

[Trying](#) by [Saraste](#)

Summary:

Inuyasha's youkai wants to breed ...with Miroku.

Categories: [Anime](#) Characters: Ensemble

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Adult Situations, Anal Sex, Complete, Crack fic, Explicit Sexual Situations, Fluff, Yaoi

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Story Notes:

This fic pays homage to Twistedhilarity's lovely Inumir mpreg series *<i>Interest</i>*.

Written for week 79 - pregnancy at iyhedonism, a livejournal community for writing inuyasha hentai.

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(In short: I do not own Inuyasha and make no profit of this fanfic.)

"I'm *not* pregnant," Miroku huffed, crossing his hands over his chest. His flat, manly, naked chest.

Inuyasha looked at him and sighed, a tint of sadness in his voice. "I know, but we have to keep on trying," he leaned in closer, hands on Miroku's skin. The monk shivered and cast him a look, frowning.

“Well we can try all we want,” Miroku said, gasping as deft fingers found the cleft of his ass and circled his passage, “but you and I both know it’ll never come to anything. I am a man and no matter how much of your seed ends up my ass it’ll never bear fruit,” he chastised his lover. “There will be no child from our union,” he sighed softly, purring. Curling his toes as Inuyasha’s finger tipped inside of his body. His voice bore just a hint of disappointment. Even when he didn’t regret how his life had turned out.

“Tell that to my youkai, the fucker wants to breed...” Inuyasha gasped, his feral self pushing at it’s binds, ready to ravage the monk and fuck him day and night until it was satisfied that new life had been created, it was never happy when he took things slow. “...and I know you don’t really protest,” the hanyou teased his lover, preparing him slowly and intently, the way Miroku loved. Inuyasha still couldn’t believe his luck. With how the monk had always been going on and on about a child he’d never would have thought he’d settle for a fruitless union with him.

“Who could protest...” Miroku answered lazily, his back arching, his deep purple eyes looking at Inuyasha full of lust. “As long as I get my turn once your youkai settles, I don’t mind...”

The hanyou kissed him hotly, pushing in, having done with his teasing preparations, filling his lover with his throbbing fullness. “As if I’d deny you, Miroku...” he gasped against the monk’s lips as he withdrew and pushed back in. “But first I’ll fuck you good and long, hoping for a miracle...”

Miroku chuckled darkly, voice tinted with need. “Hope all you want, Inuyasha...” he mused, breathless, his legs wrapping about his lover’s hips. “Just be good to your word...”

* * *

“But you said I’d get my turn once your youkai was subdued and happy!” Miroku rounded on Inuyasha, purple eyes accusing, the heat in them that of irateness now, not of lust. Looking at his lover, hands on his hips while pouting at his goofy, confused, look. “You promised I’d get my go, Inuyasha!”

"I know but I didn't really think that..." Inuyasha gestured at Miroku's abdomen, his eyes wide, ears swivelling and nose sniffing eagerly. There was such a lost and utterly delighted, somewhat shocked, smile on his lips as Miroku had never seen. The monk arched a brow. "I didn't think I'd knock you up!"

Miroku laughed at him incredulously. "We've talked about this, men cannot bear children. I am merely sick, that is all," he frowned, the look on Inuyasha's face making him rather unsettled now. His hand settled on his lightly rounded belly and he drew it back. "I've just been... eating too much and it's made me sick and fat!" he turned away from Inuyasha.

The monk looked up as he felt Inuyasha's arms circle around his shoulders and hold him close in a loving embrace. The hanyou sniffed along his neck while his hand dipped low over his belly, resting there. "You smell ripe, like a woman who's pregnant and there is..." Inuyasha's hand slightly pressed over the roundness of Miroku's formerly fit midriff, "there is something there, a flickering..." He almost sobbed as he said the last.

"I smell like a pregnant woman?" Miroku rounded, shifting to face Inuyasha still within the embrace. "That's why you won't let me do you?"

His lover blushed. "My youkai won't let me, bastard that he is. Thinks you're fragile." Inuyasha's hands wound around Miroku, settling over his ass and drawing him near. "You know how I'd love to have you up my ass, pounding into me like no tomorrow, making it feel so good," he ground his groin against Miroku's, "making me come so hard," he bucked again, "so good and long..."

"Damn your youkai!" Miroku declared, taking Inuyasha's lips in a quick, hungry kiss. "I'll make it so good he'll think you're the *woman*..." His hands grabbed Inuyasha's ass and squeezed, making their hips meet again and both gasp in delight. "This calls for a celebration. You can coddle me later," his hands made quick work of making Inuyasha naked, his lover repaying his efforts in full, "now all I want is you writhing under me, screaming my name..."

Miroku wanted to, and did forget himself himself in the intensity of being buried deep inside his lovers body. He sought oblivion and gained it amidst cries and murmurs of wild abandon. Yet it did not make the truth less real, their union less blessed by the addition of a small miracle. Forget they might for a moment, yet it was there, just waiting to wreck havoc on their sex-life.

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