

[Meaning](#) by [Saraste](#)

Summary:

Miroku feels he doesn't deserve Inuyasha. But Inuyasha has a surprise for him. Something that will change both their lives forever.

Categories: [Anime](#) Characters: Ensemble

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Adult Situations, Anal Sex, Angst, Explicit Sexual Situations, Fluff, Yaoi

Challenges: None

Series: None

Chapters: 1 Completed: Yes Word count: 572 Read: 237 Published: 05/26/2011 Updated: 05/26/2011

Story Notes:

Originally written for the livejournal comm iyhedonism for week 20 'waff'. Also, this is sort-of light!mpreg.

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Chapter 1 by Saraste

Author's Notes:

This is a very short one-shot. 500 words in total.

Disclaimer: I do not own Inuyasha: the characters, plot and setting all belong to Rumiko Takahashi and her affiliated. I make no money out of the writing of this work of fanfiction, no copyright infringement is intended. I just borrowed the boys for the writing of my story.

You are mine yet I do not deserve you.

To have corrupted such an innocent, however much pleasurable it was, was so wrong. I will pay in the afterlife. But as long as I am here, I will take the most of what I now have.

Have in you.

My pretty hanyou. Your broken innocence just spurs me on. I have made you crave for this, this thing you didn't even know existed. This dark camaraderie between comrades. This dark and sinful deed which has no other purpose than pleasure. I have no illusions about impregnating you with my seed as my body fills yours. You have no womb to bear fruit. To bear my child for me.

But what you do give me is so much more.

Endless hours of sinful pleasures. Your ass, your pert pretty ass slurps me in as I claim it yet again, savouring the feel of your tightness. Your legs curl around me like a vice as I rake your insides. You arch, you moan, you scream. The gold of your eyes clouded in abandon.

My hand caresses along your side and you shiver, the movement going straight to my member, buried oh so deep within you. Your body holds me captive, I cannot but move and sink into you and out of you. You throw your head back and howl. Your claws rake my back but I care not. It's a pleasurable pain I take willingly.

You make me feel so alive. Sinking into ecstasy as I fill you. Pushing me into oblivion as I kiss you. Obliterating my self, my everything as I come into you, as I push you over the edge, watching your face in rapture as you come undone.

You snuggle to me when we are sated. Delightfully tired and worn. Thoroughly fucked.

"Miroku?" you ask as I stroke your back, flinching as mine stings now, not such a sweet feeling anymore.

"Yes, Inuaysha?" I ask lazily, on the edge of sleep.

“Why have you never asked me to bear your child?” You inquire, some mischievous element in your tone which I can't quite place. I become worried. This will be the end.

“Inuyasha, I ...” I stammer, lost for words. I'd hoped this would never come between us.

“Ask me!” You prompt me. Demand me. For some reason, I acquiesce.

“Will you bear my child?” The words come from my lips, hollow and scared. There is no proper weight behind them.

“Done,” you say softly and my world turns upside down.

I simply stare at you in stunned disbelief. You look at me smiling cockily, take my hand and place it on your belly. And I know it's true. You wouldn't lie about this. My life is all the more full as I kiss you lovingly.

Kiss you hungrily and take you gently again to celebrate the life growing within you the way we know best.

You gave it meaning. Gave me what I gave up to be with you.

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