A black launched himself at Youko full tilt, the silver-haired fox ducking his body down and leaping to the side, striking out at a white that managed to weave its way beneath his legs. The two reds were the only ones who seemed to work as a team and it was possible that they might have been twins. One came at his left, the other his right and Youko was backed up right into a group of the blacks. A white launched through the air at his front and Youko dodged, letting the little one's speed carrying him right into the pack of blacks who all started fighting one another for a chance at going after Youko.

There was a blinding flash of silver light as Youko changed into his ningen form where he was more attuned with the growth around him. Concentrating only slightly, vines erupted from the ground beneath the brawlers, latching onto them and launching the entire group into the air. They yelped in surprise, legs kicking angrily as if they could somehow gain a hold of something to use to hurtle themselves back. Satisfied and no longer able to hold back, Youko turned to claim his prize, only to find her cornered against the tree by the two reds who had not been a part of Youko's vine-launching group.

Angry, Youko stalked forward, surprised at the ferocity of the threatening growl that came from the female directed at the reds. He stepped back, wary as he watched.

The female snapped her jaw at them, viciously attacking their faces with her claws and taking good sized chunks out of their flesh, reprimanding them fiercely for trying to win her unhonorably. It was a lesson the pair would not soon forget.

She watched with satisfaction as they slunk off, forced to wait until the next time an unclaimed female raised her head.

His whole body shaking again as her sweat had released more of the tell-tale scent into the air, Youko started forward again, shocked that she snapped and growled at him too, backing away so that she was in a better position to attack, or run.

Taking a difficult moment to examine her posture, he realized that she was afraid of him because he walked on two legs. She must not have had any good experiences with two-walkers.

Obligingly, though impatient, he changed forms. Her demeanor relaxed a little though she was still quite tense as he padded closer. She stared into his eyes for a moment, one ear flicking backwards. It was then he noticed her left ear had a bite taken out of it and she sported a straight scar just above her eye that looked as if it had gone any further would have caused her to be blind in that eye. He saw that the

wound had in fact reached her eye and the top of her iris was uncolored as a result. Her fur had not grown back over that mark.

Still trembling and agonized from the smell, he carefully padded up to her, slowly leaning his majestic head forward, sticking out his pink tongue and licking the mark. Her eye closed in wrinkled annoyance as it got wet.

Satisfied with the victor, she did not protest when he mated with her.

--

They mated innumerable times after this first meeting, the two of them remaining side-by-side at all other moments: hunting together, battling each other, and sleeping in the hollow at the base of the tree which was just large enough for the two to huddle into.

A few weeks later she let him know that she was pregnant, a healthy batch of kits growing within her body. She nipped at his back heels, leaping back and jumping forward again to attack his tail, daring him to give chase.

He regally ignored her for a moment and she tackled him in response, rolling them across the forest floor before she quickly disengaged herself and took off, running through the trees. He ran after her, inwardly unsure about his own reservations towards the posterity he saw coming in the future. He noticed in the way she carried herself, in her tail and in the stride of her legs as she galloped and dodged amongst the undergrowth, that she was unsure as well, anxious and afraid.

He quickly caught up with her, matching his gait with hers, and the pair charged forth into the deeper part of the trees.

As they ran, their pace never failed or faltered. It was as if they ran as one being, turning together, jumping simultaneously over roots and fallen branches. First they would arch to the right then back to the left, constantly in movement.

Eventually they slowed together, finding themselves back at the clearing where they usually slept.

The apprehensive step did not leave her even as she crawled into the small cave-like hollow at the base of the huge tree, the way her paws met with the ground expressing her uneasiness.

Youko crept in after her, curling up against her. He laid his head down on the ground to the outside of hers and she buried her long face below his neck, hiding her eyes beneath his fur. He was awake even as she slept restlessly.

Her bitten ear began to flick back and forth as she dreamed. He finally lifted his head up and licked it, her dream passing after a moment longer and her body relaxing.

--

There eventually came a time because of the pregnancy when she was unable to successfully join in on a hunt with Youko and so she sullenly restricted herself to the clearing, never straying far from their sleeping place. Occasionally Youko would encourage her to come with him when he went to hunt but each time she would refuse, knowing that she would be no help and more of a hindrance.

On one such occasion, she paced angrily back and forth, upset at how much trouble these unborn kits were. She stopped mid-motion for a moment, a paw raised in stride, turning her head to look at her middle which sagged, filled with new life. Her ears flattened against her skull and she sat down uncomfortably on her haunches, a sigh escaping out her mouth.

A small fox-smile emanated from her body as she heard a rustling of the trees behind her. Youko must have returned with food. Yum.

--

Youko was trotting back towards the clearing, a fresh kill firmly in his jaws dripping sweet blood as he moved along. Above the scent of the carcass, a strange, new smell wafted under his nose. A dangerous smell. It was coming from the direction of the clearing. Youko shot forward with a burst of speed, carcass left forgotten in the underbrush.

He heard her growl just as he burst into the clearing, seeing her backed up against the tree they slept in. Her ears were flattened against her skull, eyes wide with terror; her fur made her seem enormous, several times her normal size. She was cornered by a large group of youkai hunters. Her eyes never left her predators, as even a small flicker of a brow could alert them to the quickly growing fury that was Youko directly behind them. He didn't run forward immediately, his masterful brain calculating the situation and what was to be done. It would be easier if he changed forms...but what sort of stress would that bring upon her and her unborn litter? Was it worth the risk?

"This be a pretty one, mate. Hows about we bump her off?"

"Don't be stupid! Wait a moment. She idn't goin anywhere. And you know as well as I do that there isn't any such a thing as an unclaimed female. Corner the female and find the male. The male is what we really want. Heheheh."

"She be a pretty thing though...hate to see her go to waste." The first hunter grumbled.

"Who said we'd let her go to waste?" The second indignantly replied, "I jus' be sayin we keep her alive until the mate comes along. Bringin in a male and female catches better than jus' one or the other."

"You fools!" A third hunter snapped, having spent the last few minutes scrutinizing their prey before them, "We don't want this female!"

"Uh...uh why not?" The first looked confused.

"Look at her middle!"

The others in the group obliged.

"Uh...yeah what about it?"

"Can't you see that bulge? She's pregnant you idiots!"

"Oh...I just thought she had eaten a really good meal or somthin'..."

The hunter scoffed, "We can't take in a pregnant female! They aren't worth anything! The kits ruin the fur about the middle, stretching things in directions that it shouldn't be stretched in for the body to fetch a fair price!"

A fourth hunter whose demeanor was less open than that of the others took this opportunity to speak. Arms crossed over the chest, this hunter spoke calmly, the other hunters immediately stopping to listen. It seemed as though this particular hunter did not speak often.

"We will take her as well as her mate."

The third hunter who spoke opened his mouth as if to protest but quickly thought better of it and snapped his mouth shut, his lips forming an unhappy frown.

"If you have not learned how to defeat the system yet, then this is a perfect opportunity for you to learn." That made the third hunter's eyes flash angrily.

"Once she is dead, it is a simple thing to remove the kits from her still warm body. A nice slit down the stomach will do, as I do not see any of you as being the type who would prefer to go in manually. However, one must be quick when removing the babes so that the body is still fresh enough to accept mending; mending which can not only mask the pregnancy, but also tighten the lower frame of the body so that it is nice and firm as though never having been stretched. The kits must then be disposed of properly, every molecule of them torn apart." This hunter proceeded to describe in detail what the logistics were of having to do such a procedure, and finally the third hunter spoke up, a little green in the face.

"That'll about do it I think."

The hunter's mouth formed a small smile, seeing how the others appeared to have rather weak stomachs considering the type of job they did.

Youko had been frozen where he stood while this...this hunter spoke of ripping out the children Youko sired. The gruesome intricacies the hunter used to describe the happenstance certainly only came from

the knowledge from having done this sort of thing before. And to other reluctant, or dead, females no doubt.

All coherent though gone, Youko hurtled forward and slammed the full force of his body into the nearest hunter. The fact that they dared to even talk of such things snapped something deep within even the cold-blooded heart of this trickster kitsune. He had never been faced with a situation which called for the death of a mother and child in such a way and even as he bashed through the ranks of the hunters, he did not know what he would do if confronted so. Stealing and murdering...was this another side of the two words?

Youko had never loved another, and the feelings he held for his mate currently backed up against the tree certainly didn't cross that line. Lust yes, love no. But his rage covered that gap as he fought forwards to her.

He didn't think that she had understood a word the hunters were saying. Weren't females supposed to be protective of their young? Motherly wrath and all that? Certainly even if she could not understand their words, couldn't she make out the meaning, something deep within her telling her that her unborn kits' lives were in danger? Wait...she had been upset when he was on two legs. Some sort of trauma perhaps? That would explain her unresponsiveness.

Continuing to barrel through his opponents, snapping flesh off of this one, kicking that one's skull inward, Youko glanced up to see that the four hunters who had spoken were closer than ever to her, not noticing the clashing battle behind them.

There were too many. Too many, Youko realized. He would tire himself out just trying to reach her, and that would leave no maneuvering room for a rapid retreat somewhere safer or at least to better ground. He began to dash past his opponents, ducking and dodging their jabs and attacks to reserve much needed energy. If he could just reach her he could urge her on to their escape, force her to run with him. Something caught in Youko's mind...why was he going to make her run with him? Wouldn't he normally save his own skin?

"Ah the main event." The calm hunter turned around, raising a gun held comfortably in hand he had unholstered just moments before with practiced ease.

Bullets. Youko could dodge bullets. Easily. And without expending too much energy as well. The kitsune smirked.

But what erupted from the end of this gun was not a bullet, or at least it was only slightly related to a bullet in the fact that it was shot from a gun.

The spirit energy blasted directly at its kitsune target, hitting Youko squarely in his left shoulder and putting him off balance.

"That was a warning, pretty fox. Care to step closer?" The hunter unwaveringly stared down the barrel of the handgun right into Youko's eyes.

The other hunters had stopped their brawl with the kitsune, watching and waiting behind him for the right moment to strike.

"Oh this is only a simple handgun." The hunter could read the murderous question behind Youko's face. He brought the gun up to his face and lovingly stroked the object. "But as you can see I have made a few adjustments. Real bullets damage the body, making it unfit for our purposes. This I can channel into and target things in the same way, but with no external or internal damage." He lowered the gun back to its firing position, "I'm sorry. I'm usually never one to ramble. I just adore this modification so much. Please forgive me."

Youko growled in response, his head still reeling from the impact of the blast. Just how young was this female kitsune he had unwittingly mated with? There she stood, bulked up and yet she did not attack, did not retreat, did nothing. If she had not been in heat, Youko doubted he ever would have held any interest in her.

Youko jumped into the air, twisting his body around as he soared over the four hunters who surround her.

The calm hunter's eyes narrowed as he shot several more detonations into the air. But Youko managed to contort around each one, landing safely and directly in front of her. He rose up larger even than she, expressing his lordship before giving her a direct order, something he had never done to her.

At his command, the pair took off into the trees, hearing the immediate chase which followed.

They ran at a breakneck speed side-by-side through the undergrowth, weaving in and out and over and under, all the while conscious of the noisy pursuit.

Shots were fired off in their general direction, whizzing past them as they sprinted. One catching her ear and leaving a gross black singe, the female snapped at the air in front of her angrily, her teeth grinding together. She snarled, fangs bared, her lips curled back from her teeth as others zipped on by their closely running bodies.

Their path became so tight that she dropped back behind him, letting Youko take the lead. He wondered how long they could keep up this pace as well as how long their pursuers would continue chasing them. He did not know how what extreme lengths these hunters had taken to track them down. Once they finally decided to take down their prey they would never back off until the prey had been taken down.

Their path widened again and silently the two evened out their eight-legged pace to run together.

The shots around them were growing exponentially and even with their extraordinary senses, the pair was unable to avoid each and every bullet. Their tails straight out behind them as rudder-guides with which to make dime turns, they were being struck harder and faster than before. Youko knew they were lost. Knew it and yet would not give up. He would drop dead to the ground to deprive them of the pleasure of killing him themselves.

Bullets sank deep into his legs, though this time the effect was not as abrupt as the shot to his shoulder, wounding him steadily to stemming out his speed. One struck the back of his head and his brain was jarred against the front of his skull, hitting the back of his optical nerves and causing stars to appear in front of his eyes. He couldn't even imagine what pain she was in, her body already taxed with the weight of children.

In one defining moment, their eyes met and just for that instant, time stopped.

If you look back, if you turn back, I will kill you myself. Run. Run to never return.

Her meaning was poignantly clear in the savage expression deep within her eyes and then time snapped back into place and they were tearing along. He broke the gaze, his ears flattened against his head as if to make him more aerodynamic, his tail still steam-lined behind him. He did not turn back. He ran. Ran fast and hard. The trees flashed on either side of him, mere blurs of green and brown, himself only a fleeting silver streak. He did not look, he did not turn back, he did not see...did not see...

He did not see her slow down, taking a fleeting glimpse of his rapidly disappearing fur to store into her mind before turning completely around.

There she waited, though not for long. She could hear the hunters madly dashing after their prey, not giving a single thought to cunning or silence any longer. They had used those tactics to get close, now a headlong pursuit was their only option. The kits in her womb gave her maddening strength and the longer she waited, the greater that fury grew; an anger with which to protect her children. Her breath came faster, her sides heaved as her mouth hung open in a mad pant, teeth bared in their full glory. As the breath came quickly over her vocal chords, a deep growl within her chest started up like a constant purr rumbling along her throat. Her eyes caught the barest movement of the leaves fallen on the ground and she knew they were upon her.

One shot rang out clearly into the air. One shot was all it took. She did not even have a chance to defend herself, to slow the pursuers so that they would stop for her and allow him a chance at escape. One shot fizzed through the air, directly into her heart and the elegant beast fell to the ground. The

hunters only stepped over her, their stride lengthening or shortening to make up for her bulk in the way, but never slowing, never giving her a second glance. Half was down, but half was not good enough. *Youko Kurama fled. Fled to the human world to hide from those who pursued him. He chose an unborn as his vessel and stored himself deep within the expecting mother, biding his time until he could recover.*

-e\_q