The Wishing Well

by BunnyWK

Summary

Kagome featured one-shots with different partners from various universes. Rated M for safety. Latest: Kyoya Ootori

Notes

Recently started a prompts/request/challenge/scenario blog on tumblr. You can find me at this new address: bunny-wk-fanfic .tumblr .com Simply remove the spaces. Feel free to go here to make your requests.
A soft moan escaped her as she rolled over in bed. She was more tired than ever. The arm slung over her waist drawing her closer to the body behind her very much had every reason behind that.

It took her a few moments to recall who exactly was behind her and how she ended up in her current situation. She wasn't so much hungover as she was a little fuzzy the details of last night. And she really didn't want to turn around just yet to met her bed partner face to face.

"Good morning." the voice was low, amused, husky with sleep and sounded very much smug. The lips brushed against the back of her neck as a nose teased her hair out of the way.

Shrinking on herself, she mentally groaned when she recognized the voice of the man behind her. It was one of Sesshoumaru's business partners. The man was a charmer, she couldn't deny him that, which was one of the reasons she really wanted to keep whatever relationship between them professional and polite.

When she gave him no reply, she was dragged back and flipped to straddle the man in questions. Cheeks were instantly blazing as she sat there, hands helping her keep balance by being placed on a surprisingly trimmed stomach. There really was no need to hide or shy away, if the soreness between her legs and hips were anything to go by.

The man below her smirked, hands smoothed up her thighs to rest lowly on her waist. "Now, this is something I could get used to seeing first thing in the morning."

Rolling her eyes, Kagome snorted softly. "As if you don't already Stark."

"Tsk-tsk. After last night, which was quite the eye opener in the most amazing ways I must say, I think it's safe to call me by my first name." the sensual sweeps of his thumbs against her hips caused her to shiver as goosebumps broke out along her arms.

Narrowing her eyes down at the man. "And I believe last night was a mistake and will never happen again." she shifted to remove herself from the very naked lap beneath her. A grunt escaped her when his hands pulled her back the short amount of distance she managed to plant her back firmly in his lap.

Ignoring her words on how this was only going to be a one time thing, Tony spoke up in reminder of last night. "Who would have thought you were such a bad girl." he smirked, using his grip on her to drag him her further up his lap so they were pelvis to pelvis and she became very aware of his current condition. "Do you need to be spanked? Whose your daddy?"

Her cheeks were flaming now as he leaned up and nuzzled into her neck, though her nose scrunched up when his last question filtered through her frazzled-still-half-asleep mind. "Please. Please don't tell me you're into Father-daughter kink. That's pushing it, even for you."

Tony laughed in low tones, his voice still heavy with sleep, at the woman in his hold. She had been one he had been after since they first met through Nishikawa back in Tokyo. It had been thrilling, exciting and after such a long time of playing cat and mouse he finally managed to get her in his bed. His first taste wasn't going to be enough. "Seriously? You say that after all that comes out of Japan? Isn't is also known at the 'Hentai Capital of the World'?"

She muttered under her breath turning away from him to pout. This woman was sex, adorable, fierce and so arousing it wasn't even funny. Shaking his thoughts away to concentrate on the
present, Tony allowed himself to fall back onto the pillows while maintaining a firm grip on her hips. "Now, shall we start up round 5? Or do you want to start over and try to beat last night's marathon?"

A moan escaped her when he forced her hips to roll against him, her body jumping in memory of last night. She was mentally swearing to slap the man below her silly for all of this. Especially when he asked that damn perverted question again.
Kagome raised a brow at the dark eyes pinning her down as she did the work before her. Pausing in said work, she stared right back. "Look, you came to me, not the other way around. If you don't want my help, you're free look else where."

They both knew that was -not- an option for the man, seeing as he broke into the veterinarians office she worked at. He had threatened to tell the world about her, meaning her secret wasn't exactly so secret. Still, with that apparent knowledge he had of her, she was still going to do the hard work on his more serious wounds.

Tying off the stitches off she had been working on, she swiveled to grab a cloth to wipe the blood away. "...just as bad as the pups…"

Her comment earned her another glare that had her rolling her eyes, yet again. "Yeah, you heard me. I compared you to a puppy. Get over it."

She hummed as she scanned his bared upper torso, easily ignoring the shining if somewhat dented left metal arm. It was the flesh wounds she was concentrating on. After getting settled in America and becoming a vet, she apparently still had crazy stalkers she knew nothing about.

He watched her pick up some more tools and clean out the longer gash along his ribs, eyes sharp for every time she picked something up from the tray. The information on her had been slim at best, a couple of sheets really. All of which had been about her supposed healing abilities, the reason he sought her out after it all happened.

It was by sheer luck that she lived just outside of Washington. Sadly, so far, he had yet to see of any such abilities from her. There was however an abnormality he quickly picked up on since being in her presence. His head felt clear, that splitting headache he had since... since HIM had lifted. Memories of HIM were much clearer, the ones he had at least. So maybe there was more to this woman's abilities than he expected.

"Alright… that takes care of those nasty open wounds. And since you seemingly know my secret, there's no stopping me." her words drew his attention back to her, watching her moves sharply.

When her hands began to glow, all of his attention was zeroed on her. He easily took stock of the physical sensation that coursed through him, how the deep pain within both body and mind were going away. Watching as her hands glided up his arm, bruising and scabs disappeared.

After it was all said and done, he was more relaxed than he ever had been. His movements more fluid than they had been in a long time. Slipping the stolen clothes back on, he watched as she cleaned up. It was once they were both done that he made a rash decision.

"What are you doing? I helped you so you don't need me any more!" he ignored her angry words. More importantly the soft and delicate skin of her wrist in hand. He knew if he wanted to figure out who he was, his past and what he wanted to do, he was going to need her close at hand.
The situation was awkward, one of the most awkward ones she's ever been in. Which was saying a lot since she arrived under mysterious circumstances in the very prim and proper era of Victoria England. She was always tripping up and embarrassing herself by doing something completely normal for herself, though was considered highly inappropriate for a young woman of this era.

Though her current situation was considered highly inappropriate, regardless of the where or when. In fact, she felt an awful lot like that cartoon cat that was always being wooed by that french skunk. She or that cat did no want the attention. In the back of her mind, it was a very appropriate comparison.

The head butler, the one that had saved her, was currently cuddling her. Cuddling. She was all for cuddling. Really, she was! Just look at her past with Shippo, Kirara, her old stuff toys! The only time when she wasn't, was when the one cuddling her was an actual demon, not youkai there was a big difference apparently, was grooming a child's soul for a meal. And now using her as some sort of-

Sebastian tightened his arms around her waist, dragging her deeper into his hold as he nuzzled in a surprisingly ticklish spot behind her ear. His lanky form forced her to curl up so they were now spooning. She felt her entire figure blushing. To distract herself from the continued nuzzling and now petting, stroking and grabbing hands, she began to mock the term 'spooning'.

It really was a stupid term. A supposedly cuddly position named after cutlery. A squeak escaped her when a hand cupped a breast with a squeeze with a shift in his hips before a leg was wedged between her own. She was either going to die of spontaneous combustion or heart failure.

Sebastian peeked and eye open, smirking as Kagome attempted to claw herself out of his hold. It was so easy to frazzle the young woman. It didn't hurt that he could do such in a rather delicious way. He knew his human form was attractive, he had been accosted enough times. Shifting his hold on the young woman again, he held back from amusing his amusement.

To think, he had one of the last living priestesses in his arms, at his mercy. It didn't hurt that she was also physically appealing, the sting of her purity whenever she got flustered gave him a sample of her delicious soul. Oh and it was delicious. She was very much the forbidden fruit, and she was within his grasp.

He knew if he continued to do this that her defenses would begin to wear down, it would allow him so many opportunities. Devouring such a soul was out of the question, she was something to enjoy for all eternity. Adding a bit of darkness, his own personal darkness, sounded like a marvelous plan. Others would know that he was the one to do so and stay away. His own personal brand that would make her already delicious soul taste... divine.

With a smirk, at both his now ideal plan on the woman and his mental word choice, he decided to up the ante in his cuddling of the woman. Not only was it enjoyable, it would also lead him to an ultimate goal past the young lord. It didn't hurt that her reactions reminded him of his much beloved felines. Hissing, soft squeaks, the clawing and arching in attempts to get away... after a subtle shift he earned his first mew from her.

Oh and how the night was still young.
After two months of meeting at the park, a nearby cafe and casual bumping into each other, Steve finally got the courage to ask Kagome Higurashi out for a date. To his joy, she said yes. They had decided to keep it simple and casual, such as going to the movies and then a local bistro at the park.

"Aren't they just adorable together?" the feminine whisper of a fellow... work colleague had Steve stiffening and looking behind him subtly to find the femme fatale.

"Everything alright, Steve?" Kagome had leaned in closer to whisper, the screen illuminating her profile in soft lights and shadows.

Smiling, he leaned in closer to tuck a stray strand of hair behind her ear. "Everything's fine. Let's just enjoy the movie." his hand fell to wrap around her smaller one, warmth blooming within his chest at her blushing smile.

"Crappy taste in movies and a snails pace in romance..." the comment earned a quiet assault that had Tony groaning in pain. While the comment and knowledge that his 'Team' were a couple of rows behind him, it was him slouching down to ignore them that allowed Kagome to lean against his shoulder. It made suffering the comments worth it.

Clint was the next one to start up, his words causing Steve to blush at their implications. "Now's the perfect time to make his move. She's close, it's dark enough and everyone's paying attention to the movie."

"Do you really think he would make out in public? Let alone on the first date?" Bruce, ever the voice of calm reasoning among them, surprised Steve that he was even present. More than likely dragged into coming along with the others.

"Eh, public maybe after a few more dates, yes. On the first? Maybe, only if she's the one to initiate it." Clint commented around a mouth full of some sort of theater concession snack.

A soft feminine snort and the next words had anger bubbling up in Steve's stomach, making it harder to pay attention to either the movie or his date. "Did a background check and initiated contact with her, she's just as proper as our Captain. So that's not likely to happen."

"Pfsh, then why are we here again?" Tony started up once again, his whiny tone mixed with the sound of ice swirling around in a cup.

Steve stiffened once more and was getting ready to turn around and face the others and tell them to leave when Kagome's hand cupped his cheek stopped him. "Ignore them. Please?"

He felt his cheeks warm up knowing that she had heard all of it, and knew that his friends were there because of their date. "I'm really sorry about them. They're..." he trailed off, not knowing what word to use that was currently appropriate to use right at that moment.

"Protective? I more than understand." her smile became a little more teasing as she leaned in closer. "Care to prove them wrong?"

He didn't get to reply, her lips were pressed softly against his own. It was surprising for her to do such a public display of affection on their first date. Another reminder of how the times had changed. Even Kagome, who blushed when others pointed them out for holding hands.
Instead of pulling away, he reached up to cup her own cheek and return the kiss. He felt her lips curving up in a smile when the others behind them remained silent. It was a bold move, getting them to shut up and it was working. Her lips were as soft as he always imagined them to be, sweet and salty from the soda and popcorn and he wouldn't have it any other way.

"Let's get out of here and make it a more private date. What do you say?" she pulled back just enough to whisper to him, her lips brushing against his own with each word she spoke. For the first time in a long time, he felt tingles running down his spine that had him shivering.

"Sounds like a great idea. What about the bistro?" he knew how much she wanted to go there, which was surprisingly hard to reserve a table at.

"There's always our next date." her words had hope blooming in his chest.

"You want a second date, even knowing they'll more than likely tag along?" he tucked the stubborn strands of hair back behind her ear, watching her closely.

She shrugged her shoulders. "I'll have to meet them sooner or later. Once that's out of the way, the sooner we can get back to us."

He didn't give her any warning before he got out of his seat and pulling her along with him. Her stifled giggles echoing after them. He was looking forward to that second date, for now, he was going to enjoy their first.
Kagome made her way to their bedroom at a leisurely pace, the day had finally wound down and she had just come out from a relaxing bath. She smiled when sounds from the kitchen let her know that Ichigo was preparing supper like he had promised. Closing the door behind her softly, she let the towel drop and ignored it for the time being and made her way to the dresser to pull out something she could relax in until she went to bed.

Pulling the underwear drawer, she searched for what she wanted and blushed when she thought about whether or not she wanted to have a special night with her current boyfriend. Just as she was about to pull out a pair of what she considered her more sexy panties, and ones she knew Ichigo loved to see her in and more importantly pull off of her, when a voice had her freezing.

"While I don't mind the view, I have to ask..." the voice had Kagome freezing in her spot as her brain malfunctioned. "Why are you standing there naked?"

Her movements were stiff as she turned around, slowly she would later realize, to face the uninvited guest in their bedroom. Renji's blush was as red as his hair and he was doing everything in his power not to stare at her. There were subtle peeks at her, but he was trying.

Now, Kagome did the only thing that a young woman did in such a situation when she realized she wasn't as alone as she thought she was. She screamed. Her hands snapped to covering herself as best she could and she attempted to duck behind the dresser to hide herself.

"Damn it, would you stop screaming!" Renji's blush grew even hotter as attempted to get his friend to calm down.

"Why the hell are you sneaking through the bedroom window? That's why we have doors you idiot!" Kagome continued to shout struggling against Renji's attempts to calm her down. Slapping his hands away and blushing just as furiously as Renji when she realized just how close he had gotten.

In their attempts, him trying to calm her down and her trying to get him to leave, they failed to notice the clattering of dishes hitting the kitchen floor. Or the rushed steps that were quickly approaching them. Or Ichigo's worried call of Kagome's name. They did notice however the loud banging of the bedroom door and Ichigo standing there looking ready to kill.

Kagome mentally groaned knowing that the situation had went from embarrassing to something only the cosmos could call comedic. In their struggles to defuse and calm the situation, Kagome had ended up under Renji in what looked like a very bad situation.

"Ichigo..." the whimper was all she could muster, it had just become too much too fast for her brain to handle.

Said young man looked at his very naked girlfriend trapped under Renji's much larger form. Her blue eyes growing teary, lower lip trembling... He blushed himself when he realized that she was naked and practically blushing to the tips of her toes as she attempted to hide herself. It then clicked in his own brain that she was attempting to shrink away from Renji, still very much naked, and Renji was in a very dominant position over his girlfriend.

"What the hell is going on here? Get off of my girlfriend!" he didn't bother to wait for a response before rushing forward with his fists flying. After managing to kick his... friend, and he was using
that term very loosely at the moment, away from Kagome and he pulled his shirt off and quickly pulled it over Kagome to offer her some covering.

"I'm sorry! I needed to stop by to talk about-!" Renji ducked the heavy object that had been tossed his way, two sets of eyes landing on a furious Kagome as she weighed a new projectile in hand and attempted to keep the shirt Ichigo gave her from riding up.

Ichico slide to hide Kagome from Renji’s view. "Then use the front door like a normal person! Did you think sneaking in through bedroom windows wouldn't have any consequences?" an arm reached back to wrap around Kagome as best he could.

"Look, I said I was sorry!" Renji raised his hands in surrender as he inched his way closer to the window, realizing that tonight was not going to happen.

"...didn't stop you from looking... though it did stop you from leaving..." the muttered words from Kagome had both young men stiffening.

"You stuck around to peek?!!" just as Ichigo moved half a step forward, Renji tossed a hasty farewell as he made his retreat. It took a few moments for boyfriend and girlfriend to calm down and for Ichigo to turn around. "You alright?" he felt himself frown as he scoured her form.

Kagome nodded her head, sticking to staying silent. She knew should she talk her voice would more than likely give away how upset she really was. She shifted again to tug the shirt's hem down, blushing at how exposed she felt.

"Goddammit... they aren't fricken ninjas..." Ichigo wrapped his arms around her and pulled her tight to him. He moved towards the window, Kagome shuffling right along with him, so he could close and lock it as well as draw the curtains closed. "I say you put some wards around the bedroom... and bathroom from now on. Just to be safe."

"Ichigo... is something burning?" Kagome looked up at her boyfriend, his eyes snapping from her to the doorway. She could make out how torn he was; to stay with her and keep her safe or to go back to the kitchen and toss their now ruined supper. "Go clean it up. I'll put something on and call some take out."

She shooed him out of the room and waited a few moments before picking up her forgotten panties. She had seriously thought she had left such situations back in the past.
The first time he saw her was when she started up a couple of months after the year started and introduced herself to his class. Kagome Higurashi, another shrine brat and fan of archery. Her classic Japanese features with blue eyes made her popular in an instant.

Her kind and caring nature had most of the other boys chasing after her like lost puppies. Her open honesty made it easy for all to approach her. Her loyalty showed the other girls that she was not a rival for their own crushes and instead pointed out which boy she should trying going out with.

He wasn't surprised that Shizuka Domeki was one of the initial persons that was often seen with Kagome Higurashi. They both did live at shrines, both were part of the archery team and according to the girls, he became more lively around her.

At first it didn't matter to him, he did have his lovely Himawari Kunogi after all! His goddess of luck in all her kind and beautiful splendor. However... Funny how there always seemed to be a however. However, as Yuko had him spend more time with Domeki, he in turn ended up spending more time with Kagome as well.

It was with more time spent around Kagome that he realized that she was just as kind, if not more so, than Himawari. Kagome's beauty was more than just her pretty face, it shined with everything she did and said.

It was a few months after their friendship had been established that he saw a deep sadness in her, a pain that she hid from others. He had been startled to see it, having stumbled upon her in a tucked in corner at the park. Or course, he wanted to show Domeki up that he could be a gentle man too. So offering her an open ear and something to dry her eyes, he listened.

Looking back, Watanuki figures that's where his love interest really shifted from Himawari and onto Kagome. It made Kagome that much more real, seeing her display emotions that weren't just happy. Not only that, instead of pushing him away as Himawari had done when she revealed her own secret, Kagome accepted his offer.

The two of them grew closer after that, and he wouldn't realize how close he felt for her or his feelings for her until their second year. Kagome had spent the summer festival their first year with her family, their second year, she had decided to go with friends instead. Their fellow classmates pushing for her to go with Domeki.

He still cared for Himawari, but the burning pit in his stomach at the idea of Domeki asking Kagome to attend the festival with him shed some light and left him confused. He questioned himself and his affections for Himawari, wondering if the others had been correct that all he had for her was a simple crush. It took a while to sort out his thoughts and feelings and very last minute before he finally asked her to go with him.

The memory of her blushing face as she accepted with a shy and quiet yes will forever be seared into him. As is the memory of when they finally met up to go to the festival. Her yukata in teal and rosy flowers made her blushing cheeks all the more adorable. She looked so fresh, innocent and... and... and she dressed up so just for him. Did her hair and makeup just for him.

It was after that he became almost hyper sensitive about her, tripping up whenever they were near. She of course found it adorable while he found his flailing about embarrassing. He had been so energetic and excitable in his youth. It was a wonder how he hadn't hurt himself back then.
It was their final year and after Yuko left that Kagome offered him an open ear and support. He had promised to stay in the shop until she returned, vowed to wait. Kagome more than understood, stating she would have done the same were she in his place and had the ability to do so.

There was one day he did leave the shop, one single day and he never regretted it. Domeki and Himawari visited him and the shop every year for his birthday, making sure he was alright. Every year came and went, their faces beginning to show signs of aging while they joked how he still looked like their excitable friend from school. It hurt to know that he would lose them to time while he waited for one of his dearest friends to return. It made him realize all the more what was so very dear and precious to him.

"What are you thinking about?" a tray of tea was placed with soft and delicate hands on the low table, breaking Watanuki from his memories.

Looking up, he watched while the back garden made the one pouring tea all more ethereal. The moon was full and glowed softly on her features. Her natural blue highlights appear more silver, making the blue of her eyes to be precious gems and her pale peach skin glow.

He reached out towards her and pulled her to join him on the cushions, tucking her into his side and smiled down at her as she complained about the tea. "Leave it for now. I would rather enjoy the warmth you bring me that outlasts any cup of tea."

The fact that she still blushed after all this time was proof to her still innocent nature. "Flatterer." the accusation was accompanied by a playful push to his shoulder. He chuckled at her behavior, tucking stray strands of hair behind her ears.

"Only telling you the truth." he pressed a kiss to her brow, smiling as he scent invaded his lungs. Soft, sweet, delicate and purely her in it's nature. It didn't hurt that he picked up hints of himself on her, masculine pride swelling deep within him. He wrapped his arms around her, drawing her deeper into his side as he observed the night sky.

"You still didn't answer my question." her hands smoothed along the hem of his yukata, ridding any wrinkles her tumbling into him had caused.

"Hmm, just remembering how we got here." she nuzzled herself under his chin with a soft 'ah' as he absently ran his fingers through her hair. As beautiful as it was up, he enjoyed it free and unbound and allowing him to comb his finger through it as he was now. "It reminded me..."

"Oh?" her voice was soft and curious as she pulled away to look up at him.

Pulling back a bit to smile down at her he nodded his head. "I just wanted to tell you I love you." he didn't wait for her reply, her expression was clear that she felt the same. Instead, he fell back, dragging her with him and was swift to pull her under him. "Maybe we could try for some children? It's been some time..."

Her cheeks bloomed into a rosy blush, eyes wide when he gave her a playful waggle of his brows. Laughter echoed around them when she fisted the lapels of his yukata and buried her face in his chest. He really did love her. He also knew he had spent enough time wallowing in mourning for Yuko, to realize that his beautiful wife was becoming lonely. She really was meant to be a mother after all. There was no harm in trying. In fact it would be quiet enjoyable.

Suddenly, her lips were pressed against his in a fiery and passionate kiss. The taste of her with a mix of tea and sake made him heady and lightheaded. Her fingers felt cool against his heated cheeks only to scorch his exposed chest. In in contrast was soft, warming beneath him as he began
to pry her own yukata open. Her mumbling against his lips had him pausing and pulling back.

"What was that?" he fixed his skewered glasses, smiling when her blush grew deeper.

"I wanted to tell you, that I love you too." her eyes slowly turned to him, sparkling in the low light.

With a laugh, he pulled her tight to him and held her close. He thanked any and all that were willing to listen to him for bringing him Kagome. Even hitsuzen, something he often times cursed for how his life often turned out against him. Kagome though... Kagome made him and his life all the better. And he was going to hold onto her as tightly as he could.
You are a constant. A fixed point that never changes. Whereas I'm always changing. And yet, I'm always drawn to you like a needle to the magnetic north, a moth to a flame, a wolf to the full moon.

In the first life I became aware of you and remember you, our social standing was a deep chasm between us yet you caught my eye. You hair like a ravens wing, baby blue eyes, and skin of a blushing peach. I envied your husband of that life.

In the next life I got to watch you grow into a stunning woman and was bestowed upon with all your love. All your secrets were mine. I was your truest companion. Your protector. Ever vigil to watch over you. My love for you was no different from my last life, even if I was a dog and you a lady of the court once again promised to another.

Our third life had no obstacles between us. I am merely a boy next door and you a free spirited. A child of nature. Despite how close you are, you still remain somehow out of my grasp. I can only hope that our next life together allows us to truly be together.

Each lifetime is different, and my love for you grows all the more with each one. Even if you are not physically there, I recognized you in paintings from previous lives. I hoard the memories of you during these lifetimes. A lady of the court. A famous artist's muse. A captured moment when your face passes through a crowd of silk and masks.

My fondest memories of us are when we get to grow up with one another. You share with me the deepest parts of you that you vow to share with no one. Is this you remembering me from our past lives? Is this your attempt to apologize for when you couldn't be at my side? For when I had to live those certain lifetimes alone?

I love the lifetimes where you love me, and go along with whatever I say or plan. Before you grow up and realize what horrible plans they are. I have come to realize that throughout all my lifetimes with you, I have had many bad ideas. Where everything goes wrong and I end up losing you. Either you are taken away from me or I end up taken away.

When we meet up as adults, you're always wary. Keeping me at a distance. I don't blame you, I can't. And yet... and yet you always forgive me. It was during one particular lifetime, our souls are old though yours older still. By some happenstance a future lifetime of you is brought back to me. It is in this version of you in a world and time not meant for you, that you become aware of me.

I hold hope deep within that you will start searching for me as I always search for you. The curse I bare in my right palm brings death closer to me each day and I treasure each day in your presence all the more. My fate draws you to me. Heart open for a cursed wandering monk. How I want to claim my home in your heart and arms.

You're taken away from me, that lifetime. Though now I know you are there in the future, in a lifetime where you are there for the taking. In the lifetimes in between, I learn of you. In the lifetimes we are both alive and beside each other, I learn how to please you, teach you how to please me. I rejoice that we have finally become lovers, tasting of each others bodies.

It's the lifetimes where we can't be, where one of us alone kills me. I would rather relive the lives where you were forced to kill me then go through the loneliness ever again.

I've finally caught up with that magical lifetime where you were brought back to a past me. You
recognize me and surrender yourself onto me and I take all you have to offer with a promise to never leave your side. Your passions blaze the brightest in this lifetime and I enjoy your burn. It is this lifetime, this version of us that I covet the most and recall with the utmost of fondest memory. I don't know how it happened, if it was during or after that particular version of you where the world split and I was taken away from you. An accident perhaps, I cannot properly recall. The lifetimes that followed were lonely, where I only had the memory of you, visions of you that helped me survive.

The world is finally dying in this lifetime. I have lived so many lives without you next to me. Without the promise of you ever being born. There is no hint that you have ever been a part of this world, and while my soul howls in agony at that, a small part is thankful that you weren't forced to live in this hard world. Where neither of us had to watch the other whither away.

I catch hints of hope on the wind, a way back to you and I rush for it with all I have. The key... I protect the key with a fierceness that I promised was reserved only for you. Other may see it as love for her, but it's not. It's through her that I will come back to you.

With our past, I know you would look on me with wonder. White fur and golden eyes. A wild wolf. Yet you would protect me and the others with every breath, ever beat of your heart if you knew it would lead us to safety. And it's because of that knowledge that I push us all forward. And the further we push, the more of you I pick up. Your scent once long ago a forgotten memory is leading me. The sound of your laughter in the wind. Your vision in every sunrise and sunset, in every flickering campfire.

It hurts me to watch the other die as we push on, but knowing that you are alone, waiting for me, pushes me on. The pain of the bullets are agony, but I need to push on. I need to return to you. I can glimpse the gate that will allow me passage back to you, even as the keys dies next to me. Even as the air begins to freeze my lungs, as my life drips away with each beat of my heart and the darkness creeps around my vision... I fear I failed to return and I wonder, is this it? Is this that last time? Will I ever see you again...

"Oh, I'm sorry I wasn't paying-!" the smaller body bounced off of my own, drawing my attention away from the sidewalk beneath my feet.

I'm jolted from the daze I was in, not understanding the situation. Your arms are around me, your scent invading my lungs as my soul cries out to having yours back. It's my inaction that has you pulling away. Blue eyes search my face, against I've changed as the memories rush back and I drink you in silently.

"...Miroku?" dark brows pinch in worry, and it's when I see and hear the doubt that have you pulling away that jump start me into reacting.

I pull you closer, burying my face into your hair to breath you in. I can almost feel myself crying. It's been lifetimes for me, lifetimes without you and as always you remain unchanged. As much as I want to relearn all about you, to feel your lovers touch, I pull back and hold your face. "...Kiba... my name is Kiba now."

You search my face, looking for the truth. Worry bubbles in my stomach. Has it been too long for you to recognize me? Do you doubt me? Please, please don't. I need you.

Finally... finally you say something. Tears gather at the corner of your eyes and I swiped them away before they can even fall. Your next words soothe my old and hurting soul and I fall in love with you all over again. "Lets go home, Kiba."
The Hobbit: Smaug

His touches were like flames licking her skin, a fitting metaphor considering what he was beneath the disguise he currently wore. A reminder to reality that left her wondering how what they were doing came to be.

The wine he had her taste, the ones left behind from the previous dwellers of the mountain had been rich and fruitful. Perhaps a little too rich. She wasn't flailing drunk, though her boundaries were blurred. And Smaug, he was curious. As she once quoted to him, knowledge was power and he wanted to learn all she could teach him.

Claws slowly dragged up the back of her leg until a large hand gripped upper thigh. He eased her to wrap her leg around his waist, squeezing and massaging the muscle until she hooked it tighter around him and pulled him closer. He never forced her, not once. He started off with ultimatums, but he always gave her a choice and right now he was stoking her passions to get the desired results.

A tongue dragged up against her pulse before teeth nipped at the lobe of her ear. Her hands dragged down his back, clawing halfway as she panted in a pointed ear. A purring rumbled of a laugh echoed around them, and that alone made her wet. He continued to torture her with sweeping hands, touching her with all of himself as possible, tasting everywhere he could reach. It was unfair.

She had asked once, what mating between dragons was like out of sheer curiosity. Bloody, he had told her. Violent in that way to achieve that life would continue on for dragons. A dragon's hide left much to be desired, so Kagome knew he was drawing this out as long as possible.

"To think..." his voice rumbled again, lips curving up in a smirk as he panted in her ear. "...that you mortals feel all of this. It is no wonder you breed so quickly."

Hearing his own noises of pleasure had her feminine pride growing. A male found her desirable, enjoyed her touches. Another roll of his hips had her gasping when it brushed and rubbed against her clit. She wouldn't be able to take much of this. Yes she was a virgin. Yes her original home allowed her easy access and knowledge to all things about sex. Sadly masturbating when one traveled with those that could easily pick up on such an act were good enough to keep her from doing such.

With that in mind, what little she had left after spending the last hour of pure sexual torture, Kagome decided it was time to take that final step. Besides, he Smaug said he wanted her to teach him, this last step needed a hands on demonstration. The fact that she could feel herself grasping at air, empty and weeping, said a lot.

Rolling over and dragging his form beneath her, she sighed at the cool air that hit her sweaty back. As nice as those silks and furs were, they were distracting. "There's more to feel."

Had she been completely sober, not so lost in lust, she would have blushed at herself. Her hands trailed down his chest, right hand brushing against an angry scar near his heart. His own followed along her sides before taking firm hold of her rear, claws just barely breaking her skin. Especially when she rose up on her knees to take hold of him, scalding her hand with his heat, as she guided him to her opening. With as much as he teased her, kept their pelvis' in constant contact, he slipped with ease.
A whimper escaped her lips, she most likely looked to be in pain as she took him inch by inch. As a modern woman, she knew the truth behind the hymen mythos, there was no tearing, popping, or bursting feeling. It felt more like a full sensation, a little stiff, a slight tightness as she was forced to stretch in accommodation. Though all in all, like an itch had just been scratched only to come back even worse. "That... that feeling... Nng-!" her head fell back as she clawed his stomach as she wiggled the slightest amount to rest more securely atop him. "...that is just the beginning..." She was becoming aware of her body in a way she never thought possible, as well as his. She didn't think she would be able to actually feel herself pulse and squeeze around him, or his own pulse along the length of him.

"You mean to tell me..." he panted and moaned as he attempted to talk, eyes mere slits that stared up at her. "...there is more?"

"...so much more..." she bit down on her lip as she began to rock above him slowly, her breathing slow and shallow at the feel of him. That was all she did for a few minutes, rock against him with slow rolls of her hips. Her hands clawed at him, nails sinking into velvet skin that was tougher than it appeared, to slapping around his wrists. She had no real idea of what to do with her hands as she moved above him.

Smaug seemed to have other ideas. He fondled her swaying breasts, weighing them and teasing the areolae before finally pinching abused nipples. Her hands kept his own there, as if she feared he would stop. Her gaze was torn between staring up at the roof of the cavern to staring down at him. That is, if she could keep her eyes open.

Soon enough, it appeared Smaug had enough teasing and was rolling her under him. The move had him actively thrusting into her, knocking the air from her lungs at the newest wave of sensations that took over her. She mourned the loss of her control and the sensation of feeling him so deep with a whimper. Her body and mind jumped when he pulled away, not wanting to lose or end to that deep itch, when he thrust into her in a way some might call violently.

Her arms and legs wrapped around him, allowing her meet him thrust for thrust that allowed her to feel him teasing that certain spot so deep within. A part of her mind was happy to know she wasn't the only one letting out sounds of pleasure. Smaug matched her for each moan and groan, though for every sigh that was dragged out of her, he let out hisses instead.

When he continued to slip, he took hold of her hips and rose up. An angry snarl twisted his lips as his thrust became more powerful and her back arched as her lower half was wrapped around him. Her coves bounce against his lower back with each thrust and her shoulders began to grow stiff from how her arms were splayed out.

She was close, there was a heat building deep within her and her clit was throbbing with each pound of her heart. It took all of her will power to crack her eyes open, to stare up at the godlike figure above her. The gold reflected warm against his skin, the subtle shimmer of scale patchwork making him look ethereal. Dark hair was plastered to slick and sticky skin, brows furrowed and jaw slack just that small amount. He looked to be in such wonder, as if he had just discovered paradise. And then it twisted, pained almost with teeth gritting and his hold on her hips tightening into bruising holds.

His hips were now pistoning, slapping against her thighs and it had her teetering on the edge. She knew the only logical answer was that an orgasm was close at hand but it was just out of reach. Without her even knowing, her hands trailed along her own stomach, one north and one south. It was when her fingers brushed against his slick cock to tease her own bud, did his eyes snap open. Cat like slits watched her, her teasing and dancing fingers and seemed to spur him to go even faster,
The rhythmic push and pull of his hips became frantic and she could make out how his stomach actually tightened before her head snapped back and her lungs ceased. Although her eyes were wide open and staring up, she couldn't see. Was it a blinding white? Darkness that had crept in from the edges? She wouldn't be able to tell if anyone asked. And all she heard was her blood rushing through her ears at such a pitch that there was a faint ringing in her ears, though she did make out a Smaug's own sound of completion. A sort of vibrating growling grown. Her body twitched at the feel of it.

Their hips continued to move as if their own bodies were unwilling to give up what they were feeling. Hers were tingling, either from how long they had been forced to hold the same position or from the sex being that good, she would never know. What she did know was that she felt wet, soaked really, where their bodies met as her legs fell like lead weights away from him.

Smaug dropped, hands barely catching him as he panted above her. "Kagome... Kagome... Kagome..."

A wispy laugh left her at his breathlessness, it quickly turned into a moan when her forced her shift that slightest amount against him. "How... how... how was that?"

"Words escape me," his head dropped even further, the rest of his body was quick to follow. There were subtle shifts but it appeared that Smaug was not going anywhere any time soon. "Take pride in that, my little bird. It is a feat that rarely happens."

"Mmm." for the first time since these weird visits have begun, Kagome felt bone shattering relief as well as exhausted. Her arms shook as she lifted them to drape across his back, legs twitching to get more comfortable since Smaug had yet to leave. Turning her head, she nuzzled his jawline with her nose. He returned the affection with slower sweeps of his nose against her temple.

"You will show me more that this form has to offer." his voice was strained, he wrapped his arms around her to roll over though did everything in his power to keep them so intimately connected. "Mmm... not now." she curled into his heat with a sigh of relief. A blanket would have been nice, but she was far to exhausted to care at that point. "...sleep first..." She barely heard his chuckle as darkness finally consumed her.
A groan escaped him, a hand rubbing his face as he woke up. His nights have been troubled for the last little while, ever since Sebastian had put his foot down and told him he was getting a mentor. He had stood his ground and said that he needed no one to mentor and teach him how to cook, but the head butler wasn't budging. Even went as far as using military and war terms to sway him on the matter.

Of course the idea of an unknown factor in his territory was upsetting, so much so that his sleep had become troubled. To think he would dream the same thing every night, and not about how this mentor would end up replacing him, was what had him confused. If he wasn't so worried about it finally being D-Day, he would admit that the woman in his dreams was lovely... But no person like her could exist, and they were just dreams after all.

After finishing his morning rituals, he pulled a cigarette to sit between his lips. He was not looking forward to this day. A stranger, potential enemy in his territory that could end up replacing him. He ruffled his hair in frustration. He had to stop his thoughts from running around in circles!

"You're usually up earlier, Baldroy." the sound of a pocket watch snapping shut and the smooth baritone of Sebastian's voice had Baldroy jumping back. "Is there anything the matter?"

Calming his racing heart, Baldroy sneered at the prim, proper and always perfect head butler. "Fine. Everything's fine. Just been having trouble sleeping."

"Ah." Sebastian began towards the kitchen, his steps as silent as ever. "It wouldn't have anything to do with what I mentioned a month ago, would it?"

A nervous chuckle escaped Baldroy as he scratched the back of his neck, his goggles shifting from the action. "Not at all! Why would you think that! Ha-ha-ha!" he turned his head to the side and muttered things about traitors.

They quickly entered the kitchen, the others already there as they gathered around his mentor. All looked pleased and excited to meet this new person. Traitors, the lot of them. Even Tanaka looked more lively!

It was when Mey-Rin turned to greet Sebastian and himself that Baldroy froze. It-it couldn't be! It was impossible! There was no way... He was stunned - the stranger in front of him looked exactly like the girl he'd been dreaming about!

Black hair curled and bounced around her shoulders, blue eyes sparkled as her cherry pink lips were turned up in a smile. Her cheeks were blushed as Finnian mentioned how cute she was. Baldroy felt himself blush when he realized she was even cuter in reality. And then memories of the outfits she wore in his dreams had his blush darkening, while they had been cute there had been a lot of exposed skin.

"Ah, Sebastian. How nice of you to finally join us." her tone was sharp, gaze even sharper when she pinned the head butler with a pointed look.

The tension in the air thickened instantly, the others not quite catching on as the static between the woman and Sebastian sparked up a storm.

"Please forgive me, Kagome. I was just retrieving our chef." Sebastian's smile was as pleasant as ever, though the bow he gave was somewhat mocking.
"Putting the blame on others? You haven't changed a bit, Akuma." her eyes narrowed when Sebastian's own smile became sharper. She waved him off as she turned to him, her expression becoming more open. "You must be Baldroy, I'm looking forward to working with you!"

Baldroy sputtered for a minute before managing to spit out a reply. "Don't you mean teach me?"

"Not at all! It'll be a learning process for the both of us. With that said, I hope you take care of me during my stay." she offered a bow, a custom he figured was due to her Japanese heritage.

"R-right. Too me... I mean me too!" where had his military training gone? Right. Out the window the moment a pretty woman put her complete attention on him.

A small hand to stifle her giggles. "I heard you like to use... unconventional methods in your cooking. With that said, for now I'm hear to observe."

Baldroy winced, he knew what the others thought about his cooking. Hell, Sebastian usually ended fixing all the meals himself. "Are... are ya sure? You are here to teach me, maybe I could watch you work first... and then work on you! I mean with you! I meant work with you!" a noise of frustration escaped him as he grabbed fists of his hair and crouched down. He was wishing he had stayed in bed. Perhaps a tactful retreat? He highly doubted that.

"Since I am the one moving into your work space, we'll do as you wish." she patted his still burning scalp, not knowing her touch had him shivering. The bare tips of her fingers remained, teasing his hair as she turned to Sebastian. "I suggest you leave, Akuma, otherwise I'll finally get to flambe you!"

"Careful, Miko, you know how your words affect my... appetite." Sebastian bowed and left despite his words, snickering as he went.

Looking up at her scowling pout, Baldroy couldn't help but ask. "Do the two of you know each other?"

"Unfortunately. And as much as I hate to admit, it's been through him that I've met the most interesting people. You included." she smiled down at him, against making him feel like a school boy. She offered him a delicate hand. "Now, let's get to work shall we?"

He accepted her hand, his insides melting at the gentle squeeze as well as noting how her hand fit perfectly in his own. Perhaps this wouldn't be so bad after all. And maybe, just maybe, she could stay here permanently.
He hissed as he was stuck to sticking in the shade under the tree, feeling more impatient than ever before. “Damn Bubba...”

“What’s got your gunk all mixed up?” the question had him turning away from the two standing in that last bit of sunshine that kept him away, brows furrowing at the young adventurer.

“...nothin’...” he rolled back in the air, crossing his arms over his chest as he turned to continue watching the two. Still in the sun.

“...alright. If you say so.” Fionna shook her head, not going to even bother with Marshall Lee. Eyes narrowed, she turned towards where Prince Gumball stood talking to Kagome. She recognized the book they were talking over, it had a whole ton of recipes in it. With how Kagome was hunched over it, she was more than likely writing down a new recipe from the Prince. It was one of the things the two usually talked about, swapping cookbook secrets.

Eyes flicked between the scene she was more than used to and Marshall Lee, blinking rapidly at seeing him actually pouting. “Oh. My. GLOB!” her hands slapped to her cheeks, stepping back when she realized what exactly she was seeing.

“What the bjork? Why are you screaming?” Marshall Lee jerked back, hands slapping over his ears.

Fionna winced at seeing him wince. “Sorry.” shaking her head, she returned to her earlier thoughts. “I don’t believe it!”

“What are you talking about?” he frowned down at the girl, scowling when she went all sly on him.

“You like Kagome. It’s totally obvious! Why didn’t I see it before?” Fionna laughed, finding the whole thing...

And really she should have. It had started off like it had between herself and Marshall Lee. He was such a dude, though mostly a butt guy. Teasing Kagome and jumping out at her seemed to be his favorite hobby. Then it, it… changed. She didn’t know how or when, but became serious towards her. Like… way cray beeswax.

“Quit talking dirtballs.” but was she? He remembered how his parents had reacted when he mentioned Kagome in passing. The shear fear had him curious, and so spent more time around her and studied everything he could about her. Other than her rare crazy temper that came with a painful slap, there really was nothing all that scary about her. But he picked up on her other quirks.

Muffled snickers drew him out of his thoughts to watch Fionna walk over to Kagome and Bubba. “Right... Well, I’m gonna go say hi!”

Glob! How long were sunsets? He needed to... Oh he didn’t know what he wanted or needed right now, but keeping Bubba away from Kagome sounded like a good start. Scaring some citizens sounded pretty fun too...

“Whatcha’ thinkin about?” the chirped question coming from half his source of current frustration had him hissing in surprise.
“Nothing! Why is everyone so interested in what my thoughts are?” he lowered until he was finally standing before her, actually noticing how tiny she was compared to his own height.

“Hm? It’s only natural. I mean, we are your friends and want you to know that you can ask us for help.” her head tilted to the side as she looked up at him.

Grumbling he turned away, his sights landing on a blushing Fionna and Bubba. He scoffed at the two of them. “They look cute together, don’t you think?”

His pout earned a giggle. It wasn’t fair, how could Fionna figure him out before he did? Trying to put that behind him, he grinned and leaned down to her level. “Wanna go to the Nightosphere? I’m dying to introduce you to my parents.”

“Oh? Taking me to meet the parents before a first date? A little backwards, don’t you think?” she giggled as she leaned up to reach his height. “Sounds like fun.”

She tucked her book in the small bag that Fionna had given her a while ago to accept his hand, laughing with excitement as he gave an extra spin before opening a portal.

Prince Gumball frowned as he watched them disappear, not believing what Fionna had told him. “I don’t think that Miss Kagome should-!” he reared back when Fionna waved her hands in front of his face.

“Shushers! Think of what it means if they become boyfriend and girlfriend!” it would mean Marshall Lee being less of a Butt Guy for one. And that sounded really Mathematical to her.
Kagome loved Tanabata. As a child it had been all about the colored streamers, the food stalls and being allowed to stay up late to watch the lanterns and fireworks. When she had started Jr. High and finally noticed boys; it had been about wishing for the cutest boy in school to notice her, having the courage to confess her feelings and then being his girlfriend.

Now, now it was more for the enjoyment of the story and history behind it. She still wished for someone to love her for her, and all for herself. Though right now, she was content. She had just started High school so she was happy to be back home. Her brow ticked at her current situation, an act that showed her men had not changed.

“Come on, a cute girl like you all alone? Let's have a good time!” the tall man held onto her wrist far too tightly.

“No thank you. I have to ask you to leave the shrine grounds. Your actions aren't welcome.” her words went in one ear and out the other.

“Don't be like that, I have some friends on the street and we know of this great place.” his words were slurred, tone pitching in a song like effect to tempt her to go. His other arm wrapped around her waist and began to gave soft tugs to her obi.

Her free hand rose to push at his shoulder, hitting it when she was dragged into his hold. He laughed at her attempts, his breath heavy with alcohol washing over her face. Cringing, she had finally had enough. With her free hand she managed to slap him, drawing the attention of those closest to them, before kneeing him.

“Ow!” his cry was muffled a bit. It took him a few seconds before he stood his full height, attitude doing a complete 180°. “You bitch!”

Her eyes widened at the unexpected push, heart freezing when she remembered that the shrine's steps were behind her. It felt like forever with the ground ripped out from under her. Eyes clenched shut she waited for the inevitable and painful fall.

A gasp escaped her when she fell into a solid arm, eyes flashing open to lock with dark gray. Slowly she was pulled forward and away from the steps and into her savors hold. Eyes fluttering, she held onto to his own yukata as her brain attempted to catch up with her possible near death experience.

The sudden appearance of full on tactical team appearing out of nowhere did not help. “What shall we do with the perpetrator, Sir?”

“Remove him. I think he needs some time to sober up. Also look into these friends of his he mentioned.” it appeared that the 'Sir' they were referring to was a boy a year or two older than herself. He pushed up his glasses, a smile on his face that hid something frightening.

Just as quickly as they appeared, they disappeared along with the man that accosted her. Wide eyes took in the others that were obviously with the two that had stepped forward and helped her. A set of ginger haired twins wearing mirrored yukatas. A blond in a very bright yukata as he worried over a petite girl in a rather cute and stylish yukata. Lastly, a small blond bundle of smiles was jumping for her attention.

“Are you alright miss?” the bright and cheery smile matched the cute if not childish fabric pattern.
Blinking, it took her a second for it all finally to catch up. Smiling, she bent down the slightest amount to the boy's height. “I am, thank you.” Smile still in place, she turned to the one that still had a secure arm around her. “And thank you for catching me. You saved me from a very painful experience.”

“Does this happen often during commoners festivals?” the extravagant blond pouted when the girl pushed him away.

Kagome blinked at the odd wording of his question but ignored it. “Well, there are people that think festivals give them allowance to drink and act such, but we haven't had too many issues.”

One of the twins was about to speak up when a small group of boys from her school quickly approached, carefully weaving their way through the crowd. “Kagome-sama! Kagome-sama! There was an incident along the shrine steps! There was a Tact-team of officers and a man shouting!”

Smiling she gave a nod of her head. “Thank you. If anyone is hurt, please lead them to the side. Give them some water and keep them calm. I'll be down there in a moment.”

The boys nodded eagerly to rush back down the stairs, leaving the group that had inadvertently caused the incident to watch after them. “-Sama?” the girl of the group was the one to ask.

“Ah. Apparently living on a shrine and being the star of the archery team comes with a fan club.” she tried to laugh it off, but it quickly died off with an awkward sigh.

“Oh. And are they working or volunteering here at the shrine?” the girl's head tilted softly.

“Not exactly. Since they were going to be hanging around anyways, I figured they could be useful!” her words had the twins and tall blond shivering slightly, almost flinching back at her almost too perfect smile. It was a match to their own Shadow King.

Said person watched her, a curious smirk curling his lips as he pushed his glasses to rest properly atop her nose. “So you are the Higurashi heir then?”

“I am. Why?” sharp eyes watch the tall male. His hands tucking into the sleeves of his yukata.

“Oh, no reason. Other than curiosity.” the lights glared off his glasses as he smiled.

“Right. Well, thank you as well. For having your... men?” he nodded at her questioning tone. “For having your men deal with that so quickly and efficiently. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to check up on the patrons your men many have... upset.” she pulled herself from her savors hold and offered a bow before making her way down the stairs.

“Mori-senpai... the two of you looked pretty good with each other.” Haruhi commented, blinking when a light dusting of red colored his cheeks. Did he...?

“It was scary how alike she was also to Kyoya-senpai. Making her fanclub work for the shrine.” Hikaru gave a show of dramatic shivers for effect.

At the back of the group, Mori and Kyoya shared a look and gave a nod. It may have been a single meeting, but first impressions were important. So they were silently agreeing: May the best man win.
The young woman they had found in the Forbidden Forest had been with them for months now. Each day was a new adventure in showing her everything that they could, even if it wasn't exactly allowed according to the school. So it wasn't exactly odd to see the Marauders usher her wherever they went. It didn't hurt that their pranks were... well a little more contained.

If Sirius and Remus appeared a little... possessive, if not territorial, of the strange girl, James was quick to jump in and wave those worries away. If Kagome herself didn't voice any concerns, then there was nothing to worry about. Right?

Well, there had been an incident involving a seventh year Ravenclaw. Apparently he had been pestering Kagome when she was alone and constantly hounding her with questions. It wasn't unusual, there had been many that were curious about her. Her lack of official sorting, where she came from and the such. It had been when the boy finally cornered her and demanded a date from her when her two shadows struck.

That poor boy had been subjected to many hexing and pranks, after the more reserved Remus gave him a bloody nose. The boy had kept the incident to himself, accosting a girl was going to get him in trouble with his teachers.

“Are Remus and Sirius alright? They've been acting weird, well, weirder than usual.” Lily pinned James with narrowed eyes. She liked Kagome, it was nice to have someone else as a friend that had a Muggle background. So it hadn't escaped her to see how the two Marauders crowded in on the girl. “And don't you lie to me James Potter! I've known you too long now to know when you're lying.”

James tried to calm her down, shushing her to not draw any unwanted attention. He couldn't explain that the nearing full moon was affecting Remus and his little furry problem into a more active role. “Knowing them, they're off somewhere enjoying themselves.”

Lily pursed her lips, she knew he wasn't lying but there was something about his words that felt like he was not telling her something. “Right. Well then, I'm going to go to the library and wanted to ask if you could help me with the transfiguration assignment.”

He was all smiles, scrambling about to get his things and go with her to the library. All the while he was mentally scolding his friends, he was getting tired for coming up with excuses when he himself was left in the dark about the exact details.

Said friends were in fact doing just as he said, enjoying themselves. Said enjoyment just so happened to involve their current newest companion. She was currently sandwiched between them in a heated make out session. It turns out, despite how well she manage to speak English, there were still terms that were lost to her. Of course she asked the wrong individuals, though her current partners would disagree, about the English term 'snogging'.

“So... so this is ah!” she arched in surprise when Remus actually took hold of her rear, under her skirt, to pull her flush against his own pelvis. “...this is snogging?”

Sirius smirked at her disbelieving tone, hands climbing from her waist to trail up to her pert, bountiful and always teasing breasts. She arched again with another delightful mew. “Oh Kagome dear, you have so much to learn.”
“You could... could ha-Ah!-ve just explained!” she threw a pout towards Remus for a rather painful nip to her neck.

The usually reserved Remus smirked, which was all predator, as he leaned down to rub his nose against her own. “Now where would the fun be in that, love?”

“He's quite right. Now shush. No more talking, unless it's praising us or begging for more.” Sirius nipped at her earlobe before suckling the tender morsal.

“What! I nev-! Mm!” Remus decided to silence her complaints the quick, easy and pleasurable way. With the full moon so close, he actually managed to achieve a rumble of pleasure. And too think, they still had near a hundred other nooks and crannies to hide behind and enjoy their time with Kagome. Thank Merlin's beard they also had a whole year to do so.
He thought he paid a lot of attention to the details in life, priding himself on that ability. Right now though... reality was slapping him in the face for the one time he didn't pay attention to the details.

The first time he met her had been accidental. Then again, when he met a new girl he always played it out that way. But her... Oh she stood out compared to the others. She didn't fall for his charms. There had been no blushing or stuttering, not even the shying away. Instead she looked him straight on, listened to his words and bluntly refused him. Looking back on it now, that should have been his first clue.

Soon they became fast friends and he thought to use this new opportunity to woo her. Prolonged exposure as it were.

“Oh Miroku, you're such a flirt!” that was usually her reply to said wooing. That or his lines were cheesy and he was a corndog. She was the first to see past that though, the first to see the hurt. He was raised by a distant relative, mother having died in childbirth then his father when he was still young. She had been the first to learn that. The second clue: him being so comfortable around her, that it was natural to share anything and everything with her.

A month or two into their friendship, she brought in the transfer student to their little group. And he... he had been so easily, too easily distracted. She was shy and reserved, though it hid a fiery temper and a mature physic. This girl's reactions to his flirtations were violent and left him bruised. Of course, he always turned to his favorite girl to receive tender care. Which was the third clue.

“Are the two of you together?” with how close they had become, they often got asked that question.

When they were out with others enjoying what the city had to offer, she would stick with him. The comments they ended up receiving always had him smirking. “They look so good together. Like a dream pair!”

His other classmates always turned to him with disbelief. “How come you aren't dating her? If you don't hurry up, someone will snatch her up and then it'll be too late.”

He always pushed those comments aside. Her loyalty had been something that was rare in most people and he had been proud to be one of those that she was loyal to. It meant she stuck to those she was loyal to, and defended them with a ferocity. He had been privy to defending others, he wouldn’t deny they had been a bit of a turn on.

Especially in those incidents when angry boyfriends came to him, better said would be at him, to accuse him of making their girlfriends cheat on them. There had been one or two where he had been the one to cause such an affair, but that one time she looked at him with such disappointment had him keeping away from girls that were already in a relationship.

He really should have noticed how one look from her had him changing his ways and actively wanting to better himself. And yet, he remained blind to the reasons behind it all. Instead he stopped chasing her, turning to the next girl that attracted him. The chase had been fun with her, he got to reap the rewards whenever they had time and on top of that he would get to keep his friend at his side.

He failed to see how that was no longer exactly the truth.
She had begun to pull away, his current girlfriend also no help by pushing her away. And then it was spring and they advanced into the next year. Their time spent with each other was less and less. His girlfriend was spiteful and he had been aware of her keeping them apart. He thought it was normal, guys did not have close friends that were girls and a girlfriend as well. His friends and classmates called him an idiot, and he really was.

It was the summer festival, they had gone out as a group. They were all smiles as they walked along, touring the stalls and stands. It was by chance alone they had bumped into each other. And a slap to his face.

Had it been so long that he hadn't noticed how blue her eyes were? Her normally free hair was pinned up and looked more silky than ever before. And her skin, was it always that soft peach soft color that blushed so beautifully? The yukata she wore had turned her into something refined. The pretty girl he had befriended had transformed into a beautiful young woman. It was the young man whose arm she was on that had him scowling at the picture.

She had introduced him as her new stepbrother. “My mom remarried.” she smiled, like it was normal.

“Haha, Pops sure took a shining to you! He's always wanted a daughter to dote on.” the boy pinched her cheeks, the two of them acting very much like siblings. “It doesn't hurt that my new little sister is so cute! Now call me Onii-sama!”

Their interactions were so natural, an obvious sign that you've known each other for a while. And it was then jealousy that began to burn in him, bubble up and boil at how easy it was between the two. Instead he smiled and offered her a congratulations.

“Yeah. It's too bad that we're leaving though.” her words were like shattered glass, the shards digging into his heart and twisting the more she spoke. “I'm really going to miss it here.”

“Oh don't be like that, your new home, our home, will be way bigger. No more arguing with Souta over the bathroom.” the young man, for he really was older than than the lot of them, snickered at the playful smack he received. “Not only that, you now have the opportunity to follow your dreams!”

Being a nurse, his mind supplied. She had always wanted to be a nurse so she could help others. It was one of the topics she gushed about. His heart was bleeding, seeing her smiling face, seeing how she interacted with her new step brother and didn't even appear at all upset about leaving. He wanted nothing more than to go over there and snatch her up, hold her and tell her how he was an idiot for not seeing it earlier.

“Don't forget, your Gramps is still here and you can always visit.”

His mind, body and heart were at war with him. His body frozen in betrayal in that forced him to continued to smiling at her. His mind screaming at him to steal her away, so he could beg her to stay, to forgive him so that she would accept him. His heart was already crying, as if knowing it was too late and he had lost her.

“And you can also email and call your friends.”

There was no way he would be able to survive on such meager means of communication with her alone. He needed her there beside him.

“Well, we need to get going. The last train leaves in an hour.” she gave everyone a parting wave,
though her gaze lingered on him.

He was left standing alone, staring where she was last seen. “Don't go... Kagome.”
Keeping an eye on the monster of his little sister had become no more troubling, with that Syaoran kid now hovering about. The little punk was even taking her out on dates now!

Sitting in his corner, he lifted his cup to take another sip of his coffee only to scowl. Damn brats had him so distracted that he didn't even notice he had already finished his coffee and that his cup had long gone cold. With a grumble, he pushed up from his table and made his way back to the counter.

Only, he didn't make it there. A petite body bounced off of him, he was so deep in his thoughts he had not even seen the person in front of him.

"There is a line here ya know." the teasing tone had him snapping up to look at who he bumped into. The black hair and blue eyes gave it away. The new girl, Kagome Higurashi. "Or is this some sort of treatment for newcomers?"

Lowering his cup he shook his head. "I'm sorry. I wasn't really paying attention."

She threw him a playful smirk. "No need to tell me, I'm the one that you almost threw to the ground in your absent mindedness." her smile let him know that she was not at all upset.

"Again, I'm sorry." he apologized again. To think, he pulled one of the same moves he often teased his little sister about.

Hearing a set of laughs from the brighter side of the cafe drew his attention, and he scowled at the scene. Too close! That damn brat was too close to Sakura!

"Oh, I see." the low tone had him whipping his head about to face Kagome, who was all smiles.

"What are you talking about?" he let out a grunt, not exactly liking that 'cat that ate the canary' expression she was wearing.

She gave a show of shrugging her shoulders and turned to face the counter, forcing him to take those few extra steps to stand next to her. "I've heard you have a bit of a sister complex. My kid brother is the same with me in a way. It's kind of adorable, but annoying too."

"I didn't know you have a kid brother." he blinked at that, processing the information.

"Yeah, he's in the 6th grade. Right now he's trying out for his school's soccer team." her words somewhat settled his worries for a possible new brat to hang around his sister, since he was going to concentrate on sports. Then again, it could go the other way around.

He watched as she stepped forward and ordered her drink, it was while she ducked to go for her wallet that he stepped forward to order his coffee. "I'm paying for hers as well."

"Wha-No!" her head whipped from him to the lady behind the counter. "No he's not! Just give me a second and I'll have my wallet!"

Already the money was slapped onto the countertop and he had to smile at her complaining. "Seriously, what is this? If this is your way of apologizing, I already accepted it!"

Touya smirked as he grabbed both their drinks and made his way to the table he had been sitting at.
earlier. “I know that much. Maybe this is just me trying to make this into a date.” her sputtering and blushing had him laughing. He also couldn't help but find it adorable at how she shuffled after him muttering.

“...sneaky... weaseling for a date... should have known better...” she continued on for a few minutes, pouting and not bothering to look at him when she sat at the table. “This isn't official ya know. You didn't ask me or anything!”

“Hai, hai. So if I did ask, would you accept?” he smirked behind his mug at her instant blush. Perhaps his classmates were right, Kagome was pretty cute and it had been a month or so since she started so they weren't complete strangers. He let out another chuckled when she mumbled an answer around her own drink. So she would say yes to a date with him? That was good to know.
Jurassic World: Owen

Kagome looked at the man next to her. His dirty blond hair was looking like a bird's nest, not that she could claim hers looked any better. Though it did with her hair-tie. He was currently resting in the nook of the branch they were resting on.

It had been... she wasn't sure how long, perhaps a couple of weeks? Since he had tackled her. It seemed her first meetings with others with the crappiest first impressions was still going strong.

Turning to face the world beyond the tree they were currently resting in, Kagome contemplated their predicament. She thought they were in some prehistory era of Earth's history. Not human history, because there was a difference. One where dinosaurs ruled the earth. Owen figured they were on one of those islands that had been made into a dino paradise by crazy-greedy corporations.

His theory was that they were part of some sick sort of underground survival match. That there were others running around while viewers were making bets. She had asked him how this theory was hatched. She learned he had been working for a company that had reopened the dinosaur themed park as the proverbial dinosaur whisperer. Of course he had. That, and he had a Navy SEAL background apparently. His reaction when she told him she was basically a city kid still in university, pretty much said 'I'm calling bullshit'.

Which was true, no one with a city background could survive as long as she had even with him helping her along the way. She brushed his questions off and had him focus on surviving. Facing away from Owen, she looked off in the direction she felt the weak pulsing of power. If it wasn't the well then it was something similar... either way she knew it could lead them home. Now to get Owen to believe that heading in the direction that was near the raptors territory was a good idea would be the real challenge.

"... I told you to wake me after a couple of hours of sleep.” the sleep husky voice had Kagome rolling her eyes.

"Trust me, Owen, you're short a couple of hours. Not only that, you could use the sleep.” she gave a light tap to his right shoulder.

His lips pursed as he stared at her. “I still don't believe you. No city woman can tell what injury I have and then how to tend it and keep it from getting infected. At least not without complaining they broke a nail or stained their shirt.”

Kagome chuckled lowly. “What's the matter, Dino Whisperer, I thought you said you like a woman with a little mystery?” her hands were fixing her hair. With the sun rising and the previous night's rain, it was going to be a muggy day.

A grunt escaped him as his eyes zeroed in on the nape of her neck, the pale flesh now a little tanned and smudged with a bit of dirt. He could already see a tiny build up of sweat and he swallowed on reflex. She had reminded him a lot of Claire, her outfit something that a modern woman in business would wear, only Kagome wore slacks. That and she was wearing a pair of shoes that were a little more practical than the heels Claire had worn when they searched for her nephews.

Past that cleaned up appearance, Kagome was a fighter and a survivor. She had training, maybe nothing official, and he highly doubted it was from any end of the world fanatic, but she had training. With all that said, she was a strong woman that was still feminine. It was rather... a big
turn on. Perhaps once they got off the godforsaken island, he'd ask her out.

“Listen, the predators were moving while you rested. I think it could be time we find a new place to hold up.” she turned to face him, twisting the slightest amount to do so.

He let out a pained grunt when he shifted, his shoulder gave a pained spasm. The barest of smiles was all he offered as he leaned back into the tree a bit more. “Perhaps you're right. I'll rest up a bit longer.”

“Lazy old man.” the mutter caused him to raised a brow.

With gentle moves, more for his injured shoulder than for her sake, he pulled her back to rest against his side. “I'm only a handful of years older than you. And you were the one that reminded me of my injury.”

“Right. No need to die because you went from Dino Whisperer to Dino Bait. Ow!” she gave a soft pained hiss at the small pinch he gave her. “So mean...”
Yu Yu Hakusho: Kurama

It wasn't fair. It really wasn't.

Seeing his little lover strung up like that and at his mercy was far more arousing than he had imagine it would be. Her wrists were bound above her, a set of vines curled her legs respectively and her pert breasts were blushed as they heaved with her pants.

“Kurama...” her whine had a slight warning, she wasn't all that happy with her current situation.

“Yes, my little lover?” he circled her, fingers trailing along her soft skin with a feather light touch. He leaned down to press a kiss between her shoulders. Shivers wracked her body and she attempted to rub her thighs together. “Tut, tut. If you want something, you'll have to say so.”

Another whimpering whine escaped her as the vines pried her legs open, allowing his fingers to trail up the silky smooth insides of her thighs. He gave a fanged smirk when he felt the tiny wet trails, and just as he reached the source of that wetness, he trailed his fingers away. He dragged the sweet nectar from her weeping flower up and outward, over her hips until he could grip her perfectly shaped ass. He loved to watch it whenever she walked ahead of him, it had this delightful little bounce to it as her hips swayed.

“I do so love this ass of yours.” he gave the soft flesh another squeeze at her moan. “So soft, round and supple. Shall I take you from behind this time? Spank that little ass of yours as I do so?” he knew his words affected her, it was so different from the polite front he put when they were in public.

Hearing her whimper pulled at the proverbial strings to his cock, with another firm squeeze along with a light spank, he let go so he had the room to step forward. Burying his face into her hair, he breathed her in deeply, his hips surging forward to grind against her as he hugged her tight to his form. He ground into her soft ass a few more times, simply enjoying the feel of her in his arms. By Inari, what this tiny miko did to him.

Having had enough of simply holding her, his hands swept along her form. Soft petting of her tight tummy until the strokes grew wider, one hand petting down to the soft little thatch of trimmed hair while the other rose to tease the underside of her breasts. “Have you decided on what you want? How you want me to take you?” his hips surged forward once again.

“I'm... I'm... Not fair!” she let out a whimper as her head fell back to land on his shoulder, her arms giving weak tugs on the vines that restrained her.

He pulled away from her, a chuckle escaping him at her panicked whimper. With slow steps he walked to stand before her, making sure that his fingers trailed along her flesh in teasing touches. When he finally stood before her, he smiled at the picture she made. Eyes glazed over, cheeks flushed, lips full and pouting. It was when her eyes caught his that the spark returned, the challenging dare was back. “If you want to get what you want, Kurama, then make me beg.”

A shock went through his system at her words, the challenge behind them forcing his instincts into play. How he loved his little miko! “Make you? Darling, by the time I'm done, you won't be able to say much of anything, let alone beg.” a low moan was his reply as she attempted to assuage her need. The idea of torturing his little lover into getting what they both wanted, her being more honest, them getting relief and hearing her beg... He almost let out a whimper himself.
He began to strip, he wasn't taking his time or putting on a show, he was almost at that point where he wanted nothing more than to rip his clothes off so he could feel her hot, tight walls around him. Her eyes devoured him, biting her lower lip as her hands clenched into fists and tugged at the vines. She strained, her chest thrusting out as her tummy stretched until she sagged back. The moment the last of his clothes was off, he was in front of her hands on her hips as he mouth dominated her own.

With a bit of maneuvering, she was raised at the perfect height and rocked against her. His cock slid easily against her folds, so slick with her juices. The minute moments left him trembling, the cool night air a stark contrast to the wet heat that coated him. She strained forward when he pulled away, they nipped at each others lips. “You're so wet... hot. Do you need me?” it was then he took to teasing her.

Fingers trailed along all he could reach. His touch ranged from a steady massage of her curves to the barest touches where she wanted him. She shifted the small amount she could manage to tempt his fingers, he withdrew them with a chuckle that had her whimpering. “You said to make you beg. I want to hear it.”

His lips trailed from her own to her ear, a slightly more painful nip to the lobe had her gasping. “I want to hear every gasp, moan and cry.”

Her back arched away from tickling fingers that traced down her spine, pressing their fronts tighter and had her grinding down on him. “I want to hear what you want me to do to you.”

“Ahh...” a pleased sigh escaped her, her face turning to him with an expression of pleasured pain. Lips sought out his own, her suckling his lower lip in such away that had him thinking where else she could be suckling. Another time perhaps.

“Where do you need me to touch?” his hands once again on the move, steady pressure earning breathy giggles that had him smiling at the sound when he passed her ribs. “Here?” they swept down to her hips, fingers sweeping and fanning along the flesh there.

Before she could even comprehend the pleasure from there he was once again petting elsewhere. “Here?” Fingers petted and smoothed along the curves of her ass that had her sighing. He smirked at the echo of her surprised cry that drowned out the sound of his hand popping against her flesh in a spank.

“Maybe....” a hand trailed to the front, working to tweak her beaded nipples. She gasped for breath and when she finally inhaled sharply, her hips rocked against his cock as best she could. A hand dropped, his fingers working around his cock to pinch and roll her wet little bud. “...here?”

Her body grew taut as she threw her head back with a scream. “Gods yes! More, please more. Everywhere! Kami, fuck me!”

A low growl escaped him, finally winning this little challenge. As such, it was time to reap the rewards. Quicker than she could possibly comprehend, he had her on her hands and knees as he slowly rocked into her. She clawed at the ground as she attempted to rock back against him, not knowing he was taking this moment for the sake of his own sanity. When he was finally seated deep in her, his head fell back with low groan. “Inari... you are so tight.”

“Move...” the word tumbled out past her lip, it was hard to tell if she was demanding or begging, but he knew that if he didn't he would lose what sanity he had left.

He spanked her once before he began rocking into her, a small form of punishment if her words
had been a demand. The skin reddened, forming a wonderful impression of his palm. It was her
gasping sigh that followed it and the sudden clenching around his length that had him raising a
brow. “So, my little lover doesn’t mind being spanked?”

He did so again, a little harder this time and silently snarled at the choking tightness around his
cock. She was already so hot, wet and tight, he didn’t think she could get more so. A third spank
echoed through the air with the sounds of his hips snapping forward to slap against her thighs. His
hand remained to soothe and massage the red cheek, humming when she pushed back into his touch.

A bark of surprise left him when he felt her willfully tighten around him, wide eyes stared down at
the back of her head in surprise. All this time, and his little lover still had some surprises hidden up
her own sleeves.

“More, please. Harder... faster...” she had dropped to her elbows, a barely open blue eye peeking at
him from over her shoulder. She tightened once again around him, and held him. He actually
whimpered. Like a little kit. He was going to keep her. Never let her go.

He dropped down to wrap his arms around her, one hand to grope a swinging breast while the other
moved to pinch and roll her soaked clit. His hips were now pistoning, to the point he knew there
would be bruising on the both of them. But he couldn’t get enough of her clenching heat, their
scents mixing, her cries as she begged into the night air for more. And then he felt it, the pinching
at his head and base, it broke him. Snapping what left shred of sanity he had. With a snarl, he threw
himself back, gripping the cheeks of her ass to spread her and give him that little extra space that
allowed him to continue feeling that delirious pinching sensation.

And then finally, after what felt like forever and the most painful choke hold on his cock, he came
to his end. A snarling groan bubbled up his throat as her walls fluttered and clamped down on him,
his hips twitching every few seconds as he panted. As for Kagome, he finally managed to look
down at her. She was boneless, her hips only supported by his hold and cock. Despite the earth
shattering orgasm he just had, the kitsune in him could still go for a few rounds.

Kagome was panting, head cushioned half by a curled arm and half by the soft mossy ground. Blue
eyes were barely open, glazed and staring at some unseeing spot. With skill and careful
maneuvering, he managed to stay connected with her and turn her about so she was on her back.
The movement had them both moaning.

He lowered down to nuzzle her. A nose running along the underside of one breast, nipping its
delightful rosebud nipple. Moving up, he planted kisses where her heart beat furiously before
turning to nuzzle behind her ear.

“You my dear, are full of surprises.” he chuckled at her raspy moan.

Her arms wrapped him, face turned away as she panted. “Kurama... shut... up...” his chuckle had
her giving his hair a slight tug in reprimand.

“Hmm, sounds like I can get you to beg a few more times.” he smirked down at his treasure, her
tired body arching when he gave a lazy thrust. Oh, how he loved his little miko.
The room they had taken her to was one that could apparently turn itself into any room that was required of it, and currently it was a luxurious spa. It was soft, warm, potted plants adding that little bit of vibrancy and contrast. There was also a scent wafting through the air that left her feeling... ticklish? Tingly? Whatever the feeling, it felt nice.

She had just had one of the best baths for the first time in a very long time and was now stretched out across the only option available. The bed was huge and it felt like she was floating, cushioned on a cloud. It was more than easy to slip into a state of semi-slumber while Remus and Sirius did their thing.

As she laid there she remembered her embarrassment at the idea of bathing in the same room as them, or that they hid her clothes. Meaning she was currently only in a towel. But she was just so relaxed that she felt boneless. Ever since her lesson on 'Snogging 101', her two shadows had made sure they maintained physical contact whenever they were next to her. Which was pretty much all day.

The feeling of calves being messaged had her moaning softly, rousing her into a more aware state. It wasn't completely alert, just enough to know that she wasn't alone anymore. The strong motions worked their way up. The fingers were long, strong and slightly callused as they moved their way up her legs. Still in her semi-sleep-alert state, she simply lavished in the sensations. That is until the hands shifted to massage one leg at a time, her lower thigh to be exact. It was the second set of hands started on the back of her neck.

“What the-?!” she jerked, her limbs tugging to get away from the hands as she searched for the owners of said hands. “Sirius? Remus?”

At first she tried to get a reading on the situation as she clutched her only form of cover in a tight fist, searching between the two wizards that were wearing near identical expressions. Her free hand flew and slapped a slightly tanned one away from tugging at her towel. “What? No! No touching! No bad touching!”

She should have trusted her instincts more. It was just... when she saw the room and the idea of getting a much needed soaking to relax... It had been so easy to ignore that nagging little voice at the back of her head.

“Bad touching? Love, I'm hurt.” Sirius raised a hand to press to his heart, his expression one of mock hurt.

It was while Kagome was staring him down that Remus took his chance. His hands took hold of her waist and he dragged back into his lap, holding her tight to him so he could plant kisses along her neck and shoulder. A whimper escaped her when he used his own lap to keep her from closing her legs. It was as she tried to shy away from Remus that a second set of lips began pressing against the other side of her neck that had her gasping.

“Guys...” she didn't know what to say in a situation like this. It was a lot more intimate than that heavy make out session a two weeks ago. “We can't...”

Sirius snorted. “Obviously we can.” his hands trailed up her thighs, the oils they had brought with them and used warmed under his touch and made her skin soft and smooth.
Remus ran his nose along the length of her neck. “Are you really going to deny us?” his hands shifted from her hips to smooth over her stomach, teasing the edges of the towel wrapped around her.

His tone was pleading, needy in a very deep way. She of course learned about the four boys that more or less took her in, and Sirius and Remus had been very harsh on their own pasts while it was like pulling teeth to get them to talk.

“I...nhg...I...” she squirmed against the wandering hands as they both attacked her neck. With how they were going, there was going to be bruising come the morning. It was an unfair tactic and she also knew that they were going to be smug that all would see what they had done. “Not fair!”

“All's fair in love and war.” Sirius muttered, smirking against her temple as he eased the towel away and they both got their first real look at her unveiled.

“Well, this is an interesting find...” Sirius smirked when he quickly realized something when his fingers trailed across her thigh, right about where the standard uniform skirt ended. “No tan lines?”

Kagome had never known it was possible to feel the blood drain out of her face only to quickly be followed by an immediate blush. Only this blush ran lower when she felt Remus pull back to get a look as well. She buried her face into raised hands and prayed for this all to be over, or that it had never started to begin with.

Her sudden balance was thrown off when Remus rose to his knees, the action forcing her to do the same or pitch forward and land face first in Sirius' own lap. While she was still uselessly hiding behind her hands, Remus looked over her shoulder and trailed his hands where noticeable tan lines should have been. “Only one way avoid tan lines, dear. When exactly did you find the time and place to sunbath in the nude?”

With vehement shake of her head, Kagome cried out from behind her hands. “I'm not saying anything!”

Sirius narrowed his eyes, a little smirk curling his lips when he gave in to his temptation to give a pretty pink nipple a little flick. Her hands left her face to cover her exposed breasts, to which Sirius pouted, to give him a scandalized stare. “You've been holding out on us.”

Remus chuckled at his fellow Marauder, propping his chin on her shoulder as he wrapped his arms around her middle. He had been very much against the idea of putting Kagome in a situation as a threesome, she was far too... Kagome for such a thing. But Sirius pushed and goaded him, especially around the days of the full moon. It was when she came up to them, face scrunched up in that adorable pout of hers that she wore whenever she got confused and asked them what snogging meant. Of course Sirius wanted to know why only to grow upset when she mentioned that seventh year git from Ravenclaw.

“Hmm, looks like that summer home my family owns is going to get some good use.” Sirius started up, an excited note in his tone for the first time that had anything to do with his family besides his uncle.

They had both returned to petting, massaging and learning of Kagome's body. She let out cute little squeaks, adorable mewls, delightful gasps and tempting sighs. Every things she did was seared into their memories.

“How do you figure that?” Remus asked around the lobe he was gently nibbling on.
Sirius snickered when Kagome twitched at his playful tweaks of her nipples. “All that sunshine...Kagome can keep up with her... tanning regime. And we'll have her all to ourselves...” he trailed off when he finally swooped down to see if those rosy little buds tasted as sweet as the looked. “...sweet like... strawberries and cream...”

At the deepening blush of her cheeks, both of them chuckled. “I don't think summer can come any sooner. Don't you agree, Remus?” Sirius shared a look with his fellow Marauder as he gave the neglected nipple a swipe of his tongue.

“The sooner the better.” Remus agreed, unable to tear himself away from his own current play area. That is until she threw her head back with a low moan. Seeing those plump lips flush a juicy red tempted him to dive in and take a kiss. Memories of her cinnamon kisses had him turning her to face him, to plunder that mouth of her.

Tongue sweeping in, he wondered if he could taste the words he so wanted to hear. For now, he was going to enjoy courting her, enjoy as they courted her. Pulling back he smirked at her dazed expression. “Breath, love. We're not going anywhere.”

A petite hand rose up and curled into his hair, pulling him back for another kiss. He smiled into this one, her flavoring already a little more spicy than from their previous kiss.

“No fair, leaving me all alone...” Sirius' mock whine had Kagome turning to him, her free hand tangling in his longer and darker hair, dragging him to her. Remus returned to her neck, enjoying the more creamy flavor as he watched Sirius kiss the very breath from her.

She had yet to agree to their situation, to either one of them let alone both. Her initiating and returning affections was a good a start as any. Besides, summer was soon around the corner. They'd have two months to get her to admit what they saw and knew. For now, time to enjoy their time together.
The white figure before her had her inching back. They looked like Ichigo, save for the severe lack of color. All in all, this being was starting to freak her out and she really wanted to get back to hers and Ichigo's apartment.

"Well, well, well..." the figure began to approach her, slow steps with purpose. His smirk was wider, a dark edge to it as he gave a low yet mocking bow. "My Majesty, it is an honor."

"Majesty?" this place was giving her a headache from the vertigo. They were standing on the side of a skyscraper, a gray sky to her left while the streets were to her right. This crazy male was not helping.

A cool white hand cupped her chin, forcing her to stare into golden eyes that glowed against the black sclera. "You are with the King, making you the Queen..." those eyes trailed down her form, his smirk going lopsided. "Mmm, what a Queen you make. All the more reason for me to take the Foolish King's throne."

Ripping her chin out of his grip, she snapped back at him as anger coursed through her. She recognized that tone and look and did not appreciate it. "Listen here pal, I don't know who you are, but I don't appreciate your tone."

The male watched her before throwing his head back to laugh. "Ah, backbone. I like that. And your reiatsu... More, I want to feel more." he purred as he began to sidle up to her.

She made a hasty retreat. Why did this have to happen? Why couldn't any supernatural stalker be more like Hojo? Back off when she got mad and stay away? No, they either took her anger as a challenge or her form of flirting, either way left her in a sticky situation.

All thoughts flew out the window when she tripped and landed in a tangle of knotted roots, her breath leaving her in a pained whoosh. Wide dazed eyes stared up at the tree, hoping for an answer to appear. She was starting to feel too much like Alice in Wonderland.

Tilting her head back even further now that she was able to breath properly again, she stared at the beginnings of nature. It was a strange sight, the very buildings were growing into trees. In fact the very roots she was sprawled across were a somewhat morbid mix of glass, metal and wood.

"So you're the cause for the change."

The new voice had Kagome blinking and turning to face a new person. She felt a pout form when she realized it was not someone she knew.

"Tch. The old man finally makes his appearance." Not-Ichigo sneered at the new comer for a few short moments, only to have that creepy dark smirk return. "Gonna give you one warning, the Queen is mine."

The 'Old Man' gave near silent grunt in reply before turning to stare down at her. It was a few moments later that he offered her a hand, to which her still very confused brain took into signaling her to accept. Back on her feet and dusting herself down, she offered the older male her thanks to which he returned with a nod of his head.

"Um, I'm sorry to have disturbed your, um, balanced place, the peace or whatever it is... Uh, where is this place exactly?" she turned to... she should have introduced herself first, but she really didn't
want Not-Ichigo to know her name.

"Ichigo's soul." the answer was calm and so to the point that Kagome blinked as she observed her surroundings with wide eyes.

"Ah." what was she supposed to say to that? She thought she knew a lot about souls, guess not. The inside of a living soul looked a lot different than just seeing a living soul. Her cheeks then began to warm when she realized just what the man said. "And... ah, how do I get out?"

It was far more intimate than she realized, but also made her wonder who these two males actually were. And just what the hell they were doing in Ichigo's soul.

As if to answer her question, the dark sky began to lighten, all looking up at the pretty violets that were making way for pale morning yellow. "Seems your escort will be here any minute."

"Tch, damn foolish King. Always spoiling all the fun." he didn't say anything when he suddenly appeared before Kagome, forcing her to back up a step and bump into the other male. "At least I know I gotta Queen waiting for me when I take the crown. Pretty and powerful. Can be quite the deadly combination."

Kagome flinched back from his raised hand, flinching deeper into the form of the male behind her. Said male did nothing more than loosely wrap an arm around her waist.

"Oi!" All turned to face the one that cried out. Not-Ichigo scowled, the male behind Kagome remained silent and as for Kagome herself, she took the chance to reach his side.

"Ichigo!" she clung to him, so happy to have some semblance of familiarity in this craziness. "Who are these two and why are they in your soul?"

"Don't worry, we're leaving." Ichigo held onto Kagome all the tighter. He took a few steps away, not really liking how either his Hollow or Zangetsu were eying his girlfriend. He still gave Renji what others called 'The Stink Eye' since that bedroom incident.

"Ichigo, I shouldn't have to mention for you to hold on to this one." the low smooth baritone from Zangetsu had Kagome shifting to hide behind him, especially when his Hollow spoke up before he could even reply.

"It would be such a hassle to hunt down the Queen because you were being a foolish King and let her go." golden eyes were pinned on said 'Queen'.

The unwavering stare from both of them and the sadistic grin from his Hollow had Ichigo holding onto Kagome that much tighter. It pissed him off that his girlfriend had to meet these two in person because of some half-assed experiment from Urahara went wrong. Sure she knew his situation, didn't mean he wanted her to meet the actual personifications of his abilities.

"Let's go." he muttered and steered Kagome away. Just why couldn't they have a relatively normal weekend? Without interruptions that ended up where he had to watch out for potential stalkers that were after HIS girlfriend?

Ugh, he needed to take them somewhere far away for a vacation.
They made their way slowly and with caution towards the beach, where Kagome felt that strange pulsing. It had taken a lot to convince Owen to travel so near the Raptors territory, even with them encroaching near their old hold out for better hunting. It didn't help that Owen's shoulder was still pull, which would make it bleed, which would then draw the attention of the predators right towards them.

It sometimes irked Kagome that she couldn't use a bit more of her abilities to help heal his wound along. With his background, he was familiar with wounds and how long they took to heal without proper medical attention. Didn't stop her from keeping any infections at bay. It was the least she could do since he had received said would while helping her to reach some 'low bearing' fruit. Low bearing her foot.

The trees had gotten smaller and shorter the closer towards the beach, but there were rocky crags with small caves that they could use instead. A well placed log or rock allowed them better protection, thus giving them the opportunity to sleep unhindered.

"I could get used to this." Owen mumbled, his voice a little muffled as his face was buried in the crook of her neck.

"What am I? Your personal pillow?" she let out a quiet hiss as she shifted, flicking a rock that had rolled into a very uncomfortable and painful spot.

Owen's arms wrapped tighter around her waist, drawing her closer to him that had her pausing. "If you don't stop... This situation is either going to get a lot more enjoyable or a lot more embarrassing. You decide."

Kagome furrowed her brows and went to turn over and ask just what the hell he meant. That was when she felt it. Her cheeks were instantly rosy and she decided to stare at the cave wall ahead of her. "Pervert."

His soft snort in response puffed warm air against the back of her neck. "It's a natural state we men wake up in, it just happens. Sort of out of my hands." his lips quirked into a smirk against the back of her neck. "Unless you want to put it in yours?"

He laughed when she elbowed him. "First off, keep dreaming." she heard him mutter that she had no idea. Rolling her eyes, she shook her head. "And secondly, from how you sound, you make it seem like it's your body making sure it's still alive and kicking."

"It can be seen as such. Doesn't hurt that I have a beautiful woman in my arms." he gave her a squeeze as he nuzzled into the back of her neck.

"Keep talking like that, and you will be in a world of hurt." she gave a huff when she felt him nod his head before shifting to tuck her under his chin. What he said next had her blush returning with a vengeance.

"So you're into some dominatrix? Didn't think you'd be so kinky." he laughed outright when she spun around, cheeks rosy in either fury or embarrassment as she smacked at him.

"I swear I'm going to let the dinosaurs eat you! String you up for them myself!" she continued to give him halfhearted smacks, not realizing that she was being careful of his injury, or that she had yet to leave his hold.
"Why are we here again?" the high pitched voice asked in a whiny tone.

"Because it's Kagome and she's hot," a deeper and more refined sounding voice answered. "That, and we don't really have any jobs at the moment."

Wade Wilson, a.k.a Deadpool, turned away from the very boring movie to look at Kagome. She was currently wearing an overlarge sweater that sagged from one shoulder and hid the shorts she wore, her bare legs curled and tucked under her.

"But do we have to watch this movie? It's so boring~!" the higher pitched voice cried out.

Wade let his head drop forward in exaggeration, shoulders shaking as he cried silently in agreement. It was some sort of chick flick that dealt with make-up, men and feelings! And the men weren't even what he could call sexy.

"Here's an idea, why don't we introduce her to our movie!"

Wade shot up in his spot, startling Kagome away from her sappy movie. "You're so smart White Box!"

Kagome stared up at him, her surprise morphing into confusion. "Who, are you talking to?"

Ignoring her question, he pulled her up onto her feet and with a spin dipped her. "Kagome, baby, have I told you about my movie?"

She rolled her eyes with a soft snort. "I really am not interested in watching something from your porn collection."

When he stood his full height, spinning her into a dance that he allowed to move her too. "Wait, she knows about our porn collection? That means she's interested in us enough to look us up!"

Yellow Box squealed, giggling at the end.

"That or she snuck in and snooped about. Either idea is really a turn on." White box added in.

"And what do you know about my porn collection kitten?" Wade leaned down to nuzzle her nose with his own through the mask. He giggled at the idea of Kagome and his porn collection together. Now that was something he would pay to see!

She gave him another roll of her eyes. "I don't. I'm just guessing they involve either string bikinis, schoolgirl outfits or maid outfits." she muttered something about her own school uniform. The same one he had, acquired from her old apartment back in Tokyo.

"Think she'd be up for some spanking if we dressed up in matching school uniforms?" Yellow Box's question had Wade shivering in anticipation at the idea.

"As fun as that sounds, I thought we were going to talk about -OUR- movie." White Box put an imaginary cock-block on Wade's fantasy of Kagome, school uniforms and spanking.

"Kagome, honey, when I meant by my movie, I meant -MY- movie." he spun them about again to dip her, enjoying the fact that she was now actively dancing with him. All that was missing was the candlelight, romantic dinner and Mariachi band. "Ryan Reynolds plays as me. I hear we could be
twins."

Kagome reared back and gave him a funny look. "What are you talking about. First white boxes and now movies about you? And Ryan who?" she let out a grunt when her back collided with his hard chest.

Wade wrapped his arms around her, chin dropping to rest on her head as he pouted. "Really? You don't know Ryan Reynolds? We're like, bosom buddies!" spinning her out so she landed on the couch, he made it for her computer and began typing like the madman that he was at her keyboard.

"You break that or it gets any virius' or TROJAN's, you're getting me a new one. That's not a piece of crap and actually works!" her hair was an adorable mess as she looked at him over the back of the couch.

"Honey, trust me! You're gonna love it!" he threw a few kisses her way.

It was about half an hour later, after Kagome's movie finally finished, when she made her way to him. Leaning over his shoulder, she watched the text window that were open and computer jargon was spewed across them. "Well, whenever your movie is ready, let me know," she patted his head and walked off to the kitchen.

"It smells like she's heating up a pizza." White Box pipped up as Wade sniffed at the air.

"Too bad, her cooking is really good!" Yellow box commented, that all three of them agreeing.

"Though she did mention it being a lazy night for her. Does explain her outfit."

"Ah-ha!" Wade began the boring and tedious process of hooking up the computer to her tv. "It's a good thing she has a man around the house to do this!" his tone deep and masculine, sounding much like that douche announcer in those stupid commercials.

"Do we really count?" White box asked.

"Well... It's her home, we are a man and currently around. So it must count for something." Yellow box countered

Kagome walked back to the couch, a large plate with a large pizza already sliced. "So I guess we're watching 'your' pick. If it's a porno, I'm kicking you out."

Wade smirked as he leaned back into the couch as he picked up the remote, with a single push of a button the movie started. He snickered when Kagome choked on her pizza.

"What the hell?!" she turned to face him.

"I told you, my movie! Sure not everything is exact, I wasn't consulted and you know how Hollywood works." he slung an arm around the back of the couch, letting it slide so it dropped to her shoulders. "Besides, it has everything an epic movie needs! A great story, heroes and villains, along with all the action, drama, comedy and even romance!"

It took a while, but Kagome soon settled into his side as the both watched the movie. There were certain comments from her about that actor that played him, Wade remarked that she was in turn saying he was just as hot.

"So what is this all about anyway?" Kagome whispered during a relatively quiet scene.

"Fan service! A fan of my comics and the previous little fics about us requested that we make
another appearance!" Wade replied, gushing how it was adorable others thought they were an adorable couple.

"You really are crazy..." Kagome grumbled in reply, opting to ignore his cuddling for the movie instead. She was not going to tell him that it was actually a good movie.
"Don't worry Mr. Frodo, we have the finest here to help us with our quest." Sam's voice piped up, tone light.

"I know Sam, I know. It's just that sometimes-!" Frodo's words were halted as the rest of the party when a sudden an unknown voice spoke up.

"Kagome? Could you come here please?"

The voice was female, soft and oddly motherly. They all searched for the woman that suddenly spoke up, brows furrowing when their searching wielded nothing.

"Yes, Mom?"

The party searched for the persons that belonged to the voices. When that yielded nothing and the silence lasted for a long while, did they return to their chosen spots. When they had returned to a more eased state did the ghostly sounds return. Only this time, it was the most foreign form of music. If it could be called such.

The appearance of a young woman was seen through the flames and smoke of their campfire, dancing in the most revealing clothing they had ever seen. It had them balking and blushing as she danced about and went about doing her task at hand.

Everything about her was contradicting. She acted as if she weren't completely bare to the world, she was almost innocent in her youthfulness. Her bouncing around and the way she swayed to the strange music was far from it, in fact it was almost provocative.

The party shared looks with one another in hopes they would be provided an answer, they then all turned to Gandalf. The man smoked on his pipe, curious to the vision before them but offered them nothing.

The young woman snapped a sheet before pinning it over a line, smoothing out wrinkles. She retrieved the basket that had held her load and turned about, seeming ready to leave now that her task was done.

What she did next startled them all into freezing in their places.

She stared down at Frodo, blinking before leaving the flames and crouching down before him.

"I don't know who you are, but I believe I know what you're doing with what you're carrying. And since I speak from experience, know what I say is the truth. You will reach your goal." she smiled as she stared at him not at all paying attention to the others. "Just trust in your heart to lead the way. And remember, you can lean on your friends when you need it. You're not alone."

She stayed like that for a short while before standing her full height was walked back to the campfire, disappearing the same way she appeared.

They all sat there in silence, wondering what just happened and contemplated her words. It wasn't until Pippin spoke up that lightened the foggy atmosphere. "She has to be a wizard. Coming an' going without a word through mysterious means."

Gandalf let out a puff smoke as he huffed. "We wizards do not arrive or leave through mysterious
means. We do so in a polite manner."

The others chuckled, their night lighter than the last few. And all because of a strange woman that appeared before them like a vision with words of wisdom with Gandalf having the last word. As for Frodo, he also felt lightened by the words given to him, thankful for the reminder of the wisdom he had held when he first started this quest.
Criminal Minds

Morgan sat behind the wheel as he listened to Reid talk about some facts that could relate to their current case, in some obscure way.

"It's interesting... most cases involving flesh banks use corpses to draw less attention to those using illegal means." Reid looked up when all that followed was the sound of shuffling paper.

Said man snorted as he shook his head. "I understand the need for organs, I do. That's not what these people are after though, it's the money. See the need and figure a way to make an easy money."

Reid watched the seemingly nondescript neighborhood as they approached one of the suspect's home. "It's also interesting that some of the women have yet to show up. Not only that, these missing women spread out over three cities."

"Just shows our boy has the means to travel and keep them quiet during transport." Morgan commented.

They slowed down at the given address, pulling up to the curb to park. It was while they were in the process of getting out when gunshots were heard that had them ducking for cover as they pulled their own respective firearms and slowly approach the house.

The sounds of a scuffle could be heard, things falling, breaking and clanging on the floor before the front door burst open and a young woman stumbled out in disorientation. A pale arms rose to block out the sunlight as she stumbled down the steps and searched around her.

It wasn't until she finally stumbled and fell did the two approach her. Morgan approached the house while Reid holstered his weapon and approached the young woman. "Miss? My name is Spencer Reid and I'm with the FBI, we're here to help."

It had been hours since Kagome managed to free herself from her captivity and was now sitting in the police station sipping at some tea. She was wrapped up in a blanket as well, ignoring the stares from the officers.

"Miss Higurashi, could you please tell us what happened?" the one that introduced herself as J.J sat across from her, her expression empathetic.

"I was making my way back to my apartment from a nearby restaurant with some friends when I was hit from behind. When I woke up, I was in a room with other women. We were all kidnapped from different places." she licked her lips as she tried to recall all the details as she could. While she had been kidnapped before, it had been during a time where she knew she was going to be found. Half youkai noses were far better at finding people than today's methods. "Most of us were taken, never to be seen again. But some of us were kept as their personal harem."

"Their? As in, more than one male?" the woman became more alert, sitting up straight.

"Yes. The man that kept us would threaten us if we misbehaved by saying we would go see 'The Doctor'. Said doctor boasted when he was there, how he was some big shot surgeon." she looked down at the mug of tea in her hands. "It quickly became clear to us what these men were doing and what would happen to us, what had happened to the other women we never saw again."

The woman nodded, seeming to want to hear more about this doctor. "What else can you tell me?"
"Not much else, I've never met the doctor myself. I was kept in a locked room whenever he was over. I just remember hearing him say how he helped the needy, homeless and runaways. Using his own money to boot as he made his rounds and that we should be so grateful that he chose us to relieve his stress, to enjoy what was human nature." her hands clenched around the mug till her knuckles were white. The idea of becoming a sex slave had never been so real to her, not even that time she had worn that enchanted circlet and became one of the many brides to that youkai while traveling the past.

"Thank you, you've been a great help." she offered a smile as she stood up.

"Ah!" Kagome stood up with her, her voice catching in her throat as she stood there. "I um... I wanted to say thank you to Dr. Reid... could... um..." oh this was not a situation she was used to, not with normal people for a situation.

The woman smiled with a soft nod. "Sure, just give me a minute."

Kagome paced and mentally berated herself for acting like some sort of schoolgirl when she really wanted to get back to a sense of normality. Saying thanks seemed like a normal thing to do, only for her to become flustered.

"J.J said you wanted to see me?" the voice had Kagome jumping with a squeak, followed by an immediate blush.

"Yes, thank you. I mean I wanted to say thank you!" she stared up at the ceiling with a grimace, upset that she was tripping over her own two feet.

"There's nothing to thank for." his head tilted to the side slightly, a small smile in place.

"Still, I wanted to say thank you." she held the blanket closer to herself, taking comfort in the warmth and security it provided. She was so thankful that nightmare was over and looking forward to returning to normal life, starting with calling her family back home in Tokyo.

Knowing she that she was also part of the reason that one of the bastards was in the hospital and he and the doctor were going to end up in jail also didn't hurt.
She didn't know what she did to garner their attention, really, she didn't. If she did, she would go back and undo it. Apologize and take back whatever she said or did to get them to back off.

"Okay guys this is getting out of hand." she squeaked and slapped away a hand that was trailing up a leg, glaring at Shigure when he smirked at her instead. "Shigure I could understand, maybe Ayame even. But you too, Hatori?!"

There was something wrong with these three, not at all comfortable that they had managed to corner her after her archery practice. They had been smart about it, using Hatori as bait to lure her out. Of course they would! She wouldn't have suspected a thing from her normally reserved classmate. Turns out he was the ringleader!

"Hey!" she once again slapped Shigure's wandering fingers away, they had managed to sneak up under her skirt as she had been contemplating on how to get out of her situation. A sudden wet sensation on the back of her neck had her flinching away with a surprised squeak. "Ah!"

Fighting off both Shigure and Ayame was difficult, she only had so many hands and could only focus on either one set of hands or the other. "I said sto-!"

Hatori suddenly kissing her surprised her the most, his arms wrapping around her tightly. The kiss had started off hesitant and a little sloppy, not that she had a lot to compare too despite what some fellow classmates thought. It was when she attempted to pull back to say something did he make it more dominating. A tongue was tangling with her own, though it was the stronghold Hatori had taken of her behind that had her squeaking.

"Come on Tori-san, no need to hog our little Kagome." the whining comment had Hatori pulling back allowing Kagome to gasp for breath.

It didn't last long as green eyes framed by white hair took up in kissing Kagome. Ayame smirked at the moan as well as the small hand that clutched at his shoulder. Like Hatori, his kiss was sloppy, a small dribble of drool rolling down from the side of her mouth.

When Ayame finally pulled back, he smirked at the flushed and dazed look Kagome was wearing. Her lip-balm was smeared, his thumb rubbing at her lower lip to clean it up didn't help. He licked his own lips as she was directed to face Shigure so he could get his own kiss in.

It was rather arousing, to see the so beloved transfer student bend to their whims. She was tiny compared to them, her beauty only matched their own. She was kind, caring and everything else one would want in a girlfriend. More importantly, they could hold her without transforming

The ringing of the school bell had Shigure pulling back, the two panting as Kagome sagged in his hold.

"We are keeping her, yes?" Ayame watched with sharp eyes as Hatori picked up the rather flustered Kagome, leading them to the nurse's office rather than back to their classroom.

"Yes. Yes we are." Hatori beat Shigure in answering the question. His words were firm and held no argument as he pulled the still dazed and flustered Kagome closer.

Shigure smiled as he caught up with the two and nuzzled into Kagome's crown and snuck in a kiss to her brow before the hallways were crowded with students. No need to ruin their Kagome's
reputation, as such they would be keeping their attractions and attentions towards he secret. That is to say they wouldn't keep any of their fellow classmates away.

"Alright, just place her down there. I need to leave, so be sure you let your teachers know." with that said, the nurse left them.

The moment the woman was gone, Kagome scooted as far back against the wall as she could when three set of eyes turned to her with rather... pinning stares. With a nervous laugh, Kagome tucked her knees close as she made sure that her skirt was not revealing anything. "He-he-he... okay. You guys had your fun, time to get back to class!"

Shigure shook his head as he sat down at the foot of the bed, Ayame smirking combed a hands through her hair, it was Hatori loosening the first few buttons of his uniform that told Kagome these three were far from done. Seriously... what did she do to deserve this!
She had thought that with her duty in the past behind her, she could continue on as a normal girl in the present. Boy, was she wrong. Not even a week back and Sesshoumaru showed up on their doorstep. And now here she was, working with him as a part of a negotiator with other species to ensure mutual survival. Or something along those lines.

Right now she was trailing along with two students of a school that housed vampires with humans. The two students in question were supposed keepers of the 'Day class' and 'Night class', to ensure no one crossed any lines. It wasn't what she called actual integration, but to each their own.

"So, Higurashi-san, how long are you staying?" the girl, Yuki, asked as they walked along the school grounds.

"Uh... I honestly don't know. At most, a couple of weeks?" she shrugged her shoulders, not really sure how this whole negotiation thing was actually supposed to go.

Zero, the half breed boy that was fiercely protective of Yuki snorted. "That sounded more like a question than an actual answer."

"Look, I'm new to this whole negotiations thing. I wasn't always alone. There usually was-!" her explanations was interrupted when a smooth voice spoke up, finishing for her.

"A monk." the young male was handsome, cinnamon brown eyes that glowed a subtle red were pinning Kagome down. The moon made his white uniform seem to give off a glow giving the already ethereal male an otherworldly appearance.

Kagome narrowed her eyes in return, not at all liking how he managed to sneak up on her. "How do you know that? And who are you?" she leaned in closer on the male, poking at him with his aura.

She scowled when she picked up on something that nagged at the back of her memory "There's something familiar about you..."

Yuki and Zero watched the two interacting with trepidation, not sure what could happen. They stayed at the ready just to be sure. Their guest approached the vampire with a searching gaze, while the vampire smirked down at her.

"The headmaster told me what I needed to know, so despite what you are, you couldn't have been there when it happened. So how do you know?" she stopped in front of him, poking him in the chest, not at all threatened that she was technically pray.

"Wouldn't you like to know, little holy one." the smirk Kaname wore seemed to infuriate their guest.

As for Kagome, she bristled at the title he had used on her. Memories of a certain character she met back in the past rushing to the forefront. "What? It can't be! The headmaster..." she trailed of as she tried to put the pieces together. An ancient vampire king from the past and she stood before his look-alike 'descendant'? She didn't see how time travel was the answer here as it had been in her case. Reincarnation? Urg, knowing about such topics made everything possible and all the more confusing.

"Wait a minute..." her eyes narrowed as she recalled exactly how she met this vampire in the past, if he really was the same vampire as from back then. "If you're who I think you are... then you're a pervert! I should smack that stupid grin off your face."
"I have no idea to what you're referring to." his smirk getting more... annoying. It seemed as if he wanted her to say out loud how they met.

"Ooo." her cheeks warmed when she caught on to his game. With a sniff, she stood her full height, spun on her heel and began walking away. "Supernatural males are the worst, ya got that Yuki! They play those stupid mind games to trap you, so be careful."

Yuki and Zero watched from the sidelines, silent. Their eyes followed the highly amused Kaname as he followed after Kagome, plucking her cellphone from her grasp as she ranted to the person on the other end of her call. Never had they seen the vampire interact so freely with anyone like that other than Yuki It left them to wonder just how the two met. As Kagome bounced and reached for her cell with Kaname keeping it from her, Yuki and Zero could only watch at the bizarre scene.
Kagome smiled at the newest member of the Phantomhive staff. At first, the snakes had been startling, if not a little frightening, she had however calmed in their presence. As for Snake himself, she found him rather adorable. How he spoke through his snakes was confusing at first, but she had gotten used to it and most of his quirks. She would have to, being part of the Phantomhive staff herself.

This newest quirk however was something she didn't know how to deal with, neither did Snake it seemed. A faint blush dusted his cheeks and he wore a strange mix of expressions that were always shifting. Embarrassment, betrayal, anger, surprise... They were subtle, but for Kagome, they were practically screaming in her face.

"It's alright, Snake-san, I'm not upset. But... this is the fourth week..." she trailed off as she attempted to return one of his snakes. Goethe, she believed was the name for this particular one. Another task for her, to really familiarize his snakes and their names.

The snake in question refused to leave, curling and twining around her wrist and arm. And then it made it's way up her arm rather than towards the outstretched one from Snake.

Kagome blushed as it wrapped itself around her neck in a loose hold and flick it's tongue out at Snake. It all felt like a sort of childish taunt or tease, only she was completely lost about all of it.

Snake lowered his arm slowly, a very pinning gaze directed towards the snake comfortably wrapped around her neck. It continued as such for a good two minutes. Snake staring where the snake either flicked it's tongue back, much like a child being stubborn and sticking out their tongue, or blatantly ignoring him. All the while, Kagome was stuck in the middle confused and slightly embarrassed.

"Um, I don't mind the company for the day." Kagome offered, blushing when she felt the cause of this particular predicament nuzzle their head under her chin. Snake only raised his eyes to stare at her until his own gaze shifted away, his own blush blooming.

"Ah, so it was Goethe that managed to slither between your bedsheets this time." the smooth baritone voice of Sebastian broke into the situation like a cat burglar, smirking at them when his comment caused them to become all the more flustered.

The head maid had woken the entire Phantomhive mansion one morning when she found a couple of snakes in her bed a month ago. Ever since then, they seemed to have started a rotation of sorts, returning to Snake after Kagome greeted him in the morning. Seemed this time, the snakes were trying to get Snake himself to admit the feelings he had but were oblivious too, along with Kagome as well.

"Butt out, Akuma." Kagome huffed, not at all aware that she was petting the snake around her neck.

Sebastian smirked, easily ignoring the hissing snakes when stepped closer, delighted by the little miko. "Simply making an observation." he wondered if it was her pure scent, kind nature, powers or a combination that drew the snakes to her.

With another huff, Kagome took hold of Snake's hand and dragged him away. Sebastian watched as Snake followed after the fuming maid, not at all balking at the physical contact as he usually did.
Perhaps it would click in with the two of them what the snakes were trying to tell them, that they deemed her worthy for Snake.

"Snake charmer indeed."
Kagome was so excited! It was her first day of her new job and she was ready to face anything. After saving the world, this could only be a piece of cake.

Smoothing her skirt as she walked up the building's front steps, she made sure her bag was secured as she entered the building and walked to the security desk with a smile. "Hello, I'm Kagome Higurashi, today is my first day."

The man behind the desk blinked once before offering a polite smile. "Yes, Miss Higurashi. We have your packet here. Please be able to present your credentials whenever entering and exiting the building and keep it on you at all times while on the property."

She accepted all the packet of papers, most likely copies of her signed contract, rules and regulations and general conduct. She was listening and nodding her head as she was putting the packet away. Once she had her identification card clipped to the front of her jacket suit, the man was telling her that her floor manager would come to collect her when she was suddenly snagged from behind.

"You are to stay quiet unless directly spoken to or asked a question." a pen and pad of paper were thrust into her hands, forcing her to fumble until she had a stable hold on them. "Keep all comments to yourself, write everything that is said. And above all, whatever you do, keep up."

The man began to walk away, leaving a stunned Kagome behind lost on what the heck was going on. It took a few moments before the man himself stopped and turned around, pinning her down with a look she remembered seeing often on Sesshoumaru before he outright told her to keep up once again before he started walking once again.

She shared a look with the man at the security desk, who shook his head with a shrug of his shoulders. With a sigh, Kagome took off after the man. If she dutifully ignored the pointed look and raised brow as the elevator doors closed, neither commented. Though she did miss the amused smirk.

It was once they stepped off the elevator did her excitement of her first day at work turn into a living nightmare. She quickly learned the man that had interrupted her day was in fact her boss, Kyoya Ootori. So maybe she was jumping the gun on this one, too quick to judge a man that could only be busy running an entire corporation at his age. That was thrown out within five minutes of following him around.

For the entire morning, she was at his beck and call. Getting him coffee, fetching him documents, she was even given a cell phone and earpiece and making calls for him. Her lunch break had consisted of taking whatever notes she had written up and inputting them into a laptop as well as take notes on whatever else Mr. Ootori was spouting off.

When he was in his office reviewing whatever notes she had taken, she took the time to run to the restroom and grab something to eat. She had returned, she didn't know why since she had told someone about what was going on and get the man a replacement, and ate her lunch at the desk in front of Mr. Ootori's office.

She was just about to enjoy the food provided for staff members via the building's cafeteria when the office door opened. She sat there, food halfway to her mouth as they stared the other down.
"What are you doing?" the question had her sputtering.

"I'm enjoying a very late lunch?" did he not see what time it was? He himself had gotten to enjoy something to eat while she had been stuck doing three different tasks.

"During working hours? It's highly unprofessional, reflects badly on the Ootori name. You're going to have to put it away, which will only end up starting a stench within the desk. So I suggest you throw it away and get back to work." it was when he was about to walk away after that little speech that Kagome finally had enough.

"Excuse me, sir." she stood up and was sure to plant her hands on her hips in order to get her point across. "All morning I've been following you around, following your orders and running all over this building to the point that I now know it like the back of my hand! I've made calls with international business partners and clients as well as setting up meetings, dates, presentations and what not. And if I wasn't doing that, then you had me running around buying up gifts for women that you are either dating, dated or plan on dating!"

Slightly wide eyes blinked at her as she panted slightly to regain her breath, daring him with her gaze alone on him to say something. Anything really. She wasn't disappointed. "Is that not your job? It's what you're paid to do."

"Actually, no. No it's not. You hijacked me while I was waiting for the person that was to introduce me to my assigned floor, to my assigned desk and tell me about my assigned work. Because in fact, the one time I actually tried to tell someone of the mix up, they ran screaming the other way!" she threw her arms up in the air, her frustration reaching that hair's breadth away from blowing over. Or past it, she wasn't sure right now.

She spun on her heel when she heard the elevator chime echo across the floor and a woman that had tried to gain her boss's attention all morning. With a snarl, she marched up to the woman. Meeting her halfway, she took hold of the woman, spun her about and began marching her back to the elevator. "Lady, he's not interested. He said no once, he said no five times and now I'm calling security on you."

With a slight shove, the lady was in the elevator once more. While she was floundering about to regain her balance, Kagome was quick to press the button that would take her to the first floor. She gave a overly sweet smile and wave as the doors closed then marched her way to the closest cubicle and called the security desk to alert them of the situation.

Tossing her hair over her shoulder, ignoring the shocked looks she was currently receiving for what was most likely going to be her former co-workers, Kagome made her way back to her lunch. Her actions were all flourished, a show really, to point out that at this point she no longer really cared. "Now, Mr. Ootori, while I'm going to enjoy my rather late lunch, I suggest you call HR to clear up this misunderstanding. Because I am not you personal assistant, your personal secretary or personal anything." she hummed in delight ad the well prepared food finally hit her tongue, a smile in place after getting everything off her chest.

Kyoya could only stare at the petite young woman that sat at the desk meant for his personal secretary eating her lunch and making sure he knew that he was being ignored. With the new information given to him, his mind was plotting out the best options this situation called for. With a smirk, it grew into a small smile when she froze at the sight of it and narrowed her eyes in return, he spoke up before returning to his office. "You're hired."

"Wait... what? I already work for the company." her suspicion rose when he threw a cool look her way.
"I'm promoting you to my personal secretary. Enjoy your lunch, because as of tomorrow onward, you will be keeping with my schedule." Her sputters and the whispering of the other workers were silenced when he closed the door behind him. Tomorrow looked to be an interesting day.

Kagome blinked dumbly at the wooden door, contemplating how she reached this point in life. If what he was saying was true, it looked like she would be working under some sort of demon boss tomorrow onward. Maybe she could fashion a subjection necklace? If only her abilities worked on him...
She should have just continued walking, ignore that odd tingling she got whenever she was around something that wasn't quite human. But no. She was curious. She had to look and see what had her senses going haywire. Now here she was, one of the only humans that He actually liked. And that was a relative term. He didn't like humans, in fact he despised them but she proved to be not only a rarity, but an oddity as well.

“Oh don't look like that.” a warm hand raised her chin, forcing her to look into blue eyes. The skin along his temples was once again peeling away. Turns out an angel that wasn't in their perfect host burns through the human, from the inside out.

She raised a hand, barely touching the overly warm skin to heal the damage Lucifer was doing to his host. “Can't help it. You are trying to bring on the apocalypse.”

Despite their conversation topic, he smiled. Eyes fluttering as her abilities surged through every part and healing all wounds. When she was done, her hand dropped back into her lap. “You're being rather dramatic. I'm just, cleaning up.”

“Yes, and I'll more than likely get taken out in this global cleanse of yours.” it no longer upset her, hearing about humans, miko or even herself get threatened. She had heard it too often in the past for it to really get that shock reaction most usually went for.

“No. No, no, no. Not you. You're too special for that.” his now healed hands cupped her own face, his smile all charming.

“I'd rather not be. I've been special enough to last me a few life times.” the irony of her statement wasn't lost to either of them, his smile taking on a slightly more honest curl.

“But you are.” his hands combing through her hair as he stared down at her, though it felt more like he was looking through her. He kept a hand in her hair as he moved to stand behind her.

Kagome offered a shrug of her shoulders and a disinterested sigh. “Guess there's no helping it then.” it took everything in her to continue staring forward. She rather preferred it so she could see what he was doing when they were in the same room.

“No, there's not.” her hair was swept over to fall across one shoulder, his hands falling to her shoulders with a firm grip. “Of all the humans I've met, you have one of the brightest souls. I remember feeling it, once in hell. So alive, full of life.”

Keeping herself from shivering at his whispered words took everything within in power. His tone was always amused, if only to hide something darker. The truth he felt of those that were not like him. He considered even his own creations a blot in existence. So she always considered herself only a useful tool until he finally got what he wanted.

“I think of all the souls, yours is quite the work of art... You really are one of a kind.” the stubble along his jaw scratched and tickled her own temple and cheek. A hand trailing down her arm to wrap around her wrist. With his hold on her wrist, he raised it to press against his other cheek. It was a very affectionate action that spoke to deeper part of what he wanted whether he was aware of it or not.

He continued to nuzzle into her hand and temple while Kagome stared ahead. She would simply have to bid her time. Because one way or another, she would end up free.
It had happened by mere happenstance, some bizarre form of chain of events. Two brothers had been chasing some sort of creature when it stumbled onto her path while she had been making her way to her apartment. When it attempted to use her as either a shield or kill her, she had reacted through instinct. Hands raised, abilities called forth and the creature was reduced to glittering ash.

“You're being a bit prickly, aren't you.” it wasn't a question but an outright statement. It had her narrowing her eyes on the male across from her. His smile took a turn that had her own expression souring all the more. “I kind of like it.”

Turning to the two brothers, she raised a brow. “This, is supposedly, an angel?” she waved a hand in the direction of 'Gabriel the Archangel'. So far, she wasn't really all that impressed.

“Ouch! Be still my wounded heart!” said male pressed a hand to his breast with a low hiss, his expression though one that showed he was highly amused. “Honey, I'm more than just an angel, I'm one of the archangels.”

Eyes widening, she pressed her hands to her chest. “Really? That's so amazing!” her sparkling eyes and ecstatic smile dropped so she could face the brothers. “Who is he and why am I here?”

Dean went to answer, opening and closing his mouth a few times before shaking his head and turning to Sam. “I got nothing.” his hands were shoved into the pockets of his jacket.

“We just wanted to know if what you were saying was true. So, we asked a friend.” Sam replied, offering a hesitant smile when Gabriel was suddenly standing next to her with an arm wrapped around her waist.

“It's been quite some time since I've crossed paths with an active miko.” he grinned down at her, brows waggling a bit. “I especially liked that old skirt number you wore back in Japan.”

Kagome leaned back and away from him, eyes wide when what he said clicked. Anger burned through her, and when she went to shove him away, she added a little extra something to make her point. “I thought angels were supposed to... be... be pious and righteous. You're nothing more than a pervert with a sweet tooth!” she turned questioning eyes to the brother for an explanation, they both offered her a shrug of their shoulders instead.

“Eh, I never did like that image you humans gave us.” he gave a shrug of his shoulder, not at all upset or caring of the differences between their species. His smile once again turned playful, flirty and perhaps just a little bit inviting. The type of inviting she had gotten familiar with since she met Miroku. “And honey, for a sweet little thing like you, it isn't a surprise why most males you met gained a sweet tooth.”

Her eyes narrowed a her cheeks warmed. When he was once again next to her, arm slung around her shoulders. “See boys, this little thing caused quite the stir back in the day. Turned the heads of many males, and had many more fighting for her hand. Speaking of which, do you still have that cute little uniform you used to wear?”

A slap echoed around them, the brothers watching as the tiny woman walked away after having slapped Gabriel. Said angel was laughing as the door slammed shut after Kagome left them. “Boys, I got me a miko to chase. Will be seeing you around!”

Sam and Dean blinked, confused when Gabriel disappeared after a wink and mock salute. “Dude,
what just happened?”

“I don't know.” Sam's brows furrowed as he tried to make sense of the night. “We were chasing after that dream demon, came across Kagome and since Gabriel was in the neighborhood asked him about mikos. Then... this happened?”

It was after a long bout of silence when Sam spoke up again. “Should... should we go after them?”

Dean gave him a look as if to ask if he was crazy. “Do you really want to get in on whatever action Gabriel is going for with that chick? I don't. I do not want to go through any of his tricks, pranks or lessons again. Monster is gone, job's done, so let's get out of here.” he didn't even bother to wait for an answer before turning to get back to his car.

Sam grimaced as he followed Dean, not like he had much of a choice. Maybe introducing the woman to Gabriel hadn't been such a good idea.
“Oi! I told you, I am not some stray you can just take home with you!” Kagome threw her hands up in the air at the male that refused to listen to her. If he was an example of what angels were like, then she wanted nothing to do with them.

Her and her bleeding heart. She had been saving a child from some sort of creature that had been preying on it. Only, she hadn't been as alone as she thought she had been, and now she was in this stupidly large mansion.

“You'll have to forgive me, my dear.” her current host replied as he walked into the room with two glasses of wine in his hands. “I was simply looking out for your safety. Not only are you a rarity, but these are currently dangerous times.”

Kagome narrowed her eyes on the male as he offered her a glass of wine, which she was reluctant to accept. She watched as he sipped from his glass. “So explain to me this being a dangerous time for one like myself?”

He smiled down at her, like she was a child compared to him asking for something only an adult should understand. “Heaven is at war with itself.”

“Okay... what does that have to do with me?” she took a few steps back from the male, needing space between her and him..

“You have a certain set of skills and abilities that would and could hinder my kind.” he swirled the wine in his glass, inhaling its scent with a relish. “Of course, it would make sense to keep you out of their radar.”

She watched every move he made, eyes darting across his face to his hands and whenever he shifted. With a snort, she turned her head away. “Yeah, I'm calling bullshit. You'd rather I be in your arsenal than theirs. Interesting for an angel to want a human as a tool, unless you're hiding from this so called war.” she threw him a smirk of her own, a tiny bit pleased at seeing his somewhat surprised expression.

“My, my, You are a clever one. You humans seemed to have come a long way...” he eyed her form in interest. “Though, you still have an eternity of a stretch to go before getting anywhere... acceptable.”

Rolling her eyes at the insult, Kagome placed the glass of wine down. “Look, stating what species I am in my face is not going to insult me. I'm human, get over it.” crossing her arms over her chest, she stared the so called angel down. “Actually, if you don't like that fact, just open the front door and let me out of here and we won't have to deal with each other. Ever again.”

“Can't I'm afraid. I really don't want to imagine what Heaven would do if they discovered you exist.” he took another sip of his wine. “You really should try the wine, it's quite good.”

“You're concern for my safety would be touching, if you were generally concerned for my actual safety.” her brows furrowed as she took in the human soul that seemed dwarfed compared to the blinding entity that was the angel. “You are so not what I imagined what an angel would be like.”

“Don't believe everything you read. Or hear... or see for that matter. Most depictions you humans did of us were while you were, I believe the term is, tripping.” he picked up the glass of wine she had put down and gave it back to her.
Kagome accepted, though she was at the moment wanting something a little stronger. “Great, you're one of those sarcastic 'Holier-than-thou' characters.” she took a large swig of the wine, thankful for the sweet fruity flavor and lack of dry burning. “And here I thought I was done with your type.”

The angel, Balthazar, merely smiled down at her as if taking humor in her upset. Why were most beings that were not human so stuck up? With another sip of her wine, she turned away to ignore the angel and begin to think of how to get out of her current situation.
She mourned at her reflection, rather, at the reflection of her choppy short hair. After a couple of weeks, pictures of her were finally being shown on tv. Of course, that meant altering her appearance as best they could to keep from drawing attention.

With a sigh, she picked up as much of the fallen hair as she could so she could burn it in the fire they had started. They were currently in a cabin, one that seemed to be used during camping season. Her nose curled at the scent of burning hair.

A free hand combed through her hair "Did we really have to cut it so short?" she turned to the man. He was staring down at the floor between his feet, his face painted in hurt and confusion. She got up and made her way towards him, being sure she made some noise as to not startle him. Kneeling down next to his feet, she was careful in putting her hand on his knee. "Hey, everything alright?"

Blue eyes were slow in raising up to meet with her own, a fog quickly receding from them. "I remembered something new."

"That's great!" she smiled. She wove her fingers over his knee and propped her chin atop them. Sure he may have kidnapped her, she was however very familiar with his expression and actions since they met. Kohaku wore them for the longest time whenever Naraku 'released' him, and when Naraku was finally killed. "See, I told you they would come back. All you need is time."

He stared at her, his expression very exposed and somewhat vulnerable. "Your hair is short."

Leaning back, she touched the slightly curled tips. "Yeah, they started sharing my picture to the public. Remember, the news?" her hand dropped back to his knee and wove back with her other hand.

His own rose to touch her now shorter hair, curling the tips through his fingers. "I liked it longer."

Rolling her eyes, she gave his knee a pat and stood up. "It'll grow back. So, was there anything you wanted for supper?" she moved from the living area into the kitchen, already humming lowly as she began to set up the stove.

"Why are you helping me?" it was a question he usually asked whenever he was more social and lucid.

Pursing her lips, she turned around and looked him in the eye. Really looked. "Because I can tell the difference between a villain and a victim. And you, are no villain." with a lighter smile she turned to the pot before her and figured a nice stew would work with the cooler temperature of their location. "Not like you gave me much of a choice since you sort of kidnapped me!" she made sure her tone was light and playful to show that she really had no ill will towards him.

When she got no reply, she thought that perhaps that he truly thought she was upset that she was a hostage. "I think I'll make a stew, if that's alright with-!

The sudden hug from behind had her freezing. All physical touch was usually initiated by her and always small. Just a minute ago was a good example. So him initiating contact, and a hug on top of that really startled her. The hold she had on the wooden spoon tightened until a light sound of resistance could be heard.
"Thank you, for everything." the thanks was barely loud enough to be called a whisper, and if he hadn't been so close she would not have been able to hear him at all.

She hadn't felt this many butterflies in her stomach since her feelings for Inuyasha, which had died when she realized she would never see him again. It did not help that he was so... so male. With a shaking hand she patted his own in return and then letting it rest there. "You're... you're welcome."

She thought that once she replied, he would go and do whatever it was he did when alone. Instead he clung to her, and she felt stupid standing there holding a wooden spoon and empty pot in hand. "So, stew?"

She got a grunted hum in return. He wasn't going to cling to her and follow her around while she prepared the stew. Did he? She turned so she could face the fridge, his arms tightened around her and he shifted with her. Great, her own overgrown... panda. With a mental smirk, she promised herself to start calling him that when he was no longer, fragile. Memory of his grease paint mask did not help her quiet chuckles.
She had been part of the team for a while, even if she hadn't been present when he escaped Cadmus. Something to do with being needed in Japan. Since her return though, he got to witness the whirlwind that was Nightengale. She was full of life, always smiling, treating everyone the same regardless of who they were and what not.

He grit his teeth and clenched his hands as he watched her laugh something off Kid Flash said, watching as he hand shot to her side. She had taken a hit this night, not an unusual sight or experience. She had the most experience out of all of them, even more than 'Boy Wonder'. As such, she was usually more quick at treating whatever wounds she got, after tending everyone else first.

"Ha-ha! Nice try, but I've heard better lines before." she offered a mock punch to the yellow clad shoulder of Kid Flash. "I'll admit though, yours was a lot smoother."

The pout Kid Flash wore instantly flipped up into a bright grin. It had Conner grinding his teeth all over again. His eyes narrowed when Kid Flash tried to sling an arm around her shoulders. A weight left him when she ducked, wincing at the action, so she could make her way to treat her injury.

While everyone else was turning to lounge in the sitting area, Conner followed after Nightengale. He was upset, especially since she took a hit that would not have even bothered him in the least. He stood outside the door, trying to calm his breathing, to calm down in general. The others were always pointing out that he had anger issues.

With a deep breath, he pushed to door open and stepped into the room only to freeze at the sight before him. The door closed behind him quietly, it was the med-bay after all, as he continued to stare before him. Kagome had her top off, back to him, hair pinned up and mask off as she observed her side. Blue eyes locked with his through the mirror and for a split second, time stopped.

Then she blushed, snapped her eyes to her front and spun around to face him in fury. "Don't you knock!" she sputtered when he moved closer rather than leave.

While it hadn't been lost on him that she was practically half naked, he was more concerned with the bruising that colored one side and curious about the scars on the other. "You shouldn't have taken that hit." he felt his brows furrow as he lightly prodded the discolored flesh.

Her hands were instantly trying to slap or push his away. "I can handle it and take care of myself." she let out a startled noise when he took hold of her wrists.

"Would you stop struggling and let me help?" he grimaced as he began to apply that goop she usually passed around when the others were injured. "What you did was really stupid."

She let out a huff and turned away, cheeks bright red. "Like I said, I can handle it." she threw him a glare when he gave a poke to her bruised side.

"And I would've walked away from it with nothing to show." he moved onto the wraps she had already set aside.

"And I'll be fine in a couple of days." she let out a huff, though kept her arms raised to allow him to apply the wraps.

"Still was stupid to take that hit." he leaned forward, hands placed in the edge of the counter behind
her to keep her in place. "Why did you take it? You've seen me take a lot worse."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Does it matter? It's done and over with."

He narrowed his eyes down at her, especially at how she was ignoring him. "From now on, stop
taking hits meant for me." that got her attention.

"I'm not just going to allow you, or any of the others, to take a hit if I can stop it!" cheeks once
again flushed, eyes flashing. She wasn't going to back down.

"Like I said, I can take it. So I will!" this girl was stubborn and it was frustrating in a way he never
felt before.

"And if I can keep you from taking a hit, I will!" she was passionate and stubborn when it came to
all of them, especially protecting them. "Why does it matter so much anyway? You never get upset
when Artemis or Miss Martian gets hurt. So what makes me so special, huh?" when he continued
to stare down at her, his face upset and sporting red cheeks. "No answer. Well, if you can explain it
to me, then I'm going to continue watching out for-"

"Because I like you, that's why!" the words left him before he even realized he had said them.

Wide blue eyes stared up at him, all anger leaving her expression. "...what?" the question came out
in a soft voice.

Conner felt his own eyes widen when he finally realized what he just said. He wanted to turn away,
to hide his own embarrassment, but he refused to back down now that his feelings were finally
revealed. "I like you. Have for a while. So could you please stop throwing yourself in danger to
protect me? It should be me protecting you."

He raised a hand to cup her cheek, enjoying the smooth texture of her skin and the heat from her
blush. At her shy duck, he couldn't help but smile, leaning closer when he heard her say something.
"What was that?"

"..." she shook her head, her blush growing fiercer. She squeaked when he pinched her uninjured
side. "...like... you too. Now can I have my top?"

Conner smirked, she was rather adorable flustered and shy. Her blush running down her neck, her
lower lip slightly swollen from her constantly nibbling on it and her blue eyes were constantly
darting to his own only to leave and look elsewhere. "I don't know, I'm kinda liking this..."

He laughed when she flinched away from tickling fingers and tried to hide by trying to bury herself
into his hold. With her head tucked under his chin, he wrapped his arms around her middle, being
sure to be careful of her bruised side. "So, you'll stop acting reckless when we go out?"

Her hands curled against his chest as she pulled back enough to look up at him. "I can't make any
promises, but I'll be more careful."

He nuzzled the crown of her head. "I can accept that. Just gives me a reason to watch your back."
he laughed at her weak slap against his chest. The feeling in his chest settled now that she knew
how he felt and now that his feelings were returned.
Lord of The Rings: Legolas

Kagome leaned against her bow, propping her chin atop the end as she smiled at the male across from her. His expression was subtle though she picked up on shock. It wasn't often one actually one-upped the prince of Greenwood.

"What seems to be the problem, Legolas?" she smiled when he turned away from her to gaze down the archery rage to the target. Said target sported a handful of arrows, one of her own splitting his own bulls-eye.

"I... I... I stand corrected. I apologize." he gave her a subtle bow of his head.

Kagome waved it off, standing her full height. "No need to apologize." her tone was somewhat smug in contrast to her expression. "I simply proved you wrong. Again, nothing to apologize for. Really."

His pale eyes narrowed though there was a slight upturn to his lips as he slowly approached her. "You're being rather smug about this."

She turned to observe the target that was dominated by his arrows, a few of his split by her own. "Oh, I have no idea what you're talking about." her own blue eyes returned to his own, biting down on her lip to keep her smile from growing any bigger. It didn't help.

His own smile grew in return, it softened and lightened his face so much. It made her feel lighter when he acted so much more open around her. He was always was so uptight around his father, and always trying to prove himself to him. Not that he needed to in her personal opinion.

When he leaned down to be at eye level with her, she flinched back a slight amount not expecting it. It was the little twinkle of mischief in his eyes that had her own narrowing. "What are you up to?"

"Nothing. An elven prince is never up to something." the smirk he was wearing told her otherwise.

"I believe you about as far as I can throw a dwarf." she took a step back, her attempt to put space between them thwarted when he followed her.

"I'm hurt. You trust me so little?" his teasing tone, stalking after her retreating step and that damnable smirk were very, not him. The situation had flipped and she was unprepared to deal with this teasing Legolas before her.

"I don't know what game you're playing, but I'm not enjoying it." she ducked when he raised a hand only to pull it back with a sprig with leaves and flowers pinched between his fingers. She frowned at the leaves, confused to how they even got there only to turn her narrowed eyes on Legolas. "What..."

He smiled down at her as he tucked it back behind her ear, whispered something that she couldn't quite pick up on before he turned around and left. As for Kagome, she lightly touched the sprig now behind her ear and wondered at what just happened and what it meant. Pursing her lips, she turned to the target to see that Legolas left her to clean it up. With her task before her, she forgot about what just happened.

Legolas smiled as he watched her clear that arrows, her confusion still palpable. Despite her frustration in her confusion, her moves were still graceful. Despite that she had helped in raising
him in the later part of his childhood, he had grown especially fond of her. It was amusing and satisfying to see her flustered because of him. How far will he be able to go with her before she finally figured it out? Guess only time will tell.
The heavy thrumming of the motorcycle beneath her as they rode down the street and his solid form in her arms, these were sensations that she enjoyed the most. Have ever since she met him. She smiled as she pressed her brow deeper into his back and breathed in his scent. It was masculine, and hidden beneath the leather and motor oil, was something wild and of nature.

Soon, the city gave way for houses and then nature. As much as he loved the motorcycles the city nightlife, there was a part of him that seemed to need nature just as much. Sometimes even more so.

The choppy rumbling of the motorcycle slowed to a purr when they stopped at a particularly nice spot. While he was powering it down, Kagome dismounted and breathed in the clean air with her face tipped up to the sun. Hearing the shifting behind her, Kagome slowly returned to him and stood in the space between his knees.

"So, what's the special occasion?" her arms rose to drape across his shoulders, fingers toying with the tail of hair at the back of his neck.

He shifted, hands taking hold of her hips and pulled her those few steps closer. Golden eyes stared up at her with the barest hints of a smile as he gave a one shouldered shrug. "Do I need an excuse to have you all for myself?"

"No." she smiled, still toying with the tail. She bit her lower lip when he closed his eyes and shivered. She knew of three places where he was most sensitive. The back of his neck where his hair was gathered in a tail, his ears and the scar on his chest.

One hand hand rose to comb through his cropped silver hair, humming when his head dropped forward. A brow rose when he snuggled closer to her breasts and his hands dropped to her ass. She gave him a light slap upside the back of his head. "Did you seriously take me outside the city so we could go at it in the woods?"

His hands gave a flex, causing her to squeak. A low chuckle echoed between them as he nosed the low cut collar of her shirt. "I don't know, the idea speaks to some deep part of me." he felt her jump when he swept his tongue across the exposed curve of her breast.

"What, the lone wolf bad-boy in you, you mean?" she hummed as her fingers massaged the back of his neck and shoulders, still curious to their sudden trip away. "So what were your plans anyways?"

He hummed a bit and simply basked in everything that was Kagome, slipping his fingers in the her back pockets. There was something about her that called to him, some deep rooted part of him that always either riled him up or calmed him. And seeing an old classmate of hers, some Hojo twerp, he wanted some alone time with his girl.

"Tsume? What are you thinking about?" cool fingers trailed along the the back of his ears only to leave and pet along his cheeks.

Using his hold on her he pushed with his legs up from his bike. Looking down into those blue eyes of her, he marveled at the differences between them. Her dark hair and pale skin was such a contrast to his light hair and dark skin.

"I thought it could be just two of us. You mom already agreed and gave me a packed bag. There's a cabin not to far from here, already prepared, ours for the week." he smiled at her wide
eyes and slow blooming smile. He was grateful for where his hands were because she jumped up to
be able to wrap around his neck, as it allowed him to hold her up.

"Thank you!" she kissed him soundly, to which he could only return.

His garage, the city, the woods, his bikes... None of them compared to Kagome. Of everything and
everyone in his life, Kagome was his personal paradise. He was going to do everything to ensure
that not only did she stay, but that she was happy.
Kagome shifted, arms crossing as she watched Detective Decker walk away leaving her to stand next to said woman's CI. Apparently she had grown fed up with something he said and was going on ahead to get something they needed. Turning to the taller male, she raised a brow at his rather laid back posture and amused smile.

"Does it always go like this between you two?" she hoped not, she didn't want to explain the reason why her own case was taking so long on American soil.

"Oh, in most cases, yes." dark eyes landed on her, smile growing wider. "I don't believe we've been introduced yet, Lucifer Morningstar."

"Kagome Higurashi. Detective of the Tokyo PD." she blinked and leaned a bit back when she realized that he was staring rather intently down at her. "Is there something I can... help you with?"

"I'm curious. What is your deepest, darkest desire?" his eyes bore down into her own as he slowly moved closer to her.

"Why... do you, want to know?" she was a little confused but she was chalking it up to a personal quirk of his based on his species. Whatever it was. Her brows furrowed when the name seemed to ring a bell. "Wait. Lucifer? As in, ruler of Hell?"

Lucifer blinked down at her, smile swiped out for a dumbstruck expression. "Yes actually, though I'm taking a vacation..." he shook his head, his gaze becoming more imploring. "Tell me your darkest desires. Trust me, you'll feel better when you do."

Kagome took half a step back, turning to see Detective Decker return with a file in hand. She paused when she saw her and Lucifer and could only blink while sharing a look with Detective Decker every few moments.

"I never thought I would meet a person like the Detective in all of time, but that there are two of you. My Father might really be testing me." he began to poke and prod her and Kagome could only blink while sharing a look with Detective Decker every few moments.

She managed to lean in closer to the other woman. "Is he always like this?"

"I stopped asking questions after the second case we worked together. He really thinks he's the Devil... But his connections help close cases." she shuffled through a few papers. "There are a few more notes... hang on while I get them."

Kagome absently gave a poking had a light slap. "So... If I remember correctly, according to Western religion, Lucifer is God's favorite angel. Am I wrong?"

He snorted when he pulled away. "Is making me the ruler of Hell and the reason humans blame for their sins something a Father would do to their favorite son?"

Kagome could only blink at the rather... passionate reply. "Sorry, you'll have to forgive me. I'm not
exactly familiar with Western religion. I am a miko."

Dark eyes blinked widely as he stared down at her. "Oh! I haven't seen one of your kind in a long, long time." his eyes swept her form, still a little too appreciative for her taste. "That alone shouldn't be the reason why you aren't falling for my charms."

"You call giving people a creepy stare while asking for their darkest desires, charming?" she raised a brow when he went to answer only to pause and stare down at her. "Yeah, doesn't sound so charming now does it."

"Alright... But you must be sexually attracted to me." he leaned against the desk next to him, giving her a 'smoldering' look.

Kagome looked around to see if she was alone with this male, sadly they were being ignored save for the women that were closest to them. "Um... I'll admit, your appearance is attractive." his smile grew as he leaned in closer. "That doesn't mean I'm physically attracted to you."

Lucifer shook his head as he stared down the second human woman that was able to ignore what he was. He sincerely hoped that didn't mean he gained mortality around her. "How are you doing this? Ignoring me."

"I was born with an ancient and magical artifact in my side that housed the souls of countless youkai and a single miko." Kagome offered as she read through the file in a little more detail. "I guess ignoring annoying suggestions is a natural born talent of mine."

Lucifer reared back at the blasé comment from the woman. Him, annoying?! He didn't know if it was better that she knew and believed him when he said that he was in fact Lucifer, or if he should be offended that she in called him annoying in a roundabout way.

"Don't even think about it." her sudden comment had him blinking.

"What are you talking about?" his brows furrowed, as far as he was aware, miko were not psychic. She rolled her eyes and let out a tired sigh. "You got that look that says you're concocting a stupid plan," turning to face him, she used the file in her hands to poke him. "I've dealt with enough males of various species to know that look. I'm getting rather sick and tired of my apparent oddity interesting all of you. So the answer is no and stop trying to hatch up ridiculous plans. They never work, so don't bother."

"So, there are two leads. There's a high end lingerie boutique or this beauty and spa to check out." Detective Decker returned, reading from what appeared to be a quickly scribbled note before offering it to Kagome. "They're on either end of the city-"

"I suggest we split up!" Lucifer jumped in, all smiles as he observed both women. "Divide and conquer as they say."

Chloe gave him an odd look as if to weigh his words. "...I guess, if that's alright with you, Higurashi?"

Kagome gave a shrug. "He's got a point."

Her relative calm shattered in the elevator when Lucifer spoke up, all smiles. "Why don't I go with Higurashi to the boutique. Wouldn't want her to get lost in our fair city after all."

Kagome closed her eyes and whispered to herself when the other Detective gave another tentative
alright to the suggestion.

"What are you doing?" Lucifer's question had Kagome pinching at the bridge of her nose before plastering on a smile when the elevator stopped at their desired level.

"Praying for patience." she turned to him and made sure her expression and words were extra sugary sweet. "Because if I ask for strength, I might strangle you."

He leaned back the slightest amount and blinked wide shocked eyes. It didn't last long before he leaned in closer and gave her a rather suggestive look. "Is that a promise?"

Throwing her hands up in the air, Kagome stomped off to her rented vehicle. "Just follow me and get in the damn car!"

"What did you do, or say, to her?" Chloe was shocked. Most women were throwing themselves at the man, so it was shocking and a little refreshing to see another woman brush off his 'charms'.

"Oh nothing out of the ordinary. But she's a fun one!" Lucifer threw her a look, far too much like an excited child at seeing a new toy. "Good luck with your lead Detective!"

Chloe watched as he sauntered after the Tokyo Detective, yes sauntered, and muttered her thanks for the short reprieve from the man. As grateful as she was for the help and fresh perspective, if not odd and truly out there, he could get a tad too much sometimes. She hoped Higurashi had the patience of a saint, because really, she did not want to be the only woman out there that put up with him.
"Are you sure you're not hiding something? I can tell when someone is." the tall and somewhat lanky male leaned in closer to her, his yellow eye piercing her.

Kagome took in the strange male, who appeared rather suddenly out of nowhere cursing what sounded like a group of trees. Why did she always get the crazy tourists when she had shrine duty? "Um... no, I'm not." she attempted to inch away from the male.

He was tall, had an extravagant style and apparently no concept of personal space. She pulled back when he suddenly leaned into her personal space, up close he was somewhat attractive. In a mysterious, hidden darkness sort of way... it made her wonder why the crazy ones were always attractive.

Blond hair slicked back with the longer strands flicking up in a curl, angular features with impossibly long eyelashes. That damn eye patch added a air of mystery and seemed to make his outfit all the more dapper.

"Okay, you're going to need to back off." she pushed against his chest, blushing the smallest amount at the solid feel beneath her hands. "You're getting in my personal space."

"Oh trust me, I can get in even deeper!" the smile he wore grew a little wider, though still maintaining that lazy curl.

Kagome's eyes widened as blood rushed to her cheeks, her mind running in the only and normal direction he could have meant by that. "You pervert!"

The slap echoed around them. Kagome's hand tingled from the slap and she narrowed her eyes on the male in front of her, his one eye wide open in shock. A gloved hand rose to press against a reddened cheek and the male turned to face her. "That was... Ow! What was that?"

Kagome's anger turned into confusion at the male's seemingly honest confusion, it didn't help that he smiled and began to chuckle and laugh. "So is this what pain feels like in this type of body? It hurts! This is fantastic!" when he swung around to face her again, Kagome took half a step back to get away from him. "Do it again! Oh, wait. There was this time while I was in a flesh puppet and the female Pine caused body spasms. Recreate it!"

At his expectant gaze, Kagome searched for some form of escape or someone that could possibly help. Of course, it was at that exact moment the entire shrine grounds were empty. "Okay... I'm not sure I understand, what with puppets and pine trees, but I'm going to have to decline your request."

She started inching away from the male, edging away from him with small steps. She didn't make it very far, as the male was suddenly next to her with his arms wrapped around her neck. Kagome sputtered at seeing him floating in the air with her as some sort of anchor.

"I don't believe that was a request. But I'm willing to give you a second chance, you are only a tiny insignificant fleshy mortal." his long arms stretched before her and black gloved fingers wiggled. "Now let's get back to the body spasms!"

Kagome frowned at wriggling fingers in her front of her before whipping about to face the strange male, her expression of complete disbelief. "You... you want me to tickle you?!" seriously, why did she always attract the crazies? Was just one day too much to ask for?
"Chop, chop. I want to experience the entertaining body spasms!" when the male snapped his fingers and floated out in front of her in a laid out fashion like some sort of offering.

Apparently, it really was too much. Pulling a page out of Miroku's book, she walked away. Perhaps if she could ignore him long enough, he would finally go away.
They were a hot mess. Sheets were tangled around wrists and ankles, lipstick kisses spotted the two males while the woman herself ignored the fact that she still wore her stockings and heels. The three of them knew this was something that they would normally never do, but the alcohol had been flowing at the female between them was far too tempting.

That is not to say they would never coerce her into this or waited until she was so far gone drunk, they were above that as they were true gentlemen. They each teased with words and subtle touches as they had conversed and danced with their old classmate. Their knowing she found them attractive back then and now helped them greatly.

Shigure stared down that the smooth arch of her spin, biting on his lower lip to keep from whining out. A long time dream of his was now a reality. Hatori looked to be enjoying it just as much as he was, brow dapple with sweat making his bangs stick. A lightly tanned and manicured hand slowly rose up his chest only to just as slowly drag back down, leaving just the slightest score lines behind.

An absent thought his mind, it was a shame that Ayame wasn’t present. He had been with them when they had admired the petite female, one Kagome Higurashi back in high school.

Sliding his hands from her hips up her sides, Shigure leaned forward when he finally took hold of her swaying breasts. Fingers massaged and groped a few times before tweaking the already teased nipples. Giving them a little twist earned him a muffled moan that had him smirking. Hatori himself came to his senses enough to comb her hair to one side, shifting enough to allow her more room. Shigure stared at the now bare neck and shoulder, following instinct to nip along her pulse.

Kagome pulled back from Hatori, a panting moan escaping her. Her brow dropped to the bed, her moans echoing not only around the room but following the tempo of Shigure’s hips as he rocked into her. Even in her obvious pleasure induced haze, the hand she had been using to stroke his chest dropped down to continue what those sinful lips had been doing just a moment before.

“Kami Kagome, you’re so hot.” Shigure panted. One hand continued to tease stiff nipples and massage her breasts while the other slid down hot skin to where they were joined to tweak at her wet clit.

Hatori panted as his hips surged up with every downward stroke of Kagome’s hand. His face twisted and strained. It seemed her hand alone wasn’t enough for the good doctor. Shigure stilled, ignoring the whimper. A hand rose to cup her chin to direct Kagome’s gaze. “Look at him. Look at how you’ve left him.”

White teeth bit down on those red painted lips of hers, a moan escaping her as she stared at the wet cock in her hand. Her hand squeezed, forcing Hatori’s hips to shot up from the bed with a hiss.

Shigure smirked, swiping his tongue up her neck and behind her ear. “Open and take him into that sweet mouth of yours.” he nipped at her lobe when she pushed back onto him as her core rippled around him. Who would have thought the normally sweet Kagome loved dirty talk? “Go on, I want to hear what he tastes like to you.”

He helped guide her back, barely thrusting when she complied. A tiny pink tongue swiped across the flushed head, Hatori shuddered in response. When she continued to tease him with swift and short sweeps of her tongue, Shigure was the one to twist a nipple as a form of punishment. “Ah-ah.
I said to swallow him. Do I need to spank you?"

The question had her clenching around him. Grinding his teeth to keep bite back his whine of pleasure, he helped guide the mischievous woman. His hand slid down from her chin, a part of his mind breaking at feeling Hatori’s cock bulge through her throat. Taking up his tempo again, because he would not be able to hold out much longer, Shigure watched with rapt attention as Kagome quite literally attempted to swallow Hatori whole.

She ripped away from him to breath, her pants pushing back onto him. “He… he tastes like…mmm oh Kami right there…” her head dropped forward once again and Shigure smirked at her fumbling about to complete his little command. “… like… minty dark… choco-Oh!-late.”

“And do you enjoy his flavor?” Shigure was honestly curious, she was usually one that went for very sweet and sugary flavors.

“…yes…” the hiss had him smirking, somewhat glad to know.

Pulling back up onto his knees, he put more force behind his thrusting hips as he watched her. “Then by all means, enjoy.” his words seemingly had had a rejuvenating effect on her.

Hatori narrowed his eyes down at the woman, grey locking with dark brown. “…I might just kill you for thisss-!”

Shigure smirked. “Come now, Tori-san. The night is still young, enjoy it.” his eyes dropped back down to the woman between them and pleasuring them. “Besides, you didn’t say no.”

As if to agree with him, Kagome rose up and pulled away from Shigure. He allowed her some space but kept them joined as he watched with interest. “Yes, Hatori, you didn’t say no. So enjoy.” she pressed forward to slash her lips across his own in a passionate kiss.

Hatori’s hands rose to weave into her hair after a few moments, taking control of it that had her humming. “I concede. Enough arguing then,” he nipped at her still painted lips, a lopsided smile forming as he watched her eagerly return to pleasuring his cock.

“Good.” she gave the head of his cock a kiss before swallowing it whole.

Shigure smiled, so glad that he actually attended one of those boring little functions that his editor had insisted he go to. Hatori had been there and when they had spotted the lovely woman that Kagome had become, they had struck up conversation, snuck in a few dances and offered to escort her back to her hotel room.

He gave a rather powerful thrust that had her moaning that let the dominoes fall to each of their ends. Hatori strained up, one hand clenched in thick black hair while the other tangled even further into the blankets. Kagome continued to suck him off, every pull back had Hatori twitching until he finally settled. When he finally fell back onto the bed limply, Kagome pressed her face into his hip as she panted, a low and deep moan escaping her when she reached her own end. As for Shigure, her tightly clenching heat pulled him in deeper. Balls drawing up it took two, three more thrust before he burst deep within her.

His hips gave a few lazy thrusts, prolonging both of their pleasure as he slumped over her form on shaky arms. As much as he was loathed at the idea of leaving her wet heat, the look Hatori throwing him, Shigure smirked when he pulled away and flopped into the space next to Kagome.

“You my dear, are very naughty for allowing this.” a hand absently toyed with the curling ends of her hair, a smirk curling his lips at the shiver he got when he stroked down her spine.
“Says the horn-dog that suggested this in the first place.” blue eyes were lazy as they stared at him. She gave him a deep, passionate kiss only to pull away and crawl up Hatori’s form. “I believe it’s the good doctor’s turn?”

Hatori smirked when she straddled him, hands settling on her hips as she moved and danced above him to stir his cock back to life. “I believe, you are correct.”

The night continued on as such. Various positions were used, turned were taken or simultaneously until the sun finally breached the horizon. A very tired Kagome finally slept soundly between the two men, legs tangled between Shigure’s as he spooned her while she also curled and hugged onto Hatori.

A rather pleasant turn out for attending that function.
Kagome smiled at the man, glad to have some polite conversation with a persona that understood her to a point. Not only that, the man himself was rather handsome. With his darker complexion, gray eyes and modest clothing. His light silver hair also hit a chord in her.

On top of that, he was also quick to please. His moves and actions had meaning, no energy was wasted. There was also the most important fact, he was polite. She may have mentally repeated herself, being polite was an important point for her. Big time.

"Mm, this tea is wonderful." Kagome hummed with a smile as she took another sip. "What is it?"

Agni smiled in return, looking rather pleased. "It's Chai. It's very much loved back home."

Kagome stared down at the creamy tea in her hands, this was chai? No wonder her friends went ga-ga over it during their finals, it was everything a person could want and need without the caffeine-kill-joy. She turned back to the taller male. "Thank you for sharing this, it's really lovely!"

Agni gave another nod of his head. "I cannot help but wander..." he trailed off with his brows furrowing, seemingly unable to finish what he was saying.

Kagome raised her cup as she leaned on her elbows, curious as to what the man was curious about. "Go ahead and ask."

He smiled with a bow of his head. "I can sense... something, a power about you..." he trailed off again, again unsure of how to finish.

With a smile, Kagome put her cup of tea down and gave him a slow nod of her head. "I'm a miko. A shrine maiden, eh... shameness or priestess, if you will. A holy warrior to protect life." her head tilted the side with a smile.

Gray eyes widened, a subtle joy shining as a slow smile spread across his face. Before he could say anything though, a pair of gloved hands landed on Kagome's shoulders with a squeeze. "Ah, here you are, my dear. How kind of you to entertain our guests."

Kagome attempted to roll those evil, evil hands off her shoulders with no luck. "I'm not your anything. And if I am, then it's more along the lines of a prisoner." she refused to say his name. Perhaps metaphorical distance would become actual physical distance.

"I'm hurt. Especially after all we've shared." he leaned down to subtly nuzzle the crown of her head, a dark and spicy cinnamon scent invading Kagome's lungs.

"I apologize. I shall go see if Soma is in need of my assistance." his actions were graceful when he stood up and bowed before leaving.

Kagome's outstretched hand flopped back to the table without any grace. It took a few moments before dropping her head into the same hand. "That was very rude if you ask me. But you don't ask me for anything."

Sebastian wrapped his arms around her from behind, nuzzling into her temple. She didn't see the wide predatory smile that was pleased at having been able to chase off the other male. "Now that's not true, my little miko. I've asked if you wanted to take the young master's place."
"Not what I meant and you know it." Kagome stared down at her now cooled Chai. So much for enjoying polite company over a really good cup of tea. "You spoil everything."

A nip to her ear had her flinching and spilling her cup of tea into the cup's saucer. "I'd rather you see it as me spoiling you." there was another sharp nip to her lobe quickly followed by a swipe of his tongue. It continued as such for what felt like forever until Sebastian pulled back and gave a pleased purr. "Now if you'll excuse me, my dear, I must sadly get back to my own duties."

Kagome trembled, a mix of anger, embarrassment and pent up desire much to her ire as she ignored Sebastian's departure. A shaking hand rose to where a wet spot was quickly cooling. With the way Sebastian had gone about it, she was sure she was now sporting a hickey. What pissed her off was that it was in a place where she couldn't hide it with the era's fashion and they didn't have makeup that could really do the trick.

"Damn it!" looks like she would have to get creative with how she wore her hair. And she had been so enjoying the reprieve from Sebastian's attentions.
Kaichou wa Maid-Sama: Takumi Usui

Kagome observed the outfit in the mirror, giving the skirt a few tugs in an attempt to cover a little more. At least the tights were high enough that only a small band of her lower thigh was visible. With a sigh, Kagome smoothed the skirts and stood her full height. Well, she did want to get a job to earn her own pocket money and this place was out of the way from both her school and home that she wouldn't get in trouble.

"Higurashi-chan, is everything alright?" the voice of her new boss startled her out of her thoughts.

Smiling, Kagome opened the door and stepped out. "Sorry, Hyoudou-san. I was just making sure everything fit correctly." she smoothed the skirts once again, she figured it was a habit out of nervousness.

The petite woman gave a soft squeal and began to gush and she adjusted little details of Kagome's uniform. "Oh, I'm so glad it fits you! You look so adorable!"

Kagome could only blink at the way the woman fluttered here and there to get a good look at her, uttering compliments with each adjustment. "Well, if there is anything that feels uncomfortable about your uniform, please go ahead and let me know so adjustments can be made as soon as possible. Now, let's get out there and start your first day!"

Following the woman through the kitchen to get to the cafe, Kagome smiled and waved to the young man that was placing finished orders to get picked up.

"Takumi-kun! I'd like you to meet our latest maid, Kagome-chan!" the manager then moved on to gush about the pieces of cake that were waiting to be served.

"Kagome-chan." his voice was soft. Rather than the bow she had been expecting and more than ready to return, he took hold of her hand and brought it up to kiss.

Now Kagome herself had far more intimate, though this was still a surprise. The sudden appearance of another person, slapping his hand away and pulling her into a comical hold of protectiveness had Kagome lost completely. "Go away, you perverted outer-space alien!"

The other girl, the same as Kagome's age, turned to her. Anger swapping out for concern as brown eyes scoured her form. "Are you alright? He didn't do anything to you, did he?"

"Uh..." her knees trembled as she observed her surroundings from her position. "I think you're about to break my back?" she was sure that they looked like a Tango pair with her being dipped.

"Oh! I'm so sorry!" with an exaggerated spin, Kagome was brought to her full height and pulled into the other girl's hold, chests pressed against each other. "Is this better?"

"Um..." how did she answer such a question honestly without upsetting this easily excitable girl? She shifted minutely, hoping to gain some space. The moment she could breath a little easier, she was liberated from her hold only to be held by the boy instead. "Eh?"

Turning to stare into amused green eyes, she turned to face her boss for help only to stop short. The woman was blushing, hands pressed to her cheeks as she gushed. "A love triangle! A beautiful young maid unaware that she holds the hearts of two. One a handsome young man, the other a beautiful heroine of justice." she turned her face upwards as she appeared to shed happy tears. "Will she choose the young man or go with what is considered scandalous and accept the young
heroine?

All three stared at the woman as she twirled about in bliss, silent as they were afraid to draw even more attention.

Kagome finally untangled herself from the boy's hold and smoothed out her skirts, yet again. "I didn't sign up for this." she turned to her new coworkers. "It was a pleasure meeting you both, I shall however be getting to work."

Turning around, she picked up a tray and was about to leave to go and begin taking orders. Her entire form stiffened when she felt a breeze far too high on her thighs due to her skirts being lifted.

"Hmm, now this is interesting... boy shorts." the comment had all three females in the kitchen freezing and turning towards Takumi. "How cute, you have a mole right on your-!

Kagome's hands slapped her skirt down and out of his hand so fast as her face immediately bloomed red, the girl from earlier went flying after the guy who deftly dodged her attacks. "You perverted outer-space alien! How dare you defile a girl's purity!"

Hyoudou-san sidled up to Kagome who was attempting to hold down all of her skirt as much as she could with both hands, gave her creepy smile. "I support whomever you choose, Kagome-chan. Ha-ha-ha-ha!"

"I'm getting to work!" snatching the fallen tray and placing it as a barrier between her back and her odd coworkers, Kagome marched out into the cafe. "...I should have gone with WacDonalds..."
Bleach: Ichimaru Gin

She never knew that she played such an important role in his life, that acts of kindness that she showed him were normal for her though they left an impression on him. He was a child when they first met, the hoshigaki she shared became his favorite. The nickname she gave him when he provided no name was the one he chose for himself. The act of kindness she had shown him their first meeting had him repeating soon after she left him.

After many meetings, he was now a grown man and she was still a young girl.

Kagome was laid across a wide log on her stomach, legs kicking back and forth at a lazy pace as she observed the sleepy Soul Society. Her Shinigami friend sprawled across the ground and leaning back against the same log, close enough to her that it would be easy enough for her to reach out and touch him.

“So you’ve become a Lieutenant now…” Kagome kicked her legs back and forth as she relaxed on her chosen perch. “I guess congratulations are in order.”

“Ya don’t sound very happy, Kagome-chan.” he finally turned face her, shifting so that he could prop his elbow on the log and rest his cheek against his raised fist.

Kagome rolled her eyes. “Ha-ha. You always were fishing for compliments and praise. I am happy though. I have always wondered what pushed you to strive so hard.” turning her head away from the view, she turned face Gin instead. “You ever going to tell me?”

“It’s nothin’ for ya to worry about.” the smile remained.

When blue eyes scoured his face, Kagome sighed when she realized that despite all their visits and chats, he still wore that mask of his around her. While she had hoped he considered her a friend, it appeared that whatever he saw her as it still wasn’t quite what she had hoped for. She turned back to the view below them. “Whatever you say.”

There was a moment of silence, a rather long stretch before Kagome spoke up again. “I don’t think I’ll be able to keep up our visits in the coming future…”

The air between them became sharp and heavy. “What’cha mean by that, Kagome-chan?”

“I have a feeling… I’m going to die soon. Or it’s a high possibility. It’s hard to tell the outcome, what with my fate seemingly already decided.” she was calm as she spoke, already accepting her words for truth.

A strong hand tugged shoulder, causing her to roll off the log and land with a ‘Oof’. Rolling to get a little more comfortable, she pouted up at the smiling Gin. “Now why did you do that?”

“I don’ know what ya mean.” the same hand he had used to pull her off the log was now combing through her hair at slow, lazy sweeps. “Ya musta rolled over too far.”

“Humpf. You are so not cute anymore.” she made herself comfortable, shifting until her head was cushioned in his lap. “I miss the younger you. I want my Chibi-Gin back.” she stuck out her tongue when he chuckled down at her.

“I don’ know what ya mean.” the same hand he had used to pull her off the log was now combing through her hair at slow, lazy sweeps. “Ya musta rolled over too far.”

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“I didn’ know ya felt that way ‘bout me.” his words had her cracking an eye open to look up at him, brows furrowing when she noticed his smile was… warmer, honest and slightly teasing. “Yer
claiming me as yours? I didn’ know ya were that type of woman.”

She blinked a couple of times as she processed what he just said. Blushing, she rolled to face away from him. “Like I said, so not cute!”

Gin smiled down at the miko that had been a big part of his life, being there by some unknown force for every important moment in his life. He had viewed her as a older sister when he was younger, what with her caring and nurturing nature. As he grew older and she remained unchanging, his feelings shifted. He wasn’t sure how, but something in him shifted at her easy acceptance of her possible death.

He knew she was strong, stronger than most with what she shared with him during their visits, so to hear say that… He was not ready or willing to lose such an important person in his life, even with his current plans with Aizen.

Twisting the black hair around his fingers, he swore to himself that he would find a way to keep her. It was just a matter of figuring out how.
He thought for sure he was going to die when he ran out to save the archer and child. He remembered the flashes of when they had carried him to where the others were being evacuated from the city. The pain had been unimaginable compared to anything he's ever felt. The blackness, heaviness and the cold had become all the more comforting compared to the pain. Surrounded by those in the carrier that was handling the evacuations.

The voice of Barton, the people around him and the sounds of fighting grew fainter and fainter. He barely made out a voice that told him to hold on, to wait and not give up just yet. In one heartbeat where he was welcoming his death and the next, warmth flooded through him. A sensation that breathed in new life into him, pushing the pain away.

When he opened his eyes again, the gray skies were blurry, with blurs of what could be people. Blinking a few times, the closest blur focused into a young woman. Dark hair, feminine round face bright blue eyes flickering over his form. When their gazes locked she smiled down at him.

"Hey, welcome back to the world of the living!" there was a slight accent that curled her words. "You're out of danger of dying, but you're going still be feeling it for a while. Not only that, you're suffering from blood loss, so no sudden moves..."

She pulled back and out of his line of sight, he could hear talking to Barton about how to watch him. Pushing up onto his elbows, hissing at the strain and pull of still tender flesh. Small hands took hold of his upper arms, the young woman's face once again in his line of sight and full of worry. "Whoa! You should not be moving so soon after I've just treated your wounds!"

"And just how did you treat his wounds?" the question had her turning to Barton, drawing his own attention as well.

"What?" the young woman slid the minimal amount to help him into a more comfortable position of sitting. "Are you seriously asking me that after you dragged me here to see to his wounds? Which I did a rather good job of I might add."

Pietro blinked when her attention returned to him, carefully prodding where there were bullet holes minutes ago. He flinched a particular prod, earning a softly muttered apology from the young woman.

"Are you going to ignore me?"

The young woman rolled her eyes. "I thought with my back to you was evidence enough."

"You're going to explain what you did." he had no idea why, but Barton was getting rather defensive. It was odd to see.

"You snatched me up and told me to help him, so I did. Explanation concluded." she turned away from him and motioned with her hands as she asked for a blanket in rough Russian. The moment it was in her hands, she was wrapping the thick cover around his shoulders. "Keep this with you. You're going to feel cold due to the blood loss."

It was when he realized that she was getting ready to collect her things and move on to help another person did he take action, rushing forward to stop her. As rocky as his relationship with the Avenger was, he was agreeing with the need to keep this woman with them. "...no!"
"Ah!" the two of them tumbled back, him landing on her. "Itaa..."

His arms shook as he pushed himself off of her, staring down at the one that saved his life. She pushed up onto her elbows, a hand going to sooth the back of her head with the slight twist of her face. "You're supposed to take it carefully, not taking off with a running start. Baka,"

He furrowed at the foreign words. "You... you must stay."

Blue eyes narrowed on him as she shifted to rest on both elbow. "I need to go out and help others. So if you could-!"

"Too late for that kiddo." Barton commented, he still kept a wary eye on the young woman beneath Pietro.

"No need to act so smug about it." blue eyes slid back to him. "Are you going to give me some space or..."

A smirk finally pulled, feeling in a small amount like his old self. "I'd rather take the 'or'. Besides, you were the one that ruined my top."

Her cheeks took on a quick rosy hue as her eyes widened. "Firstly, that wasn't an option. Secondly, that was to get a better view of your wounds. Now kindly, back up."

"I'm not sure I can." though his arms still shook holding up his weight. "I am feeling light headed."

Her eyes widened in surprise and worry, head shaking quickly until he dropped atop her once again. His head fell forward, burying in her neck as he let his body rest. Her sweet scent was a pleasant reprieve from the smoke, burning metal and blood. His lips curled up when he listened to her complaining with Barton and attempted to crawl out from under him. He knew that whatever she did to save him was going to be shared with the others, meaning she would be sticking around for a while. Not a bad opportunity to get to know her.
As much as she enjoyed the large cavern and it's endless treasures, which she really didn't, she was interested in seeing what else Smaug's world had to offer. It took quite a bit of begging on her part, a lot actually, to get him to show her. She was touched that part of the reason he didn't want to take her out of his treasure trove was worry for her safety, she ignored that most of it was because he didn't like the idea of leaving his treasure alone. Where he took her was actually beautiful, even if it was still in a place where he could quickly steal her away back into the mountain.

Kagome sighed as she dipped her feet into the surprisingly warm pool of water, kicking at a lazy pace. "Thank you."

A rumbling grunt was what she got as a reply, she couldn't help but chuckle in response. Shaking her head, Kagome returned back to enjoying the scene before her. The pool was fed by runoff from the mountain and was protected by said mountain and a thick line of trees. There was a peek of mountain lines between the forest and single mountain in the back while it smoothed out to a valley that had a still view of the large lake in the front.

Enjoying the pool so much, Kagome began to strip of her clothing before allowing her body to slide into the waters. It's warmth enveloped her, easing a few aches from the most recent battler she and the others had triumphed over. Pushing her hair out of her face, she pushed up and breached the surface.

A smile curled her lips as a pleased hum escaped her when strong arms wrapped around her from behind, drawing her to a solid chest while a pointed nose nuzzled to top of her head. A bark of laughter echoed around them when he thrust his hips forward and she felt his arousal. "I think I've created a monster, you've become insatiable..."

She moaned when his hands rose to grope at her breasts, thumbs sweeping over her stiff nipples. "I find it hard to sate the appetite you woke within me." his chuckled echoed around them when her chest thrust out for more of the sensations he was invoking in her.

"So it is my fault?" she sighed when his touches became more subtle pets and stroking. He had become a quick master in pleasing her, learning when to stoke the fires and pull back. She found it quite unfair since he had only taken on a humanoid form very recently. "Then I'll take the blame gladly..."

She furrowed her brows slightly when she felt him shifting behind her, her confusion growing when he used his hold on her breasts to direct her to follow him backwards. When she felt him take a seat on a natural shelf did she turn around, more than happy to climb into his lap. Arms draped over his shoulders to toy with the fine hairs at the back of his neck while she rolled her hips to brush against his cock with teasing strokes.

When he took hold of her hips to bring her down and finally enter her, she tilted her hips just so that had him grinding almost harshly against her clit. "Ah! Ah-I wanted to enjoy a night relaxing."

"I can think of no better way than to share. Why be so coy?" he gave her a somewhat painful nip to her neck when she again refused what he sought.

"What, you're not enjoying a little foreplay?" her hands clawed down his chest, a brow shooting up when she caught one of his nipple and had him hissing. She rather enjoyed seeing his face twist with desire, his dark golden-fire eyes looking all that much darker as he stared at her. That hunger
that she saw made her feel powerful. "There's still so much we can explore..."

Her voice tailed off, his curiosity at her words allowing her to take him in at a slow and deliberate pace. Their first time had been passionate and clumsy, a true spur of the moment that she still didn't remember how it happened. Every other time since then, Smaug had been in control, teasing her just enough before taking what he wanted. Oh he more than made sure she enjoyed every minute. So being in control for once was more than exhilarating.

"More?" he gritted through clenched teeth, sharp nails digging into her hips at the slow pace she was setting. She was also glad that he was actually letting her have this control.

Her hands stroked across the wet skin of his chest, down the softly defined abs with her nails. She purred and nipped at his jawline up to his earlobe. "Oh so much more." one arm moved to wrap around the back of his neck to better support herself while the other teased the ear she wasn't nipping at. She panted at the sudden thrust of his hips, glad to learn something new about how to tease and pleasure him.

"Such as?" his hands stroked down her sides as he turned to nuzzle her in return before his tongue rasped up her neck. While he may have taken on a humanoid form, there was still certain characteristics that were not altered. His tongue was much hotter and slightly rougher than that of any human, much more like a cat's really.

"Hmmm..." her free hand scratched and petted that back of his neck, nails scraping lightly across his skin. Panting in his ear she concentrated on maintaining the slow pace when she wanted nothing more than to thrust down harshly on his hot cock to get to that itch he had never reached before in any other position. It was just so distracting, feeling him rubbing along her sensitive flesh. His heat was... any hotter and she felt she would melt. But what a way to go.

At another deep thrust from him, she blinked the fog from her eyes as she tried to recall what she had been talking about. "Ah... well, mmm, imagine the hot, wet heat of my mouth wrapped around you. Imagine my lips stretched to take you in, my tongue wrapping around you with every suck as I pull away. Imagine my throat clenching around you as I attempt to swallow you whole. Would you allow me to nip at you, to lightly drag my teeth along your length?" her teeth bit down on her lower lip as she imagine actually sucking him off, as well as the sharp thrust her words caused.

Her core clenched at the idea, even in the water she felt herself gush. His hands clenched and kneaded her ass, drawing her tighter to him as he groaned. She could feel him pulsing within her as her hips began to roll down harsher on him, forcing him to reach that deep and hidden part.

"What about touching myself? Would you watch me? Would you last long as I teased myself? Groping and massaging my breasts, teasing my nipples until they were stiff. Thrusting my own fingers into myself, teasing and stroking until I finally found completion." her tongue snaked out to drag along his ear until she reached the pointed tip to give it a strong suck, smiling at the slight noise one could call a whine. "Would you tell me how fast or slow to thrust my fingers? Tell me to sip from myself and take in my own flavor?"

"You, my little bird, are unlike anything I have ever encountered." a hand fisted in her wet hair and forced her to face him, dark eyes lit with passion. Not even seconds later was his mouth claiming hers, dominating hers. His tongue forcing past her lips to tangle with her own, she was only too eager to suckle the muscle. He pulled back to stare down at her, his lips panting against her own. "That there is so much you wish to do, perhaps it is you that is unable to slake their appetite?"

When his thrusts became more active and forceful, Kagome pulled back to breath deeply. Leaning back to rest her hands atop his knees, she spread her legs wider to get him that much deeper. One
of his hands held tightly to her ass while another rose to grope at a bouncing breast, both hands gripped tightly and released in time of their thrusting hips.

Their movements became frantic, sloshing the water around and between them. Her nails dug into his flesh as she pushed herself down harsher to meet his thrusts to the point where she was now grinding down against him. She was becoming lightheaded, they were joined at that perfect angle where her clit was being teased every time their hips met. Breathing became almost impossible when Smaug bent down to suckle at her free breast. Teeth nipped while his tongue curled.

"Oh... oh, oh! Smaug!" her head dropped back, hair spilling into the water as her back arched and stretched as her nails dug even deeper into his flesh. Blue eyes stared up at the starry sky in wonder as she felt herself clamp down only for her jaw to drop with a low moan when she felt him swell before immense heat flooded her.

His knees drew up as he curled around her, face buried where her neck and shoulder met. Arms wrapped around her, anchoring her to him as tightly as he could. Her heart pounded and she struggled to raise her own arms to hold onto him. Shivers wracked her as his panting breathsghosted her flesh hot before they quickly cooled, and every so often his hips would twitch.

Still joined, he pulled her with him when he leaned back against the smooth stones of the pool. It never escaped her that he seemed to enjoy that they stay connected after the act. Since she was usually boneless after the fact, she found no reason to argue this little desire of his. Shifting to get a little more comfortable, she hissed at her overstimulated flesh clenching in response, she snuggled into his hold.

Smiling at a thought when his arms tightened around her and nuzzled against her temple, Kagome pressed her nose against his jaw. "I would never thought a dragon would be much of a cuddler."

"What is a cuddler?" his voice was low, a hand trailing down her spine in lazy sweeps.

"One that enjoys snuggling, cuddling, holding. Basically, what we're doing right now." she hummed, the heat from Smaug and the tiredness from this latest bout, her voice was low and tired.

"I very much enjoy the feel of your skin against mine. Feeling your heat, the power that you hold, in my arms. Why deny myself such a luxury?" his fingers trailed from her spine to her side, eliciting a giggle when just the right pressure was applied to her ribs and tickling her.

"Greedy dragon." despite her words, she smiled. She didn't really care what this was they had, instead she chose to enjoy this little bit of selfishness she was allowed.

A nip to her earlobe had her humming. "Insatiable mortal." a deep inhale rumbled from deep within him, had her snuggling closer in comfort.

Her fingers stroked across his chest, absently running along the line of the scar he had until his larger hand covered her own. "Shush, I need my rest."
Her palms felt sweaty as they shook and adrenaline was pumping through her in ways it hadn’t in a very long time. Soul Society was under attack by an unknown enemy. Oh they knew the enemy were Quincy, but beyond that they were unknown. The pillars of light were dense, acting as both a gateway for their attackers as well as serving a means to kill those that dared to get too close.

All had already been warned that using Bankai was dangerous. It was the only sure way of doing any significant damage against their enemies, though said enemies could seal said form of attack.

A shock of familiar orange hair had Kagome skidding to a stop. “I-Ichigo?”

Said male turned to her, eyes narrowing with such hate that she was unfamiliar with and had her stepping back. He turned to her completely shifting in a way that she knew he was getting prepared to attack. While she wasn’t sure what was going on, she had seen and fight along with him to know what was coming.

Eyes wide, she managed to dodge a sudden attack from behind. While she may be a Shinigami, her abilities as a miko when she was alive were still active. It appeared to give her that edge the others didn’t have. Raising her zanpakuto, she blocked Ichigo’s own blade from cutting her down.

Gritting her teeth, she stared at the male. One she called friend. “Ichigo-kun, snap out of it!” Risking it, she took one hand off the hilt and pressed it against the white uniform that he was wearing and sent out a pulse of miko-ki. Thank the kami she still had them!

She shifted into the defensive as she watched him, allowing her to analyze him and the situation. Confusion consumed her when he clutched at his head with both hands, groaning in pain. Her move was just to put a buffer between them, not an actual attack. So to see him in pain was just baffling to her.

“Ichigo… Are you-!” she jumped back from another sudden attack from him, his face twisted in anger and pain. His attacks were also wild compared to the poise he’s gained since taking on Shinigami duties. “I don’t know what’s wrong with you, Ichigo-kun. Just know I’m going to beat it out of you!”

She shifted into the offensive, tired of being the one taking the hits rather than dishing them out. While Quincy were known to take in reiatsu to make their attacks more powerful, so being this close to Quincy-Ichigo was dangerous, he seemed to have forgotten all of that.

“How are we friends? Quincy and Shinigami cannot be friends!” the question was shouted in her face, making her confused all over again. This entire situation was frustrating.

“You’ve never cared for such things before. Why are you now so con-!” she froze when it hit her. Seeing him coming at her, she used shunpo to give them a larger berth of space.

He had disappeared when they first noticed things were… off. There had been search parties, if one could call the few willing to search for him that. Now here he was, hell bent on destroying Soul Society. “Ichigo! Whatever they told you is not true!” she grunted when he continued going at her

“Shut up!” his attacks were growing stronger as he got more angry. “Shut up, shut up, shut up!”

A cry escaped her, an arm curling around her to clutch at her side, as she landed painfully some
distance away. Instead of him coming after her, he was once again clutching his head and shouting 
out in pain. Before she could do anything, she was swept up in someone’s hold. Turning, she 
blinked wide, surprised eyes at Renji. She was about to ask him, something, when her zanpakuto 
landed in her lap. All the while, he stared at Ichigo through narrowed eyes.

“You were told to stay out of it, Higurashi.” his voice was low as he back away slowly.

Kagome huffed. “But it’s Ichigo!”

Yeah, and he’s showing which side he’s chosen.” his dark eyes sweeping over the area, most 
likely looking for the safest route out.

She scoffed, though it grunted when his hold tightened. “Right, that’s about as believable as 
Captain Kuchiki announcing you as his next lady.”

The look Renji was pinning her with had her grinning. It was a mix of fury and incredibility. A 
sudden attack from Ichigo reminded them of their current situation. “You will be paying for that 
comment.”

“Ha! Like I’ll be beating your ass the moment you put me down!” the two of them continued on as 
such while Renji retreated away from the fighting.

Ichigo panted, his head splitting to the point where everything was swimming. Grunting, his eyes 
clenched shut as more… visions flowed through his mind. Most of them were centered on the 
Shinigami he had just been fighting with, and the feelings that came with them were far from the 
words His Majesty had told him about Shinigami.

“You disobeyed your orders.” the low voice came from beside him.

Turning to the side, the pain in his head dulling to a minor throb, Ichigo bowed his head in respect. 
Though his teeth clenched every time. “Forgive me, Sir. I was unprepared for that Shinigami’s… 
abilities. She… did something.”

A pale brow rose in his silent way of questioning. It caused Ichigo to clench his teeth again. There 
was just something about the others that just, innately pissed him off. They rubbed him the wrong 
way, and they also treated him differently compared to each other.

“I also seem to recall that she was a miko while alive and still retains her abilities.” he blinked 
when he felt some part of him die for revealing that information, like some deep part was guilty 
and already asking for forgiveness from the small Shinigami he had just fought against.

“Interesting. His Majesty will be informed of this information. Until then, she is to remain… 
alive.” with that Jugram Haschwalth swept away, leaving Ichigo to contemplate if what he had just 
done was the right thing. The pain splitting behind his eyes slowly fading away.

While the pain was gone, his stomach twisted with doubt and guilt. He was truly wondering if she 
had been correct, if everything he had been told about Quincy and Shinigami was a lie. Brows 
furrowing, he also turned away, swearing he was going to find her and demand answers. Nothing 
was clear as it had been in the beginning.
As much as she hated to admit it, Kagome was actually having fun at the Black family summer home. Sirius and Remus were very adamant in teaching her all they could of the wizarding world, as if it was their intent on keeping her. She had come to terms that she was most likely never going to see her family again, and the boys were more than willing to take up her time and attention.

She was currently lounging with a book. Not one that she usually would have picked up, though her reading material had altered dramatically since she fell through the well.

“You, my dear, are being rather dull.” Sirius commented when he dropped next to her. “Especially since you had me dragged to get you those summer clothes.”

Kagome rolled her eyes as she turned the page of her current book. “You were the one that insisted I come with you to this beach house. There was no way I was going to do anything beach related naked.”

Sirius smirked, plucking the book from her hands and set it aside after making sure to mark the page. “I don’t think there would have been any complaints or disagreement with that.”

“With what?” Remus questioned as he approached the two, dropping down behind Kagome and pulling her into his lap. He most enjoyed this position between the two of them, Kagome figured it could be something that was related to his werewolf status.

Sirius smirked as he plucked at the shirt she was wearing. “With Kagome becoming a little beach nymph, sunbathing and swimming in the nude. Among other things.”

Remus blinked, chin dropping to her shoulder as his imagination took off. While doing so, he nuzzled behind her ear. “Sounds… delicious.”

“Doesn’t it though!” Sirius was all smiles, sitting up in front of Kagome.

She was doing everything to ignore where the conversation had gone, as well as the two wizards that were now trying to distract her from her attempts at regaining her book. An upset sound escaping her when Sirius removed the shirt she had been wearing. Kagome pouted at Sirius and his damn smirk, curling as much as she could to cover herself. Not that it would make a difference, they had already seen her naked.

Remus was also quick to take hold of her wrists, still nuzzling behind her ear though he was also now kissing, nipping and licking her neck, and was gentle in prying her arms away to allow him and Sirius to take in her bikini.

A blush stole across her cheeks as she wriggled in Remus’ lap, Sirius’ fingers tracing along the bandeau bikini top with a reverent slowness. The two of them shifted until she was straddling Remus’ lap, who was more than happy keep her in his hold while he nibbled at her neck and thrust his hips up against her own. Sirius was devouring her lips, tongue thrusting into her mouth to tangle with her own.

She squeaked when she felt him smirk against her mouth and tug her top until it bunched beneath her breasts, allowing him to play and tease with them. When he pulled back and Kagome panted for air, she watched him as her arms curled behind her. One hand tangled as best it could in Remus’ hair while the other trailed down, fingers curling against his stomach. Despite his shy demeanor, Remus had deceptively softly defined abs.
A flick from Sirius had her jumping in surprise. She rolled her eyes with a huff at his smirk. “You’re such a boob man.”

“Well you do have a lovely pair, can’t help but admire them. Smooth, ” he trailed his fingertips across them with the barest of touches that had her squirming. His smirk grew warmer as he watched her, his hands shifting to massage them outright. “…perfect size and with the loveliest, rosiest little buds there ever could be. What’s not to love?”

Biting down on her lower lip, squirming under their attention as her hands pulled Remus tighter to her form, she frowned. “I thought we were meant to enjoy the summer holiday…”

Remus nipped at her earlobe. “Aren’t we? Well, we’ll have to fix that right away.” He once again forced her to onto her knees with his actions, lest she land face first in Sirius’ lap. She doubted there would be any complaints from him.

After a hand swept her hair to rest over one shoulder, Remus’s hands slide along her sides. There were a few strokes to her stomach that had her twitching, then his fingers were teasing the bikini bottom past her hips. A low groaning growl escaped him when he massaged the cheeks of her ass for a few moments, his hips surging against said ass with every flex of his fingers.

“I swear…” Kagome panted and squirmed between the two. “… it must be the werewolf in you that makes you an ass man.”

There was a subtle stiffening from Remus at the mention of werewolf. Kagome turned as much as she could in her current position to soothe the wizard, showing him that she could care less for his condition the only way her brain currently think of. Gripping his hair in a tight fist, she dragged his mouth to hers and started up a passionate kiss. It was one sided for only a heartbeat, then Remus was dominating her through the kiss. Forcing her tongue to retreat so his could sweep in and claim, his taste warm and rich had her melting against the two.

Sirius watched the two with sharp eyes, having never thought watching one of his best mates making out with a girl he also fancied quite so… arousing. With her attention currently taken, he rose up to claim the bared side of her neck. He was more than willing to match the love bites Remus had left on the other side, lips quirking up in remembrance of how she commented on Remus being an ass man. It was true, he had been caught often by himself and a few others staring after Kagome’s as she walked ahead of them. It was tempting for so many reasons that were made all the more for Remus and to an extent, himself. Kagome did tease that they had more canine tenancies then they care to admit, though there was no denying the truth behind her words.

Pulling back when he felt more than satisfied with his work, Sirius’ eyes locked onto hazy blue. His thumb smoothed over her slightly bruised lower lip. “When’s your birthday again?”

Her brows furrowed, the question forcing her to blink a few times to come back to reality. “September 24th. Why?” her eyes narrowed at the playful smirk.

“Oh no worries. Just want to make sure that your birthday is a memorable one.” he didn’t give her time to comment, taking his turn to plunder her lips. After a minute or two, he shared a devious smirk with Remus. It wasn’t too early to start planning for her 18th birthday.
The sound of laughter had her biting down on her lower lip, drawing her attention to the 'happy couple'. She had been so excited to come to Earth and meet with the Justice League and their protege. When she saw Conner for the first time, she knew it was love, until Nightingale appeared and shattered that for her.

It wasn't fair! How could he love... her? With a deep sigh, M'gann could understand why. Nightingale saw past the iconic 'Super' symbol for whom Conner was. She was caring, loyal, affectionate and she didn't even want to know what the two did when alone.

It still wasn't fair! She wanted Conner! And it hurt every time she saw them together.

The two were currently lounging on the couch, cuddling! Conner was always going on about personal boundaries, he still had issues due to Superman and that quickly transferred to his interactions with others. So seeing him cuddling Nightingale in the open, it made it hurt all the more.

Not only that, from what she heard, Nightingale managed to talk some of the members of the Justice League into allowing Conner more freedom outside of the base. No likely to go on dates. That meant no masks! Going civilian, as Robin liked to put it.

M'gann knew what happened on dates. Holding hands, more cuddling, kissing even!

At first, she had denied them being a couple. She had mentally set it up in her mind that Nightingale was simply using Conner for whatever reason a girl would and could use a guy. So with that, she had set out to prove how Nightingale lacked as a girlfriend, as a team member and even as their medic. When that failed, she tried to set up situations where Nightingale looked guilty of cheating.

It was easy to create those situations with Kid Flash, he still flirted with Nightingale. At first, Conner had been quick to anger, to accuse and doubt. However, Nightingale had dragged him off somewhere. Whatever she said or done had mellowed Conner out to the point he would silently claim her. Those were usually done with a pointed look, vigil watching over Nightingale, or pulling her into his hold.

She so wanted to be the one he held onto. The one that he was so, so passionately reminded that she was his girl.

The first time she trained and sparred with him, she rubbed it in Nightingale's face. She was strong enough to spar with him, whereas Nightingale was only human. Sure she had abilities that sped up her healing, though nowhere near as fast as her or Conner or even Kid Flash. A month away, something to do with Japan, and she came back and begged for a sparring match with him. Her improved speed and reflexes made her match for Conner's power.

"Is everything alright, M'gann?" the sudden question from their team leader had her jumping with a startled cry.

Turning around, she forced herself to smile as she pressed her hands to her chest. "Oh, Kaldur, you surprised me!"

He smiled down at her as he gave her a soft bow of his head. "My apologies, it wasn't my intentions."
She waved it off with an uneasy laugh. "Ha-ha-ha. It's alright. I should have been paying attention anyways. Hello, Megan! We are supposed to be heroes after all!" she forced another bout of laughter that quickly died and left an awkward silence to fill the void.

Without her even wanting, she turned to where Conner and Nightingale were seated. Conner was just in the actions of pulling her into his lap, one arm pulling her tight to him while the other tucked her legs to his side. It was when she noticed his hand trailing up did she turn away, pain once again lancing her heart.

"..." Kaldur blinked down at her, making M'gann blush at being caught staring at the two. "...I... I'm jealous of Nightingale."

"Ah." Kaldur nodded his head in understanding. "It's alright to be so, just remember to not let it cloud your judgment. Instead, be happy that Conner is happy. There is someone who will appreciate you for you."

M'gann nodded her head, hands rose up to pet at a lock of red hair as her eyes darted up to watch Conner carry Nightingale out of the room. She was happy that Conner was happy, she had just wanted to be the one that made him that way. Nodding her head once again, she smiled at Kaldur and made a hasty retreat. She still wasn't quite ready to agree and give up, so she left for some time alone.
Fruits Basket: Ayame (NSFW)

Kagome blushed at their reflexion, biting down on her lower lip to keep from moaning out loud. The male behind her was not helping. Deft fingers were pinching and plucking her already overly teased nipples, his pristine suit slightly marred with how she was clutching at his upper arms.

“You have no idea how upset I was when Tori-san and Gure-kun told me of your little escapade a couple of weeks ago.” his normally excited voice was low pitched and it had her squirming.

“…Ayame…” her low whine earned an equally low chuckle.

The taller male leaned down, hair curtaining and brushing against her shoulder. A cool contrast to his heated touch. “Have I told you how beautiful you look?”

His larger hands leaving her breasts to trail down her stomach, taking hold of her hips and turning her to face a different mirror. He was a stark contrast to her own appearance. Pale hair and skin to her dark hair and lightly tanned skin. The red and black lingerie that he had her model only made their setting all that more intimate.

“I made this set especially with you in mind.” he pressed a kiss to her ear, smirking when it had her jumping slightly.

“Pervert.” her blues eyes locked with his gaze through the mirror.

“Only with you dear.” another kiss was pressed to her ear before he returned to teasing her. His fingers traced the edge of her bra, the very same half cup bra he had made for her and had allowed him to tease her for as long as he had.

Instead, he was trailing his fingers to a new play area, the matching panties. If one could call them that. He smirked when her hips bucked when his fingers traced along damp flesh, more than happy he had especially made this pair crotch-less. “Oh my dear, already?” he chuckled when she turned away from their reflection.

His smile grew when she shifted and opened her legs a little wider. Oh how this petite woman teased him. “All you have to do is ask.” despite her silence, his fingers delved deeper, more than happy to toy with her little bud.

After teasing her for a few minutes, his eyes lifted to the mirror before them. A smirk curled his lips knowing who was on the other side. It was only fair that he got this time with Kagome alone. Even after all this time, they still claimed the petite woman as theirs. His eyes turned back to the woman in his hold.

She was constantly mewling, her hips shifting in turn with his fingers. All her squirming in his hold was not helping him any bit either. Pulling one hand away from her, her chest thrusting out with a whine for more, he turned and locked the changing cabin as an extra precaution.

“Now my dear, are you ready?” his hands and fingers continued to stroke and tease. Kagome whimpered, hips jerking at a particular pinch to her clit. “Hmmm, I think you are.”

With a few deft moves, he had Kagome leaning forward and pressed against the mirror in front of them. Her entire form shivered, most likely from the cool surface of the mirror being a stark contrast to her heated skin.
She shifted once again to rock against the heated flesh of his arousal. “I never thought you’d be partial to this position.” she bit her lower lip and stared at his arousal as he continued to rock against her.

“Kagome… I don’t think there is a way, I could not find enjoyment no matter what position we take.” Ayame’s brows pinched when he slowly entered her, biting his lower lip. He panted once he was completely seated in her, panting at her tight neat that rippled along his length. Oh how he had fantasized about this very moment only to be blown away by the actual woman, she was exactly how he had imagined and so much more.

He figured her petite nature made her just that much tighter around him, his eyes followed up her spine to her her profile. She was also panting, eyes closed as she leaned against the mirror. With every breath the mirror fogged, her fingers curling against the smooth surface before a blue eye opened and pinned him with a look that had him throbbing. “Are you just going to stand there?”

When he couldn’t answer, a groan escaped him as he curled over her form when she deliberately tightened her grip on him into a choke hold. His knees shook as he basked in the feeling of them joined so intimately, so much so he scrambled about when she pulled away from him. She quickly spun around to face him, tiny hands gripping his shirt and pulling until the buttons popped off and bounced in the small chamber with delicate ‘click-clacks’.

“Let’s test that theory of yours, regarding positions.” with a sudden pull, their lips crashed into a passionate kiss that involved teeth and tongue.

He didn’t know how it was possible, or far too distracted to really bother, Kagome had somehow used the changing room to climb him and push him against the wall. Trapped between her and the wall, Kagome took a strong grip on whatever she could grab a hold of and impaled herself on his cock. His hands instantly rose to cup the perfect cheeks of her ass, squeezing as he watched her throw her head back in pure bliss.

After a moment, she locked her gaze with his and began to roll her hips. With her hold on whatever she was using for support, she wrapped her legs around his waist to pull him closer to her. He in turn leaned back against the wall behind him to offer her a little more support. The position was definitely a new one, but he wasn’t about to say anything to stop her. She lifted herself repeatedly, allowing gravity to do have the work while using her legs to pull him to her. It allowed him to nibble and suckle at her teasing breasts as they bounced and swayed before him.

Soon though, she began to tire, a light sheen of sweat having coated her skin. She stared down at him through heavy lidded eyes, heavy pants ghosting between them. “…chair… now…. Oh, Kami!”

The both groaned as he stumbled to reach said chair and pull it halfway to him, all without leaving her glorious heat. When he finally had it and dropped into it, they both groaned at the jarring impact. It was only moments later that they once again began to move, the chair offering better support and allowing them to be that much harsher in their movements. With one hand still on her ass, the other tangled in her hair to pull her down for a fierce kiss.

He nibbled on those pouty, rosy lips, as his tongue plunge into her mouth in tandem with his bucking hips. He pulled her tighter to him, feeling his balls drawing up ready to explode and wanted her to reach oblivion with him. When her walls clamped down on him, he pulled away from her lips to press his brow to her shoulder. “…fuck!” his hips bucked when he finally reached his end. Never before had he so strong an orgasm that he felt his seed actually leave him in such detail.
“Well, well. I told you Tori-san.” Shigure’s voice echoed in the small space as he and Hatori eyed the momentarily dazed couple. “I told you being with Kagome-chan would have Ayame swearing. I believe you owe me 100.”

“I never agreed to that ridiculous bet.” Hatori shook his head, his visible eye trailing along Kagome’s form before a hum of appreciation escaped him. “I do believe we should, retire, elsewhere. Before Ayame’s assistant returns from her lunch break.”

Kagome huffed as she turned to face the missing two of the dynamic trio from her high school days. “…I thought Ayame locked the door…” she tried to recall if she actually heard the tell tale click of the door locking in place.

Shigure smiled with a nod of his head. “Oh, but this changing room was especially made with you in mind!” he leaned down to kiss her then and there, tongue sweeping across swollen lips. When he pulled back and his dark eyes darted to the mirror she had been pressed to earlier, Kagome couldn’t help but follow his gaze.

She could only blink at the small room that was behind that very same mirror. “… I don’t even want to know.” she shook her head and leaned away from Ayame with a slight groan. It was easy to recall the excitement he shared about doing renovations on his shop, only to be confused when she came in an hour ago for a ‘fitting’ and seeing no change. “Perverts, the lot of you.”

“And yet, you never deny us.” this time it was Hatori that retorted to her comment, smirking at her blush and being unable to deny the truth to his words. Guess she was just as much a pervert as them, following with their sex filled fantasies.
Kagome's lips pursed at the small bouquet of blue roses she now held, wondering what in Kami's name she did now.

"Aww, it's not fair!" Yuka gushed as she pouted over the pretty flowers. "Why does Kagome-chan always gain such romantic admirers?"

Kagome continued to stare at the flowers and wanted to throw them away and share how creepy they really were. There was one on her night table when she woke up this morning, one on the kitchen table, one at the Goshinboku, one in her shoe locker, one on her desk, and then there had been one in her school bag. They were all signs that she had gained another creepy stalker in her book. One that could sneak into her house while everyone was asleep.

Blue eyes turned to her pouting friends, hands itching to get rid of the creepy reminders. "Here you are Yuka-chan." a blue rose was offered to her stunned friend.

"Are you sure, Kagome-chan?" despite the question, Yuka was already accepting the big blue rose. "They must cost a lot, with them being blue roses that is."

With a shrug of her shoulders, Kagome handed one to Eri and Ayumi as well. "They're mine now, I can do what I want with them. If my... admirer has any problem with it, then they'll have to say it to my face." her lips pursed at the three roses left over. Her mind supplied her with the fantasy of throwing them away as soon as she was alone. Childish perhaps, but she really didn't want a physical reminder of her newest stalker.

With them all now holding blue roses, they made their way towards their newest hang out. A step up from WacDonald's near their old Jr. High school. They all chattered about whatever, mostly their school life and Kagome's new secret admirer. It was when Kagome turned to tease Ayumi with her latest crush, did Kagome bump into someone.

"Oof! I'm sorry, I wasn't paying attention!" she was in the process of bowing to the person in apology, when a hand cupped her chin and directed her gaze to the person she bumped into.

He was... handsome, in that creepy sort of way that reminded her of Naraku. His dark eyes were pinned on her as his fingers were subtle to stroke her jawline. It was as he continued to stare down at her when she realized a very important detail, this male wasn't human.

"...Diva..." blinking at the soft and quiet utterance, Kagome stiffened when something else made itself abundantly clear to her.

Narrowing her gaze on the male, not noticing or caring for the rest of his appearance. "Okay, listen here buddy. My name is not 'Diva'" she wrenched her chin out of his grasp and thrust the last of the roses against his chest and held them there. "So if you're the one giving me these roses to gain my attention in hopes of replacing someone or because I look like someone, I'm going to let you in on a little secret. Been there, done that and not going to repeat. So kindly take your blue roses, back off and stay away." she gave him a stiff bow as she apologized for bumping into him only to stalk around him with the full intent of reaching the cafe she and her friends were still intent on reaching.

"Ooo, Kagome-chan, I've never seen you so fierce before!" Eri squealed in excitement as she and the others caught up to her.

Ayumi, ever the romantic, spared a last look to the stunned male that watched after them. "I don't
know, I think you hurt his feelings."

"Hmph!" Yuka wove an arm with one of Kagome's. "If he was just using her to either replace someone or cause she looked like someone, I say she had every right!"

Kagome smiled at their words, though it lost some of it's luster when she felt the odd aura of the male following her. Seriously, what did she do to gain yet a new creepy stalker? She sincerely hoped that her life had not been reduced to such since her 15th birthday.
“Miss Kagome, where did you learn how to fight the way you do?” Frodo asked as they continued to trek through the rocky forests.

“A very good friend of mine. She was one of the fiercest warriors I’ve ever met.” Kagome smiled as she recalled how tentative Sango was in the beginning. It wasn’t until she proved she could take it that Sango pushed her harder.

“A female warrior, that’ll be the day.” Boromir muttered under his breath. It was a second later after a pebble hit his shoulder, did he throw a glare at her over the same shoulder.

“See, where I’m from, women are taught just like men in how to fight. Sango taught me how to use my own body as a weapon, her husband then later decided to teach me how to handle a staff.” a sigh escaped her, relief washing through her at the pops that echoed around her from her stretch. “I’m not going to get into too much detail on the one that thought I should learn how to handle a blade… He was quite the slave driver. I personally prefer archery.”

She smiled down at Frodo, watching him seemingly contemplate something. He nodded his head before looking up at her. “Would you be willing to give a demonstration?”

Kagome opened her mouth to reply when Boromir halted in front of them. “Master Frodo, if you wish for lessons on how to defend yourself, I would be more than willing. There’s no need to seek something where it cannot be found.” his grey eyes alone were able to sneer at her while he smiled down at Frodo.

“Firstly, Boromir, I believe the question was directed towards me.” Kagome placed a hand to her chest as she stood her full height. “And secondly, who was the one that not only knocked you off your feet, but held YOUR sword at YOUR neck?” when all he did was scowl at her, she smiled as serenely as possible.

Lips pursed and he stared her down for a full minute before spinning about and stomping off. The others followed after, hiding smiles or coughing over their chuckles.

“You favor the bow? Then where is yours?” the question from Legolas was a little surprising, as he kept mostly to himself and observed.

Staring at the male elf, she was still reeling from the fact that he was a real elf, she went to answer before remembering Frodo’s last question. Holding up a finger in a silent plea for a moment, she turned back to Frodo to give him her answer. “As for your question, I would be delighted to give a demonstration.” she watched the somewhat giddy smile he gave her. And then a thought hit her. “Are… was Boromir right? Do you want to learn how to fight and defend yourself?”

A slight redness tinged his cheeks as his expression became solemn. “I am as much a part of this fellowship as the others. It’s only fair that I do my share to protect myself.”

Touched, Kagome swept down to hug him. “You have a big heart Frodo, don’t you forget that. Or let anyone else to say otherwise.” pulling back to her full height, she offered a bright smile. “As for being the one to teach you… I’m not sure I’d be the best teacher. All lessons I were given were rushed.”

Turning back to Legolas, she offered a lopsided smile. “Yes, I favor the bow. As for where mine is… back home. I think.” she furrowed her brows as she tried to recall the details of that last
confrontation with the witch and waking up and chasing after that damned fox. “Yes… back home. Sadly… And it was such a nice bow too! Even if I preferred a short bow, it was so challenging!”

Her voice had trailed off with a whimpering whine, as she mourned the loss of the Azusa bow, drawing the attention of the others.

“Challenging?” Legolas stared down at her, brows slightly pinched.

“It shifted to meet the archer’s needs or became more challenging so the archer was always improving.” trembling hands rose as if to grasp the very bow she was speaking of. “It also never missed a target! Regardless.”

“Truly?” Gandalf’s voice trailed to the back along with a puff of smoke.

Kagome gave a sharp nod as she sniffled. “A monster could be using you as a shield and I could still take the shot! Monster would be dead, you’d be unharmed and all are happy!” with a sigh, arms dropped back to her sides and continued walking along with the others. “Guess I’ll have to wait till… whenever I can next pick up a bow… I feel sort of naked without one actually…”

Sam, Frodo and Legolas blushed at varying degrees at her comment. It wasn’t too hard to forget exactly how they all met the woman, and the state she had been in at said meeting. Her words were… comical. All, even Boromir though he would never admit it, were rather thankful for her sudden appearance. She kept their spirits up and provided aid when needed. They truly hoped to keep her near as they had all grown fond of her during the short time since she appeared. Hopefully it would work in their favor.
Transformers: Jazz

The music was loud, the club was dark and everyone was moving in time to the beat that shook everything. Kagome threw her arms up and continued dancing, more than happy to blow off some steam this way. The others were already dancing, or making out, with with their partners this night.

Her smile curled a little when hands took hold of her hips and brought her back into a lean body, moving and swaying with hers and to the music. Normally, Kagome would have beat the man off of her. Tonight, she could care less and wanted to have fun. The hands shifted; one moving to wrap around her waist to take hold of her hip while the other took hold of one of her raised hands to wrap around the back of her partner's neck.

Kagome gave a low hum at feeling the tightly braided hair. Her other hand reached back to rest on a broad shoulder and follow the arm down until it rested over the one holding her hip. The muscles had jumped under her hand and he pulled her closer.

Lips brushed against her ear as her partner spoke so she could hear him, voice low despite the loud music. "Girl, I'm really liking your style."

Kagome laughed. It was one of the most original pick up line she had ever heard, and it was refreshing! He wasn't complimenting on a single part of her, or her anatomy or how she moved. Spinning around, she gave him a once over, smiling brightly when he leaned back to allow her this inspection.

What he wore surprised her. Stylish shoes, black jeans slung low on his hips, a dark gray sleeveless shirt stretch across his chest... She bit down on her lower lip before her eyes darted up to meet with his despite the blue slick sunglasses that he was wearing. His smirk let her know he knew where she had been staring at just moments before.

Ignoring his silent teasing, her hands reached up, one to wrap around his neck and the other to slightly lower his visor like sunglasses. She blinked at the shocking blue eyes that stared down at her. They seemed to glow against his dark skin and in the dimmed lighting of the club. "Hmm, your style ain't so bad either." her finger traced along the glasses before dropping to wrap around his neck.

His hands once again rested on her hips, softly directing her to sway with him to the new song's beat. "So, you come here often?"

Kagome shook her head, fingers absently toying with the end of his braids at the back of his neck. "Nah, just when I really need to blow off some steam. You?"

"Just arrived in Tokyo. Really lovin' the night life. You guys sure know how to party." the comment had her laughing. "What's your name?"

Smirking, she leaned up to his ear. "Kagome. Yours?"

"Jazz."

Kagome shook her head as she smiled, it would figure that a being not human would have an equally interesting name. "It... suits you."

A bark of laughter left him, smooth, rich and deep. "Glad you approve. It would be really awkward if you didn't."
Eyes twinkling, she leaned up closer once again. "Wanna get out of here?"

His eyes widened for a moment, before his smirk turned playful if not a little flirty. "You sure move fast."

"Not like that!" she offered a playful slap against his chest. Very firm chest, a small voice mentally offered. "Another club. Great selection of music, better drinks and even some food."

"If you're sure. I wouldn't want to upset whoever you came here with." he smiled as she waved a hand to brush his concerns away, her other already pulling him away from the dance floor to where the others were sitting.

"We were planning on going anyway, we'll just be going ahead." she offered a quick half explanation before dragging him out of the club. "Hope you don't mind, but we'll have to take a taxi to get there."

"Nuh-uh. Firstly, I don't do taxis. And secondly, a girl like you should travel in style." with their connected hands, he now pulled her a little ways down the sidewalk. Her eyes widened when they stopped next to a sleek silver sports car. Now, she may know nothing on cars, just enough to get by, but she knew what she stood next to could not be street legal in Tokyo. A hand on her lower back pulled her out of her admiration of the car as Jazz opened to passenger side of the car. "Okay, not only to you have great taste in style, but you're also a gentleman. Keep this up, and I might just have to keep you."

He smiled as he leaned down to get a little closer to her, eyes peering at her from above his sunglasses. "You won't hear any complaints from me." his smirk growing when she blushed. Biting on her lower lip, Kagome ran her hands along the warm leather of the car interior. Her long unused miko-ki tingling just beneath the surface at the strange energies she was picking up from both Jazz and the car, and the fact that they were linked and identical. Her eyes flicked up to Jazz when he stumbled, looking like he missed half a step before sliding into the driver's seat. "Everything alright?"

"Oh yeah." his voice had done deeper, slightly rougher as he pinned her with a rather... heated look. "I hope you don't mind going fast."

Smirking, she faced forward. "I'm not afraid of a little speed." she laughed at catching his grip tightening on the steering wheel, though missed his muttered words. "I have a feeling, it'll be more of me wanting to keep you." he pinned with another look before pulling away from the curb and speeding down the street. Kagome smiled and laughed the entire way to the club, truly enjoying herself for the first time in a long time.

She'd wait until later before asking who and what exactly Jazz was, for now, she was enjoying the ride.
Kagome grumbled as she stumbled from her bed to the door of her hotel, a hand rubbing over her face as she tried to rid herself of the jet-lag sleep that still clung to her.

“I'm coming! Sheesh...” her feet barely left the floor, shuffling over the carpet. A grumble escaped her as she worked the locks and pulled the door open. She could only blink at the tall male that stood on the other side that had turned and smiled down at her.

“Ah, Detective Higurashi!” his eyes ran along her form, brows rising a little. “Oh, well this is an interesting sight.”

Rolling her eyes, Kagome opened the door and let him. “Lucifer... what are you doing here?” she didn't stop to wait for an answer as she moved to the small kitchenette to see if she had any coffee or something to help wake her.

“I came to get you, of course. We are working on a case...” he trailed off, drawing Kagome's attention to see what had distracted him.

His head was tilted slightly to the side, a hand holding his chin supported by his other arm. He looked to be admiring a piece of art. “What are you doing?”

“Wondering what it is with you and Detective Decker and your choice in sleepwear.” his comment was so sudden in being out there that she looked down at said sleepwear.

“It's a tank top and a pair of panties.” she huffed out. “I figured you would be more than happy with the show of skin.” she waved him off as she turned back to her search for coffee, opening the few cupboards.

“Do not get me wrong, I am appreciating the view. I just don't understand the need for clothes when sleeping.” he sniffed as he looked for a place to sit, eying the sparse furniture. “I'm also wondering why you're staying in such a... dismal place.”

“Unlike some, I don't have the money or resources to rent out a penthouse suite over a club while chasing down bad guys.” she closed the last cupboard softly and mussed up her hair in aggravation. “As for wearing clothes while sleeping, I've had one too many ambushes while bathing. While it's a distraction, having my boobs unrestrained and flying all over the place is highly uncomfortable and painful.”

She turned to Lucifer, blinking at his open stare. He was more than likely attempting to imagine her fighting naked. Shaking her head, she moved to where her bag was and grabbed a set of clothes and made her way to the small bathroom. “I'm going to shower. We're going to a place where I can get coffee before we start back up on the case... Stupid jet-lag.”

Lucifer sat there, his mind trying to piece together bits of information he had just learned. Ambushed while bathing... He knew there were those that were low enough to do so when a particularly attractive woman drew their attention... But an ambush? To do so these days was highly risky, especially against an officer of the law. Though the way she spoke it made it sound like it had happened a long time ago...

The sounds of the world outside the tiny hotel room ground down to a slow pace that, if he were any other, to where it looked like time stood still. Grimacing, he stood his full height and pulled at the lapels of his jacket to fix any wrinkle.
“Hello, Amenadiel. What is it that you want today?” he smiled at his brother not caring if it was sardonic at all.

“Lucifer.” Amenadiel narrowed his eyes on Lucifer, before realizing their surroundings. “What... where are we and why?”

Lucifer's smile turned into a bit of a grimace, his own eyes taking in the drab room. “Yes, no need to worry. I'm not having a midlife crisis if that's what you're worried about.”

Amenadiel rolled his eyes and shifted his shoulders, wings giving a slight flutter at the action. “I'm here because we need to discuss what you learned from your brief return in Hell.”

All emotion left Lucifer's face. Ah, so that was the reason. Before he could reply, the bathroom door opened and out walked Detective Higurashi, wrapped in nothing but a provided towel.

“Lucifer, if this your idea of a joke, it's not funny.” her gaze was still fixed on whatever was in the bathroom, one hand keeping a hold on her only covering while the other held the door. She slowly turned to where he stood, in the midst of speaking up once again when she froze. “I-!”

Wide blue eyes blinked when they locked onto Amenadiel, the two stared back at her in return. Both highly curious as to how she was still moving about, seemingly unaffected by the slowing of time.

It was Kagome that broke the heavy silence. “Okay... I don't know who you are, but I don't remember inviting you in. Very rude by the way, as is, this time, manipulation thing that you're doing. I really need my morning shower, so if you could stop whatever it is that you're doing, that'd be great.” she shook her head and returned to the bathroom. They could hear her muttering about jet-lag and rude males in her life before the door shut.

Amenadiel turned to Lucifer with narrowed eyes, his words came out in hushed, if not, forced hisses. “Who was that?”

Lucifer smiled, displaying his excitement at what had just happened. “I plan on finding out just that.” he turned to Amenadiel, his expression becoming serious. “We'll discuss Hell and... Mother later. Right now, I'm working on a case with the lovely Detective Higurashi from Tokyo.”

“Luci, how you prioritize yourself still baffles me. Whatever case you're currently working on is not important.” Amenadiel shook his head.

“What if I told you, that Higurashi is able to ignore me, much like Detective Decker.” when he saw that his brother was in the midst of waving that away, Lucifer's smile grew with anticipation. “And that she is, in fact, a miko as well. If her apparent ability to ignore your manipulation of time is anything, it would be best to keep a close eye on her. Don't you think?”

Lucifer watched as his brother processed the information. Miko were not unknown to them, humans that had the abilities to cleanse and purify evil, down to very souls. While they were of a different faith, a holy warrior was a holy warrior and to have one on their side with their recent discovery...

Amenadiel narrowed his eyes on Lucifer. “I will admit, she is an interesting... case. Learn what you can. And please, please try to keep your hands to yourself. No need for her to get addicted to you to the point of distraction.”

There wasn't a chance to reply as Amenadiel disappeared as soon as the words left him, leaving Lucifer to scoff.
Kagome's head peeked around the door, a dark scowl marring her face. “If you need help then ask for it like everyone else. I hate being manipulated into doing things. And if you have any questions, then man up and ask them. Just for that, you're paying for my breakfast and coffee. After my shower!”

Lucifer blinked in surprise after the door slammed shut in his face, still surprised at the Detectives and how they interacted with him. Oh, how he was looking forward to working with Detective Higurashi.
Kagome smiled as she relaxed, so happy that she took the suggestion for a vacation. So with Souta, they were enjoying the summer break in Australia. It was a good thing she had traveled so much in the past, otherwise, she would be red now instead of taking on a nice subtle tan.

She jerked up and to the side when a spray of sand suddenly washed over her. Pushing up her sunglasses, she looked down at the boy that was holding up a ball with a triumphant expression.

“Everything alright?” she shifted to her knees and leaned forward to check if the boy was indeed alright.

The boy shifted to look up at her, still laid out in the sand. Big eyes stared up at her, blinking a few times before he broke out into a large smile. “Yup! I totally caught it!”

Her eyes trailed to the ball that was just hovering over her beach towel next to her knees. “I can see that. I meant are you alright?”

“Yeah!”

“Spike!” the call to the obvious boy had him pushing himself to sit up and drew both their attention.

A man was jogging up to them, his face painted in a sort of lazy worry. He slowed as he neared them, and it was there Kagome noticed the slightly off coloring. That had her picking up on their auras. Youkai. Though she was unaware of what kind they were.

Kagome watched as the father observed his son, his worry disappearing when the boy jumped up with a bright smile. Their interactions had Kagome smiling, their style of speech sounding and reminding her more of California surfers than Australians.

“I'm sorry about that. We didn't disturb you, did we?” the male ruffled the boy’s hair, earning a mock whine from the boy.

Shaking her head, Kagome waved his worries away. “Not at all. It's only sand.”

“Nee-san!” Souta's excited call had all turning to a gangly boy. “Hey, can I have some money? I'd like to buy an ice cream.”

Kagome muttered under her breath, as she reached for her tote. “… get me a water too please.” she paused and looked towards the two. “Would you like anything? My treat.”

“Who can deny a treat from a pretty lady.” he once again ruffled his son's hair. “You go on with to help carry back.”

The two boys took off towards the snack shack while Kagome chatted with the father, Crush. Even after the boys came back with their chosen treats only to leave so they could play, the two adults conversed.

“Are... are you the radio personality from Turtle Talk?” she was a little unsure and didn't want to insult him and end up embarrassing herself. She had done that more than enough in her life, thank you.
He bobbed his head with a lazy smile. “Yeah, that's me. You listen?”

Smiling, Kagome gave an absent nod of her head as she watched Souta and Spike toss a ball around. “It's the only station we've listened to since we arrived.”

“Now that's a compliment. Especially coming from the beautiful Shikon Miko.” he leaned back onto his hands, getting just that little bit closer to her. His smile grew at her wide eyed expression. “Don't look so surprised. Stories and paintings of you and your friends and your feats are quite popular. I even tell Spike your story before bed most nights.”

Kagome was blushing so fiercely that many would most likely assume she was suffering a very bad sunburn. “No...” the whine dragged out as she pressed her hands to her cheeks and squirmed in embarrassment.

“Why don't you and your brother join us for dinner tonight? My treat.” when she went to decline the invitation, Crush smirked as he leaned in closer. “It would mean a lot to Spike.”

Throwing him a mock glare, she gave him a light slap to his shoulder. “Not fair!”

Crush shrugged his shoulders as he pulled back. “That wasn't a no. I may be a sea turtle, I'm still... youkai as you Japanese call us. Meaning I'm not above such tactics to get what I want.”

“My weakness for children... I guess it's mentioned often in this story you tell.” she grumbled some more as she pouted much like a child rather than the young adult she really was. “So mean.”

She turned away to watch the boys. After a few moments, a smile curled at the corner of her lips. She was so glad that they decided to come here for their vacation, she was looking forward to getting to know Crush and Spike better.
Ouran Highschool Host Club: Mori

Her head was bowed to hide her shared giggles with her teammates as they watched a kendo match. The archery team had been invited to participate in a sports festival at one of the most prestigious high schools in Japan. The other girls were a little more interested in the boys when they were free to roam, that didn't stop a couple of them from mocking their super-rich lifestyles.

The next contestants drew Kagome's attentions. Well, only one of them did. He was tall, towering over his opponent. For some reason, she paid extra attention to the entirety of this match. The moves were graceful, in a way she had not seen since traveling the past. She waited with baited breath at the end when he finally removed his helmet.

His black hair was slightly mussed up, sweat dotted his brow as bowed to his opponent. It was after the bow when cool gray eyes locked with hers and all the air left her. A strange sense of something familiar washed over her and left her shaking.

“Kagome-chan, you alright?” the question and sudden but gently shake to her shoulder brought her back to reality.

“I... yes! I'm fine!” she offered a bright smile as they left, the matches were done. It allowed Kagome the chance to regain a normal breathing pattern. “We're up next, yeah?”

Her teammate nodded as they walked past the host school's kendo team. “Yup! Luckily, we have half an hour to get back and get ready.”

Their own demonstration out did their host, their captain forcing Kagome to bare the weight of their success. Much to everyone's ire, Kagome's included. She tried to share their victory since it was a team effort. Their captain seemed to ignore her attempts.

“Congratulations.” the deep voice had Kagome spinning around to face the owner.

Blinking a few times, it took a couple of moments for her brain to catch up recognizing with who she was looking up at. After realizing that she was staring, she immediately blushed. “Ah, thank you! And to you as well, for winning your match.”

The other girls began to titter and giggle behind her before leaving to give her 'some privacy'. Though not without whispering their demands that she share with them details when she returned.

“I saw your match, you move rather gracefully.” he gave a bow of his head, again that familiar feeling washed over her. Between one heartbeat and the next, an image of a certain figure from her past stood in place of the student before her. Tall, regal and silent that demand respect and attention with his wild grace that hid his true nature behind the mask of Lord.

“You as well. You have a wild grace of your own.” his words had her blushing all over again, forcing her hands to raise to her lowered face as she attempted to hide her blush.

“...thank you.” she peeked at him from the gaps between his fingers. After her breathing slowed and she felt her blush slowly die down, she finally lowered her hands. That didn't stop them from toying with the hem of her shirt. “I'm Kagome.”

“Morinozuka. Please, call me Mori.” a soft smile was offered, it had her blushing all over again as well as stealing her ability to breath.
When he invited her for some tea, Kagome could only blush and follow him. After finally managing to calm down said blushing, she was able to finally enjoy her time with Mori. She went about asking if they had met before, only for him to say no.

It was a few moments later when he commented that perhaps they had met in a previous life when that feeling once again washed over her. Only this time, something else coiled around her and took a possessive hold.

Kagome stared at him from over the edge of her cup of tea. “Perhaps.”
Working for Sesshoumaru had provided her with a certain element she had lost since after ridding the world of both the Shikon and Naraku. What was happening now seemed like everything that there was, such as the powers the be, were slapping her in the face to remind her of who and what she was.

“Kneel!”

A garbled noise escaped her when she was dragged down by a tight grip on her wrist. Most likely to remove an obvious target to those around her. Wrenching her wrist free, she pulled out her cell and began texting Sesshoumaru.

“Now, is this not better? Your natural state?”

Those words struck a chord deep in her that had her snapping to her feet. Ignoring the gasps, hisses and desperate hands of those next to her, she stared the male down. Turns out, she wasn't the only one that stood up. She highly doubted that she and the old man were really fully capable of actually taking the strange male down.

It was when the sharp scepter was raised against the old man did instincts kick in. She was in front of the old man and blocking with a barrier the planned attack before anyone even knew it.

The tall male stared at her in awe, arm and scepter lowering slowly back to his side. Kagome's own arm dropped back to her side when she realized he wasn't going to raise his weapon again. “I cannot allow you to harm these people.”

“I was not aware there were any of your kind left in this world.” the people around them flinched and scuttled away when he began to walk forward. “You, above all others, should bow before me. Ready to serve me and my glorious purpose.”

Her chin thrust out at him as she sneered. “Not interested.” she wasn't going to allow his taller stature intimidate her. Sesshoumaru threatened her with pain, torture and even death. This male just wanted her. Which was actually far more annoying now that she thought about it.

“You should bow to me, swear your loyalties and undying devotion to me.” he leaned down to her height, a pale hand just barely cupping her cheek, pressing further into her personal space.

Crossing her arms over her chest as she stared up at him, Kagome's glared at him. “Again, not interested.” She raised a hand to slap his hand away. “And I have no instinct or need to bow and cower to you.”

The male smiled down at her, it was playful. In a handsome and dark way. “I can see that.” his eyes darted off to some point over her shoulder, reminding her of the old man. He then breached all space between them.

Everything froze. Time, the world around them, her brain and bodily functions. All because his lips were pressed against her own. The hold on her face shifted. It became something more intimate. One hand shifted to weave into her hair while an arm wrapped around her waist and forced her hips to be pressed with his own.

Her hands pushed and pulled in an attempt to get him off of her as his oddly cooler lips pressed and slid against her own. Something heavy landed somewhere behind her, the people scattering when a
small jet arrived. That didn't stop the kiss, though, not until the echoes of rock music filled the air.

Now, Kagome sat across a smug looking Loki, which pissed her off since that technically made him a god. It didn't help that she was also restrained. “You can wipe that smug look off your face. I should have gone for a punch instead of that... cliché girly slap.”

“I'm shocked! Does Nishikawa know of your new friend?” Stark smirked down at her, brows wagging. “Didn't know you had it in you. Makes me wonder what I did wrong for you to turn me down.”

All eyes turned to the man as he continued to smirk down at her.

“No. Just, no. I have no idea what, or who, you've been doing. Let alone that mouth of yours. I was also under 18 when we first met.” she shook her head and stared down at her restrained hands with a slight pout. All because Sesshoumaru didn't want to deal with his business partners.

“Details.” Tony scoffed as he waved her words away.

“Very important details.” when she looked back up, her brows furrowed at the very pleased expression Loki was now wearing. “What?”

“You would make the perfect consort.” his smirk grew when she glared at him while the others stared in shock.

“Never going to happen.” her eyes narrowed when his smirk became... more. “Never.” turning away, she winced knowing that Sesshoumaru was going to put her through hell for this.

Heaven's be damned gods.
Even since that particular woman entered his life, things had a tendency to fall out of order. The little mind reader had made his long existence entertaining once again, it didn't hurt that the human was rather attractive in a sort of child-like innocent way. He had been in the midst of deciding whether or not to make a move on her when two other women breezed their way into his bar.

Both were attractive, it was, however, the one that managed to brush off his attempts of persuasion that called for his complete attention. To learn that there was a human of her age that maintained their youthful appearance was a creature of interest. Even compared to his long existence, she possibly managed to see and do far more than himself.

Of course, her entering into his life brought more than just entertainment. She brought a criminal that spanned across the ages with victims of almost every species that could live almost immortally. When said criminal finally did show up, with her eyes set on him as her next target, his bar ended up in the crosshairs.

To see such a battle between two foes had been the likes of which he had not seen for ages. It had been more than arousing. It was also upsetting with the damage his bar had taken, though the tiny Japanese woman waved his concerns away and insisted on paying for all the repairs and restocking. Like he would have had it any other way.

“You’re thinking too much.” a low husky voice from the side had him looking down to the sprawled out figure of said woman he had just been thinking about.

Her figure, truly tiny next to his, was all curves covered in soft sun kissed skin. Short raven’s wing colored hair was mussed while hazy blue eyes stared up at him. Everything about her was a contrast to what he was, though right now he was paying more attention to how she was a contrast against the rich sheets of his bed.

“When you have been around for as long as I have, you tend to fall easily into deep thoughts.” he shifted to observe her better.

“Really? That’s the same thing my grandfather said to me when I was a child.” she rolled over to lie on her stomach and tucked her arms under her head. “I always took it for him admitting to being senile due to old age. And I’m older than him!”

He smiled as he traced his fingers down the length of her spine, more than happy to finally having the woman in his bed. It wasn’t often one that proved the existence of gods took on lovers, and in doing so gave him bragging rights. The first time he took her had been, beyond words. He would admit, though, if only to himself, the display of her powers had been somewhat frightening. Especially since he had seen what those powers had done to the criminal she had been chasing down. Ever since then, he felt hypersensitive.

Speaking of senses… he turned to the heavy set curtains against the wall. A set many of his kind more than likely owned to keep all sunlight from killing them. Something in that general area had him on edge.

“I see you’ve picked up on my gift. Why not go check it out?” she nuzzled her face against her pillow her breathing finally returning to normal.

Standing and not caring for his lack of coverings, he made his way to the curtains. He felt the
heavy fabric under a critical eye. There was nothing out of place with them. Looking at his clock told him it was safe, so he pulled the heavy material back.

The window seemed unchanged. It was still the single large pane window when he first purchased the place. But… There was just something not quite right about the window. Holding the curtain back, he turned to eye the tiny woman curled up like a cat in the large bed. “I don’t know what your gift supposed to be or if this is some sort of joke.”

A soft sigh from Kagome was heard as she forced tired limbs so she could crawl across the bed so she could read the time on the clock on his night table. Watching her do so had once again aroused him, reminding him she was as much a predator as he was. She only hid that nature far better than any other.

“Give it a minute.” the smile she gave him was all female and had him wanting.

Before he knew it, the sun was cresting the horizon and cutting through into his room. He was jumping away from the killing light with a hiss. Hearing her throaty chuckles had him baring his fangs at the woman in an angry snarl.

“Chill. The window is special. A combination of magic and science that enables you to look out during the day without the threat of turning into a crispy critter.” she left the bed and walked towards him with swift and confident steps. Smiling at his still upset snarl, she took hold of his wrist and dragged him into the sunlight that was now crawling across his bedroom floor.

He fought her, though she managed to finally drag him into the light where he waited to be immediately engulfed in flames that would end his existence. For the first time in centuries, the sunlight bathed him in its warmth. He stepped further into the light, letting it cover him completely.

“Well, you may actually get a sunburn.” small arms wrapped around him from behind as delicate hands followed along the lines and dips of his abdomen. “Though that could actually be due to going so long without sunlight. So I recommend small doses.”

She left him to stand next to the window and observe him while he observed the world while under the morning sun. When he heard a rather appreciative hum, he turned towards the woman that had once again changed his world with this seemingly innocent gift. A brow quirked at her lingering stare.

“In the morning sunlight, you look like a god.” the whispered words had him glancing down at himself, and mentally preening. Coming from one that met with gods, it was quite the compliment.

The golden rays gave his flesh a warmth that he had long lost since he became a vampire. Then there were his natural good looks, with his pale golden hair and Nordic features. His human life as a warrior had also sculpted his body due to necessity rather than cosmetic. His gaze rose to the woman that allowed him this ability. She herself looked divine in the sunlight. Her natural tan looked more golden itself, speaking of time lovingly spent under the sun. In fact, the thought of warm spices came to mind seeing her like this.

Taking the few steps to stand before her, he smiled down at her when she easily welcomed him. “How can I thank you for this?”

“I’m sure you’ll think of something.” she smiled up at him, her fingers once again trailing the dips and lines of his abdomen while he took hold of her hips.
He pushed her back against the window, the gift she had given him, and bent down nip along her pulse. The beginnings of his thanks as they basked in his gift from her. He chuckled at her moan when he pointed out that he now had all night and day to prove to her how attentive he was as a lover. It was thanks to her that he now had the opportunity to prove while letting the sun wash over him once again.
Kagome hummed as she finished restocking a particular herb, dusting her hands off as she observed the now full shelf. It was a rather large shelf at that too, wall to wall and from floor to ceiling. Her family had grown and sold herbs for generations as well as offering their medical skills and knowledge. With hospitals though being a person's main place to receive whatever medical aid they needed, the family had taken a hit hard. They only managed to survive by providing their services to pirates. For a price of course.

Dangerous business. Especially if the government was hot on their trails.

To also help make up for the hit, they had also opened a small restaurant. It didn't hurt that they already grew their own herbs, extending their garden wasn't too much of an issue. Certain other foods were easily provided by the sea or hunted, allowing them to save the money that would have been used to pay for select cuts from the butchers. Selling the furs and pearls they managed to save also didn't hurt either.

So the Higurashi family was once again doing rather well. Their kind nature, ignore Jii-chan's grumping, made them friends to one and all. Their home was open to all, though that didn't mean they weren't fiercely protective of those they claimed as theirs. Family or friends.

"Kagome-chan, you got some people up front asking for you!" a call from outside the herb room jolted her out of her mental musings.

"Ah, coming!" she skipped out of the room, being sure to secure the door behind her. She smiled at her best friend Sango as the two made their way to where they received their patrons. "So, who is asking for me?"

Sango offered a shrug, unsure of the people. While she herself wasn't too keen on pirates, or those that the government sent out, she liked the work she had with the Higurashi family and the pay she got for her work. "Don't know."

"Oh. Well, is it for the restaurant or for something more medicinal?" her brows furrowed when Sango offered yet another shrug. Pirates? They were often tight-lipped unless dealing with a Higurashi directly, they knew the power of discretion.

Rounding the corner of the main building, a smiling blooming across her face when she recognized those that had been asking for her. "Luffy!" she ran the short amount of distance and hugged the slightly younger boy whom she considered like a young brother.

"Kagome!" deceptively strong arms wrapped around her in return in a near rib-cracking hug, the boy in question picked her up and gave her a twirl.

"Ah, put me down you!" Kagome laughed when he finally did, hands raised to squish his cheeks together in a very sisterly fashion that had his lips pouting like a fish. "Look at you, you just keep getting bigger and bigger every time I see you!"

"Maa, Kagome-!" his entire posture was slack as he whined at her treatment, though he made no move to remove her hands.

"Oh shush, you love the attention and you know it." she tipped his straw hat back a bit to allow her to kiss his brow. She always treated him like he was a brother, it didn't hurt that Souta hung on his every word with the stories Luffy regaled him with whenever they stopped by.
Slinging an arm around his shoulders, she turned to the rest of his crew and greeted them with a bright greeting. "Hey guys, how have things been going?"

The responses were warm with smiles all around. Nami was the one that spoke up first. "How's business going? Seems the family has taken on a lot since we were last by."

"It has its ups and downs." Kagome shrugged. She turned and waved to Sango, urging her to join the rest of them. "We've taken to hiring extra help since our island seems to be becoming a booming stop point. Like Sango here. And we've extended the restaurant into a small inn. Jii-chan has also become quite the trader of goods as well, despite him being senile."

All smiled at that tidbit, knowing the old man could get quite long-winded when it came to sharing stories of old myths and legends. Though he was a sharp old man, he just knew how to hide it well, even from his family. It also wouldn't surprise them if some visitors would give the old man some goods just to shut him up.

"So, what is it you guys need this time?" she cocked her head to the side as she took in the crew, counting how many there were and if they planned on staying longer than to just restock if they had enough room for them all.

"Restocking mostly." Nami offered, shaking her head when Sanji meandered over to the new worker Kagome had introduced, only to get a punch to the face for whatever pickup line he had used. "Though it might take two days, three at the most."

Nodding her head Kagome began leading them to the family restaurant. "We might have just enough rooms if you're willing to double up. Nami, you're more than welcome to bunk with me."

Said young woman bowed her head in thanks. Though Sanji was quick to take up her other side and sling an arm around her shoulders as he leaned down to her height. "Can I join the two of you as well?" his one curled brows waggled as he grinned around what was left of his cigarette.

Kagome huffed and gave his arm a pinch. "In your dreams, Sanji."

"Oh, if you only knew!" he soothed the small red spot, grinning at the look she threw him.

"I… don't know if I should be insulted or horrified." shaking her head to rid herself of that bit of information as quickly as possible, she brought Luffy closer into her side. "Come on kiddo, let's get you fed!"

Luffy could only beam up at her, glad to be once again under her undivided attention. While she was sharing some new recipes she wanted him to try out, she did have some of the most delicious baking recipes he's ever had, he took the opportunity to throw a glare over at Sanji. He had been not at all happy with how close he had gotten to Kagome, especially since Ace had already shown her his favor. It was his duty to keep Kagome safe after all from all threats.

Even if that included different men seeking her attention.
The warmth beneath her hold was vibrating, usually, she would have taken comfort from the sensation. This time, the dragon was growling lowly at the boy from the village as she buried herself deeper into the side of the black dragon that she had been searching for since it hadn't returned with the others. It wasn't because the dragon in question was upset with the boy, he was reacting more to her own fear from the boy.

"It's alright!" the shocked boy dropped whatever he had been holding and ducked down a small amount as his worried eyes constantly flitted between her and the dragon curling around her. "I'm not gonna hurt you."

Kagome relaxed a little bit, taking in his form. She huffed out an amused air, realizing how right he was. Even she had better luck in a fight than this... boy. And she was smaller than him! "...not surprising from what I've seen."

The boy nodded his head absently in a move to keep her calm. "What- Hey!" he stood his full height as his face screwed up in indignation. He even stomped a foot a little.

Kagome couldn't help it, a giggle burst forth and she turned to bury her face in the soft scale covered neck the dragon had wrapped around her.

"...how are you not afraid?" the question was asked after her giggles died down, the boy eying the dragon he had only managed to get so close to over the past couple of days.

"Hmmm, of him?" Kagome turned to face the dragon that was now watching her much like a cat, slit green eyes shining with intelligence. They dropped as his chin jutted out when she raked her hands across the much softer scales from his neck to his chin. "He's a big softy."

A soft giggle escaped her at the sharp eye that turned to her at her words, though it didn't last long when he stretched his neck out farther for her to reach a certain spot. The boy took this chance to shuffle closer towards them, a nervous glance was thrown her way.

Biting her lower lip, she hesitated a few moments before offering a nod of her head as she continued to distract the dragon with her own attentions. The boy continued to shuffle closer until he was next to her, the dragon offering no outward sign that he was upset or against the boy being so near. After a few heartbeats, he raised his own hand laid it lightly against the dragon's neck and smoothed his hand along the scales.

The only show that the dragon was aware of the boy was a glowing green eye cutting towards him, freezing the boy. Especially when a low rumbling growl echoed around them. The boy jumped back as he raised his hands in a placating way.

"How come you can get so close and I can't?" there was a slight whine to his voice that had Kagome looking towards him completely until she leaned back into the strong form of the dragon.

"You and your village have been killing dragons, for I don't know how long. And it was you that brought him down and took his ability to fly away. Of course, he's going to be upset." an arm wrapped up and over the back of the dragon's head that now rested in her lap so she could tease the raised ridges along the top of his head.

At the last bit, the boy perked up and ducked to the items he had dropped to gather them back into his arms and attempted to rush back to them. His excitement was only slightly dampened when the
dragon narrowed its eyes on him. Seeing that the boy had something in mind that could help the
dragon to fly again, Kagome was prompt in trying to ease it in gentle measures.

"I- I have something planned that could help!" he dropped to his knees and spread the items out for
all to see. "I noticed that he couldn't fly either, and the reason why for that matter."

Kagome leaned forward, folding over the dragon's head since he seemed more than comfortable
resting in her lap. She felt her eyes widen at the rather detailed sketches that were now displayed
before her. It reminded her much of the old pictures often shown in museums or documentaries of
particular inventors of Europe. Her eyes trailed to where he pointed out to how he intended to help
the dragon regain its ability to fly.

"Interesting..." she carefully reached for the plans and pulled them closer to her. "You're very
talented."

The boy blushed, ducking his head and rubbed the back of his neck. It was rather adorable. "It's not
much... really."

Smiling, she shook her head before turning back to the plans before her. She huffed a little when
the dragon shifted to curl more tightly around her. My, wasn't he being the possessive one?
Tapping her finger on the close up of prosthetic he had designed, she spoke up the issues she
noticed. "How is he going to control it? It won't work naturally like the rest of his tail. He's going
to need an assistance of some kind."

The boy's face screwed up as he rotated the plans to face him, not noticing how the dragon nuzzled
into Kagome's stomach now that the plans were no longer distracting her. He was very much a
needy one lately, not that she could blame him for his inability to fly.

"Hmm... well, I could add a lever... No, no, no... I, I'm going to need to think about this." his lips
pinched and tucked in one corner.

"Why are you doing this?" Kagome curled over the head of the dragon, resting as comfortably as
she could, a hint of a smile curling her lips at the low near purr like growl of contentment that
came from her actions.

"I noticed that the dragons only ever took sheep and that they never really attacked. Not only that,
they seemed to have a pattern on when they took livestock. I was curious." he shrugged his
shoulders as he folded his plans as neatly as he could. "When I also saw what my net had done... I
knew I had to fix it."

Kagome smiled at his honest answer, reminding her much of herself after she broke the Shikon. A
mistake made from curiosity and a sense of responsibility to fix it. Seeing his resolve, Kagome sat
up. "I'll help you then. He'll need a little distracting to keep him calm while you help him."

Hazel eyes brightened when he smiled at her. After a few moments, he canted his head to the side.
"What's your name?"

"Kagome." she smiled as she once again relaxed against the dragon. "You?"

His face soured slightly, a fist raised to cover a cough. "...Hiccup."

Ducking to cover her giggles, her smile grew at his blush. "It's nice to meet you, Hiccup. I'm also
looking forward to working with you."

The smile returned to his face, the apples of his cheeks still soft with that last bit of baby fat and
rosy from his earlier blush. He nodded his head in agreement and attempted to pat the dragon on the head, only his hand was snatched back at the slight hiss the dragon issued at the action.

Kagome laughed as she told him he would have to stop showing fear if he ever wanted to get close to the dragon. Especially since he was trying to help him with his tail. With gentle urging, she managed to get him to finally pet the dragon in tandem with her own hand before she slowly eased her hand away. The smile Hiccup sent her was bright and filled with such awe and joy.

Perhaps, just perhaps, Kagome could start a new life with Hiccup and his village. And of course with the dragons. They had taken her in after she stumbled upon them when she attempted to return home via the well only to appear in this strange new land. The future was once again looking to be a grand adventure.
Kagome smiled as Hojo continued on with his explanations of the exhibit they stood before, who knew that he was such a hero buff? After everything she went through, superheroes weren't really something she could get a hold of. Of course, the archers peaked her interest, it didn't hurt to hear Souta scoffing and say she could do better.

They moved on from... Aqua-king was it?, towards the Dark Bat. She had told Hojo she wasn't interested, though that hadn't stopped him from dragging her into the Superhero museum. Turning to watch Hojo, seeing he was very much engrossed in talking about the Bat's first feat or latest, Kagome took the chance to shuffle away.

At first, it was done with a few subtle steps to the side and back before she finally pulled away completely and began to wander. She stopped at the female heroes for a few minutes before finally stopping in front of the archer, the one hero whose name she did know. Green Arrow.

She had leaned forward to read a few details when she felt a tap on her shoulder. A sigh escaped her, she figured Hojo had noticed she was no longer next to him and had come to collect her. Standing her full height, she turned to face the boy with resignation only to stop short at the bright copper hair and vivid green eyes.

"You dropped something." white teeth literally sparkled in the museum's lighting as he smiled at her.

Kagome blinked as she stared up at the guy as she tried to catch up with what he had just said. Her eyes darted down to his hands to see if he had picked up whatever items she could have possibly dropped. Seeing nothing, she looked back up to lock gazes the boy, confusion furrowing her brows. "What?"

She blushed when he wrapped an arm around her waist and began to steer her towards a different display, one of a speedster. "Your standards. Hi, I'm Wally West." he threw her another blinding smile that had her blinking.

When she realized that he was now leading her out of the museum, she stuttered as she tried to come up with something intelligent to say. It didn't help that he was directing her to Kami-sama knew where.

Finally managing to wrap her brain around the situation and get her tongue untied. "Who are you?"

"Wally West. And you looked like you could use a hand in getting out of that situation." he leaned down with a sly smirk and waggle of his brows. "Though you did pretty great sneaking away on your own."

A blush stole across her at knowing she had been caught sneaking away from Hojo, especially since he went through so much trouble in sharing all that information on superheroes for her. "I have no idea what you're talking about." a surprised squeak escaped her when a blast shook the ground and a wave of hot air rushed past her.

Wide blue eyes turned to the front of the museum when screams began to echo from the front quickly followed by the sounds of running turning into a horde or stampede.

"Hang on a sec, babe. I'll be right back." the moment the words left him, Kagome stumbled forward when it felt like the very air next to her was sucked away and she lost her support.
Another blast brought her to her knees, knees scrapping slightly against the marble floor. Dazed, she watched a sudden yellow-clad young man zip this way and that taking care of the would-be... it didn't matter what role they were; robbers, terrorists, they were criminals. They were getting butts handed to them. Sitting there in a daze, she barely made out the yellow form as it went about.

Still dazed and confused, Kagome caught on too late a large piece of marble hurtling towards her and she knew even as she scrambled to get out of the way that she was about to become a one time only Kagome-Pancake. Clenching her eyes shut, she continued to scramble as she prayed it was going to be a quick and painless-!

Her breath left her when the air around her was sucked away as well as out of her lungs. The wind whipped around her only to come to a complete stopped that left her feeling as if her lungs were in her throat. It had been forever since she had moved about at such speeds.

"You seemed to have dropped something." the whispered words in her ear were low and warm, barely making past her fuzzy brain.

"Wha..." blue eyes blinked, brows furrowing at the familiar green eyes that twinkled down at her from behind the yellow mask. Previously haphazard tamed red hair was now wind-whipped while slightly tanned cheeks bore a flush. Blinking wide eyes, Kagome lifted a hand to point at the boy as it finally clicked that the boy from earlier!

Another explosion tore through the air, startling the young hero into nearly dropping her only to drop himself when a large shard of glass became imbedded in his leg. A shaking hand moved to take hold of the glass, her hand snapping around his wrist stopped him. Shaking her head, her brows furrowed as she took in the position of where the glass was cutting into his leg. "Don't! From how it looks, it could have cut your Femoral artery. Even with your enhanced speed and healing, you may end up bleeding out to death..." she trailed off as she contemplated on what to do.

"Uh... okay, but I still gotta deal with them." a grunt escaped him when he shifted into a more comfortable position.

Turning to view said 'Them', her hand brushing against a pipe. "Right... well, they say it's like stepping into an old pair of shoes..."

"Wait, you don't think to really..." green eyes widened when she twirled the pipe.

"It's alright, I've done this before," she smiled down at him. "Odds are in my favor, since I'm usually fighting against hordes or armies. So it should be a nice warm up. And I should not have said that." she shook her head to clear her thoughts before jumping into the fray.

Wally West, currently known as Kid Flash, could feel his jaw drop as he watched the girl he had spotted a few minutes ago. The moves she was currently using were an odd kung-fu mix of Batman's family style with that of Wonder Woman., and it was hot that she was kicking butt. Once she had them knocked out and tucked away to the side, she was quick to return to his side.

Which was awesome, seeing her concern for his well-being was just the icing on the cake. Man, he could go for some cake right about now.

"Alright, listen. I'm going to pull the glass out and-!" she reared back a little when he suddenly sat up.

"Woah! What about the me bleeding out to death part that you told me could happen when I tried to do that?" his hands wrapped around her wrists before she could even get close.
Wide blue eyes blinked as she stared into his own wide green eyes, his reactions slightly startling in their quickness. A few seconds later, Kagome smiled as she leaned in closer, smirking when he blushed at their closeness and pulled back just that tiny bit. "Trust me. I've got you."

She eased her hands free and gently took hold of both his leg and the shard of glass, only breaking eye contact to watch as she worked. Wally sucked in a breath when she pulled it out without warning and held it at the sight he was seeing and sensations he was experiencing. The girl, the hot girl that could kick his ass, was glowing. Her blue eyes became a pale lavender as her hands worked over his wound, lit up from within. And the sensations! It was like he was melting. Toasty warm and yet refreshingly cool at the same time, while wrapped up in this... this... this-! Then it was gone.

"...wow..." it came out in a whoosh of air, a dopey smile on his face as he sagged back onto his elbows breathing deeply as he tried to keep a hold of what just happened.

A giggle from the girl had him turning to face her, his expression earning another bout of giggles from her. Which in turn made his smile all the goofier. "You dropped something."

The sudden comment had him furrowing his brows, his mind still running to catch up with all that had just happened. "Wha..."

Another giggle, accompanied with a soft press to his chin to close his mouth. Blue eyes twinkled in mirth as she stood up. After a few moments to dust herself off, she looked back down at him, the smile growing before she turned about and followed the others that were picking their way out of the museum.

Wally sat there for a whole minute before his brain finally caught up, and just as he was about to run after her, his mentor showed up. "Sorry! Sorry! Heard what happened while I was in the middle of something!"

"So it was those three, huh. Not their usual M.O... Glad to see you had every under control..." instead of paying attention to the older hero, Wally was leaning around him to keep his eyes on the girl, the same one that was now helping a few others over some rubble before walking out with an elder woman on her arm.

"Hello? Anyone home?" a waving red hand had Wally flinching back, mentally pouting at the blocked line of sight. "Ya didn't take a hit to the hid, did you? If your sister hears about that..."

Pushing the hand out of the way, he smiled when he spotted the girl. She was looking back! Score one for Kid Flash! She just winked and threw him a kiss! Two points! Three, if you count the fact that she left the guy she was with and stuck with him. Even if he had been a civilian at the time.

"And who is that?" Flash teased, a subtle nudge given to Wally.

"I don't know, but I intend to find out." filled with determination, Wally ran off to catch up with her, leaving Flash to clean up. Meh, the guy was late anyways!
The situation was an awkward one. She was trussed up and hanging from a very intricate set of rope knots. Either the kidnappers had some sort of kink or had been really, really bored as well as imaginative.

"Are you going to get me down? My fingers are starting to tingle." she attempted to look at her wriggling fingers only for her hair to fall in the way.

"You know… from this angle, she doesn't look half as annoying. If only they had gagged her." Damian commented from the corner where he had finished securing the kidnappers.

She had apparently heard him since her eyes narrowed and she attempted to turn and look for him. "If you're looking up my skirt, be prepared for a smack the moment I'm down!" she ceased her struggles with a loud huff, panting lightly as she turned the barest amount from her struggles. "I swear I know your voices too."

Tim pursed his lips when she looked up at him with pleading eyes, the same ones she used when she wanted the last snack during their study sessions. For such a petite person, she rather ate a lot. And that look always got to him. Blue eyes got bigger, instead of a lower pouting lip she bit down on it and her hands tucked under her chin. If she was aware of it or not, when she held her hands like that, it pressed her chest-!

His thoughts were interrupted when a startled cry escaped her, forcing him back to reality and just in time to catch her before she made a painful landing. He caught her with a grunt, twist her in his hold until she was safe on her own feet. Though he didn't let go right away, for two important reasons. One was to make sure she was stable on her feet, there was really no way of telling how long she had been strung up. And the other, was because it felt really amazing to have her in his arms.

"So… who did this and why?" she looked up at him, her brows slightly furrowed. He figured she could still be dizzy since she was leaning into him.

"Small mob family hoping to use you to get a big payload from Nishikawa." Damian offered as he approached them and began to undo her bindings.

"Okay…" she looked off to the side, taking on that adorable expression she usually wore when she was trying to figure something out.

"Everything alright?" Tim asked, watching every move she made when she was finally free of the ropes.

"Yeah… just trying to figure out how you got involved in finding me." she stepped back to bring her arms out front and soothe her raw wrists. "I mean, Nishikawa has his own people that are more than capable of finding me and dealing with those that interfere with his life. And there is probably not anyone he trusts enough to mention my kidnapping, even in passing. Meaning he had been in a meeting with someone when news of my kidnapping reached him."

Tim swallowed, his tongue felt dry and heavy when she took a step back and eyed him and Damian. Is this how Bruce and Dick felt when he himself found out their identity? It would make things easier, meaning he wouldn't have to hide things from her or lie to her all the time. Sharing a look with Damian reminded him how much Bruce was not going to be happy that someone found
out their secret.

Kagome let out a pained whimper and turned away with a troubled look.

"What's wrong now?" Damian, he still had some growing to do if his highly impatient tone was anything to go by.

"Just came to two rather terrifying realizations." a hand rose up to rub the bridge of her nose. "Nishikawa literally has Batman on speed dial. Which is a terrifying thought all on its own. Though not as terrifying as the thought of what's going to happen once I get back."

Tim stepped forward, actual fear flashed through him. Her tone was more exhausted rather than worried, but still, he really liked her. It was instinct to protect those you cared for. "Will you be alright?" there was no telling what Nishikawa was capable of, as there was no telling how he would react to her kidnapping. In fact, he could end up blaming Kagome for getting kidnapped.

"Oh sure. I'll just end up going through what his personal security like to call 'Bootcamp from Hell' all over again. If not try to build up my immunity to toxins and poisons." she nibbled on her lower lip as she stared off to the side with a narrowed gaze. "He'll probably start with the, how you say, big guns first."

"Wait. You're trained?" Damian scoffed, crossing his arms over his chest as he stared her down.

"Nishikawa wouldn't have made me his ward if I wasn't. That businessman persona you see, well, that's the mask he wears to hide his secret identity." she scowled at some distant point, arms crossing over her chest and looking highly pissed off. "He's not going to care that I still fought for five minutes after they used that damn knock-out gas."

"So you are…" Damian's own brows furrowed, his posture relaxing. He was wearing his thinking expression, and that was troubling to Tim. He did not want Damian acting like his old self and end up fighting him for Kagome's affections.

"Being groomed to be his heir." she scoffed and began making her way for the exit.

Tim turned to face Damian, taken aback that he was blatantly checking her out. Of course, he would, now that he knew she was trained, at a high level if she was getting the same training as his personal security and then some. "No."

Damian threw him a smirk only to catch up to the fuming Kagome. "You know, the girl usually gives the hero a kiss."

She shook her head and waved a hand to indicate Robin, Red Robin and a now present Batman. "I am not kissing all three of you." she gave Batman a mock salute as she walked past him. "I should have stayed in Tokyo, I could handle the idiocy there. If Nishikawa wants an heir so badly, he can go out and make babies!"

After she left the warehouse and stood just outside waiting for them, Batman turned to them and simply waited until they answered his silent question. Tim grit his teeth as Damian walked after Kagome in confidence, giving his steps a bit of a swagger.

"She's had a long day. It looks like it's going to be a long night as well." Tim offered. He also thought it best to wait until they were back and out of the public eye and ear before letting him know that Kagome knew their 'secret identities'.

"What do you mean, 'Beloved'? I barely know you as it is!" Kagome's cry had them whipping about
to face her and a rather confident Damian. They were the same height despite her being two years older than him, and she was sending him a rather dark scowl.

Tim himself felt annoyance. He had become aware what the term 'Beloved' meant for those that were part of the League. Talia, Damian's mother, often called Bruce that. A term for those they chose as their future partner. As in marriage.

Well, this was one thing Tim was not going to back down from. The brat had fought him for the title as Robin. He had fought everyone to be recognized as Bruce's true son. He had been stubborn about how one goes about dealing with crime, he eventually took a step back from that. But everything he thought he had a right to, he fought with everything he has to prove his right to have what he wanted.

"Let go! I said I was taking a taxi and I meant it!" when Bruce and Tim exited the warehouse, it was too the scene of a struggling Kagome attempting to get free of Damian's hold and stay that way.

Bruce approached the two and said something. Kagome's face was completely stricken, all the blood draining from her face. A whimper escaped her before her entire posture dropped in defeat. Damian, on the other hand, looked victorious.

She turned to him with the most defeated expression he had ever seen her show. "Seems I'm invited to your… whatever you call the place where you all roost."

"Roost?" the term had Bruce's lips twitching in an effort to keep him from showing his emotions.

"Yeah. The place you all hang your capes and cowls." she rolled her shoulders and lifted her head, expression grim. "Let's get this over with."

She followed after them as if she were being led to her execution, which was with as much dignity as possible. Tim, feeling bad that Kagome's life was most likely about to turn upside down, held back to walk next to her. Close enough that shoulders and hands brushed. "It's going to be okay. If you need anything, I'll be there."

The smile she sent him was heart melting, and if he were not currently the Red Robin, he knew he would be blushing. Feeling bold, he wrapped his hand around her own. His stomach was doing flip-flops, not only at how small it was compared to his but when her hand gave his a squeeze. If he hadn't been wearing gloves it would have been better.

"It has been suggested that my Beloved rides in the Batmobile back." Damian's words shattered the rather comfortable silence between him and Kagome.

Kagome pursed her lips as her head dropped. "I swear if this 'Beloved' thing is another form of a marriage proposal, I'm going to become a hermit." her words had him befuddled, and wondering just how many times she had been proposed to, to get that sort of reaction.

It seemed there was going to be a lot of sharing back at their, roost.
"Who's the handsome rabbit?" Kagome mentally snickered at the dazed look on said rabbit's face as she scratched a particular spot behind a tall ear. Hearing a fast heavy thumping, Kagome bit down on her lower lip, knowing full well that his left foot was the cause. "You are! Yes, you are!"

"Aw, Kagome..." he shook his head to clear his dazed, green eyes blinking to lock with her own blue. "I really wish you wouldn't say that every time." the roguish accent curled around her with veiled amusement though his face was a mask of mock scolding.

She bit down on her lips to keep them from quivering in her joy and amusement, cheeks flushing as her shoulders shook with suppressed laughter. "I... I'm sorry. I just can't help it!"

Strong arms wrapped around her waist to drag her further under his form, a squeal of excitement leaving her as a pointed nose nuzzled into her cheek. Despite the very rare form he took on for her alone, there were certain characteristics that remained the same. The tip of his nose was still cool regardless of his more human appearance. It caused her her to duck into her shoulder in an attempt to shield herself from the light ticklish sensation.

"Bunnymund-!" a peel of laughter escaped her when clawed hands tickled her sides with gentle pokes and pinches.

"Ya forget, Kagome," he smiled as he nuzzled into her exposed neck as she threw her head back to laugh. "...ya gotta take what ya can dish out."

She continued to squirm atop the soft grass, knowing she was most likely staining her clothes if not wrinkling them. It was all in an attempt to turn and twist away from tickling fingers. "Ah! This... this is... nowhere near... what I did!" she trailed off when he finally relented and took hold of her waist.

Kagome panted for breath while the male above her watched on with a smug grin of victory and more than happy with their current positions. When she finally regained a more calmed breathing pattern, she pouted up and the dashingly male embodiment of Easter. "So not fair."

Bunnymund grinned down at her, long ears twitching before focusing on her. "All's fair in love an' war."

Narrowing her eyes in a mock glare of challenge, Kagome thrust her chin out. "Is that a declaration, statement or challenge?"

Green eye followed her action, a grin making him all the more handsome. It really was unfair, even with her experience with all the youkai she had crossed paths with since falling down the well. Bunnymund was a more rugged appeal, though, far more tangible than any youkai and all hers.

"I'm always up for a challenge. Are you?" his nose rubbed against her own before brushing against her cheek.

She hummed when she felt his thin lips curve up in a smile, her face turning to nuzzle into hair-like fur that ran down his temple to his jawline. Her hands rose, one tracing the dark lines that followed shoulders and upper arms, her other cupping his jaw to turn his face towards her. "I don't know, you tell me."

Her hand dropped down to rest above his heart, it surprised her how fast it was beating considering
how collected he appeared right now. He assessed her through narrowed green eyes, lips twitching before that cocky grin took over his face. "Ey, I think ya are."

"Good." she purred. "So, what are the stakes of this little challenge you issued?"

"Oh, don't ya worry, I'll think of something." he waggled his dark brows as he ducked down lips barely brushing the corner of her mouth, a tease of a kiss. They both knew she would follow after him.

"If it's something perverted, like dressing me up in a bunny suit, I'm going to hurt you." she narrowed her gaze in warning, knowing full well what he was going to say in reply to that.

"And why not? I'm the Easter Bunny all year round. Besides, I think you'd make a cute Easter Bunny." he smirked as he continued to tease her with half kisses, brushing his lips against her own and leading her this way and that. "A couple of hours, heck a day, won't hurt!"

She cooed. "Oh, my poor bunny. Do you need some love and affection?" fingers traced the dark lines above his brow, smiling when he closed his eyes and noticed a slight shiver race through him before her hands combed through the silver steel colored hair.

He absently nodded his head as he pressed his brow to hers, getting more comfortable in his position above her though making sure he didn't smother her as well. "Knowing you, I know my penalty." he pouted down at her.

Kagome smiled as she combed her fingers through his hair, smoothing over drooping ears every now and then. "You didn't specify in which form you wanted or needed that love and affection." she was already mentally cooing at the thought of his tiny bunny form.

"Cruel woman." he whispered, lips quirking in a smirk at her chuckle.

Wrapping her arms around his neck, Kagome smiled up at him. "Yet you love me. So what shall this challenge be, ne?"

He smirked down at her, happy and content and more than overjoyed to have Kagome all to himself out of all the others she could have chosen. Blue eyes twinkled up at him, anticipation making them shimmer as she waited for him to state their latest challenge. "Let me think..."
It had been a routine visit to a neighboring kingdom, political reasons, such as a possible marriage
to strengthen their bonds. Of course, what had just happened had been anything but routine. They
had come across a small traveling party that had been ambushed by a group of bandits.

"My lady-!" the call was interrupted by a surprised cry that was quickly muffled.

All members of his party halted searching for the threat to their own lord, ready to act at the first
sign. The members of the other traveling party froze, breaths held as they watched a young woman
forced to step back onto the well-worn path with a bandit holding her at knife point.

"Alright! I want all the valuables or else the pretty little lady here gets it!" he gave a painful tug on
the arm in his hold as well as bringing the knife that much closer to her neck. The action forced her
to wince in an attempt to keep as far away from the dangerous weapon.

Izana felt his eyes narrow at the scene from where he was sitting safely in his own carriage, not at
all entertained by what he was watching. What he did find interesting was the lack of fear in the
young woman's eyes. There was also a lack of struggling or actions to get out of the man's hold.

When no one stepped forward to plead for the young woman, Izana feared the worst for the
woman. That is until there was a shift in one of his own guards that drew the man's attention, his
arm with the knife swinging out in a move to keep the perceived threat away. It was in that
moment, the young woman made her move to escape the man's hold.

Her elbow was swift in knocking the air out of him, the heel of her foot crashing down on his own
and with a swift spin on her heel, she faced him with a fast punch to his neck. The man was down,
gasping and coughing for, hand pressed to his throat as he struggled to chase after the woman. In
her hasty retreat, she nearly stumbled upon the hem of her dress, which gave the man the opening
he needed to lunge at her.

It was her next move that had even him wincing. The woman managed to gather her skirts to keep
her from actually falling to the ground, as well as allowing her to left a leg and kick the man where
he would really learn the meaning of pain. And just like that, the attack was over in seconds.
Sympathetic winces of pain were shared from his men while the woman made her quick retreat.

The young woman was immediately pulled into a rather mother hold of what Izana could only
assume was the lady in waiting. While she was being fretted over, he waved his men to help deal
with the attacker as well as the others that had been taken care of.

Izana finally stepped out of his carriage and approached the two women, he could only smile as the
older of the two took a very protective position between him and the recently freed young woman.
"I apologize. I am Izana, and I was wondering if there was anything I could do to be of assistance?"

Dark brown eyes narrowed on him, judging him as the woman attempted to hide her charge. She
appeared to be one breath of away from actually scolding him. Not that he knew what for, though
he was amused nonetheless.

"Hanako-san, I'm alright!" the woman of the moment huffed out, pulling from the woman's hold,
her posture stiff. After a few forced breaths, she eased her posture and smoother her appearance out
as best she could before turning to face him.

Blue eyes darker than his own gaze up at him from an exotic face. Her face was rounder, softer and
more delicate than what he was used to, her eyes had this tilt to them that reminded him of cats. Black hair framed her face in soft tumbling waves, making her appear that much softer yet also giving her a certain free and wild look. "I am Kagome. Thank you for your offer, though, could you tell me how far away the next city is?"

He gave a bow of his head. "I'm afraid the next city is quite a ways away, in either direction. Even longer on foot." he turned his gaze to the damaged carriage, both wheels in the back broken. "If you'd like, you are more than welcome to travel with us. With the combined efforts, our men should be more than able to watch these bandits until we hand them over."

Her gaze left him to turn to the now restrained bandits that were being watched by both the few guards that had accompanied her and him. Nibbling on her lower lip, she finally nodded her head and watched him with sharp eyes. He smiled down at her as he offered her his hand, he was pleased when she accepted it without question and helped her into his personal carriage. It hadn't passed him how silent and graceful her steps were, even as she climbed the few short steps. He was also surprised at her lack of fear or swooning at everything that had happened to her.

"So tell me, who are you really. I have never seen you before." his voice was calm, barely even lurching when the carriage began moving once again.

"I already did, though that's not what you mean, is it." blue eyes narrowed when his smile grew, not really happy that he was making demands of her, no matter how subtle. "If you want to know something, then ask plainly."

Izana was greatly enjoying the woman next to him, even though they just met. She was truly unlike anyone he had ever met thus far. "Fair enough. So who are you really, and why are you here?"

She turned to him completely, blue eyes searching for something before she finally faced forward again. "My name is Kagome, I'm here to observe how the foreign government and policies work due to my lord's interest in expanding his network."

Now Izana really was interested. She was a foreign dignitary. It was rare to see a woman in such a role, which meant this lord of hers must truly trust and value her words and actions to send her on a rather important task. "Really, that is, interesting."

"I suppose." her casual shrug was a graceful lift of her shoulders. "Though my lord will not be pleased with the news I bring back, if how I was treated despite the legitimate documents I continue to present. These lands, while beautiful and rich, your people seem to have rather low regards to women and what positions we should hold. Being a diplomat is not one of them."

Her words had him canting his head, not happy with what he heard for a few reasons. Her jab at him being included with her less than successful trip thus far. Also because of her treatment as well. He could see that she deserved far better treatment… Within a blink, an idea sprouted in his mind. "I'm sorry to hear that. I have a proposition for you. You are more than welcome to accompany me, while I do my own little foreign dignitary work." he smiled when she turned her attention back to him with wide blue eyes. "While there, you can do your own task while you carriage gets the repairs it needs when we're done, why don't you accompany me back to my kingdom. I promise to offer a far better experience than you've had thus far."

He made out the barest of a smile when she faced forward again. "I accept your proposition. I expect you to hold your word." there was a slight tone of her voice, while playful, it held the truth.

With a nod of his head, he allowed himself to get comfortable again very much looking forward to this very much needed duty of his for the first time since he set out. Perhaps he would not only be
entertained but gain what he was needed while on this trip, though not through the means he had expected. He took another look at the much more relaxed woman next to him, taking in her foreign beauty. This trip was truly looking to be promising indeed.
He didn’t know how it happened, but it did.

He was in a bar with Wade ‘Fucking’ Wilson enjoying a drink. He was in Japan to get away from some issues back at the school and the damn ‘Merc. with The Mouth’ decided to go and ruin his good time. What was startling, if not a little disturbing, but the other man was acting rather… sane. Now if only he had an idea where the off switch for the crazy was, then he would do the world a favor and keep it that way.

Now getting him to shut off his mouth was a whole other matter. Damn bastard was still running it with crazy comments, though thankfully they weren’t drawing any unwanted attention.

“… and then I said- BLAMO!” a wild wave of hands had Logan sneering at almost losing his current drink. “Ah, I had that ass-hat riding the pineapple backwards into that golden sunset. I so love my job!”

Logan rolled his eyes, not really sure what the hell Wade had just said other than that he blew his latest target up and got paid well for it. “…thanks for the story, now leave me alone.”

“But Boobie,” an arm was thrown around his shoulder as Wade leaned into him. “It’s been so long since we last had the time to sit and talk like this.”

A low growl echoed between the two of them as he removed the offending appendage with a rough shrug of his shoulders, scoffing when Wade didn’t get the message. When the other man continued to annoy him, he turned to reintroduce his fist with the man’s face. He didn’t get very far when a petite woman grabbed Wade’s wrist and dragged him off his barstool and into the crowd. Dark brows shot up as he watched the cooing man and upset woman, only for his brows to furrow when he picked up her muttering.

“… damn headache… double image…”

With a long-suffering sigh, he swigged the last of his beer down and took off after the two. There was no telling what Wade would do to the poor woman if she managed to ‘trigger’ him back into crazy. Not only that, the man was currently wearing that device that allowed him to be seen out in public without the need for his obnoxious red suit.

He came to the protected VIP section, pointing to where he could see Wade with the woman and opened his mouth to say ‘I’m with them’ before the large man let him through without a question. Brows furrowed, he walked past and looked over his shoulder when he heard a heavy curtain swish behind him, blocking the sounds of the rest of the bar.

A grunt from Wade had Logan turning to face the two, pausing when he realized that the woman had tossed him into the cushy sofa and began to pace back and forth. Was the lady as crazy as Wade? It was one explanation. When she stopped and focused on Wade, the man himself relaxed and wore that stupid grin that was an attempt at appearing… attractive he would hazard a guess.

Logan was about to jump forward when the woman marched the short distance to Wade, only with the intent to leave when he saw her climb into his lap instead. There was no way he was going to stick around and watch what appeared to be Wade getting it on with this random woman. That too was halted when she began to glow and the glow soon engulfed Wade as well.

The small room was suddenly bombarded with the scent of freshness, wilderness and everything
pure. Buried beneath all that, was the scent that was completely woman that had something deep within him panting in want.

Dark eyes scoured her form, and there was a lot to see. Her cocktail dress had hiked up until it threatened to reveal what appeared to be a very tight ass as she straddled Wade’s lap, her legs were toned and smooth and were begging to be touched. Her back was exposed due to the low cut of her dress, subtle feminine muscles shifted as she did whatever it was she was doing. Black hair was pulled to rest across one shoulder, baring her neck and profile to him. She really was a petite, Wade’s form dwarfing hers even while they were seated and she was above him in his lap.

Without even realizing it, he had approached the two, which was good since the woman fell back and he was able to catch her before she fell in a painful heap onto the floor. His eyes fell to her heaving chest as she panted, muttering under her breath, unable to leave the hypnotic movement of her perfect sized breasts in that teasing ‘come hither’ motion.

Wade groaned a hand pressed to his brow while his other gripped the woman’s hip. “Damnit… I feel like I got run over by the Energizer Bunny.”

Logan watched as he supported the woman as she regained her breath, her head brushing the underside of his chin and jaw. Despite her obvious winded state, she managed to snatch Wade’s wrist and pull of the watch that was also the piece of tech that provided him with his cover.

“…stupid… double image…” she fumbled as Wade was attempting to keep it on. With a quick snap of her wrist, thus slapping his hand away, she managed to rip the watch off and toss it to the far end of the sofa. “… ah, much better…”

Logan stilled when Wade’s face stared back at him, no longer a patchwork of scars and open wounds. His hair was shorter, looking more like peach fuzz than the full head of hair the hologram had offered him. Other than that, he looked healthy, completely healthy. Logan had met with a few mutants that had the ability to heal, but none and no one, had been able to or offered to do what he had just witnessed.

Wade had been lost in his self-examination until the woman let out a groan as she stretched, acting very much like she was just waking up. The move had her grinding down onto Wade as she arched her back, presenting both men with a wonderful few of her chest “Mmm… been awhile since I had to do such a healing…”

She pulled away from Logan, rolling her neck and shoulders in a way that nearly had him whining. Wade’s attention was also on the woman completely, for more reasons than one.

“So, now that little irritant has been taken care of, could you let me up?” she twisted until she was looking Logan in the eye, a playful expression on her face that teased everything about him that was wild and male. “I think my friends might be panicking about now.”

In a graceful move, she rose to her knees though she was forced to still straddle Wade’s lap and attempted to fix her dress. It didn’t help that every little tug did nothing as her current position forced the material to ride back up.

While she was doing so, Wade’s hands fell onto her hips, stilling her actions and drawing her attention. “Leaving so soon? But the party hasn’t even started yet!”

“Right… not really my sort of scene…” she attempted to shuffle backwards off the sofa, stopping short because Logan had yet to make room for the woman to get off. “Really? This isn’t some sort of two for one deal here fellas. Nor is it a peep show. Either let me go, or I’ll force you to let me
Blue eyes pinned both Wade and then Logan with a hard stare, hands planted on her waist just above Wade’s own hands. Her attempt to look fierce was thwarted with her slightly rumpled dress and her straddling Wade’s lap. Oh, but if it wasn’t an arousing sight to see. Even if it was Wade’s lap she was currently straddling.

Logan’s focus narrowed down to her bared neck and shoulder, missing whatever Wade said that drew and kept her attention. Leaning down, he picked up on her scent mixed with whatever perfumes and lotions she was currently wearing. The deepest, darkest part of him swelled up, ready to burst forth at the drop of a pin. Hoping to ease that part of himself, he ran his tongue from her shoulder up her neck, earning a feminine squeal that had him rumbling in amusement.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?!” the woman attempted to twist away from him, Wade helping in distracting her by pulling her hips forcing her to slide closer to him. She attempted to slap his hands away, even pinching at them. She muffled another squeal when Logan gave the spot where her neck and shoulder met a nip.

“Think of this as a way to say thanks for what you did for me!” Wade exclaimed, sliding his hands up her sides and were quick to grab and grope at her breasts. “Oh boobs, glorious boobs!”

As she attempted to remove his hands from her chest, Logan took hold of her wrists as he continued with his current focus of attention, her rather graceful and elegant neck. With her hands restrained, she attempted to lift her shoulder and duck her head to hinder him, it earned her a nip to the lobe of her ear.

“Seriously-!” a whine left her, Logan was unsure to the actual cause, though it didn’t really matter with how she continued to squirm in an attempt to free herself. “Knock it off!”

The two continued to lavish their attentions on her until a burst of light threw them off. Logan groaned as he pushed himself up and away from the wall, eyes narrowed on the female that was now on her feet and fixing her appearance. “… go and do a nice deed… and this is the trouble I get…” she eyed the both of them, not caring for their slight groans of discomfort. “Men.”

She marched out of there, her steps long and Logan noticed how her hips swayed with each one.

“She’s on the top of my Christmas wish list.” Wade commented from his spot on the sofa. “With pancakes and chimichangas coming in second.”

Logan grunted as he stood up, dusting himself off. When he caught Wade’s gaze, his own eyes narrowed in a silent challenge, intent of following the petite fiery little woman down and finishing what had started in the room. Minus Wade.

“Sorry, Wolfman, but I saw her first!” Wade took off out of the room, a maniacal laugh echoing after him, soon a feminine cry rang through the air as Wade attempted to sway the woman.

Logan shook his head as he left the room, catching the sight where Wade was flirting with a disgruntled woman as she attempted to ignore and shrug him off. Her friends also attempting to form a protective barrier between her and Wade, forcing him to smile at how his chances seemed to rise. “May the best man win…”
Judy tried her hardest to hide her smile, finding the scene before her not only funny but adorable as well. Lips pursed, a snort escaped her when she tried to stop herself from laughing. The sound caused her partner to freeze in mid action, hands poised as he attempted to smooth his hair into place, wide eyes locked with her own through the mirror.

“What are you doing?” Judy finally let go of her laughter, they echoed off the walls of the small room.

Momentary shock and embarrassment at being caught, Nick smoothed himself into a more natural pose after smoothing his hair back one more time. “Want to look our best while we do our best.” he rolled his shoulders as he adjusted the collar of his shirt. “It’s a big job after all.”

Judy’s laughter died down to snickers as Nick did everything to brush off his earlier embarrassment with his smooth actions. She didn’t miss the slight coloring to his cheeks. Or how he fidgeted as she continued to watch him. It took a few moments before realization struck her. “Oh. My. God! You’re a fan!”

Green eyes widened as she stood there pointing at him, both frozen at her loud exclamation. Judy was stunned as everything Nick’s done since they were told of this detail they were assigned finally made sense. Especially his recent trip to the barber just yesterday. She had figured him more of a jazz man personally. The upcoming star from over seas had become a big sensational hit, her style of music ranging from pop upbeat songs, slow soothing tones and smoky low ballads all in a mix of English and foreign languages.

Shock melting for something more teasing, Judy spun about and she practically skipped out of the room. “Nick’s got a crush! Nick’s got a crush!” her sing-song tease floating after her to her rather mortified partner.

Nick groaned at his little secret being revealed to his partner of all people. Oh, she was never going to let him live it down. Though at least she would only go so far and for so long, bless Judy’s heart for not being able to prolong the torture.

Holding his head high, he followed after his energetic partner, ignoring her snickers as they waited for the lady in question to arrive. Since they had already been prepared and did a little minute security check, they didn’t have to wait long. A few large SUV’s approached, and Judy could practically feel Nick’s excitement rise though he maintained a professional appearance.

Large men were the first to step out checking to see if it was safe before opening the middle vehicle to allow the rising star out. Judy would admit, she was beautiful though she was dressed and looked completely normal. Like a college or university student to be honest. Thick black hair piled up into a messy bun, overly large knitted sweater that hung off her shoulders and practically hid her shorts, knee high socks and low runners completed her outfit.

Despite her completely normal appearance, Nick seemed to be star struck. His green eyes were taking in every detail while the woman finished typing something up on her cell phone, still able to stop short of bumping into her and Nick. Once she was finished with whatever she was texting, she pocketed the cell and looked up at them with a bright smile.

“Hi, you are my local security detail I take it?” the was she canted her head to the side just the slightest with her smile, and Judy was sure that Nick was gone.
After a few moments of silence, Nick being stunned at being under that direct smile and Judy simply enjoying it. At seeing the smile dim in confusion, Judy took a half step forward, gaining the young woman’s attention. “Yes Ma'am. I’m Officer Judy Hopps and this is my partner Nick Wilde. Feel free to address us however you wish.”

Big blue eyes blinked at her a few times before another smile bloomed across her face. “Oh, please, none of this ‘Ma'am’ stuff. Call me Kagome!”

Judy smiled in returned while Nick remained silent, though there had been a strange strangled sound that escaped him when he and her were given permission to call her by her given name. Oh, Judy was going to enjoy this. “Alright, Kagome. If you’ll follow us, we’ll lead you to your room where we’ll go over what it is we’ll be doing in cooperation with your own personal security team.”

“Please, lead the way!” Kagome was still all smiles as she followed after Judy, while it took a while for Nick to catch up.

While Judy and Kagome chatted about basic small things, Nick observed the upcoming star he had started to follow since she first became popular as she walked just a few steps ahead of him. She was… so much tinier, she was barely taller than Judy really. And so much more down to Earth than he had expected. With her slightly rumpled appearance, clothes obviously chosen for comfort due to a long flight, it made her all that much more adorable and approachable.

He had a slight worry that she was going to be some sort of whiny, stuck up, superstar, though he had still been willing to work this detail. He was looking forward to this particular job. She was energetic, like his partner, though had a particular calming air about her.

“If it’s not too rude, who were you texting just now?” Judy asked as they waited for their elevator.

Kagome let out a laugh. “My Mom. She likes to remind me, that it doesn’t matter what I do or where I go, I’m still her baby. She was particularly worried since this is my first trip overseas.”

Judy’s eyes widened at the statement as they all climbed into the elevator. “Wow, and you’re doing your first overseas concert in our fair city.”

“Yeah, your city is so… open, and has such a variety. It was the only place I would hold my first international concert.” her hands twiddled with the long sleeves of her sweat, a bashful blush coloring her cheeks.

Judy caught how Nick’s own cheeks flushed and he attempted to hide it by covering his face and turning away. It was adorable to see the former conman acting like a teen with a crush! It was too… too… adorable! The sly fox like man was tripping over his own two feet for the first time ever since she met him, and he was the one that usually teased her about the little things.

Turning back to Kagome she was startled to see her staring intently at Nick, her gaze curious and full of wonder. “Everything alright… Kagome?”

Kagome jumped, face turning red at having been caught staring at her partner, hands attempting to cover the lower half of her face. “Uh… yeah…” she turned to Nick and pressed her hands together. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to stare.”

Nick blinked green eyes down at her, though they flicked to Judy in confusion. “Uh… I didn’t know you were? So I guess it’s alright.”

Kagome coughed into her hands before they dropped to toy with the hem of her sweater. “It’s just
that… the color of your hair… I’ve never really seen such a color before…”

Now that was an interesting fact, it had both of them looking down at her. They were just about to ask about it when the elevator chimed to signal their stop and they all piled out. It was as they were making their way to Kagome’s room while she stayed for the concert did Judy blurt out her question in disbelief.

“You’ve… you’ve never seen orange hair before?” Judy found that little tidbit of information rather interesting.

“Not natural. Where I’m from the hair color ranges from brown to black. If you want something else, you have to dye it.” her eyes kept darting up to Nick’s hair, the man noticing before his smooth smirk took over his face.

Seems her partner was finally back.

“I wouldn’t mind letting you have a picture, but it’ll cost you.” his smirk growing when Kagome’s blush returned and Judy gasped at his… audacity, and mentally thanking that none of Kagome’s personal entourage was not currently present. Which was bad form in her personal opinion.

Still blushing, Kagome narrowed her eyes as a smirk curled her own lips. “Oh really? Isn’t bribery illegal, Officer?”

He gave a shrug of his shoulders. “I won’t tell if you won’t. Besides, I hardly think it’ll be something you really need to worry about.” he was acting all suave and smooth as if he really didn’t care about the conversation, which Judy knew was completely not true.

“So name your price.” she rocked on her feet, the action making her look younger and innocent.

“Wait, wait, wait. You actually want a picture of this guy?” Judy thumbed in Nick’s direction in utter confusion. Wondering why a star would want the picture of her foreign security detail.

“Why not? It could be the start of me documenting my trip for my first international concert. Who better to start off with than with pictures of you guys?” her hands spread out before her as if she could already see her little pet project. “I think my manager and producer would love me to do so, since it will promote me and sales. What I’m interested in though is creating awesome memories. So name your price Officer Wilde.”

Judy was stumbling over her own tongue to come up with a reply to everything she’s just heard, forced to watch as Nick thought of all the things he could ask Kagome to do in order to get her picture of him.

“How about a picture of us rather than just me alone?” he waggled his brows playfully that had Kagome smirking and blushing all over again.

“Allright, seems fair enough.” she pulled out her cell phone while Nick did the same. “You may have to crouch down a bit for this to work.”

“Not going to be a problem.” he tossed Judy a wink as he slid an arm around Kagome’s waist in a smooth move as he crouched down to get a better picture.

Judy watched as the two held up their phones, first smiling in the direction of Kagome’s before turning to Nick’s. Just before he could snap a photo, she leaned up the short height and planted a kiss on his cheek. All that could be heard in the hallway was the sound of Nick’s cellphone taking the shot. Kagome was immediate to snatch it out of his hand to look at the picture.
“Ah-ha! Great picture. Make sure you don’t lose it.” she handed him his cellphone back with a wink and burst into her rented room with enthusiasm.

Judy stared after Kagome until she finally turned a corner and disappeared from her sight, turning to stare at her shell-shocked partner. “Nick, you alr-!”

“I think I’m in love.” a hand rose to press against where he had been kissed.

Judy rolled her eyes in a fond manner as she shook her head and entered the room after Kagome. “You’re only saying that ‘cause she’s famous, rich and beautiful.”

“Being famous is tedious, being rich while nice is sort of boring and her beauty is but a happy and natural perk.” he worked with his cell phone, more than happy that he wasn’t in shock in the picture so it allowed him to set it up as his background. Whistling a happy tune, he sauntered into the room and gently kicked the door shut behind him.

Judy snorted. “Right, you’re saying you’re in love because she outfoxed you.” she smirked as she pinned Nick down with a look. Her smirk was wiped off at the look on his face. “Seriously? Because she managed to pull one over you?!”

“A woman after my own heart.” a hand patted just above his heart with a sort of fondness she only saw in him on occasion.

“Right, and if you were still in your old occupation, you’d be the man after her own wallet.” Judy took a seat on one of the sofas in the obvious sitting space.

“No, I’d have never done that to her. She’s a class all onto her own.” Nick dropped down into the sofa that mirrored the one Judy was in.

Judy watched how Nick’s eyes followed after Kagome as she returned from her obvious inspection of the rented out hotel suite to lean against the back of the sofa Nick was resting comfortably in. As she explained that the rest of her entourage was on their way up. It was interesting to see Nick so relaxed when earlier he had been stumbling in Kagome’s mere presence. It was like the two of them were good friends, she just honestly hoped Nick didn’t get hurt with this, but she would support her friend.

Unless he did something stupid. Then he was all on his own.
Big Hero 6: Tadashi Hamada

Tadashi stared down at his hands, his mind having trouble believing that he had almost died in his attempt to save Callaghan. All due to the young woman in the bed next to his own, a very familiar young woman. Kagome Higurashi.

He remembered often going over to her for her knowledge on how best to treat wounds that most often occurred at home. She was one of the only medical students that were willing to work with him, despite what his own work could represent for the future of prospective doctors. Not Kagome, though, she had been eager and excited about his project and all too willing to help him.

When he had asked her one day why she was so willing to help him while her classmates were more reserved, she waved the question off. Said she was studying to become a doctor to help others, it didn’t matter how she was helping.

His stomach twisted at seeing her laying there, a few wrappings and discoloration, but otherwise looking healthy. Only, she was so still. Instead of her energetic self, even when she was still while studying, she just laid there, sleeping. It had been a couple of days now since he himself woke up, greeted by happy family and friends. When he asked what happened and how he was in the hospital room, everyone turned to where Kagome rested.

Grabbing hold of his drip stand, he slowly made his way to the chair next to Kagome’s bed, exhausted when he fell into the overused cushioned seat. Groaning, he allowed his head to drop to the mattress with a deep sigh.

“I’m sorry, Kagome. It seems you’re always helping me out with nothing to show for it.” a harsh chuckle escaped him, eyes stinging when he closed one hand over the one next to him. His heart squeezed at the possibility that she wouldn’t wake up.

He may have been focused on his work, obsessed was more like it, and spent whatever free time he tended to have with those that he shared the workshop with and family. But he wasn’t blind. After working with Kagome for a while, he had noticed and picked up on a few things. When she was working on a particular problem, she would either nibble on her lower lip or her tongue would poke out the slightest amount. She preferred wearing certain colors depending on her mood, she preferred to study in large comfy chairs curled up with a cup of tea and whatever free time she wasn’t spending studying, working or hanging out with friends and classmates, she was talking to her family back in Tokyo.

All that and more he had picked up on. Like how great her home cooked lunches were and that she always had some to share. When they were working on something together for his own project, he’d pick up her humming unfamiliar tunes and songs. She was great with people, she had this open and welcoming personality that drew others to her. Which he had seen often with a few classmates asking her out for dates.

“I’m sorry, and now I may not be able to tell you…” he trailed off as he gave the small delicate hand in his own a squeeze. Memories of when he lost his parents flooding to the forefront of his mind. He, really, really didn’t want to go through that experience again. “Please… don’t go.”

His head shot up when delicate fingers barely combed through his hair, he ignored the pain the sudden movement as he searched in hope that it wasn’t his aunt that had entered the room. Kagome’s hand dropped with a limp flop onto her stomach, blue eyes barely open and trained on him.
“… you’re crying…” her voice was raspy from lack of use due to how long she had been asleep.
“…did your Baymax… not help…?”

He smiled, a wet chuckle escaping him despite the strain it put on his still sore ribs. “No, I’m just happy that you woke up.”

Her eyes fluttered closed as a tired smile curled her lips, her hand giving his own a squeeze. “People tend to do that after they finish sleeping.”

Raising their joined hands, he pressed her knuckles to his brow as he smiled at her blunt comment. “You were taking too long. I should start calling you ‘Sleeping Beauty’ instead of ‘Doc’.”

“Why?” her hands slipped from his hold to comb through his hair before cupping his face in a gentle hold. “You plan on kissing me awake? That’s sexual harassment, you pervert.”

The idea of kissing her awake had his heart skipping a few beats, and remembering what he had almost said out loud. Instead, he let out another chuckle as he turned his head to be able to take in her face. “Be prepared to be bombarded by my family and friends. My aunt may end up smothering you.”

“…changing the topic? What are you hiding?” her hand rested on his cheek, only her fingers petting his jawline. “And what were you talking about earlier? Tell me what?”

Tadashi froze, not having even thought she could’ve, would’ve, heard what he said. Her fingers stilled after a few moments, her hand sliding to cup his cheek entirely. “Are you feverish or blushing?”

The question had his blush deepening at how she caught him through her touch alone. So instead of answering, he took her hand between his own and tucked it under his chin between his own hands. “I was going to say that if you didn’t wake up that I’d never get to tell you something.”

“…and what was that?” her quiet voice got even softer, he wasn’t sure if it was due to his words or if she was getting tired.

“I’ll tell you later when you’re better.” he raised their joined hands, not noticing that her knuckles were pressed to his lips.

“Better do it now, I’m getting tired and about to pass out.” she chuckled, it was soft and throaty. “I don’t want to press charges against you when I wake up due to your sexual harassment. What with you being a pervert.”

Tadashi chuckled again, shaking his head though happy that she was able to joke with him again. “When you wake up next time, I promise. No sexual harassment involved.”

“… I didn’t hear a promise on that last part.” her words were slurred as she began to fall back asleep.

Tadashi waited a few moments, catching how her breathing slowed and he knew she fell back asleep. His heart felt lighter, knowing that she was alright, if not a tired from saving him from a burning building. Which he was going to ask about when her health was doing better. For now, he was comfortable and happy that he wasn’t about to lose her and still had his chance to let her know how he felt about her.
The bright bolts of fabrics were stored everywhere, the workbench was cluttered with fabric, buttons, ribbons and sketches of designs. It smelt like incense and warm spices, mixed with some sort of baked good, a pie if she had to guess. Despite how cluttered it appeared, the room felt cozy.

Wide eyes took in everything, she felt like a child that was given a chance to examine a magician’s workspace and had to contain herself. Ever since she woke up in this strange world, she had been shown wonders that she felt only a child could come up with. This room was normal, though still had that bit of magic to amaze her.

She wanted to explore every nook and cranny to see what else was hidden away in this treasure trove. Her fingers were actually twitching. Turning to the man that brought her here, allowed her to enter his domain, unable to hide her bright smile.

“Oh, this is where you work?” she didn’t face him long before spinning about and moving to stand in front of a mannequin with a dress in progress. “It’s amazing!”

The man in question twitched himself, slightly nervous at the young woman in his workspace. It had been a while since he allowed anyone in, and he didn’t let just anyone in. “That’s… thank you.”

Kagome bit down on her lip when she heard the slight lips, eyes peeking at the man as he offered her a shy smile. The adorable gap between his teeth was visible, ducking her head, she returned to exploring the room. Her hands hovered mostly, though when she approached the work bench, she was very careful to lift the designs that were left in the open and the rest beneath them.

With a hum, she danced around the bench, sending the other occupant of the room a blinding smile. Her fingers skimmed across some of the fabric, feeling the differences of each rich fabric. Some were soft, some smooth some were beyond what she was used to while the rest reminded her of home.

Then her eyes caught sight of a tucked away corner, a curtain drawn closed though she could make out the stand of another mannequin. She turned to eye Tarrant, curious as to why this particular area was closed off. “Hmm, I wonder…” she took a testing step forward, interested the moment he jumped a step forward as his hands shot out and he made an odd sound from the back of his throat.

Eyes narrowing slightly, she smiled as she eased and faked in turning away. She didn’t miss how Tarrant seemed to relax with her choice to turn away, though he cried out when she ran the few steps to the curtain. Sadly, he managed to beat her, blocking her from being able to pull the curtain back.

“Oh? Is Tarrant Hightopp keeping secrets?” she pulled back as his arms slowly dropped to fiddle with the lace of his sleeve. “Is is a surprise? Ah, for the Queen?”

She attempted to peek around him, hoping that perhaps there would be a small gap between the curtains that would allow her to see what he was so adamant to keep her from seeing. “Yes. Well, no, but yes!”

“No? Yes?” Kagome pulled back again to look up into the oddly colored eyes of his. “So, it is a surprise… but, not, for the Queen?”

Her eyes took in the heavy curtains behind him, more curious than ever at what he was attempting
to hide from her. It didn’t pass her how quiet Tarrant currently was, which was very out of character to the man. Looking back at Tarrant, she offered a warm smile, her hands covering his that were still twiddling.

“Alright, Tarrant, you can keep your secrets. For now.” she cupped his cheek, waiting until he smiled in return. It came with a lot more ease than from a few minutes earlier. Her hand dropped, smoothing over the lapels of his jacket before giving them a pat. “Remember, I’m here if you ever want to talk about anything.”

She pulled away, giving the room one last lingering look before she made her way to the door, smiling at the sight of it. “Thank you for showing me this. And don’t forget you promised to go on a picnic with me!” she gave him a wave before dancing out of the room, humming a tune that was foreign to Tarrant.

“Does she know that you plan on courting her?” the voice purred as its owner became visible. A wide grin stretched across his feline face as he rolled over in the air in a lazy fashion.

“She will when I present her with my courting gift.” Tarrant replied, fingers once again twitching, only this time it was in excitement. At both the picnic and hopefully at the success of starting a courtship with the lovely young woman.

Cheshire pulled back the curtain, a pleased purr escaping him when he finally got see the intended piece meant for one Kagome Higurashi. “It’s a lovely piece.”

The dress in question was a simple design, the cut and style that Kagome herself was most fond of, it was white with blues of varying shades that made it seem to shimmer in silver and pearl. The darker blues appeared to glow purple as a soft breeze allowed the light to hit it just so. “I think you’ll win your fair maiden’s heart.”

“That’s the idea.” Tarrant commented as he eyed the dress, though he was picturing a certain someone wearing the dress. He smiled at the private little fantasy.

“Well, you best be off, Tarrant. Don’t want to be late for that, picnic.” Cheshire let out a purring laugh, watching his dear friend fret and worry about his appearance before Cheshire shooed him out of the workroom. He gave a lingering look to the dressed up mannequin, another purr echoing through the air as he disappeared with the hope that his friend succeeded.
Kagome’s legs slowly kicked back and forth from her spot atop the table, watching as the only other occupant of the room focused completely on their work. They were a completely different person than what she normally saw and witnessed, and seeing this different aspect was sort of eye opening. The serious look made their features look a little more defined and refined, making her come to a startling realization that they were actually more attractive than her simple observation as adorable.

Blushing she turned immediately away, causing the table she sat on to jerk a little and draw the other person’s attention to her in question. She was too focused on observing the world outside the windows to notice, though had she noticed the fond smile directed towards her, she would have blushed even harder.

She went off in a daze when memories of her past decided to clash with what she was seeing in the now. Memories of her shock and being heartbroken when she woke up in a place that wasn’t either the Feudal Era or her present, and her hope dying at finding that there was no well and later learned that she was in some distant future though she had no idea how far.

Shaking her head, she turned back to the one that had invited her in the first place, a sigh escaping her before she jumped off the table. Her actions drew her friend’s attention as they turned away from their work completely.

“As great as it was that you asked for me to help you out today, if there’s actually nothing for me to help you with, I think I’ll be going.” she walked a few steps away from the table, only to hop once to pull up her jeans to rest more comfortably. She didn’t notice how her actions had drawn a rather appreciative gaze to her backside.

Shaking the daze after a few moments, the male stood up from his chair as he removed his safety goggles. “What?” the question was almost panicked as he rushed to approach her only to stop short a step away.

“We’ve been sitting here for a couple of hours, and not once have you actually asked me to do anything.” Kagome turned to face the male, smiling as she offered an absent shrug. “It was nice of you to ask, but I think I’ll be going. I think Fionna said something about Marshall Lee holding a concert tonight… or that he was bugging her. I can’t remember which it was.”

So, offering a wave and bright smile, Kagome moved for the door. She didn’t make it very far when a warm hand wrapped around her wrist. Blinking at the pink hand, she looked up and could only blink when she realized that Prince Gumball was actually… blushing! So startled by that fact, that she momentarily forgot that he had taken hold of her wrist to keep her from leaving. “… Gumball…?”

“Please, don’t go?” his brows furrowed when he seemed to have caught himself when his plea came out sounding more like a question.

Brows furrowing, Kagome tilted her head. “But… I’m not helping. I figure I’m more of a distraction than anything.”

“But at all!” Gumball took hold of her hands as he shook his head frantically. “Knowing you’re there beside me helps me concentrate!”
He ducked his head as another blush make his pink cheeks took on a more deep raspberry hue. Not familiar with this facet of him, Kagome crouched the small amount to look him in the eye directly since he tightened his hold on her hands. “Gumball, is everything alright?” she was slightly worried.

His brows smoothed out as a soft smile gave him that refined appearance once again. He watched as she stood her full height when he raised his head, a hand raised to cup a cheek. His smile grew when Kagome was the one to blush a becoming rosy pink against her pale skin. “With you… everything’s fine.”

When she ducked her head at the rather charming remark, Gumball chuckled and with the hand cupping her cheek, he tipped her head back up. He took pride when her blush deepened and became a flush when he kissed her brow. Letting go of her hand, only to give a slight twirl of his wrist so his palm brushed against her, he wove their fingers together.

“I have come to learn that I have rather deep feelings for you, Miss Kagome.” he stepped closer, smiling when he realized that she was the perfect height that allowed him to kiss her brow without trouble. Tipping his head down, he breathed in her cinnamon spice scent. “I am rather loathed to let you go, to Marshall Lee of all people.”

“I… I… I!” Kagome squeaked when she could come up with nothing to say or do in the rather unprepared state she was in. Not once had she suspected he was capable of being intimate, and if so, then with Fiona over her. She tried to duck her head, though with how close Gumball was to her, the only option was to turn away.

Gumball chuckled, finding this shy and bashful side of Kagome rather adorable since she always displayed herself as rather confident and sure. Knowing that he was the cause of her state made him feel rather proud. “I apologize if my inattention felt like neglect, I just feel calm and am better able to concentrate when you are present.”

“Gumball…” the fact that she addressed him without his title had something warm blooming deep within his chest, he felt like he could actually melt with the sensation. He wanted more of it.

“I would very much like to become something more than just your friend if you’re willing to give me a chance.” his soft smile growing when Kagome gave a subtle nod of her head. “Thank you! Thank you so much!”

He pressed another kiss to her brow as he pulled her close. “Come, you were right when you said it’s been hours. I think it’s time for a late lunch, hmm?”

“Could we… perhaps… have a picnic?” blue eyes looked up at him from beneath thick lashes, a light blush dusting her cheeks as she gave his hand a squeeze.

“I think that’s a wonderful idea.” he stepped back to remove his lab coat, tossing it aside rather than carefully putting it away so he could return and lead Kagome by taking hold of her hand. The idea of having a picnic with her, and he had found the perfect place to take her for such an event a while now, excited him in a way he wasn’t aware.
He was panicking, although one wouldn’t have thought so with how he just sat there. With their positions and how others would jump to conclusions should they stumble upon them, had him scrambling back and away from the young woman he’d like to call a friend.

Only now, that might no longer be possible. She saw him perform magic.

He watched as she slowly pushed herself up so that she was sitting, blue eyes still slightly dazed giving him that small hope he could brush off her seeing him perform magic due to the hit she took to the head. A small hand pressed against her temple with a small grimace twisting her lips before everything cleared and her once again sharp gaze was pinned on him.

That’s when he began his struggle to explain away what had just happened. “You alright? It looks like you took quite the blow to the head. It’s best we wait a few minutes before taking you to go see Gaius.”

“I’m fine, I’m not the one bleeding.” her comment had him looking down, inspecting himself for the wound. “Not only that, I didn’t get a chance to say thank you for saving me.”

Merlin’s head shot up, eyes wide at her smile as he floundered about in a new attempt to save himself and his secret.

“All I did was-!”

“Risk your own safety to save me.” she shuffled so that she was on her knees, hands folded in her lap. “You took a chance and risked being exposed for what you really are to save me. Thank you.”

Merlin floundered at her bow, a custom she had explained to him of being from her homeland. There was no way denying that she had witnessed him perform magic, and he felt guilty for all the times he’s lied to her even if it was for his own safety. As well as those he considered dear to him.

“I’m sorry you had to find out in such a way.” he leaned back on his haunches, a hand scratched at the back of his neck in an absent way. He chanced a peek when he heard nothing, more than worried she would simply run back to the castle and tell everyone. “I was wrong to have kept it from you. Can you ever forgive me?”

Kagome rolled her eyes with a loud ‘tsk’ of her tongue as she shuffled towards him on her knees. “You have nothing to apologize for. You kept it a secret to protect not only yourself but others as well.” her hands felt cool against his skin as she gently cupped his face to tilt his head this way and that. “Besides, I already knew.”

The mischievous smirk she threw him and her words had him freezing. She already knew? But… but… How?! He was always careful, and he obviously never told her, so how?

He was about to ask when he saw her raise a glowing hand. Wait. Glowing hand! A warmth rushed through him, easing all of his tension, healing new wounds and old aches and blanketing him in a warmth unlike any he’s ever felt before.

“Where I’m from, you’re well known. I doubt there isn’t a man, woman or child that doesn’t know you.” her blue eyes looked lilac from the faint glow coming from her hand. She smiled again when she pulled her hand away, fingers wiggling playfully. “Besides, you weren’t the only one with secrets.”
Merlin stared wide eyed at the young woman before him in complete wonder. He understood she healed him, the peace that settled in him made him feel lighter than he ever had. Knowing he wasn’t the only magic user, one that only did so to help others since he couldn’t see Kagome doing something so selfish, he also didn’t feel so alone. There was just something that bothered him.

“How did you do that?” at a raised brow from Kagome, he raised a hand to his now healed brow. “Heal me. There wasn’t any spell… or potion.”

Understanding washed across her face before she got comfortable. “My… magic is different than yours. Where I’m from, my title is that of a miko, which means priestess in your language. As such, I was blessed with abilities to better serve the gods and help people.”

Merlin continued to stare at Kagome, shocked at what she just said. The title ‘Priestess’ had him freezing until she explained what it meant to and for her, the differences of the priestess’ from her homeland to what Nimueh had been were more than obvious. As he continued to watch her with new eyes, she began to squirm. Subtle shifting moved onto fidgeting, hands becoming restless.

“Well? Say something!” the frustrated, if not slightly whining tone, words snapped him out of his tangled thoughts.

“Sorry! Just… I’m not alone! Oh, I can’t believe this!” his hands combed through his already messy hair as he grinned at the now blushing woman. “Why are you here?”

The shrug of her shoulders confused him, her next words stunning him all the more. “Don’t know. One minute I was with my younger brother, next, I was here. My guess, magic brought me here. Don’t know why, yet.”

The fact that she was so accepting of her situation, spoke of experience in such matters, though, he would ask later. It was about time they returned, no need to cause trouble for them being gone so long for a rather simple task.

“Come, we can talk about this later.” he offered her a hand to help her to her feet, smiling at the subtle warmth and peace that washed over him when her smaller one curled into his. “That is if it’s alright with you?”

He really hoped it was because he had so many questions. And he was eager to learn all that she had to share. Such as, if it were possible to teach him what she could do.

“I’d like that.” she picked up her fallen load of collected herbs and they chatted as they returned to the castle.

Merlin had a slight bounce in his step, not even bothering to conceal his excitement. Kagome couldn’t help but giggle, commenting how he might float away on his happiness alone.

“Not likely, not now that I’ve found you!” he almost tripped, nearly taking her down with him, when he realized what he had just said.

“It’s nice to hear that I’m that important to you.” she giggled again as he attempted to right his appearance and look as if he hadn’t tripped up. She had no idea how true her statement was.
Maleficent: Maleficent

She rocked on her feet a few times, a somewhat smug grin in place as they watched the proceedings. She may be acting childish, something she was no longer, but the scene before them proved her right. A big ‘I told you so’ if there ever was one.

“There’s no need to be so smug.” his deep voice with the accent she still couldn’t place as English alone had stilled her and smile warming.

“I’m not.” her denial had her companion turning his attention onto her completely. After a few moments under his unwavering stare had her rolling her eyes. “Alright! I am. A little. But only a little.” she held a hand up, indicating how little with her thumb and forefinger.

A cool hand wrapped around hers, shifting until their fingers were woven together. He used his hold on her hand to pull her closer. “And admitting that you have every right to be, would only make you more so.”

Tipping her head forward in a minute bow, her eyes twinkled with mischief. “It’s a good thing you are not admitting anything then. Isn’t it.”

The smile he offered in return was small and full of warmth when he bobbed his head in return. “Yes, it is.”

She shuffled closer when he gave their joined hands another small tug, his form practically swallowing her own petite one. Her free arm wrapped around his waist, slipping beneath the covering of his robe like-cloak. His free arm followed her example, wrapping around her own waist, pulling her into his hold completely. They basked in each other’s warmth as they watched the rest of the proceedings.

When Philipp folded Aurora into his own arms and the two shared a kiss, Kagome let out a laugh at how Maleficent’s hold on her tightened while simultaneously stiffening and grumbling under his breath. “With how you react to them, I’m surprised you even kidnapped the poor boy in an attempt to wake Aurora.”

Maleficent scoffed, sniffing as he turned away from the happy, young couple. “A necessary chance worth looking into.”

“Uh-huh.” she was going to allow him this, it was rather cute to see him act all fatherly towards the young woman they had raised. She almost felt bad for any future daughters should he have any. Her cheeks took on an immediate blush when he spoke up, not realizing she had said that last bit out loud.

“Any child of mine will know they are loved and cared for.” his vivid green eyes pinned her with a look, one she was too afraid to name. “And there is only one I can ever see or hope to bare me any children.”

A cool hand cupped her still burning cheek to lift her face to look him in the eye, his soft expression making her gooey on the inside. Nuzzling into his hand, she turned to kiss his palm, adoring the lightest coloring of his own cheeks.

“Kagome, Maleficent!” Aurora’s excited voice and fast approaching steps interrupted the intimate moment between the two as Kagome turned to watch their charge draw near.
Maleficent adjusted his hold on her, standing behind her with a hand resting against her stomach. His expression eased as he watched Kagome fold the girl into a loving hold, her entire presence shifting to that of a mother.

Kagome and Aurora began to talk, mostly about how Aurora was so excited as well as nervous in ruling two kingdoms. As they did so, Philipp approached the small family, all smiles as he watched Aurora alone. After a few moments, he turned to Maleficent with a bright smile. “Thank you.”

Maleficent’s eyes slid to the youth, smile tightening the slightest amount. “Whatever for?”

The Prince indicated towards the young Queen. “For her, for everything that you’ve done for her.”

Maleficent gave a minute nod of his head, staring the boy down. “But of course.” smile easing when he returned to watching the two women, his wings shifted in excitement at his next words. “You do know, however, that if you break her heart, I’ll curse you in the worst way imaginable.”

The expression he sent the Prince at the silence that followed his warning, had Philipp scurrying to Aurora. It amused Maleficent that he chuckled.

“What was that all about?” slim arms once again wrapped around his waist, drawing his undivided attention towards Kagome.

“Just… talking.” his head bowed when she rose up, a small kiss pressed to her brow.

Blue eyes narrowed up at him as she contemplated his words, lips parting in what was most likely going to be an attempt to scold him. She was thwarted when Aurora called out to them once again.

“Does this mean that the two of you will marry now?” her bright smile pinned the two of them down as she waited for an answer.

Silence echoed through the gathered crowd while Kagome irrupted in a fierce blush. She felt all the waiting and expecting gazes on her, though it was the burning gaze of Maleficent that had her shivering. Turning slowly, she squeaked when her blue eyes locked with burning green, they were blazing with a passion she had yet to ever see before.

Her hands twitched before smoothing out the skirts of her dress, a nervous swallow leaving her mouth feeling dry. A sudden thought had her spine straightening, expression softening as her entire posture relaxed. “I honestly don’t know. I’ve never been asked.” that’s right, she was going to pin it all on him, and this way she’d know for sure.

Before she knew it, dark wings immediately cut off the rest of the world as they curtained around her, though she could still hear the others, such as Aurora’s startled upset sounds. She turned to Maleficent, a grin on her face at his move while his hands settled on her waist. “Really?”

He gave a delicate shrug. “I highly doubted you would have appreciated me whisking you away.”

“Why thank you for your generous forethought.” there was a playful roll of her eyes as she was tugged closer.

He gave a curt nod of his head. “You never answered her question.” his head bowed closer as she rose up onto her toes.

“I did. I was never asked.” their voices dropped to a lower, more subtle volume to fit the intimacy between them.
“Would you, if you were asked?” his nose brushed and teased her bangs, his breath minty mixed with wild berries bathed her face.

“Depends on who is asking.” her lips curled up at his huff though he was quick to smile himself.

“Will you marry me?”

Her heart skipped a few beats at his question, she had been more than prepared for him to continue toying and skirting around in an effort for her to stumble into agreeing to marry him. So for him to ask her straight out, arrested all her thoughts and even her ability to breath.

Blue eyes blinked a few times before she came back to herself, the air trapped in her lungs whooshing out as she gave a firm nod of her head. He had currently stolen her ability to articulate speech.

A wide smile stretched across his face, his wings parting to allow the sunshine back into their little bubble. His hands cupped her cheeks before he swooped down and pressed his lips to her own. Again, she was stunned, if only for a moment, before she was returning the kiss.

Arms wrapped around his shoulders, one set of fingers combing through the hair on the back of his neck while the other brushed against the feathers of his wings. She would never know which caused him to shiver, until later. Right now, she was happy to live her ever after.
John Matthew Smith was an average man. Perhaps taller than most of his peers and sometimes a little awkward, but average all the same. He was a Professor, teaching science to the youthful minds in hopes to keep their curiosity and wonder about the world around them alive.

But lately, he had been questioning his life choices. The students he taught seemed more interested in their mobiles and whatever shows that were the biggest hit rather than rediscovering their childish curiosity. Not only that, his girlfriend of 3 years recently left him because she wanted more adventure. Something she wasn’t getting with him apparently.

As he ambled along the sidewalk, kicking a pebble every few steps, he wondered if he was doing anything wrong and what to do to change it. It was then he heard a noise. A strange whirring hum that sort of pulsed. Obviously mechanical. He was either getting closer to the source, or it was moving towards him.

He was about to wave it off when a glowing blue light appeared out of nowhere. Flinching back, he attempted to blink away the blind spots that dotted his vision, John finally looked to the cause of the noise… A… mechanical wand?

Obviously, a Harry Potter fan with a science twist.

“Oh, there are lingering traces…” a woman’s voice trailed off, examining the strange mechanical wand. She gave it a shake as if the device wasn’t working correctly before turning vivid blue eyes onto him. “Tell me, where were you in the last six hours.”

John could only stare at the petite woman, who was actually tiny in comparison to him, as she stared up at him in return. He took in her appearance from her Asian features to the clothes she wore. A cream colored blouse, navy blue trousers that were rolled up so they rested low on her shines, black suspenders and black ankle high shoes.

“What?” the woman looked normal, but apparently she was a little on the crazy side.

The woman shook her head before slipping her… wand into one of the front pockets of her trousers, only to reach into a different pocket and took out what looked like a wallet. She opened it and presented it to him, his eyes widening at the seal of a disease control official. “So, please, tell me where you’ve been in the last six hours.”

“Uh… uh, yes!” he began recounting where he’s been, which was mostly school and that had him worried.

“Alright, I’m going to need you to come with me.” her brows furrowed as her lips tucked in at one corner. “I’ll need help locating the where. Not only that, I have a new face. May not be taken all that well with the locals.”

John sputtered as he was dragged along behind the woman, the grip on his wrist strong without being painful. What sort of disease control official needed a new face?! Sure he had wanted a little adventure in his life, this was not the kind he had meant! From now on, he was going to be specific, even if it was in his mind.

They were soon back at the school he taught at, his worry skyrocketing at the thought of something so dangerous being left there that could harm the students. The woman pulled out her strange wand again, flicking it on and began following whatever readings she was picking up from
“Listen, who are you exactly? And what is going on?” he had been complacent so far, but enough was enough!

“Oh? I’m the Doctor, and simply the Doctor.” she tossed a smile at him, like there was nothing wrong in the world and that they weren’t hunting down some potential life threatening… whatever! “And I’m on the hunt for a very naughty present that had been left behind. Nellents, they are known to be quite fond of making sure you appreciate what they consider, the simple things. Normally harmless, though this one is going to get a firm scolding from me. They should know better.”

“Nellents? Is that some sort of terrorist group?” his anger was quickly swapped out for concern and worry.

“What? No! Whatever gave you that idea?” she shook her head at him as she continued to follow her glowing wand, which led them to the roof of the school. “Ah-ah! Sneaky little bugger. Now comes the fun part, disabling it!”

John just stood there, totally lost at what looked like a harmless wrapped parcel. It looked like a present, pretty paper, bold ribbon, and bow. “That’s… that’s the threat?”

“It may look harmless enough, but it is highly dangerous.” she pointed and ran her glowing wand along and across the box, brows furrowing. “Okay… so not going to be that simple…” she tucked the wand back into her pocket, picked up the parcel as if it could go off at, well, anything. Which it could, tossed him a smile and took off.

Standing there, highly confused because he was sure there were certain procedures for this sort of situation, John took after her. Luckily, his taller stature made it easy for him to catch up with the odd woman. If he were, to be honest with himself, she looked somewhat comical running down the sidewalk like a mad-woman while holding the wrapped parcel at arm’s length away. He followed her when she turned sharply onto a small side street, though he nearly tripped when he watched her run into a blue phone booth.

He was pretty sure that wouldn’t stop any blast, but what had him stumped was the fact that she didn’t come out. Or he didn’t hear anything. So, he did what any logical person in a rather illogical situation would do, he ran straight towards the danger. All sense of self was arrested when he saw what was inside the phone booth, which very much wasn’t the inside of a phone booth. It was… it was…

“It’s… bigger… on the inside?” hazel eyes took in the very out of place inside of what he had thought would have been a phone booth. “How is this even possible?!”

His mind forgot about the danger he had followed to take in the awe of what he was standing in. There was no way to describe it, it was all so fantastical. The heart of it all was what drew him in, though. A central control panel of some sort, with a warm glowing tower that was in the middle of the entire piece.

“Alright, disaster averted! The Earth is saved yet again.” the woman came back out, casually tossing the box from hand to hand only to place it down on a cushioned bench with a firm hand. She turned to the control panel and walked around it, pushing a few buttons, pulling on some levers. “Where shall we go to next, hmm Sexy? Oh, what about the triple moons of the Irien system? They always were lovely around this time.”
It was obvious she had not noticed him, though he gave a cry when she pushed a hidden button and the whole room gave a lurch that tossed him to the floor, his satchel flying elsewhere. A strange whirring noise echoed through the room, the sensation of that they were moving at rapid speeds had him gripping onto whatever he could to pull himself back to his feet. The woman though gave a spin as she hummed something.

The landing was solid, almost knocking him off his feet again and stare at the woman as she inspected a screen. A bright smile lit up her face, though it dipped slightly when she had to rise to the tips of her toes to get a better look.

“Huh, shorter this time around… Perhaps I should see what the new me looks like.” she looked down at herself as if she were inspecting what she was wearing. “I just grabbed whatever fit…”

Tired and fed up with the craziness of the whole situation, jumped to his feet and stood his full height and quickly approached the highly odd woman. “Alright, that’s it! Just what is going on here?!”

The woman whipped her head towards him, obviously shocked and stunned at his presence. Only, she turned to the central panel with a pout. “Why didn’t you tell me? More importantly, why did you allow him in?” she clicked her tongue as she turned away and approached him, only to begin pushing him towards the only door he was aware of. “Well, what’s done is done, time for you to leave. Go back to your life, doing the noble thing and teaching young minds.”

When she opened the door and actually managed to push him out, she froze when the world that greeted them was not the small side street he could have only entered from. “Oh. Right. Forgot about that.”

John was dumbstruck, it was a bustling market. It was the wares and ‘people’ that told him he was anywhere but home. The woman gave another click of her tongue as she stepped up next to him. “Well… since you’re here, we might as well enjoy the market. It’s only this big every so… oh 100 years. Life from all across the system come here to trade goods.” she smiled as her hands slipped into her pockets and rocked on her feet a bit. “Come on then, it’ll be the experience of a lifetime. I’m sure we can find a harmless souvenir that you could take back home with you,”

She turned around and locked the phone booth, which had him do a double take and his curious side bursting with questions, only to be led away once again on the arm of the tiny woman next to him. “Ask later, enjoy all of this!” an arm was swept outward to indicate the very alien market.

“Uh… Doctor… I didn’t catch your name.” his eyes couldn’t stay still long enough as the walked along.

“Doctor, just, the Doctor. I’ll explain later, I promise. But I’m feeling a little hungry and I’m curious as to what will be a new favorite according to my new taste buds.” she didn’t give him a chance to respond as she dragged him along sharing little bits of information along the way.

And John, John was appreciating the adventure that he bumped into when he needed it the most.
They had moved yet again, though it was nothing new. What was new was that she was no longer considered a missing person. It had taken some explaining on her part to the interested parties, but it worked. It was also worth it, seeing his face every time she came back to him whenever she went out.

“You didn’t say what kind you wanted, so I got regular and decaf.” Kagome called as she pulled out the groceries, eying the two packs of coffee.

Two arms wrapped around her from behind as a chin was propped atop her head. “I don’t recognize half of what you brought back.”

Looking over her shoulder to roll her eyes at his ‘not-a-pout-but-totally-a-pout’. “I said I would be cooking. I’m getting tired of that crap you’ve had us eating.”

“Not crap. Convenient.” he picked up a pack that had Chinese characters printed across it.

“Still crap.” she took the bag from him and shuffled to the fridge, smiling as he followed after her in a way that allowed him to keep a hold on her. He refused to let her go. “How do you feel about stir-fry? Has everything you need!”

She felt him shrug. “I’m willing to try just about anything.”

Smiling, she turned around as she took hold of his hips. A challenging brow rose up at his gaze. “Really? Anything?”

“If the outcome is worth it, then yes.” he stared down at her, gaze unwavering and lightened with amusement.

“Hmm, do I detect the sound of a challenge?” her fingers trailed along the waist of his jeans in absent sweeps.

His own hands toyed with the hem of her shirt, the mix of warm and cool fingers teasing the small of her back sending shivers through her. “I’m always up for a challenge.”

Her smile turned into a smirk, feeling they were now at a point she could toy with him. “Really now… I have to see about this.” smoothing her hands over his chest, she bit her lower lip as she wondered how to do this before smiling up at him. “Would you be up for something intimate?”

His arms around her allowed him to pull her closer. “Isn’t the two of us in a mountain cabin while on the run intimate enough?” a little smirk toyed with the corner of his lips, it caused her heart to skip a few beats. It also had her gaze narrowing on him.

Ignoring his poke at their current situation, Kagome continued with her plan. “Are you up for something that could be called, physical?” her fingers trailed down his front until she hooked them in the empty belt loops.

“The strenuous, close another and highly enjoyable kind?” his tone was lower as his gaze now smoldered her.

“Like there was any other kind. This one, however, calls for all sorts of positions.” her voice dropped to a whisper at the sweeping of cool fingers along her spine.
“Sounds like something I would enjoy.” his nose was brushing against her own.

“Hmm. How is your stamina? Cause you’d have to hold some very challenging poses.” her gaze dropped to his lips as she constantly reminds herself of her end goal.

“I could go for hours.” he began to push her back into the countertop behind her, his other hand splayed across her stomach.

Kagome mentally whimpered at the implications of his words. “W-well what about something hot?”

“What kind of hot are we talking about?” his breath washed over her face and mingled with her on in a way that left her lightly panting.

“Steaming… Spicy even.” she licked her lips when she finally realized how honestly male he was in that very moment.

“Sounds adventurous and tasty.” his lips were now brushing against her own and a thrill shot through her to know that he was attracted to her. Hopefully, he even felt something for her.

It took everything in her to pull away from him, but she managed. With a bright smile, she did everything she could to stifle her giggles at his confused expression. Spinning back to the food, she began to prepare for cooking.

“That’s great! Then you’ll really love stir-fry.” her hands moved with practiced ease.

His arms once again wrapped around her from behind, his hold a little tighter than before. He buried his face deep into her hair and a tiny whine escaped him. It was one of the first times he was vocal about his upset. Ever.

“I didn’t know you were a tease.” his words came out as a grumble, further startling her at this new range of displayed emotions he was sharing with her.

“Only when I need to be.” she began to stir the rice. “It sounds like you’re pouting.” her brows furrowed as she turned to look at him.

“I do not pout.” his words once again came out as a grumble.

“Right. Big, strong man like yourself doesn’t pout. You brood.” she flinched at an unexpected poke to her side that tickled. Waving her weapon of choice at him in retaliation, she gave his hand a smart slap. “Oi!”

He waved his hand about to shake off the sting of her attack, grumbling once again. He seemed to have started grumbling more rather than sit in silence and brood. He was also more vocal, open for conversation and displayed more expression. A huge difference to the man that had kidnapped her near a year ago.

“Thank you. For everything, thank you.” his words had her smiling softly as she continued to cook their supper, though she froze when a kiss was pressed to her temple. It was one of the first truest forms of affection from him since she considered the hugs more a need for physical and human contact. And who was she to deny him when she wanted to help him.

Turning, she smiled up at him. “You’re more than welcome.” she hesitated for a few heartbeats before rolling onto her toes to plant a kiss on his cheek. In her nervousness and their height difference, it ended up landing more on the corner of his mouth, but she was quick spin around and
focus on her cooking.

The two of them fell into a comfortable silence that was filled with the sounds of the food cooking, Kagome working and preparing what was left. Every so often he would ask or make comments to which she would reply. This was their first truly open evening together, and she was enjoying it to the fullest.

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Fanfiction Requests: Winter Soldier II

She mourned at her reflection, rather, at the reflection of her choppy short hair. After a couple of weeks, pictures of her were finally being shown on tv. Of course, that meant altering her appearance as best they could to keep from drawing attention.

With a sigh, she picked up as much of the fallen hair as she could so she could burn it in the fire they had started. They were currently in a cabin, one that seemed to be used during camping season. Her nose curled at the scent of burning hair.

A free hand combed through her hair “Did we really have to cut it so short?” she turned to the man.

He was staring down at the floor between his feet, his face painted in hurt and confusion. She got up and made her way towards him, being sure she made some noise as to not startle him. Kneeling down next to his feet, she was careful in putting her hand on his knee. “Hey, everything alright?”

Blue eyes were slow in raising up to meet with her own, a fog quickly receding from them. “I remembered something new.”

“That’s great!” she smiled. She wove her fingers over his knee and propped her chin atop them. Sure he may have kidnapped her, she was however very familiar with his expression and actions since they met. Kohaku wore them for the longest time whenever Naraku ‘released’ him, and when Naraku was finally killed. “See, I told you they would come back. All you need is time.”

He stared at her, his expression very exposed and somewhat vulnerable. “Your hair is short.”

Leaning back, she touched the slightly curled tips. “Yeah, they started sharing my picture to the public. Remember, the news?” her hand dropped back to his knee and wove back with her other hand.

His own rose to touch her now shorter hair, curling the tips through his fingers. “I liked it longer.”

Rolling her eyes, she gave his knee a pat and stood up. “It’ll grow back. So, was there anything you wanted for supper?” she moved from the living area into the kitchen, already humming lowly as she began to set up the stove.

“Why are you helping me?” it was a question he usually asked whenever he was more social and lucid.

Pursing her lips, she turned around and looked him in the eye. Really looked. “Because I can tell the difference between a villain and a victim. And you, are no villain.” with a lighter smile she turned to the pot before her and figured a nice stew would work with the cooler temperature of their location. “Not like you gave me much of a choice since you sort of kidnapped me!” she made sure her tone was light and playful to show that she really had no ill will towards him.

When she got no reply, she thought that perhaps that he truly thought she was upset that she was a hostage. “I think I’ll make a stew if that’s alright with-!”
The sudden hug from behind had her freezing. All physical touch was usually initiated by her and always small. Just a minute ago was a good example. So him initiating contact, and a hug on top of that really startled her. The hold she had on the wooden spoon tightened until a light sound of resistance could be heard.

“Thank you, for everything.” the thanks was barely loud enough to be called a whisper, and if he hadn’t been so close she would not have been able to hear him at all.

She hadn’t felt this many butterflies in her stomach since her feelings for Inuyasha, which had died when she realized she would never see him again. It did not help that he was so… so male. With a shaking hand, she patted his own in return and then letting it rest there. “You’re… you’re welcome.”

She thought that once she replied, he would go and do whatever it was he did when alone. Instead, he clung to her, and she felt stupid standing there holding a wooden spoon and empty pot in hand. “So, stew?”

She got a grunted hum in return. He wasn’t going to cling to her and follow her around while she prepared the stew. Did he? She turned so she could face the fridge, his arms tightened around her and he shifted with her. Great, her own overgrown… panda. With a mental smirk, she promised herself to start calling him that when he was no longer, fragile. The memory of his greasepaint mask did not help her quiet chuckles.
Bleach

She felt like a glorified nanny, plain and simple. Which was something a kidnappee should not be feeling. This was the craziest kidnapping experience for her. Top of the list, easy.

It was almost like her time in the past wasn't even over.

She couldn't quite recall what she had been doing when she was taken, either they really scrambled her brains or it was a side effect of whatever drug they gave her. What she did recall was a splitting headache when she woke up, realizing she was not wearing her own clothes and she was not in Tokyo. After what felt like forever, she was brought before Aizen.

Looking back on her history, she wondered why all the bad guys she met had to be gorgeous. Even Naraku had a rugged handsome appearance, she couldn't deny him that.

There had been a lot of glaring, demands, angry shouting and promises of pain between the two of them. Though she floundered about since she had no idea where she was, what Aizen was or what he really wanted. From what she understood, he felt power, traced it to her and had her brought back to him.

Only now, instead of being the cowering kidnapped young woman, she was playing nanny to his… army? His royal guards? She honestly had no clue what to call them.

She was allowed to wander, chaperoned of course, and occupy her time with whatever tickled her fancy. Which wasn't much in her white prison that sat in the middle of a desert. A smart place to hold people against their will.

"Man… why can't you bug someone else?" the grouchy male's comment drew her from her wandering thoughts.

Blinking, blue eyes darted here and there. Like the other quarters, it was white and identical to all the others. Only this one belonged Grimmjow. She preferred to call him Jabberjaw instead, because of what always came out of his mouth.

"Unless of course, you're finally ready for my little proposal, Princess." blue brows waggled as he stretched across his bed, not caring about his current state of undress.

Rolling her eyes, though unable stop her cheeks from blushing. Kagome shook her head. "In your dreams, Jabberjaw."

Her eyes snapped up to his after following his hand trail down his stomach. His smirk looked all the more predatory with the show of teeth and the bone attachment to his jaw. Scowling at him despite her fierce blush, she grit her teeth. "Keep comments like that to yourself."

His laughter followed after her through his door as she once again made her way to her original destination.

"Yer blushin' awfully fierce, Kagome-chan. Yer not getting sick are ya?" Gin's presence melted into her awareness from nowhere, though she no longer jumped in surprised or shock.

"No. I just accidentally crossed paths with Jabberjaws." she muttered under her breath. The whole lot of them were perverts, they just showed and expressed it differently.
"Oh? Did he say or do somethin' inappropriate towards our cute lil' Kagome-chan?" there was that slight edge to his voice that told Kagome he was not pleased.

"A bit of both. Doesn't matter." she made a turn, walking down a hallway that looked like every other hallway, towards the kitchen.

"...if ya say so Kagome-chan!" his grin back in place after it dipped the slightest amount.

Kagome muttered under her breath as Gin followed here into the kitchen, doing all she could to ignore the male that followed behind her. There was a half step pause when she saw who was in the kitchen already, Nnoitra and Szayelaporro. Or Teeth and Cotton Candy as she called them. The two of them were the oddest when it came to her, either wanting to test the latest poisons and drugs on her or cut her open to see her insides.

She was glad Gin and Ulquiorra were present. Even Coyote, though he most likely wouldn't be bothered should something start. The male was notoriously lazy despite his rank among all others, which was at the top of the food chain so to speak. Wonderweise and Nelliel were whispering about something or other, acting much like the children they appeared to be.

Pushing the pink haired male out of her way only to dump whatever he had been working on in the trash. There was no telling what he had put in there, or who he planned on giving it to. Instead, she was going to start fresh on something that everyone could enjoy.

Once she started, everyone else seemed to migrate in as well to take their respective spots. The atmosphere became something that almost seemed to be one of family and home. Almost. A few came to help, the ones she could trust not to mess with the food. The sounds of chatter, joking and laughter as everyone ate whatever was already on the table.

Without even paying attention, she managed to duck whatever whizzed through the air. Be it some food or random weapon, she ducked and dodged whatever it was. She also cleaned up whatever mess she happened upon, exchanging soiled dishes for new ones without a thought or complaint. Everyone else was well into their own meals when Kagome finally sat down to eat her own plate.

"You seemed to have settled well." the smooth baritone from her left no longer had her flinching of freezing, instead she kept her attention on her plate and hands.

"As well as a kidnapped person can." she chewed thoughtfully on her morsel of food, her eyes wandering along Aizen's army. It was a shock to see that the closest were gathered at the table without breaking out into fights to gain higher ranks. "Have you figured out what it is exactly that you want with me? Because I think I deserve a release due to good behavior."

Aizen smiled as he watched the young woman in her attempts to not look at him, it was adorable in its odd own way. Her very nature had brought his army closer without her even doing anything out of the norm, they had eventually gravitated to her. While it was interesting to see that she had earned their loyalty, in some small form, it proved a potential threat since he did not have her loyalties. Should he order one of them to torture her for that power he had picked up on from her, or kill her should she deny him the desired information, they could very well hesitate. Dangerous.

"Not quite, my dear." he picked up his glass, smiling even wider when she finally turned to him to scowl. He was unsure if it was his answer or how he had addressed her that caused her to look at him so.

She was about to speak when the sounds of shattering glass caught her attention, head turning about so quickly that her hair whipped out. "Grimmjow! Dammit, I told you to stop instigating
fights at the table!" her chair screeched at the abruptness of her standing, hands slapping the table in her anger.

Aizen watched as she scolded the Arrancar, he watched on in amusement, smile turning just a tad darker as he began to feel just the slightest tinglings of power that had exploded not so long ago. It was not that of the Shinigami, the Quincy, Hollow or anything in between. It was something else entirely that tickled some forgotten memory. Whatever it was, he would figure her and it out and how to use both for his plans. Until then, he was alright with being entertained for the moment.
Being Hawkeye’s protege, Kagome was used to some things. It didn’t hurt that she had experienced the Feudal Era either. Her greatest feat, according to herself in all of the things she’s done since she’s turn 15, was save Pietro Maximoff’s life. Especially since he had been so close to death.

He had been in shock, and then a sort of daze for a while. Understandable, one didn’t get to walk away with their life after being so close to death. She could relate, though she had been forced to move along and deal with the next threat right away. So she offered to talk with Pietro, which had Clint acting all ‘Mama Bird’ despite her being an adult. Doing so had her getting close to Wanda as well, offering to help with better controlling her own gifts.

Soon, though, Kagome began to notice a change in Pietro. He began to ‘hover’. Not directly behind her shoulder, but in a way that he was always in the same room as her regardless and shuffling closer over a steady period of time. Certain male characters in her life were kept at arm’s length. Which was all hidden behind Pietro being funny, charming and playfully flirty.

The fact that he wasn’t a jerk with silver hair was a plus! His hair was a more steel color anyways.

It was after a particular mission, one where she had been put in particular danger because her own abilities called for it, did everything Pietro do become… more. Simply more. It was then he became a little more, touchy. The hovering was at a point where he was more attempting to wrap himself around her, initiating physical contact to make the males that were kept at bay earlier, to back off altogether.

All the while, he continued to be his charming playful self. So she shrugged it off.

A hiss escaped her when she attempted to secure the wraps without stretching her overly sore muscles, only to fail. With a frustrated sigh, her entire posture sagged as she contemplated on going without wraps. She’s done it before, but it had been hell. It was too bad there was no one present she could ask for her, one of the perks of living with a group of heroes. Everyone tended to be busy.

Grumbling she begun to undo the work when a cool breeze had her stiffening. Eyes narrowing, she searched her bathroom before peeking her head out to look into her bedroom. If there was one thing about Pietro that she learned he liked to do, it was sneak up on her to scare her every now and then. Not seeing anything disturbed or out of place, such as Pietro lounging on her bed, she returned to the task at hand.

Turning around to return to the sink and counter, she reared back harsh enough that she nearly banged her head against the door frame behind her. Her hands slapping against her mouth before she could truly scream out in the space. After a few moments, her hands ducked back down to keep the wraps in place as she scowled up at the small smirk Pietro was wearing.

“Damn it, Pietro, are you trying to scare me to death?!” she sagged against the door frame as her heart regained it’s normal pace, hand tightening around the loose material of the wraps. She blushed when she realized that and her underwear was the only thing that was currently keeping her covered. “And I had my door closed for a reason.”

Pale blue eyes followed her hand before he moved half a step forward, those same eyes narrowed when she pressed herself tighter against the door frame. “Are you scared?”
Biting down on her lips, Kagome shook her head as she tried to ignore the way her insides wiggled at his accent. “No, it’s just this is highly inappropriate.”

His smirk returned as he took half a step closer. “Is it really?”

“Yes. Now go so I can finish up!” she hissed, using her free hand to point at the door, an unconscious effect to emphasize her point.

“Hmm, I think, rather not.” before she knew it, he had taken hold of her wrists and had pried them away and locked her against the wall.

“Ah! Pietro!” her cheeks erupted into a fierce blush as she attempted to trap the wraps between her and the door frame. “What are you-! Let go!”

Another pained hiss escaped her when both her hands were locked above her head, the action pulling at her strained muscles that she had attempted to wrap earlier. Her body flinched when cool fingers pressed against the bruises that peeked from under the wraps. “Why not just heal them?”

Pouting, she turned away from him, not at all comfortable or happy with the situation. “I try not to rely on my abilities to heal something so minor.” she bared her teeth at Pietro as her body flinched away from a sudden poke. “Stop it! That doesn’t tickle.”

“Then it’s not so minor, is it.” he slid his hand beneath the wraps, pressing his entire hand against her side completely. The action had her sagging in relief the slightest amount, his cool hand felt soothing against the large bruise. Pietro chuckled softly at her reaction, everything about her easing. “Perhaps I have the healing touch, mm?”

Kagome shook her head, eyes closed as her arms were slowly lowered and eased her stiff shoulders. “Ha-ha, but no-!” her eyes flew open when she felt the shock of the wraps suddenly disappearing. “Pietro!”

The man in question was behind her, still keeping a firm hold on her wrists, chuckled. “Have I told you how much I love the way you say my name?”

“Again, highly inappropriate!” she had tucked her captured arms to her chest as best she could with him still holding her wrists. Her elbows barely covered her traitorous nipples, she blushed at how Pietro gave her a pointed look stating he knew and was more than pleased.

“So is many of the things I’m thinking of doing to you… With you.” he used his speed again, using the wraps to bind her wrists together behind her head. The action ripped a shocked gasp, her chest arching out until it became annoying to her bruises. A large cool hand pressed down on her chest, slowly helping her ease back into a more relaxed stance.

“Mmm, you bound and at my mercy, quite a pretty picture you make. Da?” fingertips trailed along the curve of one breast, turning sharply to circle an already puckered and straining nipple. Warm moist breath washed across her neck and shoulder as pale eyes locked with hers through the mirror.

“Pietro…” brows furrowed as she tried to wriggle her way out or away from his teasing touches. He was however physically stronger than her. Her muscles also protested the movements, forcing her to hiss through her teeth.

“Angry, happy, sad… passionate. However you say my name makes my blood boil.” a sudden flick to her nipple had her back arching out, hips bucking back into him as arousal shot through her despite the pain.
Gritting her teeth to look upset at Pietro through the mirror, though it didn’t come across as such as he would casually flick the one nipple at random moments before moving onto it’s neglected twin. “…Pietro… either help mmmm-me o-or get oh! Out!” her fingers flexed, either with the desire to force him to stop his teasing, slap him or drag him to dive in. She wasn’t quite sure.

“Mmm, chto eto bylo, kotenok?” he nipped at her now pounding pulse, a near silent hiss escaped him when she rubbed back against him, mewling at the stiff heat she was feeling.

“Kuso… damn it… Pietro!” his name rang through the bathroom, her hips now squirming when he began to knead a heavy breast. Her panting mixed with small pained hisses, all the while her mind reeled at he was attempting to sway her to heal her wounds, and that her body was going right along with it.

Pietro’s eyes fell heavy when a pearlescent light made Kagome’s smooth pale skin glow from within, his deep hum boarding on a near low growl of pleasure. At both getting what he wanted from her to begin with and the sensations it caused to his own body. “Good girl.”

He let the trailing end of the wraps to take hold of her hips, dragging her perfectly toned ass to press against his erection. Grounding into the supple flesh, he groaned in her ear. He knew that his sounds of pleasure stirred her own, and while he was torn between teasing his little lover and drawing it out, he was going to stir her passions first.

Kagome’s hands, now loosely bound, dropped to grip the counter as she widened her stance and pushed back to meet his grinding thrusts. All the while, she couldn’t drag her eyes away from his image through the mirror. His cheeks had taken on a faint flush of color, his wild hair was just beginning to stick to his slightly furrowed brow.

One hand moved up to grope and massage her breasts while the other slid down and beneath her pants to tease swollen and wet lips. Kagome whimpered when she felt with his touches just how wet she really was, her legs shifting to allow him better access as her hips bucked into his hand. “…Pietro…”

“Kagome.” he pressed a kiss to the side of her neck, staying long enough to bruise her flesh with a love bite. His fingers only slid along her lower lips, toying and dabbing at the collected moisture there, though he chuckled at her attempt for more. “What does my little kotenok want?”

She shook her head, either unwilling or currently unable to voice her desires. Kagome figured her actions were loud enough now that he got what he wanted and worked her to this point.

“Is it… this?” his fingers simultaneously pinched a nipple and now throbbing clit.

She gasped as her head tossed back to rest on his shoulder. “Yes!… No…. more.” she was aching for him, her hips moving to search for something to fill her weeping emptiness.

“Hm? More?” more love bites began to litter her neck and shoulder, causing Kagome to blush at the remembrance of the first time the others had spotted them while Pietro himself was the smuggest he could have been. “This more?”

Jaw dropping when two fingers thrust into her without warning, leaving her gasping for breath, hips still rubbing against the impossible heat of Pietro’s erection behind her. “Mo-more. Kami-sama, Pietro, you. I want you. In me. Now!”

After a few powerful thrusts, followed by a speed only Pietro could pull off that had her dancing on the knife’s edge, he let out a low sound that could have been a growl. Kagome squeaked when
he disappeared and her balance literally wobbled. Blinking wide eyes, she searched for him. She didn’t get very far, her upper body dropped to the counter as she moaned out at the feeling of him dragging impossibly slowly against her. Crown, length, wiry hair brushing against her clit before he pulled away at the same excruciating slow pace, only to repeat all over again.

“Anything my Kotenok wants.” he rubbed himself a few times against her, spreading her wetness along his length until Kagome was sure she heard the faint drip-drops on the floor beneath them. If she hadn’t been so aroused, she would be blushing fiercely to know she was just that wet. A sudden and deep, powerful thrust stole her thoughts away. It also stole her breath and she was sure her heart stopped beating until he picked up a powerful pace right off the bat.

Kagome braced herself as best she could against the counter, which was difficult with her hands loosely bound together, pushing up to lean on her hands. For some reason, she so wanted to watch him through the mirror. It was different, she didn’t know how or why, but it turned her on and had another gush of wetness leaving her.

His thrusts were powerful, allowing him to conquer her almost thoroughly. Her walls squeezed down on him as mews and whimpers escaped her. Her chest felt heavy, clit throbbed and nipples unfairly neglected. As if reading her mind, she sometimes wondered if that -was- one of his gifts, a hand left her hip to pinch and roll at her swaying breasts.

“Motto kudasai.” she muttered, not realizing that she was now begging in both English and Japanese. Or that Pietro was praising her in English and Russian.

She was about to whine at the loss of sensation on her breasts and nipples when she nearly swallowed her tongue, Pietro had picked up speed to a point that had her dropping to her elbows and cover her mouth to stifle her screams. The rate of which he was going, it confused her body, either he was going too fast or too slow but the power behind his speed would leave bruises on her hips and feeling a more than a little tender.

Tears were now falling down her cheeks as she managed to snatch up gasps of breath, her walls were clenching in an attempt to get more sensation. Shifting and struggling with the blasted wraps, she freed a hand drop down and tease her own clit, her nails barely teasing Pietro’s cock as it thrust in and out of her. A near cry escaped him as his arms wrapped around her, drawing her to his chest. The new position was slightly awkward, though it did not hinder him in the slightest. One arm was wrapped tightly around her waist and hips while the other was pressed between her breasts to clutch at a shoulder.

“Go on, Kotenok, end it.” the words were gritted out, his command, speed, and her own fingers finally had her reaching that much desired and needed end. Her walls rippled before clamping down on him, earning a masculine groan as he stumbled before locking against her.

She sagged against him, fingers twitching causing her entire body to twitch in response and earning not only male mumbles but Pietro tightening his hold as he pulled her hand away. After a few minutes of catching their breaths, he whisked them away to her bed, tucking them under the covers.

“Next time, please just do as I asked.”

A low feminine chuckle escaped her as she turned to look at him over her shoulder. “I don’t know if that’s how you’re going to convince me…” she gasped when he gave a purposeful thrust of his hips, she panted and blinked a few spots out of her vision. “…f-fine! I’ll treat my wounds in a proper manner the moment we get back!”

His chuckle vibrated through his chest into her back, unfurling a warmth deep within her. “Good girl.” he pressed a kiss just below her ear. “Now rest. I am not quite done with you yet.”
Kagome had been in Blood Gulch for a couple of months now, part of her punishment for breaking the jaw of her commanding officer. The dick should have kept his comments and hands to himself, she felt a broken jaw and the earned talent to sing in alto were the least he deserved. So had those that had handled in dishing out the punishments. She felt being sent to Blood Gulch for a full rotation had been a little extreme for defending herself, but he had been her commanding officer, so action had been needed.

Said commanding officer had been demoted… to Private she believed and was now cleaning out latrines. So it sort of softened the blow of her own punishment.

The characters that had been here for, Kami-sama, she didn't know how long they've been here. And all for a stupid simulation she had no idea into what. And she had been warned what would happen should she even mention that Blood Gulch wasn't real, oh boy, she knew a threat when she saw one.

So here she was, a neutral party to the Red vs Blue war. Field medic to both teams. Which she thought was ridiculous, as each team should have had they're own medically trained member. In fact, the Blue Team was short a member, had been from nearly the beginning of all this and had yet to gain a new member.

Instead of gaining a small portion that could be considered neutral, she had an available room at both bases and was currently lounging at the blue base, rereading one of the few magazines that had been shipped in near the beginning of the whole operation. Control had long since stopped keeping those that were part of the simulation up to date with the world outside Blood Gulch.

It was a rare day that she wasn't needed, and she was rather enjoying her time outside of her uniform and gear.

"Well, hello legs."

The appreciative tone and comment had her one bouncing leg stop, magazine lowered and blue eyes took in the aquamarine suit as it's helmet was quickly removed to reveal Tucker. Dark eyes took in her form with a smile as he leaned against her open door.

"Hello, Doc."

Letting the boring magazine flop onto her stomach, she raised a brow as she stared at him. "You do know the reason that got me here. So be very careful of what you say and do next." she let that rest atop a raised knee began to bounce once again in tune to a song in her head.

"I know, and I'm going to come forward and say that seeing you like this now and knowing that, I believe you're my kind of woman," he dropped his helmet to rest against his hip as he adjusted his stance.

"…" her expression remained the same, everything about her speaking of her lazy attitude of the day. "Was there something you needed?"

"Other than to bask in your wonderful company?" he smirks when he finally earned an amused chuckle from her. "Not really, Church is calling it quits for the day, was wondering if you'd do me the honor of accompanying to dinner this evening."
Blue eyes blinked at him from her spot on her bed. "You're asking me out to dinner? How…. romantic of you."

"Hey, I can be romantic!" he watched as she finally left her bed and began to slip into something a little more appropriate for such a gathering. Which he was mentally bemoaning over, though he kept it to himself. When she was ready, he offered her his free arm, smile brightening at her laugh as she accepted it. "My, lady!"

"Oh, how kind of you, good sir!" she gave a mock curtsey to which he returned with a mock bow.

As they walked along the corridors, one both of them knew like the back of their hands, Kagome started up a conversation. "So, how was your day?"

"Seriously? You're going to start off with, how was your day, with how long you've been here?" he chuckled when she blushed and mumbled to herself.

"It's not like there is a whole lot else, is there." she shrugged her shoulders as they made a turn and could now pick up on the faint cries between Church and Caboose arguing over what they would be having for dinner.

"True, but there is also not much to say. Nothing new really happened." Tucker furrowed his brows when he quickly recalled something. Simmons had been raving about how Sarge had apparently turned the Red suited soldier into a cyborg. To repeat what he heard would have Kagome packing and head straight for the Red Base, which he really didn't want.

"Funny… I managed to pick up some chatter from the Red Team. Seems Sarge took something into his own hands and Simmons is paying the price…" she trailed off as she seemed to try and recall the very incident Tucker was trying to keep from her.

Tucker jumped into trying to stall. "Well, it couldn't have been all that bad if everyone involved were arguing in such a lively manner, that you were able to pick it up over the com-link while inside our base." he looked at her from the corner of, worried that his excuse would not be bought.

Her brows furrowed as she hummed, head bobbing from side to side as she contemplated his words. "I'm not sure…"

"Well, it's also late… If anything, it can wait till the morning." he mentally scowled that he had just given her that opening to go to the Red Base. Though it did buy him some time to spend it with her.

"Kagome!" the wide waving arms of Caboose earned a chuckle from Kagome as he was able to ignore Chuch's attempts to keep him quiet. "Kagome, we are having roast and potatoes. And they said we could have orange juice and cookies!"

"That's great Caboose." she smiled at the man, having learned how to go about acting around the Blue Team's last recruit. When she was in her chair she leaned in closer to whisper to him. "I heard the cookies were chocolate chip."

An excited gasp escaped Caboose while Church groaned and dropped his head into his hands. "Great, just get him excited after I just calmed him down." a tired glare was thrown her way as Kagome made it a point to ignore as she indulged Caboose.

While Tucker wasn't too happy that her attention wasn't really on him, it was still pretty cool that she was sitting next to him. Until she was at Red Base in the morning, which wasn't going to be all that great. Grif and Donut would outright flirt with her, which was his move and they were totally
stealing. It was Simmon's more subtle flirting and admiration was what worried him the most.

Tucker blinked when he remembered what had just happened to Simmons that very day. If he had learned anything about the Red soldier, it was going to be that Simmons would now shy away from Kagome if Sarge's little operation was more than just a little 'cosmetic'.

Smirking, Tucker relaxed in his seat next to Kagome, stretching an arm to rest comfortably across the back of her chair. His grin widened when Kagome spoke up.

"Careful Tucker, I'm not above breaking you if you go too far." she smiled sweetly as she cut into her roast, earning a nervous chuckle from Tucker while Church smiled.

"I'd pay you to do just that." Church pointed his fork between the two sitting next to each other. "How does three month's pay sound?"

Kagome hmms around her bite of meat, eyeing Tucker from the corner of her eye as she chewed thoughtfully, thoroughly enjoying how he squirmed and sweat under her gaze. Swallowing, she turned her gaze back to her plate as she shook her head. "As tempting as it is, I made an oath to heal."

Church snorted as he went back to eating his plate. "You'd be curing me of my headache."

Kagome rolled her eyes as Caboose only added to the situation about how one could cure a headache, though promising he would never to do such on his 'bestest-best-friend'. At least she had some form of entertainment while in Blood Gulch.
April had been slightly worried when she got a roommate to help split the rent. Not for herself, but for the fact that the brothers could be discovered and the world could come crashing down on them. Which was a high probability since they did like to visit, often. Luckily, her new roommate had a rather demanding schedule.

She had really thought the Japanese woman would sleep like the dead the with those hours she kept. Boy, was she wrong. The boys had come over, it was pizza and movies night, though April had reminded to keep it down, only for Kagome’s voice to echo down the hall if she had her friends could turn the movie down even lower.

There had been so many near hits, that April was wondering if it would make life all the easier to just tell Kagome. For her own sanity.

She never got to. The chance had been taken out of their hands when Kagome was back from her own work earlier than expected and almost got mugged in the hallway outside their apartment. Imagine their surprise, when they rushed to help despite knowing they’d be revealed, only to see Kagome standing over a hulking man whimpering in pain on the floor.

It was how she reacted to the brothers that had left her stunned. Unlike her, Kagome had been the picture of calm. She had even stated she’d ‘seen weirder’. That, of course, got her curious and trying to figure out what the petite woman could possibly mean.

So, introductions had been made and Kagome had been included into the fold. Much to Raphael’s ire.

April blinked, of all the brothers, Raphael was the only one that Kagome seemed restrained about. Perhaps it was his rather blunt and easy to anger temperament.

Kagome was chatty with all of them. Leo got another to talk to, but Kagome was more than willing to guide when it came to his reluctance to letting his brothers help take on the weight of their tasks. She was curious about Donnie’s work, soaking up what he had to say. Even promising to bring him stuff from her work whenever she could. And Mikey was nearly tripping over himself to get her to smile…

That should have been her first clue. But as she looked back, Mikey was the one to goof off to keep the others up in spirits. With Kagome, it was different. He was putting an effort in his attempts and trying not to appear like a child or clown in her presence.

April winced, nearly banging her elbow when she thought her hiding spot had been discovered. It wasn’t like she came to the rooftop expecting the obvious couple being all, well, a loving couple. But, she had been accidentally locked out on the roof. So, she thought it best to give them as much privacy as she could.

While she wasn’t sure of the extent, dynamic, she blushed at the possibility of them seeing if they were physically compatible. She was sort of happy for Mikey. Kagome accepted the brothers and treated them no differently that she did any other person.

Sure April loved them like her own brothers… but…

“I know you’re there, April.” Kagome’s calm voice had both April and Mikey jumping, earning a smile from Kagome herself.
As April resigned to reveal herself to a flustering Mikey, she blinked as she watched Kagome still him by simply taking his hand. It was… interesting to see Mikey, heck anyone of the brothers, to blush.

“Ah… I didn’t mean, I thought you guys were…” her hands were animated as she tried to explain herself. They dropped as she looked off to the side. “The door’s locked.”

Kagome hid a giggle. “I see.”

April pursed her lips, Mikey was basking in Kagome’s presence while Kagome was the calm. And she saw it, Kagome looked like she could use with a little honest happiness, and Mikey, he was that in spades.

“Here.” Kagome tossed her set of keys, forcing April from her thoughts, “Just put them on the counter when you’re done.”

“O-oh.” April fumbled with the keys, looking down at them before she recalled the reason she came up here. “Uh… I think the others had already started, if, if you still want to join us for movie night…” she trailed off as the couple turned to each other.

“Nah. I wanna hang with my girl. Maybe when it’s done, we’ll watch the next movie.” he had already pulled the petite woman, who was tiny compared to the turtle, to cuddle her.

Kagome giggled under the affections, even saying something tickled when Mikey leaned down to nuzzle into the crook of her neck.

Seeing she had been all but forgotten, April left as quietly as she had come, happy for her friends. It was odd, don’t get her wrong, but still, they worked. And they were cute

Looking over her shoulder one last time to spy the cuddling couple, a small smile curling her lips as the door closed the scene.

Definitely cute.
Hazel eyes narrowed at the screen in front of him, confusion, anger, frustration and a twinge of awe fighting for dominance at the situation he was reading over. Somehow, someone had hacked into their system. Which was odd, because Donatello did everything to keep them hidden for excellent and obvious reasons.

Yet somehow, someone slipped through the defenses he had set up. Which. Was. Impossible!

So, he set out on a mission to find this hacker and find out what they wanted. Which was something he thought to wait about to tell the others. No need to cause them worry when they really couldn’t do much more than he was already doing. And he really didn’t want Ralph or Mikey bugging him as he worked on the technical part of tracking the hacker down.

It took weeks, he had to double security on their systems first and foremost and then hopping onto a different system without anyone noticing to tip the hacker or anyone one that he or his system existed. But it had paid off. And once he found out where they were working from, he slipped away to… he wasn’t sure, but confront them and ask what they wanted sounded like a good start. Not his style, it was definitely something more Ralph would do, he knew he couldn’t exactly let them know. Besides, he was curious. This hacker had slipped in with a sort of grace that he really wanted to meet them.

He was shocked to find the source came from a familiar lab, the one that gave them their start, making him wonder if he should have told the others. A little late for that. Sneaking in had been no trouble, making his way through the hallways equally so. They really needed to up their security. Big time.

When he finally came across the source of the hack, he was shocked to find it was a young woman. Probably around April’s age. And despite the fact that she hacked his system, she was the prettiest thing he had ever seen.

She was of Asian decent, Japanese if he had to hazard a guess, with black hair in a messy bun. She wore a leather jacket over a simple blouse, jeans, and boots. The light from the screen made her eyes appear blue, bright as they flickered this way and that.

So into observing her, Donnie didn’t notice his slip up until alarms blared in his ears. The woman whipped her own head up and looked around to see if she had been spotted. It was when her gaze landed on him, did he freeze. Her eyes really were blue.

What happened next was sort of a blur. She had somehow caught him, drag him after her and stuff him into the passenger side of her tiny car only to peel away from the lab like a bat out of hell.

“So, this is not how I saw my night going.” despite the situation, she was all smiles.

“Uh…” he mentally slapped himself. He should have not gone to the lab alone. He should have gotten away, not let her see him. Damnit! He should have told the others and all he could say was ‘uh’?

“I’m Kagome by the way.” she tossed him another smile as they skidded around a corner in a way he knew was illegal. “And while I’d normally chew your ass out for blowing months of careful planning out of the water, seeing you more than makes up for that.”
If there had been any room, Donnie would have held on for dear life at the way this woman, Kagome, was driving. His size made sure he was secure in the small vehicle. When her words filtered and settled, he tossed his nastiest glare at her, thinking he could pull a ‘Raphael’ easily enough. “If you think you can turn me into some sort of lab rat-!”

Her joyous laughter threw him off, as well as make his stomach flutter. “I would never. I was actually, and still am, looking for some friends of mine.” she twisted in her seat when her car spun about so she could drive in reverse. “Been following bread crumbs when I stumbled upon that lab. Interestingly enough, a few individuals were already watching it. So, I just sorta took a peek at them as well.”

The sounds of sirens echoing somewhere behind them had Donnie’s worry steadily growing. It was all this woman’s fault. No matter how pretty she may be.

“No worries. I have this covered!” a bark of laughter escaped her at the look he threw her. Just as he thought they’d continued the crazy driving, they spun into a well-hidden alleyway. No one would have thought it was one with how tight the buildings were or the faux shop sign strung between them.

His heart was still pounding, he flinched when the parade of police cars raced past them. The pedestrians didn’t even bother to give them a second glance as they sat there. After a couple of minutes, Donnie finally turned to the obviously mad woman. “Who are you?!”

She turned to him with a lazy blink. “I already told you, Kagome.”

“That’s not what I meant, and you know it!” he narrowed his eyes on her, hoping his much larger size and otherness would be able to intimidate her into giving him the answers he wanted.

Her smile brightened as she leaned in closer, chuckling when he shifted back in response. “I wasn’t lying. I’m looking for some friends of mine. That lab back there was my first solid clue, seeing you proves it.” her eyes swept over him slowly, making his cheeks feel too warm and had him squirming.

“Oh, and how’s that?” his snip was just to cover the oddness of the situation. And the fact that she was too close for comfort.

“Do you really think that human scientists are capable of creating a serum that could make you what you now are? Alone?” she raised a brow when he remained silent. “They didn’t. They got hold of something that humankind had long since forgotten. I intend to find out how they got their hands on it.”

Now he was curious. They all knew April’s father had been working on something where they had been the test subjects, but most, in not all, the work was lost in the fire that claimed April’s father. But the scientist in him had to know.

“What… what did the use?” he may get a piece of the puzzle that had bugged him about their origins.

Her eyes actually seemed to twinkle as her smile grew. “Magic.”

Donnie’s anticipation dropped and sank at her answer. She really was crazy. Giving her a subtle shake of his head, even muttering under his breath.

A soft pink glow lit the car, drawing his attention only for his breath to catch in his throat. Her
hands looked like they were on fire. Pink… fire. His mind whirred at trying to explain what he was seeing, a hand raised to touch the slow flickering flames and shivering when the oddest sensation flooded through him.

“They had acquired the DNA of something very special, magical and ancient.” she watched as he groped about in the flames. “They just didn’t know it. I need to know where and how they got their hands on it…”

Lifting his gaze back up to hers, something shifted in him in recognition and he knew he would help her. It would help him and his brothers better understand their origins. And if she looked all the more beautiful in that soft pink light, he was going to keep that to himself. Even if it was possible that she really was crazy.
She had just moved to the city, finished settling in when she met him. Work had run later than usual, she was just walking to her building from the bus stop when she got dragged into an alley. So, that was what it meant to be blind-sided in New York.

It had started off with a good ol’ mugging, but her struggle pissed her attacker off and decided to turn violent to ‘teach her a lesson’. Of course, her struggles doubled, she actually managed to get a few hits and kicks in. She took a nasty chunk of his hand before it back-handed her to the ground.

The landing had been rough, what her attacker proceeded to do next scared her to the bone. She had been dazed from the hit until she felt rough hands tugging at her jeans. With a scream, she kicked her legs out and scrabbled backward.

When panic began to take over, all thought and reason leaving her, did he appear.

He stuck to the shadows as he came to her rescue. There were flashes against polished metal, a large form, angry words and pissed off growls.

Blue eyes were frantic to follow what was going on as she scuttled back into the wall of a building. But he was too fast in her current state. And she really wanted to curl up somewhere safe and warm, protected. Most importantly, she did not want to be alone.

When it was done, her attacker down and strung up to be later picked up but the police did her savior approach. His steps were sure and yet silent and slow.

It was a passing car that allowed her a chance to see him, her eyes widening when she learned he was a turtle. A giant, ninja, turtle.

Her lips quivered, hands slapping to cover her mouth when a whimper managed to escape halted the turtle’s steps. She wanted to thank the turtle, assure that she wasn’t afraid or scared that he was a turtle, assuming it was a he. Her mind, however, was still frazzled from what nearly happened.

Instead, tears gathered at the corner of her eyes while her shoulders shook from suppressed laughter. An odd combination of lingering fear, elation, and relief drowning her all at once. It would be her luck to be saved by a turtle after moving to New York to finally move on from her past.

At a huffed grunt, Kagome whipped her head back up, eyes widening as she watched her turtle walking deeper into the shadows.

So, she went after him, wrapping herself around him as best she could. She did not want to be alone. She couldn’t, not after what almost happened.

“What… what are ya doin’?” her savior twisted as his words bounced off the walls. “Let go!”

he finally managed to face her, his expression balking when he saw those big blue eyes with tears that were threatening to fall and trembling lips. It was her bruised cheek that reminded him of what he had just saved her from.

At his sigh, she buried her face into his chest, he felt himself actually blushing from the action, as he ran a hand over his face. Looking around, he grunted as he went over what to do. With another sigh, this was something more for Leo than himself, he picked her up with a muttered ‘hold on’
before climbing to the roof of one of the buildings. He grumbled when she muttered when she lived in the other one, and his face pinched at her muffled giggles.

He picked a shadowed spot and hunkered down, the woman still trembling in his hold. The reminder almost had him going back down to hand out a few more well-deserved strikes on the bastard that put her in her terrified state. Almost.

Looking down, he huffed when she actually snuggled closer with a little mewl, reminding him of a lost kitten.

Ever since that night, Raphael took to keeping an eye on one Kagome Higurashi. She seemed to attract the wrong sort of attention. A lot. After a few weeks, he began to teach her how to defend herself, he couldn’t watch over her all the time.

It was during those lessons that he began to recognize her as a woman and actually develop feelings for her. She was passionate, fiery and yet kind and gentle as well. And she could give just as good as she could take.

With a deep sigh, Raphael looked down at her curled figure as she cuddled up into him. He honestly didn’t understand her, he knew for a fact that he was not the easiest to get along with, and here she was, clutching to him in her sleep like some… teddy-bear.

“I ain’t no teddy-bear.” he grumbled out, even as he pulled her closer to tuck her into his hold.

“…my grumpy turtle…” her happy whisper, no matter how slurred with sleep, had him grumbling and blushing once more. Though he smiled when she pressed her nose under his jaw.

Well, there was no lie to her words, but, if she was claiming him as hers… “My Kagome.”
Kagome was a lot of things. So many things, it would take a while to describe her accurately. Leo was quick to learn what she was not. The hard way.

She was not a threat to him or his family, as he had originally thought when she first appeared and he assumed she was he worked for Shredder. She wasn’t a coward or one to let words stop her.

She was easy to read, wearing her heart on her sleeve, and yet still a mystery. There were things she did or said that were at odds with herself. And don’t get him started on how she got her information, she would simply show up with a slip of paper to hand to them to help them whenever they got stuck.

Most importantly, she was a leader. She went about it differently than he did, but she was a leader all the same. There were times when she ordered and coordinated directly, but most of the time, she did so through subtle nudges and allowing for others to make their own choices. But it also more than that. She made sure all were happy and healthy, helping with whatever problems that came her way.

He always felt awed to watch her leading and directing, her voice low and a touch soft, but sure and strong and confident. And those that worked with her… he heard from them directly how she made a great leader.

So it wasn’t a surprise he went to her for help sooner or later.

“How to be a great leader?” her blue eyes twinkled as she smiled at him. “You sure you’re asking the right person?”

Leo grimaced, turning away at her tease. He had thought she had been just another of Shredder’s pawns and had called he so often enough until they learned the truth. “Yeah. And will you drop that?”

Kagome hummed as she hopped up onto a table, legs kicking back and forth at a sedated pace. “Mmm, if you’ll never stop being embarrassed by that… then, no.” a quiet giggle escaped her at his quick glare. “Relax, Leonardo-san, I only tease.”

He let out another huff at her laughter, though he was pleased to know she was happy, with him.

“Well, I don’t know why you’re asking, you already are a good leader.” her head canted to the side in that adorable way, hair swinging with the action.

“Thank you. But… I want to… do and need to be better.” it frustrated him as he thought of all the disagreements he and Raphael had, which sometimes drew Donnie and Mikey into them which just made their missions a mess or tense.

“Hm.” her head dropped back, she followed through until she was leaning on her elbows. “What you’re problem is, is that you forget that you can reply on your brothers. That you don’t need to carry everything alone. While your routine for you and your brothers is good structure building, allow them some options as well to broaden their horizons.” she allowed her eyes to wander their home, lips quirking whenever she found something that amused her.

Leo had to swallow, pretty sure knowing Kagome didn’t realize how attractive she really was. And if she did, then she most likely didn’t see or consider herself all that beautiful. Or perhaps, and this
thought hurt, she didn’t view him as a potential love interest.

An arm rose to wave a hand around, she had started up again, but he was more interested in watching her lips rather than paying attention to what she was saying.

Next thing he knew, his lips were pressed against her own. They were as soft and smooth as he thought they were, tasted lightly strawberries and cream, and seemed to burn against his own. When he pulled away, he watched as her eyes were slow to open, which had hope welling up inside him.

“…a-and that.” her voice was a little breathy, a blush made her cheeks rosy when she finally locked gazes with him. “Self-confidence.”

He was anticipating for her to say or do something to the kiss, leaving him on edge and letting doubt begin to grow. As they continued to stare at one another, he let his gaze drop and begin to pull away. He knees tightening against his hops halted him and had him catching his breath.

“Question yourself, and others will doubt you.” she pushed herself to sit up completely, and even then she was still tiny compared to him. In an almost bashful way, her too blue eyes locked with his own. “Do you understand?”

Tiny fingers danced across his shoulders, causing shivers to wrack through his form. He had to swallow past his heavy tongue when her legs once again began to kick back and forth in slow swings and he was sure he was doing it on purpose so that she could tickle the back of his knees every so often.

“I-I guess so.” he swallowed thickly once again. “Do-do you have any more advice?”

Her hands settled at the back of his neck to toy with the ends of his mask, a warm smile directed at him and him alone. She shrugged her shoulders as he took a step closer to settle his hands on either side of her atop the table. “Depends. What do you want my help with? And…”

His breath left him in a whoosh when he felt her nip at his chin only to kiss immediately after. “And?” his world was a haze and still somehow centered on Kagome alone.

“And, if you’re alright with…” she waited until he could look her in the eye, smiling himself at the mischievous twinkle he caught. “…fraternizing with the enemy. As Raphael would say.”

His confidence soared at her words, he had picked up on her words and how she said them. Humming, he pressed another kiss, this time to her brow. “No talk of Raphael.” he smiled at her giggle, inhaling her soft and subtle scent. “In fact, let’s not talk of my brothers at all. You should be focusing on me.”

“Ah, I did come for you.” her arms tightened when he picked her up and carried her to somewhere a little more private. “That does mean I’m all yours.”

Her laughter echoed around them when he stumbled at her words. All his… He liked the sound of that.
She tried to keep the tears from falling, to keep her lower lip from trembling and to keep her throat from squeezing shut. It was all in vain. After the years of helping her mother recover from that damn car accident, she came back only to have her world torn apart all over again.

“And he’s… he’ll never… her throat seized up, making her physically incapable of finishing her sentence.

“It’s hard to say.” the nurse whispered back, hands wringing and twisting. “Some consider it a sort of waking coma, so there’s always a chance…”

Kagome tuned her out, a hand reaching out to brush unkempt bangs away. Getting them as neat as she could, her fingers trailed along the rippled scars that had been left behind. To think, they were all gone, murdered in a fire.

“Oh, Peter.” she rose up from her kneeled position and pressed a kiss to his brow and then another one, more desperate this time to the top of his head.

“I’m sorry, but you’re going to have to leave.” the nurse looked around, checking for coworkers. “I shouldn’t have let you back here as it were it being so late.”

“No, no… It’s… I understand.” she sniffled a bit as she pulled away. A part of her dying when she got no reaction from Peter. “Can I leave my contact information?”

With one last parting kiss, Kagome left the man behind and made her way to her hotel. When she woke up next, she instantly knew she was not in the same place where she fell asleep.

At first, she thought she had gone blind, opening her eyes to blackness. Soon, though, she made out the barest hints of varying shades of black. She was in a room, locked from the outside. She had already crawled around looking for a lock in the dark, it really didn’t matter to her if she was basically blind, she would damn well sure attempt to pick whatever lock she could find.

It was after what felt like forever when a door opened, what little light there was, was blinding. Eyes clenched shut to ease the sting, panic welled up in her when she felt a distinctive set of male lips harshly claim her own. She could only react on instincts in her current situation, hands pushing and hitting against a firm male chest until the male in question wrapped his arms around her, trapping her own against between them.

Could she not get a break? First that damn car accident, which took her Jii-chan and nearly her Mother as well, only to come back to the State to find everything gone.

In the moments as her capture’s lips slid against her own, harshly demanding entrance to her mouth, did a few things filter through her chaotic thoughts. His taste was achingly familiar, his scent as well. And while he felt a little broader, she could never forget how he felt against her.

Managing to rear back enough, her eyes slammed open, she froze at who greeted her while her mind tore itself apart. “…Peter?”

His eyes watched her with a sharp edge, his tongue dragging across an arrogant smirk. While he had always been handsome, knowing it giving him a sort of cocky tilt to everything, there was a certain darker edge to him now.
“The one and only.” his hands were tipping her head back, allowing him to nip at her lips. “Oh, how I’ve missed the taste of you.”

She felt his smirk at her whimper, hand tightly gripping his wrists. Soon enough, she was taking her fill of his mouth, desperate to taste him after so long apart. “Seems someone’s missed me as well.” he hummed between kisses, though it felt more like they were devouring each other.

Despite seeing him now, kissing him, Kagome’s mind was nagging, running in circles at the fact when she remembered what she had seen at the care home. “Peter… how…” she inhaled sharply, back arching when a strong hand at the small of her back had her grinding against a powerful male thigh.

“Hush now, it’s not important.” his lips and teeth followed down her neck, paying particular attention at her pounding pulse. He smirked at her whimper of need.

While this wasn’t how he saw their reunion, nor the place for their current activities, he couldn’t stop himself. And his little lover didn’t seem inclined to stop him. He hissed when she managed to unbutton his top and licked his heated skin. It had been far too long if he was already this strained and needing from so little touch.

With quick work, he would draw it out to tease and torture her another time, he had her shirt and bra removed and lost in the room. Her curves gained a certain maturity to them, making her drip with femininity. To feel her skin flushed against his own had him near whining at the sheer pleasure.

Having her hands petting, stocking and gripping him had him groaning his pleasure, he knew it was her attempts to solidify that he was really there. A wicked smirk curled his lips when he thought of the best way to assure her that he was there.

His thoughts flew from his mind when a petite dove past his pants, gripping and dragging his erection out into the cool air. Hips thrusting back, an instinctual need to keep that delicious warmth and friction.

She shifted, slightly pulling away from him though all without ending their kiss or stopping her active hand along his length. The rustling of fabric, scoffing her shoes, a shimmy and she quickly returned to his hold. He had to wonder at what she had done, only to remind him of his appreciation that she preferred to wear skirts.

“Mmm, you always were impatient.” his fingers began to toy with the moisture that now coated her swollen lips, smirking when her hips bucked. He felt her shiver when he chuckled at her eagerness when she raised a leg to wrap around his thigh in an attempt to trap his hand where it was at current. “As well as demanding.”

“Shut… up…” she pulled back enough to nip at his lower lip, tugging on it enough only to release it with a snap. A hiss escaped her at a particular tug and twist to her clit, it had her shuddering in his hold. Her hand tightened on his erection in response that had his hips bucking back into her hand.

He shuffled her backward, keeping their current activities from being interrupted until she grunted when her back hit the wall. A near growl rumbled through him when she whimpered in need when he thrust two fingers into her heat, only to lift his lips in a silent snarl at how tight she was around them. Her petite stature gave her an edge, this tightness, it meant she had not been with anyone. His instincts were pleased for two obvious reasons. Firstly, it meant she had not strayed despite the time apart. And secondly, she was going to choke him when he finally took her after all this time.
He smirked and chuckled at her needy whimper when he pulled away, especially her attempts to keep him near. “Peter… please…” her pants were audible now, hot breaths puffing against his neck that had the fine hairs on the back of his neck rising. “… so long…”

“I’ve got you now… Shhh…” he hunched a small amount to grip the back of her knees to raise her to the perfect height, his slacks sagging and lowering enough to allow him actual access to her wet heat. He gave a few thrusts, shuddering himself at the feeling of her coating him. Every time before, they had always used a condom. She had been the first bed partner that could keep up with his libido.

He continued to rock against her, her whole body twitching when every pass dragged across her stiff little nub. She pulled away from his lips, head ducking down as she bit her lower lip to the point he smelt blood. He wasn’t sure if it was the heat of the moment or now having had a taste for blood, but he sucked the torn morsel, tongue sweeping the torn flesh to the point it was almost harsh to aggravate for a few more drops.

“If you would, my dear.” he gave another harsh thrust of his hips, trailing his lips across her cheeks to nip at her lobe. He dragged his nose down and up along her pulse, the temptation to bite her, really bit her welling up deep within him. Pressing his smirking lips against the space just below her ear, he felt how her hands shook at his shoulders and when it trailed down his chest to take a hold of him.

A hiss echoed between them as he inhaled sharply when she took hold of his length, actually teasing him before allowing him entrance to her glorious heat. Her wet juices dripped down his length, and at this point, he was so sensitive that if it weren’t for her choke hold, he be embarrassing himself at the trickling tickle that rolled over her fingers, down his length only to collect at his balls and drip onto his slacks.

“Kagome.” how he managed to make his tone scolding rather than needy was a mystery. There was something about this tiny female that always had him… tearing apart at the seams.

Her devilish tongue dragged up across his Adam’s apple, curling below against his chin as she helped guide him into her welcoming heat. The moment her fingers uncurled to take hold of his waist, he slammed back into her after far too long apart.

A groan escaped him at how she squeezed down on him, her head thrown back as she gasped for breath and her hands clawed at him. Even he needed a moment to pant for breath, oh they still fit, though she was a tad tight as he had suspected. “Such a good girl.” he grit out as he smirked down at Kagome.

She wore an expression that was a mix between ultimate pleasure and just a hint of pain, and the moment she became adjusted, she let out a purr that had his blood heating. Especially when he felt her squeeze down on him. “…time to show you how I’m a woman now…”

“Little temptress.” his words came out a little growled, his hips pulling back only to snap forward to return to her welcoming heat with force. He very much enjoyed her pleased gasp and everyone that followed with each thrust that had him bottoming out. Every powerful thrust had her attempting to wrap herself tighter around him, hands now clawing down his back through his shirt and even that little bit of a barrier didn’t stop him from feeling the bite of her nails. Never before had she been so fierce, wild, tempting, sometimes adorable yes, fiercely passionate…

His hands dropped until his fingers were digging into the tight cheeks of her ass, his own nails nearly cutting into her flesh. A distant part of his mind wondered if there would be bruising of his hands on the perfectly toned flesh, he was almost hoping there would be. With his hold on her, he
was now dragging her to help meet his thrusts, allowing him to get in that much deeper. He was pretty sure he was now hitting the end of her if the new gush of wetness was anything to go by.

“Oh… Kagome… Damn it….” he hissed through his teeth, bowing his head until he was panting against her neck. Inside his mind, he was smiling at her pleased, if not throaty, feminine chuckle. He was also just mentally aware enough to remind himself to be sure to punish his tempting little female later for finding amusement at his little stumble.

Thrusting becoming a little frantic, he knew that after this round, he’d be able to hold out for much longer. He had not just been prepared for Kagome coming back into his life, especially not now. The moment she came to him, her scent surrounding him, voice echoing through him and the sight of her even in tears nearly had him reaching out for her then and there. He had thought his heart had died along with his family, which obviously wasn’t the case since he was flooded with so much adoration currently.

Finally, his hips locked in place after harsh jerky movements as he finally came. Her low groan and the tight rippling grip of her walls on his length told him that he had reached her own end as well. Standing there holding his little female and unwilling to pull away, he pinned her between him and the wall, thoroughly enjoying the fine tremors of her walls snugly wrapped around his length.

“…not that I didn’t enjoy this… did you really have to kidnap me?” her words were panted out, a little raw from their recent activities. She continued to shiver and tremble in his hold, muscles twitching on reflex when he pulled her tighter into his hold and began to back away from the wall.

“I’m afraid to say that it was.” wrapping an arm under her to better support her, he shuffled a little only to glare down at his sagging slacks. “Care to give me a hand, dear?”

An entirely too pleased feminine giggle was followed by her wriggling, which almost had him stumbling, for her to reach down and pull up his slacks. At least as far as they could go.

“Really?” she hummed as she trailed one hand back up, being sure to drag her nails against an exposed cheek, delighted in feeling the muscles flex and move as he walked. Smiling, she gave the tight male cheek a pinch as she pressed a kiss just below his jaw. “I get the feeling you either aren’t going to tell me, or I don’t really want to know.”

“Knowing you, my dear, you wouldn’t be too pleased.” he paused for a moment when he first started up the steps, closing his eyes and grit his teeth. “Trust me, though, when I say it’s for a good reason.”

“Mhmm.” she nodded her head, feeling her energy sapped from her as she buried her nose into his neck. She figured she would be finding all of it out sooner or later, she just prayed she was going to be able to stand whatever it was. Right now, she needed a short time to catch her breath before Peter went at her again.

While she more than remembered his libido, it had been a while.
Green eyes narrowed at the sight, not at all pleased. To think, that boy, had the gall to think he had a right and privilege. Even thought he was in the same league as Kagome was, pitiful. He was bashful and stuttering as he sweat under the caring gaze of his desire. Even from the distance his sweat and arousal were palpable.

Sweet and kind Kagome smiled, accepted the gift she had been presented with and bid him a good day. The fool, however, continued to babble, making Kagome obviously uncomfortable, if not a little frustrated.

A pale hand flicked some red hair back over a shoulder before quickly approaching the two. Steps were powerful and confident, drawing attention from those that were still lingering. The only person that mattered though was Kagome Higurashi.

There was a flash of relief across Kagome’s face when blue eyes locked with green. A sense of predatory pride swelled at that. “Kagome, there you are. I’ve been looking everywhere for you.” Kurama purred as she slid up behind her adorable kohai. Green eyes pinned on the boy, twinkling at his flinch when he caught the way she addressed Kagome.

First name and her first name only.

Kurama stroked and petted Kagome’s stomach with subtle sweeps as she nuzzled into black hair, taking joy in holding her little miko. The delight at seeing the boy flush with embarrassment and arousal was a perk. Though she could do without the stench of his arousal.

“Ah, Kurama, I was just on my way to meet up with you.” Kagome turned slightly in her hold, offering an apologetic smile.

Kurama cooed at the younger girl, pulling her into a tighter hold and openly nuzzling her neck. “You are simply adorable! I can’t help but want to keep you all for myself!” she purred the last part, feeling smug when she picked up on the spicy, sweet aroma that was the barest waft of her arousal.

Looking up, she gave the boy a smile that was all predator and victorious. “I’m sorry, Hojo-san, but Kagome and I have a date and you’ve been keeping her from her promise.” to add a little point to her words, she made her touches a little less subtle. The petting of Kagome’s stomach was made obvious and territorial, she pressed and rubbed a thigh between Kagome’s own perfect ones as she openly kissed her pulse.

The fact that she was arousing the tiny miko without getting a scolding or comment to stop from her… It was new and excited Kurama in a way she hadn’t felt before.

“A… a date!?” Hojo’s blush had become a flush at that point when Kagome began to lightly pant, eyes glazing over as her hands gripped tightly on the present she had received.

“What…” Kurama purred, running her nose along Kagome’s wildly beating pulse to breathe in her divine scent and arousal. “…girls can’t go out together, have fun and make, amazing, memories?” Kurama’s own fantasies were running wild on how to give Kagome a night she would never forget.

“Of… of course! But you-!” his shy embarrassment turned into a frustrated anger. “But you want Kago-!”
“Well, we have to be going now, otherwise the whole night will be off.” she smirked at knowing what Hojo was going to say, she had been obvious in her own desire for Kagome. Though she blinked when a sudden idea came to mind. “Oh, but then you could sleep at my place. Mother has been asking when you’d next visit.”

When Hojo turned to Kagome, his expression was making it look like he was expecting her to deny the invitation, seeing his surprise and perhaps a little heartbreak made Kurama’s day. “O-oh, sure. It’s been a while, and I’ll have to let Mama kn-know.”

Purring as she pressed a kiss just behind Kagome’s ear, Kurama watched with glee as a tiny bit of hope die in the boy’s eyes. “Perfect. Well, Hojo-san, we’re gonna go now and enjoy our girls night out together.” slipping to Kagome’s side, Kurama began to guide a still dazed Kagome, hand daringly low as it teased the swell of a rather delightful behind. “We can finally go to that lingerie boutique I’ve told you about.”

Kurama knew now how best to make Kagome all hers. It would simply require a few more subtle seduction sessions. After all this time hunting the tiny miko in hopes of keeping her for herself, it would seem some good old kitsune seduction was the right course after all.
If it was one thing Kagome learned in the past, it was allowing words to roll off of her. It gave her a thicker skin. It had taken a while since most of the harshest came from Inuyasha, but she now was able to shrug it off. That wasn’t to say she wasn’t ready to defend herself, or those she cared about when slandered, it was just often times the words came from someplace petty or shallow.

Those spoken about her relationships with both Conner and Kaldur were fraying on her nerves. Had she been the girl that had first fallen through the time, she would have cowed down and pulled away from both of them. Though she highly doubted she’d have been bold enough for a threesome in any form.

I helped that the other two were more than willing to stand by her side, defend and protect her emotionally. It was nice and made her feel loved, as well as love them all the more for it.

Sure they were still working things out, but that was normal for any relationship.

She snuggled deeper into Conner’s hold, humming in content when he pressed a kiss behind her ear. Kaldur leaned back to kiss just under her jaw before sinking further into her own hold. They were currently watching a movie and relaxing in each others company.

As the movie played out before them, Kagome’s mind recalled the day the ‘adults’ stepped in. Batman had even gone so far as to try and get Sesshoumaru to get her to see reason.

He had come, as himself, and raised a brow as he stood before the three of them. After a few moments, he turned to Batman and had ‘asked’ what the issue was. Though it was more a statement that there wasn’t an issue mixed with a demand as to why he was wasting his time for something so trivial to him.

She had told him directly, that she was in a relationship with both Conner and Kaldur.

His next question, one directed at her directly, had stung. “What about your issue with Inuyasha?”

“No. No. He went behind my back to see Kikyo. He strung me along with the hope that we’d be together while in reality, he planned and had already committed himself to Kikyo alone.” her head high, warmth blossoming in her heart as both Conner and Kaldur each offered their silent support and comfort. “Had he been open, honest and upfront, we could have worked something out.”

Sesshoumaru simply shrugged his shoulders, his way of stating he saw no problem. Batman had tried to reason with him, which was impossible. One cannot force human sensibilities on one that wasn’t human. Sesshoumaru had also explained that she was a miko, had spent time in an era where instincts overruled intellect so he wasn’t surprised that she had adopted some youkai mentalities.

Aquaman had been a little more understanding, though having been raised as a human made it… awkward for him. Kaldur, on the other hand, had been raised completely as Atlantean, so that sort of trumped the King.

Superman had attempted to outright forbid them. Which of course did not a happy Superboy make. He told straight to Superman’s face, he didn’t get the right to pick and choose when, how and for what he decided to care for Conner’s life. He had made it abundantly clear when the two first met how he felt about Conner which left the two still on rocky ground.
The others had said once that they didn’t agree with what they were doing, and should it interfere with the team, they’d step in.

M'gann on the other hand, she had been very vocal. More so towards Kagome. Kagome ignored the other girl, M'gann’s jealousy reminding her much of Ayame. That was until the girl said something really stupid that set the three of them off. Kaldur had been the calmest of the three of them while it was Conner that had to restrain Kagome. The others had been obvious in their shock and confusion at M'gann’s way of thinking.

“I named him, he should be with me!” M'gann said her words so surely, that she may as well thought herself justified in her anger towards Kagome.

“Just because he accepted the name you suggested, doesn’t mean you get claiming rights.” blue eyes narrowed on the equally withering stare from M'gann. “He’s not some pet!”

M'gann had looked towards Conner for support, a whimpering pout escaped her when he shook his head. “But… but he’s supposed to be with me. Conner is Megen’s boyfriend in-!”

“He’s not a tv character! Just because you have the same name as the main character from your favorite show, doesn’t give you the right to try and mold or force Conner into some fantasy role!” she finally relaxed when Kaldur blocked her view of the Martian so he and Conner could lead her elsewhere to calm down.

Even now as the team enjoyed the movies, M'gann more often than not was giving Kagome the stink eye. Let her, Kagome was comfortable where she was. More than comfortable.

“So, Kagome,” Artemis started up as the credits began to roll, Robin and Kid Flash were currently arguing about the next movie to watch. Kagome hummed around her straw to let her fellow archer know she was listening. “…it’s obvious you’re the middle. What I want to know is who plays the top and who’s the bottom?”

Kagome choked on her drink, Conner rubbing her back to help soothe her coughing fits, Kaldur pulled away slightly, preparing to get up should she need anything. Blinking back tears, she stared hard at Artemis to silently demand an explanation. She didn’t get one.

“Then again, I’ve noticed that their teamwork has… drastically improved. Do they prefer to ‘tag-team’?” at this part, Artemis wore a rather shit-eating grin as she took the three in.

And everyone was waiting for an answer. “…what?” Kagome wheezed the question, her throat still sore, and she could feel M'gann’s rather nasty glare.

Artemis shrugged her shoulders as she got more comfortable in her spot after pulling the bowl of popcorn her way. “Can’t a girl simply be curious?” she nibbled on some popcorn.

“…” Kagome could only blink at her friend. And perhaps one of the few people that supported her relations to both Conner and Kaldur. “What?” her mind was still wrapping around the idea that Artemis was asking how they were during sex. And while M'gann was right there too!

Shaking her head, she pulled Kaldur back against her, wanting to feel his warmth again. At this point, Robin had won the argument on which movie they were going to watch next. Leaning back into Conner’s hold, being sure to press a kiss under his chin, she wrapped her arms around Kaldur’s shoulders.

“We’re thorough.” Conner suddenly spoke up, interrupting the opening credits. “We like to cover all our bases.” he smirked behind Kagome’s fingers, a hand flew up to hush him. Instead, he pulled
her hand back to nip at her inner wrist.

“We’re currently working on her stamina.” Kaldur chuckled when Kagome attempted to hush him as well as hide herself, slouching down deeper between him and Conner. Little squeaks of embarrassment escaping her.

He took her other hand, kissing the inside of her palm before weaving their fingers so he could tuck their hands above his heart. Their actions helped Artemis learn some interesting things about how the two interacted with Kagome, perhaps even intimately. A smile, one of happiness and fully content, stretched across his face as he leaned deeper into Kagome’s warmth.

He was more than comfortable where he was, it didn’t hurt that Kagome pulled him just that little bit tighter to her. All the while, grumbling under her breath how he and Conner were evil and perverts.

As for the others, M'gann still continued to glare at Kagome in her silent-pouting way. Robin hadn’t been interested in the conversation, though the same couldn’t be said for Kid Flash. Artemis was watching the three, if only for a few moments before turning to the new movie. She was most likely trying to figure out if he and Conner had been telling the truth or simply teasing Kagome.

Kagome gave him a subtle nudge with her knee, he smiled as his free hand stopped it’s teasing petting. A hiss directed at Conner halted whatever he had been doing.

Yes, Kaldur didn’t mind them guessing as to what they did behind closed doors.
Yu Yu Hakusho: Kuwabara

His walk had a certain swagger to it, which wasn’t unusual with his height, but this swagger was different. It was one that belonged to a man that was fresh and new in a relationship. And was proud of that.

If you couldn’t tell by that, then either by the goofy grin or by his excitable doting were good giveaways.

The petite and very pretty young woman with him happily soaked up his attentions and affections. She returned both in a much more calm and poised manner. If not sometimes shyly. Either way, it had him cooing at her cuteness.

Normally one wouldn’t see these two together as boyfriend and girlfriend. She was a sort of classic beauty, though her blue eyes made her stand out. He, on the other hand, looked like a punk, thug, delinquent, a member of a gang. The fact that he was easily excitable didn’t help his case. Nor how he styled himself or who he hung out with.

None of that mattered to Kagome. She loved that he was attentive, sweet and caring. He was a goofball that always made sure that everyone knew he loved her for her. It was something she had always wanted and needed.

With a smile, she wrapped herself around his arm and leaned against him as they walked through the festival. A giggle escaped her remembering her reaction to him asking her out, for their first date, to the festival. One would have thought he had proposed, she had jumped him to hug his shoulders and had accidentally kissed him.

Not that either of them minded. It had been sweet and warm.

Their happy and peaceful moment was interrupted when a couple of rowdy kids dashed past them, giving Kagome a painful chuck to the ground and scraping her knees bloody.

Kuwabara was crouched next to her in an instant, checking her over. His face scrunched up when his eyes landed on her knees, and if it hadn’t been for her hand on his arm, he would have taken off after the brats.

“Leave them be.” Kagome shifted as carefully as she could. “I need some help back up.” she gave a few tender pokes just around the torn skin, whining slightly at the pain it caused.

Kuwabara’s lips stretched a little as he bit the inside of his cheek, a tad upset at not being able to have kept her from being hurt or punishing the brats that hurt her. Instead, he nodded his head and scooped her up into his arms. He did smile when her arms wrapped around his neck as she leaned against his shoulder and shifted the slightest amount to rest comfortably.

Smiling, he leaned down to nuzzle into her hair, happy to have her in his arms and at the perfect height. It was as they were walking down, just off to the side of the main crowd in search for a bench when Kuwabara’s face became red.

“Kuwabara-kun?” she absently toyed with the hair at the back of his neck while her other hand stroked along his just above his shoulders.

Kuwabara swallowed thickly, his posture stiffening making his steps wooden. In a slight shift, Kagome’s dress had allowed him to feel the back of her upper thighs. Though he made sure she
was still modestly covered.

Kagome herself blushed when he shifted his hold to keep the bottom of her dress up and covering her. Blinking her shock off, she giggled leaned up against his neck. Pressing a kiss just below his jaw, “Kuwabara-kun, you’re just too cute! Thank you.”

Kuwabara himself laughed loudly in his embarrassment, though he was loving every show of affection she was bestowing him with. Finally finding a bench, he sat down with her in his lap. Too happy to have her in his arms, he returned the affections happy how their date was turning out. He even got to cuddle with Kagome, not that he didn’t get to do that already. But it was their first date!

“Awa! Kagome-chan, you’re so cute!” he leaned in and rubbed his nose against hers in an Eskimo kiss, smiling when it earned him another bout of giggles. “We’ll see to your knees in a few minutes. How are they?”

Pulling back, Kagome stretched her legs as carefully as she could, the both of them looking at her battered knees. “They still sting a little, but I should be alright to walk for a few minutes. At least until we find a place where we can see to them.”

“No!” his sudden call had Kagome pulling back in surprise, curious as to what he was upset about. “I’m not letting you walk while you’re injured.”

Blinking blue eyes as his words settled, she smiled before cooing and hugging him tightly. “Aww! My own knight in shining armor! You’re so sweet, Kuwabara-kun!” she snuggled into his hold and warmth, curling completely in his lap as best she could, already knowing that her boyfriend was already smiling. Snuggling once more, she let out a hum when he returned the hug as well as nuzzling into her hair.

Minus the minor hiccup, their first date was actually going along rather well.
Cardcaptor Sakura: Touya Kinomoto

Their panting breaths filled the empty classroom, the rustling of fabric and a few feminine groans or mewls accompanied with male grunts. There were sounds of a few lingering students that echoed through the door and birds chirping and children’s laughter drifting through a cracked window.

Kagome couldn’t believe she was even in this situation, to begin with, especially with her current… partner? Lover? A strong sucking sensation just below her ear and a sensual squeeze to her bottom had her moaning. She had long given up trying to stay quiet, not that he allowed her to anyway. Who knew he was such a demanding… partner? Lover?

A masculine thigh wedged between her own quivering ones, the large hands on her bottom pulling her forward as his own hips rolled forward.

“…your pants…” she managed to breathe out, a small voice wondering why she was worried about his pants and not about getting caught. Ah! His tongue following her thrashing pulse to nip at her collar bone answered that question.

His chuckle; much deeper, throatier and richer than normal, had her stomach and other parts of her demanding in need. “Your panties already that ruined?” it had meant to be a joke. The sudden fingers stroking and petting her through said ruined panties were not. “Nng, so wet.”

A shiver raced down her spine as she broke out in goosebumps. Who knew Touya Kinomoto could dirty talk. Or that she would actually be turned on by it. Her hips bucked when he found her clit, and for the first time in her sexually aware life, she felt herself throb and clench in need.

And all because she thought he was gay. Not that she had a problem with that, it was just she had stumbled on some rather intimate moments between him and his best friend.

It was during an earlier conversation where she stated such that had him kissing her. She of course, though she did blush, told him he didn’t need to lie or force himself by kissing her. An argument started and somehow, their current situation came into play.

So maybe he wasn’t outright gay… bisexual? It was hard to tell since he never really hung out with anyone other than Yukito and herself on occasion, was hard to read at the best of times and what he was currently doing to her.

“Stop thinking.” a nip to her already abused earlobe had her gasping, a teasing finger delved shallowly only to quickly retreat had her hips straining for more of the newest sensation. “You’re overthinking got you into this, action is the only way out.”

Her brows angled downward as he denied her any more than what was already giving her with his teasing fingers. “You didn’t make it rather clear… Ha-ha… Mmm, and you’re being a tease…” her hands clawed down his arms, wrinkling his blazer.

“I’m a tease?” he hunkered down to pant in her ear as his free hand forced one of her own to cup him through his slacks and stroke the straining length hidden beneath. A groan escaped him, mixed with her gasp when he used his hold on her bottom to lift her and pin her against the wall and his own body, her legs automatically locking around his hips.

“Do you know how hard it was to hold myself back?” the question he grunted out was meant more as a statement, though she was confused and distracted. Far too distracted. “The school uniform has you showing so much, it takes everything I have not to worship your legs and what’s hidden
beneath.”

Her blush grew into a blaze at his words and at how his hands trailed and massaged her thighs.

“Your open, caring nature make me jealous whenever you even look at another guy, let alone smile at them. The smile you always wear seems to brighten my day and make me want to smile in return, so whenever I see you upset, I simply want to take you away and make you happy.” hips rolled against her own as his lips left wet bruises along her neck and shoulder.

A small distant part of her brain balked at the whole situation. Touya Kinomoto was seducing her, leaving a chain of hickeys for the whole world to see, dry humping her all the while saying the sweetest things. If she could, she’d be a mess of crying female at his words, but Touya was distracting her enough to let his words sink in while seducing her body and heart.

“…and don’t get me started on what you’re required to wear for sport. Every time I see you, like every other male can, in those bloomers, I want to steal you away and cover you with all that is me so the whole world will know.”

A mewl escaped her at a particularly harsh snap of his hips, most likely he was picturing her in her sports uniform. Her own imagination now running wild on what he just said. “…Touya…”

“Kagome.” his thrusting was wild and harsh now, and a sound, almost a whimper or whine, escaped him when she began to thrust down to meet him. “Don’t stop.”

She shook her head, a deep part of her mewling at his rather impressive and dominating growl. She felt how soaked her panties were now. “Nnng… never… Ah! There! Touya… right… there…”

His strength surprised her, supporting her weight with a thigh and one hand so his other could sneak beneath her ruined panties to roll and tease her throbbing nub. His hips never stopped.

When a single finger delved into her, teasing and creating a deep aching need in her that had her clenching in want, her hands buried in his hair as she cried out his name and licked his jaw.

A smirk, something darker than she was used to seeing compared to what he wore, had her squeezing down on his finger. “Be my girlfriend, go out with me.”

He could have asked her to parade naked down the hallway for all she cared at the moment, all she wanted was to reach what only he was willing to offer. “Yes! Oh, Kami-sama, yes! Kami… Touya…”

It was feeling a second finger tease it’s way into her, that finally set her off. Some part remembered that they were still in school, forcing her to muffle her scream. Touya seemed only too happy to swallow it.

Her legs twitched as she shivered, a mewl escaped her when Touya removed his fingers, trailing them down her thigh. She felt the evidence of what just happened, begin to cool against her heated skin. Then her mind cleared and she remembered what she had just agreed to.

Blushing at his chuckle, she attempted to hide from him by burying her face against his chest. “…it’s not funny! And that was a horrible way to ask me!”

His lips and warm breath brushed and teased her ear. “You weren’t complaining. In fact, you were praising me loudly.” he laughed outright as she struggled to stand on her legs, which were more like limp wet noodles at the moment. “Besides, if I had done it any other way, you’d still think I
was gay.”

“That’s not my fault!” she gave his shoulder a weak slap when he sat her atop a desk, huffing at his obvious discomfort due to her wet panties.

“Yes, you assumed.” his nose was buried in her temple.

“Well, sorry. But you really did give off that sort of vibe.” she tried to ignore her panties as she shifted. “I mean, hell, half the class was betting on which of the two of you would confess and when!”

“I’m happy to disappoint.” he pressed a kiss just below her ear. “You think you can walk now?”

“Hmph! Again, your fault! But, yes.” she knew he was more than pleased that he rendered her unable to walk.

“Good.” it came out a purr, almost, and then that damn ‘new’ smirk appeared as he eyes her still shivering legs.

Grumbling, she tugged on her skirt as if to hide the fact of what they had just done. “Now my uniform is more than likely ruined.” she laid the blame at his feet. He reacted like a hunter that caught the greatest game.

“You’re more than welcome to come over and clean up.” he kissed her brow with a chuckle when she tossed him a wary glare. “Sakura will be happy to see you again, the little Monster.”

She narrowed her eyes at him before agreeing. He was least likely to do anything with his little sister present. If it hadn’t been his hold on her her, his next words would have tripped her. “You can also stay the night.”
She was a year younger, thus in a class under him. And yet, she caught his eye. Unlike the other girls, she didn’t throw herself at him or attempt to gain anything from him. In fact, it was almost as if his family name and all that was attached to it was of no importance to her.

So whenever she talked to him, it was him she was talking to. And it was… nice. It was what kept his attention. And soon, he became obsessed. He studied her in his free time, learning all he could about Kagome Higurashi.

Like his, her family was an old one. Unlike his, hers had modest and humble origins and kept to the shrine each generation as the keepers of the grounds. The girl herself was… worldly. She had a certain maturity that went beyond even him and still maintained a positive outlook on life. If it weren’t for her eyes, a shade of blue he had yet to see elsewhere, she was the epitome of a blossoming Japanese beauty.

She was soft in her curves, a natural glow that spoke of her love for the outdoors and a hidden strength that the women of his own family would envy. She preferred to read rather than watch, held a deep respect for nature and was skilled with a bow as he was in kendo and oddly had a wealth of knowledge in herbs.

With every discovery, every new facet he learned, the more his obsession grew. Until one day, he realized he wanted her. It was almost a primal instinct. So he managed to shift not only his but her life as well so that she was exposed to him as much as he had been to her.

He smiled as he remembered the day she came over for the first time, how his mother cooed over her. Even going so far as to comment on how they’d make a handsome pair. He always knew his mother would be the one to plant the idea in his little woman’s head. His own pulse had jumped as his mother began to mutter to herself, about their possible future children. While he knew they were still too young, the idea and the thought of practicing heated his blood.

Kagome had a becoming blush after the incident, though she bravely continued to keep eye contact with him. So brave, his little Kagome.

And here they sat, months after their first tutoring session. This would be their last as she had finally caught up in her math lessons, be he wasn’t going to let that deter him.

“…Uchiha-san…” her cheeks grew rosy at slight poke to the side that had her flinching away from the tickling sensation. “…Itachi-kun… this is highly inappropriate…”

Itachi hummed, only too happy to with their current position. He figured he’d treat himself, and Kagome of course, for their last session. Thus, sitting her in his lap. His arms were loosely wrapped around her waist and chin propped atop her head as she attempted to work on her math. Apparently, she found him distracting enough to not be able to focus on her math. He was more than alright with that.

Ignoring her comment, he raised a hand to tap the empty page of her notebook. “You should be concentrating on your homework.” his hand was slow to return to its comfortable spot, where his fingers once again began to tap and dance along her hip. “If you’re this easily distracted, then perhaps we should continue with the tutoring sessions after tonight.”

He smirked as he saw the subtle shake of her hand as she squeezed her pencil, and he knew, he
knew, that she was most likely pouting and glaring at her empty sheet.

“Why are you doing this?” the sudden question had him blinking, he shifted after giving her a gentle squeeze and pulled back a slight amount to watch the top of her head.

“Most girls would be thrilled to be in this situation.” his lips quirked when his thumbs swept across the small amount of skin that peeked from beneath her shirt. He felt his blood heat the smallest amount when he realized that the smooth skin he was currently stroking was, in fact, the subtle curvature of her hipbones.

The tips of her ears were now rosy at this point, but she ignored it to continue staring at the table before them. “Yeah, well, I’m not most girls.”

Relaxing and more than pleased with her reply, he smiled as he buried his face into her hair. “And that is why.”

When he felt her shift to look at him directly, he couldn’t help but smile and tuck some stray strands of hair behind her ear. Her blue eyes seemed to glow with the warm blush adorning her cheeks. “What are you after, exactly?”

If there was one thing that both annoyed and entertained him about her, was that she was blind to others attraction towards her. It was entertaining to see others stumble after her, though it was a hindrance in his own attempts at winning her affections for himself. Now he had the opening to tell and show her exactly how he felt about her. And also let her know that he wasn’t ready to give up should she decline or let go.

“What I’m after, hmm?” he leaned in closer, smirking when her blush grew rapidly the closer he got. “You.”

Blue eyes widened as she blinked a few time and slowly turned to face forward again, allowing him to admire the now exposed side of her neck. There was the faintest flushing, her pulse was pounding and the smooth skin looked so tempting. But he held himself back until she said something, either it be to accept or decline him.

“M-me?” her entire voice trembled. She immediately released her pencil when it creaked in her hand only to jump slightly when he pressed his lips to where her neck and shoulder met. “A-ah! I don’t… I can’t… that is to say…”

“Hmm?” he hadn’t been aware that her skin could feel so soft and warm, pliable beneath his lips or that she could taste so sweet. It had him hungering for more. If he wasn’t currently busy, he would have smirked at the breathless mewl she released when he began to gently suck at the skin just above her collar.

When her head tilted away, thus giving him better access, he pulled her deeper into his hold. He tightened said hold when she began to squirm, hoping to still her movement and keep from his own anatomy from reacting. Giving the skin one last nip he pulled away to admire his work, deeply pleased at the mark he left behind. “What was that?” he hummed at spying the dazed expression she wore.

“What?” her voice was breathy, lips looking far too moist and a tad swelled and all that tempting. She must have bitten her lower lip.

“Be my girlfriend.” if it was one thing he learned, it was that Kagome needed to be shown or told directly, otherwise it would fly right by her.
“Ah-ha-ah… Mmm.” her entire posture slumped back into him, which he was only too happy to accept her weight. “You’ve been planning this for a long while.”

“Mm-hmm.” he was happy that she was again focusing on him completely and waiting patiently for her reply to his request.

“And you’re not going to relent until you get your answer.” she had made certain emphasis on the -your- in her comment.

He smirked, humming again as he gave a nod of his head. Apparently, she knew him a lot better than he thought she would.

“Well, if it’ll keep me from suffering your constant insistence until you finally get what you want…” she hummed when he propped his chin on her free shoulder. “I guess… it couldn’t hurt to give you a chance.”

His little woman was being a tease, and it was amazing that she could bring out a playful side of himself that he hadn’t been aware of previously. It wasn’t as energetic as her own, but it was there. He also now had the opportunity to prove himself to her.
It had been a long and hard battle, but they had finally defeated Naraku and regained his portion of the Shikon. All of them that had been slighted by the vile hanyou had come together. They had even gained an unlikely ally in one Ichigo Kurosaki, a half shinigami.

He had appeared out of nowhere one day and simply stuck around. He wouldn’t tell them where he came from or why he was helping, not even Kagome, just said he wanted to help.

There were times where tensions got thick, it was bound to happen when Inuyasha and Ichigo shared similar personality traits. Kagome was sometimes only a little too happy to play referee. But only sometimes.

And now they had wandered back to Edo to treat their wounds and celebrate their long-awaited victory. And for Ichigo to say his farewells.

“I really hate to see you go.” Kagome sniffled. Even with all the injuries she received, she hadn’t shed a tear, saying good-bye shouldn’t hurt worse in comparison. And yet it did.

“Hey, chin up,” Ichigo smirked slightly, he had just used a crooked finger to lift her chin only to flick her on the forehead. He laughed at the momentarily stunned look before her cheeks puffed slightly at her angry pout. Not bothering to wait for the obvious scolding he was about to get for not being serious, he pressed his brow to her own. For a few moments, he breathed her in. Underneath the blood, mud, sweat and burnt smell was everything that was purely Kagome.

He may not have the same senses as those of youkai, hell even a hanyou, but he understood their need to breathe her in. Clean, pure, warm, refreshing. Opening his eyes, he stared into her blues ones, smirking at her blush. She was adorable and cute and sweet. There were also moments where he thought she was sexy, but he wasn’t about to admit that.

“It’s just goodbye.” he saw how her lower lip wobbled a bit as she gave another sniffle.

“But, I don’t know if I’ll ever see you again.” her voice was low, warbling a bit as she attempted to keep her voice from cracking.

“Ya always worried too much on the ‘what if’s’.” he pulled her into a hug, totally not his style, but for Kagome, he was willing to suffer the knowing looks from the others. He glared at the waggling brows from Miroku.

Kagome’s hands clenched at the strong material at his back, shaking her head and burying her face deeper into his chest. Of all those she met in the past, Ichigo was the one one who seemed to really understand the pressure she was under and went out of his way to help her.

She had her suspicions about his origins, the future like herself. His knowledge and understanding of her school materials were a major factor, but also how he acted and interacted with others was similar to boys from home. How he spoke was also modern.

But, Tokyo was a big place. And she didn’t know if he was even from Tokyo or -her- time. Saying good-bye to him only reminded her that she’d have to say goodbye to either her friends in the past or her family.

Defeating Naraku was meant to be a joyous occasion, and here she was, worrying about ‘what if’s’.
“So I need ya to take care of yourself for me, no matter what happens.” Ichigo’s voice only had her clenching onto him that much tighter. She heard and felt his exhale. A bubble of laughter hiccuped out of her when he finally returned her hug in earnest. “Come on now, no tears.”

“Easy for you to say, ya sour strawberry.” more laughter escaped her even as she whined to his teasing form of mock punishment.

“I ain’t a strawberry!” his knuckles dug into her scalp in a noogie, mussing her hair into a bird’s nest.

“So are!” Kagome cried out as she attempted to free herself from his hold, twisting and turning in his hold in all attempts to extract herself from his hold.

After a minute or two of useless struggling, Kagome gave up and simply leaned against him instead, holding onto the arm around her shoulders that supported her. “I’m going to miss you.”

“I’m gonna miss you too. Chibi-chan.” he chuckled at the pout she threw up at him, it wilted at her distressed cry when he began to disappear. “Remember, take care.”

Kagome stumbled, almost tripping over the Goshinboku’s roots when Ichigo finally disappeared. Tears finally fell, a few, but they fell all the same. Her heart beat with slow strong pulses, reminding her that her own moment of truth was now up.

Sniffling, she stared up at the slowly swaying boughs of the tree that was centered around so much in her life. The scar left from where Inuyasha had been pinned to was fresh in the here and now than it was compared to the there and then of her own time. The world itself was so much more free, wild, pure and clean. It was all in balance.

Seeming to sense the feeling, the others approached the lone standing girl to surround her with their love and smile despite all their tears. Miroku just so happens to have sake on him, so they camped at the base of the Goshinboku sharing stories from their travels, all laughing to the point where they all had tears leaking from the corner of their eyes. Though Inuyasha was being ‘tough’ and turning away to wipe whatever was ‘in his eye’.

As the sake was running low and Miroku, Sango, and Kagome were wearing rosy flushes on their cheeks and Shippo was curling in Kagome’s hold as deeply as he could, they were all passing out something small to give to Kagome. They were momentous should she end up being forced back home, never to return. Kagome, in turn, handed them each something from home that they could hold onto and find valuable.

When the sun was low on the horizon, Kagome finally brought the two halves of the Shikon together. There was no bright burst of light as there had been when it had shattered. Nor any other mystical sign to announce the completion of the Shikon, there was nothing for a while. And just when they were going to let out their breaths in relief, that was when Kagome began to disappear.

Shippo was the loudest amongst them all, clinging as tightly as he could to her image to the point where his claws scratched her. She managed to ignore it as she held onto him and bid everyone water good-byes. It was when she was back home, arms wrapped tightly around her own stomach where Shippo had once been, did her heartbreak. The Shikon that had been clutched tightly in her fist fell through her fingers like glittering sand.

It was cooler that it had been back in the Feudal Era, a muffled din from the city made it both louder and quieter making the air heavy and thick. She was about to curl in on herself and bawl her eyes out when an arm around her shoulders and drew her into a warmth she had thought she had
just said goodbye to hours ago.

“I’m pretty sure I had said no tears.” he chuckled when she only blinked up at him, even after he flicked her on the forehead. Big blues eyes shimmered with tears, brows furrowing slightly in obvious confusion. He figured him wearing Karakura High school uniform didn’t help either.

“I-Ichigo?” she pushed him back to take him in completely, eyes scouring his form before locking with his own. “What?”

“Been coming here for the past… week or so to see if it was when you finally returned.” he looked away and scratched the back of his head, not sure why he came at all. Though seeing how Kagome was reacting, he was glad he did. “Come on, Chibi-chan. Let’s get you inside, fed and cleaned up.”

He picked her up with ease, deftly ignoring her cries and protest, and made his way to the house at the back of the shrine. He had come to learn the Higurashi family well in the short time he’s been around and felt more than welcome. And now that Kagome was back, he knew he’d be around more often. If only to look out for the trouble magnet that she was.
Despite what had happened at the museum just two days ago, Megumi-sensei was allowing the trip to continue on its full course. Now, they were going to visit a local school to experience the differences compared to their own back in Tokyo. They had been there for all of half an hour when she was suddenly whisked away from her friends.

Blinking blue eyes, she twisted about to see her friends looking confused and call for her over the din of the gathered crowd of students greeting her classmates. It wasn’t until they turned a corner did she look up to get a good look at her supposed kidnapper and had to stop at the familiar red hair and wide green eyes.

“Yo!” he tossed her a smile that only had her reeling back, if not balking at seeing him face to face after what she had done at the museum.

“Um, why are you kidnapping me?” her eyes skipped and followed whatever caught her interest, only to squeak when they suddenly ducked into an area that looked relatively deserted. A… small dusty office of some kind. “You try anything, and I will hurt you.”

“Phew boy…” a hand ran through his hair, mussing it up and giving him an adorable bedhead look. “Look, I just wanted to talk about the other day. You know, the museum?”

“Interesting museum.” she decided to take a closer look at the barely touched shelves. “Not too sure on the displays myself, but, to each their own.”

She kept her back to him to hide her smile at his outcry from her comment. “Hey! And just what is wrong with the displays?”

Shrugging her shoulders, she smiled at his slight pout when she turned around. “Oh, I don’t know. Because it’s a little on the stalker side?” she couldn’t help but chuckle at how he looked totally utterly confused. “All those displays are like little shrines. And all of it devoted to a certain group of individuals.”

He frowned, crossing his arms over his chest and turned away to pout a little more. “…when you put it like that… I like to think about it as tributes. A way for the people to get close without needing to personally meet them.”

“Ah.” what he said was also true, in the right, or wrong, circumstances meeting a superhero wasn’t always the greatest. “So, the other day at the museum. Did you want to talk about how you’re a hero in training?”

Her smile grew at his wary look, it was as if he wasn’t sure what she said had been an insult or compliment. After an extended amount of silence, she took a few steps forward. She almost laughed at seeing him stop himself from stepping back.

“Were you trying to use that information to do something to, oh I don’t know, get the girl?” she pointed at herself, indicating which girl they both knew she was talking about. She honestly didn’t know where this bravery was coming from, but she couldn’t help but tease him. Especially when he actually started to blush.

“Ah-!” his voice cracked slightly, forcing him to cough as his blush brightened at her small giggle. “Actually! Actually, I wanted to talk about what you did at the museum.”
“Ah. That.” she spun to face away from him, trying to look more interested in the poster on the wall. This time she blushed when she realized it was about something to do with sex education. Talk about ruining her poker face. “Well, I think what I did was pretty obvious. And awesome if you ask me.”

“…more like hot…” his muttered words had her whipping her head to face him, making her wonder if she had heard him correctly. Seeing her wide-eyed look had him shrugging his own shoulders. “What? I’m being honest.”

Coughing to get over her own sudden embarrassment, she turned away. She was currently more willing to stare down an outdated sex-ed poster at the moment.

“Oh? What’s this?” his teasing tone only made her blush grow richer, he chuckled when she began to fidget. “Like I said, only being honest.”

Kagome squeaked and began to shuffle away as he began to inch closer to her, looking happy to have the tables turned. “Alright, you have questions, go ahead and ask them!” she squeaked when she bumped into the desk behind her. Nowhere left to run, and she really didn’t want to use force.

“Ah-ah!” he tutted, shaking a finger as he shook his head. “Those are more for something where we’re sure to have privacy. I’m half expecting Mr. Goody-Two-Shoes to show up to your rescue. And we both know he does seem the type to become a stalker, no need to give him any more ammo.”

Kagome winced at the truth behind Hojo’s character. All she needed was a restraining order to make it official. She just really didn’t have it in her to do that to the poor boy. And that was because he really was that, a boy. Shaking her head to rid herself of those thoughts, she looked him directly to get back to the point. “Okay. So if you’re here to tell me that I’m to go somewhere later to discuss in better detail about what happened somewhere private, why the secrecy now? I mean, I should be back with my friends…”

His smirk was all boyish charm and had something in her cooing at it and him, it didn’t help that he still had that bed head from his earlier mussing or gave a casual shrug. “Maybe I was.”

Furrowing her brows, her head tilted slightly in her confusion. “Was what?”

“Trying something to get the girl.” his blush returned but he was making sure they didn’t break eye contact. “Normally it’s me saving the day…”

A slow smile stretched across her lips as he trailed off. “And, the hero gets the girl. Are you saying I threw off your game?” she leaned in closer that tiny amount, it seemed to make the air between them a tad more intimate. Her voice even dropped to a whisper. “Did you want me to make up for that?”

His eyes dropped to her lips, eyes going half-lidded. For a moment, he didn’t say anything though he was quick to inhale as he absently nodded his head. “That… that would be nice. And only if you’re willing.”

Humming, she couldn’t drop her smile even as she pursed her lips for a moment, she stepped up on her toes. Her hands were braced against his chest for balance, not at all surprised when his hands settled on her waist or that his head lowered a bit. “Only because you were so kind, and did actually save my life, to begin with…”

It was nothing more than a soft press of her lips against his, but it earned a pleased whimper from
him all the same. His arms and hands were respectful, even though she felt him want nothing more than to drag her closer, and he didn’t push to deepen the kiss. Which endeared him to her.

Pulling back, she smiled up at him as she lowered back onto her feet. “So, I guess you’ll be picking me up later to go to your place for this discussion?” at his slow and dazed nod of his head. “It’s a date then!”

With a sweep of her hands to smooth out any wrinkles, she bounced out of the forgotten office and practically skipped her way back to her friends.

Wally knew for a fact that he was wearing a goofy grin as he watched her turn down the hallway he had kidnapped her from. It didn’t hurt that she was wearing a school uniform, with a skirt that drifted a little higher with each step. So not only did she look back, back at the museum, but she kissed him and called him picking her up later a date! “Ah, I love my job!”

She had been a neighbor for a while, had been asked to watch over the adorable little girl more often than not that she could only grow familiar with him. Which would explain why she was a little thrown off at him actually pouting at their current situation.

“You can quit pouting, it’s not like anyone is going to know your little sister asked the neighborly cat lady to help bandage you up.” she threw out the soiled cotton wad to grab a new one, giving him a pointed look when he huffed.

“I jus’ don’t see any point.” he rolled his eyes away from her, not used to being this close to a woman outside of being a hero. Especially a pretty one, no matter if she may be a cat lady as she called herself.

Rolling her eyes at his continued pouting, she combed his unfairly soft hair away from his forehead to get a better look at the wound he had received from the day. Thankfully he had already taken a shower, so most of the dirt was gone, it did, however, allow for fresh blood to trickle. The fact that the wound was just past his hairline was not helping. Shaking her head, she reached for some disinfectant, giving him a pointed look when he tried to pull away. “I thought you were the big tough hero! Don’t tell me you’re afraid of some disinfectant and it stinging a little bit!”

“I ain’t no baby!” his call rang through the air as he settled back within her reach, more than a little upset that she was questioning his manhood. His grumbles went ignored and he grit his teeth when the wet and cold cotton wad finally touched his latest wound.

“Yeah, yeah. A hero that looks like a punk to me.” she smoothed his hair back some more as she leaned in closer to see just how bad the wound was. “Well, you’re not going to need stitches, which is the good part. But head wounds are tricky, and since I don’t know if you were knocked out from this one, I want you to see a doctor if you start feeling anything. Be it anything along the lines of headaches or dizziness.”

She pulled back completely to toss the used cotton and wipes so she could clean and pack up her first aid kit. While she was cleaning up, making sure everything was in its place and mentally making a shopping list for the morning, she was more than aware that his eyes were on her.

“Why did ya help me again?” he crossed his arms over his chest.

“Because Zenko-chan asked me too, you’re her big brother and she worries.” she snapped her first aid kit closed and set it in her lap as she looked at him directly. “Speaking of which, I’m not sure if you’re aware of it or not, but she invited me to a school rehearsal of hers since she’s noticed you’ve become a lot more busier as of late.”

His dark eyes followed her hand as she pulled a folded piece of paper from her back pocket. He had been more than aware of it when she first approached him to treat his wounds, how couldn’t he have been when she was wearing those skinny jeans. He accepted the piece of paper and read the words printed on it, a little upset that Zenko-chan hadn’t said anything to him, and that their neighbor was the one to bring it up. “Right. Ya planin’ on goin?”

“It’d be rude of me not to now that I was invited.” she gave a slight huff. “But if you can make it, to take my place…” she left it open for him to pick up on her meaning.
“Nah, nah. She really likes ya. No need to upset her anymore with you being a no-show if I might not be able to show up myself.” he waved the idea down as he stared down at the date and time when the rehearsal was going to take place. He was swearing to himself to make time to show up for Zenko-chan, no matter what.

“Alright then. My work here is done for the day.” She stood up, kit held in one hand as she dusted herself down with the other. “I guess I’ll see you again whenever we cross paths next. Keep it easy in your down time.”

He grunted under the light pat she gave his shoulder as she walked past so she could return to her own place, simply listening to her footsteps as she walked away. A grunt escaped him when she called out to him quietly, as not to wake Zenko-chan up, to let her know he was paying attention. “Ya know, you should keep your hair down more often, you look cuter that way.”

She giggled at the scowl tossed her way and how he grumbled about how he wasn’t a ‘fricken model’ for her viewing pleasure. The blatant sweep of her eyes over his body had him blushing, though her smirk grew teasing and playful as she shrugged her shoulders and bid her farewell.

Another set of incoherent grumbles left him as he dropped deeper into the chair, all of which were centered around his really hot neighbor. Give him Demons, give him ass-holes or Dragons. Those he could deal with. But toss him Kagome Higurashi? Apparently, he turned into a bumbling idiot of a jerk.
So the start of the new school year was right around the corner, meaning they had to do supply shopping. And had she been alone, she would have been lost in the crowd. Though she wasn’t alone, she had two very protective escorts leading her through the mass of parents and their children, who were also doing their shopping.

She was easily able to ignore the curious stares she was receiving, dressed up in her ‘muggle’ clothes and sandwiched between Sirius and Remus. Remus, the more reserved of the two had his arm wrapped around her waist and had his hand conveniently tucked into a back pocket. Which was thankfully hidden by a sweater she borrowed from Sirius, who was the one leading the way via a strong hold on her hand.

“I still think this is a bad idea.” the words were sing-song past a tight smile, ducking closer to Sirius when a group of rowdy kids ran past, proudly holding their wands high.

Sirius raised their hands to kiss her knuckles, brows wagging a few times before he leaned in to whisper his next words. No need to embarrass her, or let those not involved know of certain aspects of their relationship. “You keep saying that, but I have yet to really hear you say no to any of our bad ideas.”

Her cheeks warmed at the meaning behind his words, though she was thankful her cheeks didn’t glow as fiercely as they used to when they first became a… menage a trois. There, she officially acknowledged what they were. Even if it was mentally. But, Sirius did have a point. She always made a point that whatever they started up were ‘bad ideas’ but she didn’t go out of her way to actually stop them.

“And I think this is the worst one.” her lips pursed when she whimpered at the slight stinging nip Sirius gave her earlobe. Blue eyes narrowed on his twinkling gray eyes at his devilishly handsome smirk.

“What’s the worst that could happen?” Remus piped up, his voice had a slight edge to it that could only come from not being able to show open affection since Sirius had been doing so since they arrived. It didn’t stop his hand from giving the delightful cheek cupped in his hand a generous squeeze.

Her slight jump had him smirking, stoking him that he could still surprise her with his words and actions. Then he couldn’t wait to share his surprise the moment they were alone.

“Oh, I don’t know. Good case, nothing. Worst case, we all die in a fiery explosion.” her eyes took in the building.

“Cheery imagination you have there, love.” Remus snickered when she gave his side a good jab. “I do believe it could be put to better use.”

Kagome didn’t get a chance to do or say anything to reprimand him as Sirius had opened the door to the store, a bell ringing through the air. The air was warm inside, dust motes flickering like flecks of silver or gold in the light. What caught Kagome’s attention were the shelves that were lined with boxes, from floor to ceiling.

Remus was more than happy to observe her as she took the store in, blinking wide eyes when Ollivander appeared from the back, looking the same as ever.
“Yes? Can I help you?” he took them in, brows furrowing slightly. “Not here for replacement wands, are we?”

“Oh, no!” Sirius shook his head, snagging Kagome and pulling her to his side. “We’re here for a first wand, actually.”

Kagome offered a smile and waved a polite hello, entire posture and expression becoming bashful at the sharp look she was now under. “A bit old for a first wand…”

Sirius nodded his head. “Yes, Kagome is a special case. She can perform magic, it just not the kind we’re familiar with, so we were wondering if it could be possible she’d be able to use a wand.” he tucked some hair behind her ear, leaning in close to kiss her temple to reassure her.

“Hmm, interesting. Interesting.” they all watched as he stepped around and proceeded to closely observe Kagome.

Remus smiled at the whole thing, nodding his head whenever she threw him or Sirius confused or unsure glances while Ollivander took his measurements. It had been an interesting, if not an entertaining hour, as Kagome worked through testing every wand that had been presented to her. Most of which had done nothing, until they had gotten a sputtering glimmer from one, and then it was simply figuring out which of the materials that had been compatible with her natural magic.

“So, my dear, you finally have a wand.” Sirius pressed a kiss against her flushed cheek, not at all surprised at how she was staring at her new wand. “No explosions or fiery deaths.”

Remus’ fingers twitched as he watched Kagome holding onto her new wand with sure hands but with awe. “I do believe someone is in for a treat.”

“Ah-ah. None of that.” she rolled her wand along the palm of one hand, frowning lightly. “Where do I put it?”

“What do you mean?” Sirius furrowed his brows, only for one to jump up as she twirled her wand in small circles.

“My wand. I highly doubt putting it in my back pocket while not in use is a good idea.” she gave him a pointed look, squeaking when Remus’ hand in one of said back pockets gave her a remind that it was there.

“We could always get you a holster.” Remus commented, smirking when she almost tripped only to giggle when she was quick to right herself.

“Seriously? A holster?” she threw her head back and let out a peal of laughter. “Oh, that is rich!”

While she was laughing in pure enjoyment about her latest discovery, Remus leaned back and quietly communicated to Sirius making a certain request. Gray eyes widened as dark brows rose, but it was replaced with a slow smirk and subtle nod from Sirius as they directed a slightly oblivious Kagome towards a new destination.

“Hm? Where are we going?” Kagome blinked when Sirius safely tucked away Kagome’s wand in his robe, brows furrowed when they entered what appeared to be a pub.

“It’s getting late, and from your reaction, I didn’t think you’d be up for another floo run.” her nose scrunched up at the memory of the smell and taste of fire magically altered for travel. Remus snickered to lean in to whisper. “So we decided to get a room for the night. This way we can finish our shopping tomorrow before returning to the cottage.”
“Oh.” she dragged the word out, though didn’t seem to be too worried from his answer. She was put to even more ease when they ate a nice hot meal in the pub before they made their way upstairs to their room.

When the door closed behind Sirius, Remus was on Kagome faster than she had seen him move. Her brows furrowed slightly at the pain of her back hitting the wall, whimpering slightly at it as well. It had Remus easing a little, but he did not halt his attentions, in fact, his hands became more active. Picking her up so that she had to wrap her legs around his waist or risk falling.

Sirius’ brows shot up at the display, not used to seeing Remus so… demanding. Guess he shouldn’t have teased Kagome the entire time they were out and about, right in front of Remus at that. They had agreed when they first went out with Kagome that only one of them would be affectionate with her, they could care less what others said, but they did not want their Kagome to hear how some thought she was a loose woman.

Not their Kagome.

Sirius watched as he settled down atop one of the beds. It was different and new, watching rather than taking part, but it was no less enjoyable. It was arousing to see Kagome get thoroughly ravished, Remus was making sure he lavished her good and proper. Hmm, if he was enjoying watching, he’d be sure to tell Remus, he might just find it as enjoyable.

With how Remus was going, there was going to be a smattering of bruises along the one side her neck, the side he claimed as his own. At the sound of tearing, Sirius mentally put on buying Kagome a new shirt, no, perhaps a lovely dress for tomorrow.

He smirked as he watched how Kagome just as passionately returned Remus’ affections, which was adorable with how much she tend to fight them. Though, that usually happened when they were in areas that were less than private, where they could get caught. Sirius found it added a bit of a thrill, and he knew Remus for the all the proper and polite guy that he was, was also partial to nature due to his… fuzzy condition.

And tucking Kagome between them in a dark corner to snog was rather a must while at school.

Kagome currently had her hands buried in Remus’ hair while she was pinned between him and the wall, wearing nothing more than her delightful jeans and a surprising heart touching bra of red and gold. It made him wonder if she wore a pair of matching panties… and what particular style. He had never known there were so many cuts a woman could wear, so he was anticipating to discover whatever Remus was going to soon reveal.

A smirk curled his lips when Kagome managed to tear away from Remus, head turned away to catch her breath. Remus went back to claiming her neck, uncaring and unworried that Kagome was currently watching Sirius watch them. Her blue eyes were dark and hazy, lips glossy and swollen. When he continued to watch rather than join in, her brows furrowed and she called out his name. “Sirius?”

“Don’t worry, love, I’m comfortable right where I am.” he waved a hand for them to continue on, not at all surprised by Remus’ eyes flashing. It reminded him that the full moon was close and that they would be spending the rest of the summer at the cottage for safety. He also caught the silent question in Remus’ own gaze. “I’m rather enjoying the show. Perhaps Remus would like to observe next time.”

He waggled his brows towards the engaged pair. After a moment, the two returned and Sirius made himself comfortable once again to sit back and enjoy the show. Ah! The panties did match! Atta
boy, Remus!
She wasn’t unused to violence, being in a kill or be killed situation or treating battle wounds that could make a veteran surgeon sick, but she had honestly thought that was all behind her. Literally ancient history.

That sort of changed when she somehow, it was still unclear to her, crossed paths with the ‘Wayne Family’. Okay, it was like slipping back into her hold loafers from Jr. High. And because of what she was, it didn’t take that much or that long to figure out about their nocturnal activities.

With that said, she ended up hanging out a lot with them at Wayne Manor. Had her own room and everything. And despite them all knowing the basics of her past, they had all been pretty much against letter her take part in protecting the city. That they knew of.

So instead, she treated their wounds.

“I think you might need to update your gear.” Kagome commented as she dabbed at the thin cut before her. If she wasn’t use to the sight or concentrating on her task, she’d be blushing madly at Jason’s bare torso.

He gave a grunt, not bothering to answer but instead watch her. He was still… adjusting since his… return.

“Unless you allowed yourself to be a target?” blue eyes flew up to lock with his own clear blue ones. She smirked at his scowl, letting him know she was only teasing. Turning back to her task, she tossed the cotton wad away when she deemed the wound clean. Her fingers were as gentle as she could in probing the bruises along his ribs.

“How come you’re not freaking out?” his question had her looking up again, a brow raised silently to question what he meant. He waved an absent hand to indicate himself, wincing slightly when she reached a particular bruise.

“Honestly, you’re not the first person I know to come back from the grave.” she reached for some salve and wraps, lips twitching into a smirk at her next words. “Though, you’re the first one that hasn’t tried to kill me!”

Her hands didn’t stop as she laughed at his disbelieving look, smoothing the salve into his skin with care. “Besides, you’re still you. Perhaps more reckless, but, still you.”

So concentrated with her task, she didn’t catch Jason’s expression softening, or picking up on how he was concentrating on observing her.

He easily recalled the first time she treated his first serious wounds, he had done everything to not look at her, to ignore her hands against him, a fierce blush the whole way through. Every time after hadn’t really improved his ability to bluff.

It was a natural response to have when a pretty girl was in your personal space while you were half naked.

He had always wondered where she learned and got used to treating such wounds, and now with the apparent history of individuals that came back from the dead. That also had attempted killing her. Her blasé attitude did not help. So he figured it must have happened before they met her.
At her voice, his eyes focused back on her, his arms raising so she could bind his bruised ribs. Now that he was back, and wasn’t shying away, he took her in with her being this close. Her skin looked so soft, blemish free, thick hair fell in curling waves around her face looking like midnight silk and he could just make out the blues of her eyes from beneath her thick lashes.

His eye fell close when she leaned in to finally secure off the wraps, her scent invading his head and lungs. Of all those that he had cared about before his death and returned to since his resurrection, Kagome was the only one that treated him like an actual person. The others were warming back up to him, but Kagome had been herself and told him straight up that she was there if he needed anything.

When her arms began to pull back and she began to lean away, his own were quick to wrap around her shoulders and keep her right where he needed her.

“Jason?” her head turned slightly as her hands grasped onto his upper arms, fingers flexing slightly in her uncertainty.

“I… Just… I need you, like this, right now.” it took a few moments before her arms returned the embrace, making him feel truly loved. And that was what Kagome was, unconditional love. She said it straight, that while she didn’t like, understand or agree with his new methods, she wasn’t going to force or ask him to change just to please her.

A squeak escaped her when his arms squeezed tighter around her, he chuckled at her frantic ‘like to breath’ before he rolled back into his bed and dragged her with him. A few of the supplies used to treat and mend his wounds clattering to the floor. “You’re supposed to take it easy. You did bruise your ribs!”

He chuckled at the careful shove to shoulder even though she was trying to reprimand him for his supposed careless behavior.

“But I have you and your healing touch to keep me company all night long.” he whined down at her narrowed eyes looking up him.

“You- What?! All night? I said I’d check out your wounds, not spend the night.” she pinched a wandering hand. “Oi! Don’t try to get any funny ideas- Hey!”

He laughed out as she continued to scold him, to which he could only hold onto her all the tighter. He really didn’t and wasn’t going to anytime soon, let go of her.
Kagome sighed as she took off the vest after a long day, shaking her head as her ears sprung up after a long day of wearing her hat. As much as she loved her job, the much-needed gear matting down her fur was a little… annoying, especially on those hotter days.

A heavy knock sounded through the female’s locker room, quickly followed by Nick’s voice. “You almost finished in there? I think I saw the tortoise secretary leave already!”

“Ha-ha. Very funny Nick. Unlike you and almost every other male, I prefer to keep up with my hygiene and not come out smelling like a sweaty jock.” she placed her gear and gave them a quick spray to clean and get rid of the smell of the day’s sweat. She’d wash them properly on the weekend.

Now that she was free of the sometimes containing gear, she was much quicker to change into her ‘civilian’ clothing. So thankful to be wearing something a little more comfortable in the current heatwave, a breezy summer dress.

“Yeah, well, you’re still taking your sweet time for a rabbit.” she heard the grin when he called her a rabbit, causing an ear to twitch in annoyance.

“Hare. I am a hare. I’m not some cute fluffy country rabbit. No offense to my cousins.” she grabbed her tote and strolled out of locker room feeling much more refreshed. “So, we gonna go or you just going to stand around until someone files for harassment because you’re waiting outside the women’s locker room?”

She smirked at his surprised expression before he quickly scanned the area, finally noticing that he was indeed getting strange looks. “Come on then, let’s get out of here. I know the perfect place.”

“Don’t forget, you’re paying this time.” Kagome smirked at Nick, not at all surprised to see him trying to fox his way out of paying, again. “I’ve paid for the last five times, it’s about time you pay. Don’t ya think?”

Clawhauser called out his farewell in that way that only could be described as Clawhauser, one of the only officers that had supported Kagome from the beginning as well as Nick. If it hadn’t been for Kagome’s first case, she would never have been recognized as an actual officer and not just a mascot, and Nick would have never gotten his own chance.

Now that Bellwether was in jail for her crimes, Zootopia was looking at its citizens in a different light. Slinging an arm around Kagome’s shoulders, dragging her towards where he was going to be paying for their night out. A sort of tradition they started after every successful case, or event. Kagome had paid for their meal when he had successfully got accepted into the academy, graduated from the academy and then joined ranks at the ZPD.

There was this perfect lounge not to far away, and Nick had been more than a little curious. With them both having off the next couple of days off due to putting in some major overtime, Nick was going to try a little experiment.

“Wow, nice place. Didn’t know you’d know of a place like… Wait a minute. Have you swindled your way in here before?” Kagome pulled down her sunglasses to look at Nick over them, brows furrowed slightly as she waited to weigh the truth of his answer.

“No. No, not this place, it had been a sort of dream to scam, but they don’t just let anyone in. And
it was particular to get in with the police headquarters right down the street.” he smirked as he remembers how much he had wanted in, though never quite ready to take that chance. Now that he was an officer and hero of Zootopia, getting in was not going to be a problem.

“Ah! Mr. Wilde, please follow me, we have your table all ready for you and the Miss.” the young female bobcat smiled at them and directed them to their supposed table.

“Our table? This place is a reservation only sort of place, how long have you been planning this?” Kagome removed her sunglasses completely as she observed everything about the restaurant.

Nick shrugged his shoulders as they followed the hostess. “ A while I guess.” it was his way to apologize for all the trouble he put her through and was more than likely to continue putting her through.

“Ooo, fancy.” Kagome commented as they sat down, taking in the dim lighting, rich woods, and coloring accented with brass and gold. “I’d figure you were more of a bar guy or smoky lounge that played smooth jazz.”

“You know me too well.” he smirked at her as she blew him a playful kiss. “Be still my beating heart.”

“Oh come off it.” she smiled at their waiter, who Nick thought could be described as handsome, for a rabbit. It wasn’t until their waiter left did Kagome comment on what she was reading from the menu. “Uh… this is a little on the pricey side.”

“Don’t worry about it.” he waved her concerns off, just happy that everything was going so well right now. Save for their waiter… he saw how that rabbit had eyed Kagome.

“Alright, since you brought me here and insist on paying, don’t come crying to me when the bill comes around.”

Nick felt a small trickle of worry at the smirk she threw his way. If there was one thing he learned about Kagome, was that she was a kind and caring individual. She wasn’t, however, above dishing out punishment for all the teasing he put her through. He was just hoping his wallet would survive tonight.

Their night was going well, their food was top of the line and even he couldn’t snub the wine. Once they were done and had sat for a bit, Nick dragged her onto this little hole in the wall that was on it’s way to their shared apartment. After having visited her literal one door, one window, one-bed apartment, they had pitched together for a place. All his other friends were more than likely to either dish out for him become a police officer or stealing his stuff.

With Kagome, he didn’t have to worry about either and she was not the judging type.

The hole in the wall was exactly as she had called it, a smoky lounge that played smooth jazz. His kind of place and he was sharing it with Kagome for the first time.

“Now this is what I was talking about!” she smiled up at him as they took a corner table away from the noise.

Then they got to drinking and having a good time. Kagome stuck to the lighter stuff, thankfully away from the girly drinks, but still the lighter stuff. But the more she drank, the loser her tongue got until it was late, or early depending on how one looked at it, and Kagome was leaning heavily against him
Nick was… flabbergasted, he thought he would never actually see her drunk!

“I don’ know whatta do, Nick.” she let out a small hiccup as she watched the rest of the lounge from her spot next to Nick.

“What do you mean?” Nick had to wonder just what was in those drinks, they shouldn’t have hit her that hard so fast. Or was Kagome simply a light-weight.

“I don’ know how to tell ‘im I like ‘im!” her whine had him perking up, simply wondering who it was Kagome could be talking about. She had never mentioned anyone new in her life, hard to when you were roommates.

Furrowing his brows, he wasn’t sure if it was concern or jealousy that had him asking and he wasn’t quite ready to figure that one out. “Who?”

Her head lolled to the side to stare up at him with her big blue eyes. “He’s what me Mama would call a bad boy… Well… Maybe he is! But he has a heart of gold!” she snickered at her words, legs pulling up and curling into the bench. “O’ course… he could ‘ave stolen it!”

Nick felt his heart beating wildly at her words, catching on her words to who she could be describing. As she continued, describing how he looked, he felt his heart picking up its pace. She couldn’t mean him… could she.

“But… we’re too diffrence… differate… different.” she finally buried her face into his arm as her shoulders shook a few times. “I sure know how to pick ’em. Cause don’ get me started on my line of exes. It’s short ’n ugly.”

Nick chuckled at her words, she did always have a way with them. He waved one of the servers indicating that he wanted to pay. The old dog nodded his head before making his way to their table, smirking at the obviously drunk Kagome that was currently oblivious to everything save her own woes. “Yer rabbit gonna be a’right?”

“Hare. Imma hare!” she slugged Nick in the shoulder, huffing that he needed to get that through his thick skull.

Nick soothed the lightly bruised area with a chuckle as he paid their tab, morning how light his wallet now felt. “Yeah, apparently, she can’t hold her liqueur.”

“Can too!” she giggled out as she flopped back on the bench, a small hand waving in the air. She laughed when Nick hauled her to her feet and easily picked her up into his arms and still manage to grab her tote. “Woo-hoo, I can fly!”

Nick shook his head as he bid their farewells to the old bartender with a nod of his head in thanks when he opened the door. The night air was cooler compared to the heat of the day, earning a sigh of relief from Kagome, even as she snuggled into him. “You’re the best, Nick. A great partner and an awesome friend.”

Nick nodded his head, smiling as she cuddled closer to him. Her next words nearly had him tripping and dropping her. “I love ya, ya dumb fox.”

Bringing her closer into his hold, he bent his head to nuzzle the top of her own. “I love you too, clever hare.” he shifted slightly to get into their apartment building. “Though you are going to hate me in the morning.”

“…never…” Kagome buried deeper into his neck, a sleepy smile spreading across her flushing
cheeks at his scent was the last thing she took with her as she finally fell asleep.
After she was forced back home, her youkai friends showed up, making her more than happy for various reasons. Firstly, there was still magic in her once boring world, but most importantly, her friends were still alive and she wouldn’t be alone.

There was a downside to being aware, though. She still managed to attract the weirdest odd-balls. And there was a particularly stubborn one that has been hanging around as of late.

Ducking her head, she attempted to sneak out with the crowd. A lot were eager to leave for the weekend, as was she. Her shoulders hunched on instinct when her name rang through the air, hoping beyond hope ‘He’ didn’t spot her.

When a deceptively strong hand wrapped around her upper arm and pulled her from the mass of students, she barely contained her surprised squeak. Blinking, it took a few moments for her to scowl up at the unfair face of her latest and current stalker.

“Hello, priestess. You left before our conversation was over last time. Very rude.” he gave a shake of his head with a soft click of his tongue.

“Rude?” she attempted to free her arm, to no avail. “This right now is rude. Interrupting my life with your demands is rude, and don’t get me started on how rude stalking me is!” she did her best to keep from yelling and drawing attention. Only the former was achieved, his handsome appearance always drew attention.

Good thing she was immune. Mostly.

His smirk was pissing her off, though she enjoyed the slight curl of his nose. He no doubt picked up on Sesshoumaru’s cologne. For one that hated dogs so much, he was willing to poke and jab at one for her attentions.

“You’re being evasive for a simple request.” his smirk grew when her cheeks immediately flushed in embarrassment.

Hissing through her teeth, she leaned in closer to keep the others from hearing. “Your request had been denied!” she really did not what anything to do with him or his kinks!

“Kagome-chan!”

Sebastian watched as the tiny holy woman jumped at the sudden call of her name, a near silent hiss escaping her as she searched for her friends. She so reminded him of a kitten, one attempting to appear fearsome. Only, this particular kitten had rather sharp claws. He only knew by sheer accident just how sharp those claws could be.

And he wanted to feel them again.

It had been so long since he last felt such power, the true opposite to his own dark ones. Just thinking about it had him shivering in delight.

Lips dipping slightly, he could only watch as the priestess’ friends approached, twittering and clucking. The nature of humans, females, in particular, had not changed as a whole.

Rudy cinnamon eyes took in what was considered a standard school uniform. He may be a demon,
but he was male enough to appreciate how much of the priestess’ legs were bared for his…

“Kagome-chan! You left us behind.” the lanky one of the three, her hair near reminiscent of young boys, pouted towards the priestess.

“One would think you didn’t want to hang out with us anymore.” this one was, he took in her very voluptuous curves with a silent hum, noticing her bobbed hair made her appear much as a seductress.

The last one, a delicate feminine beauty with wavy curls, frowned the slightest amount. “Well, she did mention something about Nishikawa-san. Perhaps she had no choice.”

Sebastian inwardly sneered at the name, knowing it was what the dog called himself while disguised. The one downside to the priestess, the company she kept, more so those of the canine persuasion.

“Sorry guys, but Ayumi is right. I have to-!” her apology was cut short when the one with bobbed hair had turned to him.

“Who is this?” there was a certain, drawl, to her words that had the priestess cringing.

“Ah, him? Well, he’s…” Kagome bit her lower lip when she came up short, obviously not sure how to introduce him to her friends.

Sebastian, seeing the opportunity for what it was, smiled as he stepped next to the priestess. “My name is Sebastian, I’m here to escort Miss Kagome.” he left certain information out purposely, though it would get the job done.

The little priestess gave him a tiny zap to show she was onto him, he was more in favor of how his darker powers ripple as he shivered. The little tease!

“Oh!” Ayumi perked up a slight amount. “Well, it must be important, since he’s never sent an escort before. I guess we can meet up later, if not tomorrow?”

Sebastian watched with a cheery facade as the three girls parted ways, a tug from the priestess had him watching her attempts to free herself once again in amusement.

“I don’t know what you’re playing at, but I want no part in it.” she was now attempting to pry his fingers away. “Let go!”

He let go, his smirk growing at her expressions. Shock followed by joy at being free only for it to be dashed when he was quicker and tucked her hand into the crook of his arm. After a few tugs to free her trapped hand, with no success, he let out a pleased hum when she instead looked up at him in waiting.

“Again, I would like to remind you of my request.” at her flushing cheeks, most likely a mix of anger and embarrassment, Sebastian raised a hand to halt her burning refusal. “I, myself, do not understand why you continue to deny me. By your very nature, you should be more than willing to agree with my request.”

Blue eyes narrowed up at him when he ducked them into a little nook to hide them. He even pushed into her personal space, caging her between him and the wall behind her. He slowly raised his hands, placing them on the wall, one next to her hip and the other next to her head.
“Right. Problem is, if I do this one request, you’ll only come back asking for more. And that’s not-not-! Just no!” even as embarrassed as she was, and with how close he was, she didn’t shy away.

Chuckling, he leaned down, breathing against her ear. “I will pay your price, whatever it may be.” he nipped the pink lobe, colored from her blush, humming at her innocent jump and noise of surprise.

Despite the times, and her knowledge, the priestess was still untouched. He shivered at the thought of tainting her light. Perhaps just a drop or perhaps until she was as black as he, he wasn’t sure. Mortals, however, were most open to lust, and this particular priestess was truly a passionate one. It wouldn’t be such a trial. And the thought of her stinging powers having that slight burning edge of darkness nearly had him panting.

Kagome squirmed as she once again attempted to get away from his skilled lips and somewhat sharp fangs. That he was attempting to seduce her into agreeing, had her flushing all the deeper.

To think, she met an actual demon, and they got off when he felt her powers! Too bad she couldn’t zap her way out of this one.
A hand rose up to readjust the tie around his neck for the nth time since he had put it on, the only downside to getting the day off from school. And a wedding was a cool reason, honestly. The free food and drinks, the sometimes not so sappy music, and the babes!

“Wally! Leave that tie alone!” delicate hands slapped his own away, only to quickly ‘fix’ the mess he had made.

“I’m only loosening it a bit. Any tighter and I might as well be wearing a noose.” green eyes rolled at the pointed look he just received. Sometimes, his sister was a little too motherly.

“Fine. But leave it alone.” she loosened the tie and smoothed the material before dragging him out of the room with a chuckling Barry trailing after them.

“What’s the fuss for? We’re guests, not there to impress anyone.” Wally grumbled, his sister was really killing the joy. Even if she didn’t mean it.

“Again, if you had been paying any attention, then you’d remember that the daughter of the bride is heir-apparent to Nishikawa.” at his blank stare, Iris rolled her eye as she attempted to tame Wally’s hair. “Think of Bruce Wayne but from an older family and more power. Wayne is a symbol of Gotham, Nishikawa is a symbol of all of Japan.”

“Oh.” that was a little daunting to know. “Well, she can’t be so bad.”

Barry shrugged his shoulders as his hands slid casually into his slacks pockets. “Nishikawa had done everything to keep her out of the news, so it’s hard to tell. The man himself has a poker face that could make marble crumble.”

At the still blank look, the older speedster leaned down to whisper to Wally. “Apparently, he’s like Batman 25/7.”

Wally shivered at that bit. Batman 24/7? At least the man relaxed when civilian, as far as Robin said, but to be that way all the time? This girl could only be similar in order to put up with such a personality.

His scowl was washed away at the decorated gardens, a mix of western and Japanese, in a non-tacky way. The guests themselves were a mix of dresses, tuxes and traditional Japanese wear. It was rather colorful.

It was then his gaze fell on one girl in particular. At first, he thought she was wearing a sleeveless dress, but when the few people between him and her moved on, he saw that it wasn’t quite right. It was sleeveless, but it looked similar to those kimono robes that some of the other women were wearing, only, without the sleeves? It was pink and peach with rosy flowers scattered across the lower half, light green and gold popping against it and making the one wearing it seem to glow.

“Close your mouth, or you’ll catch flies.” Iris giggled as she gently closed Wally’s mouth, watching with a smirk as he nearly tripped as he made his way after the rather stunning young woman.

Wally so wanted to just speed his way after her, ducking to keep sight of the warm dress or her shocking blue-black hair. He stopped short when a group of kids rushed past him, laughing as they dragged ribbons along behind them to flutter in the air. When he looked back up, he felt his jaw
drop again when he realized that he lost all sight of her completely.

“Everything alright?” the question was quiet, tinged with a slight curl of concern. “They didn’t run over your feet or hurt you, did they?”

Pursing his lips, he stuffed his hands into his jacket pockets, kicking at the air as he shook his head. “Nah, I’m fine. Was trying to meet up with someone, but I lost ‘em.”

“Oh?” he felt the dress she was wearing brush against him as she stepped forward to stand next to him. “If you give me a name or their description, I might be able to help.”

He began to shake his head, freezing when he saw that the girl next to him was the one he had just been looking for. She was looking up at him, shocking him with blue eyes and furrowed brows in concern and confusion. “Are you alright?”

“Uh. Yeah?” he felt his cheeks heat up as a goofy smile grew across his face as she began to giggle.

“Well, that’s good to know.” her hand lowered, folding with her other one before her. “So about this person you’re looking for.”

“Nah, it’s alright.” he ran a hand through his hair, growing more comfortable and confident as the shock wore off. “So, I’m Wally West, a friend of the groom.”

“I’m Kagome Higurashi-!” she turned her head when someone called out her name, quickly approaching as they spoke rapidly in Japanese. The young woman, Kagome, nodded her head. She returned her attention back to Wally and offered an apologetic smile. “Sorry, but the wedding’s starting and I’m needed. Perhaps I’ll meet up with you after the vows?”

“Uh- Yeah! Yeah, that’d be great!” he nodded his head, a smile growing as he watched her and the other woman make their way back into the building as the rest of the group was called to attention to take their seats.

“Way, to, go!” Barry leaned over to give Wally a congratulatory slug to his shoulder, offering Iris a sheepish smile in apology for forcing her to lean forward. “Sorry honey.”

Iris shook her head as she sat back more comfortably in her seat. “I have to admit, she was a looker.” there was a smile of approval from her as the music to indicate the bride’s march began. All turned, gasps and coos of awe at the bride, Wally was shocked to see who was standing next to the bride. It was Kagome! Why was she next to the bride?

“Oh, it is so nice for Kagome to be the one to give her Mother away like that since the Grandfather couldn’t fly over.” a gossiping woman in the row behind them whispered to a woman next to her. “His health I heard.”

Wait. What? Kagome was… Kagome? Kagome Higurashi? As in, hair to a Mr. Nishikawa that was a Batman 24/7? Uh, what now?

“Oh, wow. Did you hit the big one!” Barry whispered snickering and tossing Wally a thumbs up as he waggled his brows.

Wally smiled, though it was a little strained. The idea of dating someone that was an heir and ward to a person remotely similar to Batman was actually terrifying. One wrong move and, well, he doubted it would be anything good. Batman alone terrified him. This Nishikawa was sure to be worse!
A half an hour later, Mrs. Higurashi was now Mrs. Jones. The whole situation was still not fully sinking in that Martian Manhunter had met someone and was getting married. And the daughter-in-law was heir to a… a… forever Batman. Why? Why couldn’t he just… why could she have been… just, in general, why? Barry was right, he sure knew how to pick them.

“So, a friend of the groom.” a cheerful voice, one he had really grown to appreciate since meeting the person it belonged to spoke up from beside him as he watched the bride and groom dance their first dance.

“Yeah. And you are now too.” he coughed at what he felt was an awkward silence that fell over them.

“A friend. Of the groom or yours?” she smiled up at him, a teasing tilt of her head.

Coughing once again, he shrugged his shoulders. “Uh, both?” the crowd began to applaud when the first dance came to an end. “So, how did your Mom actually meet John?”

“To be honest, I have no idea.” Kagome smiled. “I think it’s his… him-ness that attracted her to him in the first place. Whenever that was.”

Wally watched her furrow her brows as she watched John a little more closely, it was as if she was trying to figure him out. Boy, was she in for a surprise. If John ever thought it safe and was comfortable to share that information with his new family. When a new song started up, Wally decided to take the chance. He held out a hand to Kagome and gave a light bow. “May I have this dance?”

“Hmm, you going to run away if I say yes?” she teased him, giggling when he raised his free hand to cover up an embarrassed cough as he muttered out a quiet ‘no’. “Then yes, I’d love to have this dance.”
Cute, definitely cute.

Which was what most people wouldn’t think was his type. But the current subject of his observation, Hizashi would be sure to say obsessing, was determinately cute. Though there was a certain sexual charm to her as well.

Her current appearance was just the icing on the cake.

A cute, as well as sexy, black little maid dress, white thigh high stockings, black heeled shoes and cat ears and tail that matched her natural glossy black hair. All that was missing was a collar, perhaps with a charm stating who she belonged too. A smirk curled his lips at the thought. He rather liked that one.

“And just what are you smiling about, Mister?” she was eying the ‘paws’ only to shake her head and toss them aside.

“Oh, nothing much.” he pushed away from the wall to curl around the petite figure of one Kagome Higurashi. “Just admiring the view.”

“Ha-ha.” the mock laugh was accompanied by a half-hearted slap to his hip. Her hands rose up to readjust her cat ears since his chin had nudged them off a bit. “What is really going on through that head of yours?”

“Just… wanting to know when I can have kitten Kagome all to myself?” he rubbed his chin atop her head, smirking when she let out a huff and a complained about him messing up her hair.

“At the end of the day!” she huffed out, planting her fists on her hips, staring into his black eyes through the mirror before them, daring him to say anything otherwise. “Besides, it was your idea that we celebrate Halloween this way, so now you’re going to have to live with it.”

Shouta pouted at the petite female, while it had been his idea that they did dress up in some way shape or form to celebrate Halloween while teaching for the day, he was more interested in after the day had ended. When he had kitten Kagome all to himself. Then he could really play with his kitten.

“Get your mind out of the gutter.” blue eyes rolled with a sense of fondness before she turned around to look up at him, a warm smile on her face.

Shouta wrapped his arms loosely around her waist, a deep sound rumbling through his chest when she tugged his scarves down to scratch at his chin. “So I’m the kitten? You pur every time I do this.”

“She should I not? You do have the magic touch.” he smirked at her giggle, he always did enjoy her presence.

“Well, you better keep that in mind. Because if you behave today, only then will you get your treat.” she leaned up to kiss his chin. “I’m going to go on ahead. After I pack an extra pair of shoes first.”

Shouta tilted his head to the side as he watched her rush about the room before blowing him a kiss as she left. She was cute that was for sure, but she had her moments that turned her into a
temptress. To think he got lucky with the school nurse, a bit cliché, but he was happy.
“There you are.”

At the call of their name, big red eyes blinked up at a young woman that was carefully crouching down to pet the cream colored cat, twin tails flicking with pleasure as the woman began to pet and stroke the soft fur.

“You had me worried when you ran off like that.” Kagome smiled down at the nekomata. “I know you can take care of yourself, but we still don’t know the… locals.”

There was a quiet mew as Kirara began to twine around Kagome’s fingers and knees, her way of apologizing for causing Kagome to worry.

“It’s alright.” Kagome’s smile widened as she earned a loud purr for beginning to scratch under Kirara’s chin. “What had you running off so suddenly anyways?”

Kagome was a little curious, as Kirara had stuck to her like glue since they first arrived in London, so for her to run off like that… She hoped it wasn’t a threat.

Kirara blinked up at her once before turning to look at a cramped passageway between two buildings and began meowing, seemingly calling for who- or whatever to come out. After a few minutes of no appearance, Kirara let out a tiny huff and turned away. Kagome was sure she even did a cat version of rolling her eyes.

“It’s alright. Not all are as brave as a tigress.” a giggle escaped her when Kirara butted her head against her knee, as well as hearing a few hisses from the shadows.

Reaching for her shopping bag, Kagome dug around for the treat she had purchased for the nekomata. “Well, I take it you’ll be spending the night here again, so I’ll give this to you now.”

Red eyes watched intently as a few cans were revealed, waiting patiently as they were opened and mixed into a fresh plate. After giving the food a test sniff, a small sneeze escaped her before she turned her eyes onto Kagome.

Kagome grimaced as she eyes the fish and then them empty cans in her hands. “I know, not as good as the real thing, but I was told this was the next best thing. I’m still trying to find a place that sells the actual fish. Unless you’d rather try something else, this is currently the best I could do.”

The next mew was a soft one, resembling a sigh as Kirara pawed at the plate.

“I have to get going, but I’ll leave a window cracked for you.” blue eyes returned to the dark passageway, smiling at the few curious eyes and faces she could just make out. “Your new friends are invited as well.” giving the nekomata a last pat, Kagome stood up with a dusting to her knees. “I’ll see you in the morning then! Be careful.”

Kirara watched as Kagome gave a final wave before returning to her car to return to their temporary home in the new city. Looking back to the passageway, she sat waiting for the others to finally come out. It wasn’t until Kirara pushed the plate away and towards the passageway did the younger ones dare to come out and go for the food.

“You are friends, with a human?” the more magical of them all mewed to Kirara, flashes of white of his coat the only.
“She is, unique.” Kirara replied, intently watching as the kittens went at the fish. Kagome had been right, it wasn’t the same as having actual fish. “I am honored to be friends with her.”

“Hah! Humans are the same. They love us when we’re kittens, but the moment we’re no longer ‘cute’ we’re out of a home!” one of the cats hissed, sneering at the kittens.

“Be careful of how you speak of my friend. She said no lies when she called me a tigress.” Kirara hissed, fur puffing out as she bared her fangs.

“Calm yourself, we are all descendants of lions, panther, and tigers. No need to behave like kittens.” the old pride leader spoke up, smiling at the kittens that were getting their fill for the night.

“You are all so young to me.” Kirara’s fur settled back down into its smooth coat, her tails flicking as she gave the air a sniff. “If my association with Kagome is so upsetting, that I shall depart. Though her invitation was open.” red eyes landed on the couple of cats that could actually perform magic, her gaze weighty. “Whether you come or not, keep your magics away from her. My claws and fangs are much sharper than all of yours, you would not want my wrath falling down on you.”

The first cat that spoke hummed in a way that it resembled a purr as he watched Kirara trot off down the sidewalk, tail flicking a few times before he ran off after her.

“Mistoffelees!” Jemima cried out before following after him, stirring the other kittens to also give chase.

Soon enough, the entire group of cats were trailing back to where Kagome was currently calling home. All creeping through the open window and exploring all there was to the comfy home. It was to this that Kagome woke up the next morning, her room teeming with cats.

“Oh, holy cats.” wide blue eyes took in the cats that were staring back at her… It was actually freaking her out. “Kirara?”

A small mew sounded next to her, calming her somewhat. It didn’t last long as the air began to shimmer, and where there was once cats and kittens were… human-like beings. “Uh… what’s going on?”

“Kirara told us your invitation was valid.” a slim, male black and white cat spoke up, curled up in a window bed as he leafed through some of Kagome’s books. He looked up at her with sparkling feline eyes. “Was it not?”

“Uh, yes it was… Cats?” she sat perfectly still as a white kitten leaned in closely to begin playing with her hair.

“Jellicle cats, to be exact, but yes we are cats.” the black one smiled, a flash of fangs reminding her that they were not just people in really great costume.

“Uh-huh.” at this point, all the kittens were picking and prodding Kagome. Her eyes sliding down to Kirara, who only looked to amused with the situation. “I think, I might need to call Sesshoumaru and ask for a bigger place.” she was mentally preparing already on how to explain this one.

Magical cats… oh, she had not seen this one at all.
She smiled as the coronation went underway, she felt so proud that the day finally came. Having grown up with the brat, she knew it took a lot to get them here.

Seeing bright eyes dart about, her smile began to wilt. Oh, no. Please n. Not now! Kagome began to make her way towards the now crowned king, not at all surprised to witness his panic attack and ice forming a shield between him and the people.

She was hot on his heels as he made a mad dash out of the palace. “Els!”

The call of his name had him pausing, eyes searching, only to freeze when his eyes landed on her. For a moment, all of his tension seemed to melt away, allowing her to catch up to him. Until shouts of the crowd had him tensing and her looking over her shoulder. The moment the first figures appeared, he grabbed her wrist, dragging her along him as he took off.

After a too close stumble, Kagome picked up her skirts and wove her hand with his rather than keep her wrist in his actually painful hold. Panicked eyes flashed to her for a minute before he continued forward. They weaved between buildings, ducking down backways until they reached the harbor.

“Els, wait!” Anna’s voice carried over the din of those behind her.

Els searched for his sister, worry easily etched on his face as he squeezed Kagome’s hand. Kagome herself was sure he wasn’t aware of the action.

The second time the crowd appeared made things worse. An older man, a weasel of one at that, pointed out towards Kagome. “Look, he’d kidnapped a poor girl!”

Disbelief barely lasted a moment only for disdain and anger conquered Els’ face. The dark expression had his accuser flinching back with a pathetic whimper. The rest flinched back at another display of his icy powers that allowed them to get away. By running across the now frozen harbor.

Kagome stuck to him as they ran, being the next closest person to him after Anna. When they had reached the mountain peak, she had been amazed at the change that overtook him, becoming someone that she hardly recognized. A confidence rushing through him she had never seen.

It didn’t hurt that he looked… tempting.

But she pushed her attraction aside to make sure he was alright. She observed the freshly build ice palace that housed nothing more than a throne room really.

“So, where was all this throughout the years?” she let her gaze trail up to the chiming chandelier, an excited smile flushing her cheeks.

He gave her a blasé shrug, light eyes watching her intently, seemingly waiting for the second shoe to drop. “I always felt trapped. I was never free until now.

Kagome stopped her spin to stare at Els, taking in his now confident stance, his open expression… He really appeared free. Then her eyes trailed to the ice that surrounded them. “You may be free, but you chose a rather lonely way to live it.”
Pale brows furrowed, his steps silent as he slowly approached her. “What do you mean?”

“You locked yourself away since we were children.” she heard him quietly comment ‘not good enough’ since she had always managed to sneak in throughout the years. “You denied any form of contact with the others, and do not remind me how long it took for you to even acknowledge me! Only to trade it all for isolation atop a mountain in an ice palace!” she ended a little louder than she had hoped or thought, but she hoped to make her point come across.

He blinked wide eyes at her, seemingly stunned silent. He opened his mouth to say something only for Kagome to pick back up.

“And as lovely as this palace is, I’m not even sure it can be called homey or hospitable. There are two rooms! This one and the other just beyond the entrance. You have no kitchens, bedrooms, bathrooms, and as far as I know, we cannot survive on ice and snow alone.” narrowed eyes trailed along his form a couple of times. “Unless your powers make it some sort of magical ice and snow…”

Feeling she was actually done this time, Els slowly smiled down at the petite woman, chuckling at how she became affronted by his amusement. “Kagome, I never realized until just now how… passionate you can get.”

She let out a little huff as she turned to give him her profile. “Ridiculous. I care, of course, I’m going to get passionate.” her cheeks bloomed with a blush at her utterance of the word passionate, as well as admitting she cared about him. For him.

A cool hand cupped her cheek, turning her to face him. “You always were looking out for me.” his smile growing at a playful roll of her eyes. He watched how she took his hand, frowning the barest amount at their chilled paleness. They had learned, even with his gifts, that he was not completely immune to the cold.

When a soft and pale warm glow enveloped her hands, bringing a tingling sensation back into his fingers, his heart skipped a beat in excitement. It never failed to amaze him every time she displayed them. Kagome and her abilities always reminded him of, “…springtime…”

“Hmm, what was that?” she offered him a small smile.

“If I am winter, then you are spring.” his heart warmed at her clear laugh.

“How poetic of you!” it didn’t stop her cheeks from glowing.

“I am speaking the truth.” his expression became something that threw her off. It was confident, a touch devious and entirely male as he spoke up once again. His words nearly ceasing all her thought process. “I would much like to keep spring at my side, as my own.”

Blue eyes blinked up at him as she attempted to do or say anything. When his smirk grew, her cheeks immediately began to burn in a blush. She would later blame the cold, though they both know it would be a lie. “Promise me that you won’t keep yourself locked up here, and I might think about it.” she turned to watch the sunrise, the skies so much clearer than they had during the coronation.

She didn’t see the teasing smile he wore or the twinkle in his eyes, but she did lean into him when he wrapped an arm around her waist.
Marvel: Thor-Steve (NSFW)

There had been a point in her past where she hated how others manhandled her due to her size. She was petite, yes, and those she had faced in the past were more than able to toss her about. She even feared she would be snapped like a twig with a simple squeeze from her more powerful friends.

But this, this she was more than thankful that her petite stature was allowing her to be moved and handled as she was at current. And compared to the both of them, she was so pliable. Flexible thanks to her active life since Jr. High. Pocket fun size, as Tony had often called her. Heh, if he could see her now, he’d learn how true his words really were.

A broad slicked chest at her back flexed as one arm wrapped around her from behind to grope at a breast while another held one of her legs up and out. An equally slicked chest, not as broad as the one behind her but still wide for her was crushing her breasts. The male in front of her had one arm wrapped around her waist while his other hand was clutching at her thigh, pinning it to his hip and holding her close.

As for herself, she was dragging Steve down to her, latching onto his mouth with a slide of lips that had him holding onto her that much tighter. Her other hand fisted the longer blond hair of Thor earning a hearty chuckle from the demi-god himself. “Ah, little priestess, your appetite is rather surprising.”

Kagome managed to rip herself away from Steve, moaning out loud when Steve was quick to latch onto her neck, nipping and licking the moist flesh.

“Are… are you com… Kami-sama… complaining?” she bit her lip when Steve began to slow down but add more power to his thrusts.

As much as Steve had blushed and stuttered the whole time, Kagome herself had never thought she’d agree to have a threesome between Thor and Captain America. They both had hearts of gold, manners that had seemed to have all but died out in these modern times, and she honestly thought they would choose to stick to a single woman. Thor, Thor she could see taking part in something like this, he was older than anyone she had ever met. Steve, he was from a time where a man shared a woman with another was, well not only was it taboo but could be considered downright damning.

“Never, holy warrior.” his head lowered so that he could breathe in her panting breaths as whispered his words. “I am honored to see your passions for the bed chambers as I have witnessed your skills in battle.”

“Ah.” with the hand she had fisted in his hair, she used her grip to bring him down to her and seal their lips for a hungry kiss, his own hips bucking at a more powerful nip from her. Tongues clashed and battled, a lingering taste of whatever alcoholic drink he had brought back from Asgard.

She had never felt so stuffed, she had also never thought she would go for double penetration or that she would actually enjoy it. It was hard to go any other way since both Steve and Thor were impatient to wait for their turns, and since she was still coherent enough to think past the maddening pleasure wracking through every part of her, their sizes were a little daunting so she was nowhere near ready enough to give them head. Not yet at least.

It was still odd, to feel both of them rubbing against one another through her, one bottoming out while the other pulled away only for Steve to plunge back in as Thor pulled out. She was always
stuffed and they never pulled out completely, so much was going on that she clenched down on them earning muffled moans from both men.

She cooed when she pulled away from Thor, smiling as she felt both of them tremble the slightest amount. To think, little ol’ her could give them the shivers. Leaning back a little more against Thor’s assured strength to hold her weight, she watched as Steve seemed to concentrate. She wasn’t sure if it was on her, trying to block out that he was involved in a threesome, on the pleasure or a mix of all of the above.

“Som-mmm-thing the matter, Steve?” she bit down on her lip as he pulled away a bit, normally neatly coiffed hair hanging sticking to his brow, blue eyes dark as he stared down at her

“Everything’s fine. Everything’s… so tight-!” he grunted, head bowed so he could press his brow to her own. “Hot… and wet…” he choked out on a whimper.

When his brows furrowed, she could feel it through their sweat slicked hair between them. On impulse, her tongue darted out to lick the underside of his chin, lips curling up in a smile at his groan.

“You have a wicked tongue, little priestess.” Thor rumbled, having watched the whole interaction intently.

From his words, how he spoke them and knowing that he had been watching, Kagome could only conclude that he had been aroused by what she had just done. With some strength, a hold on Steve’s hair, she pulled his head back and to the side and licked up his neck and ending in at his temple, allowing Thor to see her tongue curl before she swallowed the taste of Steve. “The only part of me that is wicked… wicked… wicked…”

Both males murmured their agreements, each time she muttered the word ‘wicked’, it was accompanied by a thrust from both of them at the same time. Her one leg was now wrapped around Steve’s waist as she was attempting to pull him in tighter, his pelvis actively grinding down on her throbbing clit that had her crying out.

“Wicked good. So good.” she threw her head back, one hand pulling at Thor’s hair as her other clawed down Steve’s back as the pressure inside her began to coil and tighten, boiling and bubbling in her lower stomach. “Oh, God… Kami-sama, shibaraku shinaide kudasai!”

Her head began to toss from side to side, her hair sticking and itching her back if not pulling at her scalp where it was pinned between her and Thor.

Thor now muttering in what Kagome could only guess as some sort of ancient Scandinavian language, Steve was grunting with each thrust, both males losing tempo and pace and now racing for the end. She was throbbing, burning hot and riding on the razor’s edge to oblivion, the power behind their thrusts adding just the slightest sting of pain.

A slight cry of panic left her when Thor released her leg, the muscles protesting after being held and strained in such a position for so long that her leg twitched before she wrapped it around Steve, locking her ankles together. She felt the muscles in his tight ass clenching with each of his thrusts.

Laughter escaped her when calloused fingers wiggled their way between her and Steve’s fronts, begging mixed in with it when they began to toy with her swollen clit in time with the hand that was groping and pinching at her breasts. Her laughter mixing with coos and moans when Steve stumbled, she was sure it was because Thor’s fingers actually brushed against his length. Guess Thor was not at all afraid of pleasuring male partners as well. With his age, she would be surprised
if he was, she could only think there had been a lot of experimenting throughout his life.

Thor’s fingers were gradual in adding pressure, building up the pleasure until it finally rushed forth in a tidal wave that crashed through her body. All of her clenching down and pulsing. While a part of her was lost to finally reaching oblivion, a small part of her wanted to feel them reach it as well and was actively pulling them with her over the edge.

“Give it… to me… Ah!” and she felt it, a throbbing from them. She was so sensitive at this point, that she could feel their pulses pounding from where they were intimately connected as well as them growing that much harder, hotter and even that fraction larger that sent her another powerful wave of pleasure to add to her climax. “Yes!”

Chests were heaving, she could only assume their lungs were burning for the much-needed oxygen as hers were, muscles twitching and trembling with spasms of lingering pleasure zipping and coursing through their bodies. Her hips wriggled when she could feel that she was actually leaking, that tickling sensation as it trickled before dripping to the floor.

“So… umm… what brought this on again?” she gasped when Thor slowly pulled out of her. She wasn’t sure if he was resigned to leave her or if he was teasing her because he chuckled at her low moan.

“I can not seem to recall the exacts.” Thor swept his hands up and down her sides, easing her muscles and earning a sigh of relief.

Steve shuddered when Kagome dropped her legs, his semi-erect length pulled out of her to slide against her lower stomach, leaving a thin milky trail along her skin. It also allowed for more fluids to trickle down her inner thighs and it left her feeling empty. “…I can’t remember either.”

“Mmm. Well, I feel, sticky.” when she attempted to support her whole wait alone, she all but collapsed between the two of them. “I don’t think I can make in on my own to the bathroom, though…”

Steve chuckled while Thor outright laughed at her surprisingly bashful expression, male pride sweeping through both of them as she clutched to them both for support. After all was said and done, she resembled more a trembling doe than the insatiable temptress from a few minutes ago.

Thor swept her up into his arms, smiling down at her when she let out a quiet cry of surprise. “Then come! We shall bathe.” his gaze then turned to Steve, sweeping over his form and lingering a little longer than was necessary, unless he was making a point. “Will you be joining us?”

Steve’s cheeks flushed with color, absently nodding his head as he shifted a little bit in his spot. “Yeah.”

Thor broke out into a bright smile. “Then let us go! I am sure are we will find more ways to occupy our time with the little priestess to accompany us.” his joy and excitement had Kagome laughing, calling after Steve to hurry up so not to miss out, even though her own cheeks were rosy at the idea of what was to come in her jacuzzi size tub.
“Alright, Paladins, the Princess has now entrusted me to see to your training.” she paced back and forth in front of the line up the Paladins made, each different from the other in their own ways, some of which were obvious while some were not.

“Uh, isn’t that why we have the Lions? Or these awesome weapons?” Lance held up and pointed to his bayard.

“Hmm,” she smirked at the Paladin weapon before she did anything. Her moves were quick, precise and were basics to her after her own training. A smirk was directed to Lance as he groaned from his spot on the floor as she showed his bayard was now in her possession. “Your lions will not be able to go with you everywhere. There will also be times where will either have no weapon, cannot use a weapon or yours is taken from you.”

Lance pouted while the others snickered, though he did accept the helping hand back up onto his feet, not at all happy to have been knocked off his feet by a girl. Even if it was from Allura’s personal guard, Kagome. He muttered something under his breath when she gave back his bayard, having been put into his place for the time being.

“Now, I have been watching and assessing each and everyone one of you during your initial training sessions. I now feel comfortable enough to train based on the strengths I’ve seen.” she smiled as she stood before Hunk, stating for each one of them what they would be working on as she stopped in front of them. “Hunk, we will be working on your center of balance which will make you a true force to reckon with. Be it offensive or defensive.

“Keith, you already have the speed, so we will be working on your reflexes. If need be, then your stamina as well. Lance, we will be working on your… attention span. Precision is all good and fine, but without proper attention, you tend to rely more on luck rather than skill. Pidge, it has been some time since I’ve met another that had your sense of balance. With your stature and sense of balance, we’ll work on your reflexes and dodging skills.

“Shiro, you’re, well, you pretty much have all your basics covered.” she hummed, canting her head to the side as she took in his form. “So, you’ll be helping me in training the others when learning the basics.”

“Ooh, guess you just became teacher’s pet!” Lance leaned over to whisper in Shiro’s ear, brows waggling.

Shiro’s own brows furrowed down at Lance, finding the comment rather inappropriate. He didn’t get a chance to reply as Keith was the one to speak up, pointing out that Lance hadn’t been all that subtle or quiet. “Guess that puts you on her shit list.”

Pidge snorted to hold in his laughter, Hunk pursed his own lips as he looked off to the side though his cheeks were quivering as he tried to hold back from smiling. Even Kagome didn’t bother to keep the smirk off her face, rather enjoying the frightened gulp that echoed around them from Lance.

“As I said, Lance, attention span. You’ll be starting tomorrow with an hour of meditation each day, before breakfast.” her smirk grew as she watched Lance’s entire posture sag as he let out an exaggerated sigh, a rather sad nod of his head as he resigned to his new fate. “Oh, it’s not so bad!”
“…easy for you to say…” he muttered with a pout.

“I started off with same, only my teacher had me do an hour before each meal and an hour before I went to bed. So consider yourself lucky.” she shook her head as she stepped back and eyed the line. “With that said, starting tomorrow, you’ll be spending an hour with me for some one on one training, and then we’ll work as a team to make sure your basics are covered. So I suggest you get a good night’s sleep tonight.”

Kagome dismissed them from the sparring room, watching the Paladins leave. All were a little excited, save for Lance, as they made their way to either a common room or to get something to eat. Her own posture relaxed, though her brows furrowed when she realized that Shiro was still there.

“Shiro, is everything alright?” she was slightly taken back when his cheeks colored the slightest amount and he seemed rather reluctant to speak up.

As one hand rose to scratch the back of his neck, his prosthetic hand was clenched into a tight fist. “Are you sure it’s a good idea for me to help train?” his hand fell forward, a quick squeeze to his shoulder told her what she needed to know, though.

“Shiro, you’ve have been helping the others more than you already know. Why is it you’re afraid of helping me train the others? And be honest.” she waited, knowing when it was a time to push and a time for patients.

“I’m… I’m…” he raised his prosthetic arm, the hand flexing and clenching while his other hand held onto the forearm. “I just don’t think this is something I should help with.”

Dark eyes flew up to lock with her own blue ones when her hands wrapped around his clenched fist, a constant reminder of the year he spent fighting for his life as a form of entertainment for the Galra empire.

“Shiro, if you really do not feel comfortable in helping me train the others, then you do not have to.” her eyes lowered to their hands where she slowly eased his fist open and pressed his hand between her own. “Be it one time or a few times, all I ask is that you at least try. One of the reasons I asked for your help is that you know the limitations of the human body and where the boundaries can be pushed. But, again, if you are not comfortable, then you do not need to help.”

Shiro hesitated for a few moments before letting his other hand fall atop theirs, nodding his head slowly as he quietly agreed to at least try. Her pale violet markings, a sign of her Altean heritage, rose as her cheeks lifted in a bright smile, one he couldn’t help but return in a more subtle way.

“Dude, that is so unfair!” Lance whine as he peeked around the corner, glaring at Keith for his hissing ‘shh’.

“I think it’s absolutely adorable.” the voice of Princess Allura cooed as she leaned over Hunk and Pidge across from Lance and Keith. A few quiet squeaks came from the mice as if in agreement.

Coran gave a nod of his head, fingers wriggling as they held to the door frame, “Kagome’s position as Allura’s personal guard put her at odds. She had close ties to the royal family, but her being a guard seemed to frighten most prospective suitors away. I think they make a rather handsome couple.”

“I think we should leave them to their privacy.” Pidge spoke up, not at all comfortable at having been dragged to take part in watching this. A grunt from Keith made them all know he obviously
felt the same way.

Allura coughed quietly with a nod of her head as she pushed away from the doorframe. “Yes. You’re quite right, Pidge. Come along, it is almost time for supper and you all have a busy day tomorrow.”

Lance let out another whine at the reminder he would have to wake up early for his mediation. “Is there any way I can work around her assignments?” he whimpered when Coran shook his head.

“You think what she has you doing is hard, I suggest you stay on her good side or else you’ll find out what really is hard.” he chuckled when Allura made some remarks about some of the punishments she had put a few fresh guards through when they tried slacking. “Ah yes, I remember those now. So do not think she’ll not do the same because you are Paladins.”

Lance tossed one last look at the pair still in the room before making his way to get some food, hoping Hunk would be cooking up something other than the green slime. Green goop? The green stuff. And not allow Coran to do any cooking in general.
“Just so you know, we’ll be watching and listening to the both of you.” the woman commented from over her shoulder.

Kagome sighed as she picked up the ends of her dress, not at all comfortable in what she was wearing with her surroundings. “Yes, so if I do or say anything, I’ll be sure to pay for it.”

They walked in silence for a couple of short minutes, allowing Kagome to wonder how she was going to keep Loki from sharing her personal little detail to the others without rousing suspicion. She had just managed to keep herself, hidden, from Thor. A tiring feat.

“Again, we’ll be watching so if anything should happen…” she trailed off, letting Kagome pick up on both the silent reassurance and silent threat.

She was about to nod her head to consent and let the woman know her message had been heard loud and clear.

“That’s alright, Agent, I’ve been assigned to watch over the proceedings.” the new voice drew both women’s attention to a rather unassuming man. He stood around Kagome’s height, and that was only because she was still wearing her heels, wore a polite smile.

“Alright.” there was a single nod of her head as she left them.

“Lovely. Let’s go meet the firing squad, shall we?” she waited for the door to be opened.

“Loki is only one person.” he continued to smile.

Kagome shrugged her shoulders. “Last I recalled, Loki has been considered a god since… well, a long time. And from what I remember, didn’t gods have, I don’t know, god-like powers?” she gave a nod of her head when he finally opened the door and let her in first.

Loki was pacing inside a large glass cage, though he paused when they entered the room, his eyes following her which didn’t go unnoticed by the Agent that came in with her.

“Before whatever this is starts, please refrain from doing or saying anything about or towards me. I do not need Stark having a new reason to bother me.” she approached the glass cage, stopping more than an arm’s length away.

Loki smirked as he moved to stand directly across from her, arms crossed behind his back as his eyes trailed up and down her form in a blatant slow drag. “That is also the Man of Metal, yes?”

Kagome rolled her eyes. “Among other things.”

Loki gave a small bow of his head. “I consent. You did ask so nicely,” the smirk he threw her way as he raised his head had her narrowing her eyes as it reminded her a little too much of Tony.

“Right.” Kagome stared him down as she tried to figure out how best to go about this only to decide to go for the direct approach. “So, what is it exactly that you want?”

His smirk grew wider. “There are many things I want.” his pointed look was one she ignored since he had made it more than clear he did want her.

“Yes, but why have you done all of this, here on Earth? What do you hope to gain?” she was
actually curious, in that way where she actually didn’t want to know.

“The world.” his reply was blunt, it had even the agent making a sound. From the back of his throat.

“Ah.” great, another one of those types. Why her? She must have some sort of magnet for these types, and if she did, she wanted it removed.

“Good luck with that. Many have tried and failed before you, and I highly doubt you’ll be the last.” she knew this based on history and personal experience, not that she was going to mention that last part.

“Humans have tried and failed. I am no human.” he almost sneered, as if he was holding back.

Her head canted to the side as she continued to watch him. “Hmm, funny that. You do know this world is inhabited by us humans.”

His pale eyes grew dark just as much as his smirk. “Yet we both know that is not true. Just look at this cage,” his arms were thrown out to indicate the glass cage. “It is rather convenient that they have this. Which means it was not meant for me. It would be terrifying to see whatever this cage was meant for to get loose.”

The words had the agent quickly leaving the room, speaking in low quick words. Apparently, he learned something from what Loki just said, if only she was in on the loop. A brow rose as she watched him leave the room, wondering if she would be able to leave now that they most likely had what they wanted.

The silence was weighty on Kagome’s shoulders, as she knew Loki was staring at her the entire time, but she was waiting for the agent to return, hoping for him to at least. When he did, that polite smile was back, his gaze turning from Loki to Kagome. “We’d like to thank you for your cooperation. On behalf of SHIELD-!”

Both spun around when they heard Loki’s voice directly behind Kagome. “Did you really think that cage could hold me?”

Kagome spun about, more than ready to throw a punch this time, only to stumble when she was met with air. An arm wrapped around her from behind to keep her on stable feet, only to blink when she felt a warm spray on the side of her face. Turning to the side, her breath caught in her throat at the sight of the severe wound on the agent, knowing only Loki could have caused it. Instincts welled up in her and she spun about in his hold, powers finally flaring to the point it blasted him away.

His laughter rang through the room as he stared up at her furious expression. “My, but you are the powerful one!” he was in the process of picking himself up when the carrier shook. Loki looked around the room, his smirk growing dark once again as he bowed towards Kagome. “I do believe, however, this is where we will part ways. For now.”

The moment he disappeared, Kagome rushed to the agent’s side, hands already glowing. The moment she was crouched down next to him, her abilities began to work on healing the most life-threatening points of his wound, just enough to keep him alive until help would arrive and treat him through more conventional means.

“What-!” the man groaned as he slumped back down to the floor, face twisted in pain though he kept his eyes open enough to watch her do her work.
“Hush.” her eyes turned to him for a bare moment to ensure he remained silent, her gaze returning to her work, cursing Loki for putting her in this position, Sesshoumaru doubly so for making her attend that stupid event. She could have stayed home, enjoy a relaxing night alone and be blissfully unaware of the gods walking among men. And happily unnoticed by secret organizations. But no, apparently the fates had other plans in store for her.
Inuyasha: Shippo

As much as she loved her friends, she felt they sometimes went a little overboard with certain things. Like, dragging her out to clubs or bars every weekend to ensure she was maintaining her social life. Not that it helped her romantic life. After Inuyasha and returning to the present, permanently, her love life had been… well, rocky was putting it nicely. There had been a few, none of which had been Hojo, that had helped awaken her sexual side, but she either found them too fragile or flawed.

Tonight was no different.

It was a nicer place than she was used to them dragging her to, so perhaps it would finally be an honest girl’s night out for once.

“And here she is, the most perfect woman you could ever hope for.” Yuka’s voice had Kagome sighing as she swirled her drink with lazy rolls of her wrist.

“Yuka…” her voice trailed off, the others giggling at her exasperation.

“Oh, don’t ‘Yuka’ me.” her own voice firm as she planted the man next to Kagome, and with some subtle gestures from behind him that had Ayumi and Eri nodding their heads and grabbing their things. “Well, we just got a call from some others that are coming, so we’re going to sit a table closer to the door until they get here. In the meantime, why not get to know Akira!”

Kagome didn’t get to say otherwise as they left the table so suddenly leaving her with a practical stranger. Taking in a deep breath, she took a swift drink to turn and face the man next to her. “I’m really sorry about them.”

There was a flirty smile on his face, “It’s alright-!” he suddenly choked when his face looked gobsmacked. “Kagome?!”

“That is my name.” she stared into aqua-green eyes that was surrounded by rich auburn bangs. His face was definitely masculine, but had a certain feminine touch that she had grown familiar with in only seeing youkai being able to pull off. “Do… do I know you?”

They both leaned back from each other, him staring at her as she tried to take him in and figure out where they had met. There was something about him that tugged at the back of her mind. But the mental picture and the man before her were clashing. She knew it was possible, but she had given up on hoping to see any of them ever again after the first five years.

“Kagome, it’s me. Don’t… don’t you remember me?” the expression he wore was obvious an exaggeration of being hurt, but she picked up on that actual sting.

“I…” she froze when it finally clicked, his eyes and hair with that pouting tone. “Shippo?” she almost didn’t want to hope only for it to be dashed.

His face split into a blinding smile, very much now reminding her of the kit that she had taken care of during their hunt for the Shards and Naraku. He practically knocked them over when he threw his arms around her, giving her a hearty hug that now had strength behind it when she remembered tiny claws desperate to cling to her.

“Shippo?” her mind was still having trouble adjusting to the fact that he really was there, her arms slow to rise and return the hug as a small voice in the back of her mind whispered it was just a
dream and he really wasn’t there. But when she felt the shocking broadness of his shoulders, the solid physical proof that he really was there, it was she that was now clinging to him. “Shippo. Shippo, Shippo, Shippo.”

“That is my name. But not so loud, it’s Akira to the public.” his arms tightened around her at her wet chuckle, humming when she buried her face into his hair and let out a sound that was a mix of a sob and laughter.

When she suddenly pulled back looking at him closely, he could only smile, silently nodding his head to reassure her that it was really him. It was swiftly wiped off when she gave him a surprisingly harsh punch to his shoulder. “Ow! What was that for?”

“What was that for?” she gave him another punch, she could feel a slight stirring of her miko powers tingling with her anger and could only feel slightly better that it did give him a slight zap. Nothing to really hurt him, but it had been enough to let him feel it. “10 years! It’s been a near decade and it’s only by chance that I now know you’re still alive!” for good measure, she gave him a third punch.

“Ow! I think that’s actually going to bruise.” he whined when he raised a hand to soothe his sore shoulder. He wore a pout as he eyed her, having not expected that she would actually punch him. True, it was not something to really cry over, he was youkai, it still shocked him.

“Good! You deserve it.” the last part came out more as a mumble, it was petulant, but she felt that she was in the right. It shouldn’t have been that hard for him, or any of the others really, to look her up. It was the 21st century for Kami’s sake! There were public records, telephone and the internet. Really not that hard.

“Sorry, Inuyasha never told any of us the exact date, thinking you’d always return. When you didn’t, or couldn’t, he didn’t say anything out of spite.” he gave her a pointed look. “And you never mentioned for fear of messing with time.”

“Alright…. But it’s not all that hard to look up my family!” her whine was a little desperate and a little hurt.

He offered a sheepish smile with an awkward shrug of his shoulders. “Sorry, I traveled the world. It hurt staying in one place waiting for you to be born.” a blush covered his cheeks as he looked away. “And then there was always the idea of simply stealing you away when you finally were born. I still remembered all the pain we went through, especially what you told us of your home. It wasn’t hard to tell that you came from a time of peace and education over ours. And then there was Inuyasha…”

Kagome grimaced as he trailed off, not able to defend herself or Inuyasha. “Is he…”

Shippo nodded his head. “Yeah. Turns out the Inu-no-Taisho’s bloodline is a lot more powerful, since even a hanyou shouldn’t have lived so long and look the way he does. He’s mated to a coyote youkai and living with his family over in America.”

With a deep inhale and slow exhale, she nodded her head as she finished her drink, feeling a sort of weight lift from her shoulders. “That’s, that’s good. I’m glad he’s happy. And you?”

“What about me?” the smirk he threw her was something that reminded her too much of Miroku. “I’m a kitsune, living his prime. Why would a handsome, unattached male like myself be here to begin with?”
He didn’t have to wait long before her nose scrunched up in slight disgust. He knew it wasn’t directed at him personally. “I can understand why you’d come to the bar to get lucky… But why did you… What made you want to try and get lucky with me?”

He coughed as his own face morphed into one of disgust. “I was actually trying to go for your friend, but she was pretty adamant on me meeting you. I figured you would have been as good as her, though I didn’t think you’d be… well, you.”

An awkward silence settled over them, leaving a sour taste in both their mouths. “Let’s change the topic. Actually, let’s change the scenery too. I’m getting hungry.”

Shippo smiled as he stood up, ignoring her upset words and expression when he paid for her drinks by tossing a few bills atop the counter. “I know this great place, you’ll love it. And I know the owners will be dying to meet you.”

Her expression brightened with hope, looping her arm with his as they left the bar. She completely forgot about the girls, but they’d see her leaving with Shippo and think she was finally moving on from her last ex’ or simply getting the lay she needed, according to them.

She was not going to let herself think no that subject any longer. Instead, she was going to finally enjoy the night for the first time in a long time.
Love Monster: Haine

She had felt the ripple. It was not one only of power, but it was one of time and a wish. She figured it had to do with the fact that she had traveled through time and housed the Shikon for such a long time.

It took her a while to figure out and pinpoint where the ripple originally started, but she had. So, like the miko that she was, she went to investigate.

What she hadn’t expected to find was that it started at a school. One full of youkai and hanyou. She easily mingled in with the others, she was around the same age appearance wise and her odd coloring was enough to not get questioned.

Their ability to look completely human was either a testament to their power, or the power of concealment charms. She didn’t focus on that fact as she tried to get the exact location of what caused the ripple.

“Hello, can I help you?” a smooth voice spoke up from beside her, causing her to blink up at the male that appeared out of nowhere.

His coloring was much like hers, save for his black hair appearing more of a dark steel-blue-gray. There was a flash of gold in his right lobe… And had Kagome not been exposed to Sesshoumaru as she had been, she might actually flush at his handsome appearance.

“I…” she stopped, what was she supposed to say? That she was hunting for something powerful that had the ability to mess with time? She didn’t think he would also take to kindly to the fact that she was a miko. There was no telling what happened in the last five centuries between youkai kind and miko to how they would accept her.

“Are you planning on transferring to our school?” the question was an honest one as he took in her current uniform.

“Uh…” she still didn’t know how to reply to his questions, so she turned away with a slight frown and stared ahead of her.

He chuckled, easily picking up her hand to loop her arm through his. “Come, I’ll give you a tour. Perhaps I’ll be able to get an actual response from you. Hm?”

Her eyes narrowed up at him as she tried to tug her arm back. Of course, his strength didn’t really allow that, and she wasn’t too comfortable with even attempting to use her abilities to get him to back off. So instead, she was forced to take a tour of the school and listen to him explain it’s history.

It was rather extensive, and sounded a whole lot more interesting that the school she was currently attending. A tiny twinge of jealousy at how lucky they were to go to such a place that practically catered to their needs while providing them an education. For humans, it was more of trying to get everyone to assimilate and become alike.

“You’re in luck, I believe the founders of the school called and mentioned that they’d be visiting today. A truly special treat since they have not been present since the school was first funded and built.” they had stopped in a rather nice garden, a perk to having a school outside the city she figured.
“Oh?” she was interested, but her mind was still mostly occupied with trying to find what caused the ripple. “Any reason as to why?”

“Not sure, I wasn’t told. I am still a student, even though I am student body president.” there was a slight boast of his title, and he was upset that he hadn’t been told to the reason behind the founders reason to visit.

“That’s quite the position you hold.” the comment was made in absent mind, her eyes looking across the gardens.

Haine was struggling somewhat. The female was not paying attention to him in the least, something he was not used to at all. And there was something about her that he couldn’t quite place. Was it that her eyes were the clearest blue he’d ever seen? There was an air about her that had his instincts stirring in such a way that he had thought he felt for Hiyo.

He tried to question her as they made their way back to the front of the school, internally preening when he heard how a few of the others whispered about the beauty on his arm. It was obvious that he would have a beautiful female on his arm…

“Sesshoumaru-sama. I take it you are one of the founders of this lovely school?” her voice broke him out of his thoughts when she finally managed to pull away from him, leaving him to blink after her as she approached one of the oldest monsters with familiarity.

“Hn.” gold eyes followed her movements as she approached him, pale hair tied back in a low and loose tail.

“My woman!” the cry had everyone nearby stopping to watch, the young woman easily sidestepping an excited hug from a wolf.

“Kouga.” she smiled as he wrapped his arms around air, pulling off a particular pose that was rather comical. “Good to see you too again. Anyone else going to make an appearance?”

“Your kit.” Sesshoumaru spoke up, his words causing Haine to rear back in surprise and stare at the apparent you woman.

“Your kit? You’re a mother?” he knew there were a few monsters out there that looked younger than they truly were, it only spoke of their power.

“Ah, no. He’s a kitsune that I looked after when he became an orphan-” she didn’t get to finish when she was suddenly swept up into a warm greeting from a fox with a happy spin.

“Shippo! Let me down before I get sick or you crack a rib!” she laughed out, smiling up at the fox when he finally did.

“I take it you’re also here to discover the source of power, miko?” Sesshoumaru asked, Haine rearing back from the fact that he had held a miko on his arm the entire time. The time may be different, but they had all learned what miko were capable of to monsters like themselves.

“As I take it that’s the reason why you’re all here? I was hoping it wasn’t another Shikon or Naraku… Kami-sama, it was hell to get rid of them both the first time around, I really don’t want to go through the whole thing again with so much more at stake.”

“Wait. Wait, you’re a miko?” Haine felt his eyes widen the more she spoke, speaking of things that were taught in their history class, so if she was a miko, there shouldn’t be any way for her to know of either. Human couldn’t live that long…
“Hmm?” blue eyes turned up to him. “Yes. That’s not going to be a problem, is it?”

“…” his hands clenched in slight anger and fear. “You should not be here.”

She was about to speak up when Sesshoumaru, Kouga and Shippo surrounded her in a way to show that they were protective of her and would back her up should anything happen. “She is the reason this school even exists, or did you forget that little detail?” the fox spoke up, eying the crow hanyou as he took hold of one of Kagome’s hands. He smiled down at her at her questioning gaze.

“Hn. Miko, tell me the exacts that you felt.” he too eyed the young male.

“If my instincts are correct, then it involved a wish that affected time. In such a way that it rearranged itself.” she looked over her shoulder unflinchingly.

“Hn.” he turned to Haine, gaze silently demanding the boy question what was about to be said. “You will be the miko’s guide, as she will be transferring to this school as youkai and humans are now co-mingling.”

Haine watched as she bowed politely with a “Please take care of me.” only turn around and scowl up at Sesshoumaru. “And next time, ask! Just cause you’re a Lord, doesn’t mean you get to rearrange my life to your pleasing!”

“You will be an ambassador between our two species. This wish now has youkai and humans mixed with each other, you will be perfect for the role as those currently in the seat are… sorely lacking.” he walked off into the school, Kouga and Shippo following after him.

“You… You… What?” Haine was still having trouble following what just happened.

“You’ll get used to it, Sesshomaru is like that.” she smiled as she approached him, ignoring how he leaned away from her or flinched a bit when she took hold of his hand. “Now come on, I want to learn more about my new school!”

The smile she tossed him reminded him of the instincts he felt earlier. When he had learned she was a miko, he thought it had been about trying to get warn him about her, but he easily recalled that his instincts warning him about danger felt entirely different to what he was feeling in her presence. So, he allowed himself to be dragged back into the school. He wanted to get to the bottom of this.

It didn’t hurt that she was actually pretty…
Supernatural: Dean-Sam (NSFW-ish)

It had been pure luck. Maybe. It really depended on who was asked. Kagome would scoff, scowl at the memory as a blush stole across her cheeks. Sam would stutter, a pale blush on his own cheeks. Dean, Dean could go on and on for hours to describe how they met.

Kagome had been helping with a charity even, reluctantly. Normally, she’d jump for any way to help out, and hearing all of it was going to be in-house, it would mean almost all of the proceeds would go out to the charity of choice. That is until she found out she’d be modeling lingerie or swimsuits.

After finally agreeing not to back down, she strutted her stuff down the catwalk. She would never admit it, that once she got into it, she really had a good time. Until the brothers appeared with a group of possessed people on their asses. Let’s not forget those ‘cute’ monsters.

Of course, panic ensued making the whole thing a mess. Once the crowd was gone, save her because she had made the opportune hostage, that was when Kagome’s camel broke it’s back. She lashed out, her powers purifying the demonic entity of her would be kidnapper. Realizing that she could do such after four more demonic entities were dealt with, chaos irrupted once again.

Kagome swore, all the screaming dealt her one of the worst headaches she’s had to deal with in years. The interrogation that followed the miko light show had not helped. The leers and looks Dean had given her neither.

Ever since then, she’d get calls from them whenever the needed a hand. It made her life exciting again. It didn’t hurt that the brothers were attractive and believed her stories, at least what she told them.

And then it happened. They had gotten pissed drunk after a particular job. And for some, alcohol was a truth serum, letting them say their innermost thoughts. For Kagome, it seemed it helped her act out her inner most fantasies.

Of course, she didn’t remember most of that when she woke up the following morning, naked and between the equally naked brothers. Her attempts to crawl out of bed unnoticed didn’t really work, and unlike her, the alcohol was still pumping strong through them.

As a few more rounds were started, flashes came back to her. Dean was surprisingly the more sensitive one, lots of caressing and a slow burning passion. Sam was a bit on the shy side but the one that also liked to experiment and egg his brother on.

Dean was hands down a boob and ass man, his hands were either gripping her ass to help her as she was forced to slowly ride him, or massaging her breasts as they were kneeling on the bed and he took her from behind.

Sam seemed to appreciate her petite size. In general, particular how his hands seemed to encompass her waist, nearly completely. The strength and softness of her thighs, either squeezed around his own hips or as the brushed his cheeks as he held her legs over his shoulders.

After they laid panting in bed, all on the urge of falling back asleep, Kagome remembered blushing fiercely when Sam was the one to mutter they her at the same time the next time. Obviously complaining how unfair it was to wait his turn and being forced to watch, gaining half a grunt of agreement from Dean.
Oh, her mother should… would… whatever, be so proud.
It had been a particular mission, and Kagome was more than happy to take a nice hot soak or even a shower to just soothe her aches away. So into the idea, she was peeling her uniform away as she made her way to her bathroom, leaving a trail after her.

It was said trail that two particular males followed, smiling as they entered the steamy room. It had taken them longer to join her, as they had been the ones to give up the reports, so they saw that she had already showered and was now relaxing in the tub.

Kaldur was the first to strip and slip into the tub behind her, whispering something in her ear and earning a low laugh from her. “What… the temperature too hot for you?”

“Nothing that I cannot handle.” he murmured back as he kissed her neck, smiling at her sigh as she leaned further into his hold.

Her head lolled to the side, blue eyes hazy as they landed on Conner. She raised an arm, water sloshing a bit and dripping onto the floor as she held out a hand to him. It wasn’t until Kaldur also spoke up, inviting Conner to join them did he begin to move.

They had been together long enough and help treat each other’s wounds that there was no need to feel exposed or embarrassed. So he stripped without a second thought in front both Kagome and Kaldur. It was more intimate than anything they had ever done, so there was a new tempo to his heartbeat to stand completely naked in front both of them.

But the sight before him, the steam in the room and the relaxed atmosphere had him wanting to sink in as Kagome and Kaldur already had. So, with a smirk, he crouched down next to the tub and eyed what he could see through the water. “You sure there’s room for me?”

“Get in here.” the demand from Kagome was touched with a slight whining tone, her heavy-lidded eyes brightly flushed cheeks with drops of water and sweat making her skin sparkle and shimmer in the low lighter.

He couldn’t fight her demand or Kaldur’s gentle tugging into the tub, he chuckled when he finally dipped into the water, sloshing it around in the tub a bit. He settled and relaxed against the wall, actually thankful that the tub was so large to accommodate all three of them comfortably. Kagome shifted so her back was pressed to Kaldur’s front and her feet just dangled over the tub, once again uncaring if she dripped water onto the floor.

It lasted for a few moments before Conner shifted until he was massaging one of Kagome’s feet, it wasn’t until then that everything about her was tiny, even her feet. He smirked at her coos and sighs as she sagged forward as Kaldur began to massage her the back of her neck and shoulders. “Ngn… you two spoil me too much…”

“You deserve to be spoiled.” Kaldur smiled as he kissed the back of her neck. When he pulled away, he began on her arms allowing her to sink back into his hold.

Enjoying the peaceful atmosphere, Conner smiled at his two partners and lovers. Not once had he thought he would have a relationship as he did with the both of them at the same time, and would thank what- and whoever he had to for allowing him to be able to be with both of them. He gave the foot in his hold a little tug to tickle at the delicate skin, smiling at her sudden laugh as she tried to tug her foot free.
“Ah-ha-ha! Stop! Ah! Stop it, Conner!” she thrashed about to free her foot, her leg jerking once again when she slipped a little when he pulled her leg to tickle the back of her knee, water sloshing and spilling over the tub’s edge.

Kaldur smiled as he held onto Kagome to make sure she didn’t slip into the water. It was also an attempt to keep her as still as possible as he was physically reacting to her unintended stimulation. Her skin was slick against his own, softer thanks to the warm water, and hiding a hidden strength. It was at a particular twist from Kagome, and due to his slight moment of absentmindedness, that his grip actually slipped to cup a breast completely.

That slight slip had the atmosphere changing for all three of them. Conner was watching his hand against Kagome’s flesh intently as his own was grew lax. Kagome was panting as she tried to catch her breath from Conner’s bout of play, seemingly not noticing of where Kaldur’s hand currently was. Her ignorance didn’t last long. When Conner began to move in closer to the others, massaging Kagome’s legs along the way that had her shifting and bringing her attention to Kaldur’s hand cupping her breast.

“Ah!” she arched her back, unknowingly grinding down against Kaldur earning a deep groan from him that had his hand flexing and squeezing.

Conner watched it all, enjoying how her flush grew and began to flow across her chest. Their relationship was still relatively new, short of a year, and yet they had never done anything more than share the same bed and simple kisses. This right now had his blood pumping like lava through his veins. His hand trailed up against her slick skin to cup her other breast while his other cupped her chin, seeing those juicy lips of her hungry, so he decided to go for a taste.

She was sweet, like strawberries with a little tart aftertaste much like cream. If left him hungry for more. As he settled between her legs, her smooth skin sliding against his own, his lips slid against hers in slow sweeps before his tongue began to take sweeps against the pliable flesh. At her low moan, her own tongue darted out to sweep against his own that had his hand massaging the breast it cupped as the other dropped to her thigh to squeeze as well.

When she pulled away to inhale deeply, her head falling back onto Kaldur’s shoulder as she panted and shifted as both of them massaged her breasts with different pressure. Her eyes opened just in time to see Kaldur drag Conner to him to share a passionate kiss, she squirmed at the sight of it and the fact that their hands continued to massage and tease her.

She knew that being in a relationship with two others would mean there would be times where they would be intimate without her, but to be sandwiched between them as they made out and continued to grope at her breasts was rather a big turn on. Her hips squirmed as she continued to watch them make out, actually turned on by it all.

A whine actually escaped her when they pulled apart, a little disappointed that her show was done. Both males chuckled before Kaldur had her turning to him to lock gazes with her. “We had been worried that you would not approve. I see we were wrong.”

“Why wouldn’t I approve? We are all in this together, I knew you would have where you would rather be with Conner than myself.” she gasped when Kaldur’s free hand trailed along high on her inner thigh that had her squirming, it was both ticklish and not where she needed those fingers of his to be.

He watched her bite down on her lower lip as he trailed and petted his fingers against her silky thighs, catching Conner watching them intently. “I would never put either one of you above the other. I love you both equally.” his pale eyes then turned to Conner, to make sure they both knew
he was serious.

Kagome managed to turn over, now kneeling above Kaldur as she stared down at him. “Thank you.” she cupped the side of his face as she kissed him, her hand planted on the bench beside his hip to support her weight.

They both knew of her past between Inuyasha, Kikyo and herself, where she had been left waiting for scraps from Inuyasha while he dragged her along with a promise that it would be them alone. They had learned she was far more open and had Inuyasha known what they did, she wouldn’t have been against being part of a three-way relationship between Inuyasha and Kikyo.

Conner and Kaldur knew that Kagome was more than willing to try anything as long as she was given an equal standing and not simply expected to take on certain roles with little rewards. With them, they shared everything. She knew they would keep certain things from her until they felt she could handle it, likewise, she would do the same with them.

When he cupped the side of her neck, her hand trailed down his chest pausing briefly above his pounding heart before sinking below the warm waters. Kaldur inhaled sharply when she continued until her hand was wrapped around his now straining length, hips bucking against the water. His head fell back when Kagome pulled away to look at Conner over her shoulder. “Truly, thank you.”

Conner grunted as he moved to lean over her, caging her form beneath his own. He could tell from her arm movements what she was doing, Kaldur’s reaction, he could now understand how Kagome had been turned on by watching him and Kaldur share a kiss. With the need to take part rather than watch, though the idea of watching was arousing, he nudged her knees apart to rest kneel there comfortably. This time it was Kagome’s turn to let out a gasp, only for it to turn into a groan when he began to grope and massage her breasts once again.

He paid attention to Kagome’s motion and pace, rocking his own hips against her own in sync with her hand. Her head threw back as she rocked back against him, sounding out her pleasure as she gave it out. Kaldur pulled her back to him, claiming her mouth as his hand joined hers under the water. There was a point where he was lucid enough to remember they would need to leave the tub soon as the water was quickly growing cool despite how hot Kagome had set it to be.

When Kagome rested her brow against his shoulder, Conner was more than willing to take her place, his hand squeezing Kagome’s grip on him tighter. Their first sexual encounter since their relationship started and it was more than he could have hoped for. It was his turn to pull away from the kiss as he breathed in deeply, feeling the build up had him gritting his teeth.

Seeing Conner was now nipping at a side of Kagome’s neck, Kaldur followed his lead and took up residence on the either side of her neck with the intent to leave his own mark on her skin. Her low cry echoed in their ears, her free arm rising to curl around Kaldur’s shoulders when she shuddered with a low moan before she sagged against both of them.

Conner and Kaldur were quick to follow her in release, their strength leaving them as they became a panting mess of limbs. They rested for a few minutes to catch their breaths, Kaldur the one to stir first when Kagome shivered a few times.

“I think it’s time to get out of the bath.” Kaldur gently nudged Kagome with his nose, poking Conner into getting out first.

Conner let out a quiet groan as he stood up, rolling his shoulders as he stood up before leaning over to open the drain. Once he saw Kagome shiver once, he was quick to grab the largest towel to wrap her up in it. He easily held her in one arm to free a hand and help Kaldur back up onto his own feet,
keep a hold on that hand as he lead them all to the bedroom.

By the time they arrived, Kagome was already asleep, both males chuckling. “I shall grab her something to wear, could you do her hair?” Kaldur kissed the corner of Conner’s mouth before walking to their shared closet, Conner’s eyes trailing after him for a few moments in admiration.

“Babe, the things you get us into.” his kissed her brow as he took a seat on the bed and grabbed an edge of the towel to begin drying her hair. Not that he was complaining what Kagome always seemed to manage and drag them into, this latest bout of adventure was a first step for them, and he was more than thankful that Kagome was with them for every other first step they have taken since the beginning.

Perhaps their next first step was going to be coming around soon.
She had been helping those she crossed paths with ever since she had returned from her time in the past, getting to travel the world because some of those she helped were higher up on the social ladder and tended to feel honor-bound to return the gifts she had so freely given.

It was how she ended up in America, as many people as there were in Tokyo, there seemed to be a much stronger outcry for her help in America. So she set out and helped. Sometimes, it was nothing more than being an open ear to listen, passing along messages from those she had helped back in Tokyo, some were more involved in taking care of something supernatural.

That was how she crossed paths with the Winchester brothers, her life became far more interesting since meeting them, which included Bobby Singer, an older hunter that was more a source to go to for information and help as well as other hunters. The latest individual she got to meet was Castiel, an actual angel.

“So, you called me to come all the way out here… to have sex with Castiel?” she was trying to make sure she had heard Dean correctly, not really believing what he had said. “Are you high?”

“Look, the world’s about to end and Cass is a virgin.” said angel actually began to look shy and uncomfortable when the state of his virtue came up. There was even blushing. “And it would really suck if he didn’t get to experience the blessing that is sex should our plan not pan out.”

Kagome nodded her head, having thought the same thing before they had faced Naraku and lost her virginity to Kouga of all people. “Uh-huh. And you called me. Again, are you high?”

Dean took a swig of his drink, sighing at the the burning taste as he himself was beginning to wonder if this had been a really bad idea. He had figured with her being a holy warrior was the best for Castiel to lose her ‘celestial cherry’ to. A blind man could tell that Cass had shown some interest in Kagome, he leaned back to eye the petite woman, he couldn’t fault him for it. She was hot, could kick some serious ass, had some serious connections and awesome holy powers.

“Look, this was a bad idea. Maybe you should just get going.” Dean pushed away from the table behind him, halting suddenly when Castiel spoke up suddenly.

“No.” his cheeks took on color as he turned away from the two of them.

Kagome breathed in deeply as she eyed the two of them before her, not sure how to feel about how she had been called for a booty call of all things, but understood where Dean was coming from. And if Castiel’s sudden outburst was anything to go by, then he was actually interested. She wasn’t sure if it was the concept or with actually going through with it, she herself was curious. “Castiel, are you serious about this?”

“I…” he turned to Dean, seemingly lost on what to say.

Dean himself held up his hands as he took a step back. “Don’t look at me, there’s only so much I’m willing to hold your hand on. This ain’t one of them.”

Kagome rolled her eyes, though she had to concede his point. If Castiel was interested in actually having sex, then she could understand why Dean called her rather than anyone else or take Castiel to some stripper club. “Well, if you’re interested, then please let me know.”

Castiel observed her for a few moments, taking in her form and able to see her soul. She was one of
the only humans he had seen that held such a soul. A Holy Warrior that had been blessed with God’s favor. He actually felt honored that she would give him his first experience in such physical intimacies.

“Castiel.” her voice and smile drew him out of his thoughts.

“Yes?” feeling an odd sensation when her smile grew.

“This only works if you say something. Are you interested or not? And there’s no need to force yourself.”

He hesitated, feeling rather shy and out of his depths. “I… I am curious.”

Dean choked on his beer while Kagome chuckled lightly. “Well, that’s a good sign I guess.”

Dean cleared his throat, finding the whole situation far too awkward and uncomfortable. “Great. There’s a room upstairs-”

“Oh, hell no.” Kagome started up as she picked up her bag, looking completely like an upset female when she planted a fist on a cocked out hip. “I am not about to have sex in this dump. I have a perfectly good hotel room with an attached bathroom that has actual running water. If you’re still interested and curious, we’ll be leaving for said room now Castiel.”

She shook her head as she left the place Dean had taken to residing in rather than his usual hold up in some no-tell motel room. It didn’t take long for Castiel to make his way to her car and to get in, and the ride was silent all the way to her hotel. If the situation were any weirder, she might end up welcoming the coming end with open arms just to put herself out of her misery.

Unlike the brothers, she could afford staying in hotels, nothing too upscale, but comfy enough for her tastes. She tossed her bag and jacket in one of the chairs next to a small table as she walked into the room, going to her small travel bag to fish out for the most important item of the night. A condom.

“How does this usually proceed?” Castiel stood there, observing the room with vague interest before his eyes turned back to her.

“It usually depends on the individuals, but the major points are getting intimate and getting naked. The order is entirely up to the couple.” she tucked the condom in her pocket so she could pull Castiel further into her room and sit him down on her bed.

While driving back to her room, she had wondered how best to go about it when she figured starting out like most people stumbled about learning about sex was the best way. So once he was comfortable, she climbed into his lap and cupped his jaws. “If you’re ever uncomfortable, you let me know and we’ll stop.”

His bright blue eyes looked up at her, neither nodding or saying anything. Taking that as her go ahead, Kagome leaned down and kissed him. It started out simple, a bit more innocent with short brushes against his lip before he finally began to react. She felt him hands shift, unsure of where to put them so she pulled back enough to whisper against his lips. “Just do what feels natural.”

There was a slight murmur from him as his hands settled just above her knees before she started kissing him again. After a few more innocent brushes, her tongue darted out to swipe across his lower lip, her lips quirking slightly when Castiel actually moaned, his mouth parting open the slightest amount. Instead, she continued to swipe her tongue across his lower lip, teasingly thrusting it past his lips a few times until his own peeked out to tap against her own.
His hands slid up her legs, groping at her hips a few times while their kisses became more heated. Since his hands became more active, she decided to kick it up a notch and began to nibble on his lower lip earning a gasp and his entire body jumped at the sensation. One hand left her hip to sweep into her hair and hold her to him to continue their kissing, her own hands sliding to cup the back of his neck and clutch at the material of his shirt.

When they finally pulled back for much needed air, Kagome chuckled at his words. “You taste sweeter than I would have imagined.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment.” she trailed her lips along his jawline, nipping at an earlobe. She smirked as she suckled the flesh when he jumped again and felt the hand in her hair tighten.

“I feel… odd.” his voice was rougher than normal, causing Kagome to pull away and stare at him. He was panting and his cheeks were flushed with a trace amount of color.

“Do you want to stop?” she was not about to push a virgin angel, even if she was starting to feel all hot and bothered herself.

“No. I just… Is this normal?” his brows furrowed he watched her, his hands once again trailing along her form.

“Hmm, describe it to me.” when his brows furrowed even deeper, she smiled warmly at him. “Does whatever you feel, feel hot? Tight? Is there a tingling sensation? Is it heavy and suffocating?”

“Hot… and tight” his eyes trailed down to his lap, forcing Kagome to follow his gaze and blinking at the tent he was currently pitching.

“That, Castiel, is an erection. What you’re feeling is completely normal.” she swooped down to give him another heated kiss, distracting him from her hands as they worked on his belt and slacks. The moment the material slackened, he let out a relieved sigh. “The feeling will build until you release.”

“Release?” he followed her earlier example trailing his lips away from her own, but instead trailed down her neck.

“Re-release. When you reach you- ah- climax.” she hissed out the end when he nipped at her skin, shuddering when he had nipped a little rougher than she would normally like. “Soft- softer.”

His nips lightened, before he began to kiss and lick at the spot. “You… you seem physically sensitive here.”

“Mmm, so I am.” her fingers combed through his hair as he continued, she knew there would be a mark come morning. “There are many various areas on the human body that are sensitive during sexual encounters.”

He pulled away watching her as she sat taller in his lap, taking hold of his hands and began to guide him to the most obvious areas that were sensitive. “Breasts are one of them. Stomach, waist and hips, legs, ass and genitalia.” with point of her anatomy that she mentioned, she guided his hands to each location. “You can either use your hands or mouth to increase the sensation of your partner. Even to the point that they reach climax.”

She released his hands to explore his own chest, unbuttoning the shirt for skin to skin contact that had them both hissing. It was at this point Castiel became more active, pulling her shirt up and forcing Kagome to lift her arms so the article of clothing could be removed. She wasn’t sure if she
should leave her bra on or not when he pulled a cup down and swooped to engulf a nipple into his hot mouth.

Her hands dove into his hair as she watched him. She hadn’t figured he would take an imitative in anything until she done so at first, using what she would have done as an example to copy the motions onto her. Unless he was using everything she’s said and finally taking charge. When her bra began to dig slightly into her and the stretched state it was in, she reached behind her to unclasp it and remove it completely.

Her hands began to push his coat and shirt off his shoulders, undoing the tie when she found it the only article against his naked torso too amusing to remain. She lightly clawed her hands down his chest, giggling when he pulled away to let out a hiss, his hands taking hold of her hips and pulling her down to meet his own. His erection rubbed her through her jeans, hitting where she was throbbing with need that she couldn’t help but rock back.

His grip tightened where her upper thigh met cheeks to use as leverage to drag her even closer, his brow pressed against her shoulder as he bucked up against her. It was a little sloppy in that there was no pace or tempo and he was frantic. She figured it was time to move onto the next part, finally removing the rest of his clothes.

She managed to slither out of his hold, chuckling at his panicked “No” as well as his grabbing hands. After making quick work on his shoes and socks, she remained kneeling on the floor before him to reach for the waistlines of both his slacks and underwear. The action had him falling back with a sharp hiss of breath, she wasn’t sure if he was breathing in or breathing out a gasp. She was a little more preoccupied with the sight of his arousal, how it jutted out away from his body, darkening flush and a few glistening drops already leaking from the tip.

Licking her lips, she knew he was still not quite ready, but she felt her body beginning to hunger for the sight before her. She wouldn’t be surprised if her stomach began to growl at any moment. And it made her wonder… would angel taste any different? She knew he was technically possessing a human body, but still, she had learned a demon possessing a human altered their blood… And then there was the fact that Castiel might not be ready…

She went with her instincts, leaning forward and dragging her tongue to catch those few drops as her hand gripped the base with a delicate squeeze. Her eyes darted up to meet with his wide ones, one hand pushing him up into a semi-recline position while the other one had reached out, if to stop her or not she wasn’t sure and she wasn’t going to until he said so otherwise. Watching him watch her, she swirled her tongue around the flared head a few times before slowly taking him into her mouth.

It was rather erotic and empowering to know she was setting the pace and guiding a Celestial into their first sexual experience. She took in as much as she could, her hand meeting up to cover the rest of his length before she began to move. His hand was immediately clenching her hair, the strands held carefully in his fist as she bobbed along his length, humming when he bucked up when she gave a particular squeeze with her hand.

After about another minute of a relaxed pace, she pulled away and inhaled deeply as he hand continued with the motions, her tongue swiping across her lower lip in an effort to clean them up at least a little bit.

“What… what was that?” Castiel was panting, a light sheen of sweat making his skin glisten in the light as he stared down at her through heavy-lidded eyes.

“Fellatio is the cleanest name it goes by.” she smirked at his whimper when she pulled her hand
away to reach for the foil in her pocket, tearing it open and tossing the plastic wrap over her shoulder so she could concentrate on rolling the thin membrane of latex down his length. “Giving head or blow-job are more standard, and there are many other names.”

He groaned and strained his hips as her hand once again began its motion along his length, being sure to squeeze at the tip and base every so often as well as give her hand a twist. “This is called a hand-job. Rather self explanatory.” she gave him a few more pumps until she felt he was as hard as she could get him without him actually, well, going off.

She pulled away and stood up, easing her jeans off with quick hand movements and a shimmy of her hips, walking out of them and crawling back onto the bed. When she was finally above him, she smiled when he raised his head in an attempt to kiss her, happy when he tried to take the intuitive when he raised his hand to cup her neck.

“Oh, did you want to take charge, or shall I be the one in the dominant role?” she asked, honestly curious. She knew most men, males in general, preferred to be the one leading sexual encounters, so she was curious of how Castiel would like to perform the actual act that would take his virginity.

“I…” his brows furrowed for a moment, well the furrow deepened, as he stared up at her. “Please continue as you are?”

She giggled at his rather lost expression. “How polite you are, even during sex. It’s alright if you take lead, I’m comfortable either way.” she honestly hoped he decided soon, she could feel the heat of him as she rested just above him.

“I would feel comfortable if you continued.” his chest heaved, his voice strained as it seemed to take everything to talk as normal as he usually did.

“Alright.” she pressed her lips to his, one hand mimicking his by wrapping around the back of his neck while the other took hold of his length to guide him to her entrance and began to lower herself onto him, seating him deeply within her. “Ah! Congratulations, you are no longer a virgin.”

He watched as she pulled away to sit up completely, her weight settling atop him with a slight wriggle of her hips that had him panting once again. “I now see why Dean enjoys doing this.”

“Ah-ah. No talking of others while having sex.” she wagged her finger in a ‘no-no’ fashion. “It’s considered rather bad form.” hands lowered to rest against his chest as she began rocking against him, biting down on her lower lip at the sensations that began to burn through her. It had been far too long.

A virgin she was not, but she was selective. It had been at least two years since her last romp between the sheets. She wasn’t going to last long, which was alright as Castiel was bucking up to her rocking hips, hands pulling her down to grind down on him.

Biting down on her lower lip when she raised up onto her knees and dropped back down into his lap, gasping at the dragging against her walls that she could only clamp down on the cause that had Castiel groaning and gripping her thighs. Her legs slipped open wider, allowing him to reach that much deeper regardless the slight strain it put on her hips, but she needed it. It was as she continued bouncing in his lap when she realized that there was a small detail that was missing.

Slowing her movements, she grabbed one of his hands and brought it to where they were joined. It flinched slightly when it brushed against trimmed curls, “Shh, it’s alright. I- I- Uh! I just wanted to show you where a woman can also be pleasured.” with a bit of work and a deep furrow of her brows, she brought his fingers to where her bundle of nerves throbbed fiercely. “This is the clitoris,
or clit. There are Ah- ah! Other names… but nnnn-not important right now.”

His fingers moved under her gentle probing, adding that extra stimulation that had been missing. When she felt he had it in hand, she smiled at her mental pun, her hands returned to his chest as she began to lean over him, muscles burning and growing tired. But it wasn’t about her, this was for Castiel. A whimper escaped her when his fingers paused, his hand moved so that it rested more comfortably against her hip and his thumb could continue the torture his fingers had previously.

At a particular strong crush, she all but collapsed atop his chest. When he hesitated, she shook her head. “Don’t stop, I’m fine.” her hips continued to rise and drop as she breathed against his neck, hands clenching to his shoulders in such a way she absently knew her nails had to be biting into his skin. Not that she could do anything about it at the moment.

The movement of her hips began to lose tempo, gasps leaving her every time his hips bucked up to meet her. “I feel… Something is wrong.”

Pushing up a little bit, she looked him in the eye as best she could. “Does it feel like… you are about… to shatter?” his head gave a jerky nod, his frown returning at her smile. She leaned down to whisper against his lips. “Good.”

Having got a bit of a break, she tossed herself back and up, her hands gripping just above his knees to help her not only drive down on him, but to give her that bit of leverage to grind down on him as well. Brows angling downward, she was trying to hold out until he finally reached his first climax before she experienced her own. When she felt that despite the rather impressive length inside of her, she was sure he was at his hardest, did she look down at him. “It’s alright… let go. I’ve got you.”

It was a few moments after her words did he finally reach his end, his climax accompanied by a low sound from the back of his throat that signaled her that she could let go as well. Their bodies twitched as Kagome fell atop him as if she were in slow motion. They were both panting to catch their breaths, his hands felt hot against her skin, glued to where they were holding onto her.

“Con- congratulations. Now you really are no longer a virgin.” her voice was breathy as all her functions were slow to return to normal functionality. With weak arms, pushed herself up and off of him, rolling to lay out next to him.

A shiver wracked her body at the feel of the cool sheets beneath her, the scent of sex clung heavily to their skins. After a couple of minutes, Castiel broke the silence.

“What now?” his voice was still a little rough, his head turning to observe her.

She smiled lightly. “That depends on the couple. Some go for more rounds of sex, some shower and some go to sleep.” turning to face him. “You do what you want, I think I’ll be going for a shower.”

Standing up with a stretch, uncaring of her naked state now that they had been intimately involved, she turned to him and eyed his sprawled out form. “You might want to remove the condom. There’s tissues, towels and a bin. Just wrap it up in some tissue before you throw it away. If you want, you are free to join me in the shower.” she started making her way to the bathroom. “A perk to staying in a hotel, bigger bathrooms…”

Castiel knew the comment was an absent one from her, not directed to him. Finally managing to sit up, he eyed his semi-flaccid member before reaching for the box of tissues he had seen earlier and worked the strange contraption that Kagome had called a condom off.
He looked up when he heard the water in the shower turn on, head canting to the side slightly. The feeling of sweat on his skin and the semen on his still semi-erect member, not sure how to feel about the sticky residue left on his skin. The fact that he could feel the slight sting where the sweat rolled into the slight wounds Kagome managed to do to his skin was still an odd reminder that while still an angel, he was no longer connected to Heaven.

Standing up on shaky legs, he was about to go about returning to his clothes when Kagome began to hum did his instincts have him redirecting to join her. He was sure Dean could hold out on his own for a little while longer.
Kagome hadn’t been too pleased that she had to go all the way to Karakura High just to continue her educational career, but it was a small price to pay for skipping school to save the world. Being new, with wild rumors clinging to her didn’t really help. And for some reason, the boys seemed to think that just because she came from the city, she was easy.

She sighed around another bite of her lunch, the more persistent annoyances and the supernatural-ness of the school had her eating her lunches alone. A nice quiet place where she remembered her adventures, family, and friends uninterrupted.

“Hey, Strawberry!”

Kagome blinked as her peace came to a sudden and unexpected end. Her hand hovered, waiting to see or hear if it was a one-time thing or if it would continue. The calls did, followed by a low growl. Well, as close to a growl a human could achieve.

Breathing in deeply through her nose, Kagome placed her lunch to the side and walked around the shrubbery to see if she could help.

The instigators, were ones she recognized, the one they were trying to antagonize as well. Not a lot of people with that shade of hair went to this school, and they didn’t have a bust size that should be back breaking. She watched for a few moments more before stepping in.

“Alright, I think that’s enough.” she walked slowly towards the small group.

“Stay outta this… Well hey. If it isn’t the city girl!” the obvious leader leered at her, earning a surprisingly dark scowl from one Ichigo Kurosaki.

“I have a proper name, and so does he.” she waved a hand in Ichigo’s direction in an almost bored manner.

“Heh… you should be more interested in my name, sweetheart. I’m more than sure you’ll be screaming it soon enough.” the boys laughed at the crude joke.

Kagome narrowed her eyes on the guy, she also waved Ichigo’s silent offer to say something in her defense. “You mean, like when I call for help or for the police? Because this is broadening on harassment.”

Ichigo was quick to cover his laugh by turning his head away to cough, even one of the leader’s friends let out an amused snort. They had obviously not expected her to turn the crude comment around.

It had been amusing until the leader took a step forward with a raised hand. It was at that point when Ichigo became active in the whole thing, having been ignoring the small group up until she stepped in.

“I don’t think so.” he caught the flying hand as he stepped in front of Kagome, all signs of amusement now gone.

The leader glared at Ichigo, trying to hide a wince when Ichigo gave the wrist in his hold a squeeze. After a few moments of them staring the other down, the leader finally wrenched his wrist free, tossing a displeased glare at Kagome. With another long look at Ichigo, he turned away.
“Tch. Come on. Let’s leave the freak and the cold fish.”

Kagome held Ichigo back as he attempted to do or say something in retaliation. “Leave it be. They’re not worth it.” shaking her head, she waited until she was sure Ichigo was calmed enough before letting him go.

Turning, she returned to her lunch, smiling when she heard Ichigo follow after her. Well, more like smiling to his statement. “I didn’t need your help.”

Bobbing her head as she sat down, she smiled up at him. “I know. You didn’t have to protect me either, though, thank you.”

Ichigo blinked at the comment, brows pinching tighter as he took in her form. “Ya know how to defend yourself?”

Kagome nibbled on her lunch. “Far too much of a clutz for such hand and foot coordination, but I’ve been told I’m killer with a bow.” she giggled at her private joke, remembering those times Sango attempted to give her pointers for self-defense.

“So what, you were going to let him hit you?!” Ichigo dropped next to her on the hidden bench, wondering if a few of the rumors he had heard about her weren’t so exaggerated. Maybe she did get… excited by such things?

“He’s been harassing me since I started here.” she finished her last bit of lunch with a sharp smile that screamed danger. “Having physical proof would have been his undoing.”

Ichigo blinked, his standard ‘frown’ wiped away at those words.

“Besides, I’ve handled worse than him. He acts tough. I’m not one to say such, but he’d probably wet himself if he walked a mile in my shoes.” her hands were smooth in tucking her chopsticks away and closing her bento. She smiled at him once again with a slight cant to her head. “It was a pleasure finally getting to meet you, though, Kurosaki-san. Perhaps our next meeting will be under more pleasant circumstances.”

With a slight bow in her seated position and moved to get up and leave. She hadn’t counted on him stopping her. “Wait.”

And she did, watching him stand up with patients only to be surprised when he began dragging her in a direction she had not plan on going to get back into the school. “There’s some people I want ya to meet. This way you won’t be alone should those jerks make another appearance.”

Kagome smiled at the implications of his words, a way to offer her protection without outright standing in front of her as Inuyasha had-! She gave a small shake of her head, no, she wasn’t going to do that. While Ichigo shared some personality traits with Inuyasha, but they were two different people.

“So… strawberry?” she questioned, smiling at the light blush on his cheeks when he tossed her a dark scowl. “Sorry, sorry. Just curious!”

He narrowed his eyes, huffing when he face forward, posture relaxing when a group of people was spotted. His friends. And with his determination, she had a feeling she was about to be included as a friend.
Howl watched with a smile as Markl played with their newest stray, his heart feeling lighter than it ever had. A feat he thought would never happen since Sophie had left them. He couldn’t fault her, she had saved a Prince from a curse with a kiss of true love and stopped a war.

And Howl knew, magic, never lied.

So when the Prince returned to repay her kindness, he left with the girl that had taught Howl how to feel again. Their home felt empty with her gone. But on a rare day where he had managed to be pushed out to get out of their house, he stumbled upon Kagome.

She was utterly lost but completely fascinated by all that she saw. Like Sophie, she had become cornered by some soldiers looking for a good time, unlike Sophie, Kagome didn’t cower down or try to hide. She stood her ground.

Though, it was easy to see her stubborn nature had not pleased the men and so Howl swooped down to save yet another damsel in distress. It was the sheer joy on her face as they walked through the air that had him taking her home.

A point in fact, that she often commented on that she wasn’t a stray or some pet to take home because the idea struck him. She stayed, though. Had nowhere to else to go. Nowhere else she wanted to go to.

She breathed new life into their home, filling every corner with a light that even Sophie didn’t or couldn’t.

She was lounging in a comfortable position in the field, most likely staining the dress he gave her, though, he couldn’t fault her. She looked like some nature spirit. Hair unbound and wild from playing with Markl, cheeks flushed as she smiled down at the boy resting in her lap and surrounded by clean nature.

“A story, hmm?” a hand began to run through the windswept copper locks. “Anything specific?”

He shook his head, turning over to wrap his small arms around her waist. “Doesn’t matter. You tell the best stories.”

Howl began to approach them just as she began to laugh. “The best? Alright then, with a compliment like that, I’ll have to tell you the most epic tale I know.”

“It started a long time ago…” her voice was warm and sweet, like honey as she started her story.

Howl lowered himself next to her, smiling as he wrapped an arm around her shoulders and pulled her into his hold. He hummed as her scent surrounded him as he pressed a kiss to her temple.

“…it wouldn’t be seen again for decades. Until a seemingly unsuspecting girl fell down a well, only to fall through time to land in a world of magic to truly rid the world of this cursed jewel along with a great evil that hunted for it.”

So they sat and listened, enjoying a lazy day. The laundry could be done tomorrow.
She honestly didn’t know how she got into these situations. It wasn’t like she was still neck deep in magic and craziness. In fact, her life had gotten somewhat dull… No, stagnant.

That didn’t mean she wanted to be on the arm of an assassin.

Was her previous life so bad… Wait. Never mind.

She had only found out quite by accident. She had been doing a favor for a friend, who she was going to blame all of this on when she walked in on him killing his target. With origami. To say they were both surprised would have been an understatement, and she was never going to look at origami the same ever again.

She had tried to walk away like she saw nothing, as cool as a cucumber, but he had other plans. He had asked her why she didn’t scream, call out for help.

“I don’t know him, and from what I have heard, he was a monster.” it then made sense why her friend had pleaded for her to fill in. The now dead man assaulted women, even teens, that worked under him. A man like that would have to have a rather shady business. “Besides, no one would believe me if I said I saw him get killed with origami.”

He looked down at her for a few moments, weighing her words. After one last look at his kill, he dragged her away after him.

“Where are you taking me? Actually, why are you taking me?” she tried to twist her wrist out of his hold. But, a man that could kill with paper was strong, she could feel it in his grip. It was strong, but not bruising, which was surprising.

“You are a liability, yet killing you could lead to difficulties.” his steps were sure, walking as if he had every right to be there.

“I rather like living.” her comment had him looking down at her with dark eyes.

And you will continue to live. I only kill those I’m paid to.” so he was an assassin with morals. “Not including women and children.”

“So you plan on keeping me, then?” his look answered that question. Great, she just became an assassin’s pet. “And what about my life? My family and friends will look for me.” she continued to remain calm, she had been kidnapped enough times to screaming like an idiot got her nothing more than a sore throat and a headache unless there was someone nearby with the ability to help her. Which was not the case right now.

“You will resign from your work and tell those you need to that you’re going to travel.” did he already have play for this sort of situation?

“Uh-huh. My co-workers might buy that. My friends, I’m a little iffy on. There is no way my family will believe that out of the blue. Without a proper explanation.” Kagome smiled at a worker they quickly passed.

When they got to a relatively quiet spot, he looked down at her.

“I’m only explaining it as it stands.” perhaps if she listed things off, he’d see it was going to more
of a hassle to take her and let her go. It wasn’t like she couldn’t keep secrets.

He guided her outside, their steps crunching lightly on the pebbled pathway. It was when the finally approached his car, did his next words kick in her flight instincts.

“Then I’ll explain to your family.” he looked at her in confusion when she began to tug at her arm. Their steps never stopping until they reached his car, where he pinned her to the passenger’s side door. “I’m not going to harm or kill them.”

Her lips pursed as she looked up at him. It wasn’t like she could explain herself. While yes, she did worry at the idea of introducing her family to an assassin, she was more terrified of how her mother would react to her bringing home a male.

Her mother would not be so subtle in her request for grandchildren as she would most likely smile at him.

“You sure there’s no way that you could let me go? Not even a tiny one?” perhaps her best hurt-puppy eyes with a threat of tears and polite pleading might help.

“I can’t risk it. Not now.” he opened the door and eased her in with a gentle hand.

She buckled herself in and watched him walk around the front to get to the driver’s side. “Killing me might be kinder…” she whimpered at the new adventure she was now on.
She had grown tired of him rushing through everything they did. True, certain things his speed made life easier, but other things he took off running as soon as his feet hit the ground. So now, he was getting… punished.

A smirk curled her lips as she watched him struggle against the binds she placed. “Sorry love, but those only come off when I take them off. And I want to teach you to appreciate how slowing down can be a good thing.”

His struggles stilled when she dropped the short robe she was wearing, revealing the black and silver panty set. One of his personal favorites. A grunt escaped him when she dropped into his lap, icy blue eyes locking with her own azure gaze.

“Ah. But I do appreciate taking time here.” he leaned forward, his words whispered against her lips.

“Mmm,” Kagome eyed his lips as she reminded herself to keep her resolve on her point. No matter how her entire body trembled to have him touching her, and his voice had her quivering. “That may be so, but, it’s often rare.”

When she pressed her lips against his, hands tangling in his silver-steel hair, his hips bucked up against her own. It let her know that he was actually aroused, he wasn’t bearing a full on erection, but he was going to buy the time she was done with him. Well, that wasn’t true… He groaned at her smirk, pressing further into the kiss.

She was so thankful that he was wearing slacks and a button up rather than his standard ‘suit’. Otherwise, her plans would have a little hiccup. But damn, if he didn’t look tasty in his suit.

A low laugh escaped her as he tried to follow after her as she pulled away. “Ah, ah! We’re taking things slow tonight.”

He let out a curse in Russian when she cupped him, fingers trailing along his length with the barest touch. Teasing him really. “You will be the death of me.”

She hummed around the skin she was suckling, pleased at the redness against his pale skin. “Mm, I think not.” lips curled at how the cool breath against the wet spot had him shivering. “But what a way to go.” she cooed.

More low laughter echoed around them when an unintended whine escaped him when her hands moved to undo the buttons of his shirt. She could only blink in wonder when she finally pushed the article of clothing open, exposing his physique to her hungry gaze. It didn’t surprise her that his skin was already so warm under her touch, a slight flush already present.

When her fingers brushed the first major scar, she bent her head and kissed the puckered skin, a reminder of his near death. She looked at them as her greatest feat ever, bringing him back from the brink. And how better than for someone that had willingly sacrificed himself for Clint and a child against Ultron. Thankfully, she had been around.

At a quiet hiss from him, her gaze darted up to meet his own. Beneath the pleasure and frustration, she could make out tender love. Leaning up, she kissed him, not quite as passionate as earlier, but a slow low burn that silently told him of her love for him.
“I love you. Let me show you just how much.” Her words were breathy, even under her current binds, he could still make her breathless.

Returning to pressing soft kissing to his scars, she climbed down from his lap until she was kneeling between his knees and looking up at him. He once again slipped into Russian, chest heaving slightly with her small wet kisses leaving a trail from his shoulder down his stomach. She knew he was praising her, if not demanding her as well to not stop, muscles straining against her binds.

When her eyes trailed down his bare torso, she bit her lip when his muscles twitched, as if she were physically touching him. Seeing the bulge in his slacks, she couldn’t help but lick her lips. Her movements were slow and teasing as she snapped the button open and dragged the zipper. As much as she was teasing him, every twitch and every sound he let loose, made her resolve waiver.

Her eyes flicked back up to lock on his face when he sighed, his entire posture slouching in relief at the slight reprieve she gave him. Delicate fingers danced along the waistline of his underwear, teasing him by dragging dipping her fingers just beneath, toying with the faint beginnings of coarse hairs.

The teasing went on for a few heartbeats until she finally dragged the last articles of clothing down his legs. His member stood tall and flushed. The tip glistening with a few pearly drops that had Kagome her thighs together to elevate her own need. She watched how his head fell back the moment her hand wrapped around the base of giving him a gentle squeeze.

The sight he made, currently at -her- mercy and begging rather than the other way around was so arousing… Deciding to give him a little mercy, she kept her eyes locked on him as her tongue darted out to catch the first few drops, his flavor exploding and left her wanting more. At his choked words, again in Russian and she mentally swore to take up learning the language, Kagome smiled as much she could around his length.

While he was bound for this lesson, he wasn’t completely immobile, his hips bucked against her mouth as much as he could and his legs parted further to allow her to shuffle just that much closer. He murmured under his breath as he watched her, it had her free hand gathering her hair to fall over one shoulder and allow him a better view of what she was doing.

As she bobbed her head along his length, her hand pumped in tandem as her now free hands rose up to cup his balls, squeezing and massaging him gently. When she felt he was near his point, she drew back with a slight slurping sound and one last parting lick across his darkly flushed head. His straining length now glistened in the lighting, the thick vein that ran along the underside, pulsed strongly.

Watching it, her breath panting against his sensitive length, she contemplated on whether or not to remove her bra and treat him to massaging him between her breasts or simply put an end to all of this and see to both of their needs.

“Do it.” the gritted out command had her looking up at him. His eyes were dark and pinned on her, cheeks flushed with color and his bands slicked to his brow. “Ride me.”

Her resolved snapped back to steel where it had wavered just moments before. Rising up on her knees, she reached behind her and unsnapped her bra, not even bothering to tease him with its removal. Weighing her breasts in her hands, she gave him a coy smile as she shuffled forward. The moment his member was cushioned against her flesh, she let out a hiss at the heat he was branding her with as he quivered and slouched forward to offer more of himself to her treat. Her back arched as she massaged him between her breasts, the motions slower than when she had been swallowing
him. To cool him down and still keep him sensitive.

“Ah Kotenok…” his hips twitched as he attempted to gain just that little bit more of friction.

“Ah-ah.” when his head just peeked out from between her pushed breasts, she blew a light breath of air that had him shivering. “I’m taking my time with you. Why, are you not enjoying this?”

Her motions slowed even more as she waited for an answer when he let his head fall back to pant and let out a low groan. She stopped altogether, puffing warm breaths of air against the flushed head just below her chin. “Pietro, I’m waiting for an answer. Are you, enjoying, this?” to kick start an answer from him, she flicked her tongue around his head a few times before pulling back completely.

“Yes. Yes, Kotenok. But please…” his head lolled forward, brows pinched as if in pain, his hips strained upwards once again.

“Hmm…” with one last lick to his burning erection to pull away and stand before him. A hand trailed down from between her breasts, catching the remnants of wetness left on her skin and dragging it down her stomach until she was toying with herself through her soaked panties. “You think you learned your lesson?”

His eyes were pinned to where her fingers were rubbing at the wet panties, biting down on his lip when her legs opened to offer him a better view of what she was doing. When she pulled her hand away, he let out a quiet protest, “No, Kagome, please do not stop.”

Lips curled up, joy welled up in her and warmth spread at his words. First at how polite he had been, and that he was getting off watching her toy with herself. It was interesting to know, but now, she was dripping and hungry for him that she almost understood his need to rush into every time they had sex. “Perhaps another time, I think you finally earned your treat.” she slipped the last vestiges of her clothing down, hips shimmying a bit until her panties dropped to the floor.

No more teasing, no more need to draw anything out to, now was the time. She hissed when his lips engulfed a nipple when she finally returned to his lap. One hand gripped his shoulder while the other helped to guide him to her eager center, both shuddering as she slowly took her in. The position was new to her, her weight settling her more firmly atop and around him. His heat was… it made her head dizzy when he reached a spot he’d never been before.

“Ah… remember, you can take your time.” she cupped his jaw and brought his face up to hers to share a passionate kiss; lips, tongue, and teeth. Everything was slick between the two of them now, making it all the harder for her to keep a solid grip on him to keep her balance. Her legs were beginning to burn as she raised and lowered herself. When she began to tire, she would roll and grind her hips down for a short reprieve

After the third round of needing a break for her legs, did she finally reach around his back and peeled off the ofuda. There was a small sound, like a pop of static electricity, before his arms were around her and he began to help her. She whimpered, part of her happy he was going slowly and making each thrust seem meaningful, but there was a part of her that wanted his speed.

A cry escaped her when he suddenly stood up, arms and legs winding around her to keep herself from falling, though she knew that was not going to happen with his strength and speed. He stumbled over to the bed, his weight settling atop her with low laughs from the both of them when they tumbled into it. Seemed she had actually made him weak in the knees, so to speak.

Now that they were on something that offered them stability, he was pulling her into him, into his
hold when he picked back up on thrusting into her. His hands were gripping her, pulling her into him with each thrust, one hand gripping her hip as the other wrapped around her shoulders. “Slowly, yes?”

“Yes…” the word was dragged out of her in a hiss at his powerful and slow thrusts, allowing her to feel all of him when he pulled out and entered her once again. Each drag against her sensitive flesh had her gasping out his name in praise. She felt his smile, his face was buried in her neck with his lips pressed against her shoulder.

With a subtle shift and the hand on the small of her back had her hips angled just so that had her clenching at him, nails dragging down his back and Pietro hissing and hips bucking out of the tempo and rhythm. After a few more thrusts, she began to feel the heat building until it was an inferno that she was attempting to crawl away from the intensity of it. Pietro merely chuckled and kept up with her until they were both pushed into the pillows and Kagome was slapping her hands against the pillows and Pietro’s back as she cried out.

“Ah!” her back arched, muscles spasming the closer she got to reaching an orgasm. “Oh, Pietro, so… good. Too much!”

He chuckled at her whimper, increasing the speed of his thrusts, just a little, and his hand slipped from her hip so that he could tweak and play with just above where they were joined, turning the heat inside of her sharp and dangling her just above the edge.

“Kagome, you are so tight.” he kissed just above her pounding pulse, sucking at the moist skin, striven to hold her out too so they could both reach their ends. He pulled back to eye the mark he just left behind, happy to see it there and knowing that everyone else would and know that he was the one to put it there. “So hot. All mine.”

“All yours. Pietro… Please…” dark blue eyes gazed up at him, pleading with him as she clutched to him as tightly as she could.

“Kotenok.” he brushed his nose across her jawline. He himself was scrabbling to keep purchased atop the bedsheets as his knees slid out from underneath him, straining for them both to finally reach the end. “Are you close?”

“So close! So… close…” she continued to mutter the words under his breath, mixing his name until only his name was left her lips until it was a constant mantra. “Pietro!”

The cry echoed around them, his brow pressed against her shoulder as he gave a few more thrusts, curling around him when he finally came himself. His energy left him with every spurting of his seed leaving him. And then he gave one final thrust, stilling until he sagged into Kagome, her arms folding around him to hold his weight.

“No… don’t…” Kagome clutched to him when he attempted to roll over and off of her, she was comfortable though to bare his weight and she was not ready to part with him.

Pietro chuckled, swift to create another mark on her neck as he wrapped his arms around her to keep her locked to him and rolled them over. “Anything you want, Kagome.” he smiled up at her still dazed expression. “I shall even go slower.”

“Not for everything.” she kissed above his heart. “Just wanted you to see slowing down sometimes isn’t so bad.” she curled into him, legs shifting against his sides as she pulled his arms around her to fight off the cooler room air.
“Ah.” he pressed a kiss to her temple. “Shall we take it slow the next round too?”

His laughter echoed in the room at her weak slap against his chest. “I don’t care how we do it, just give me a quick break first.”

“Quick?” his hips thrust, his member hardening in her warmth that had her hands dragged down his sides with a hiss as she clenched around him.

“Not your quick!” she managed to gasp out, her flesh still hyper sensitive. When she managed to focus again, her lips pursed and she gave him another slap against his chest. “Not that quick of a break! And you know that!”

Pietro nodded his head, a bright smile on his face. Instead, he chooses to continue to leave new marks against her pale skin. He wasn’t one that liked to wait, but for Kagome, he could wait for near an eternity.
Kagome hummed at the warm sensations she became aware of when she began to swim back into consciousness. Smiling, she rolled over and into the warmth of the figure behind her and wrapped her arms around his neck in a lazy hold.

“Mmm, good morning.” the greeting was whispered against warm lips that pressed against her own.

“Good morning.” the greeting was returned, hands sweeping down her sides to take hold of her hips to pull her into his hold. “How do you feel about breakfast in bed?”

“Sounds divine.” she pressed a kiss to his chin as her leg shifted to tangle with his own. Despite her words, she was showing through her actions that she was reluctant to let him go. “What’s on the menu?”

He hummed as he shifted in accommodation to her own movement, a powerful thigh pressing between her to apply pressure just so that had her gasping as his hands slid with a soft hush to take hold of her behind and pull her hips completely flush with his own. “You in the mood for blueberry or chocolate chip pancakes?”

“Blueberry without a doubt.” her own hands slid down to his chest, enjoying the heat that he always seemed to radiate, petting down his abdominal muscles until her nails were scraping the beginnings of his dark blond happy trail.

Another gasp escaped her when he leaned down to nip at her neck when he gave a lazy roll of his hips, allowing her to feel the beginning of his arousal. He was always, hungry. In the sexual sense. She could still recall the shock when he shared that particular detail. Sure, she figured he would have some form of a sexual appetite, she just honestly didn’t think he would want to do anything of the sort with her. They were completely different species, after all, he wasn’t even of Earth.

“With maple syrup, butter or honey?” he continued to nip at her neck, soothing the more painful ones with a sweep of his tongue. Both were sure of the marks that were going to be more than prominent later, showing how she was claimed.

“Ho-honey.” she quivered when deft fingers more than easily removed her panties and stroked her, stoking the soft arousal he stirred in waking her a few minutes ago. The touches were light and teasing, petting and stroking her swollen lips more than anything. Her hips shifted in an attempt to bring his touch to where she truly needed him.

His lips, curved up in a smile still, pressed against her neck when his other hand climbed up her spine to bury his fingers in her bed-tousled hair. Tugging lightly, to tilt her head up and expose more of her pale creamy skin, he continued to tease and stir her arousal as he listed off possible breakfast menus. “Bacon? Sausages?”

“Bacon! Baconnnn…” hips bucked when he finally began to circle her clit with a single finger after he gathered some of her juices.

Her mewls of pleasure always were music to his ears, especially in the privacy between the two of them. In all his life, nothing like Kagome had ever given him the pleasure that he gained with her. She was everything he stood to protect personified. Vibrant with life, soft, innocent, delicate, passionate, fiery, brimming with curiosity, loving and caring. And with Kagome, she was able to
look beyond the differences between them. He smirked when he remembered their first time, though. Oh, the questions she had asked once she remembered who she was. His pride had swelled that he managed to knock not only the breath from her but her ability to think as well.

“Eggs and hash browns too?” he listened to her hiss and sigh, he had given her hair a slight tug to expose her neck once again as his fingers finally sunk into her. He had to stifle a moan at her sheer tight, wet, heat that wrapped around his fingers. She was still so tight.

“Ah-ah, eggs, Oh-nly!” her nails scratched down his front, leaving the faintest raised scores that had his hips bucking, his erection thrusting into her side. She was quick to bring his face up to her own and kiss him, delicate fingers stroking along his jawline as her thigh rubbed up against his erection.

Pulling away from her sweet lips, he pressed his brow to her own. “And to drink?” he waited until her eyes opened, his lips twitching at her pained mewl when he pulled his fingers out of her, her hips bucking in an attempt to have them return.

Her blue eyes were hazy, swimming darkly with emotions. Lust was at the forefront, but he had learned to pick up on her adoration and love for him. To have her love, made him feel all the more powerful, made him fight all the harder to protect her and feel all that more vitalized and carefree than he had in a long time. “Drink?”

He kissed the adorable wrinkle between her brows before removing the simple sleeping top, inwardly pleased that he managed to distract her enough from the conversation. Lifting a thigh, he maneuvered himself until he could stroke his erection against her heat in slow, smooth strokes. “To go with your breakfast.”

“Oh.” her voice quivered as he continued to tease her, hips bucking in an attempt to direct him where she needed him. “Oh, um, I - I don’t know?”

He watched her as she tried to follow along with the conversation as he overstimulated her senses, it was adorable really. Making him love her all the more. He truly did love her. “Was that a question?”

“Mmm, I, Ah-ah!” her leg around his waist tightened when he finally entered her with a slow stroke. “Um, what was the question?”

Blue eyes were dazed as she struggled to keep up with the conversation, they fluttered at the slow pace he set, brushing against his cheek when she ducked her head. He so appreciated how she always clung tighter to him, as if she could not get enough of him. The feeling was mutual as his arms slid around her petite waist to hold her tight to his own form.

“What. Do. You. Want. To. Drink?” each word was accompanied with a slow yet deep thrust, causing Kagome to shiver and the fine hairs along her body to raise.

“Ah!” her hands clawed down his back, he arched into the sensation as he curled tighter around her. “Orange. Juice.”

When her hips finally began to buck in an attempt to get him that much deeper, and perhaps speed things up the slightest amount, he rolled her under him and took hold of the back of her knees.

“Oh, Bee!” her back arched up sharply, hands twisting the sheets and pillows beneath her, the sun catching just the beginnings of the sweat gathering on her skin. She looked like a divine being, and with the golden sunlight mixing with the pale pink inner glow of her own power, the same power
that shocked against his own Spark when she first crossed paths with him, had him opening up to soak in her very essence. When his own Spark reached out towards her, her blue eyes snapped open and locked with his own.

Petite hands rose to cup his jaw line and bring him down for a deep kiss, a slow burn that if he had to breath would have left him breathless. When they parted, he pressed his brow to hers, staring into her slightly glowing eyes as she watched him. “My Spark is yours.”

Kiss swollen lips curved up into that bright smile he would never tire of, even a supernova could never outshine her smiles. “As my heart and soul are yours.” manicured nails scratched at the back of his neck until her fingers curled into his short hair, soft legs brushing against his sides until her heels dug into the small of his back and one of his thighs.

Wrapping one hand around the back of her neck while the other took hold of her hip, Bee put a little more power behind his thrusts, more than aware that she would need to get up soon to get on with her day and he wanted her for part of the morning where she was free. “Look at me…” his voice trailed off, he was unsure if it was a question or a demand, but he needed her eyes on him.

It took to him stopping his movement, his touches until she finally complied, blue eyes zeroing in on his own. He watched her struggle to keep them open when he started back up again. Having her watching him as he watched her, feeling her very essence seamlessly mingling within his Spark which was impossible for a human and Autobot to do, it made this all the more intense.

When her brows finally began to angle, his name leaving his in a near silent mantra and he was picking up on the way her inner walls trembled and fluttered around his length, he knew she was close. He could feel that he himself was nearing his end, and he wanted nothing more than to share their ending, that feeling of breaching eternity.

Her chest heaved as she attempted to catch her breath, and when she inhaled sharply, he swooped down to swallow her scream. While he would more than adore hearing her cry out his name, he was sure her neighbors did not need to know what she was doing this morning. Especially since it was technically against the rules of her dorm to allow ‘visitors’ to stay the night in their rooms.

All of her tightened around him; arms wrapping around his neck and shoulders, her legs around his waist and one of his legs while her sheath clamped down on his length. She always felt like a new star was being born when she felt apart for him, because of him. And he fell into her gravity, unable and unwilling to try and keep himself from falling. He pulled away to groan her name into her neck, hips bucking a few times when he finally reached his own completion.

They rested a few minutes, her hands absently stroking down his back as her legs rubbed against his sides. They were similar in the fact that they enjoyed basking in each other’s presence and he was greedy for all things Kagome.

“One of these days, I’m not going to be able to get out of bed with your wake-up calls.” her comment had him smiling, hips bucking so that his length dragged against sensitive flesh. “Oh, no! I still have to get up and shower. And your teasing has me ravished!”

Bee chuckled when he rolled over, bringing Kagome atop of him as he stared at her alarm atop her nightstand. “You still have a near two hours.” he pecked the top of her head. “And is that for me or for breakfast.”

“Both, you tease.” she gave a weak slap on his shoulder, her voice toned with a pout.

He looked down at her, smirking at how she was perched atop him like a cat. He eyed how the
way it pushed her breasts together in the most delightful way. Combing a hand through her hair, his fingers trailing down her spine and earning a smirk when she arched up into his touch much like a cat would, he hummed at her reply. “I guess I could get you something to feed that black hole of a stomach while you shower.”

She leaned forward to give him a light kiss. “You spoil me.” the words were whispered against his lips, both of them smiling as she continued to give him brief kisses until he held her in place for a proper kiss.

“You deserve it.” he watched as she pushed herself until she was sitting in his lap, her hands spread across his stomach. “And, you do indulge my requests for those personal rubdowns I do so enjoy.”

She blushed as her eyes narrowed on him, recalling the more recent rubdown she had given him. Sideswipe and Sunstreaker had stumbled upon them embarrassing Kagome. It did not help that the twins claimed they wanted her to rub them down in order to keep their secret. The two still hinted and teased whenever he and she were near. It didn’t help that Sideswipe had been assigned as Sam’s personal guardian.

“Well, I’m going to go for my shower.” both sighed when she left his lap, his length leaving her inviting warmth and allowing Bee to eye the milky trail that leaked down her thigh with a perverse sense of pride, smirking when she shimmied into her panties and they immediately darkened as they collected the moisture.

“You want me to come and give you a rubdown?” he pillowed his head atop his hands, smiling when she leaned down to give him one last parting kiss.

“As much as I would love that, I really do not want or need to hear my dorm ‘Big Brother or Sister’ coming down on me for breaking the rules.” she pulled away and quickly gathered her things. “And, I really don’t want to fight any of the girls off…”

Bee stretched as she eyed his form, biting down on her still swollen lip. He saw how her gaze became slightly foggy, nor did he miss the subtle rubbing of her thighs. “You do know you have nothing to worry about.”

When her gaze flicked back up to lock with his own, she smiled. “I know. That still won’t stop them from trying.” She opened the door and blew him a kiss as she began to leave. “Please don’t allow anyone strange into my room this time! I’ll see you later!”

Bee huffed in amusement, remembering how Leo had greeted Kagome one time before the craziness of their latest mission set in. Shaking his head, he went about getting ready to go pick something up for Kagome. She had spent enough energy with how he woke her up, as was per usual routine. And since he was particularly peckish for another round later after her classes, she was going to need all the energy she was going to need.
“Miss Kagome, where did you learn how to fight the way you do?” Frodo asked as they continued to trek through the rocky forests.

“A very good friend of mine. She was one of the fiercest warriors I’ve ever met.” Kagome smiled as she recalled how tentative Sango was in the beginning. It wasn’t until she proved she could take it that Sango pushed her harder.

“A female warrior, that’ll be the day.” Boromir muttered under his breath. It was a second later after a pebble hit his shoulder, did he throw a glare at her over the same shoulder.

“See, where I’m from, women are taught just like men in how to fight. Sango taught me how to use my own body as a weapon, her husband then later decided to teach me how to handle a staff.” a sigh escaped her, relief washing through her at the pops that echoed around her from her stretch. “I’m not going to get into too much detail on the one that thought I should learn how to handle a blade… He was quite the slave driver. I personally prefer archery.”

She smiled down at Frodo, watching him seemingly contemplate something. He nodded his head before looking up at her. “Would you be willing to give a demonstration?”

Kagome opened her mouth to reply when Boromir halted in front of them. “Master Frodo, if you wish for lessons on how to defend yourself, I would be more than willing. There’s no need to seek something where it cannot be found.” his gray eyes alone were able to sneer at her while he smiled down at Frodo.

“Firstly, Boromir, I believe the question was directed towards me.” Kagome placed a hand to her chest as she stood her full height. “And secondly, who was the one that not only knocked you off your feet but held YOUR sword at YOUR neck?” when all he did was scowl at her, she smiled as serenely as possible.

Lips pursed and he stared her down for a full minute before spinning about and stomping off. The others followed after, hiding smiles or coughing over their chuckles.

“You favor the bow? Then where is yours?” the question from Legolas was a little surprising, as he kept mostly to himself and observed.

Staring at the male elf, she was still reeling from the fact that he was a real elf, she went to answer before remembering Frodo’s last question. Holding up a finger in a silent plea for a moment, she turned back to Frodo to give him her answer. “As for your question, I would be delighted to give a demonstration.”

“Are… was Boromir right? Do you want to learn how to fight and defend yourself?”

A slight redness tinged his cheeks as his expression became solemn. “I am as much a part of this fellowship as the others. It’s only fair that I do my share to protect myself.”

Touched, Kagome swept down to hug him. “You have a big heart Frodo, don’t you forget that. Or let anyone else say otherwise.” pulling back to her full height, she offered a bright smile. “As for being the one to teach you… I’m not sure I’d be the best teacher. All lessons I were given were rushed.”

Turning back to Legolas, she offered a lopsided smile. “Yes, I favor the bow. As for where mine is… back home. I think.” she furrowed her brows as she tried to recall the details of that last
confrontation with the witch and waking up and chasing after that damned fox. “Yes… back home. Sadly… And it was such a nice bow too! Even if I preferred a short bow, it was so challenging!”

Her voice had trailed off with a whimpering whine, as she mourned the loss of the Azusa bow, drawing the attention of the others.

“Challenging?” Legolas stared down at her, brows slightly pinched.

“It shifted to meet the archer’s needs or became more challenging so the archer was always improving.” trembling hands rose as if to grasp the very bow she was speaking of. “It also never missed a target! Regardless.”

“Truly?” Gandalf’s voice trailed to the back along with a puff of smoke.

Kagome gave a sharp nod as she sniffled. “A monster could be using you as a shield and I could still take the shot! Monster would be dead, you’d be unharmed and all are happy!” with a sigh, arms dropped back to her sides and continued walking along with the others. “Guess I’ll have to wait till… whenever I can next pick up a bow… I feel sort of naked without one actually…”

Sam, Frodo and Legolas blushed at varying degrees at her comment. It wasn’t too hard to forget exactly how they all met the woman and the state she had been in at said meeting. Her words were… comical. All, even Boromir though he would never admit it, were rather thankful for her sudden appearance. She kept their spirits up and provided aid when needed. They truly hoped to keep her near as they had all grown fond of her during the short time since she appeared. Hopefully, it would work in their favor.
Kagome hummed as she and a co-worker walked a straight line in the dark to a particular pen. They usually did this sort of work during the day, two attempts from poachers had them going about this completely differently from the book.

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” David whispered as his eyes darted all other the place. “I mean, yeah you’ve been the only person to walk away from him without so much as a scratch, but this is pretty insane.”

Kagome rolled her eyes, though slightly touched at his concern. And she understood where his concern was coming from, though it wasn’t really needed. Especially since she knew the truth of the one they were helping after having rescued him. “Trust me. He’s long since passed well enough to be released, and we can’t keep him cooped up indefinitely. That would make us no better than those that put him in this situation.”

David nodded his head, then his he once again checked the medical kit in his hands. It was now the 12th time he had done so. “Right. I’m just worried is all. He was downright vicious with any other that attempted to get near until you came along. And don’t get me started on the reports I’ve heard on how agitated he gets at night.”

“I’ll be fine. Don’t worry.” they finally reached the back of the pen, opening a certain hatch that would allow the tiger they had been caring for to leave and walk unhindered to the truck they had set up to take him back to the jungle.

Kagome heard the audible gulp from David when the tiger pinned him with a loathing glare, forcing Kagome to roll her eyes. Males were males no matter the species. They walked next to him until they reached the truck where Kagome closed the door after the large tiger entered the wide padded space in the back.

“Okay, I’ll be taking the northern route while you take the western and Carlie takes the south. I should be back in about an hour.” she signed off her signature on the mandatory documents before hopping into the driver’s seat. “See ya in the morning!”

David didn’t get a chance to reply before she closed the door and started the engine up and slowly pulled out of the drive. She was thankful, as nice as David was, he reminded her too much of Hojo with his preference to working in the offices rather than on the front lines. So to speak.

“…luckily there’s no traffic this late at night.” the rescue shelter was also away from any major community, for obvious reasons of course, so she would be more than able to spot any further attempt from the poachers going for the tiger behind her. “If you want, you can change forms.”

Who would have thought, a male tiger youkai getting caught in the crosshairs of poachers? Well, in a smaller condensed size of their true form, not that hard really. Though it made her wonder what this particular male was doing in his true form in an area that was known to be visited by poachers, to begin with. To catch them unawares?

Turning off the navigation, she took a turn onto a small road. If it could be called that, with it being more like a hiker’s trail really. She eased into a stop when she saw they were deep enough from the open and could go no further. Hopping out of the truck, she made quick work of getting to the back and letting the male out of the truck.
“Okay, you’re free to go-!” her breath caught in her throat when she turned around and came nose to chest of a tall male. Her head thumped against the truck when she was forced to look up to get eye to eye with him.

In the limited lighting, she could make out his dusty brass skin and the fierce scar over his left eye. Said eyes glowed an eerie citrine from beneath thick brows as he stared down at her. His hair was dark, thick and wild, pale streaks dashing through here and there though mostly at his temples. It blended into the beard that ran along his jawline, with a patch of pale silver at his chin. His upper lip covered with a somewhat well-kept mustache.

When her heart calmed at his sudden appearance and rather closeness, she took in the rest of him. His clothes were unsurprisingly clean, must be a youkai thing her mind supplied. She was still unfamiliar with the proper terms in regards to the fashions of India, a shirt was a shirt to her and pants were pants. A black over shirt that made the golden silk of his undershirt particularly glow in the night, a white beaded necklace and tiger pelt pulled the outfit together.

“We-well. I guess this is where we part ways then.” her eyes darted to the arm that was rising, slowly as if not to startle her. A large hand, tipped with claws, dragged along her jawline.

“It’s been centuries since I’ve last crossed paths with one of your kind.” the words flowed with a refined British accent that threw her off. She was brought back to reality when he suddenly gripped her chin, the smile he wore was completely predatory. “I wonder, will you taste as divine as your kin.”

Scowling up at the male, she slapped his hand away without flinching when one of his claws nicked her skin. “Listen here, pal. You are not the first to threaten me, and I highly doubt you’ll be the last.” her lips pursed as she tried to ignore him licking her blood off his claws. How many times has she been told she smelt or tasted delicious? Too many to count or remember, to be honest.

“You are lucky, little one. This Shere Khan is in your debt.” the words were almost spat out, he obviously didn’t like the idea and liked it even less that he had to say it out loud.

Rolling her eyes, Kagome huffed. “Yes, I know how this goes. I saved your life, it’s now in my hands until it is paid back in full. Yadda, yadda, yadda. I would usually say that there’s no need, but you would most likely use that as an opening to kill me for the fact that I did help you.”

The rumbling laugh that left him was deep and rough. “You are quite amusing. Perhaps I shall keep you as a pet?” while his tone ended on the lighter side to make it sound like a question, it sounded more like an observation with intent.

She hissed up at him, more than ready to blow her top with another trying to do such. Again. “You can’t do that!”

“And why not? Those poachers were fully intent to gain profit from selling me to some rich human. I see no difference.” he smirked as she continued to swat his hands away from her person.

“Yeah, well, they were idiots. They’ll get what’s coming to them.” she was growing tired of his physical inspection of her.

Her words seemed to be the trigger to make him that much more angry and serious. “Oh, they will. They entered my jungle, meaning they fall under the laws of my jungle.” Kagome frowned up at him, unable to argue with those facts. Any form of uncultured nature outside of any community fell into the laws of the wild. His smirk grew wider, stretching in a way that only a big cat of the wild could achieve as he leaned down closer to her level. “And you, my dear, are in my jungle.”
The last thing she saw before blacking out were his fierce citrine eyes as she mentally cursed her bad luck and inability to escape any form of the supernatural.
It had started innocent enough. Their own personal way of being nice to their newest member, so she never thought much about it. And if she stocked it up to their words and actions meaning more, even in the back of her mind, she played it on the differences between their cultures. Americans and Atlanteans were more prone to skinship than her own Japanese heritage.

Though that nagging voice at the back of her mind, the one that had learned of youkai nature and was reminded of baser instincts tried to warn her that wasn’t it. Lingering touches, pinning looks, subtle words.

Teasing, flirting, courting.

She should not have ignored that little voice. Should have paid attention. Then again, she had fooled herself into thinking that if they were indeed after her affections, they would posture themselves much like Inuyasha and Kouga did. Fighting and arguing with each other while seemingly forgetting her very presence.

Oh, how wrong she was.

Upon joining them, she had shared much with the other girls. Not knowing of two very particular persons listening on their conversations. How she had shot down M'gann’s idea of a wild romance to have two men fighting over her. Kagome had been very matter of fact that the idea was frustrating, idiotic if not rather cave-man for her tastes. Her old friend’s squabbles often left her feeling much like a piece of meat or consolation prize. Something of no real worth as a person.

Unbeknownst to her, the two males took her words to heart and began planning. Having silent conversations and secret plans when it concerned the petite archer and healer of the team. They were making sure that at least one of them was with her at all times whenever possible.

And then came that fateful day, where they went to the beach. Kagome couldn’t quite remember who had suggested it, most likely M'gann. It was that fateful day that she became acutely aware of their intentions.

“I… I don’t know…” she trailed off, shifting slightly realizing how truly exposed she was in nothing more than her bikini. Why did they have to do this now? Why couldn’t they have said something earlier? Or later for that matter? Besides, the situation was reminding her a lot of her own with Inuyasha and Kikyo. Knowing that, she did not want to put anyone through the same heartache she went through.

Kaldur smiled as he cupped her cheek, obviously knowing where her thoughts most likely were going. “I understand your hesitance. You have nothing to fear. Conner and I have spoken much, and we have agreed to share you.”

Her huffing had both of them smiling, more than happy to see that unsure expression replaced with their fiery little miko. “You make it sound as if I have no choice!”

“You do.” Conner grunted though he didn’t really like the idea of her denying them in any way. He hadn’t been too pleased with the idea of sharing her, though if it was the only way to have her, he’d learn to get along. “Just nudging you in making the right one is all.”

Kagome jumped a little when Conner’s larger frame stepped up behind her own to wrap his arms around her bare waist. A blush immediately stole across her face, more likely causing her entire
body to flush really. A squeak escaping her when Kaldur stepped closer to her front. It gave a whole new meaning to being stuck between a rock and a hard place.

“Please. At least give us this chance?” his voice was lower, pleading as he held her face tipped towards his. His taller frame hunched slightly so that his face hovered over her own.

“I… I…” she floundered. Hands fluttered with no idea on where to go. One eventually landed on the hand that was stroking her hip, the other to wrap around Kaldur’s left wrist. “Isn’t this… wrong… though?” she was panting, struggling to keep her eyes open. Was it just her, or was it getting hot?

Kaldur nuzzled his nose against her own as Conner pulled her tighter to his own form and nuzzled her crown, allowing their team leader to negotiate into swaying their female into making the desired decision. “Is it really, though? You have spent time with youkai, learning that multiple partners were the best way to ensure survival. In Atlantis, while not common, it is not unheard of to have more than one lover. As long as all are in agreement.”

Kagome swallowed, her tongue feeling heavy and thick as her gaze dropped to his lips. She wouldn’t deny it if asked, she found the two of them physically attractive. One would have to be either blind or stupid to say otherwise. Her brows furrowed, though, her upbringing and more modern sensibilities rearing their heads. “What about Conner? Can’t really use his Kryptonian heritage. Besides, it feels like I’m cheating both of you.”

Both of them chuckled, the answer rather typical of Kagome. She was the kind to love wholeheartedly, and she had so much to give. Conner spoke up, this time, leaning down to speak directly into her ear. “True, but I’m also not exactly normal.” he pressed a kiss to her ear, unable to help himself not that he didn’t have her in his arms.

Kaldur redirected her gaze back to him, admiring the hazy blues staring up at him while her cheeks wore that beautiful rosy blush. “Please, Kagome.”

A whimper escaped her as his lips brushed against her own, mind went to everything but what was currently happening, it was a promise of a kiss and something so much more. It was only getting hotter, what with Conner now petting both of her hips after sweeping her hair over one shoulder to nuzzle behind her ear unhindered.

Could she really deny them? Accept both of them? It sounded messy and like a lot of work, but what Kaldur said was true. Youkai often did take on more than one lover or partner to ensure survival. Though that wasn’t really a case in point for today’s needs, since it was relatively peaceful. Thanks to superheroes. She also only knew so much about Atlantean or Kryptonian culture, which wasn’t a lot really. So, could she go through with this? Take on two lovers rather than one or the other?

“Kagome…” her name whispered heatedly against her lips was her undoing.

She closed the gap as she rose to stand on her toes even as she dragged Kaldur down to her, bringing their lips together in a heated kiss. A smile escaped her, earning a muffled groan from Kaldur when she tasted the slightest trace of sea salt behind his surprising sweet flavour. When they pulled apart to breathe, her head was turned so Conner could take Kaldur’s place. His kiss, much like his character was more heated than the slow burn in comparison to Kaldur.

Pulling back to suck in sweet air, Kagome panted as she finally managed to crack her eyes open to look up at the two very smug males. “We’ll need to have a serious talk if we want this to work out right.”
Both nodded, Conner seemingly happy peppered her neck with love bites while Kaldur took to stealing sweet kisses every now and then. “Agreed. For now, let us enjoy this.”
She had never been so embarrassed before, and she couldn’t help it. It just kept happening! It was completely out of her control. No really, it was. Her feet keep leading her into these situations.

“I’m really sorry.” her cheeks were most likely to be stained in a permanent blush around him.

Said male grunted, a brow quirked as an amused, albeit somewhat lazy, smile curled his lips as he stared down at her. “I’m pretty sure I said you don’t have to keep apologizing.”

“I know… but…” her words dragged out into a slight whine, her eyes looking everywhere but him. Her friends would be squealing right now if there were here. Good thing they weren’t.

A low chuckled escaped the older boy, more like young man. “With how often this happens, one would think you were… stalking me.” he leaned down to reach her petite height. “Is that it, Kagome-chan, are you actually stalking me?”

Kagome felt dread course thought her entire being when she finally locked eyes with Touya Kinomoto. “…no…” the whimper warbled out past a trembling lower lip. Tears of frustration and embarrassment began to gather at the corner of her eyes, as her body fought with itself, seemingly unsure whether to blush or drain itself of all her blood.

Touya hummed, watching the young woman who was a class below his own. Ever since she transferred, she was constantly around, and bumping into him. Which was odd since she was always unaware that she was doing it. When he first realized it, he could admit it had been annoying, so he started watching her. He had been shocked when he saw that she really wasn’t doing it on purpose. That… it just kept happening.

And ever since he became aware of her, he recognized the moment whenever she was near. It was odd, a sensation similar to when Yukito was around, or his sister Sakura and even that brat his sister seemed to like. But with Kagome, it was much more massive. And far purer.

He blinked out of his thoughts when Kagome moved away and pressed herself into a corner, seemingly attempting to disappear by merging with walls themselves. Attempting to keep his amusement to himself, he preceded to extract the upset Kagome and lead her out of the empty hallway. “I was only teasing, Higurashi-san.”

“It wasn’t funny.” she sniffled as she allowed him to lead her, wondering where they were going when he denied her to leave for home. “Where are you taking me?”

Touya chuckled at her suspicious glare. Patting the small of her back, he continued to lead her to a nearby care. “Nowhere you need to worry about.”

“Right.” her gaze narrowed up at him, to which he smiled in return.

“Really. I think it’s high time we get to know each other properly. Don’t you?” he smiled down at her, a quiet hum escaping him when she agreed with him. After a few moments, though.

“Do anything funny, and I’ll hurt you.” the threat was given with a sniffed and a pointed look.

“Hai-hai.” he nodded his head, pleased that he was getting his way with her. Perhaps he’ll finally learn why she was always bumping into him.
“So, what was it you wanted to show me?” she smiled as she fingered the blindfold, a little archaic for them, but she couldn’t help but play along.

“That’s why it’s called a surprise.” Anakin’s voice was light with amusement.

Kagome easily followed after him, as if she weren’t blindfolded, to begin with. Her head canted to the side when she felt that he stopped, a soft cool breeze tugging through her hair. A larger hand curled around her own, the callus’ warm against her palm.

“This better not get me in trouble, Anakin.” her brows furrowed, though she smiled despite the slight scolding mixed in with her tone. “The last surprise had angered Master Yaturi and we were tasked with doing the new recruits chores for a month.”

Anakin coughed to clear his throat. “Yes, that didn’t go as planned. I didn’t know she was even on the Planet.” he once again tugged her forward, hands landing on her shoulders once she was where he wanted her. With a subtle push, Kagome lowered herself until she was seated comfortably.

There was the rustle of fabric and a sudden warmth at her back, she didn’t flinch when he tilted her head back a little. Her eyes fluttered open when the blindfold was removed.

“Look, right there.” a hand directed her line of sight, eyes scouring until her gaze landed on a violet star. “… it’s you home.”

Kagome sat up straighter as her breath go caught in her throat. Home.

A hand raised, shaking with the sudden onslaught of emotions she hadn’t felt since she first left. “Oh…” she spun around to hug Anakin, knocking them both back and onto the ground. “…thank you…”

His arms were around her almost instantly as he enveloped her in a hug, patting her back when she began to sniffle.

“I’m sorry, I’m… I’m not usually like this.” she sniffled, rolling to lie on her back and stare up at the violet star, pinning one of his arms beneath her.

With some shifting, Anakin easily managed to keep Kagome comfortably cushioned, cup her shoulder and keep himself comfortable as well. “It’s alright. I’m more used to your loud and excitable expressions anyway.” a whoosh of air left him in an ‘oof’ when she smacked his stomach, his laughter ringing through the air.

“Tell me about your home.” the question broke the short silence once they got comfortable again.

“Like what? The world? My family? The town I grew up in?” her head shifted to rest more comfortable on his shoulder as she watched the violet star of her home twinkle in the night sky.

“Everything.” he smiled when she let out a sudden bout of laughter.

“You always were demanding and greedy.”

Anakin tried to deny her claims, but he knew he really couldn’t. So he smiled and listened to her describe her home, easily able to picture everything with how she was describing it all to him.
“…my father died some six months after my brother was born. My grandfather was getting on in his years… leaving my mother to support all of us on her own.” she let out a sigh. “When the Jedi came, explaining I have potential, she sent me with them. I would be cared for and she could then focus on my brother’s care.”

Anakin only knew too well the feeling of missing one’s family, if had only been him and his mother and he always worried how she fared since his own departure. “Will you ever go back?” he knew he more than wanted to return to his own mother and set her up with a better life. Perhaps on the home world where Kagome grew up.

“The moment I’m allowed.” her words struck a chord in his chest. The thought of her leaving, leaving him hurt more than he thought. “Of course, then I can show your everything I remember. Things might have changed, but they couldn’t have changed too much. Either way-!”

Her words ended in a squeak when she was suddenly buried beneath Anakin and drawn even deeper into his hold. He didn’t know how to explain himself, he was confused by his sudden actions.

“I wasn’t going to leave without telling you first.” it was her turn to pat his back. “You’re… you’re important to me.”

Anakin chuckled at this, pushing himself so that he hovered over her, smiling down at her blushing cheeks and current inability to look him in the eye. “It’s nothing to be embarrassed about.”

Her slightly angry pout had him smiling all the more. It was in that atmosphere, with how everything felt and all that he had just learned from her, he did something that surprised the both of them. He kissed her.

When he pulled away after a few moments of the simple warm press of his lips against her own, to watch her raise a hand. It trembled slightly as it hovered over her mouth as she stared up at him with wide blue eyes. “…Anakin…”

“Whatever you decide, please don’t leave me behind.” he didn’t want to hear how what he just did was wrong, against the Code.

For a few heart-stopping moments, she simply stared up at him, blue eyes wide. Just as he resigned himself to pull away, a bright smile blossomed across her face. “Silly, of course, I won’t. But the same goes for you.”

He dropped into her hold, a warmth rushing through him, all he could do to contain himself was bury his face in her hair and lay there.
She eyed her surroundings, not sure how to take the dating slash romance atmosphere she walked in on. Especially when she was positive the door led from the women’s bathroom back into the hallway of her university. If she had to describe it, it was like one of those cheesy covers to those romance novels. All that was missing was the half naked and somehow oil-slicked male. There was even faint ‘romantic’ music playing in the background.

“Enchante, mon amour.” a male voice purred just off to the side, drawing Kagome’s attention.

Ah. There he was. Her lips pursed when her gaze landed on him, he only added to the cheesiness of the whole situation. Reclined on some sort of red velvet couch, a glistening bare chest, ridiculously tight black pants, hair slicked back with a single free curl, come-hither eyes and a red rose between his teeth.

“I’ve died and gone to hell.” she pinched the bridge of her nose, not expecting to come across Gabriel after she just went to the bathroom of all places.

“Honey, trust me when I say, this is much better than Hell.” he plucked the rose from his teeth with a flourish, a waggle of his brows making her own tick.

“I know what Hell is like. As I know the Underworld, Purgatory and the Void. This,” she eyed the obviously supposed to be a romantic environment where Sauv John obviously had sex. “…this is on so many levels worse.”

“Oh, don’t be like that.” he threw her a pout. With a wave of the rose, as if it were some magical wand, the scene changed to a quaint garden. Though the large white lacy bed ruined that. “If the scene’s not to your liking…”

“I feel… violated. So violated.” pinching the bridge of her nose again, Kagome decided to simply walk away. The way she figured it, he either brought her to the actual locations, or it was all an illusion.

“Again, don’t be like that!” he was suddenly at her side, walking along with her. “What’s wrong with a little mood setting?”

“Mood setting? Talk about cheesy…” she muttered under her breath. “First of all, I don’t even know you. Especially not enough to get into any mood. So no mood.”

When he suddenly appeared in front of her, halting her steps, he waggled his brows at his next words. “Like you’ve intimately known all your flings?”

Face painted in anger, she planted fists atop her hips. “Look, I like sex as much as the next person. However, I’ve come to learn that it’s never just sex when my possible partner isn’t human.” her eyes narrowed as she leaned up a bit to get eye level with him, her cheeks warmed at her next words and their implications. “I don’t even want to know how you know about my sex life.”

Gabriel shrugged his shoulders, eyes twinkling as he smirked down at her. “You’re one of the last holy humans, if not the last one altogether. Of course, certain individuals are going to be keeping an eye on you.” his grin became positively wicked when he leaned down to her raised face. “I never knew you were that flexible or a little into the kink-!”

Kagome slapped her hands over his mouth, completely mortified. Oh, Kami, he knew?! It wasn’t
like she was into anything extreme when she realized that she didn’t have to explain herself to him. “Look, you ever breathe a word of this to anyone, ever, I’ll… I’ll” her sails lost wind when she didn’t realize how to threaten an angel properly.

He pulled her hands away to smirk down at her with a waggle of brows. “You’ll what, spank me?” at her frozen state, he took his chance to wrap an arm around her waist. “I don’t mind, really. All I ask is that you wear that sexy little school outfit of yours, the one you’re so famous for. Or perhaps a catsuit. The choice is yours!”

Feeling he had pushed her perhaps a little too far too fast if her shaking form and the angry blush on her cheeks was anything to go on and let’s not forget the fact he could feel her holy abilities just boiling beneath the surface, he leaned down to steal a kiss. “Just think about it, m'kay sweety?”

The few that were in the hallway jumped and turned to her when Kagome let out a sudden shriek of anger and began cursing as she stormed her way back to her classroom. She wondered if she could castrate an angel with her abilities. Until she learned if it was possible or not, she needed to figure out a way to shake her latest stalker.
It had been a particular mission, and Kagome was more than happy to take a nice hot soak or even a shower to just soothe her aches away. So into the idea, she was peeling her uniform away as she made her way to her bathroom, leaving a trail after her.

It was said trail that two particular males followed, smiling as they entered the steamy room. It had taken them longer to join her, as they had been the ones to give up the reports, so they saw that she had already showered and was now relaxing in the tub.

Kaldur was the first to strip and slip into the tub behind her, whispering something in her ear and earning a low laugh from her. “What… the temperature too hot for you?”

“Nothing that I cannot handle.” he murmured back as he kissed her neck, smiling at her sigh as she leaned further into his hold.

Her head lolled to the side, blue eyes hazy as they landed on Conner. She raised an arm, water sloshing a bit and dripping onto the floor as she held out a hand to him. It wasn’t until Kaldur also spoke up, inviting Conner to join them did he begin to move.

They had been together long enough and help treat each other’s wounds that there was no need to feel exposed or embarrassed. So he stripped without a second thought in front both Kagome and Kaldur. It was more intimate than anything they had ever done, so there was a new tempo to his heartbeat to stand completely naked in front both of them.

But the sight before him, the steam in the room and the relaxed atmosphere had him wanting to sink in as Kagome and Kaldur already had. So, with a smirk, he crouched down next to the tub and eyed what he could see through the water. “You sure there’s room for me?”

“Get in here.” the demand from Kagome was touched with a slight whining tone, her heavy-lidded eyes brightly flushed cheeks with drops of water and sweat making her skin sparkle and shimmer in the low lighter.

He couldn’t fight her demand or Kaldur’s gentle tugging into the tub, he chuckled when he finally dipped into the water, sloshing it around in the tub a bit. He settled and relaxed against the wall, actually thankful that the tub was so large to accommodate all three of them comfortably. Kagome shifted so her back was pressed to Kaldur’s front and her feet just dangled over the tub, once again uncaring if she dripped water onto the floor.

It lasted for a few moments before Conner shifted until he was massaging one of Kagome’s feet, it wasn’t until then that everything about her was tiny, even her feet. He smirked at her coos and sighs as she sagged forward as Kaldur began to massage her the back of her neck and shoulders. “Ngn… you two spoil me too much…”

“You deserve to be spoiled.” Kaldur smiled as he kissed the back of her neck. When he pulled away, he began on her arms allowing her to sink back into his hold.

Enjoying the peaceful atmosphere, Conner smiled at his two partners and lovers. Not once had he thought he would have a relationship as he did with the both of them at the same time, and would thank what- and whoever he had to for allowing him to be able to be with both of them. He gave the foot in his hold a little tug to tickle at the delicate skin, smiling at her sudden laugh as she tried to tug her foot free.
“Ah-ha-ha! Stop! Ah! Stop it, Conner!” she thrashed about to free her foot, her leg jerking once again when she slipped a little when he pulled her leg to tickle the back of her knee, water sloshing and spilling over the tub’s edge.

Kaldur smiled as he held onto Kagome to make sure she didn’t slip into the water. It was also an attempt to keep her as still as possible as he was physically reacting to her unintended stimulation. Her skin was slick against his own, softer thanks to the warm water, and hiding a hidden strength. It was at a particular twist from Kagome, and due to his slight moment of absentmindedness, that his grip actually slipped to cup a breast completely.

That slight slip had the atmosphere changing for all three of them. Conner was watching his hand against Kagome’s flesh intently as his own was grew lax. Kagome was panting as she tried to catch her breath from Conner’s bout of play, seemingly not noticing of where Kaldur’s hand currently was. Her ignorance didn’t last long. When Conner began to move in closer to the others, massaging Kagome’s legs along the way that had her shifting and bringing her attention to Kaldur’s hand cupping her breast.

“Ah!” she arched her back, unknowingly grinding down against Kaldur earning a deep groan from him that had his hand flexing and squeezing.

Conner watched it all, enjoying how her flush grew and began to flow across her chest. Their relationship was still relatively new, short of a year, and yet they had never done anything more than share the same bed and simple kisses. This right now had his blood pumping like lava through his veins. His hand trailed up against her slick skin to cup her other breast while his other cupped her chin, seeing those juicy lips of her hungry, so he decided to go for a taste.

She was sweet, like strawberries with a little tart aftertaste much like cream. If left him hungry for more. As he settled between her legs, her smooth skin sliding against his own, his lips slid against hers in slow sweeps before his tongue began to take sweeps against the pliable flesh. At her low moan, her own tongue darted out to sweep against his own that had his hand massaging the breast it cupped as the other dropped to her thigh to squeeze as well.

When she pulled away to inhale deeply, her head falling back onto Kaldur’s shoulder as she panted and shifted as both of them massaged her breasts with different pressure. Her eyes opened just in time to see Kaldur drag Conner to him to share a passionate kiss, she squirmed at the sight of it and the fact that their hands continued to massage and tease her.

She knew that being in a relationship with two others would mean there would be times where they would be intimate without her, but to be sandwiched between them as they made out and continued to grope at her breasts was rather a big turn on. Her hips squirmed as she continued to watch them make out, actually turned on by it all.

A whine actually escaped her when they pulled apart, a little disappointed that her show was done. Both males chuckled before Kaldur had her turning to him to lock gazes with her. “We had been worried that you would not approve. I see we were wrong.”

“Why wouldn’t I approve? We are all in this together, I knew you would have where you would rather be with Conner than myself.” she gasped when Kaldur’s free hand trailed along high on her inner thigh that had her squirming, it was both ticklish and not where she needed those fingers of his to be.

He watched her bite down on her lower lip as he trailed and petted his fingers against her silky thighs, catching Conner watching them intently. “I would never put either one of you above the other. I love you both equally.” his pale eyes then turned to Conner, to make sure they both knew
he was serious.

Kagome managed to turn over, now kneeling above Kaldur as she stared down at him. “Thank you.” she cupped the side of his face as she kissed him, her hand planted on the bench beside his hip to support her weight.

They both knew of her past between Inuyasha, Kikyo and herself, where she had been left waiting for scraps from Inuyasha while he dragged her along with a promise that it would be them alone. They had learned she was far more open and had Inuyasha known what they did, she wouldn’t have been against being part of a three-way relationship between Inuyasha and Kikyo.

Conner and Kaldur knew that Kagome was more than willing to try anything as long as she was given an equal standing and not simply expected to take on certain roles with little rewards. With them, they shared everything. She knew they would keep certain things from her until they felt she could handle it, likewise, she would do the same with them.

When he cupped the side of her neck, her hand trailed down his chest pausing briefly above his pounding heart before sinking below the warm waters. Kaldur inhaled sharply when she continued until her hand was wrapped around his now straining length, hips bucking against the water. His head fell back when Kagome pulled away to look at Conner over her shoulder. “Truly, thank you.”

Conner grunted as he moved to lean over her, caging her form beneath his own. He could tell from her arm movements what she was doing, Kaldur’s reaction, he could now understand how Kagome had been turned on by watching him and Kaldur share a kiss. With the need to take part rather than watch, though the idea of watching was arousing, he nudged her knees apart to rest kneel there comfortably. This time it was Kagome’s turn to let out a gasp, only for it to turn into a groan when he began to grope and massage her breasts once again.

He paid attention to Kagome’s motion and pace, rocking his own hips against her own in sync with her hand. Her head threw back as she rocked back against him, sounding out her pleasure as she gave it out. Kaldur pulled her back to him, claiming her mouth as his hand joined hers under the water. There was a point where he was lucid enough to remember they would need to leave the tub soon as the water was quickly growing cool despite how hot Kagome had set it to be.

When Kagome rested her brow against his shoulder, Conner was more than willing to take her place, his hand squeezing Kagome’s grip on him tighter. Their first sexual encounter since their relationship started and it was more than he could have hoped for. It was his turn to pull away from the kiss as he breathed in deeply, feeling the build up had him gritting his teeth.

Seeing Conner was now nipping at a side of Kagome’s neck, Kaldur followed his lead and took up residence on the either side of her neck with the intent to leave his own mark on her skin. Her low cry echoed in their ears, her free arm rising to curl around Kaldur’s shoulders when she shuddered with a low moan before she sagged against both of them.

Conner and Kaldur were quick to follow her in release, their strength leaving them as they became a panting mess of limbs. They rested for a few minutes to catch their breaths, Kaldur the one to stir first when Kagome shivered a few times.

“I think it’s time to get out of the bath.” Kaldur gently nudged Kagome with his nose, poking Conner into getting out first.

Conner let out a quiet groan as he stood up, rolling his shoulders as he stood up before leaning over to open the drain. Once he saw Kagome shiver once, he was quick to grab the largest towel to wrap her up in it. He easily held her in one arm to free a hand and help Kaldur back up onto his own feet,
keep a hold on that hand as he lead them all to the bedroom.

By the time they arrived, Kagome was already asleep, both males chuckling. “I shall grab her something to wear, could you do her hair?” Kaldur kissed the corner of Conner’s mouth before walking to their shared closet, Conner’s eyes trailing after him for a few moments in admiration.

“Babe, the things you get us into.” his kissed her brow as he took a seat on the bed and grabbed an edge of the towel to begin drying her hair. Not that he was complaining what Kagome always seemed to manage and drag them into, this latest bout of adventure was a first step for them, and he was more than thankful that Kagome was with them for every other first step they have taken since the beginning.

Perhaps their next first step was going to be coming around soon.
His head was pounding when he woke up, an indication that he went and got himself piss drunk the night before. At least, he thought he did. Thing was, he couldn't exactly remember anything. Brows furrowed as he tried to recall anything, the last thing he could was about a hunt… Something about a town doing a complete 180° and Sam had a few ideas of what could be the cause.

The was the last he could remember, so, whatever was affecting the town had hit him and Sam as well-

A feminine groan and a weight atop of him shifting halted his attempts to remember what the hell had happened.

Black hair curled against pale skin, he could see the way her muscles shifted with subtle movement. His grip on curved hips tightened as he pulled the temptress back to him, earning a feminine moan of pleasure that was rather muffled with what she was doing to Sam.

Dean bolted back into awareness when he remembered that he and Sam had actually shared a woman. At the same time. At the same time, multiple times.

His eyes darted down to the woman that was sprawled half across him. Dark hair fanned across his chest, slim arm wrapped around his waist. Following the curve of her spine, he stiffened slightly at the sight of Sam wrapped around her her waist and nuzzling the small of her back. What the fuck did they try to hunt down in the small town?

The woman shifted again, her hand skimming across his stomach and stopping dangerously low. His body tingled in remembrance at what her hands were capable of and he felt the stirrings of arousal starting up once again.

Her nails trailed back and forth along the waist of his jeans before finally, finally popping the button free and dragging the zipper down. They scrapped again as she pulled his clothes as far as his ankles, his boots currently not letting them get any further, though he was currently more occupied with what her hands were now doing. A warm squeeze and a slow pull had his hips bucking, an instinctive reaction that he couldn’t have stopped even if he wanted too.

A hand rose to drag down his face, it didn’t help that he could feel every inhale and exhale, warm and then cool against his stomach. He flinched when Sam shifted, pulling on her tighter into his own hold, dragging her a small amount away from Dean. It put her even closer to his to his growing arousal. Something he did not want or need now that he felt his senses had returned to him.

And to be honest, he was dreading how she and Sam were going to react when they finally woke up themselves. Sam would be confused, probably demand, deny or both to what everything in the room was obviously screaming at having happened. And her… well, it could be anything from silent to violent lashing out. Oh, God, please be anything but lashing out. That would mean there would be screaming and perhaps things being thrown if not getting attacked.

Though, when he shifted he felt his back stinging, proof that she had dug her nails in during sex. He felt the same on his chest as well. She was sporting love bites and a few bruises that fit both his and Sam’s hands. Sam rolled over, showing that he wasn’t unscathed either. Dean frowned when he spotted a few bite marks, as in, the woman bit him.
He watched white teeth bite down on a kiss swollen lip, making it all the plumper. It was enough to distract him from the feel of her slick skin sliding against his own. One of her hands was wrapped around the back of his neck as she stared down at him. He was about to lean up and kiss her, taste those glossy lips once again and see if he could get drunk from her when she turned her head and smiled up at Sam when he bowed to press his brow to her shoulder. Reminding him that she was between them both, this was their second round going at her at the same time. Normally, there was no way in the world he would do something, anything that involved sex and his brother at the same time. He had a moment of clarity to know that, and to know that it was whatever they were hunting that was most likely clouding their judgment…

His thoughts were interrupted when she pulled his mouth to her own, lips, teeth and tongue involved. Her taste exploded inside his head, drowning him in the pleasure they were experiencing. “Where was your mind wandering just now, Dean?”

“Nowhere important, honey.” his hand buried in her hair to pull her back down to him. There was no way he was done with her yet, he was hungry for her, all of her. From her midnight hair, blue eyes, sun-kissed skin… That moment of clarity came back, sanity flooding through his pleasure reduced mind, he could see her being someone that he would normally hit on at a bar in the hopes of getting lucky. If it were a normal hunt.

“Kami-sama… my head.” she finally woke up, feeling just as shitty as he was. At least it wasn’t just him that was suffering from whatever the hell hit this town.

Dean waited silently as she struggled to join the waking world completely, pushing at a dead to the world Sam. She managed to push herself up to sit, baring Dean a really amazing view of her chest, revealing that she was just the type of woman of his dreams. Now all that was missing was her being able to kick some ass, then she would be really hot.

“What hit me?” her voice was rough and there was a slight curl to her accent the let him know that English wasn’t her main language.

Dean really didn’t know how to proceed from here. Normally the woman left after she was done, or he did in the morning while she was still asleep. But this, oh God, what the fuck was he supposed to do.

“You know how to speak?” her question had his gaze jumping up to meet her own, shock rocking him to the core that she was not shying away from him or trying to hide. “Or, are you the silent type?”

“I can talk.” this was one of the most awkward situations, and there had been plenty what with being a hunter and all.

“Oh.” she twisted about and gave another shove at Sam until she freed her legs and gave herself a stretch. It was a sort of torture to remember everything they had done and sit there watch her further the arch of her back as her chest thrust out and deny himself because it was the right thing to do. “Well, I’m going to take the shower first.”

Dean held his breath and stayed absolutely still as she crawled over him to get out of the bed. Was, was she still affected by the thing they had been hunting? She was far too calm about all of this, and he didn’t think this was something anyone woke up to all that often.

His daze came to an end when Sam rolled over and off the bed, head shooting up, hair a wild mess as still sleepy eyes tried to figure out where he was and what was going on. “What happened?”
“Dude, don’t.” Dean shook his head as he pinched the bridge of his nose, leaning back even further into the pillows and headboard.

A strangled cry from the bathroom had the brothers turning in its direction, Sam’s eyes wide and seemingly clear of the last bit of sleep.

“Dude, did you really have to bring your… your date to our room?” Sam hissed, glaring as Dean appeared in an attempt of ignoring him.

“If you haven’t noticed, this isn’t our room. And there’s only one bed…” Dean trailed off, just waiting for that a-ha moment. It took a few moments, but the color drained from Sam’s face before it instantly flushing red.

The silence stretched out, for they didn’t know how long until the bathroom door reopened. “Whoever picked this hotel, has crappy taste. There’s no hot water.” she came bouncing out wrapped in a blue towel, picking up random articles of clothing and walking into them before finally dropping the towel.

She stood in front of the dingy mirror in a pair of jeans and bra as she fixed herself as best she could. After trying to tame her still wet hair, caught their gazes through the mirror. With a roll of her eyes, she spun about to face them. “Look, what happened, happened. Am I happy about it? No. But there’s no use crying over the past. So, you can either enjoy the memories, Kami knows I am, or you could wallow in whatever misery you make for yourselves.” her expression brightened when her gaze landed on something of interest and she instantly reached forward to grab it.

Dean had to keep himself from protesting as she put the purple t-shirt back on, although she was just as tempting with it on as well as off. “Well, I’m going to get going, as soon as I find the rest of my things. And the moment I get out of here, I’m going to hunt down the damn kitsune that set up the damn trap. Better not be that kit, cause I swear to the heavens above, he’ll be losing a couple of tails when I’m through.”

She searched the rest of the room, picking up whatever she found that belonged to her and flinging their things onto the bed if it belonged to the brothers. Not once, did she notice how they had stiffened when she mentioned hunting down a kitsune, nor had she bothered to ask why they remained so silent. She simply figured they were still in shock at what they had all done.

“Well, this was fun guys.” she tapped the toe of one of her shoes to fit more comfortably, a bright smile directed to them as she opened to door to the room.

“Wait!” Sam stood up, though was quick to remember to grab part of the blanket to cover himself with. “What’s… what’s your name?”

Blue eyes twinkled as a mischievous smirk curled around her lips. “Why? You want my number for when the mood strikes you again in the future?”

Both brothers were a little shocked at her audacity, though Dean secretly enjoyed seeing her able to make Sam squirm. He did wish he had been altogether to ‘wrap’ the blanket around rather than leaving him ass bare towards him.

“What?! No!” Sam stumbled forward as she tried to clear up the misunderstanding.

“It’s alright, I was just kidding.” her laughter echoed through the room lightly. “It’s Kagome. Maybe I’ll see you guys around.” with a saucy wink she was gone, leaving the brothers to contemplate just what the hell they walked in on when they decided to go hunting.
Fright Night: Jerry

Las Vegas, and the small town she was currently residing in were officially the worst places to be. Crappy dry heat, pretentious pricks, uptight women, and, of course, the supernatural neighbors.

Her host family had eyed her with quizzical gazes when she slapped ofudas around their home. Of course, they didn’t know it was to keep Jerry out, so she simply explained she was honoring them for taking her in during her stay, as per her family tradition.

It didn’t seem to stop Jerry from toeing the barrier, though. So when the others finally fell asleep, she went outside to try and have a polite conversation.

“You know, you should just give up whatever you’re planning.” she easily ignored how he raised his head and inhaled deeply when he leered at her. “I’ll be leaving soon anyways.”

“Yes, but now I have your scent.” he tapped at his temple as he smiled down at her. It was a way to say he could track her down.

Rolling her eyes, Kagome crossed her arms over her chest. “Yes, and so did every other predator that I’ve crossed paths with. They’re all dust now. So, unless you want to meet the same end, back off.”

He continued to grin down at her, his movements were all but screaming predator. He was either trying to intimidate her or, seduce her. It was hard to tell.

“You always give warnings before striking?” he took half a step forward, hissing when the barrier reacted to him.

“Yes, I’m polite and civilized like that.” she waved a flippant hand to show how much she really cared. Which she didn’t.

His next grin was all teeth. “Not exactly… tactical.”

She shrugged her shoulders. “I’m still here. I highly doubt it’ll change because you’re not like my usual… playdates.” she eyed him, trying to figure out what he was exactly. He felt vaguely similar to Kikyo but other than that, she had no idea what that could mean. “What are you, exactly?”

He stepped as close to her as the barrier allowed, hands flinching back from attempting to reach for her. “To many, I’m a vampire.” his grin showed he was amused at something, perhaps the whole situation and their current conversation.

“Hmm.” Kagome dared to step closer, though sure to stay behind the safety of the barrier. “Makes sense… I guess…” she trailed off. She was about to say more when her miko senses started to tingle, her gaze turning towards the direction she was picking the violent youki from.

“As much as I’m enjoying this chat, I’m going to have to ask you to leave. Something’s just come up.” she gave a lazy blink when she realized it was moving. Towards them.

Brows furrowing, she also realized she’d have to make a few calls. When she turned back to face Jerry, the vampire if she could believe that was really his name, she could only blink at how he eyed her throat. “Good-night.”

“You can’t stay in there forever!” he comment had her giving him an absent wave, not seeing his
smirk as he watched her climb back into her bedroom window with ease.

She wanted a proper vacation. Why couldn’t Jerry be something harmless, like a rabbit? Yeah, the Easter Bunny in disguise. Pfft, right, not with her luck or track record.

But first, sleep.
Kagome had come learn why she was always bumping into Touya, he had actual magic in him. Of course, she would instinctively follow her miko abilities led her, whether she was aware of doing it or not. She just didn’t understand why him, though. His best friend always had the hairs on the back of her neck standing on end. So if anything, she should have been bumping into him.

“Ah!” Kagome flinched back from the sudden flick to her brow, wide eyes blinking as the world came back into focus.

“There ya are, Space Cadet.” Touya smirked down at her, causing her cheeks to flush even darker. The few others that were still in the classroom were snickering, which didn’t help her blush.

“What was that for?” a hand rose to rub at the attacked brow, fingers smoothing over her still warm skin.

“I’ve been calling your name for a minute now. It’s lunch.” he watched in amusement at her disbelief that quickly flipped into a pout.

“Mou.” she grabbed her lunch and followed him out of the room. “You don’t have to be so amused.”

Touya shrugged his shoulders. “Should have been paying more attention.” dark eyes slid her way.

“What had you so lost anyways? Please don’t say math.”

“No, you jerk.” she childishly stuck her tongue out at him. “I was trying to figure something else out.”

Touya nodded his head as they made their way to the fence that bordered both the high school and elementary school. The first thing Kagome learned about Touya, was that he had a sister complex.

“Touya!” the little brunette waved her arms with excitement from her spot near the fence, her friends repeating the greeting a little more calmly. “Ah, Kagome-nee-chan!”

Kagome was more than shocked at the excited greeting she received compared to Touya, and it was only thanks to Shippo, that she didn’t end up sprawled on the grass. “Ah, it’s nice to see you too, Sakura-chan.” she returned the hug with her free arm, patting the girl’s back.

“Come, I want you to meet my friends!” big eyes sparkled up at Kagome, the only breather she got before Sakura began dragging her towards the two other children.

Touya rolled his eyes, though he was sure to scold his sister. His brow twitched when Sakura tossed a raspberry back at him.

The brat.

He didn’t think Sakura would take to Kagome quite like she had, though, it wasn’t surprising since she grew up without their Mother. As for Kagome, once she was no longer flustered, she seemed at total ease. It looked, almost natural, Kagome surrounded by children.

“Oh? And who’s this handsome fellow?” her question snapped him out of his thoughts, eyes narrowing when he spotted Sakura’s stuffed toy.
“That’s Kero. It’s short for Cerberus.” Sakura giggled when Kagome cuddled the plush with delight.

“He’s adorable!” pulling him away to inspect him for a moment, she returned it to her chest as she eyed Sakura. “You do know, Cerberus is the name of a famous dog. Right?”

Sakura gave a sheepish laugh. “Eh? Yeah?”

“Are you familiar with mythology, Higurashi-sa?” Tomoyo asked.

“It’s Kagome, and, more or less.” she nibbled on some of her lunch before elaborating. “I live on a shrine, so I grew up interested in all sorts of myths and legends.”

Touya watched as he settled in his own spot how Kagome began to spin a tale of epic proportions to their delight, more than interesting in hearing the story she was spinning. It was amusing to watch how animated she was as she told the tale of ancient times and battles that scarred the earth. It was by far one of the more interesting lunches he’s had in awhile.

It didn’t hurt that all the brats were devoting their entire attention on Kagome, and he didn’t have to worry about Syaoran getting any closer to his little sister.
Kagome bit down on her lip to stifle her moans, there was no way she was going to allow any evidence that she was actually enjoying this. It was a business deal, plain and simple. A trade. She was saving a child’s soul. Hers was so large, trading some of her abilities to ‘charge’ him so to speak wasn’t hurting her. She was a miko after all, she could feel her soul healing in between his calls.

“Ah, ah, my dear, I’ll have none of that.” the voice tsked in her ear before slightly sharp teeth nipped at said ear. His chuckled huffed against her skin when she shook her head in denial. “That’s what I like about you, always fighting.”

Devilish hands trailed up her sides, the move easy against her slick skin. It didn’t help that he wasn’t wearing his gloves. Oh no. He was as naked as she was, his skin paler than her own, his lean form moving with a grace that was in high contrast to his human disguise above her own.

One hand continued to hold at her waist, the other holding onto her chin, his thumb sweeping across her bottom lip, eying the juicy plump morsel of flesh. It was puffy from all the abuse, some he dealt, most her own doing from biting down on it. They were a deeper rosy red than her flushed cheeks, they always flushed whenever she was angry or embarrassed, but in arousal, that was his favorite way of seeing her so rosy with life.

His own mouth dropped open slightly when she sucked his thumb into her warm and wet mouth. Oh, she had such a wicked mouth, his little holy woman. And she was his, and he was going to make sure she not only knew it, but enjoyed it as well. He would get her to admit it, sooner or later. Getting her to do so would be an entertaining experience, and all the victorious when she finally did.

So until then, he was going to tease and probe and nudge her as he indulged in her mouth-watering essence. And just his luck that she would be willing to trade places with his, ward, so to speak. And he was going to enjoy her over an extremely extended period of time.

Finally freeing his thumb from that wicked little mouth of hers, dragging it down to smooth across her lower lip once again. With another roll of his hips, his hands dropped back down to her waist. So tiny, his little holy woman, compared to him. It made handling her all the more fun. His hands dropped down to her thighs, gripping the supple flesh to hike her legs up higher onto his own waist and allowing him to get just a little bit deeper with every thrust.

There were many ways to nibble at her essence, but through physical means was the easiest. So perhaps he lied when he told her it could only be done through intimate measures, he was sure she saw right through it, but it was interesting to see that she didn’t attempt to negotiate for other means to feed him. Perhaps he had a chance to claim the little woman after all.

Cinnamon eyes shone red when Kagome arched up at the deeper thrusts, tiny hands twisted in the sheets below her. She shook her head as her brows furrowed, white teeth once again nibbling on her lower lip. Black hair fanned out across her pillows as she threw her head back, a strangled sound humming from within her throat.

Sebastian smirked, the sound so reminded him of a purr, or better yet, much like a kitten’s cry. His little kitten. Perhaps he could get her to wear a lovely little collar, get her to practice her purrs and meows. Once she finally allowed herself to express her pleasure. Oh, he felt himself burn at the idea.
“St- stop… too much!” blue eyes looked dark in the dark room, reflecting silver in the moonlight. Her breathy words had him grinning down at her, at her expression. It was hard to tell if she truly was in pain or if it simply was too much pleasure. Either way, he put more power behind his thrusts, delighting in the way her breasts swayed with each one of his thrusts, how one of her hands left the sheets to claw down at his back. He arched into her touch, hissing much like the cats he so loved. For such a delightful action, his little woman should get a reward. “Oh, my little treasure, you know we’ve barely even begun.”

He nipped at those juicy lips of hers, her flavor just dancing on the tip of his tongue and just like her soul, she tasted divine. A true joke if there ever was one, him feasting on the soul of perhaps the last holy woman out there. Pulling away from her lips, he dragged his tongue up the expanse of her neck when she arched up once again, tasting the sweat and sex that had gathered there. Feeling her blood pulsing beneath his lips, he decided to break her one of her only rules, leaving no marks.

So he began to mark his territory, he was doing it in a place she could later cover up, he was giving her that. He nipped at the soft skin, soothing it with a few swipes of his tongue every so often to soothe the sting before pulling on the delicious skin. He repeated the process in no pattern, moving on to new territory. Every so often he would make this nips a little more, causing her hips to buck up into his thrusts. He wasn’t sure if it was instincts, or if perhaps she didn’t mind a slight touch of pain to her pleasure, he knew that he was going to find out.

Though, he knew he would have to be gentle, whether she did enjoy it or if he wanted to ease her into it. All the ideas, plans, and fantasies he had about his little holy woman had him striving to reach that ending that would have her shattering for him in that most beautiful way and it was all the more satisfying to know he was the first, and he was going to make sure her only.

He strove forward, pushing her to reach the end. A chuckled escaped him when each thrust pushed her further into her pillows finally getting the first released mewls of pleasure. His grin stretched when he felt her legs tighten around his waist and her one hand clawed down his back once again. “Finally being honest with yourself, Kagome?” one hand released a thigh to cup a cheek and steer her gaze towards him, smile twisting into something that was more his nature when her eyes finally opened to lock with his own gaze. “Good.”

That delightful little tingle at the base of his spine, the burning in his loins, and the tightening of her sheath around his length led them both to their ends.

“…Sebastian…” the near breathless call of his name, the first time after so long, after so many times, assured him of his victory. Assured him that he was going to get her yet. It was just a matter of time.

He felt his seed leaving him, his hips thrusting with each spurt. A darker part of his mind stirred, planting a tiny seed, allowing him to imagine a child from their union, to see her belly swell with his seed. It was a delightful thought that, one that he put off to the side to contemplate at another time.

Kagome curled around him, pulling him tighter into her hold and he wasn’t one to deny her small requests. She had been the one to initiate this little trade of theirs, to begin with.

The lay there panting, catching their breaths. Sebastian rather enjoyed basking in the moments after, he remembered the confusion the first time, Kagome questioning if he was always a cuddler. When she defined her the meaning, he could only shrug. He indulged in his desires, holding her close and ensuring that she was his and near. If she interpreted it as cuddling, then so be it, no need to correct her. He was a demon after all, and he was not above using her concepts against her if it meant keeping her for himself.
Blue Exorcist: Rin

Slim arms wrapped around his shoulders from behind, a warm scent surrounding him that had him relaxing his tense form. His own hands rose up to cup the soft arms of perhaps his only true friend.

“Everything alright?” the question came out more a sigh, a delicate chin rubbing against the top of his head.

“Yeah… Just… The others found out.” his grip on her arms tightened a little, an unconscious reaction to remembering how the others were now acting around him.

“Hmm.” her arms then moved to wrap around in a warm hug. “That means they know about your cute tail too, then?”

Rin blushed, he could easily hear the smile she was wearing, at her question. When Kagome Higurashi found out about his nature, she immediate began to ask questions and she was instantly focused on his tail when he showed it to her. He had figured with her being a Miko, she would have been disgusted, angry if not attacking him. Instead, she wanted to pet his tail.

“No?” he wasn’t sure, to be honest, and he could only hope that if they did, they weren’t as excitable about it as Kagome was. He wasn’t sure if he could handle more enthusiasts about his appendages. And he was not about to tell her how relaxing her ear rubs or tail petting and brushing. It would just have her jumping at the chance to continue.

“Well, they’ll come around to remembering that you’re still you, no matter what.” she pressed herself closer to his back to give him a more solid hug. She moved to nuzzle the side of his head, her own long black hair falling over his shoulder to spill across his hand. The scent of vanilla getting stronger.

Her weight settled more comfortably at his back, everything about Kagome surrounding him, enveloping him with love. She accepted him. She hadn’t even blinked when she learned of his nature. Questioning her, demanding to know why she stuck around upset her greatly, she seemed rather insulted that he doubted her honest friendship for him. It had been the first time he had seen her crying, crying over him.

He swore then and there he would do his damnedest to keep her from getting that upset. Whether by him or by someone else. Kagome was one of his special people and he wanted her safe.

“How about some dinner? My treat tonight!” her voice brightened, her cheek now rubbing against his own. “We have all the ingredients for Oden!”

Rin chuckled lightly, he had learned quickly that Oden was her absolute favorite just as much as instant Ramen seemed to make her shudder. When she was cramming for studies, he’d seen her going to Ramen only when she needed to fix up something quick to eat. Though it was always with a sour face.

“Is that the only think you can fix up? You know I don’t mind cooking for us.” he tipped his head back to look at her, grinning at her own smile. Her cheeks were rosy with color as her own topaz eyes sparkled down at him.

“It’s not and you know it.” her eyes narrowed in mock scolding. “Besides, you love my Oden.”
Another chuckle escaped him, there was no denying that. He just didn’t want Oden to be a new staple for them, not really a fear since Kagome only reserved it for those special-special times. “Yeah, sure. Perhaps I can whip something up for dessert then.”

Kagome gave him an extra squeeze, even planting a warm kiss on his cheek before bounding off into their little kitchen. She left a blushing Rin, shocked at the kiss as she had never done that before. He could hear the sounds of her setting up in the kitchen, and he had felt lighter than when he had first returned from classes.

Getting up, Rin followed after her into the kitchen, watching her as she moved about and humming a tune as she worked. His roommate, one he initially had been against having, turned out to be his truest friend. He was so glad to have her in his life, and he was going to do all he could to protect her even if she didn’t need it.

Seeing her struggle for something from one of the higher cupboards, Rin chuckled as he walked in. “You need a hand?”

“No you jerk, I can manage just fine!” she stuck her tongue out at him as she stretched as far as she could, the tips of her fingers just brushing against the item she was reaching for.

Shaking his head, he approached her and reached up to grab the item in question and lowering it so that she could finally get her hands on it. “You can always ask for help, Short Stuff.” a whoosh of air left him when she elbowed him in the stomach.

“It’s petite, not short.” she sniffed as she returned to her work. “Just for that, I’ll make your portion especially spicy. Or maybe sour. Perhaps overly sweet?” the sweet smile she sent his way had him shuddering.

Instead, he draped himself across her back and over her shoulders. “I’m sorry, can you forgive me?” with their roles reversed from earlier, he watched her hands go about working.

“Ohhmm, perhaps. Just depends on how good dessert is going to be tonight.” despite her words, Rin knew she didn’t take his slight poke at their height difference seriously and that she had already forgiven him. A slap to his hand was all the warning he got that he was not to help with the dinner, and he decided to instead focus on getting dessert started.

Whether the others accepted him or not, though he hoped they would, he would always have Kagome. Right now, that was all he needed.
It had been the end of the world.

At least, it had been as close enough to it to feel like that. He hadn’t been aware of how accurate that actually was. He could only remember fighting alongside her, protecting the civilians from the chaos.

He remembered a bomb exploding and going to see if he was needed for any heavy lifting. He remembered her call him it out and stopping an attack on him, Kryptonite that had been weaponized to be used against him. The shimmering pink barrier that only she could have called up.

The shot that rang out through the air had been like a crack of thunder, the barrier flickering before dropping, the weapon falling with a clatter. A pained gasp from her had him instantly at her side, watching her press her hands to her stomach to stem the blood flow from her wound.

He could still feel how hot her blood felt against his hands, how quickly it cooled and how so much there was. His voice felt raw and overly abused as he called out for help from any of the others. How it felt like forever before the Flash appeared and sped off to get her medical treatment as quickly as possible.

What happened after was simply blank. A blackness void.

He centered when he was brought into the room where she was, looking far too tiny and frail in the hospital bed, everything she was not. He had been cleaned up as best he could have, his clothes still torn and dirty, but he had washed all of her blood off.

Her hand was still rather pale, her pulse weak against his fingertips, but it was there. Her chest moved with each breath she took, the monitor echoing with each beat of her heart letting him know that she was alive and still there.

The others were just outside the doorway, he could hear them talking as they gave him the privacy he needed to be with Kagome.

“…lost rational thinking… was completely out of control…” the hushed whispers didn’t bother him, that they were talking about him and what he had done during his blackout.

“Was anyone hurt?” the question had him freezing.

Did he hurt anyone? He hoped not, but really, all he cared right now was the young woman lying in bed. He needed her to keep him grounded, Kagome was the center of his world. If her getting shot had him losing himself, he would hate himself if he actually managed to hurt anyone.

“No.” Batman’s reply had him relaxing, but it didn’t stop him from bowing to press her hand to his brow.

“…we need to tell him…” the next comment had something in him freezing, knowing whatever news they would need to tell him would shatter what little bit of control he had managed to retain.

“Is that really a good idea after how he reacted back in the city?” another reminder of how he lost himself.
“He needs to know.” Batman was always the sure voice, a rock no matter the situation.

“Who’ll tell him?” Wonder Woman spoke up for the first time, her question leaving the others behind him quiet.

Superman’s voice had Conner stiffening, ruining his silent peace. His words making his blood begin to cook. “I will.”

“Is that really wise?” Martian Manhunter was quick to ask. “You have been quite adamant in your stance about him and his existence. I do believe you are the last one that should tell him something so important.”

“I’ll do it.” Batman spoke up, his voice had yet to waver under everything.

Conner stopped paying attention at that point, he just wanted to be alone with Kagome and for them to get whatever they needed done and over with.

Batman was silent as he approached, true to the man and his nature. And like his nature, he made sure he was Conner’s line of sight, standing there like some dark angel as Kagome often times called him with a sly grin.

“She going to make it?” he knew through things he’s heard that even after surgery, that complications could arise.

“The bullet was removed and her wound was successfully treated. However, she lost a lot of blood. She hasn’t woken up since she became stable.” the good news had Conner wanting nothing more than to sweep Kagome into his arms and hold her in happiness when it was followed by the bad, he wanted nothing more than to stash her somewhere where she would never get hurt again.

“That’s the medicine, though, right?” holding one hand just in front of his mouth, kissing her knuckles as he leaned forward to brush her bangs out of her face.

“At first, yes. But she’s been stable long since we’ve taken her off that medicine.” Batman shifted to look down on Kagome. “She’s in a coma.”

“But she could wake up, right?” Conner looked up, panic twisting his stomach.

“She can, we just don’t know when. If ever.” Batman continued to stand there, there was a slight cry of leather that was the only sign that he was upset at the situation as the others were.

“She will wake up!” Conner was on his feet, though he still held onto her one hand and was sure not to squeeze.

The others shifted, ready should Conner do anything dangerous while Batman just stood there watching. Nothing was said or done in the face of Conner’s wrath. Nothing was needed to as it was quick to melt away, his face turning into that of a heartbroken young man.

“She has to wake up! She just has too…” the chair scraped against the floor when he dropped back into it. “…she has too…”

Batman approached the young man, he hesitated for a moment before laying a hand on a shaking shoulder giving it a barely there squeeze and it had Conner finally letting go of his pain, not caring that the others were there to witness it. The most important person in his life was right in front of him, and yet, might never be reachable ever again. No amount of his strength could change that.
It was finally her birthday, her 18th birthday.

It had been one of the best ones yet, where the magic was real. Unlike the last birthday with her father, where he had paid for a magician. It still held a special place in her heart and reminded her of the family she could no longer see, but she knew her family would want her to be happy no matter where she was so that was what she was going to do.

“Hang on tight!” the call from in front of her had Kagome wrapping her arms tighter around Sirius

A squeal of laughter escaped her, her stomach doing a slight twist when Sirius dipped the broom down and they were suddenly diving. She buried her face against his shoulder, feeling his muscles shifting as he pulled the broom up from the dive so their toes skimmed the surface of the lake.

When they finally landed on the shore, Kagome dropped to the ground in a laughing fit. “Best birthday, ever!” her hands stretched above her, reaching for the sky and the twinkling stars.

Sirius and Remus dropped next to her, watching in amusement at her bright smile. “It’s not over yet, love.” Remus leaned down, pressing a kiss to her smiling lips, unable to hold back his own smile.

“Oh? What else is there? You all have already given me so much, which you shouldn’t have, by the way.” she pouted when her scolding was all for naught when Sirius caught her wagging finger and pulled her hand to kiss the inside of her wrist.

“We wanted to spoil you, darling. It is your 18th birthday. Only get one of those.” he continued to press kisses along the inside of her wrist, slowly climbing up her arm.

Kagome snorted. “You only get each birthday once.” a giggle escaped her when he reached the inside of her elbow, her arm jerking at the tickling sensation.

Sirius chuckled, keeping a strong hold on her arm, pushing and tugging at her sleeve to expose more of her arm. Remus was paying attention to her neck and shoulders, both smiling when Kagome would wriggle whenever they reached certain spots that were ticklish. “I don’t know what the two of you have planned, but I really do not want to do it out in the open.”

“Oh-ho! Did you hear that Remus? Kagome is expecting something naughty enough that it requires we go inside.” Sirius snickered, dodging a petite hand that attempted to swat him. He kissed the inside of her captured hand.

Remus sent Kagome a playful waggle of his brows. “Who’s thinking naughty thoughts, love?” he nipped at her lips, relishing the whimpers he got in return.

“No… I just know the two of you too well…” she let out a hiss, chest thrusting up at the nips Remus was doting upon her neck, the action drawing Sirius’ attention to her breasts.

“Do you really, love?” Sirius asked, slowly popping the buttons of Kagome’s blouse open. “That means so much.”

“This is still something that should be done inside!” she managed to look down at Sirius when he heard a few pops and saw a pearly white button fly off. “Hey!”
“Forgive us. We just can’t get enough of you.” Remus was quick to hush her complaints by claiming her mouth in a hot kiss, lips curling at her low moan and when a hand curled into his hair to pull him closer.

It had taken a while, but Kagome was finally honest about herself with them, and with that said, they were more passionate whenever they got the chance. And they took every chance they had.

“You make it sound like I’m something to eat.” she whimpered when Remus finally pulled away to observe the picture she made. She squirmed a bit, though it was rather warm for the time of year, it was still night and fresh against her bared skin.

“Oh, love. You have no idea how much was want to take a bite out of you.” Remus rumbled, quick to pull his own top off, no longer self-conscious to show any of himself in front of either Kagome or Sirius. He smirked when he saw how she bite down on her lower lip.

“No need to hog all the attention there, mate.” Sirius winked when hazel eyes slid to him, his own smirk widening when he saw Remus accepting his challenge.

Kagome pushed herself up onto her knees to rest between the two of them. “Oh no. If the two of you are going to be turning the last few hours of MY birthday into a silly competition, I’m leaving!” she pressed her hands to both of their chests to keep them from starting something stupid. Like she has many times before.

Sirius and Remus shared a look over Kagome’s head, using this chance to rush her. They pressed in on her sides, removing the rest of her clothing, and seeing the return of ‘shy and blustered’ Kagome. She was attempting everything to cover herself up, looking for some random person that was going to pop out at any second and scold their frantic actions.

“Are the two of you crazy?!” she curled in on herself, hair draping over her shoulders as she hissed up at them.

Sirius bit his lower lip as she smiled down at her, undoing the buttons of his own shirt and tossing the article of clothing to the side where it would lay forgotten for the next while. “Always for you, love.”

Kagome’s face scowled as she looked up at Sirius. “You are such a corn dog.” though she was quick to smile at the waggle of Sirius’ brows.

“We all admit that I’m the charming one of the three of us.” he tossed a wink and blew a kiss towards Remus when he let out a snort. Snagging one of Kagome’s hand and pressing a kiss to her knuckles, keeping his eyes locked with her own.

Kagome rolled her eyes and smiled as she shook her head. “I call you a corn dog, and you get charming from that? Remus, help me out here?” her blush grew fiercer when Remus took hold of her other hand, thus exposing everything she had been attempting to hide in the beginning.

“I’m afraid I’m just as lost as you are. Known him for years and I have yet to figure out how his brain processes everything.” he nipped at the inside of her wrist, the tip of his tongue just barely brushing against her thrashing pulse. “If he has one up there, to begin with.”

“Ouch! Be still my wounded heart!” Sirius pressed Kagome’s hand above, his own hands above her own. “Kagome! My darling. My angel. I’m going to need some of your loving, tender and healing touch.”

Kagome snorted, sharing a quick look with Remus. “You sure it’s not your ego, Prince Charming?
Besides, if you’re the charming one, what does that make me and Remus, huh?”

Sirius’s scandalized expression melted into one of contemplation as he eyed the two. “Hmm. Good question. Remus is obviously the safe one!” he laughed at the punch he received for the comment. “I mean, the intellectual. And you my dear, are the passionate and caring person that is always eager to please.”

Kagome snorted. “Great, make me sound like the nympho out of the three of us.” she pulled her hand free to flick Sirius in the brow, her and Remus snickering at his slight outcry at her attack. “Say stupid things…”

“Not what I said, and you know it.” he swooped down to steal her lips in a passionate kiss to prove a point. After relearning the taste of her, remapping all of her mouth did he pull away with a lazy smile at the dreamy look on her face. “See?”

Kagome blinked a few times, her cheeks still flushed with color as her chest heaved. “And you’re still a corn dog.” she whimpered and moved into Remus’ touch after he moved to be kneeling behind her. “This is really something that should be done inside.”

“I’m rather enjoying it.” Remus spoke up, hands cupping her breasts as he returned to her neck and leave behind numerous marks.

Sirius shifted forward hands sweeping down her stomach, across her waist and hips to trail down to her inner thighs to nudge her legs further apart. “I’m agreeing with him, love. It seems to speak to something in us…” gray eyes trailed her front, biting down on his lip when trimmed black curls were finally revealed.

As much as this was meant for her, they all knew they were all going to be enjoying it. He swept down as a hand rose just a hair’s breadth away from those same dark curls, his lips just brushing against her. “Happy birthday, love.”
Voltron: Shiro

It had been near a week since she had been freed from the same Galra ship he had managed to escape from himself to get back to Earth, to get back home and warn everyone. He had honestly thought he’d never see her again, that the Galra would have taken his escape out on her, in the most punishing of ways.

Yet here she was, at the Castle of Lions, with them. With him.

They had met during the Academy days, both competing for the top ranks. He would pull forward only for her to shoot up ahead and be in the lead, and then he would pull forward again only them to repeat the cycle throughout their entire stay at the Academy.

And even after everything they went through, all that he could only imagine she went through without him there, and he could still see the same bright Kagome Higurashi that he had studied with, became fast friends with, flew along side with. She had remained kind and caring, always eager to help those that needed it regardless of who they were, and that hadn’t changed when they had been abducted.

“Dude, you should seriously just go talk to her already,” Lance whispered as he leaned into Shiro’s side, breaking him out of his thoughts and observation of Kagome talking with Pidge.

Lance blinked his dark gray eyes down at the young man, only for them to narrow slightly at how he was watching their newest resident a little too much. That smirk of his that Shiro was only too familiar with as Lance tended to wear it whenever he was flirting with females.

“For once, I agree with the idiot.” Kieth spoke up, his own cool eyes twinkling up at Shiro with a certain mischief that had Shiro instantly on guard.

He knew that when the two of them agreed with anything, interesting things tended to happen and work in their favor whenever they were up against the Galra. When they were relaxing, the two mixed about as well as water and oil. So he knew, he knew they were up to no good.

“What are the two of you doing?” he crossed his arms over his chest, a little uncomfortable with where this was going. Especially since it involved to Kagome.

“Well,” Lance stretched his arms out before him with a deep sigh. “I see some lovely ladies fair and I’m going to just go over and make myself comfortable in their wonderful presence.” he didn’t even make two steps before he was cloth-lined when Shiro grabbed the back of his shirt. “Aw come one, look at them!”

Shiro shook his head as he continued to hold Lance up by the scruff, Lance was holding his arms out in an attempt to reach the women that were sitting a distance away. Not seeing how Keith gave a subtle nod to Pidge, receiving a nod back and she left Kagome alone.

Shiro frowned when Lance was quick to remove himself from Shiro’s hold, stand his full height and dust himself off. “Well, I hear you loud and clear, so I’ll just leave it alone.”

After a few moments, Shiro relaxed and waited for Lance to leave and do whatever he normally did on his own. His ease didn’t last long as Lance called out drawing the attention of Kagome, making Shiro realize that she was now alone. “Hey, Kagome! Shiro needs to talk to you!”

The young woman looked up, and slowly made her way towards them with calm steps. Shiro felt
his heart speed up, felt a little cornered when he realized that he was alone with Kagome.
Something he hadn’t been since… just before their mission to Kerberos, when he had wanted to
ask her to become his girlfriend. Obviously that didn’t go quite as he had planned as they had been
assigned the mission and then they were never alone to give him the chance he wanted.

But now, it all came rushing back to him leaving him a shaking mess and to fight the instinct to
bolt the closer she got.

“So, what did you want to talk about, Captain?” the smirk she wore was playful as she called him
by the title she always teased him with since they were assigned the missions.

He couldn’t help but smile, it felt good to know that she was able to joke and smile so quickly after
just getting free from the Galra. And he felt every better knowing he was doing so with him. He
knew they still both had their ‘moments’ since their liberation from the Galra, but he realized they
were both doing better now that they had each other back in their lives. And… he wanted her to be
a more permanent person in his life.

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a more permanent person in his life.

“Hello?” a delicate hand gave a few waves before him, drawing him out of his thoughts. “Had me
worried there, Captain.”

“It’s Shiro, Higurashi-chan.” he smiled at the soft blush the took over her cheeks. She had always
called him by his title or by his family name, so obviously having permission to use his given
name had significance to them both.

She bit down on her lower lip, head ducking as her blush grew darker. There was a subtle nod of
her head, hands fidgeting as she spoke up. “You… you can call me Kagome…”

His own heart began to pick up pace when her blue eyes looked up at him, seeing her bashful,
adorably shy, because of him had him blushing as well. He raised a hand to cover the lower half of
his face, heart racing at the major allowance Kagome had let him have in her life. Once he calmed
down enough, he reached for her hands, stilling her twisting fingers and giving her a gentle tug
closer to himself. “…Kagome…”

He smiled at her own shy but bright one, it was all the more beautiful with her bright eyes and rosy
blush, he felt his courage well up in him to finally ask what had so wanted so long ago. “Kagome…
do you want to be my… my girlfriend?”

Her blue eyes widened, lashes fluttering at her shock. There was a slight squeal of excitement from
her, the only warning he got before his arms were wrapped around Kagome. The sudden launch
had him taking half a step back, but he was more than happy to carry her weight, to hold her.
“Yes!”

Shiro laughed as he held Kagome closer, enjoying everything about the moment. The two didn’t
realize that they were being watched by their curious friends.

“Bout time.” Keith muttered as he leaned against the wall next to the door.

Lance wasn’t so excited, he grumbled at the loss of Kagome’s single status. “Sure, -he- gets the
girls.”

“I think they’re cute together.” Pidge smiled at the two enjoying their supposed privacy. Hazel
brown eyes narrowed on a still slightly mopey Lance. “Besides, I thought you like Allura?”

“I do… But… She’s a princess and I’m…” Lance sighed as he gave the fresh couple one last look.
“A dork? Goofball? The class clown?” Keith smiled, easily ducking the swing from Lance, using the move to walk away and effectively leading the others away to give Shiro and Kagome some actual privacy.
“Kagome!” the call echoed slightly down the hallway, stopping said person to turn and wait for the quickly approaching young man.

“Ah, Shiro.” she smiled in greeting when he was finally before her. “Was there something you needed?”

Shiro offered a slightly hesitant smile as he scratched the back of his head. “There are a few questions. But they’re not from me!” his sudden need to defend himself had Kagome blinking as she flinched back the slightest amount. “…sorry…”

“Not… Not at all. I was about to go to the records room. Why don’t you come with me, and along the way you can ask your questions.” she waved her hand to indicate he was to follow. “So, what were your questions?”

A blush stole across his cheeks as he peaked at Kagome from the corner of his eyes, while a small part wanted nothing more than to whack Lance upside his head, he could see this for the opportunity it is. “You’ll be killing two birds with one stone! And don’t deny the way you look at Kagome. We’ve all seen it save for Kagome herself.”

“Shiro?” the questioning tone in the call of his name had him blinking out of his thoughts.

“Right, sorry.” inhaling deeply, he figured being direct was the best choice. “How do your people… court one another?”

Kagome almost tripped at the rather unexpected question, and from Shiro of all people. Turning to him, he could only offer a shrug of his shoulders. “Lance.”

Blinking once again, it now made more sense. “Ah.” her mind was still pulling itself back together when she started walking again.

It was quiet for a while, nothing tense or uncomfortable, but a little awkward nonetheless.

“Well… we display our best traits. Well, we females display our best traits, this shows the males what our skills and talents are. As for the males, they have to complete tasks given to them, three to be exact.” she hummed as they finally entered the records room, going directly where she needed to go to pull up records that may have been gathered while they were all in stasis.

“I… see.” Shiro took in the new surroundings, having never been in this part of the castle before even while he still followed Kagome. “What sort of tasks, to be exact?”

“They are decided by the female in question. Which means, they can be anything, really.” she offered as she scanned through the data that had been collected.

“Like… Do you have an example?” when her head whipped turned to him, he fight down a blush at her wide blue eyes, a slight blush blooming over her own cheeks. “Not yours, I mean! Unless you want to share if you have any. Not that you wouldn’t! I mean, you’re wonderful and beautiful and-!” he covered the lower half of his face to shut himself up as he turned away from how fiercely she was blushing and ducked her head.

His eyes slid back to her, catching her as she bashfully returned to reading what she originally came here from, though her own eyes darted to him. After a while, she finally broke the silence.
“My cousin, she was always being courted once she reached of age. Her refined beauty and caring nature made her quite desirable. She was always setting up the most ridiculous of tasks for the males.” her hands paused over the screen. “The ones she had set up for her own husband were quite… daunting, but she gave me a reason for each one. The first one she tasked him with was to help with the building of a children’s home, which was to show how well he handled working with others, especially with children. Then she had him working as a volunteer with one of our most fragile products, to show he had a caring hand. It didn’t work out quite as she had planned it, but he proved his point.”

Shiro nodded his head with everything she said, able to see the way her people once did things. “This also allowed them to get to know each other too, right?”

Kagome nodded her head, once again resuming her original work. “Oh, yes. The tasks given sometimes have a time limit, but Kikyo, she was patient and gave those courting her ample time to complete their tasks. Most were quick to quit, feeling that they were wasting their time.”

Shiro watched the far away look that overcame her, a warm smile lighting her up. He knew that she was thinking about her family and home, both of which no longer were there for her to return to. When she shook her memory off, Shiro brought up something she failed to mention.

“What about the third task?” he leaned against what he hoped was safe to do so, he didn’t need to be the one deleting anything important.

Kagome chuckled at this. “For him to grow out his hair to a certain length, which took a year.” she laughed outright at his confused expression. “Kikyo said it was to see how patient he really was, but I think she preferred him with longer hair. She was always cooing over him and it.”

Shiro smiled at the sight of her happiness and her ease in his presence. “And you?”

Her smile dimmed slightly and she offered half a shrug. “They always tended to leave once they figured I was Allura’s personal guard. There were a few that were of lower royalty, but they always went beyond my simple tasks. Like I want my rooms drowning in riches.” she rolled her eyes as she shook her head.

Licking his lips, Shiro took a step forward. “What do you want?” his question had her turning to him, giving him her complete attention.

She nibbled on her lip for a few moments, looking up at him through her lashes. “I always wanted someone, perfect, without being perfect.”

Shiro smiled down at her, chuckling at her attempt to apologize for not being clear. “No, I understand.” his eyes traced across her face, lingering on her eyes, markings, and lips. “Would you be against one of us wishing to court you?”

He watched as she pulled away slightly, blinking up at him in surprise. “N-no?” her cheeks began to warm, though her eyes narrowed and brows furrowed. “Please do not tell me you’re asking on Lance’ behave.”

“He watched as she pulled away slightly, blinking up at him in surprise. “N-no?” her cheeks began to warm, though her eyes narrowed and brows furrowed. “Please do not tell me you’re asking on Lance’ behave.”

“No your type?” some hope welled up within him at her statement.

“No. Lance, and Keith are what I consider younger brothers. Hunk, I suppose similar if not a good friend.” her eyes stayed with his own.

“And… what about, myself?” he took a step closer, raising a hand to finger some of her black curls that just brushed her jawline. They were as soft and silky as he had imagined.
“I…” her cheeks blushed a fierce red, it was adorable, seeing this shy and bashful side of her. “Yes?”

Chuckling at her quiet reply, he ducked his head to press his brow against her own. Her hand curled around his wrist, not to push his hand away, but to hold it there. “What do your people do when they wish to court?”

“We, call it dating.” she felt her brows furrow in confusion. “It’s where the two partake in social activities in order to learn more about each other. Though staying at the others home for a ‘night in’ is also a form of dating.”

“That sounds more, intimate.” she ducked, though she smiled. “Sounds something I think I would prefer.”

Shiro smiled down at her. “I know you know the castle better than I do, but I’m sure we could find some places that are perfect for dates.”

“That… that sounds like fun.” she smiled up at him, that blush still coloring her cheeks, her smile making her eyes sparkle. After a moment her brows furrowed and she wore the most adorable expression that portrayed her confusion. “Now, I have a question for you. What does that make us?”

A laugh escaped him at the completely innocent question. He knew there were bound to be translation difficulty due to them being different species, but it was adorable nonetheless to witness her innocent curiosity.

“Boyfriend and girlfriend.” he used their joined hands to indicate which one of them got which title. “Why? Do you use different titles?”

She shook her head, her hair bouncing around her shoulders. “No. We simply state who we’re courting.”

“Simple, nothing wrong with that.” he continued to look down at her, smile brightening when an idea came to mind. “Now that we’re official, we get to come up with pet names for each other.”

“Pet… names?” again her innocent confusion was far too adorable.

“Yes. Names we get to use and call each other, they’re meant to be endearing and affectionate.” her excited expression had him feeling lighter knowing that he was the one that put it there. When she saw she was about to speak, he shook his head. “No need to rush. We get to take our time and see what fits.”

“I like that.” she pulled back enough to give him a slightly stern look. “Just so you know, I’m not going to go easy on you during training.”

Laughing outright, Shiro shook his head as he pulled her back to him, folding her in his arms and tucking her under his chin. “I wouldn’t expect anything different. No special treatment. Though, if I were Lance, I’d be sure to ask you to treat whatever wounds I was to get.”

“Good thing you’re not Lance.” she mumbled as she returned the hug and thoroughly enjoying it.

Shiro felt whole and stable for the first time in a long time. Feeling slightly playful, he nudged her in the side lightly. “Doesn’t mean I might not ask sooner or later.” he chuckled once again at her grumbles, though not once in them did he hear her denying the possible request.
Her lips pursed at the sight before her, not what she was expecting, at all, when she received an invitation to visit Ouran High School. The only reason she decided to go was because both Mori and Kyoya had been showing up at random points in her life and she thought turn about was fair play.

A brow ticked at not only what she was seeing, but hearing as well. The coos, laughter, sighs, and squeals were off-putting to be the least. Inhaling deeply and steeling her resolve to turn about and leave, she cringed when an excited voice called out her name. The effect was instantaneous, all attention was on her as she tried to slink back out of the room.

“Kagome-chan! You accepted my invitation, wonderful!” the calls were quickly followed by her being dragged deeper into the room by an enthusiastic young man.

“Who- who are you?” the room spun as she was forced to dance to the obviously crazy boy’s tune. “And let me go!”

The room continued to spin, even after she was rescued. One hand clenched the fabric her face was buried in while the other pressed to her brow. A large hand, one she vaguely recognized, smoothed down her back. “Kagome-chan?”

“Mori?” her eyes squinted up at him, the spinning had stopped but her stomach was still tight and slightly queasy. “Ugh.”

She pulled away with a shake of her head, having seen him as well as Kyoya entertaining a group of girls each. She had gone through an unsure relationship with Inuyasha, she was not about to go through whatever… this was. “I’m sorry, I’m going to go.”

Her exit only got so far as Kyoya stepped in front of her, effectively blocking her path. Lips pursed as he watched him push his glasses up higher on his nose as he looked down at her. “This is unexpected.

“Yes, well so was the sudden invite and limo waiting for me.” she tossed a look at the suddenly cowering boy that had dragged her into this room. “And as wonderful as your school is, I’ve seen enough and will be taking my leave. Good-bye.”

Now both Mori and Kyoya were blocking her exit, forcing Kagome to release a harsh breath. “Is there a reason the two of you are not letting me leave?”

“Why do you feel the need to leave so quickly after arriving?” Kyoya stared down at her, brows furrowed, hand tightening on his tablet. “There is more that I’m sure you haven’t seen, and we’d be willing to give you a tour.”

There was a cry; it was a mix of whines, denials, and even a few hisses directed at her. Kagome shook her head. “I’m pretty sure it’s all the same. Big, sparkly with the aroma of roses in the air.” she waved a hand to dismiss the free offer, stunning the girls that were all now avidly watching. “So, if you’ll excuse me, I have to get home and start on my duties.”

She squeezed past the two of them after wishing them yet another farewell. Her exit was thwarted after yet another few steps when a new figure appeared. “So you’re the one, Mori has distracted!”

Kagome reeled back at the tiny, excited blond. He bounced before her, looking more like a child
than an actual high school student.” “Uh… I’m sorry?” Mori, distracted? She didn’t think it was possible, at least as far as she knew him. Which was turning out to be not that much apparently, for Kyoya as well.

He latched onto her hands, jumping up and down as he smiled up at her. “Mori talks about you all the time! It’s easy to see he really, really likes you!”

Mori, talking? She could hardly get complete sentences out of him, yet she was being told he spoke of her constantly? Looking around, she didn’t feel that he’d be doing so here. “Um…” what was she supposed to say to that?

“Stay! We have cake.” he dragged her down a bit to be more at his level to whisper to her. “I especially like the ones with strawberries!”

Kagome smiled in return, his happiness infectious. “That sounds wonderful, but I really do have to go back home. The drive here was unexpectedly longer that I thought it would be, and I have to help with the shrine.”

“A shrine?” his eyes got even bigger, Kagome smile growing with it. “Do you do festivals? A big tree? How about Tori gates?”

Chuckling, Kagome nodded her head. “Yes, yes, and yes. And while our shrine isn’t big, there’s still much to do.” she pulled back up to her proper height, ruffling his hair.

Her next attempt to leave was thwarted in the most bizarre way possible. It had her eyes widening as she spun about and her heart, well, she wasn’t sure if it was beating far too fast or just stopped altogether. A large board decorated with hearts and glitter with bold printed letters. “Win a date with a miko?!” she stumbled back into one of the posh sofas and whipped her head about to face the boy that dragged her into the room. “What is that!?”

“That, lovely holy one, is the contest between Mori and Kyoya to see which one of them will win a date, with, you!” his movements were all done with a flourish as if he was a host presenting game show prizes.

“What? I never-!” releasing a harsh sigh, her head dropped back as she tried to control herself. “That’s it, I’m leaving. Everyone, I wish all, a pleasant day.” with a mock salute, Kagome spun about and was sure in displaying that she was leaving.

It was with this attempt, that both Mori and Kyoya helped escort her out, practically dragging her out, to be honest. Once they were out in the hallway, and Mori made sure that the door was firmly closed behind them, Kyoya was the one to start talking.

“Kagome, is there something wrong?” while he seemed unchanging, there was a slight furrowing of his brows and concern touching his tone.

“Well, there are a few things, but the fact that you both are hosts is a touch upsetting.” she pinched the bridge of her nose. “Especially since you both know of my recent breakup with my ex. Not that any of this should matter since I hardly know the both of you well enough to get truly upset.”

Both of them watched her upset expression, not understanding why she was so upset. They figured there wouldn’t be a problem since they were both attempting to win her favor. Their affections for her were real, while what they did during club hours was, basically, all a show. They all knew that, right?

They didn’t get a word in as Kagome shuffled away with a quiet farewell, leaving Mori and Kyoya
much to think about.
Since the no-man became the villain, the villain the hero, and the hero… she had no idea what to call Metro Man, one Roxanne Richi had been promoted from local news to international. Meaning, she was out traveling the world, promoting Kagome to the local news. Actual face time rather than a small online blip on their website.

“Relax, babe, you were made for the camera!” Ron waggled his brows as he hoisted the camera up onto his shoulder.

Kagome rolled her eyes, though she smiled nonetheless. If anyone asked, she would admit that she was nervous. It wasn’t that it was her first bit news, but it would be her first time interviewing Metro City’s own Megamind. So, yeah, kinda a big deal for her. “Ron, I have a name, so please use it.”

“Sure, whatever you want babe.” he tossed a wink at her at her mock scowl.

She dusted herself down one last time before picking up her mic and making her way to where others from different news channels, her slacks swishing just above the ground as her heels quietly clicked against the pavement.

With one last look at Ron to make sure the camera was rolling, which she got with a thumbs up while not pulling away from the eyepiece. They managed to squeeze their way through the gathered crowd, once at the front, she did her introduction.

“This is Kagome with Channel Eight News, live at the scene of Megamind’s latest victory in saving Metro City.” she smiled brightly at the camera.

She waited until Megamind was close before calling out to him, green eyes widened as they searched the crowd, a big smile stretching across his face when he finally spotted her and the camera. “Ollo!”

Kagome giggled slightly, he was quite the character. When she first moved to Metro City and saw a few videos online of him, she had thought it was some sort of act. But it appeared he was just being himself. “Hi! I’m Kagome, with Channel Eight News, and would love to get your words on this latest victory for you and Metro City.” she offered him the mic, watching his expressions as they went through the motions with avid attention.

“Oh! I’m still getting used to all of this.” everything about his was excitable, his expressions, actions, and even his words. He tapped against the mic, “This on? Is- this is on, yes?”

Nodding her head, Kagome agreed. “Yes, it’s on. Go ahead.”

“Good! Ollo, Metrocity, it is I, Megamind, and I would like to thank you once again for making me your hero.” he turned to her with bright eyes and smile, silently asking if what he said was good. When Kagome smiled in return with a nod, his excitement returned to the camera. “As I said, thank you for making me your hero, to which I will do to the best of my abilities. Though admittedly, it’s much more easier without an arch nemesis. Somewhat boring too… Would be more fun if I had an arch nemesis again. Ah! I miss battling against Metro Man. That’s what I need! A good old fashioned battle!” his eyes darted to her when her own widened at his words. “No?”

He continued to stare at her for a few moments, eyes wide and lips pursed as his own were, before
he hesitated to shake his head. He was silently asking if what he had said was wrong or bad. Kagome nodded her head to silently agree, that yes, what he had just said was not quite something a hero should be talking about.

“Ignore that last part! I’m not opening invitations for new villains, not that Metrocity needs any. And that isn’t to say that you have a crime problem because you don’t!” his lips puckered once again at the end of his statement. After a few awkward moments of him flicking his eyes between her and the camera, he thrust the mic back at her.

Kagome accepted the mic, slowly turning back to the camera while mentally finding a blushing Megamind far too adorable. The tips of his ears were even tinged a slight pink! “…and, that was Megamind, defender of Metro City, live at the Grand Plaza.” she smiled at the camera until Ron gave her the sign that they were off.

Relaxing her pose, she turned to a still blushing Megamind as he stood there and tried to appear as nondescript as possible. “Well, that was, interesting.” she offered a smile in hopes of easing him.

“I really am not used to these.” his hands were fidgeting, that blush still adorning his cheeks.

“That’s alright. I was nervous too. This was my first time interviewing you.” she offered a half shrug, quick to thank Ron for taking the mic back to the van for her. “So, I guess as far as first interviews go, not a total crash and burn?” her smile turned a little sheepish as a blush colored her own cheeks.

“Oh?” he seemed to perk up at her statement, his own embarrassment now seemingly forgotten. “Well, you are certainly dressed to impress.”

Kagome giggled, head ducking for a bare moment. “Thank you. That is quite the compliment coming from one that is always thinking about… presentation.” her lips pursed at how his confidence seemed to boost up.

“Thank you for noticing.” he preened a little under her attention.

“Humble too.” she shook her head. Ron called her name out, drawing her attention as well as Megamind’s. “Well, looks like that’s it for the day. I hope you have a wonderful evening.” she jogged as best she could back to the van.

As she had told Megamind, it wasn’t a complete failure of an interview, while it could have gone better, it also could have gone a whole lot worse. It could only go up from here, right? Well, she certainly hoped so.
“I’m starting to think you have a thing for pain. This is what, your fourth time to see me today?” Kagome clicked her tongue as she healed Shouta, yet again.

“Just can’t get enough of a certain Nurse Kitten.” he smirked at the light blush that bloomed across her cheeks as he leaned in, moaning slightly in pain and at the sensation of her quirk washing over him.

“Perverted old man.” her slightly glowing eyes never left her ‘work’.

Still smirking, he pushed himself further into her touch, his chest now pressed into her glowing hands. “You’ve never complained.”

Her blush was slowly sinking, down her pale neck, spreading across her chest. A becoming pink was now spread across the tops of her perfect-!

“We’re as work!” her hissed words were accompanied with a slight zap, a warning for him to behave.

He pouted, it was so hard to behave in her presence! And rather unfair. Last Halloween he had a maid kitten to this year’s nurse. It did not help when he heard the comments from their colleagues or the lingering gazes. And don’t get him started on the love-struck students now panting after her.

“I locked the door.” he shrugged at her surprised expression.

Her eyes darted to the door for a second, brows furrowing when they returned to him. “Why would you do that?”

The light glow in her eyes flickered in her anger, sparking just a tad brighter. Instead of answering her, he took hold of her hips and pulled her closer, the wheeled chair moving without so much as a squeak.

“Nurse, I’m having a little trouble with anatomy, and was wondering if you could help me out.” he smirked against her neck at her scoff.

“…so corny… And if I get in trouble, you’ll be having trouble with your anatomy alright.” her voice was a mix of a growl at her frustration and a mewl when he nipped at her ear.

“That wasn’t a no.” his eyes darted up to the clock on the wall behind her, smirking when he saw that they’d have enough time. And, knowing that the others had seen him entering, he decided that it was time to get the others to back off. “So, are you going to help me, Nurse Kagome?”

“Perverted old man.” her blue eyes narrowed on him, but she didn’t stop or fight him when he assisted her into climbing up onto his lap.

“And I’m going to prove to you how I’m not an old man.” he waggled his brows at her, smirk warming at her laugh. “Now, how about my Halloween treat.”

Kagome kissed the tip of his nose as she draped her arms around his shoulders. “You were supposed to wait until we got home… but since you’ve been a good boy today…” her smile was instantly stolen as he pressed his lips to her own. He was such a needy one.
The world had gone to shits, worse than her adventures in the past. And those had been chaotic times. But this, modern times ruined people’s instincts and when their world fell apart, they simply broke.

There were, however, those few individuals that could adapt to the world around them. And other than herself, she was currently snuggled up against one of the only other people she’s met since it all ended that was still sane.

“No need to look so grumpy.” she jabbed the man before her lightly, his lips pursing as she tried to hide her grin. Most likely failing if his sour face was anything to go by.

“I ain’t grumpy.” his voice was quiet as his words drawled out in the air between them.

“Oh?” when another shiver wracked her body, she was pulled even tighter to him. “Then how do you explain that stiff posture of yours, sour expression, and the fact that you refused to look me in the eye?”

His cool blue eyes locked with her own, it was steady as it bore down on her. A large smile colored her own expression in return.

“See, was that difficult?” she pouted when he grunted and closed his eyes. Why did she always get stuck with the silent types? It didn’t help that with it being autumn setting in, they were currently going through a cold snap and were sharing a space to stay warm. A bit awkward for two people that were no more than acquaintances.

Thinking of what she had been doing before the world ended, closing her eyes with a sigh. “If the situation wasn’t what it was, I’d probably invite you back to my hotel room so we could use my big bed. Kami… I miss that bed right now.”

As she continued to describe her plain generic hotel room and what she missed about it, Daryl opened his eyes to watch her talk. She sure did talk a lot, then again, he figured most people around him talked too much. Her voice was low as to not attract attention, he paid attention to her.

He had picked up on her Asian decent, though her blue eyes threw him off. Her hair was cut short, the choppy ends curling no longer than her chin which made him wonder if it had been longer from before. And from what he’d seen since they decided to stick together until they got back to his group, he knew she could take care of herself in a way that no city woman could. Not without bitching about breaking a nail or something like that.

“You’re staring.” her lips curled up even though her eyes were still closed.

Snorting and wondering how she could possibly know, he stocked it up to one of her perks. Which she had a lot, now that he thought back on it. “Just tryin’ to picture you in bed.” his lips quirked up in a lazy half smirk at her snort.

A blue eye cracked open to pin him with a look, a dark brow raising in question. After a few moments of them staring the other down, she closed her eye again with a shake of her head as she snuggled a little closer for more comfort and warmth. “As in, how I prefer to sleep in pajamas, underwear, or naked? Or are you trying to imagine how I’d actually perform in bed?”

He shrugged as best he could in their cramped setting while lying on his side. “Don’no. Bit of
both.”

“My, my. Aren’t you the curious one.” by now she was pressed in him. She was going to have to find a new sleeping bag if the one they were using now wasn’t helping in stave off the cold.

“Can usually read people. Makes for tryin’ to figure ‘em out easier.” his eyes scanned the small clearing just out past the little burrow she had spotted and they were currently using for the night.

“Ah-ha. And imagining what they used to sleep in is just a past time, is it?” her low chuckle had his own lips twitching in amusement.

He still defended himself, though. “Like there’s anything better to think about?”

“Guess not, if you already know if you can trust them or not. So, what has your imagination come up with?” a new set of shivers danced down her spine, though it had nothing to do with the cold and more with the arm sliding against her waist so a callused hand could rest more solidly at the small of her back.

“On picturing you in bed? Shit, a bit of everything.” he grunted out, shifting a bit when he felt the first stirrings of arousal for the first time in a long while. This close, there was no way she wasn’t going to miss it if he didn’t get it under control.

“Hmm. Panty set in satin sheets? Socks and some guy’s borrowed shirt? Nude?” she bit down on her lip when his arm tensed up. “Oh, wait. There was also my performance called into question. Plain vanilla, from behind, with me on top… Hmm, so many possibilities…”

“…shit…” Daryl shifted once again, eyes narrowing when he felt her shoulders shake with suppressed laughter, even though she was going to miss his not amused expression at how she was entertained at his current state. “You’re being a real bitch right now.”

“Trust me, I could be so much worse.” she pulled back at bit to look him clearly in the eye, allowing cold air in between the small space between them and causing him to shiver. “How about a challenge. The one that fails to snag anything to eat in the morning has to share former sleeping habits.” she waggled her brows up at him as she wore a saucy smirk.

“Tch.” he didn’t want to say yes because he’d seen what she could do with her bow. She was good. Could make him run for his money sometimes.

“Oh, don’t be a party pooper.” she gave him a light slap to his shoulder before snuggling back into his warmth. A jaw cracking yawn escaped her, forcing her to shake her head to shake off sleep, for at least a little long.

“Sleep, I’ll take first watch.” his gaze drifted back to the clearing outside of their shelter for the night.

“Keep doing that, and you’ll drop from exhaustion.” her words were murmured and slurried with sleep.

A snort escaped Daryl as he tucked Kagome deeper into his hold on reflex when a twig snapped in the distance. “Like you did a few days back? Don’t worry ‘bout me. I’ll let ya know when I need sleep.”

“M’kay. G’night. And no groping me while I sleep.” the joke had his lips twitching once again. Traveling with her wasn’t going to be so bad, but they could use with better covering at night.
“Sara, you put the sofa down, now!” a childish whine echoed back to her ears followed by a muffled thump of said sofa returning to where it belonged.

“But I was rescuing the princess!” the claim became clearer as a child came in the kitchen, she currently wore a simple slip that mimicked a knight’s suit of armor. She was also carrying her baby brother that was currently wearing an old princess costume, greeting her with a happy babble.

Smiling, Kagome swooped down to hold Aur'elius and kiss Sara’s rosy cheek. “That all good and fine. But no picking up the heavy furniture. That was the deal.”

Sara’s cheeks puffed out in a pout, brows furrowing as she crossed her arms. The classic child’s way of saying, without words, ‘not fair’. After a short stare down, Sara huffed out to walk to the table, hopping up into one of the chairs. “When are Daddy and Papa coming home?”

“Later, they said they’d do some shopping after work.” she kissed the top of Sara’s head as she laid a plate of snacks before her. “Enjoy!”

It was a few hours later when Conner and Kaldur returned home, both carrying shopping bags. Sara ran to greet them, big blue eyes shining with a bright smile as she threw herself at Conner. “Daddy!”

She was caught with ease, pulled up and into a hug. “How’s my girl?”

“Good!” she reached over to Kaldur while still in Conner’s hold. “Hi, Papa.”

Kagome watched the scene, heartwarming even though she witnessed it every time her boys came home. After sharing in Sara’s greeting, Kaldur took Conner’s bag and made his way to the kitchen. When they all followed, he was sure to greet Kagome and their son properly.

“Mm, and how was your day.” Kagome handed Aur'elius off to Kaldur to begin unpacking the bags. She was sure to sneak peeks at her family, smiling at how her children fussed until Conner was carrying both of them. He was their teddy bear father, that was for sure.

Kaldur stood behind Kagome, arms wrapped around her waist and brow pressed to the crown of her head.

“That well, huh?” she turned to look at him, blue eyes catching pale green, more than able to see the exhaustion. “After they’re tucked in.”

Kaldur nodded his head, the three adults having learned the true art of silent communication since Sara’s birth. “And yours?” he watched her pull everything out, currently unwilling to let her go.

“Nothing too exciting.” a mischievous smirk that cut to their daughter, which had said girl freezing and halting in sharing her day with Conner. “Save for some minor furniture readjustments.”

Both males turned to their blushing daughter, who was currently trying and failing to hide from her parents. “But Mommy, I was trying to save the princess…” her voice grew into a quiet mumble at the end, barely a mumble really.

“Sara, we’ve told you to leave the furniture on the floor. No heavy lifting.” Conner’s stern expression didn’t last long. The moment Sara’s big blue eyes that were just shy of bursting tears
were directed to him, his expression crumbled. “Honey, we just worry that something could happen is all.”

“She has him wrapped around her little fingers.” Kagome whispered to Kaldur.

He chuckled as he pulled her closer, leaning down to whisper in return. “Are we not, as well?” he kissed just behind her ear as they continued to watch Conner.

Kagome returned to unpacking, stopping to laugh when she realized that she had pulled out five jars of peanut butter. “Seriously, five jars?” and they were jumbo jars on top of it too.

Kaldur chuckled, hands raised up in defense at the pointed look from Conner when he picked up on Kagome’s question. “Do not look at me. I have a fondness for peanut butter as you do for sushi.”

Conner’s expression twisted, lips pinching and brows furrowing. Kaldur clearly stated the truth. Conner didn’t mind sushi, but if offered, he’d take a stake in a heartbeat. “…alright…”

“Well, we can solve the peanut butter mystery later. Come help me put away.” Kagome shook her head in amusement, they argued over the cutest things.

Sara scrambled out of Conner’s hold, taking the bags to put them away while Conner himself helped as best he could with Aur’elius still in his hold.

Seeing it was still early, they all settled in the family room, watching Sara’s pick for a movie. Sara was holding Aur’elius as Kagome was snuggled between Conner and Kaldur.

“Whose turn is it to read bedtime stories?” Kagome leaned more comfortable against Conner, enjoying his ‘teddy-bear’ quality in moments like these.

Kaldur shifted a bit in Kagome’s lap to look up at her. “I believe it is Conner’s turn.”

Conner nodded his head, seemingly more interested in the movie. “Just as long as you don’t start anything without me.”

Leaning back, Kagome smiled as she kissed Conner’s jaw, already prepared for what was to come next. “Better make it a short story then. “ she teased, using her words to get to them. “This will only last for so long.”

Kaldur weaved Conner’s free hand with his own, expression a mix of wary and confusion. “Is everything alright?”

Kagome nodded her head as warmth swirled in her heart at their love for her. “Mm-hm. I’m pregnant.” her lips pursed to keep the smile at bay.

Both relaxed, the tone of her reply completely at ease. Until her words filtered and settled. Kaldur shot up to look at her directly, eyes wide and mouth slightly parted. Conner was stuck in staring ahead, though not particularly seeing the world around him.

“You’re…” Kaldur’s gaze dropped to her stomach, hands already pushing her shirt up to reveal her stomach.

“Pregnant, yes.” she chuckled, even though they already had Sara and Aur'elius, their reactions were still heart warming. It never ceased to amaze her.

Kaldur was already pushing his face against her belly, pressing kisses against her skin. Her free
hand scratched lightly through his hair as Conner was pressing a kiss to the inside of the wrist in his hold. “We’ll have take out tonight.”

“I’m still capable of cooking. This isn’t my first pregnancy.” her huffed turned into a gasp. Hand clutching at Kaldur’s shoulder, her eyes flew up to a completely oblivious Sara. “We can’t!”

“Has nothing to do with if you’re capable or not. Just want to spend as much time with you while we can.” Kaldur offered in Conner’s stead, as he was busy in leaving as many love bites as he could. “And she isn’t paying attention.”

Sara smiled as she held her baby brother closer to her, ducking her head to whisper to him. “I hope I get a baby sister this time. Or a puppy.” Aur'elius cooed as they continued to watch the movie, both children far too involved with the movie before them to really care for their mother’s scolding of their fathers.
“You know, I’d thought you’d be more humble looking.” black hair bounced as she canted her head and observed the figure before her.

“Humble?” his dark brows furrowed as he looked down at her.

“You know, as most people depict time ‘Father Time’. Old, wise looking, simple robes.” Kagome quickly waved a hand to also indicate their surroundings. “This castle is also far from humble.”

His eyes narrowed at her words, lips pursed tightly together. A clear indication that he did not like what he was hearing. “Now listen here-!”

“But this suits you well!” she flashed him a bright smile and was quick to loop an arm through one of his. “Although, clocks haven’t always been around…”

He rolled his eyes, not at all surprised or upset that she managed to sneak in a cheeky comment. At this point, he was sued to her and her ways. It was not often Time of one world crossed paths with Time of another.

“What brought you to visit this time?” they toured down the halls of his castle, no true destination in mind.

“I sensed something was, off. A few ripples?” Don’t know how else to describe it.” she shrugged her shoulders. “But, I was worried, so I came as soon as I could.”

“Oh? Sounds familiar.” she batted her eyelashes up at him, big bright smile completely the innocent appearance.

Lips pursing, he scoffed before facing forward. “You would take her side. Even brought a foreign soldier…”

“I didn’t take any sides.” Kagome pouted at his accusation.

“She reminds me much of you,” the comment came out of nowhere after they had walked in silence for a short while.

“Hmm?” her dropped to lean against his arm, getting comfortable as she could get as they stood on a balcony.

“Giving her all to help a friend. Even if it meant doing something stupid, such as not listening to me or my warnings.” while his words were firm at the end, there was also a fondness touching his tone.

“Yes, well, I didn’t have an embodiment of a concept to warn me about my adventures.” Kagome poked him in the side, smiling when he pulled back a slight amount from her ‘attack’. “What’s her name?”

“Alice.” when she began laughing after a few moments of silence, he pulled back to look at her.

“How is her name amusing?”
“Oh!” Kagome clutched her side with her free arm. “I think I understand what you mean! Tales of
the troubles she’s landed in are very well known back home.”

Time furrowed his brows yet again, not seeing what was so amusing in the discovery of the girl’s
name or understanding about what stories Kagome possibly mean. But, he did enjoy her smiles,
laughter and the fact that she was currently with him. While he was the king of time, he wished he
had a stronger will over it to spend more of it with her. For now, he would enjoy the moments he
got with her.
Aladdin: Male!Jasmine

Of all the women he met, she was one that had his heart feel like it was about to burst from his chest. She was different. No pampered princess, simpering for attention or unable to do anything outside of palace life. Oh, and the tales she had shared of her journeys.

“…and the mountains! Blue with white caps. When spring comes, all the rivers and streams swell from the melted ice and snow that the chill is still felt farther inland.” she let out a sigh as she fell back against the grass, sapphire eyes closed as she tilted her head to the sun.

“It all sounds so wonderful.” he always tried to picture her home, a hard task since he’s never really seen anything beyond the edges of Agrabah. Blue mountains, lush green fields, and forests… so much vibrancy was hard to imagine over his life of constant golden sands.

“It really is…” she hummed had him looking back down at her her, fully content in the sun. While her skin had darkened since he first met her, it was still very much a creamy ivory. So much paler than his own. A beautiful contrast to the customary cuts that he and his people wore. He smiled as a memory of how shy she had been when she first put their fashion on, it had taken so long for her to relax and step out to reveal her new outfit.

Never before had she worn something so revealing, or so she said. And she was adamant on hiding a particular scar. He leaned down, his fingers barely brushing the starburst scar in curiosity, freezing when twitched away. “I apologize.”

“…I- no. It’s alright.” her hand brushed over the scar as her brows furrowed for a moment. “Just, a little sensitive and ticklish there.”

His brows shot up, while he was relieved to know he hadn’t offended her, he had not expected how she would react after she replied. His mind was quick to recall what his swords tutor had told him about scars. They were either reminders of their mistakes or signs that they had survived the confrontation. He wondered which it was for Kagome.

However, her continued fidgeting and squirming delayed his curiosity. “What, are you doing?”

“I don’t know!” her hands flew up to cover her face, muffling a pitiful whine. “I’m a little unselfconscious about my scars and this outfit is still too revealing!”

Dark eyes blinked at the mortified young woman as she peeked up at him through her fingers. His lips twitched before he began to laugh, hand pressed to his stomach. Her cries and demands that he stop, that it wasn’t funny only made him laugh that much harder.

“This,” he indicated to what she was currently wearing. “… is no more or no less revealing than what you were wearing when you first arrived.”

Sapphire eyes narrowed on him, even as her cheeks became rosy, harrumphing when she turned away from him. She was muttering words to herself, though he was able to pick up bits and pieces. He was insensitive? Didn’t know anything about women?

He chuckled at the glare she tossed at him from over her shoulder, form still slightly curled up and away from him. “Kagome. I truly meant no offense. I was merely pointing out my observations. How was what you wore before any different that what you are now?” he gently rolled her back to face him, absently tucking stray strands of hair behind an ear.
“I… It’s not… What I mean…” her brows furrowed as she nibbled on her lower lip, clearly trying to point out the differences she saw. At her defeated sigh, and a lazy toss of her hands, she knew what she was about to say. “It’s not different at all! I’m just used to wearing certain cuts. Stupid underwear-bikini problem…”

Prince Jamshid had no idea what she meant by her last words, but he figured it had to do with what they were currently talking about. Instead, he enjoyed her presence. He watched her eyes light up as Rajah approached, a deep rumbling purr echoing around them when Kagome began to bestow him with her affections.

She was one of the only females outside of the palace that Rajah actually accepted, perhaps it was a sign… He would get to know Kagome better before he jumped into making any too major a decision.
She eyed him, more than a little wary at his apparent excitement. “You… really like your… weapons, huh?”

He froze for a moment, turning to her. His dark eyes seemingly surprised to see her there, apparently, he forgot that she was still there. His gaze dropped to the large gun in his hands for a few moments before locking with her own once again. “You want out of here?” the expression he wore reminded her of Inuyasha, reminding her it was best to answer quickly. So, she was quick to nod her head. “Then I really don’t see why you’re complaining. I’m doing all the work here.”

Her presented her with his back once again so he could return to fixing and-or-modifying his looted weapon. And she simply watched him, the only thing that was normal for her out of the entire situation.

Aliens.

She had been abducted by aliens. The whole thing was laughable. What? There wasn’t enough back home to threaten her, and there was youkai still around among other things, that she had to be taken off world? The bright side… she had yet to see any little gray or green men and she had met Rocket.

Gaze and attention returning to his back, she ‘reached’ out once again as her fingers twitched in her lap. He was human, for the most part. But he felt… a little off. She had seen his back, the metal and other things that lined his spine and ran along his ribs. It was obviously not human made, so that left alien. Then there are the subtle physical characteristics. Pointed ears that were slightly tufted, prominent canines and sharp nail-like claws. She had also witnessed him using sharper senses.

His coloring seemed normal enough, he did seem to have what appeared to be permanent bruising around his eye. Premature graying at his temples or was it a result of what he went through? And she hadn’t missed how his nail-claws were also darker either. It all had made her so very curious. Of course, she held her tongue back, she wasn’t raised to be rude after all.

“You keeping a look out?” his sudden question had her blinking out of her thoughts.

She turned left and right, the two only directions in which their pursuers could approach from. “Nothing. Unless you want me to watch the skies too.” The soft purples of the sunset were normally something she’d enjoy if she wasn’t currently in this mess.

“No, Princess. Just make sure your personal guards don’t get the jump on us.” she was sure she could hear him rolling his eyes in that somewhere.

“Oh, my. You caught me. I put out an add in the paper. Just so I could cause you misery.” her tone was flat, the flattest it had been in a long time.

“I’m the one that’s sticking my neck out kidnapping you.” he turned to her, shouldering his gun.
“Rescuing! You’re rescuing me. Can’t kidnap a person that was already kidnapped. Besides, I’m going willingly.” she stared at him through narrowed eyes. The stare down didn’t last long, as she suddenly stood up from her rocky perch and turned to the right. “They’re coming. We have a few minutes, five tops.”

“How do you know that?” despite his question, he was already standing at the ready.

“I just do!” she quickly approached him, careful to duck behind him. It was a tense two minutes, waiting for the guards to come spilling onto their location.

“Ha!” the loud cry from Rocket had her clutching to him and her eyes flickering from where she felt the guards and then even quicker ship in the sky. “That’s my boy, Quinn!”

“Oh, good, they’re with you.” Kagome relaxed as the ship maneuvered and a port opened, the ship lowering so it was close enough for them to jump. A cry escaped her when a large arm wrapped around her and hauled her up onto the ship, Rocket was quick to follow after by jumping onto the ship himself.

“They have the Princess!” the captain of the guard raised an arm to halt the others from firing.

“I am not your Princess!” Kagome clutched to the arm that was wrapped around her. “Get that through your thick skulls!”

“But your Majesty!” the captain’s brows furrowed.

“NO! Go find someone else to rule your planet!” she waved them off, hoping ‘shoo’ was universal.

Their confusion allowed the ship to depart without a shot being fired and Kagome sagged against the arm holding her, muttering under her breath about how her life officially sucked.

“You’re really giving up being royalty?” Rocket had shouldered his weapon and stared at her like she had lost her mind.

“Yes. Is it that hard to believe?” seeing that the large male was not about to let her go, Kagome got comfortable.

“Yes! You’re giving up all the riches and luxury. For what?!” his free arm waved about.

“Uh, the chance to go home?” she shrugged her shoulders, she didn’t want to start up again on explaining she had been kidnapped.

“Rocket, please tell me you really didn’t kidnap royalty.” a young man approached the group. “We were just pardoned from the Nova Empire, no need to start an intergalactic war.”

“Hey, she insisted. Not a kidnapping when they’re willing.” Rocket gave a shrug.

“Oi! That’s the same thing I told you, only for you to blow me off!” her eyes narrowed on her rescuer. Lips pursed at his smirk.

“Sorry, Princess, can you forgive me?” he gave a mocking bow that her narrowing her eyes even more.

“Keep acting like a smart ass, and I will give you a royal bitch attitude.” the last of her words came out with a slight growl.

Rocket approached with a waggle of his brows. “Feisty, huh? I think we’ll get along just fine,
Princess.”

“It’s Kagome, and you better use it buster” she leaned over the arm that was still holding her.

“Kagome, huh?” Rocket gave her a wink as he leaned in closer.

“Ugh, are you actually flirting?” the man’s face twisted slightly as if he just sucked on a lemon.

“What’s the matter, Quinn?” Rocket gave the man a smirk. “I thought you knew that’s what adults did. Or did you need further demonstrations?”

“Whoa! I did not agree to this. I’m not agreeing to this” she turned wide eyes to the man, Quinn. “This is not flirting! No flirting.”

A chuckle from Rocket had her turning back to him with narrowed eyes, smacking a hand that was petting the loose hair. “Stop flirting!”

“What’s the matter, Princess? I thought you just said we weren’t flirting,” he tossed her a wink, quick to duck back out of the swipe of her hand. “Easy, Princess, we are the ones that are helping you. Remember?”

Shoulders hunched up as she actually snarled at the male as her nails dug into the thick skin of the arm wrapped around her. She honestly didn’t know if the was an improvement, but she was going to have to put up with Rocket until she got back home. Great.
“You truly are a rarity.” warm hands cupped her cheeks, tilting her head back so to lock her gaze with his own completely.

Her blue eyes blinked slowly, unmoving from his brown ones, but she could ‘see’ him past the human form he was currently wearing. Past the human soul, he was dwarfing. If not crushing.

“Michael.” his smile grew at the utterance of his name, becoming that much brighter, if not warmer and more real.

“Ah, Kagome.” he leaned down, pressed his brow to her own, seemingly basking in her presence.

Not that she could complain, he was a presence that was there. That demanded attention and respect. But for her, he was like catnip, and if she could, she’d be purring.

“I…” her brows furrowed when she caught a sudden gleam from his hand. “Who are you currently inhabiting?” if there was one thing that still left her uncomfortable about all this, it was that angels had to possess humans in order to interact in the world without harming it.

“A man. John Winchester.” he pulled back, that deceiving smile back, one that his frown. “Why? Do you find him attractive?”

“Micheal…” she had to close her eyes to his light. Not only was she a holy human, she could look and hear angels true forms and voices. “That’s not what I mean and you know it.” when she opened her eyes again, her pupils were blown, a sign that she was seeing him for him, her abilities ensuring her eyes didn’t burn out. Literally.

The fact that she was seeing him, eased him. “True.” a hand was now running through her hair.

Angels were so odd, to her at least. They obviously hated humans, but there were a few rare that actually seemed to… well, not mind humans.

As for Michael… well he didn’t hide his dislike for humans, he had lost his baby brother and father because of humans according to him, but there were a rare few he showed his favor. She just so happened to be a lucky one that gained such favor. She just didn’t know what to call their relationship. Or even if Michael would admit to such.

“I do apologize.” her hands rose when she saw the beginnings of blisters forming. Just how long had he been using this human already?

His eyes fluttered shut, a sigh escaping him as he basked in her soul and light as she healed his host. “This is not my true vessel. Were it…” he trailed off, physically shuddering as she swept her hands along his form to heal any and all hidden wounds.

“You would, what?” she was currently more concentrated on healing his host rather than what he was saying. Not only that, she was doing all that she could to not remember what Michael once said. The fact that she could manipulate her soul in such a way that Michael could feel it on a physical level unlike no other being could was highly intimate for the arch-angel. The way he had described it made it sound like spiritual sex to her.

“…you truly are a rarity. Never before have I been tempted as I have been now, with you.” his lips brushed against her own as he spoke. His hold tightened, shaking slightly as if he were struggling with himself. Another shudder wracked his frame, hands clinging to her cheeks as he watched her
brows furrowed slightly. He knew she was feeling the wounds his host was suffering due to him inhabiting it for so long.

He shuddered when she dropped to her knees before him and ran her hands down one leg slowly, running up the other leg just as slowly until she pulled away and looked up at him. He knew that she knew he could heal his host, he was an archangel after all. But seeing her there kneeling before him as she gazed up at him, spoke to a part of him that he hadn’t even been aware of. Thought it was something only humans had, a sort of primal instinct.

Which meant that angels were in fact no better than humans, a fact that the very woman before his had tried over and over to make him see. A small part of him wondered if she was right, another part, the older part rebelled at the idea. His fingers wrapped around her hair, his stare bearing down on her as he knelt down as well.

“Once I have my true vessel, you will be mine.” he then did something he had always believed was beneath him as it was far too, human. He kissed her. It was a harsh meeting of lips, their teeth clicking together as he dragged her into him. The flavor of her was new, foreign and exciting in a way he had never thought possible.

He pulled her closer to him and wrapped an arm around her truly tiny waist. The entire situation went against pretty much everything he praised about as an angel. Even he felt anything of the earthly realm were below him, even the rare few that had been as exceptional as Kagome throughout human history.

“…Micheal…” her whimper had him narrowing his eyes, lips twitching into a smirk. Especially her attempt to follow after him when he finally pulled away

“Kagome.” he smoothed her hair back into place after he put it into disarray, only to smooth his fingers across her now rosy cheeks. “I will find you when the time is right, be sure of that.”

Her eyes fluttered, another whimper leaving her when she felt him depart, his host falling over in a faint. She panted as everything about her returned, even her senses. Brows furrowing, she checked over the now returned John Winchester, she blinked as she picked herself up and dusted her knees off. She attempted to get the man as comfortable as possible before continuing on her way.

She knew he would be fine, otherwise, Micheal would have zapped the man elsewhere, so she continued on, mind wondering about her life and the effects of Michael’s presence. It was impossible, as far as she knew, to hide from him, so she knew there was no true need to contemplate.

Then again, it simply who she was.
He peeked at her from out of the corner of his eye, smiling at her obvious excitement. The small hand around his wrist would squeeze at anything she saw, which was almost everything. So he flipped his hand to curl around her smaller one.

The smile she threw him was blinding, warm, and dazzling.

“This is amazing!” she pushed some hair out of her face, blue eyes darting all over the world beneath them. “Thank you.”

Brown eyes widened at the sudden hug, his own arms floating slowly to return it. Once the situation sunk in, he smiled and made the hug more solid. “No problem.” he closed his eyes to back in her presence and the friendship she freely gave him.

She eventually pulled away, though she was sure to keep a strong grip on his hand. “To think, you have the entire world at your fingertips. You’ve had to have seen so much it has to offer.”

Aladdin shrugged his shoulders. “Not really.”

“What?!” her shocked expression lasted only so long before it was replaced by determination. “No, that’s not happening.”

“Swallowing hard, Aladdin offered a nervous smile. “No?”

“Oh, no.” she leaned in closer as if to keep what she was about to share a secret. “If you want to win Jasmine’s heart, you have to be yourself. Adventuring the world could help.”

Aladdin blinked, not at all expecting the direction Kagome went in, but, he decided to listen.

“You’ll have all these stories to regale her with, and maybe even gifts from foreign countries!” her excitement apparent, even as her eyes became slightly distant. After a few moments, she focused back on him. “Not only that, you and I both know she dreams of seeing the world outside the palace walls. Outside of Agrabah. You could take her with you on whatever return trips you take. Her very own personal guide.”

Aladdin nodded his head, the plan sounding more and more solid the more he thought about it. “That’s great!” a sudden thought quickly dashed his hopes away. “But, she could marry someone else while I’m away. And she could just think I’m looking for new adventures, if not worse, running away from my newfound responsibilities.”

The sour expression he wore morphed into confusion at her rather sly grin. Too sly if one asked him.

“Oh, young one. Trust in Kagome.” both snickered at her mimicry of some sort of scholarly character. “You’ll be interacting with the people. Learning about them, from them. This will give you an idea of their politics. In doing so, opening up possibilities for alliances and trading!”

“Has anyone ever told you, that you’re a genius?” his smile grew, it really was perfect, save for one detail. “But she still might marry someone else.”

Her brows furrowed for a few moments as she hummed. “Well… you could make a sort of promise to each other. Work out a sort of time thing. Be away for a month, bring back not only
your gifts but perhaps journals documenting all that you had learned. That should keep her occupied in the time while you’re away.”

Aladdin nodded his head, trying to figure out how best to go about doing just that. “Thank you. It means a lot that you’re helping me.”

“What are friends for?” she gave him a subtle nudge as she wore a bright smile. “Now, let’s get back to my tour!”

Aladdin chuckled as he steered Carpet to show what else Agrabah had to offer. Happy that Kagome had come into his life when she had.
Kurama purred, green eyes hooded on the petite miko as she squirmed, trying to her best to cover herself.

“Kurama… I’m not sure about this set…” her hands pressed against her stomach, cheeks flushing as Kurama continued to stare.

“Nonsense!” Kurama smiled, a hand waving the concerns away. She herself stood in a set that caught her eye, though really, she was unabashedly exposing herself to her miko. “It’s perfect.”

And it really was. Deep red, with rose detailing and dark green leaves. Of course, Kurama knew Kagome would look all the more tempting with nothing but rose petals teasingly covering her. A little breath would be all that was needed to reveal what they hid. A shiver ran down her spine at her little fantasy, she was going to have to buy the set now, and wear them out…

“I still don’t know…” Kagome trailed off, seemingly taken with observing her reflection. Brows furrowed as she bit down on her lower lip, apparently not liking what she was seeing.

“Kagome,” the strong tone had them locking gazes through the mirror. “Forget everything that idiot ever told you. You’re beautiful. Desirable.” Kurama walked up to stand behind Kagome, shushing her when she attempted to deny the claims.

“Do you know what I see?” she leaned down to whisper in her miko’s ear, hands cupping smooth shoulders. “A young woman. Beautiful, where her inner beauty makes her shine like a rare jewel.”

Kagome’s brows still furrowed, eyes scouring her form. “But…”

“Petite, with the perfect curves many would kill for” Kurama ran her hands along Kagome’s sides, doing everything to hide her smirk at the gasp she was rewarded with. “A subtle hourglass figure, a sign to show you are healthy compared to most girls and women.

“Legs that I know distract the male population of our school. A perky and tight,” she gave the round cheeks of Kagome’s behind a generous squeeze, unable to hide her smirk at the quiet moan. “…ass.”

She gave those delightful cheeks another squeeze before moving upwards, thoroughly enjoying how Kagome’s breathing quickened. “And your breasts? The perfect size…” she trailed off when she began to massage said breasts. She had meant to say the perfect size for her stature, but her mind and the kitsune in her were reveling in how they fit snugly into her own hands, the nipple stiffening against her palms.

When Kagome leaned against her, Kurama was instantly leaving marks against her skin, smiling when Kagome’s shaking hands moved up to cover her own. Not to remove them, but to apply more pressure. Oh, her little miko was simply wonderful.

“My, my, my little Kagome-chan.” Kurama purred into an ear, eyes entirely watching the little miko through the mirror

“Kurama…” Kagome whimpered as her chest thrust out at a particular squeeze, head dropping back onto Kurama’s shoulder. “We shouldn’t…”

“Why? Because we’re both female?” Kurama nipped at the ear before her, a punishment at the idea
of Kagome denying her on such a basis.

“N-no!” a hand was quick to snap back and take hold of Kurama’s hip when a knee was wedged between her legs rather harshly. “P-public!”

Kurama laughed at the truth behind Kagome’s words, delighted that the miko seemed to care less about their sexes being the reason they shouldn’t be doing what they were. “Oh, darling, you truly are far too innocent for your own good.” she nuzzled behind Kagome’s ear breathing in her delightful scent.

Her smirk turned wicked when she spotted a detail that was highly entertaining and had her pride swelling. “It seems I’m not the only one wearing their new panties out…”

Kagome bit her lip at the claim, knowing she had ruined the set she had been debating on putting back on the rack. She had suspected Kurama had swung both ways, she had dated a few boys from their school, but to think she was considered desirable by Kurama’s standards was quite the boost in one’s self-esteem.

She figured it had to do with the kitsune aura she sometimes felt around her Senpei. There was only one way to truly find out… Her nails dug into the soft skin at another particular squeeze that was quickly followed by pinching. There was going to be some boundaries set, that was for sure.
Inuyasha: Sango

She had never truly been able to become… away, of the certain fact in her life. Not until one certain someone entered said life. And it was quite the eye opener too, but it made everything so clear when she looked back on her life.

All her life, she could remember her childish fancies on both the boys and girls she grew up with, sometimes favoring particular girls over the boys. Many assume it was due to her family and home situation, what with growing up in a house dominated by men, their mannerisms were sure to rub off. And when they left the safety of their village? It was only obvious that her profession made her more aware of any other female needing protection.

But this, this was new and left her torn in so many ways. The current object of her desires shouldn’t be her current object of her desires. For the main reason, they were a holy person, not meant to be lusted after but did not stop her body from reacting, from yearning. And that too was new to her, feeling physical desire.

That short green kimono did not help. It revealed all of Kagome’s smooth legs, even her tiny feet were not hidden! And the white upper covering, a blouse she recalled, also did not hide anything. While, yes, it was loose, it still managed to show her nearly matured breasts. Especially when she was walking against the wind, or by the Kami, when it rained. The thin white material soaked the rain, allowing all to see what hid beneath.

“The view is wonderful, is it not, Sango-san?” the light tinkling of metal rings seemed to taunt her, if not mock her.

Sango gazed out towards the fields, they were lusher after the last storm, patches of wild flowers adding color. “Yes, it it, Houshi-sama.”

There was a chuckle from him. Was he mocking her? Teasing her for knowing her secret? She prayed to the Kami he didn’t know.

“The breeze is a particular relief to this unexpected heat.” his eyes closed when a breeze that was a little more noticeable swirled past them.

A flash of color drew her attention elsewhere in an instant. Pale purple. She was wearing pale purple… panties… “…yes… hot… breeze…”

Her eyes were trained on the hypnotic sway of the short green kimono Kagome was wearing, praying for another breeze to lift the material for another glimpse at pale purple. A part of her felt bad for this sort of behavior, it was a betrayal as she normally ensured that the Monk didn’t do anything untoward. But when it came to Kagome, she would agree that he did have good taste.

Due to her home, Kagome was not hardened from training, nor was she sickly thin from sickness or lack of food. Oh, no. Kagome had soft curves that were healthy and had her fingers twitching. Yes, in this case, the Monk’s wandering eye, and sometimes hands, were in good taste.

“She truly is wonderful.” the statement made her aware that Miroku knew her secret.

“Yes, and we should not be acting as such towards her.” despite her words, she couldn’t quite tear her gaze away. Especially not when Kagome bent forward to pick up Shippo.

Both Sango and Miroku wanted their heads, silently thanking every and all deities for their latest
“Your secret is safe with me, Sango-san,” there was a light flushing to his cheeks, making her more than aware of where his thoughts most likely wandered.

Biting down on her lip with brows furrowed, Sango began to pet a dozing Kirara. She felt something for both Miroku and Kagome, making her wonder if something was wrong with her.

“Sango-chan! We’re making camp early, and there’s a hot spring nearby!” Kagome gave a little happy dance, giving Shippo a slight squeeze in her joy. “No cold river bath tonight!”

Miroku whimpered, the cause to his sudden weak kneed state only too apparent to Sango. Smirking, Sango walked up to Kagome. “A nice hot bath really is just what I needed.”

Kagome nodded her head. “I know just what you mean. Oh! I also have this new body care set. You should try it with me!”

As she continued to describe how it benefited the skin, Sango tossed Miroku a knowing smirk before linking an arm with one of Kagome’s so they could make their way towards the hot spring. The Monk may know of her attraction, partially, but seeing Kagome strip from her tempting uniform was something only she got to enjoy.
The second club they went to was more a lounge, but her new friend didn’t seem to mind or care. Whenever they weren’t dancing, they were lounging at their chosen spot. Though Kagome was quick to learn that save the times she went to the ladies room, Jazz was constantly touching her. If she hadn’t had the dealings she had with youkai, she’d think he was most likely expecting something out of tonight. And if he still did, he was in for a surprise.

“So, you here for work or to get away from work?” she swirled her current drink as she watched the strange, yet amazing, male beside her.

He shifted a bit, his arm becoming more secure around her shoulders as he stretched his legs out under the table. “A bit of both.”

“So… here for work, but taking in the sights…” not an unusual thing. A lot of foreigners weren’t quite prepared for how the Japanese worked, so clubbing was a popular outlet for those still young enough to blow off some steam.

“You could say that.” he took a lazy swig of his drink.

“You alone? And what do you do?” after stirring her drink a couple of times, Kagome took another sip of her fruity cocktail.

Jazz chuckled as he peered at her from over his shades. “Why so curious?”

She could only offer a shrug of her shoulders. “Can’t a girl be curious? Or are you worried I’ll stalk you if you say you’re some star or a secret millionaire?” she offered a teasing smile, happy to pick up on the fact that her answer at least amused him.

“Nah, nothing like that.” his arm pulled her closer to his side. “I came with two others and we work in security.”

“Security? I thought you’d work in the music industry.” he honestly didn’t look like some sort of ex-military person that decided to go into business for himself.

“Oh? How you figure that?” he raised a brow as he pinned her with a teasing look.

“You don’t dress the part, talk or act it either. Going to a club? Hardly something someone in security is going to do. And the way you drove here, after picking up a complete stranger, not very secure to me.” she leaned forward to put her now empty glass down.

“And just how is it, that I dress, talk and act?” he sounded honestly curious as he watched her intently.

“Honestly? You look like you stepped right out of a soul cover or magazine. You talk with slang and how you act…” she bit her lip, unsure of how to explain herself until she was suddenly straddling his lap. “You act… smooth. Seductive.”

His hands held her hips in a loose hold, their gazes locked. Slowly, a smirk lifted his lips. “Ya sure you’re ready for that? As you pointed out, I am a complete stranger.”

“Hmm, I wonder…” she trailed off as she stared down at him, wondering if she should just come
out and be honest.

She didn’t get a chance. A hand slid up her spine so long fingers could weave into her hair, cupping the back of her head and dragging her down to him. The moment her lips touched his, her brows furrowed at the unexpected and strong static shock that sparked between them. It didn’t last long when the fact that they were actually kissing settled into her brain.

Her hands cupped his jaws and neck, not expecting this intimate form of contact but not stopping it either. His other hand slid down her spine, stopping at the small of her back, but he was so much larger that her that his fingers were just teasing what was a normally dangerous territory for men.

Now normally, Kagome would never allow something like this. He was someone she did just meet, after all, no matter the seeming privacy of their table, there were also still out in the public. And she still had no idea as to what he really was.

When she pulled back for air, her brows were furrowed at his next words.

“So the others weren’t kidding about hu- the locals.” the words were low, no more than a murmur to himself than an actual comment or statement. She felt he most likely didn’t think she’d have heard him.

Oh, but she did.

“Humans?” her question had that delicious sensation on her neck stop, a whimper escaping her when he pulled away. Regaining her mental capacity, Kagome blinked down at the male. “I heard you. And before you say I’m drunk and misheard you, it’ll take a lot more than some fruity cocktail to get me that far.”

His mouth snapped shut with an audible clink, his only apparent excuse seemingly thrown out the window since the music wasn’t loud enough that they couldn’t converse in lower tones. So he really had no excuse to use for how she could possibly have misheard him.

Leaning down, a sly smirk curling her lips. “Don’t worry, honey, you’re not the first non-human I’ve been around. The world is a whole lot stranger than you think.” she gave him a quick peck before pulling back.

“Girl… you don’t know what you’re messing with.” she didn’t miss that he said ‘what’ and not ‘who’.

“Oh?” she continued to smirk down at him, plucking his shades to put them on herself. “Trust me when I say, I highly doubt you have anything to say that would frighten me away or be a surprise.”

A hand rose, pulling the shades down just enough that her eyes were visible, Jazz returning the smile as he cupped the back of her neck. “I really think if I told you, you’d either run screaming or think I was insane.”

Licking her lip before nibbling on it, she couldn’t help but smile. Usually, that was something she knew she’d say if anyone asked about her true cause to missing so much school back in Jr. High. So, with that in mind, she leaned down once again until their lips were barely touching. “Try me.”

“Girl, you have no idea what you’re in for.” Jazz’s eyes flashed a blue glow as his hold on her waist tightened and his other hand returned to cupping the back of her neck.

“I don’t mind the ride.” a throaty giggle escaped her at his slight groan at her next question. “You gonna be behind the wheel?”
“Girl, you really have no idea.” his words only had her laughing once again before she asked him if he wanted to go back out to dance, amused at the groan he let out as his head dropped onto her shoulder. “You’re not makin’ this easy.”

“It wasn’t supposed to. Now come on, let’s have a little more fun before we start any sort of serious conversation!” another laugh escaped her when she managed to bounce to her feet and drag him back out onto the dance floor, completely serious about what she had said. No need for sharing secrets to ruin their night.
Kagome was not one to judge, especially not after everything she had been through. So she didn’t even bat an eyelash at the unusual young man that sat next to her. Or when he slipped his shoes off. Or when he tucked his knees under his chin and began to chew on his thumbnail. She did when he turned to stare at her when she unpacked her treats.

Blue eyes lowered from his unwavering stare to her boxed gourmet cupcakes. After a few moments, she looked back up at him. “Did you want one?” true, they were a birthday gift from that new gourmet bakery everyone was going ga-ga over, but she didn’t mind sharing.

So lifting the cute little box, she offered him first choice, watching as he picked the one with the small strawberry on top.

“Thank you.” his voice was quiet, and his focus completely on the large cupcake.

“You’re welcome. Enjoy.” Kagome looked back down at the two left over and decided to go with the pale green one. Matcha melted across her tongue followed by a light and sweet nutty flavor.

The two sat in a comfortable silence, enjoying their shared treats until they finally stared down at the last baked goody. Chocolate. “Want to share it?” she could tell that he truly wanted it, but her friends praised the chocolate delicacies to the point that she wasn’t quite willing to pass it up. She was still hunting Naraku and the Shikon shards after all. There was no tell if and when she would get another chance.

He gave a single nod of his head, intently watching as she carefully split the cupcake as best she could in two.

Watching him enjoy it was the complete opposite of Inuyasha enjoying Ramen. Where her hanyou friend gorged on the noodles, this man was savoring every bite.

“Thank you.” he absently licked some frosting from his thumb. “Most won’t give food to strangers.”

“Most don’t accept food from strangers.” she raised a brow at him with a pointed look.

He shrugged his shoulders, either he didn’t care or was giving her that point. After a while, and picking up on his mutterings, Kagome turned back to him. “Is everything alright?”

“Why do you ask?” his dark eyes peered at her, the bruising under them becoming more and more prominent.

Kagome shrugged her shoulders. “You were muttering to yourself.” she smiled at the slight and subtle expression shift on his face. “Well, more like arguing with yourself.”

It took him a while to reply, as he had been assessing her for the longest time. But, he eventually did. “I’m working on a puzzle, and having difficulty proving my theory.”

“I, see…” not really, that was as vague as anyone could get. “And what… theory do you have that’s being difficult to prove?”

“A supposed… perfect criminal.” he had shuffled to face her a bit more directly, still hunched over his tucked knees though.
Kagome blinked at his hesitant admission, while her mind clicked with something she absently recalled. “Are you talking about those ‘Kira’ killings?”

He blinked, head tilting to the side slightly before offering her a single nod. “I am.”

Kagome faced forward, wondering what she could offer that could help him. She remembered the buzz and chatter about the killings whenever she was home for school. All were major criminals, all simply dropping dead of a heart attack and this Kira was taking credit. She was pretty sure their autopsies showed nothing; health wise or substance in them to cause the attacks. Otherwise, there would have been something in the news. And then there was the fact that the killer was never in the presence of those that were killed.

“Ah. So, you have a suspect, but no way to prove it.” it was more thinking out loud, but he nodded nonetheless. “I’m assuming you worked through your process… based on what you could learn with what was available…”

She trailed off, her mind going over what she was putting together from all that she knew, and could only come to a single conclusion. Turning back to the young man, she blinked once before asking him a single question. “Do you believe in magic?”

He gave a slow blink. “The concept of stage magic is not foreign to me. Though, I don’t-!”

“No. Real magic. The kind that comes from the bones of the Earth. The kind that often times calls for sacrifice. The kind that the people of this day and age think of as nothing more than silly superstition of the old or those from remote villages.” her interruption had him blinking as she continued with her explanation of what she meant. “The kind of magic I’m talking about has dealings with the dead and gods and usually has a steep price for those practicing it.”

“That sounds quite like one with ties to a cult.” it wasn’t an accusation, but more of a statement.

Facing forward again, Kagome recalled the type of magic that had to be involved with how Kira was pulling it off. “Not at all. But it makes sense if you’re willing to open up your mind.”

“No, it does not. Magic was the only logical way for how people could explain the natural world in ancient times.” he shook his head, blinking when he noticed her seemingly far away gaze.

“When you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth.” while she was still stuck seeing the past, she turned her gaze back to him. “Imagine the true dangers of one person using something as awesome and terrifying as magic in this day and age when the people have all but dismissed such. A truly dangerous foe to face when you, yourself, are unable to accepting the tools and means he is using.”

The silence between them was heavy with their thoughts. Kagome in her memories of the terrifying truth of Japan’s past that was drenched in magic, and a young man that was contemplating on both the sincerity of her words as well as her sanity.

“Well, I hope you manage to solve your puzzle and do so in good health.” she stood up and neatly tossed the cupcake box away. “You are playing a dangerous game if your opponent really is using magic. I pray that the Kami watch over you.”

L watched her bow and walk away. She truly was an odd young woman. Her opinion on the matter was definitely one that was extreme and unorthodox. But if one did believe in such means, it made sense. He would have to look up the young woman to learn more.
“So which movies are we watching?” Kagome asked as her eyes followed Hal rushing from the kitchen. His hands were full with movie marathon fuel, as he liked to call it. The table was already full with an array of various snacks, finger foods, and drinks.

“Only the best!” he tossed her a wink that instantly had her narrowing her eyes on him.

“Please, you picked those… slasher movies. I swear, they try to sell them with topless women and sex scenes. Remakes are so… tasteless.” Kagome huffed, clutching a pillow to busy her hands.

Hal kissed the top of her head. “Relax. Only original horror movies for you. I remembered.” He dropped down onto the couch, using the remote to set everything up. After a couple of minutes, he relaxed into his spot, one arm slung around Kagome’s shoulders as his other hand was used to slowly feed himself.

Soon, Kagome was pressed into his side, ducking to hide from the worst parts of the movies. “I hate you-!” she whined out when she flinched from another gruesome killing scene.

“Love ya too, babe.” he kissed the top of her head, which she could feel his smile, as he gave her a comforting squeeze. “I seriously don’t see how watching this bothers you so much, with what you’ve done and what you do now.”

Kagome punched his thigh. “Cause, you jerk, it’s sick! I don’t want to meet the people that thought up the stories, those are some dark fantasies.”

“Not all of them are stories. Some are based on the truth.” he flinched at the second punch.

“That’s even worse! What idiot go ‘hey, this tragedy happened, let’s make a movie out of it’!” Kagome’s rant ended somewhat loudly only to whimper and curl herself around Hal at the loud scream and gory wet noises from the movie.

Hal chuckled, an arm wrapping around the petite woman as she all but climbed into his lap and curled around him. Not that he’d complain if she did, mind you. It wasn’t often he simply got to hold her in his downtime, which she didn’t mind teasing him about needing to cuddle. Which, again, was alright with him, he had so much more he could use against her. So things evened out.

“It’s alright, you can look now.” he absently began running a hand through her hair.

It took a few moments, but she finally did. Only to see a kill up close. “Oh, Kami! You jerk!” she did climb into his lap this time, sure to give his shoulder a good punch. “You are so sleeping on the couch!”

He knew her words held no real threat, she always wanted him next to her. Otherwise, her imagination wouldn’t let her sleep. “Whatever you say, babe.”
She had known, instinctively, that the boy was different. She just didn’t know how.

“So… Vampires are real.” blue eyes blinked, as she tried to recall if she and the others had ever crossed paths with vampires while on their quest. Oddly enough, they hadn’t. It made her wonder why but shrugged it away to contemplate another day. “Is that why your aura is so different?”

The boy in question furrowed his brows, leaning away from her closer inspection. “You learn vampires are real, and you ask about my aura?”

Kagome waved his concerns away with a flippant hand. “Trust me, I’ve seen weirder, if not scarier.” she began to circle him. “So, your aura?”

He sort of reminded her of a hanyou, only not as well. It was during his fighting some creature did the otherness leak out. Much like when Inuyasha feel to his youkai blood. So whatever he was, it only became apparent at certain times.

“Why are you not…” he trailed off, obviously unsure how to ask her without upsetting her.

“Afraid? A blubbering mess? Running and screaming for the hills?” she smiled at his hesitant nod. “Like I said, vampires are not the weirdest or scariest things I’ve crossed paths with. So, about your aura?”

The boy sighed, a hand running through his platinum hair. “…I was bitten by a bloodsucker when I was a kid…”

Blue eyes widened when he finally conceded to her curiosity and she was instantly prodding deeper, unaware that she was muttering to herself while doing so.

“What do you mean, possible cure?” his eyes were dark and heavy with how intense he was staring down at her.

Blinking, she looked up at him. “I said that? Never mind.” she waved her hand, stopping him from actually replying. “I might be able to. It sort of feels like a curse, but not, at the same time. And the fact that it happened so long ago…”

When she trailed off, mind once again working on how best to help him, since he obviously wanted it, he rushed her. Hands wrapping around her upper arms, he gave her a gentle shake. “Can you do it?”

Hands braced against his chest, she didn’t miss the slight darkening of the redness of his eyes. “Well, yes, but it’ll take time and-!”

“Then do it!” his features eased and softened at her wide eyes. His voice lowered as his brows angled downwards. “Please…”

Easing his hands off of her, only to hold them tightly in her own, she smiled up at him. “I’m going to. But here is not the time or place.” she bit down on her lip, nibbling on it for a few moments. “And… it’ll require you… well… drinking some of my blood?”

She watched him expressions, it had been obvious he did not like vampires in the least, so she was unsure how he’d take the need to drink her blood. From his scowl, he didn’t like the idea one bit.
“Why?” his hands gripped her own, unrelenting to let her go.

“Well, the cure could very well kill you. Having a part of me in you will not only be a boost, but it’ll help guide me, support your human side as well as keep this from spreading back whatever I’ve managed to clear away.” her head canted slightly to the side as she explained. “It’ll take a while. If this had just happened, I could have done this in as little as a few, if not one, session. But since it’s festered for years, it’ll take more sessions. I just don’t know how many.”

Her gaze trailed back to the lit street that led back to the hotel, the one she and her classmates were staying at for the night before continuing on with their class trip. “…I don’t think Megumi-sensei will allow that though…” there was also the fact that she had her family back home too.

“Please, help me.” he pleading tone and broken expression had her heart bleeding for him.

With a sigh, her head fell back as she bounced a few times in her spot. “…fine… But there’s going to be some serious conversations in the immediate future… Oh, why must I-!”

Her slight complaining halted when she was pulled into an immediate hold from the boy. Standing awkwardly in his hold, raising her hands only to let them fall as she was unsure of what to do with them, Kagome let the boy have this. “So… um, my name is Kagome.” it made sense to introduce herself since they were going to be spending a good amount of time in each other’s presence.

“Zero. My name is Zero.” the words were barely whispered.

Kagome nodded her head, offering a quiet and polite greeting in return. Mentally though, she was wondering what type of parents named their child ‘Zero’ of all things.
Marvel: Pietro Maximoff II

It had been a standard mission, get the bad guys and stop their ‘dastardly’ plans. Or get back the stolen tech. Or save the hostages. Whatever. They had caught up with the bad guys, well, Pietro did and had bragged about it as he waited for them to catch up.

Everything went to hell when a bomb had been brought into play. Wanda just managed to contain it and during the confusion, Kagome became a human shield. The irony had not been lost on her.

“One step closer, and bombs all over the city will go off. At the same time.” his shift on her tightened in an effort to get her to wince. “Ya think you’re fast enough to find ’em all at once and save your friend?”

Kagome grimaced and went to elbow him in the stomach, only to stop when the knife at her throat cut deep enough to form a thin red line.

“Ah-ah, gorgeous, that goes for you too.” he began to drag her away with him, his smile growing when Wanda called out that she couldn’t hold out for much longer. “Decisions, decisions.”

Kagome’s own hands shot out when the red barrier flickered, her own pink one supporting Wanda’s. Even though she was being shuffled away, Kagome was looking for a way out.

“Wanda!” one hand stretched out towards the open air, away from the building they all stood before. There was a quick nod from the other young woman before the bomb went flying, at which point Kagome redirected her own barrier to cover the front of the building.

Brock Rumlow continued to shuffle them away from the rest of the Avengers, Pietro the only one that had yet to take his eyes off of Kagome. He was waiting for that single opening, a small one was all he needed.

The bomb went off, the flames and air expanding Wanda’s barrier expanding with it, casting a red glow over the crowd below and the building. Kagome winced at both the screams and the shattering glass as well as how the knife at her neck dug a little bit deeper. Once again drawing more blood.

A grunt escaped Brock, drawing Kagome’s attention back to her own situation, blinking at the light red glow that now surrounded him. His form was stiff, forced to hold the position he was in. More grunts sounded in her ear, he was obviously trying to break free of Wanda’s hold.

The next thing she knew, Kagome was free, and in Pietro’s hold. “Are you alright?” the question was accompanied with him tilting her chin up to examine her wound.

Kagome hummed a quiet yes, azure eyes watching pale blue. “I’m fine Pietro.” one hand covered and stilled the rough fingers that were barely tracing the still stinging wound while her other hand redirected his gaze to her own. “I’m fine,” her fingers stroked along his jaw, a soft smile showing him that she was telling the truth.

His shoulders sagged, his breath leaving him in a whoosh as he pressed his brow to her own. “Please, do not worry me so.”

“There aren’t any other bombs, in case anyone was wondering.” Sam’s voice called out to them, staring at them as he shook the cell phone most likely picked up from Brock. “And please, get a room.”
Kagome rolled her eyes. “Why? You uncomfortable? Getting a little hot under those wings?” she smiled, though was sure to pinch Pietro when his free hand became a little too daring.

Sam snorted. “Girl, the thing’s I regrettably learned since getting to know Tony could make a tin man blush.” he shook his head. “And I seriously don’t want any demonstrations from you lover birds.”

Kagome could concede to Sam’s statement, everyone learned too much since knowing Tony. A squeak escaped her, her hands slapping over Pietro’s effectively halting her thoughts. “And I guess that means you’ve been spending way too much time around him to be so daring in public!”

Pietro smirked down at her, eyes twinkling with amusement. Though she understood his sudden need to touch her, he had just witnessed her being held at knife point and watched her get hurt without being able to really do anything to help in that moment.

“I’m fine.” she attempted to ease his mind.

“That you are.” his gaze swept over her form with a smirk before locking back with her own.

Rolling her own eyes, Kagome shook her head. “Really too much time with Tony.”

Sam coughed as Steve shook his head while helping in keeping Wanda on her feet, Natasha raised a brow at the two of them somewhat amused. After a few moments, Sam was the first one to speak up. “Uh, perhaps we should do a damage control? You know, like we usually do?”

Wanda giggled at his obvious flustered state. “Yes. Pietro, Kagome, are the two of you quite done?”

“Oi! I was ready minutes ago!” Kagome slapped Pietro’s wandering hands once again before making her way to the rest of the group where Natasha was now restraining Brock. “Tell your brother to calm down.”

“Your boyfriend, your problem.” Wanda laughed at the blush that stole across Kagome’s cheeks. They all heard her muttering as she began doing her part of ‘damage control’. Another squeak was stifled when the wind rushed past her. It wasn’t so much that Pietro did zip past her without so much as a warning, it was more the fact that he had pinched her butt!

Oh, was she ever going to get someone to chaperone his interactions with Tony. Perhaps Natasha… Her eyes narrowed when her boyfriend winked and tossed her a kiss. Rolling her eyes, she continued with her work. She knew once the got back, she’d have to deal with a rather touchy-feely, if not clingy, Pietro. Meaning she was going to need all the time she could get to prepare herself.
Marvel: Winter Soldier IV

She wasn’t sure how it happened, like much of anything important in her life sadly enough, but her current situation was slightly awkward for her. Blue eyes shifted to the male, narrowing her gaze as his completely open and relaxed state of being. Which was unfair since she was currently beyond exhausted.

Memories of the stories and pictures Steve had shared with her, where she cooed at the sight of a tiny Steve, did not really match the current image of the man cuddling up to her. Hair wasn’t slicked back with a slight curl, there was the beginning of stubble along his jawline, and while it was harder to tell compared to the old pictures, he was perhaps slightly paler if not a little… well, beefier.

Kagome shifted to move into a different position, her one arm was now tingling with how long she had been lying on top of it, only to freeze when he pulled her closer into his hold.

“…mmm…Kagome…” it had been a whisper, throaty from sleep.

Kagome blushed fiercely, and with her hands currently pinned, buried her face against his chest. Realizing just how firm said chest was, how warm and his scent now invading her lungs in and head, her blush grew even warmer. She hadn’t even been aware he knew her name, let alone she even existed.

As far as she knew, according to Steve, James ‘Bucky’ Barnes, aka the Winter Soldier, had no real recollection of his life. And since becoming free… well, he was obviously on the run. But the way she saw it, he could very well be struggling with his fractured memories. She’d be surprised if he wasn’t. So if anything, he should have gone to, or for, Steve. It made absolutely no sense to her, even in her exhausted state.

Her eyes began to droop, her body and mind finally drained of all energy and allowing her to slip into that much needed and welcomed dreamless sleep.

He woke for the first time since he could remember after a night of proper sleep, sleep uninterrupted. Either by memories or the need to run. He was a little groggy, both body and mind not used to getting so much sleep until he remembered her.

Looking down, he could only blink at their shared position. She was on her back, an arm curled around her head while the other was tucked against his back, her hand under his shirt. He had been resting just above her heart, not at all ashamed to admit to himself that he had been comfortably cushioned atop her modest breasts. His own arms were wrapped around her tiny waist, one hand pressed against her spine the other cupping supple flesh.

She shifted with a soft moan when he flexed said hand, he couldn’t be sure if it had been done to assure himself that he had was indeed there. But another squeeze had her shifting once again. Yes, he really was holding her rather intimately.

His mind wandered, drifting to how they got into this position, a true spur of the moment for him. It was just, the few times he had been near her, he was clear. The storm of thoughts, emotions, and memories didn’t trouble or drown him. Instead, he could pick and choose like any other sane person. Experience them like everyone else without worrying of the headaches that were sure to come.
Kagome let groan, her hands dragging a pillow to cover herself with, tiredly muttering, “Five more minutes.”

His brows furrowed slightly, having thought she would continue to sleep thanks to her exhausted state. He had quickly learned that she always woke the moment the sun broke over the horizon, regardless of where she was in the world or how little she slept. But when she was past simple exhaustion, she could sleep half a day.

The door burst open in a sudden and violent motion, turn from its hinges that had Bucky instinctively ready to put up a fight to defend himself or run if need be. Even if they were the Avengers. Their threatening entrance was quickly thwarted when a pillow smacked Iron Man in the face, falling after a few moments with a muffled ‘fwomp’.

“…go…away…” Kagome’s voice was low and thick with sleep. Her turning over actually managed to drag Bucky down, his eyes flying to the door when she wrapped herself around him.

While Iron Man was sputtering, the other that came along with him shared unsure looks between themselves of what to do.

“Priestess, it is time to wake!” Thor’s voice boomed in the small space, drawing another whimper from the tiny female curled around her kidnapper. “We have come to retrieve you from the one that has taken you away.”

“Mmm, sleep first.” a muffled yawn was accompanied by her form shivering against Bucky’s had him once again flicking his gaze between her and the time bomb that was her father. “Rescuing later.”

“You don’t think she’s already suffering Stockholm Syndrome, do you?” Clint leaned over towards Natasha, fingering the arrow he had eased from his drawstring.

“No. Just obviously highly sleep deprived. I don’t think she knows or cares about her current situation.” Natasha shook her head, a slight smirk curling her lips as she chose to lean back and enjoy watching Tony have the proverbial meltdown.

“Kagome! Male! Bed!” in his anger, Tony was currently incapable of complete sentences, as he struggled in Thor’s hold.

Kagome looked over her shoulder with a slitted eye, she huffed at the sight before her only to turn back and snuggle back into Bucky’s hold. Even wrapping his arms around her to fight off the early morning chill. “Could be worse.”

The tired comment from Kagome stilled Tony’s wild actions in Thor’s hold. “How could this get any worse?!?”

“We could both be naked.” her reply, while clearer to indicate she was more mentally awake didn’t hide the fact that she was still exhausted, earned a strangled noise from Tony. “Or we could be having sex.”

The next statement had Tony, the others were sure, fainted. Steve who had been silent the entire time had to turn away to cover his blush, Natasha was doing everything to hide her amusement while Clint narrowed his eyes on the pair in the bed. Thor was looking more concerned with Tony while Bucky seemed ready to bolt, looking much like a teen caught by his girlfriend’s father.

Kagome, unaware of the chaos she had just caused, made a little noise as she stretched against Bucky before muttering she was going back to sleep. She was far too exhausted to put up with them
right now.
The music was loud, loud enough she could feel the base in her chest even though she wasn’t anywhere near the speakers. It was dark save for the colored lights and the people gathered were lost in their own private conversations. Kagome observed it all from her relaxed spot, eyes assessing the people and their cars, wave off any male that wasn’t part of her circle.

Like everyone else, when two new cars rolled into the fold, Kagome’s eyes slid to the pair. They were sporty, though more for something the stupidly rich than for street racers. That, and the cars themselves were, clean. One in gold and one in silver. With a scoff, she turned away to eye the competition she knew to keep an eye on. Especially Kosuke, since he didn’t mind racing dirty.

“Mah, Kagome, who do you think they are?” Ai’s voice whispered as she finished up going over the motor of Kagome’s own car.

“Don’t know, don’t care. I’m more concerned with the fact that Kosuke is here.” his eyes narrowed on the sneering male. “After his last stunt, he should have been booted.”

He eventually managed to tear his attention away from the women draped over him to blow her a kiss, if not make a rude gesture.

Rolling her eyes, she turned around so she could talk with Ai and go over the motor before the race began. “So, anything you feel I should know about?”

“Other than the fact that you’re crazy for the modifications that you’ve had me do to it? Everything’s all good.” Ai’s dark eyes dropped to the motor. “I think…”

“Don’t worry, Ai-chan, I know what I’m doing.” Kagome reached up to grip the hood, more than ready to get behind the wheel of her baby.

“A low whistle drew their attention, two men, foreigners, were checking her motor out with appreciation and awe. Kagome was sure she saw a little shock and confusion on one of them.

“Now, that is a nice engine.” the one in grays and black leaned over next to Kagome, lowering his sunglasses to reveal electric blue eyes.

“Tch, you’ve seen better.” the other in yellows and black commented as he hung back, a slight sneer on his face.

“Oh, don’t be like that, Sunny. It’s a beauty.” his words drawled out, a near purr when he turned from the motor to eye Kagome.

Raising a brow, Kagome kept his gaze for a few moments before closing the hood. “I don’t know where you’re from, but around here, you don’t go looking under the hoods of another car without permission.”

Instead of getting upset, he shook his fingers and took a few steps closer. “Is it now? Didn’t mean to offend.” his smirk was still there.

Kagome rolled her eyes, earning a chuckle from him.

“My brother and I just recently arrived, so we’re a little lost.” he placed a hand over his head, a move she was only too familiar with and thankfully immune to.
“Oh, you both are lost alright.” Hip cocked out with a hand atop it, she took in the two cars. “Illegal factory models and you’re hoping to get in on a street race? I think you boys bit off more than you could chew. Especially since you ‘recently arrived’.”

“Factory models?!” Goldie, Sunny if she recalled, was up and off the hood of his golden Dodge Viper and next to his brother, face twisted in an angry mask.

While holding his brother back, the other brother continued to smile down at her. It was… just a touch too much devious for her tastes.

“Honey, there is nothing ‘factory’ about them. And, we can race.” The arm he had used to hold his brother back lowered to pet the ends of a few strands of hair that fell over her shoulder. “I’m willing to bet on it.”

Before Kagome could knock both his hand and comments away, a voice that she loathed nearly as much as she had Naraku spoke up from the side. ‘Heh, you’re willing to cater to these gaijin? How the mighty have fallen.” Kosuke shook his head, the women on either of his arms cooing at how unfortunate she was. It was all a show.

“What can I say, I’m adventurous and they’re more likely to satisfy me than you ever could.” Kagome was simply spouting, knowing any poke at his ego would get him going. The sooner that happened, the sooner he would leave. “Not that I would ever give you the chance to compare, that is.”

The women gasped, Kosuke’s face twisted in rage before smoothing back out in that cocky smirk. “Tonight’s the night I show ya a real demon, Miko-chan.” Grabbing what he was going to use to show her how he meant such. The women began their complaining and simpering that they were more than enough for him.

Ai actually gasped, at the audacity. Most knew of her background, while they were of this generation, and true city kids, they left that part of her well enough alone. It had nothing to do with racing, and whenever that title did come up, it was often done in friendly banter or teasing.

Kagome scoffed. “Please, you’re overcompensating for the fact that you’re not a real man where it counts. Or as a racer.”

It was Sunny that stepped forward to block Kosuke from his obvious violent reaction, his brother sidled up next to Kagome to drop an arm around her shoulder. “Ouch, that is one sharp tongue you have there.”

“Only as sharp as my mind.” She eyed the dangling hand attached to the arm before turning to him. “Now about that bet you mentioned?”

“Oh, I’m sure my brother and I can think of something.” His free hand waved without a care as he stared down at her.

“A two for one deal?” She eyed Sunny, not liking that he too now wore a smirk as he stared at her. Her gaze shifted between the brothers to their cars. A Dodge Viper ZB II in gold and a silver 2009 Corvette Stingray.

“Alright, why not.” She shrugged her shoulders, moving back to her car when she caught the signal to get ready.

“Gonna kiss us good luck?” Sunny smirked at her, becoming just as daring as his brother, whose name she had yet to learn.
“When I’m racing against you and your brother? Not likely.” she smiled for the first time since the night lost some of its buzz. “Though, you’re going to need all the luck you can get.”

She blew him a kiss with a wink. He chuckled as she walked past his brother, who was quick to stop her. “What, no kiss for me?”

Feeling the playful atmosphere, she batted her lashes up at him. “My Mama told me never to kiss strangers.”

“Heh. Friends call me Sideswipe.” his smirk grew when her face was suddenly painted in confusion. He didn’t let it sit there long as he swooped down to give her a quick kiss on the corner of her lips. “For luck.”

The slight narrowing of her eyes had him chuckling, reminding him to give her a light push back towards her car. When he turned around, he offered Sunstreaker a simple shrug. “What? Jealous that I got an actual kiss and you didn’t?”

“You’re messing with dangerous territory.” Sunny shook his head, though he wore an amused smirk either way.

“Like you or I would have it either way.” he gave a playful punch to the shoulder closest to him. Turning to watch the petite woman discuss something with her obvious mechanic, he could help but share a secretive look with his brother. “I have a feeling this’ll be worth it.”

Rolling his eye, Sunny left his brother. “You say that every time. And might I remind you how much slag when end up in afterward?”

“Still worth it!” there was no way Sideswipe was going to let his brother had the last word on this matter.
Dark eyes narrowed on the group of young women in the street below, the similar browns and blacks blending in with that of the hair color of their current target. Rather smart, blending in with a close-knit group to hide in plain sight. While he could care less for any that got caught in the crossfire, the Vongola Familgia would not appreciate any unwanted attention.

With that said, it was going to take their skills to maintain anonymity and to take their target out from the shadows.

Xanxus pulled away, deciding to give the others the task of taking the target out. This one wouldn’t need his skills.

Belphegor smirked as he observed the young woman as she finally distracted herself from three other, it was a few steps, but it was all he would need. A thumb gave a slow circular sweep over the smooth handle of the knife he currently palmed as he waited for the perfect moment. While he could cut her down any moment, he wanted one this one to be… artful.

Sadly, the entire time he trailed after her through one of the many public garden parks, all he had truly managed to do was trim and prune! True, he had managed to barely graze her cheek, a thin red line that didn’t even actually let a single bead of blood fall!

Xanxus had not been pleased. “What do you mean, you failed?!?” sparks flew from his hand as he brought it down on the heavy arm of the chair he sat in.

“She’s proven most skilled in evasion of surprise attacks.” the smirk remained despite his own feelings of his failed attempts at the woman.

“Fine. Leviathan, perhaps you’ll prove more successful.” he waved the slightly older male that left the room.

Leviathan took Belphegor’s intel and found the target in a smaller district that was more for small cafes and a little less popular to the cities tourists. This would give him more than ample opportunities to strike.

His first attempt had been while under disguise, delivering a poisoned cup of tea. Failed due to a stray cat of all things. Electrocution thwarted due to a scurrying rat that had the small group of women pulling their feet off the ground. An ‘accident’ that would have had her either crushed to death or impaled halted due to a passing dump truck that had the women scurrying to a different district.

“Another failure? My patients are drawing thin.” Xanxus waved Leviathan and his excuses away, not even bothering to look at the two that had failed him.

“Perhaps I’ll be up for the challenge.” Lussaria piped up, a smirk growing at Leviathan’s low growl at the hidden poke at his skills.

“Get it done and over with!” Xanxus’ gripped tightened on the arms of his chair, the wood creaking, if not slightly smoking, under the pressure.

Lussaria made a showy bow before quickly make his way to where the target was said to be heading to since Leviathan’s failed attempts.
He cooed when he found the target in one of the more popular shopping areas. While the location was not ideal, far too many witnesses, it also proved distracting with the latest fashions that were all on display. His fingers twitched to rush forward and snatch the pieces that called to him, but he promised himself only after he succeeded where Bel and Levi failed.

His chance came when the young woman, that he realized was rather beautiful in her own right, was dragged into the various groups that were watching the various street artists. Seeing his chance, Lassuria struck out. Every attempt to make subtle attacks were thwarted, either by the woman herself or the surrounding people. One attempt even had him sailing past the woman and joining the fray of street dancers. It had been a blow to his pride that coins were tossed at him for both his wild moves and appearance.

“How is it, that a single woman has been able to evade the three of you?!?” Xanxus’ question rang through the air, his chair certainly smoking where his hands gripped the arms.

“It is as Bel said, she is quite skilled at evasion.” Lassuria shrugged off, still quite awed at the simple evasion tactics the little woman had portrayed. All seemingly done with ease and meant to look natural.

“Shall I take on this seemingly difficult task then?” Squalo questioned, seemingly bored at the moment, though he was keeping a sharp eye on their leader as his temper was falling on that tipping point.

Xanxus turned to his most trusted, a sharp nod the only answer he was currently capable of providing in his anger. He felt if anyone was capable of fulfilling the task, Squalo had to be the one up for the task.

With a bow of his head, Squalo left the room, cloak and hair trailing after him. He quickly found the target and after observing her found no reason why the others should have had such difficulties in completing the task at hand.

When she finally did notice him, it had been too late for she had been unguarded and had left the safety of those she was hiding under. He had been able to quickly dispatch her, again left to wonder how the others had failed so miserably.

“It has been done.” the news had the others all exclaiming, questioning how he had done it. He turned to them. “Easily, she proved a rather poor opponent.”

Xanxus watched with mild interest as the others bickered amongst themselves, leaving him to wonder how the others had failed some completely. “I am finding it curious, as to how Squalo had succeeded so swiftly whereas you failed.”

Belphegor, Leviathan, and Lassuria stepped forward presenting the files then had been handed along with their reports on their failures. Xanxus and Squalo quickly spotted a certain detail that had Xanxus looking at the three as if they were complete idiots. “You were targeting the wrong woman!”

All three could only blink. Wrong target? How was that even possible?

“While I could care less that you screwed up, I’m highly disappointed that a mere… civilian of all people managed to outsmart and outmaneuver the three of you.” Xanxus tossed the files onto the table, eyes narrowed and the now scattered pieces of papers.

“Perhaps, we should study her? It could prove she was in league with our initial target.” Squalo
suggested. “She was younger, but obviously of superior skill. Perhaps a student?”

Xanxus hummed slightly, slowly rubbing his chin. “Yes… see to it.”

Elsewhere, Kagome halted the current topic of conversation with Yuma, Eri, and Ayumi by sneezing. With a shake of her head, she cleared her thoughts. “Sorry, that was rather sudden.”

“Everything alright, Kagome-chan?” Eri blinked as they all watched Kagome quickly rub her nose.

“Heh. Perhaps someone is talking about you?” Yuma smirked at the idea, she had been gushing about how cute the local boys were. Perhaps Kagome had managed to catch someone’s eye?

Ayumi was the first to giggle, though she was also the first to stop. “I hope it’s not from any of the weirdo’s that had been following us today.”

Kagome shivered at the thought. “Yeah, you and me both.”
Ichigo Kurosaki was a passionate man, it was easy to see when he threw himself into what mattered to him. Especially when it came to protecting those he cared for. However, many wouldn’t believe if she had told them that he was just a passionate lover.

“I-Ichigo!” she whined out, her hold on him tightening.

She didn’t know what brought this on, and while she wasn’t going to stop him, she might ask him when her senses returned and was able to think straight once again.

A male grunt sounded in her ear, large hands slicked down her sides, his form hunching over her own as he finally gripped her thighs and hoisted her frame up to his level. His hands began to squeeze, massaging her thighs as she wrapped her legs around his waist. The shinigami’s uniform was still present, a testament to the urgency Ichigo felt, he had not returned to his physical body. Though not a problem for her, what with being a miko and able to interact with spirits and gods.

Her hands left their perches to begin pushing at the heavy material that blocked her from feeling him. Both shuddered when her hands finally came in contact with hot skin, and she could feel his pounding heart.

“Kagome.” his hips pushed further against her own, a raised knee helping to support her weight. With one last squeeze, his hands moved to the hem of her shirt, one she had borrowed from him and was quick in removing it.

His mouth dropped to her neck, nipping and nibbling on the skin above her raging pulse, his hands were busy massaging and pinching at her now freed breasts. Her legs tightened around his waist as her nails dug into his shoulders, chest thrusting out for more attention as his hips ground down on his own. She whimpered at the feel of him through the thick black hakama, with the way he was tormenting her, she had grown needy, and swiftly at that.

A low growl from Ichigo had them both panting heavily, a sweaty brow pressed against her neck as she put more force on her hips. “Ichigo… please… now…”

“Kami, Kagome.” his hands dropped to her thighs, though they didn’t stay there long as the slid up higher. His fingers slipping beneath the fabric of her panties, fingers digging into the flesh of her behind. It was all in efforts to help her as she ground down on him. “Kagome, you’re so- Ng!”

Kagome had grown impatient, her hands once again leaving their perches to drop to his waist, pulling at the intricate knots that held his hakama up and the moment the material sagged, her hands tucked beneath the material to take a hold of him. His length was almost scalding in her palms, one hand stroking up to be replaced by the other only to repeat the process.

With her hands currently occupied, she used her chin, nose, and lips and redirect his face up to his own, his name a murmur of a prayer on her lips. Ichigo was more than eager to swallow said prayers as he murmured her own name. The kiss was hot, more than a sensual sliding of lips. It was desperate, needy, and highly instictual.

Both of them were rubbing against each other, the need in them building. Soon though, Ichigo was knocking her hands away, shifting her legs to push his hakama down. He stumbled when they bunched around his knees, when he shifted his hips to get them to drop completely, Kagome threw her head back with a low moan and clawing down his back.
“Kagome, please.” a mewl left her at his plea, hands once again scraping down his back as he stumbled about to kick his hakama away. He shivered as she continued to stroke along his spine with her nails. His hands fumbled as he fought with her panties, his mind reminding him that her legs were currently wrapped around his waist and he didn’t want to remove them for a small scrap of fabric. So instead, he stroked the soiled crotch, noting and realizing that she was more than ready.

Not once in all of this did he break from her lips, for her tongue. She pulled away with a gasp, head thrown back and once again her her cries and whimpers echoed around them. “Ichigo… please… I need you now.”

A groan escaped him at her words, so very arousing. “Gonna need your help.” his hips thrust forward once again, sliding against hot and wet, so wet, flesh.

Kagome whimpered as her hands lowered. He supported her weight easily enough, one hand shifted though to pull the ruined crotch of her panties to the side. Her own hands were shaking as she took hold of him in one hand and spread herself open to help ease his entrance. There was thankfully no teasing, no tormenting of each other in this round. Both were more than ready and primed and Ichigo was quick to thrust home.

“Ah!” Kagome threw her head back, her shoulders and hips banging slightly against the wall at her back. Her voice warbled at the hot knife of pleasure that cut through her when he was finally in her, starting in her belly and quickly spreading to the rest of her limbs.

Ichigo grit his teeth, both hands now holding onto her, one now at her hip while the other remained in holding that always tempting behind of her, hand half tucked under her only covering. Said panties were now rubbing against one side of his erection, it was a foreign sensation and currently far too much against his sensitive flesh.

Kagome was clinging to him, drawing him closer to her with each thrust. Soon enough, her arms were wrapped around his neck and shoulder, one hand digging into his shoulder while the other was buried in his hair and dragging his head down to her. With her head still thrown back, Ichigo took the opening to once again nip at her bared neck.

A gasp escaped her every time he bottomed out and whimpering every time he pulled away. It was not going to last long, this round. But Kagome had a feeling that this was only going to be the first round, that once Ichigo worked whatever it was out of his system, that they would be in for a long night.

Quickly, Ichigo increased the speed behind his thrusts, the power. It got to a point where it was beyond sex, it was almost animalistic and completely instinctual that was pushing Ichigo. Completely primal. Hearing her whimpers, her cries echoing in the air around them only had him pushing. His brain was focused entirely on everything he was feeling, past what he was feeling physical. She was hot and wet wrapped around him, her walls clinging and gripping his erection, even her chest pressed against his own was slick with sweat.

It was all signs that she was alright, alive. And being able to feel all of this, hear her cries, breath her in, was a sign that he had survived his latest confrontation. It was all so exhilarating and arousing that he slipped. Kagome’s shocked cry as she fell more solidly atop his length had her clamping down on him, throwing his speed, power, and tempo off completely.

“Damn it!” one hand slapped against the wall to offer him better leverage, his other hand had to be bruising her now but neither were currently capable of caring at the moment. His hips bucked when manicured nails skimmed down his flexing stomach, at first he could feel her fingers moving
against herself, her hips near vibrating at the added stimuli before moving down to actually cup him. “Kami-! Kagome!”

Her lower lip was flushed red when she released it from a particularly harsh bit, she pouted up at him. “Please, Ichigo. I need-!” her fingers groped and massaged him, nails slightly scratching.

The tingle at the base of his spine was flaring out, balls swelling and drawing up. His legs shifted wider, knees forcing her own to part and allow him to get just that fraction deeper. He was close, so close, and those perfect, silken walls wrapped and gripped so tightly around his length.

Grunts escaped him every time he pushed into those perfect walls, in his home, his sanctuary, his Kagome. Alive. So alive. It was that proof of life gripping and squeezing down on him that had him finally reaching his end. Feeling her hand stroking down his back, nails sending his nerve endings aflame as shivers wracked his body.

It was all that he needed to finally push him over. His body was wracked with shivers, hips bucking up into the cushion of her thighs that cradled him safely and warmly. Her arms loosely wrapped around his shoulders, whimpering at certain particular shivers that wracked her body.

“Ichigo.” the mewl of his name from her lips had him shivering. The cool air against his skin reminded him that he was currently not even in his own body!

It damn near hurt him to carry her to their shared bed, pull away from her and put his uniform back on in a quick haphazard rush so he could return to his physical body. When he did, he rushed back to their room where Kagome was still sprawled out across the covers. Her moves were lazy and slow, as was the smile she gave him when he returned.

Damn, did the sight of her alive and ready to welcome him home stir something deep within him.
Kagome slapped a wandering hand as she returned from serving another table their order, throwing a glare at the man that had hired her. She was still not happy about her change in jobs, going from cook to server. Especially not if the uniform was a must.

Green eyes twinkled with amusement as he waved his fingers at her, smirk curling his lips when her cheeks puffed out in her anger. With a huff, she went to go grab the next order, doing her best to keep the skirt from flipping.

Her ire eased when she was once again behind the bar, waiting for the next order to be ready, and while doing so nibbling on a plate of food she had set aside for herself. “Hey, Elizabeth!”

“Kagome! Sure is a busy night tonight, huh?” the single aquamarine eye sparkled, both women leaning against the counter as they used the free time Ban needed to cook up the next orders to chat and gossip.

Rolling her eyes, Kagome nodded her head as her chin dropped into her free hand. “Sure is. Boss must be happy with all the money flowing in.”

“It’s odd though.” Elizabeth hummed, finger tapping her lower lip as she stared off. “It seemed to have gotten a lot busier since you’ve switched from cook to waitress.”

“Yeah, tell me about it.” the grumble was silently accompanied by a hand soothing the slightly bruised skin that peeked from just under her uniform’s skirt. She had lost count of how many times she had gotten pinched while working.

Oh, how she missed certain details of home. Acceptable skirt lengths, the ability to claim sexual harassment by either the customers or co-workers. Heck! Even the man that hired her!

“I think I might ask for a different uniform.” Kagome looked down as she tugged at her skirt, lips pursing at the extreme shortness of said skirt.

“Oh, no!” Elizabeth had rushed Kagome to take hold of her hands. “You look so cute in it!”

Offering a hesitant smile and laugh, Kagome nodded her head. “A-alright. Perhaps it’s just… Perhaps I just need to get used to it.”

Elizabeth presented her with a bright smile, squeezing her hands with an excited nod of her head. “Yes!”

Kagome could only watch the other woman snatch her tray back up and skip back out front, leaving Kagome to wait yet again. With a sigh, she plopped into the chair and nibbled at her food, mumbling about perverted old men and perverted bosses, not at all aware that a certain cook had left his post to sneak up on her.

“Mah, if it isn’t little Kagome!” a squeak escaped her when his weight settled against her back, long arms hanging off of her shoulders.

“Ban! Get- off!” her face scowled at the dead weight he was bearing down on her, her attempts at pushing him off useless. “Gah! How much of the wine did you drink? You reek like a brewery!”

“Must be the best brewery then!” a slightly pointed nose nuzzled behind her ear before sharp teeth
nipped at her jaw before nibbling on her lobe. “Good thing the boss only accepts the best.”

While trying to duck away from those nipping teeth by raising a shoulder, and sadly failing, Kagome narrowed her eyes on Ban when she picked something up in the tone of his voice on that particular comment. “Are you still even talking about the wine?”

“Mmm,” his lips curled up in a lazy smirk against her cheek. “Best wines, best foods, best fighters… best women…”

“And they only wear the best uniforms too!” the sudden voice of said ‘Boss’ sounding in Kagome’s other ear as strong hands slid up her legs.

Kagome squealed, legs kicking out in an attempt to dislodge Meliodas’ hands. When that proved ineffective, her hands snapped around his wrists. “Meliodas.” her warning didn’t get the desired effect.

It was impossible since Meliodas was now massaging her thighs while Ban was still busy with her lobe, neck, and shoulder. His own hands were sliding down her arms to wrap around her wrists and tugging her hands away from her attempts to stop their boss.

“Ban!” she turned her head to glare at the taller male, pouting when he pulled away to smirk down at her.

“Did I ever tell ya I love the way ya say my name?” both males chuckled when her eyes crossed when Ban leaned down to kiss her nose.

Meliodas used her confused state to grip the back of her knees and pull her forward and closer to him, earning another surprised squeal from the woman. Arms and legs moving in an attempt to keep her balance in the new awkward pose as well as fight to find something to grip and hold onto. Though there was no need really, Meliodas had a solid hold on her and stood pressed against her in a way that she could slide forward no more. And Ban, Ban had raised her hands to grip the back of his neck so he could move onto new territory to explore.

Cheeks flushing a deep red almost instantly, Kagome struggled to twist out of their hold and away from their… teasing? Affections? Torture? She honestly was a little too high strung to think clearly at the moment.

“Guys-!” her breath hitched when Ban’s large hands immediately cupped her breasts and began to mold them to his palms while Meliodas leaned down to her level that his lips were a hair’s breath away from her own.

“There’s something about you, Kagome.” green eyes darkened and seemed to smolder as his lids grew heavy. “Or maybe, it’s simply you.”

Kagome whimpered when he finally closed the space between them, surprising her at how soft his lips actually were. The softness of the kiss didn’t last long before he was teasing her mouth open with confident swipes of his tongue. More whimpers and mewls escaped her, Meliodas was teasing the inside of her mouth with his tongue and Ban was now pinching, twisting and tugging slightly at her nipples.

When her lungs began to burn for air, she managed to rip away from the kiss and gasp, inhaling deeply. Ban let her have a few moments before whispering her name, drawing her attention to him and claiming her lips as his hands continued to grope and massage her breasts.

Her hips bucked when Meliodas’ hands shifted, one slipping beneath her panties to grope a cheek
while the fingers of his other hand teased the front of her panties. First, light strokes that she barely
registered until his thumb was pressing down and she could swear she felt the calluses from
handling a sword.

Soon, her legs were pulling Meliodas closer, wrapping around his waist and hips to draw more of
what he was doing. Some part of her brain became aware that she could feel something hot against
her thigh through his pants.

Her end was quickly approaching, Ban groaning as her fingers tighten against the back of his neck
and pulling slightly at his hair. And just when she was on the knife’s edge, both pulled away from
her. A soft cry escaped her when all that was left was petting hands away from where she needed
them most. Even if her body calmed, there was a smoldering heat in the pit of her stomach that left
her desperate and needy.

When her senses returned, she snatched her hands away from Ban as her eyes narrowed on
Meliodas. She pushed herself up onto her feet, stumbling a bit since her legs were a little unstable.
She slapped helpful hands away and quickly went to work on correcting her appearance.

“I have no idea what that was about, but… Well… It’s not going to happen again!” a petite foot
stomped for emphasis. She snatched her empty tray. “And get b back to work!”

Both men watched her stomp out to take more orders from the patrons, knowing she would simmer
slowly to the point where she would need to be fulfilled. “Such a cute little woman.” Ban snickered
as he licked his lips, ears easily able to catch her pleasant voice cheerfully asking for what people
wanted.

“More than cute.” Meliodas offered with a bright smile, it twisted for a few moments when he had
to shift reminding him of his current ‘condition’. “How long do you think it’ll take before she
jumps us?”

Ban shrugged before returning to the kitchen. “I think it’ll take a few more… petting sessions
before she finally crumbles.” he gave a wave of his hand, looking rather sober as he continued on
with his work.

Meliodas smiled, grimacing once more when he turned to return to the front. He decided to hang
back and 'calm down’ before going back out there to keep an eye on the cute little Kagome. Those
sessions were something he was looking forward too, and the end result he was something he was
anticipating. Though… his current thoughts were making it harder for him to calm down and return
back to the front to keep an eye out for perverted patrons.

Only he was allowed to fondle Kagome. And Ban, of course.
Hak sighed, enjoying the sensation of the cool soft fingers that were brushing through his hair, the soft humming of an unknown tune that had him easing and relaxing in his rare free time. Her scent wrapped around him, subtle of the herbs she worked with, the soaps she used, the tea she preferred and he picked up traces of the perfume he gifted her not too long ago.

“Your mind is interestingly distracted today.” the comment wasn’t so sudden as others would assume.

“Ah.” he turned over in her lap, cheek rubbing against the fabric of her clothing, smirking at how she squeaked and whispered how he was a pervert for assaulting her lap. “The Princess is an old little girl.”

Her giggles, while her happiness eased him, he had to frown as she wondered what she found so amusing. “She’s young. A princess that’s been sheltered. You are something new and exciting. I believe she’s grown childish affections for you.”

Hak opened his eyes at her words, his sight greeted by the pale greens of her dress. Pushing up onto his hands to support his upper body, he was reminded how petite she was when they came eye to eyes with his new position. He took in her face, the blue eyes that were similar to his own yet were so much more on her, the black hair that framed her face only for his gaze to drop to her lightly tinted lips that seemed particularly plump this day.

“Are you jealous? There’s no reason to be.” he watched as those lips curved up in a small curl of a smile. “You are the only one that holds my heart.”

“So you’ve said throughout the years we’ve known each other, and so you keep saying.” when her lips parted and he could just make out her pearly teeth, his heart began to pound fiercely in his chest as his blood began to heat. “Yet, how do I know you speak the truth?”

His eyes snapped up to her own, brows once again furrowing slightly at the swirling emotions he could see in her eyes. Worry, fear, hesitation, and hope. Seeing that hope had his spirit soaring, pushing him to get in closer and finally claim those lips of her. Sweet berries, herbal tea, and something completely Kagome dominated his thoughts.

A quiet whimper escaped her as cool, shaking hands cupped his cheeks. The press her hands to his flesh stirred something deep in him, that he swiftly dragged her under him. Her startled cry had him chuckling, her small hands beating on his shoulders as she accused him of whatever popped into her mind that him outright laughing.

“Kagome.” the calling of her name had her stilling her attacks, to peek up at him with that adorable pout. “I meant it when I said it and said it every time I’ve said it. You’re the only one that holds my heart.”

Her pout melted, leaving behind smooth lips as she blinked up at him. The subtle coloring was still on her lips, leaving him yearning to kiss it away to reveal her natural lips. “Let me show you just how true my words are.”

He lowered himself to kiss her once again, slowly adding pressure to it. One of her hands held tightly to the fabric of his coat while the other slowly rose to wrap around his shoulders. A shivered wracked through him when her fingers scraped lightly across the back of his neck.
When she shifted, a knee bumping into his hip, he dropped to his elbows and swiftly gripped her knee to hold it there. His own knees were quick to wedge between her legs and give him room to lower himself into a more comfortable position atop her, her thighs cradling his hips. “Ah… Kagome.”

He pulled away to trail his lips across her cheeks to nibble on her earlobe, earning a shuddering sigh from her. Her body also twisted beneath his and her other knee squeezed against him. He couldn’t hold back his own noises of need at the move or stop his hips from rolling against her own. When her head rolled back with a soft cry, chest thrusting up, Hak pulled back to take in the picture she made.

“Oh, Kagome, you’re beautiful.” he let go of her knee, smoothing up her thigh, cupping her hip and using the opportunity to remove the sash that held her gown closed. Her movements helped the loose fabric to fall at her sides, baring her hidden flesh to his gaze. He felt how his heart thrashing in his chest, blood boiling as his arousal grew so quickly it was almost painful. “Perfect.”

She twisted slightly, the move revealing even more as a flush ran down from her cheeks to make the subtle curves of her breasts take on a rosy hue. His mouth felt dry when his gaze continued lower until he stopped at the thatch of black hair that barely hid her from his view. “Hak…”

Her trembling whisper had him snapping back up to look upon her face, which was turned away and she was biting down on her knuckles. It was obvious that she was nervous and scared. “We shouldn’t be doing this… Anyone could find us…”

Hak smirked, despite her words, she made no attempt to cover herself or stop him. When he pushed himself up from her, he was quick to pull his own clothes away. It was amusing and endearing to see how she attempted to not stare at him as he bared himself to her gaze. When he was just as revealed as she was, he freed the hand that she was abusing and put it flushed to where his heart rested.

Another shiver ran through him at her slightly cooler touch, absently wondering how she wasn’t as heated as he was, smiling at the nervous noises that escaped her. Her hand curled slightly, the nails just teasingly scratching his skin. More shivers skated along his spine, especially when he eased her thighs open and the black hairs that hid her mostly from his view teasingly brushed against his erect length.

All touch between them, from her silky thighs against his thighs, her delicate fingers pressed against his chest, to the moist heat he could feel from her most sacred of places had all of him shivering while he was unable to figure out of he was burning from it all or chilled. The scent of their secret grove and the sound of the small brook trickling just off to the side only added to the perfection of what was happening.

“If you do not want this… say so now.” his hands cupped the back of her knees, gently massaging up her thighs as he pulled her closer to him. His eyes fell closed when he shifted and felt the slightly sticky nectar from her that chilled his heated length. “Please…” he shifted again, putting purpose behind the movement this time.

Kagome shifted to push herself to support herself with one hand, a whimper escaping her at the lightning that stormed through her from where he was pressed against her. Her other hand shook as she gripped the back of his neck. “…I…I want this…With you…Just…Please be gentle?”

Hak leaned down to pressed his lips to her own, swearing to himself she tasted like the berries her lips reminded him of. With a nod of his head and whispering an eternal promise that he meant with all of his being, he helped ease her back to lying down. A groan escaped him when his he gripped
his length and brushed himself against her flower, collecting the moisture that had gathered before finally finding her entrance and attempting to ease into her.

Sweat dotted his brow as his muscles strained, especially when the hottest, wettest, silkiest grip took hold of just the end of his length. He dropped to forward, he barely remembered to catch himself. The shaking of Kagome’s hands was more apparent when she took hold of his wrists, whimpering and cooing as she shifted beneath him.

“Kagome- Kagome!” he clenched down on his teeth when her hips wiggled, taking more of his length on her own and his own hips barely held back from thrusting completely to surrounding his length completely by her. “Please… wait. Oh, you are perfect. Perfection.”

Another whimper echoed between them, nails scraping up his arms as she hugged him to her and her legs wrapped around his waist. “Hak… don’t stop.”

Carefully, he continued to move forward, feeling some slight form of resistance when he was had halfway buried himself into her. “This… This might hurt.” he shifted to his elbows, brushing his lips against her own.

Kagome nodded her head, leaning up the small amount to turn the kiss more tangible as her legs pulled at him. Her mouth dropped open when he pulled away, intent on crying out or begging him to not leave her, only to have his tongue sliding against her own. Brows furrowed at the slightly foreign feeling until his tongue curled and petted the roof of her mouth. As Hak continued to tease her with his tongue and rocking back and forth in her that left her feeling undeniably empty, Kagome relaxed.

It was when she felt something building, the fire in her belly near ready to become an inferno did Hak’s hips snap to lock against her own. A whimper escaped her as she flinched at the slight pain, absently recalling how a few of her friends that had married complained that their first times were painful. There was a stretching feeling, an obvious feeling of fullness, but nothing near what the others had described.

Whatever discomfort she was experiencing, did not last long, as Hak was considerate to take his time as he moved above her. Within her. It did dampen the feeling that had been growing, but it was now rekindled. And there was a slight edge as if the added burning from before he filled her completely was doubling what she was feeling now.

Ripping her mouth away from his, she threw her head back, a low moan escaping her as her hands clawed down his back. He arched into her touch, silently asking for more as a cat would, and so she did. She absently reminded herself to keep from truly digging into his flesh so as not to score at his back completely.

“Oh- Hak!” her hips were rocking against his own, she rose up to press her lips to whatever was within reach. The spot where she felt his heart pounding. Nipping down on a strong shoulder. Licking up along his raging pulse. Kissing along his jawline until Hak turned so that their lips finally could meet.

The crashing of their hips grew fiercer, faster that had them both clutching at the other. “Kagome… I’m… I’m…” he pressed his brow to her shoulder, inhaling her deeply. Her scent was heavenly, a mix of her natural fragrance, the perfume he got her, slightly musty of sweat, of sex and a light layer of him.

“Hak! Oh, yes!” she drew him even closer to her, almost attempting to have him merge with her. And he so desperately was close to doing just that. “Please!”
Hak was holding out though, knowing that while he had experienced nothing but pleasure since they started, Kagome had shown the slightest expression of pain. He so wanted her to reach her end before he reached his own. He grunted in her ear each time his hips became flushed with her own, a low groan sounding around them when his name left her lips in praise. Her body clutched at him with a strength he hadn’t been aware of, and with a few more strokes, he finally reached paradise within her.

Their hips twitched as shocks had their limbs trembling. Hak sagged atop Kagome, his strength leaving him. When he attempted to roll off of her though, Kagome tightened her arms, holding him to her. “Please, just a few moments.” her arms swept slowly against his back as he shifted slightly to wrap his own around her waist.

They shared languid kisses until he rolled them both over, a groan escaping Kagome at the shifting against sensitive flesh. After a few moments, where Kagome cuddled into his hold, Kagome shifted to look at him directly. “You owe me a new gown.”

Hak chuckled, fingers running through her temptingly mussed hair. “Anything my Kagome wants.” and he meant it, smiling when Kagome snuggled back into his chest, easily dozing off into a light sleep. Now, all he had to do was work on making her truly his.
He watched her as she moved about, graceful on light feet. The dress she wore accentuated her soft curves, the soft colors making her skin glow, dark hair shine and blue eyes pop. A soft tune was hummed around her as the scent of apples and spices filled the air. Apple pie. She was baking an apple pie.

Walking into the room, he circled her waist with his arms and propped his chin on her shoulder. Her humming didn’t stop, but her lips curled up in a smile as she turned her head to lean into him.

“So, why apple pie?” he pressed a kiss to her temple, his gaze watching her hands as they worked on peeling and slicing apples.

“Is there a reason I shouldn’t?” her hands paused for a moment before her eyes popped open and she turned to him slightly curious. “You aren’t allergic to apples or something, are you?”

Her honest worry for him, even over something so ridiculous as him being allergic to apples or the spices she was using touched him. “No. I’m not allergic to apples, or something. Was just wondering what has you baking apple pies.”

Blue eyes blinked blindly before turning back to her hands, staring down at them for a few moments before continuing on with her work. “I’m a little hurt, that you don’t remember.”

Riku’s brows furrowed, there was a slump to her shoulders which was a clear sign that she really was hurt. And with her statement, he was wracking his mind to figure out what it could be he was supposed to remember. It wasn’t her birthday, so it left him to wonder what else it could since it obviously wasn’t Christmas or Valentine’s Day.

“We’ve been together for a year now, as of today.” there was a slight sniffle that had him panicking, and mentally slapping himself that he had forgotten.

“Our anniversary.” he buried his face in her hair and squeezed her, silently asking for help and forgiveness.

There was another sniffle from her as she nodded her head, a wet chuckle. “It’s better that last year.”

“I didn’t forget our anniversary last year!” he grumbled, pouting as he watched her hands.

“No, you were brought back home after helping King Mickey, before our anniversary. Only you were unconscious, and slept the day through.” Kagome giggled again at his huff.

He continued to grumble that she had been right, though he was quick to smirk. Turning his head slightly, he just barely pressed his lips to her ear and whispered. “I seem to recall that I more than made up for that.” his smirk was pressed into her ear, it was quick to warm telling him that she was blushing.

“Ha. Ha.” her hands shook a little bit as her blush grew fiercer. “It’ll take more than… well… that… to make up for forgetting this year.”

Riku continued to smirk, his mind already whirring and spinning on how he was going to make up for forgetting it was their two year anniversary, at currently he was more interested in the here and now. One hand left it’s hold to snag an apple, chuckling when she gave his fingers a light slap. He
kept his hold on her as she finished the pies.

After she popped them in the oven, he spun her about into his hold and began to dance with her to some imaginary music. He smiled at her sudden laugh as he enjoyed this moment. “You know, you’re the most important person to me.”

“Oh?” blue eyes sparkled up at him as they continued to dance in their small kitchen.

Riku nodded his head. “You’ve supported me while keeping us both level headed. You are my light, my dawn that guides me to my goals, hopes, and dreams.”

Those blue eyes of hers grew wide and shimmered with growing tears, lower lip trembling as another blush stole across her cheeks. Her face was immediately buried against his chest as she muttered under her breath. “Idiot.”

“Your idiot,” he kissed the top of her head as he pulled her closer. “And I’ll more than make up for forgetting our anniversary.”

They continued to sway and turn in slow circles, the smell of baking apple pies growing with each minute. “I can still remind you of last year though, right?”

Another laugh echoed in the air, though it was slightly muffled as she refused to look up at him. She was most likely blushing in such a way that she was putting the cherry patterns on her dress to shame. His own laugh overpowered her own when she said she wouldn’t mind a reminder.
After finally agreeing, not only did they hold affections towards one another, but they were also attracted to a certain individual as well. Their attempts to make her aware of said attraction went unnoticed yet again. The both of them held back and away to watch her as she conversed with M'gann.

Conner crossed his arms over his chest, brows furrowing that normally had others backing away. Kaldur also displayed his own frustration, letting out a tired sigh as he absently patted Conner’s shoulder.

It may have been only a short while ago that they admitted their attractions towards each other and their mutual attraction for Nightingale, they were, however, becoming quickly frustrated. They were males and could only go for so long unanswered by their desired female.

“Boy, do you have it bad.” Artemis’ voice drew their attention away from Nightingale. Well, partially, Conner grunted to let her know he was paying some form of attention so he wouldn’t have to lose sight of Nightingale.

“I’m not sure who has it worse; M'gann for you, or you for Nightingale.” Artemis leaned against the wall with her shoulder, arms crossed over her chest as she too, watched the other young women. “Probably doesn’t help that M'gann keeps gushing about how ‘her Conner’ can’t seem to take his eyes off of her.”

It was at that comment that finally Conner finally dragging his gaze from Nightingale to Artemis. “What?”

Artemis shrugged. “She’s got the biggest crush on you… So to her, your attention is focused on her.” she didn’t seem to care about Conner’s growing anger.

It was only by the cooler touch from Kaldur’s hand on Conner’s shoulder that kept Conner from advancing his teammate to demand clarification.

As for Artemis, she turned to examine her hands. “The classic flirting won’t work on Nightingale. She may be able to see the love between others, but she’s deaf and blind when it’s obviously directed towards her.”

“Then what?” the grit out question hand Artemis looking up with a far too sly grin.

“Be more direct.” she leaned in towards them, a devious smirk on her face. “As nice as M'gann is and a great member of this team, she’s self-entitled, and it’s about time she stops hiding behind her ‘confused and cute act’.” with that said, Artemis walked off, calling M'gann away and leaving Nightingale alone.

Kaldur and Conner waited a few moments before approaching, something easing in both of them when she looked up and smiled at them. Her own form relaxed as she waited for them to approach.

“Hey guys.” she didn’t even bat an eyelash when they each closed in on her, arms brushing against hers softly. While it was a good sign that she hadn’t balked at their nearness, no reaction was still just as disappointing.

“There was something Conner and I needed to talk to you about.” Kaldur spoke up, feeling it was best to do as Artemis had advised them.
“Oh?” her smile was replaced with open curiosity.

“No.” Kaldur nodded his head, smiling in hopes of once again easing her.

“Alright.” blue eyes were quick to dart to a silent Conner, resting on him to see if he had anything to say.

“We are attracted to you.” there was a stillness between them after Kaldur announced their reason for talking with Nightingale.

Blue eyes flitted between the two of them, shock clear on her face as she was obviously stunned at the claim. She attempted to speak up, either to disclaim or brush the statement away. Suddenly a high nervous laugh left her as her cheeks took on a deep flush of color. “What?”

Conner rolled his eyes, a hand running through his hair as he grumbled. It sounded something along the lines of ‘not direct enough’. Both Nightingale and Kaldur turned to him, both confused to what he could possibly mean. It became clear when Conner grabbed the back of Nightingale’s neck and pulled her in for a passionate kiss, smirking at the squeaked sound of surprise.

Kaldur could only raise a brow at the scene, seeing that Conner was going as direct as he could. It was also interesting. It was frustrating, stimulating, and heartwarming to see. His appreciation of the scene did not get to last long as he was quickly pulled towards the two of them where Conner was quick to share a passionate kiss.

Another sound came from Kagome, slightly lower and throatier. It didn’t help that Conner still had a hold on Kagome, massaging the back of her neck as he kissed Kaldur. When they were done, Conner was breathing heavily, lids half cast as his gaze turned from Kaldur to Kagome.

Kagome was currently biting down on her lip, nearly tearing the plump flesh until Kaldur was kissing Kagome. The whimper that escaped her was sweet to both Kaldur and Conner. And when their kiss finally ended, both males observed the young woman. Her cheeks were flushed, lips swollen and moist, and eyes closed.

Conner’s hand twitched in her tousled hair, snapping her eyes open and causing her blush to grow even fiercer. A hand rose to her lips, trembling as she took half a step back. “I… Um… Wha-!” she attempted to scuttle away, though she didn’t get very far with Conner’s hand on the back of her neck.

She grew more and more flustered when Kaldur stepped closer as well, hands fluttering about as her eyes searched about to make sure no one else was there. Conner smirked as he whispered something in Kaldur’s ear, earning a smile and nod from the Atlantean.

“I believe we need to discuss this in a more private setting.” Kaldur took hold of one of Kagome’s still fluttering hands. With their holds on Kagome, they managed to ease the still stunned Kagome to their quarters so they could, in fact, discuss what they had been so hard trying to show her for the last little while.

Hopefully this time, she would get their message loud and clear.
She was a mystery, cool, calm, and graceful. Leo always felt at peace when it was the two of them, usually with him asking all sorts of questions about her home back in Japan which often involved with her sharing the most fantastical tales and myths.

But, he noticed that she wasn’t always like that. With Donnie, she was inquisitive, always asking questions about everything that he came up with. And with their questions and conversations offered many points for improvement and allowing Kagome to help out. Though it usually turned out to be nothing more than tinkering.

With Mikey, she was lively, free, and playful. She followed his lead when it came to their gaming system, asking questions about his comic collections if not trying to understand the shows he watched. It didn’t pass him that they were more comfortable with each other to goof off.

And as for Raph, Leo wasn’t actually sure what they did to be honest. The same went for Master Splinter. With April, there was a lot of… girl talk. He never really understood what exactly they spoke about; fashion, latest attractive superstar… Or so he figured. Though he was sure he heard talks about news stories that April covered.

It was interesting to see the different facets of Kagome as she interacted with his brothers compared to him. He sometimes wanted to spend time with that carefree side of Kagome, or the inquisitive nature, the chatter-box or the fierce sparring partner.

Seeing all the sides of Kagome made not only Leo but all his brothers, wonder what other sides there were to her. Such as, how did she learn to fight the way she did? The stories she shared, they shared just the touch of detail that it couldn’t be from word of mouth alone. And that’s where the mysterious part of her that kept them all drawn to her.

“Hey, Leo?” the call from the woman he had been thinking about drew Leo from said thoughts. “Mikey’s back with the pizza!”

Leo smiled as he nodded his head, getting up from his meditative state ready to join his family and friends for dinner. The scent of melted cheese, tomato sauce mixed with pepperoni, ham, and pineapples had his mouth watering and his stomach grumbling. He also absently promised himself that he would have to attempt a later time for meditation.

When he approached the table, the others already pulling their favored types of pizza, not even waiting for the slices to be on the plates before the slices were being devoured. Leaving the girls to giggle at the mess the boys were putting themselves in.

“Boys… You think you could eat with a little more restraint?” Kagome asked, though she still wore a smile that she hid behind her can of sweetened tea.

“’orry ‘Gom!” Mikey swallowed his chomp of pizza with a big smile.

April groaned, slightly disgusted even if it was in good nature. “Seriously, with your mouth full?”

Raph shook his head as he ate his own slices with the restraint both April and Kagome was asking for. Mikey shrugged his shoulders and offered a more sheepish smile.

“Still, you have to love them.” Kagome nudged April’s shoulder with her own, laughing when Mikey cooed loudly, Donnie blushed, Raph grumbled while Leo hid his own amused smile behind
his own drink.
Jurassic World: Owen Grady NSFW

He panted as he continued to move above the woman below her, his grip on her thigh tightened and he pulled the smooth and shapely leg up higher on his side. A groan escaping him at the small hand that scratched down his back that sent another flare of heat through his blood. Oh, how his Doctor knew how best to treat him.

She was the head doctor for the whole island, for both staff and visitors. And she had quickly caught his eye. And there had been subtle flirting between them from the get-go. Though he quickly got dazzled, by Clair Dearing. Which did not last long, their first and only date had been a mess. They had quickly learned that they were expecting too much from the other.

“Oh- Owen!” the low and feminine moan called him back from memory lane down to the fiery little Doctor that was currently writhing beneath him.

He shifted to hold both her legs in the crook of his elbows, biting down on his tongue when she immediately clenched down on him, nearly halting him in his actions. Even if Doctor Kagome Higurashi was petite, she had an inner strength and inner strength.

“Baby, you are so hot.” he managed to nip at her lips, managing to pick up the lingering taste of the whiskey she had shared with him earlier. “So tight.”

Kagome cooed as her arms wound around his neck, fingers of one hand weaving through his hair and tugging with every thrust until he was hissing. “Please… harder… Oh, Kami-sama!” she tossed her head back, her hands tangling into her own hair as her hips attempted to meet with his thrusts.

Own rose up onto his knees, gripping her ankles to hold her legs up straight. The difference in their heights had her bottom raised off the bed, and Own drank in the sight of modest breasts swinging with ever of his thrusts. His pillows were being thrown as Kagome seemed unable to keep still, as she grabbed and tossed whatever was not pinned down about.

Her pale skin was glistening with a light sheen of sweat, from their sex and the tepid temperature and weather of the island. And then her hands were once again clawing down his skin, his chest and stomach that was within her reach. His grip on her ankles tightened when he felt sudden resistance, stunned at how Kagome was using his grip to pull herself up and wrap her hands around the back of his neck to slash their lips against each other.

After such a sight, when she pulled away for breath, Own followed after her to reclaim her lips. One hand letting go of her ankle so he could catch himself rather than smothering her, it didn’t stop him from bending her in half with the hold he still had on her other ankle.

Feeling her around him, beneath him, and against him made him realize that nothing else would be perfect. Unless, of course, she stayed at his side. Since the island fiasco, they both had gone their own ways. It had been a pure accident that they bumped into each other a few months and they stuck together ever since.

The rippling silky walls around his length accompanied by a shuddering moan, her own limbs shaking as they twitched. Her leg rested against his shoulder and slid to the side when he finally let it go. Her hips rolled as if she was begging for more of that sensation. Owen was only too happy to oblige, but first, he wanted to watch Kagome as she came apart.
When she finally seemed to calm down, he pulled away and flipped her onto her hands and knees and started up once again. This time, focusing on reaching his own end. Kagome was crying out as she was kneading the bed beneath her as she once again began to cry out.

His hands slid along her sides, starting from giving her pert little ass a squeeze until he was caged above her, his hands groping at her swaying breasts. It didn’t last long as Kagome quickly collapsed, crying into the mattress, rubbing her face into the covers much like a cat would have her hands gripped and released those same covers.

Owen rose up at that point, one hand gripping the subtle curve of a hip while the other dipped so his fingers could play with the slicked little nubbin that rested just above where he was relentlessly pounding into her. He watched her throw her head back with a keening wail, she stretched forward to claw at the headboard. Kagome’s spine arched, legs spreading that allowed Owen to get that much deeper with every one of his thrusts.

Oh, did Owen love and appreciate this woman. And it was in that thought, did Owen realize that he really did love and care for her. He could only blink at that. Leaning down, he was quick to push her hair to fall across one shoulder so he could whisper in her now exposed ear. “Merry me?”

Her head turned, a blue eye snapping open, lips parting as she stared up at him. It was easy for Owen to see she was stuck on his question, no longer paying attention to what they were currently doing, so he put more power behind his thrusts and was nearly crushing her now drenched button. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head, a smiling stretching across her lips as she once again began crying out. “Yes! God- Owen, yes!”

He knew she was currently focused on what he was doing, but hearing her cry out and begging him, finally pushed him over. “Ah- Kagome…” he dropped down once again, brow pressed between her shoulders as he panted. Every tremble that ran along her spine had him shivering in return.

“Um… was the sex that great… or did you really just ask me to marry you?” Kagome gasped out, managing to turn around while still under him, looking up at him through tired and satisfied eyes.

Owen grunted, a smirk curling stretching across his own face. “First of all, the sex was that great.” he smiled at her laugh and the weak swat at his shoulder. “And second, yeah, I did ask you to marry me.”

Kagome still smiled at him, shaking her head. “That’s a horrible way to ask someone to marry you.”

“Really? I thought it felt like an amazing way to ask you to marry me.” a hand skimmed down her side, sure to pinch and poke where he knew she was ticklish. “I’m pretty sure I heard you crying out yes along with praising me as a god?”

He chuckled when she gave him a shove. “I did not sound like that!”

“Interesting, no denying either claiming me as a god, which, thank you by the way or saying yes.” Owen tapped her on the tip of her nose.

“Still, a girl would prefer to be asked in a more romantic setting. You… you… you so went Owen Grady on this!” she smiled up at him, humming as she pressed her lips to his.

Owen smirked in return. “I thought it was my charm that attracted you to me in the first place. And romantic? Was the steak and beer with smooth blues not me laying on the romantic?”
“Yes Owen.” she closed the distance between them to kiss him “And to your question. Yes.”

A squeal escaped her, though it quickly turned into laughter as she whine that she was too tired to go for any more rounds. Owen, well, he was all for proving her wrong. Regardless of how many rounds it would take.
It was a hot summer, a heat wave was currently rolling through the region sapping everyone of their energy. Kagome was no different. And as much as she wanted to cool off, she was too exhausted to deal with crowded pools. So, instead, she was hanging out at the shrine. The older building somehow offered a slight reprieve from the heat.

“So, this is where you’re hiding,” a familiar voice drew her attention to the speaker, a little surprised to see Ichigo Kurosaki of all people.

Rolling over to lie on her back, Kagome huffed. “Am not. And if I were, it’s an attempt to hide from this heat.” she shifted a bit, not at all enjoying that she could feel how sweaty she was.

A grunt of a chuckle escaped Ichigo as he sat next to the flushed miko. “Which is why I’m here. We’re going to the beach on the weekend, and I was volunteered to invite you.”

Kagome moaned, the beach? She wanted to go, it was the getting there and back she wasn’t looking forward to. Either by car, bus, or train, it would be packed the there would be things to carry. “…m’kay…”

Ichigo smirked, not used to seeing such a lazy Kagome. He hadn’t even thought such were possible. Calm? Yes. Lazy? Never. “We’ll be there for the whole weekend, so we’re leaving Thursday, sometime in the evening.”

Kagome gave a sign she heard him, somewhat motivated to hear they would be traveling when it would be somewhat cooler. She rolled over again, not caring if her dress rode up a bit, and returned to her journal. A comfortable silence settled between them for a while, until Ichigo spoke up.

“What’re you doing?” he gave one of her legs a nudge with his foot. It was quite odd to be ignored by Kagome since she really was a people person.

She gave an absent shrug. “Nothin’.” her tone was quiet, the answer obviously distracted.

Interest perked, Ichigo sat up and attempted to at least get a peek at what currently held her attention. “You draw?”

Kagome nodded her head with a hum before her head snapped up and wide blue eyes swung his way. Ichigo watched with interest at her honestly stunned expression as a blush slowly crept across her cheeks. Using the moment, Ichigo was quick in snatching up the small book. The move jump-started Kagome back into action, crying out as she reached to that back her possession.

“Ichigo, no!” her strong claim ended in a whine as she struggled with his longer reach. “Come on, give it back!”

“Ichigo teased the obviously flustered miko, smirking at how her blush grew deeper. “Oh? Do you talk about girly secrets in here? The name of the boy you like in here?”

Kagome’s struggle turned earnest at the last teasing question, embarrassment and a slow rising anger fighting for dominance in her. “Ichigo! Seriously, it’s not your, so give it ba-AHK!”

Her cry of surprise echoed around the room when they fell back suddenly. Kagome struggled for a moment to mentally catch up with what just happened, Ichigo only huffed at her light weight atop him as he raised his arms to flip through the book. He skipped over the pages that were filled with
her familiar scrawl, instead, focusing on the pages that were windows to a collection of places.

And then it came to him. They were all places she’s been to, of people that were close to her. At the beginning, it was all based on her time in the past with a few of family and friends from Jr. High. His eyes grew wider at each drawing, not only could he pick up on how she improved, but what some of them depicted. Awesome and horrifying.

Then came the drawings of him and the others, both normal and as shinigami. “So, this is what I look like?” he was sort of awed at the amount of detail she put in the drawing of him.

“You’re mean…” small fists abused his shoulders and chest as she pouted. “That’s private!” the whine was muffled and ended in a whimper.

Ichigo put the journal aside and laid there, grunting when he finally got fed up with her weak abuse. “Sorry, I… I really didn’t think it was so personal.”

Her head shot up once again, brows furrowed, lips pouting and blue eyes flashing. “What else would I repeat ‘stop’ or ‘give it back’? Because it’s a gift I’m hiding from you?” she struggled to free her trapped wrists.

Ichigo frowned at her attempts, his mind not at all able to process what she was saying, doing and he was currently blaming the heat. So with his hold on her wrists, he dragged her a little higher, one hand falling to the small of her back while the other buried itself in her loosely pinned up hair. “Can you forgive me?”

Her pout grew a little more prominent, not doubt thrown off by his sudden question. When it appeared that she was about to say something, Ichigo directed her lower to his level and kissed her.

Blue eyes widened in surprise as Kagome stared down at him. When he pulled away, her cheeks once again took on a rosy hue and Kagome herself became quiet and shy.

“So, do you forgive me?” a smirk lifted the corners of his lips.

Kagome huffed, once again pouting, though, it didn’t take away from her blush. “Jerk. I guess I can… But… you’ll have to take responsibility.”

A chuckled escaped Ichigo, as he leaned up to kiss her nose, smiling at how adorable he found her. “Like you’d let me have it any other way.”

Kagome sounded another huff. “Sure, make it sound like I masterminded this whole thing.”

“You can be devious.” Ichigo shrugged the weak slap to his shoulder, currently comfortable holding her to him. “So, do I always look so awesome in your drawings?”

Her cries and his laughter echoed around them in the room. To which Ichigo was happy to silence with his well-placed comments, questions, and kisses.
Damien had followed another boy home, sure knowing how the others would react should they ever learn of that little fact. The boy himself was of no real interest, it was the fact that he took on three grown men that had attempted to mug a woman in broad daylight, single-handed, was what had him following the boy.

At first, he had assumed it was due to the neighborhood. It was a less protected one, more prone to crime so it wouldn’t have been that much of a stretch to think the boy was taught in some youth center or public gym. It would have been much safer than going to any neighborhood park.

But the boy continued to walk until they had reached a more, well, cleaner neighborhood. A whole half an hour from where the boy had saved the woman. Interesting that he hadn’t taken a bus. And then had climbed five flight of stairs. It hadn’t been lost on Damien how the other boy’s steps had been silent.

“I’m pretty sure this is enough to get the police involved. If not a restraining order.” the other boy muttered as he unlocked one of the three doors. It swung open with a soft squeak, though still smoothly.

“You should have told me that you were bringing a friend over.” a call came from deeper in the apartment.

The other boy rolled his eye. “Followed me home. No matter how often I tried to shoo them away.”

Damien narrowed his gaze on the other boy, not at all liking the fact he was being described as a stray. He was no mutt. He was the grandson to the Demon.

“I see.” the owner of the voice was much closer than he had thought possible.

Damien held himself from whipping around to face her directly, scanning the woman as she, in turn, observed him. He was surprised when she on the few places he had stashed a couple of weapons.

No sooner had she finished, had she dismissed him to turn to the other boy, obviously her brother. She reached out to grasp his chin and directed his face this way and that, brows furrowing. “You better have a good reason for that. Go use one of the ice packs.” she sent him on his way with an affectionate ruffle of his hair, smiling at his small noise of complaint.

As she watched her brother go off, Damien used this time to get a second observation of the woman. She was a few inches taller than him, perhaps a few years older too. Asian features, Japanese if were to hazard a guess, though her clear blue eyes had thrown him off. He remembered how her brother seemed to sport a violet-brown sort of eye color. She was entirely feminine, smooth curves that disguised her obvious strength and made her grace all the more prominent.

“So, was there a reason you followed my brother home?” her gaze dropped to his blazer as she leaned past him to grip the door and close it. “You’re quite a bit away from Gotham Academy.”

Damien merely followed her with his eye, wary of someone that was able to actually sneak up on him. “I was interested in his fighting style.”

Blue eyes immediately sliced to him, lips pursing for a brief moment. “Oh?”
He gave a nod of his head as he waited until she was moving to leave the spot he had been standing in for the past few moments. There was no way he was exposing his back to her or lead her into a trap. Best to stay next to her. “I’ve never seen that style before. What is it?”

A quiet huff of a laugh escaped her. “It has no name.”

“I find that hard to believe. Every style has a name. Taekwondo? Karate? Jujutsu?” he wanted to know because he had seen nothing like it before. Which was saying something with how his mother raised him and him now working alongside his father.

“Was never told, so I never asked. My teachers merely taught what I needed to know. And the one that is still alive taught my brother what he needed to know.” she hummed as they entered the kitchen and dining area. “Though my brother knows better than to go out picking fights, simply because he can.”

The other boy looked up from what was obviously homework, face twisting slightly only to wince. “I didn’t go out picking fights, these men were trying to mug a woman.”

“Ah. And what happened after?” she pulled the ice pack, slim fingers gently smoothing along the slightly reddened cheek.

“Handed her over to the nearest patrol officer and told them where the men still were.” he gave another wince though he smiled up at her. “So, what your verdict?”

“You’ll have slight bruising, some minor swelling.” she gave a flick to his forehead with a chuckle. “Let the ice pack rest there for a few more minutes before disinfecting the wound. No idea where their hands were prior, no need to risk infection.”

He gave a nod of his head, resting his cheek in his propped up hand that now held the ice pack. He snagged one of the cookies that rested on a plate in the middle of the table before resuming his homework.

“Don’t think Onii-sama isn’t going to have you for an extra hour because of that.” her comment had the boy groaning and slumping over the table.

“Really? You’re going to tattle to him about how I got hit once while taking on three full grown, if not armed, men?” his face morphed into a pout.

Damien watched this all, taking a cookie as he sat at the table in the only chair that was not only closest to the door but also allowed him to best observe the siblings.

“I don’t need to say anything, he’ll learn on his own eventually. You’ll have a few days at best.” she went into the kitchen and pulled a bottle of water from the fridge. “And I have no idea why you’re complaining. You have it easier compared to what I went through.”

He was lost, they were obviously having a deeper conversation than what they were saying alone, but while he could pick up on that, what they were saying was not so odd or out of the norm. His eyes narrowed.

“Speaking of which, any news from him?” the boy didn’t bother to look up from his homework as he asked his question.

“Not yet. Though it’s not all that surprising, he is a busy man.” she placed the bottle of water on the table and leaned against the counter behind her. She was slow to pull a cell from her back pocket, thumbs quickly tapping.
Damien watched as her brows furrowed briefly before she apparently found what she was looking for. Her smile was teasing as she pressed the cell to her ear and stared directly at him, making him wonder what she was going to do now.

“Sorry, but I believe, Master Damien, is in need of a ride home.” a brow rose in reply to him stiffening in his seat.

Damien kept his gaze locked with her own, ignoring the snorted snicker that came from across the table. A hand slowly moved to his blazer, giving the fabric a few subtle pats that only affirmed that the woman had his cell.

“Oh, no. He’s been quite the guest, Mr. Pennyworth. No trouble, simply, unexpected. A rather inquisitive young mind.” she smiled as she leaned on the table. “I’ll see you then.”

In a swift and unbroken move, she bid farewell to Alfred, hung up and returned the cell to Damien.

At his, almost well-hidden expression of shock, her smile turned a little more sly. “One of my teachers also happened to have slippery fingers with a little too much time on his hands.”

Another snort came from her brother. “…that’s not how you described him…”

“Yes, well, he was taught to ignore -that- little habit his fingers tended to have.” she rolled her eyes as she stood up once again. “And that stupid question of his.”

The boy was now trying to cover up his snickers, shoulders shaking to the point he paused in his work.

“Oh, alright! Go clean that wound!” she snatched the ice pack and gave her brother a push out of his seat and towards what Damien could assume was the bathroom. “And as for you, Damien, you really shouldn’t follow strangers to their homes. You never know what you’ll find yourself in.”

Damien snorted. While the boy had skills, his sister trained enough to be able to sneak up on him, he doubted they were that much of a threat to him.

“Do not forget, there are always others that are stronger than you.” she began opening the water bottle, relaxing once again against the counter behind her.

“Your names.” at her hum, he pursed his lips for a moment. “You never stated your names.”

“You put us at a disadvantage by following my brother home and demanding answers.” she took a quick sip of water. “Normally you introduce yourself first. But, if you insist. I’m Kagome, and my brother is Souta.”

Damien was relaxing, seeing her at ease allowed him to as well. As such, it allowed him to become at awe of this woman, which was quick the compliment from someone that was taught by the Demon himself. The woman had potential…

She walked back into the kitchen, allowing her back to be exposed to him. It was when her brother, Souta returned, that had him shifting his attention minutely.

“Seriously? You too? That’s my sister you’re eyeballing, and I’m pretty sure she’s not interested as she will more likely see you as a kid if she still sees me as one.” the grumble had Damien narrowing his eyes on the other boy.

“You know nothing.” his eyes were quick to return to Kagome, observing her as she worked on preparing dinner. It was early, having just met the two of them, but of everyone he had met,
Kagome truly was perfect. She was obviously someone that could be dangerous, but to have her at his side… They would compliment each other greatly.

A smirk curled Damien’s lips as he continued to watch Kagome, it appeared he had found his Beloved.
He watched her from a distance, though it didn’t help. Her scent was strong and he could feel saliva pooling in his mouth, forcing him to swallow it thickly. Other than Hide, she was one of the only people that he had ever felt close to. In fact, before everything happened, he had made plans to finally admit his feelings to her. Even now, his heart beat faster but he was no longer sure if it was due to his feelings or the newly developed hunger.

“Kaneki!” her voice had his heart racing when she caught sight of him, bidding those that she had been talking to a hasty farewell before jogging towards him.

Kaneki froze, wanting to run away as well as stay so he could bask in her attentions after everything that he’d recently been through. She was always free of her affections to those she cared for, and he was lucky to be one she cared for.

The strength of her scent skyrocketed as her arms wrapped around his neck. “Kaneki! I’ve been so worried!” she pulled away, hands cupping his cheeks as her eyes began to take him in. “Is everything alright?”

He flinched when her fingers traced his eye patch, he was quick to take hold of her hands, and hold them between his own. “Higurashi-chan…”

Her worry was quickly washed away, blue eyes narrowing as she gave him a pointed look. “Kagome. How many times do I have to tell you? Say it with me now. Ka-Go-Me!” her reprimand ended with a smile

“…Kagome…” he would admit to himself, he really likes the taste of her name on his tongue, so much so that it distracted him from her scent.

“There, much better.” she twisted her hands so that their fingers were woven together, his heart speeding up once again. He was surprised she couldn’t hear it. “So, are you back? I’ve missed you.”

His lips twitched, warmth pooling in his stomach at her confession. Her worry for him, holding her hands, basking in everything that was Kagome… He realized that he was no longer distracted by the constant hunger. “I… I don’t think so. I actually came to make it official.”

No sooner had the word accident left his mouth were her arms once again around him, embracing him in her warmth. His own arms were slow to return the hug, being careful not to squeeze too hard but enough so that he could remember this. It was something he had always wanted, so he used this to remember every detail.

The scent of her shampoo, the warmth of her, how she felt soft and inviting in his arms. He desperately wished that it really had been nothing more than an accident, then he could return and perhaps develop something with her. “I understand. But if you ever need to talk, I’m always available. You got that?” she pulled away, a trembling smile directed at him, tears threatening to fall.
Kaneki nodded his head only to pull her back into a hug, it would probably be the last time he would ever talk to her. So, he was going to be greedy for the first and last time when it came to Kagome.
“So, why am I here again?” the question was an old one, and hearing it over and over, it was no surprise that he was irritated by it.

He bit down on his current cigar, as he looked down at the petite woman in his lap. It had been a struggle to get her to go along with that part, that he really did not want to explain himself. So instead, he hummed. A sign that he heard her, but wasn’t going to answer her either.

“Oh, come on!” her fingers dug into his leg as she leaned in closer, lips pouting as she did her best to glare up at him. “I think I have a right to know since you’re dragging me to… Kami knows where!”

Breathing in the rich smoke from the cigar, it billowed out through his nose as his right hand ran through her hair. It was always silky, shining like a raven’s wing that paired with her lightly tanned skin. Blue eyes sparked in her anger as she stared up at him, blues that always reminded him of the sea.

“You’re here because I want you to be.” his reply had her rolling her eyes and turning away with a huff, arms crossing under her chest and giving him a rather interesting view.

“Great. That’s nice. Had it ever occurred to you to ask? I am a busy woman, I can’t just up and leave at your whims because you felt if necessary.” her eyes slid back to him, brows pinching. “Where are we going and how long will I be gone?”

Another grunt escaped him, more than used to how this particular woman ticked. They had met when they were young, still in his youth and she helped patch him up. Ever since, he always went to her, no matter where she was or if he had been treated by another. He sometimes always ended up at her place.

“That wasn’t an answer, you know.” she leaned into him once again, this time poking him in the chest to get her point across. “It’s not easy with a small practice. I do like being able to buy food, clothing or being able to go out and have a good time, ya know.”

His hand tightened in her hair. Go out and have a good time? It wouldn’t be a far stretch that she would end up attracting male attention. She was a beautiful woman, after all, even he wasn’t blind to that. And she was also an open person, which drew them in, he wasn’t foolish enough to say he hadn’t been unaffected.

Which was way he had her here and now, she wouldn’t be a distraction if he knew where she was rather than always wondering while he was out in the world. Distractions were dangerous, and he would rather keep that danger where he could keep an eye on her. And she was useful, which would only help him. She was trained as a doctor, an excellent cook… He could go on and on. So instead, he removed his hand from her hair and pulled his cigar out, halting her ranting as she watched him instead. It was obvious that she was wary. It was amusing, causing him to smirk.

With his hook, carefully though, he brought her to him and claimed her lips.

A squeak escaped her, hands curling against his chest. Placing his cigar down in the ashtray that sat on the table next to them, he cupped the back of her head when he felt her pull away. A muffled moan escaped her at him massaging the back of her neck, which caused him to smirk once again.

When he finally allowed her to pull away, she was panting and her cheeks were flushed a bright
red. It took a few moments for her to calm down. When she opened her eyes again, they were narrowed and pinned on him. “That wasn’t an answer or an explanation.”

“It was plenty. You’re simply not listening.” he grabbed his cigar and bit down on the end. “You’ll learn though. Hopefully it’ll take longer, just means more lessons on getting the point across.”

Kagome floundered, blush growing fierce once again when his words finally sunk in. “I… You… That’s still not an excuse, and you know it!” she turned away from him with a huff.

Crocodile smirked, he was not above pointing out that she was still sitting in his lap despite her being upset with him. He was quick to hold her there when she realized the fact and attempted to leave. Like he had thought to himself earlier, it was best to keep here at his side.
Kagome sighed when she finally sunk into the naturally heated waters of the hot spring, it had been a long day of walking and their recent battle against a stray youkai after the shards had been a particularly messy one.

“Ah, this is so much better.” she sunk down to her shoulders and let her head rest on the rocks behind her.

“…yes… it is…” the comment was oddly quiet from Sango.

Lifting her head, Kagome looked over at her friend. She was a little confused. Sango appeared rather shy, quiet, and subdued. “Everything alright, Sango-chan?”

Her friend was hesitant to nod, but she did. Though she furrowed her brows and then shook her head negatively. “I’m… I’m a little… I’m very confused.”

“Oh? About what?” Kagome divided her attention between listening to her friend and beginning to wash her hair.

“I’ve come to realize that I like someone I feel I shouldn’t.” at the silence that followed, she raised her eyes to stare at Kagome, seeing that the younger girl listening. After a few more moments, Kagome opened her mouth to say something only for Sango to speak up again, heat flooding her cheeks. “While also liking someone else at the same time.”

“Oh.” Kagome’s eyes fluttered as her gaze lowered to the water’s surface, no doubt thinking of her own situation between her, Inuyasha, and Kikyo. She finished with her hair and quickly ducked beneath.

Sango watched closely as she came back up, slicking her hair back, observing how her skin was pinked from the heated waters. “Did you tell either person that you liked them? Or do they know?”

Sango shrugged her shoulders. “One does, but the other… No. At least, not in that way.”

Kagome nodded her head once again, this time lathering up that special soap that always made her hair soft to the touch. Sango bit down on her lower lip, her fingers twitching to run through that black hair, regardless of it being wet now.

“And the one that doesn’t know, are they the one you feel you shouldn’t have feelings for?” the questions were asked in a way that allowed Sango to easily answer them, not once feeling judged or uncomfortable. Though she was a little wary that Kagome would find out that she was the one Sango was talking about.

When she nodded her head, Kagome hummed as she piled her hair atop her own head and sat a little more comfortable in her spot. “I’m just taking a guess, but, maybe the other person… Maybe you only like them because you feel it’s your only option.” she furrowed her brows as she absentely tapped a pouting lower lip. “Why, exactly, is it you feel that you shouldn’t like this other person?”

Sango blushed when she realized that she would have to tell Kagome sooner or later, not that the other girl would pry or force the issue. But Sango knew, if she ever wanted, to be honest with herself, and feel like she would ever figure out where she stood, talking about it with Kagome would help.
“It’s because… They’re, another woman.” Sango ducked her head, cheeks heating with shame.

“Is that all?” the honest question, not a single tone of weighted judgment allowed Sango to lift her head.

“What?” the question left her before Sango even realized.

“Well, I know it’s not too common here in the past, well, accepted is the better term, but there’s nothing wrong if you like another woman. So don’t you ever feel like it’s not natural, because it is.” the firmness in her tone had Sango nodding her head absently, hope blossoming in her chest.

“Is there… any…?” she didn’t quite know what she was asking, but Sango knew she needed something.

“Hm? Hang on a second.” Kagome dunked once again, quickly rinsing her hair. “Ah! Alright. When a woman loves another woman solely, they’re referred to as lesbian. When a person loves both men and women, then they’re referred to as bi-sexual. And there’s plenty of them in the future. While there are some that still don’t accept them, it’s not a crime.”

“I see.” Sango smiled when Kagome indicated that she would wash her hair for her. Sango turned around with a sigh and leaned into the massaging fingers. “What about you?”

“Me?” there was a hum as Kagome continued to work. “I haven’t really thought about it. I mean, I know there were other girls or women I felt attracted too… but I don’t know if I just recognized if I was attracted to them or simply understood that they were attractive.” she tapped Sango’s shoulder allowed Sango to know she could rinse the hair soap out.

While she was below the water, she went over Kagome’s reply. While it wasn’t exactly what she wanted to hear, it did give her hope. She breached the surface, gasping lightly for air. She could make out that Kagome was about to wash her hair with the special hair soap, though Sango was quick to stop Kagome.

Kagome sat there, blue eyes curious as she waited for her friend. She didn’t have to wait long as Sango was quick to pressed her lips to Kagome’s, watching as her eyes widened. After a few moments, she finally pulled back watching as Kagome’s cheeks were quick to take on color as she stammered to speak.

“I like, you, Kagome-chan.” she bit her lower lip as watched as Kagome attempted to say something, Sango was quick to hush her friend. “I know it is sudden, we haven’t known each other for very long, but I like you. Really like you. All I ask is that you wait before you let me know?”

Kagome could only nod her head absently, not even aware that Sango was leaving to get dressed and head back to camp. She was sitting there for a few minute before she finally pressed her hand to her lips… It had been her first kiss. A giggle escaped her as she sunk into the water, her mind a storm of emotions and thoughts.

She realized in an absent thought, that, she liked Sango too, perhaps more than just a friend.
Black Butler: Ciel Phantomhive

After everything she’s done through, the lives she had lived, becoming the head maid to a prominent family name still managed to surprise her. Working for a demon of all things. And she meant demon and not youkai. Either she had been really bored when she decided to do so, or she was beginning to go crazy with her old age.

She suspected it was a bit of both.

A pressure tingled along her spine, before a bell chimed, alerting her that her current employer was beckoning her. So, she quickly finished her current task and made her way to the only place where he would be at this time.

He sat there at his desk, a cup of tea steaming as he read over reports and the papers.

“You called?” she smoothed her hands along her white apron.

“Please, sit.” as polite as that had been, worded and sounded, it had been a command and all present knew it.

Lips pursing as brows pinched, Kagome observed him as she took one of the chairs available. Blue eyes followed the head butler as he left the room. He was looking particularly put out. Then he threw her a smirk when he caught her gaze, cinnamon eyes flashing red for a moment before he finally left the room.

“Are you happy here, Kagome?” the odd question had her blinking as her attention returned to the young Lord.

“I… yes.” just what was going on?

“That’s good.” the papers crinkled as they were folded and placed to the side. “You’ve become an integral part of this household. This family. Your happiness is important to me.”

Eyes fluttered, mind trying to figure out what this could possibly lead to.

“Sebastian has, however, hinted that you’ve been keeping secrets.” the smile presented to her was all predator. All that was missing was the flashing of teeth.

“Oh? I didn’t take him to be a gossip.” she was going to play innocent for as long as she could. If he continued to press, she would simply have to die. Which would be annoying, since she had done so a couple of years ago. A price to pay for immortality.

His lips twitched, he was attempting to hide his amusement, though, not quite succeeding. “Yes. However, he had made a valid point. You have been keeping secrets.”

Kagome caught the papers he tossed her way, letting out a groan at the familiar headline and pictures.

“You look rather remarkable, for a woman that has been dead for near a decade.” the soft clinking of silver against China annoyed Kagome like she couldn’t believe.

Tossing the papers back onto the desk, she stared down at the deceptive face of the newly born demon. Her heart did pang a little to think that a child had willingly done this to themselves for
revenge… be she had learned early on, she couldn’t save everyone.

“If it was staged, it’s the best I’ve every seen to date.” he took a sip of tea, watching her with those sharp blue eyes of his.

“No. It wasn’t.” she wasn’t about to be intimidated by the boy. Demon or no, he still was a boy to her.

“A double? I honestly didn’t think you’d have it in you.” he hummed, placing his teacup down.

Sighing, Kagome shook her head. “I don’t.”

It took a few moments, but once the meaning sun in, Ciel Phantomhive’s eyes widened and he leaned in closer. “An immortal? I did not think humans could become such without some sort of outside… effort.”

Kagome shrugged her shoulders, expression becoming cold and serious. “That is not all I am. So, if you, or that butler of yours, even so, much as think of using my immortality against me or for your own gain, do not hesitate to think I will not destroy you. Because I will. Regardless of your form.” her eyes narrowed at his amused smirk. “I have taken down Gods, boys.”

Ciel’s face twisted at the title she called him by, though it didn’t last long. Instead, he watched her get up and make her way to the door. “Why become a maid? You can be anything.”

Kagome observed his curious expression, a half smile curling her lips, seeing it made him look like the boy he once was. Shrugging her shoulders, she opened the door. “Was bored.” with that, she left the young demon to return to her duties.
Kaito Higurashi gasped for breath as he ducked into the empty classroom, out running his fan club once again. It wouldn’t have been so bad, if they had kept their distance, were not mostly boys, not so perverted, and, oh, didn’t form the club, to begin with!

After the sound of heavy footsteps finally disappeared, did he chance to take a peek. Thank the Kami, the coast was clear.

“Higurashi-sama!” the cry had him jumping in a panic and looking for the closest exit to bolt.

The snickers had him freezing, a glaring pout directed towards his closest friends. “Evil women, the three of you.”

“Oh, don’t be like that, Kaito-kun. It’s just harmless fun.” Eri stated in a breezy tone, smirk still in place.

“Yeah, only because you get to watch from the sidelines, you’re not forced to participate!” Kaito thrust his hands through his hair, a clear display of his frustrations.

Yuka snickered, though, it quickly turned sheepish at the strained glare that she instantly got for it. “It can’t be all that bad? They’re practically harmless.”

“Not that bad? Harmless?!” he threw his head back with a groan. “They practically have this fantasy where I’m whoring myself out to certain individuals of our school.”

Ayumi could only blink. “You what now?”

“They’re having this internal war amongst themselves on who I’m with relationship-wise.” what he understood from the crazy people’s questions before he booked it.

“Apparently, Inuyasha and I have this love triangle going on with Kikyo. Kouga has this unrequited love for me. Hojo-san has a boy crush on me that he hide behind his… Hojo-ness? And don’t get me started on the details they fantasize about between me and either Nishikawa-sensai or Coach Naraku.” Kaito, at his point, was scrubbing at his face. “And let’s not forget Sango, who’s supposedly my dominatrix Mistress, or that I might be leading her younger brother down that path of sensual sin. Ugh!”

The three girls winced at the last one, mentally agreeing that was a little too far. Even if Kohaku was a freshman while they were seniors.

As they shared looks, only Eri began to snicker once again at Kaito’s sinking into a muttering mess. “You forgot that pervert Miroku that pretty much acts willing to screw anything on two legs. Or that junior Shippo who had to have been a kitsune in a past life.”

“You knew!?” Kaito’s furious expression was quick to melt into one of utter defeat.

Ayumi coughed and looked everywhere but at their poor, distressed friend. “They… they aren’t that quiet or subtle…”

Throwing his hands up in defeat, Kaito let out a loud ‘Perfect!’ that echoed through the halls. “So, the whole school knows!”
“Higurashi, is there a reason you’re shouting in the halls?” the deep baritone voice had Kaito slumping.

“No, Nishikawa-sensei. I apologize.” his entire posture was much like a puppet with loose strings, his bow, while respectful, was lack-luster.

A brow rose in question as honey-hazel eyes were solely on the muttering boy. The girls were clutching at each other as they attempted to keep from turning into aroused female goo at the sight of the model worthy Sesshoumaru Nishikawa. But as they watched the scene before them, they had to wonder if the fan club had something going on… Their teacher had taken half a step closer to their friend, a barely there smirk curling his lips. Did it appear that Nishikawa was hotly eying their friend?

“Oh! Kaito, what the hell are you doing?” the call had all turning to Nishikawa’s younger half sibling as he approached them, his sports bag slung over his shoulder. “Seems the Coach had to bail today, so we-!”

“He and I already got plans, dog boy!” Kouga commented as he breezed past the sedated pace Inuyasha had been walking at. “Yo, Kaito, ya ready to head out? Ayame mentioned something about this new place we could check out!”

The three girls could only blink wide eyes as everyone that Kaito had mentioned, plus those that Eri brought up, appeared out of nowhere to argue over their friend’s free time. Even the two teachers mentioned were discussing off to the side, though their eyes were locked on their friend! It didn’t surprise them that they were forgotten.

“So… Inuyasha is the bad boy. Kouga the sporty one. Miroku and Shippo are the obvious flirts. Sesshoumaru and Naraku the mature seme…. And Hojo is… well I guess he would be the uke?” Yuka commented as the three of them stood there in a daze.

“Maybe… it’s not a fan club… but a conspiracy club?” Ayumi brought up. “I think they used to go on about ghosts, UFO’s, and something with the government before they focused on Kaito.

“So… does that mean, Kaito has his own harem, for real?” Eri and Yuka gushed at the idea.

“I don’t think it’s actually a harem unless Kaito actively accepts all of them, at once.” Ayumi then blushed and coughed into a raised hand. “And they are all actively… well, you know…”

“Daw, I don’t know who is cuter! Oblivious Kaito or shy Ayumi!” Eri cackled as she followed the same path as their friend had earlier, followed by his possible future harem.
He would admit, Kurama was no stranger to interacting with both females and males, if they were beautiful enough. And Kaito Higurashi? He was a beautiful young man. It didn’t hurt that he was in the perpetual state of an untrained priest, adding a thrilling dangerous element that was the young man.

A classical beauty, even if Kaito was a young man, that was only enhanced by his stunning jewel-like blue eyes.

“Pft.” the quiet sound drew him back to observe his not so secret desire.

A smirk twitched at his lips as Kaito struggled with his bangs, “Your hair has gotten longer. Are you trying to copy my style?” his smirk turned a little more playful.

Blue eyes darted up at him, his hands already pushing back his bangs as a simple hair clip hung from his lips. After the meaning of his teasing question sunk in, Kait huffed as he rolled his eyes. “Yeah right. I’ve just been busy and haven’t had the time to get it cut.”

Kurama hummed, head canting to the side to observe the different hairstyle. Like himself, Kaito had a slight feminine charm to his masculine features, the kept back bangs seemed to highlight this little fact. “So, you’re stealing your little sister’s hair accessories?”

“Borrowing. And no. I picked up some basic pins and hair ties at the store the other day on my way back home.” Kaito waved the ridiculousness off, instead focused on undoing the buttons of his uniform jacket, revealing the standard white shirt beneath.

Kurama had to bit down on his lower lip, he knew the physic that lay hidden beneath thanks to sports. Of all of his classmates, Kaito Higurashi was the only one to have caught his eye. For more than a simple conquest as he had observed the others. Oh, no. Kaito was one that Kurama had plans on treasuring for as long as possible.

Luckily for him, he had learned of a few ways in his previous life as Youko Kurama.

“So, what was it you needed my help with again?” Kurama leaned in closer, inhaling deeply as he looked over Kaito’s notes, an arm resting against the back of the other boy’s chair. It was welcoming to know that his kouhai was comfortable in his presence, but was it too much to ask for some sort of reaction?

Kaito scratched the back of his neck, grimacing as he leaned over to pull out the rest of his notes from his bag that sat next to his chair. The move caused his jacket to stretch across his shoulders, forcing Kurama to once again bite down on his lower lip. Oh, he had fantasized about that back.

“Well, I’m having trouble with the latest math lesson.” the extra notes were carelessly placed atop the others so Kaito could quickly remove his jacket altogether. The white button up was tighter across his build than the jacket.

The entire situation made Kurama feel like the female, panting and lusting after the desirable boy at school. It was quite the opposite of how things worked for him. His pursuits always knew he was interested, regardless if they were female or male. But not Kaito, which meant when he finally did get his adorable kouhai to notice, the pursuing would be all the more fun.

For now though, tackling something that was a little easier, Kaito’s math homework.
“There’s my girl!” the call had everyone turning to face the caller, only to follow their gaze to a blushing young woman that was frozen in her place.

The young woman in question observed the crowd before attempting to hide. She didn’t get very far.

“Kagome! How’s my girl doing?” tanned arms were quick to take hold of a very embarrassed Kagome, a squeak escaping her at the tight hug she was receiving.

“Can’t- can’t breathe!” her lungs inflated with a whoosh the moment she was free, gasping for deep breaths. “I really wish you didn’t always do that.”

Blue eyes grew big as lips pouted. “What? You don’t like my hugs?” there was a sniffle at the end that had Kagome sighing.

“It’s not that. But you’re a lot stronger than you think.” Kagome absently soothed her ribs. “One of these days, you might crack a rib.”

Her hands were quickly snatched up so Kosame could rub her cheek against her knuckles. “I could never hurt my girl. Even by accident.”

Kagome could only shake her head. “Was there something you wanted, Kosame-chan?”

The slightly taller girl perked up, drawn out of her ‘Kagome’s hand appreciation’, though she didn’t let them go. “That’s right! Did you want to come along with me for Golden Week? Going to visit my Grandparents and family.”

Kagome could only blink at the invitation, not at all having expected that to be the reason Kosame sought her out. “As in, the countryside?”

Kosame nodded her head, black pony-tail swinging at the action. “Yes! I can show you where I grew up! It’s amazing with the mountains right behind us and the forest surrounding us. And while it’s no Tokyo, but we have some pretty awesome places to hang out.”

Again, Kagome blinked as a flush started to grow across Kosame’s cheeks. For some reason, the other girl had latched onto her after Kagome stood up to her, for what she could no longer recall. Having grown up in the countryside, Kosame seemed to have a permanent tan, different views on life and lived at a different pace.

“Well… I guess? I’d have to ask my Mama to make sure there are no plans of our own, but I don’t think she’d have anything against me going with you.” she was suddenly pulled flushed into Kosame’s hold, feeling like she was about to be smothered by the size of Kosame’s chest against her own.

Just as she was about to plead for some air, soft lips were pressed against her own. Kagome blinked wide eyes, seeing Kosame’s own twinkling as her lips curved up in a smirk. “I can’t wait to tell my family all about my girl!”

Kagome continued to stare forward, blinked widely once again as Kosame turned to nuzzle into her hair. Absently, trying to figure out if all this time, if Kosame had meant girlfriend.
She was being paranoid, she knew that, but she had a very good reason! Maybe. She wasn’t sure. Conner and Kaldur were always a little too happy to soothe her worries and fears, which didn’t actually help. And! And, Artemis knew!

“But, how do you know?” the whine she let out was a pitiful one, even to her.

The other archer waved a hand as she smirked at a flustered Kagome. “They weren’t that subtle. You were just that oblivious.” her teasing smirk pursed as her expression turned a little tight. “M'gann didn’t help either.”

Kagome blushed, absently nodding her head in agreement as she thought back on everything. They had been adamant despite her obliviousness. Bless their souls for their patients. Groaning, Kagome buried her face into her hands. “I’m afraid of what the others will do. And M'gann…”

Artemis patted Kagome on her shoulder. “The others really don’t have a right. I mean, look at Batman and Catwoman. Just, just don’t say that in his presence. As for M'gann… As I told your boys,” she smirked again at the blush that colored Kagome’s cheeks. “M'gann is self-entitled. She’s nice enough, but there are certain things that she’s oblivious to or chooses to ignore because she doesn’t like them.”

Kagome nodded her head, not unable to disagree on that. And there was no way she was going to do anything that brought up Catwoman anywhere near Batman. She may have faced Gods and youkai, but that man was on par with Sesshoumaru when it came to stoicism.

“Wait. What do you mean about M'gann? Doesn’t she know?” Artemis frowned as she leaned in closer, obviously confused.

Kagome shrugged her shoulders, sheepish smile in place. “Like you said, she ignores what she doesn’t agree with her. That, or she’s in denial.”

Blue eyes watched in concern as Artemis choked and wheezed, a hand rising to thump at her own chest. “Jeeze…”

“Ah, there she is!” Conner’s voice carried to the two archers as he made his way towards them. Well, towards Kagome.

Kagome herself was unaware of how she eased, smiling easily at the sight of him. Artemis leaned back to watch the entire proceedings, knowing she was currently the only one that knew of the three-way relationship between Kagome, Kaldur, and Conner. So they were relatively comfortable with their affections while she was around, had been when it was just Kaldur and Conner.

She couldn’t help but smile when Kagome blushed as Conner leaned down to greet her with a kiss, mentally cooing at the cuteness. Kaldur wasn’t far behind, a warm smile in place as he too approached them. He greeted Conner first, not at all ashamed or shy at his open affections for another boy. Or quickly switching to Kagome.

“Woah! Someone’s been going at the sweets.” Kagome licked her lips when they pulled apart, everyone chuckling in amusement at how it was that comment that had Kaldur blushing.

He shrugged his shoulders, apparently not able to give a proper reply to the statement. “How was your day?” he sat behind Kagome and easily pulled her into his lap, a large hand soothing along
her spine that had Kagome melting in his hold.

Conner was leaning against the back of the sofa, looking much like a guardian over the two of them. Which wasn’t all that far off, he obviously took that role proudly.

Speaking of which, Artemis grabbed her glass. “I’m gonna get going.” she stared down at Kagome for a few moment. “And, I believe the three of you have some talking to do about this whole,” she indicated the three of them. “Apparently, M'gann is a wild card issue?”

“Artemis.” Kagome whined as she let her head drop back onto Kaldur’s shoulder, a leg kicking out when one of his hands tickled the back of one of her knees.

“Really? Thanks for bringing it up, Artemis.” Conner spoke up as he pointedly looked at a flushing Kagome.

“Traitor.” the word came out in a hiss, brows furrowing at the smirk she got in return as Artemis waved her farewell, humming loudly in a sign that she was no longer listening.

“So, what is the matter with M'gann?” Kaldur spoke up, knowing that M'gann was still a sore subject for Conner.

Artemis smiled as she observed the three of them, watching as Conner sat opposite of the other two in the seat she herself had vacated not a minute ago. Shaking her head, she put the glass in the sink. She had seen how tense Kagome had been since she officially accepted being in a relationship with both Conner and Kaldur, and apparently all that was needed was to open up communications.

She was glad she was able to help in her little ways. But seriously, she hoped they were able to do the more important things without needing her help. That would be just ridiculous.
“I can not believe you talking me into this.” the words were forced through clenched teeth, not out of anger, more out of embarrassment.

Kagome shifted and fidgeted, she felt far too exposed even if he had assured her that they were alone. Not only that, this was going to be one of the most intimate session, which required the space. And Kagome had the nigglng fear in the back of her head that someone was going to walk in on them.

“Come on, babe.” large hands held her hips, swaying her back and forth as he the male before her walked backward until she bumped into the car behind her. The moment she plopped atop the hood and the male caged her, the engine purred, sending warm vibrations into her slightly chilled legs. “If you’re really worried, we can stop.”

A whimper escaped Kagome when warm lips began to dance along with her neck and jawline, a few nips were added making her shiver. Her hands shook slightly rose up as she placed them on his chest, it was warm, his humming stirring low vibrations that thrummed up her arms “Sideswipe…”

She could feel his lips tip up in a smile. “I love it when you say my name like that.” his voice practically purred against her cheek.

At that, Kagome let out a giggle. “You say that no matter how I say your name.” a gasp escaped her when his fingers danced from her hips to her knees and back.

“There’s a lot of things you say that I like.” he leaned in closer to her, nipping along her neck and under her chin, his hair tickling behind her jaw. “Especially when it involves us.”

Kagome could only hum as she was finally spread across the hood of the car beneath her. The engine beneath the hood was a constant low rumble that sent heat through every part of her. As her eyes watched him from behind thick lashes, her hands smoothed across the glossed hood. Little sparks flashing between her fingertips and the living metal that had the engine beneath her revving, Kagome arching up and the male above her moaning lowly.

“You… Primus” the words were hot and moist against her neck. “You are such a little tease.”

She chuckled as his breaths panted against her neck and cheek. “What’s wrong, hot stuff, too much for you to handle?”

Sideswipe chuckled, the noise raising goose bumps along her arms. “Never.” his hands ran up her sides, smoothing up her arms until the pinned her wrists in a loose hold as he quickly caged her. “You always know how to keep me on my toes.”

When he began to tease her, his nose bumping and brushing against her own, Kagome furrowed her brows when he denied her the kiss she so hard was attempting gain from him. “And you said I was a tease.”

Blue eyes brightened as they watched her, smiling when her lips puckered slightly and trembled when she whimpered. “What goes around, comes around.”

Her own eyes narrowed at his chuckle, not at all amused. First this sudden request, not that she could blame him for wanting this sort of intimacy, but to do so where anyone could walk in on them while he had her wearing a skimpy little number. So, as he was brushing little kisses that were
barely there to further tease her, Kagome decided to flip their roles. Literally.

She sent out a more powerful rush of abilities, shocking Sideswipe for a moment before both the car beneath her and the male above her shuddered and moaned. It allowed Kagome to roll him under her, smirking down at his slightly flushed face as her knees were now braced on either side of his hips.

“…Kagome…” his hands were hot against her exposed thighs, soothing and massaging. His fingers were just teasing beneath the miniskirt he had selected for this particular encounter.

“What’s wrong, hot stuff, I thought you could handle me?” he leaned down, her turn to now tease her lips against his own, hands sliding along his neck until they settled on his chest to better support herself atop him.

Large hands finally slipped beneath her skirt, fingers slipping under her panties and squeezed. “Are those my favorite pair you’re wearing?” with his hold, he pulled her down, gifting her the sensation of feeling how aroused he was.

“Only one way to find out, hot stuff.” Kagome pulled away, arms crossing to pull her top off and toss it to the side. Her pale creamy skin practically glowed in contrast to the deep red bra.

Sideswipe bit down on his lower lip at the satin ribbon that wrapped around beneath the hypnotizing breasts, pulled and gathered together in a bow. If there was one thing he had learned about Kagome, she did not mismatch her lingerie, so he knew that she was wearing the matching panties, the French style panties that were held together by bows tied at her hips. His favorite pair after all.

Her hands rested atop his own as they climbed up her sides, slipping down his arm when one hand tested the strength of the bow with a few cautious tugs. Blue black mixed in as her long hair fell over her shoulder. A hum echoed between them, reminding Kagome as if he was enjoying the finest meal possible and it had her lips curving up in a smile.

After a few moments, Kagome pulled away, the move undoing the boy and loosening her bra. “Well, you going to get what you asked for?”

A confident smirk was her answer as he slowly untied the rest of the bow, though the first few notes of a song and words of a ‘classic’ song had her eyes darting up to the windshield in surprise. Her distraction allowed her to be suddenly lifted, one hand helping to support her weight as the other easily removed the now useless bra.

“Let’s Get It On? Are you serious?” Kagome blurted out, leaning back away from his kiss.

Blue eyes blinked widely, a slight blush coloring pale tanned cheeks that only seemed more defined due to the red hair and sideburns. He offered a shrug. “You said it.”

A laugh echoed between them as he began dancing with her still in his hold, his free hand taking hold of one of her own. She knew they must make a ridiculous sight, her in nothing but a mini skirt, wrapped around him dancing to the song that he was now singing along to.

“We’re all sensitive people, with so much to give! Understand me, sugar, since we’ve got to be here, let’s live. I love you!” his voice quickly overpowered the song, echoing in the large hanger.

“You are such a dork!” her legs tightened with a squeal when he dipped her, laughter bubbling from within.
“Ah, I beg to disagree.” he waggled his brows when he quickly laid her out across his hood once more. With her now spread out before him, his face quickly morphed into an exaggerated mask of hurt, a hand pressed to his chest. “But, alas, if I must be, then I am happy to by your dork.”

Rolling her eyes, Kagome gripped his shirt and pulled him down to her level, humming when there was but a breath of space between them. “It’s a good thing I love you, ya dork.”

“True.” his smile returned during their more innocent kiss. “How ‘bout this instead?”

It took a few moments, but Kagome was quick to pick up on his next song of choice, which only had her laughing out loud once again. “No! These songs really aren’t mood setters anymore!”

“Seriously? You’re saying no to ‘Sexual Healing’?” he buried his face into her neck, where she could feel him pouting. “Pretty sure you have that ability.”

“Ha! Says the always horny male!” her hands trailed down his front, tucking under his black shirt only to return back up, thus forcing his shirt to bunch up. “Either you pick something appropriate, or turn the music off altogether.”

“Oh, yeah? Whatcha gonna do if I don’t?” there was a slight challenging undertone in his voice.

Kagome pushed herself up, fingers drumming atop the hood as she smirked up at him. Each time a finger tapped against the almost hot metal beneath, there was a spark. From the looks of the male before her, he was deeply affected by it. Face twisted in a mix of pleasure and pain, eyes clenched shut as his head dropped forward.

“Well, with the mood no longer all that… sexy, I could leave and let you suffer the human state that men call blue balls.” she leaned up to kiss his lips, one hand gripping the back of his neck while the other was still pressed against the hood and sending out low and slow pulses of energy. “A horrible state I’m told.”

“…horrible…” the repeated words were nothing more than a murmur, all signs of silliness were now gone. He was attempting to remove his jacket, continue kissing as well as maintain his hands on her at all times. “…horrible, horrible…”

“And I could never do that to you.” she whispered back, playfulness and willing to challenge also gone. “Cause you’re lucky I love you.”

“Love… Primus, Kagome.” he pulled back enough to rip his shirt off and toss it over his shoulder, forgotten much like his jacket and Kagome’s own clothing. “Love you. So much. So hot.”

A whimpering moan escaped her when he took hold of her hips for a moment before he began to lean into her, forcing her to lay back on the hood. Both hissed, bare skin against bare skin against heated metal. The moment Kagome was firmly sandwiched between them, a wave of energy from the car below her rose up to wrap around and engulf her. It had Kagome arching, ripping her mouth away from his with a gasp.

“A small brush from my Spark and you react so wonderfully.” the words were whispered against her neck, causing the fine hairs to stand up on end.

“Shut up and drive.” Kagome smirked, remembering how that same line had been used for when they first met. And just like then, she got a cocky smirk in return and was taken for a wild ride.
After the cave, the two of them got even closer. Not hard to do when you’re the only people stuck on an island. Supposedly. Kagome was starting to believe Owen’s theory rather than her own, but that didn’t explain the magic she was sensing. One that was similar to the Well back home.

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” Kagome’s question had to do with them going back inland rather than hug the shore.

“As secure as that cave was, we had nothing but the clothes on our backs.” he turned to her, pale blue eyes giving her only outfit a pointed look. “And yours is not practical.”

Kagome rolled her eyes as she carefully pushed a branch out of her way. “Sorry I didn’t wear my survival gear when I was kidnapped.” she stuck her tongue out at him when he raised a brow. “I’ll ask if I can change into appropriate clothing next time.”

She got a smirk and subtle shake of his head. “It still amazes me how calm you are about all this.” he held her back and pointed up, having spotted the first sign of technology since they ‘woke up’. A camera.

“Trust me, I’m anything but calm about this.” she flipped the camera the bird and continued a few steps forward. “But freaking out is not going to help.”

“Huh.” he narrowed his eyes on her for a few long moments, obviously thinking about something. “Well, that camera is wireless, meaning limited range and battery life. So there should be a camp or facility nearby.”

Kagome turned to look back up at the camera, taking in what Owen said. But she noticed that whatever trail the people set it up could’ve left behind, were already covered up by other tracks. It was then she turned to see which tree was the highest.

“What are you doing?” Owen’s question didn’t stop her from approaching her chosen tree.

“Any tracks leading back to these people are most likely useless now. No telling what made its way through between here or there.” she waved him over and indicated that she wanted a boost. “So perhaps getting higher might give us an advantage. And if they wanted to cover more ground, they’re going to need a tower, antenna or even dish, yes?”

A grunt escaped Owen as he lifted her up. “Yeah.”

“Well, I’m going to take a look.” her hands wrapped around the low branch. Just as she was about to pull herself up, she blinked when his hands shifted from her hips to her behind. “Careful, you’re at the perfect level to get a kick in the face.”

“I’m supporting you until you’re actually on the branch. That I’m enjoying where my hands are is purely coincidence.” the smile he was most likely wearing was heard was loud and clear.

Shaking her head, Kagome heaved herself up onto the branch. At least he didn’t actually grope her, unlike a certain Monk of her past. The branch gave a subtle jerk under the sudden added weight of Owen when he jumped up as well. The two of them made quick work to get as high as they could go.

“Okay, Dino-whisperer, where would be the ideal location for these idiots to set up?” Kagome
scanned the lush green canopy that never seemed to end.

“Somewhere high, so they can send and receive signals clearly. Not only that, it’ll give them the high ground should anyone or thing attack.” the clear reply had Kagome doubling her efforts.

It was nice to know that Owen had her back, even if he felt she didn’t have his. She honestly didn’t know if it was because she was a woman, from the city or a combination of the two.

“I think I found it!” she pointed to a spot, waiting until Owen followed her where she was talking about.

“Good eye.” he gave a brief look skyward. “It’s already noon, and the distance looks like it’ll take half a day to get there. I would rather observe them during the day. No idea what’s claimed that as their territory and I do not want to stumble about in the dark.”

Kagome nodded her head, leaning against a nearby branch as she observed various packs of herbivore dinosaurs grazing in a distant field. “Despite the screwed up situation, that’s still an amazing thing to see.”

Owen carefully moved to stand next to her and watch as well. “I’ve seen a lot in my life. Dinosaurs lost it’s appeal a long time ago now.”

Kagome blinked when a hand tucked slide along her back, moving to rest against her hip. “Do I need to kick you out of my tree?”

“Your tree?” he pulled her a little closer, securing them against the branch with his strength.

“I picked it, was the first to climb it, therefore my tree.” she relaxed a little in his hold, the still sure to be ready for anything. “What are we going to do tomorrow?”

“Get our asses off this damn island.” despite that Kagome was watching the gentle giants in the distance, she could feel his gaze on her.

“And after that?” she shifted a little too lean a little more into his hold.

He tucked her closer to him. “Someone’s gotta keep an eye on you. From how you talk, you seem to attract trouble.”

“Explains how we met?” she gave his side a slight poke. “I just can’t seem to shake you.”

A snort escaped as he pressed a chaste kiss to her temple. “I saved you from becoming dino-chow if I recall. Like I said, trouble magnet.”

“Good way to keep you on your toes.” she smiled, though it turned into a soft chuckle at his reply.

“I’m in this tree, aren’t I?” he continued to hold her as she watched the world before them, though he gently tugged her so they could once again climb back down and begin scrounging for food.

They had gotten close, and Kagome could assuredly say she trusted him. She could feel it that he would get them off this island. And once they were and she had showered and changed, she was going to make sure the idiots that brought them here to begin with felt her wrath. But, one step at a time.
It was difficult, to say the least, setting out to avenge all those harmed from those thefts back home and living under the same roof as those that were investigating her. Thankfully, she now knew how to tap into her abilities.

“So, how are you settling in?” the voice from her doorway had her pausing in her origami.

Richard was leaning against the doorway, watching her as she turned to look at him. “Hm? Alright, I guess. Going, to be honest, it’s odd to be around others my own age again.”

Richard walked in and sat at the foot of her bed, amazed at her skill in folding paper figures so precisely. If he hadn’t already cleared it up with Alfred one night of patrol and having crossed paths with Vixen that same night, he was sure Kagome had been their mischievous foxy thief.

“Seriously?” he found that a little hard to believe.

“It was the reason, Mamoru decided to move here. Unlike back home, what happened to me and my family has all but been forgotten.” she returned to her current piece. “Back there, I was constantly being asked about what happened, or those that were born to their wealth were cruel. Here, I am simply, Kagome Higurashi.”

Her head tilted this way and that a few times as her fingers smoothed over her completed piece. Turning about she made her way over to Richard and cupped her hands before him. She waited until he raised his own and carefully tipped the paper figure into his hands.

Looking down, Dick was shocked to see the small bird in his hands, the blue and black paper made for a rather detailed figure. “This is amazing.”

Kagome was already back at her desk and folding her next piece. “You can have it.”

Dick carefully placed the paper bird beside him on the bed and relaxed a bit. “I was wondering, what can you tell me about foxes in Japanese folklore?”

Pausing in her work, Kagome turned with an expression that was a mix of curiosity and amusement. “This is sudden. Or does this have something to do with that fox lady that’s been all over the news lately?”

Dick chuckled as he scratched the back of his neck. “A bit. I mean, I know foxes are special in Japan, so I’m curious if she’s using the image of a fox to get the trust of the Japanese people.”

“Hm. Could be possible. I mean, should something happen to her after all that she’s done, they might scramble up and claim her as a hero.” Kagome crossed her ankles as she leaned back into her chair a bit. “So what, exactly, is it you want to know?”

Dick observed her, he knew she grew up on a shrine, so she was sure to know quite a bit of information that could help him and the others get to the bottom of all that was about Vixen. “I… I honestly don’t know. I’m not familiar with Japanese folklore.”

She hummed, legs pulled up so she could curl up in her chair. “Well, kitsune, in general, are tricksters, can wield amazing powers, and the older they get and the more tails they gain the wiser and more powerful they become.” Kagome leaned against the armrest closest to Dick, eyes trailing off to the side. “While they are tricksters, they are rather fond of humans. That isn’t to say you can
insult it, they are prideful and can get quite vicious when it comes to extracting their revenge. When that happens, there’s no hiding from one. It’s quite like a game of cat and mouse.”

“Well, in the news, it looked like she controlled the shadows. Doesn’t that make her… I don’t know, evil?” he really wanted to get to the bottom of this.

“Not necessarily. For all we know, she could be controlling light rather than the shadows, pulling the light thus allowing the shadows to grow. Kitsune can manipulate much about the world around them, such as create illusions and shapeshift, though certain breeds specialize with certain elements. Fire, plants, and shadows. But their power is not all that infinite, they draw from the very world around them. Or… through… um, other, means.” her cheeks warmed at the end, as she coughed quietly and was unable to keep her face directed towards him.

Dick frowned at this rather new changes in her personality. “Other means?”

“Lovers. There’s a lot of energy being released during sex. It’s also another way a kitsune can gain a tail. Either they wait a hundred years, or… sleep with a hundred lovers.” her face scrunched up at that statement, obviously not agreeing with her own words. “Though I’ve never actually heard otherwise about that last bit. I mean, legends do paint them to be the best of lovers, but I think that’s due to their supposed long lives. In the stories, kitsune went out of their ways to be the perfect husbands or wives to their human partners… Can’t really do that if you’re… well… you know.”

Mulling the information over in his mind, some of which helped him better understand his team’s current issue. So Vixen was simply doing what was in her nature if she was more than she appeared to be. Now if she was a kitsune, that was another thing to figure out. It would also explain her more playful nature. Though it made him wonder why he was in her sights.

His cell suddenly went off, pulling him from his thoughts as he fished the device out of his pocket. Unlocking the device, he grimaced when the text alerted him to a possible function that could draw out Vixen.

“Everything alright?” Kagome’s question reminded him of his current location and who he was sitting with.

“Yeah. Just got a reminder for this charity event that Bruce is going to in a couple of nights.” he ran a hand over his face and dropped back on the bed with a groan.

“Not a fan of such events, I take it.” the chair creaked, Kagome was obviously shifting once again.

“I don’t mind them, sorta got used to them a long while ago. It’s just, I’m not really looking forward to this one.” he groaned out as he stared up at the ceiling.

“Is Richard Grayson actually pouting? I didn’t think that was actually possible.” a quiet giggle from Kagome had Dick smirking, not at all minding how it was at his own expense.

“Yeah, yeah. Laugh it up. I just, there’s this girl that’s been giving me mixed signals, and I don’t know…” he trailed off as he turned to observe Kagome while she was absently toying with a piece of paper. “I met someone that I’m starting to like, though it’s still early.”

“Oh? Sounds like someone special if you’re like this.” she smiled as she once again began folding the paper, quickly tucking some hair behind her ear.

“Yeah, she really is.” Dick smiled as he watched her concentrate on the simple task. It wasn’t often he met someone that was so honest and still had a bright look on life after a tragedy. He hoped to
put this Vixen thing behind him first so he had an actual chance to get to know Kagome better. Hopefully, this event will give him and the others that break they were looking for.
She had been heartbroken when she learned she was in an unimaginable amount of time in the distant future. Kagome had not lost one, but two families and the Well that had been her means of seeing both families was nowhere in sight. If it hadn’t been for the ThunderCats, she would not be where she was now.

WilyKit and WilyKat were adorable. They were little brats, but adorable. And mischievous. They sure knew how to keep one on their toes. Panthro was like… she wasn’t sure he’d like the analogy, but he was something like a protective older brother or uncle. Also touchy about his tank, strict rules about who was allowed what. Cheetara was not only an oasis as another female but one that understood religious duty. They had many conversations and debates based on their forms of philosophies. And how they were surrounded by males that were sometimes no better than children themselves.

And then there was Lion-O and Tygra.

Kagome had a lot to say about those two, if any were to ask, kept a journal or something of the sort. The brothers were like night and day, Tygra the elder was calm, cool, and collected. Though that didn’t stop him from egging his younger brother or showing off whenever the situation allowed it.

Lion-O, the heir to the ThunderCats, was still learning. He still had a tendency to rush in first and attempt to use brute strength, but he had heart, was loyal to those that were dear to him, and was passionate about his views. Though he was also willing to give others a chance, like herself, and listen to what others had to say. Not that he liked to or agreed with what he was hearing, but it was a good start.

Her foot getting caught on a root and nearly causing her to take a nasty fall drew Kagome out of her thoughts. Shaking her head, she reminded herself that she needed to pay attention to her surroundings. As amazing as they were to take her in despite the direness of their own mission, there was one thing that they would never understand, not even Cheetara. The menstruation cycle of a human female.

“Stupid roots… killer trees…” she tapped the toe of her right foot, getting her boot back into place. Once done, she shook her head to locate the path Cheetara mentioned, the one that led to a hot spring. At least not everything was completely different. “What I wouldn’t give for some pain killers or hygiene products!”

When the familiar scent that Kagome was all too familiar with and was eager to get into those blissful heated waters to soothe away the discomfort. She hadn’t even entered the clearing when she began stripping away her clothes, nearly tripping into the waters as she struggled with her boots. Normally she would pile her clothing and bathing supplies at the edge, but she was more concerned with bathing and soaking in the hot waters.

After scrubbing down as best she could with what she had, she allowed herself to relax against the smoothed rocks. She didn’t know how long she had been relaxing, though it was long enough for her to lightly doze off.

“So, this is where you went off to.” the deep voice startled Kagome, that she jumped in her seat sloshing the water violently.
Blue eyes blinked up at the male that stood at the edge of the springs. “Ty- Tygra?!” when it finally clicked who was standing there, and her own current situation, Kagome slowly sunk deeper into the water until her chin was brushing the waters. “Um... what, what are you doing here? Wait, is it my turn to cook? Um, if I could just have a few minutes, I’ll be right back.”

“I thought we were going to discuss this in a proper setting.” the sound of Lion-O’s voice did not give Kagome the break she so desperately needed.

Instead, she sunk down until her nose just skimmed the water, hugging the edge of the pool so she could keep herself covered. She was currently eying the pile of clothing that were just there. She ignored the two males that were discussing... something, as she slowly reached for said pile. A whimper when Tygra was quick to snatch the pile just as her own fingers brushed the fabric.

“Ah-ah. We need to have a long overdue conversation.” Tygra crouched down, a smile presented to her that usually had her at ease when she explained the technology of the ancient past, her once upon a time present. Now, with the situation it was at current, she was wary.

“...whatever questions you have, either of you, I’ll be happy to answer them, once I have my clothes back and we’re all in a proper setting.” she attempted to glare up at the older feline, though his smile only grew, making it a sign that her glare had no effect at all.

So focused on calculating her chances of getting her clothes back from Tygra without exposing herself, or worse, embarrassing herself, Kagome failed to remember Lion-O. So when two arms circled her waist from behind, Kagome nearly jumped out of the spring and her own skin.

“Lion-O!” her arms pressed even tighter against her chest, clenched fists tucked beneath her chin as she twisted to put ‘some’ space between them. A squeak escaped her when his hold tightened and he began to nuzzle behind her ear and along her neck. “T-Tygra?!”

Kagome ducked her chin and clenched her eyes shut as she stumbled back a few steps when she realized that the older brother began to strip and enter the spring himself. Right in front of her. Sure, she wasn’t all that unfamiliar with the male anatomy, what with all the patching up she had done since she turned 15, but that was distant. There had never been anything intimate during those time. Hell, the most intimate she ever got were the few kisses she shared with Inuyasha.

“Seriously, what is wrong with you two?” a whimper escaped her when a hand was pressed flush against Tygra’s broad chest. Tygra was broader than Lion-O, she was made well aware of that in that very moment. She wasn’t sure if it was an age difference, species difference, or a combination of the both, but it was currently frying her brain. “…I thought cats hated water…”

Strong hands gripped her wrists and slowly eased her arms away from her chest, twin purrs rumbling from both males when her chest was finally revealed. Lion-O’s own hands began petting her stomach, a tongue rasping up along her neck, earning a shudder from Kagome.

“Perhaps from your home, but we do enjoy staying clean.” Tygra began to give Kagome Eskimo kisses as he weaved their fingers together. “And as for what’s wrong with us, you are in heat.”

Blinking open her eyes, Kagome watched the top of Tygra’s head as he moved to the other side of her neck. Eyes darting up and blinking as she attempted to get her brain to function properly again, she managed to ignore the two highly amorous males she was stuck between with. Though, it seemed her lack of attention did not agree with either brother as Tygra nipped at her neck while Lion-O pinched her hips.

“Ah!” panting to clear the fog that quickly consumed her. “Hu-humans don’t go into heat!” she
twitched to shift away from Lion-O’s daring petting fingers. Her own hands were clenching with a need. To do what, she wasn’t sure, yet.

“Oh, trust us, you are in heat. I just didn’t think humans go into heat so often.” Tygra rumbled out, stepping closer to her, though just enough to give a nipple a teasing lick. When he looked up, Kagome saw that his pupils were blown, appearing almost black with only a thin ring of a golden brown left. Turning around, she saw that Lion-O was the same.

“We… we don’t, didn’t, call it a heat.” her brows furrowed at the strangeness of the whole thing. “Ovulating. Human females go through a cycle every 30 days. A week where we are most fertile and then a week where our body cleanses itself. Give or take, every female is slightly different, but that is standard.”

Tygra hummed as Lion-O continued to watch her. “Interesting. I’m currently interested in the fact that Lion-O and myself are affected by your heat, not that you’ll hear us complaining. The prospect that you this happens every moon cycle is rather, stimulating.”

“Cheetara! What about Cheetara!” Kagome knew for a fact that both brothers had feelings for the female feline, Cheetara herself had hinted at her and Tygra having had something in their youth. Lion-O, he was smitten by her, a sort of hero crush really.

“She has chosen to stand next to Panthro.” Lion-O replied, his hands once again petting her, though never going anywhere too private. It was both something was grateful for and highly frustrated by now that she was actually aroused.

Blinking wide eyes, Kagome could only shiver in the warm waters as they continued to treat her with their affections, mentally grasping at straws for reasons this shouldn’t go on. “Oh.”

Lion-o, who had been oddly silent for the most part let a hand trail up her front to grasp her chin and direct her gaze towards him. “There’s no reason to fight us, Kagome. We are the princes of Thundera.”

Pouting that he was going to use their titles over her, she narrowed her eyes on him. “Which reminds me, I’m in no way royalty. Nor a Thundercat!”

Lion-O smirked as he leaned in, nuzzling her nose before nipping at her lower lip. “You’re going to have to do better than that.”

Tygra rose up, having finished with lavishing his attentions on Kagome’s breasts, highly entertained at how the stiffened the moment they were exposed to the cooler air. It was also arousing. Everything about Kagome was smooth, no fur hiding any part of her.

“I’m not… I haven’t… That is to say…” Kagome blushed as she attempted to explain her virgin status, not that they really needed to know.

Smiling down at the trembling female between them. “You have no need to worry. We’ll only go so far you are comfortable with.”

When the pressed themselves closer to her, another whimper escaped her, writhing between them as they took it upon themselves to ensure that she was properly bathed. She made a mental note to later ask Cheetara if there was any way to distract, ease, or plain out keep the brothers away. As tedious as it sounded since it would need to be done every month.
A sigh escaped her as she wiped the slight dappling of sweat from her brow. If she was like this from just sitting around and going over the team’s schedule, then the boys must truly be suffering. With one last look over, Kagome deemed her work done for now. Now, it was time to bring them their chilled drinks and convince them to either take a break or stop for the day.

Quickly putting the papers away, Kagome made her way to the large cooler and began to pull it behind her. She smiled at the sight of them, enjoying themselves despite the rigorous training they were being put through.

“Alright guys, break time!” her voice carried over everything, even the few other courts that were occupied by other teams.

She had just lifted the lid when the cooler was swarmed by obviously exhausted boys.

“Eh? Such a cute girl is here? I wish our manager was this cute!” the voice drew Kagome’s attention, a small group of boys, from a school she had never heard of, were approaching, leering at her.

If Kagome weren’t already used to it, she would attempt to hide and shy away. As it were, she was too hot to really care. That, and she already was used to it.

“What’s your name, Manager-chan?” one boy leaned in closer, smile bright against his tanned skin.

“Do you have anything for us as well, Manager-chan? We’re all really thirsty from working so hard.” another sidled up next to her, actually reaching out to play with her hair.

“It’s Kagome, and no. You’ll have to talk with your own manager.” she carefully pulled her hair from the boy’s hold, frowning at him for taking such liberties.

“Like the game? That’s too cute!” a third boy immediately dropped an arm around her waist. “We could all play tonight!” all the boys snickered at the vulgar joke.

Kagome removed the arm from her waist. She was about to comment, asking that they leave her alone when a cool and moist bottle was pressed at the back of her caused her to jump with a startled cry. “AH!”

“Oh? And here I thought you needed some cooling down. My bad.” the voice was calm as the owner loomed over from behind, arms draping over her shoulders, one hand holding an uncapped bottle while the other gently swayed a still full one.

“Kuroo-kun… Oh, I wish you didn’t do that!” she took the offered bottle as she absently rubbed the back of her neck. After the initial shock, she would admit it was refreshing.

“Oi, we were in the middle of inviting Manager-chan to come play with us!” the boy that had said the vulgar joke glared up at Kuroo.

“Oh? And here I thought you needed some cooling down. My bad.” the voice was calm as the owner loomed over from behind, arms draping over her shoulders, one hand holding an uncapped bottle while the other gently swayed a still full one.

“Kuroo-kun… Oh, I wish you didn’t do that!” she took the offered bottle as she absently rubbed the back of her neck. After the initial shock, she would admit it was refreshing.

“Hm?” he gave them a lazy blink, appearing as if seeing them for the first time. “Who are you guys?”

They sputtered, backs stiffening at the insult. They didn’t get a chance to spit out as Kuroo’s eyes narrowed on them. “You weren’t bothering, Kagome-chan, were you? They weren’t bothering, you
“Mm, not really. We’re just wondering where to get some drinks for their own team.” she easily pushed his arms off her shoulders and walked back to where the rest of the team was. “Speaking of which, I just heard on the news, it’s only going to get hotter, a suspected heat wave rolling through. So, I was thinking, you guys either take a break and wait until later or call it quits for the day.”

Kuroo sighed, taking a swig of the water as he trailed after her, he was quick to toss a warning look at the three that had accosted Kagome. The smaller two scuttled away, the apparent leader merely glared in return. “That would be sort of defeating the whole purpose for coming up here to quit so early.”

Kagome leveled him with a flat look. “I know that much, ya Rooster. All I’m suggesting is a break. Work yourselves any harder, and you’re likely to pass out.”

Kuroo smirked down at their petite manager. “Oh? If I do, could you let me use her lap as a pillow? As our manager, it would best ensure my health in such a situation.” he waggled his brows at her as he continued to smirk.

Sighing, Kagome rolled her eyes as she waved him off. “If you allow the guys to take a break, or even call it a day, and you still pass out, I’ll place your head in my lap and stroke your hair and worry and fit over your health. Deal?”

Kuroo smiled, though he did turn away and attempted to hide the slight coloring of his cheeks by drinking the last of his water.

“If you still want them to work on their game, we could go to the beach. I hear that playing on the sand helps… I just can’t seem to recall… Too hot!” she raised a hand to fan herself as she took a sip of the bottle Kuroo had given her.

Kuroo followed her at a more sedate pace, happy to watch her knowing that those punks were no longer around.

“You really should just tell her how you feel about her.” Kenma’s voice broke through Kuroo’s concentration on Kagome.

“And miss out on all the fun?” Kuroo smirked down at the shorter boy, though it didn’t stop a blush from coloring his cheeks at the idea of doing just that.

Kenma gave a soft huff as he shook his head. “You say that now, but what happens when someone does confess and she not only accepts their feelings but returns them?” he sipped at his own drink, watching Kuroo blink slightly wider eyes as his imagination obviously played just that out before his mind’s eye.

Coughing suddenly to clear his throat, Kuroo waved it off. “Nah, that’s not likely to happen anytime soon.”

Shrugging, Kenma took another swig of his drink as he shrugged his shoulders. “If you think so. Though, just to warn you, Kagome gets a lot of confessions.”

Kuroo absently nodded his head as Kenma walked off after the others as Kagome had announced that they were going to the beach. It took a few moments for what Kenma had said to filter through, but when it did, Kuroo was rushing after Kenma demanding what he meant. If he was right, he might seriously have to up his game when it came to Kagome.
“This… this was a bad idea!” Kagome cried out as her legs trembled once again, her hands tightening on instinct on those in her grip. Despite what she had been told, her gaze dropped to her feet, ankles wobbling in the black skates as she was pulled along the ice.

“You’re doing fine.” blue eyes watched her in amusement.

Kagome was quick to toss the male before her a glare. “Says the pro! My feet and ankles are killing me!”

JJ shook his head, reminded that his girlfriend was his complete opposite. She had no connection whatsoever to ice skating, let alone figure skating. And look at her now, much like a newborn fawn on untried legs, he was only reminded of that fact.

“How is it you’ve never gone skating before?” his hips gave another slow twist to keep the momentum going, smiling when another whimper escaped her.

“I don’t know. Obviously!” her legs shook as she attempted to pull them back together to keep them from splitting due to her lack of control of her feet atop the ice.

With another shake of his head, JJ turned them slowly. Despite their lack of common interest in the sport, he adored Kagome. True, she didn’t understand the sport, but she was one of the most supportive people he’d ever met. She even attempted to learn all she could about figure skating when he told her who he was.

That had been another adorable mess, but the fact that she did try endeared her to him all the more.

“How is it, you can learn to dance, but you can’t seem to be able to learn how to skate?” he teased, earning yet another pouting glare.

“Maybe it’s because the ground isn’t trying to kill me?” her cheeks were flushing, most likely due to anger, frustration, and embarrassment.

JJ shook his head with a dramatic sigh, earning her ire once again. “How did I end up with a woman that is so unappreciative?” he turned his head away from said woman, more than ready to receive the tongue lashing that was sure to follow.

What happened next, it nearly had him spilling across the ice.

Kagome gave their joined hands a small tug, pulling them together, her arms rose to wind around his shoulders. When she spoke up, a shiver ran down his spine at the head in her words.

“Oh, I’m appreciative alright.” one hand ran down his spine, forcing him to bite down on his lower lip when it stopped dangerously low. “You and I both know how I appreciate what this sport, especially what it does to and for your body. Your stamina. Dexterity… Your passions.”

JJ’s own hands had settled on her hips, easily recalling just how she showed said appreciation. He swore, her hands were magical, and do not get him started on that talents mouth of her. And her imagination? He particularly liked the ideas she came up with when it came to private fashion shows. The time she wore his medals, and medals only was his all time favorite.

“And, if you want me to show such devotion and appreciation again, you’ll get me off this ice.” a
chaste kiss was pressed just under his chin.

Swallowing thickly, JJ was torn. It wasn’t often he got to see his girlfriend so out of her element. The fact that she needed him was a stroke to his ego. But… He also knew that Kagome, well, she could hold a grudge. And he did not want to go without sleeping with and next to Kagome. She would either banish him from their bed or sleep elsewhere.

“You got me.” he began to direct them towards the closest exit.

“Good.” she smiled up at him, eyes twinkling. “Let’s agree, that this, shall only be conquered by you, and you alone.”

JJ smiled down at Kagome, leaning down to kiss her brow. “Much like I did with you!”

Blue eyes blinked up at him. “Oh, you!” laughter echoed in the rink, even Kagome’s, as she nearly tripped as she exited the rink itself.
When she learned the truth of Sunny and Sides, she had been more pissed at the fact that she had lost her car during the race. She was grateful that the twins saved her life, but, she had seen stranger.

Sunny, he had made a big deal out of her lack of reaction. She had simply shrugged her shoulders and had even stated that little detail. Sides, of course, made it perverted. “But, I bet you haven’t seen anything bigger!”

Riding back… it had been a whole new experience. It didn’t help that the brothers always seemed to have a comment for every five minutes. And she was sure they had taken the scenic route on top of it.

“So, the new outfit, is it for us?” Side’s voice followed after her as she crossed the garage yet again.

“Nope.” she no longer cared that she was wearing a bikini, she had plans on going to the beach ahead of everyone else, she just wished she kept her things better organized. “Ai and myself are going to the beach. You can come along if you guys want.”

Silence answered her, she wasn’t sure why with the way the two always had something to say. She blatantly realized it could be due to her reaching over the counter to retrieve her wallet, but it was too hot to really bother her

“How come you didn’t invite us earlier?” Sunny’s question finally broke the silence.

“How was I supposed to do that without a number to call?” With my Bat-signal?” she rolled her eyes at the two cars that were near constantly in the garage since the race. At least, when they weren’t doing whatever it was they did.

“Could’ve told us when we’re here.” Side’s grumbled a bit.

“The heatwave was announced a couple of days ago. Today’s the first you’ve been here all week.” Kagome walked over to an open sitting area and snagged the dress-shirt she had been looking everywhere else for. After a quick inspection and snap of her wrists, she threw it on. “What do you guys do when you’re not hanging out with me anyway?”

They shared a chuckle that had her pausing. “See the sights, meet the locals.”

Her arms were still in the pose of throwing her tote over her shoulder. She had spent enough time around Miroku, and now Souta, to know exactly what they were talking about. “I… you guys go out to hook up… Why… How?” her brows furrowed as she attempted to both solve that problem and banish it from her mind.

The male forms that Kagome first learned as Sunny and Sides were soon across from her, matching grins that had her guard up. “Want to find out?”

Kagome blushed at the looks they were giving her and the question. “…as curious as I am, I’m going to have to decline…”

“You’re missing out.” Sunny shrugged his shoulders.
“I ain’t gonna cry.” she quickly checked her tote, seeing it had everything she needed. All she had to do now was get her suitcase and meet Ai at the station. “My invitation still stands.”

“So does ours.” Sides murmured as he wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

“As nice as that sounds, I’m more interested in sand, sun, and surf.” she easily walked over to her suitcase. “It’ll be nice to work on my tan. If you boys plan on staying, remember to lock up!”

With a backward wave, she started making her way towards the station, glad to be leaving when she was, not a lot of foot traffic. It put a pep in her step.

“Get in girl.” the call from the gold car rolling next to her, the door to the garage closing and locking behind her.

“So you’re coming?” she stopped to eye the car.

“What do you think.” the figure inside leaned over and opened the passenger door, smirking up at her.

“I’d hate to ruin your upholstery with my luggage.” she smirked at the eye roll she received.

“Then be careful. And remember, I ain’t no pack mule, so don’t think I’ll be driving you all over the city so you can go shopping.” the words went mostly ignored as Kagome carefully stored her luggage.

Holding her tote and dress down, Kagome slid into the posh car. “We’ll have to pick Ai up at the station.”

“Oh, don’t you worry, Sides has that covered. Just tell me where we’re going.” he flashed her a bright grin that oozed… something.

Kagome eyed him as she told him the destination, tucking her knees towards the door, eying his human form as she placed her tote between her and the human version of him as she gave him where her and Ai had made reservations. “Just as long as you don’t try anything fun-NI!” she squealed when the seat suddenly vibrated beneath her. “I said nothing funny!”

Sunny laughed as Kagome floundered as if looking whether she should retaliate or not, which most likely would involve slapping or swatting. Though she seemed lost at where exactly to swat.

“Don’t worry, babe, nothing to worry about.” the ‘yet’ was left hanging that Kagome pursing her lips.

If there was one thing she learned since meeting the twins, they were quite playful like a certain kitsune she used to watch once upon a time. Only, their playfulness had more adult qualities that she wasn’t quite used to being directed towards her. It didn’t help that they were persistent. She truly hoped that her vacation wouldn’t be too stressful because of those two.

Her and Ai were going to need a girl spa treatment. Some real time away from the twins, and stress.
Kagome smirked at the groan that escaped him when she gave a particular squeeze, glad that she was able to bring him this. Though, she was quick to shake her head and relax her expression as her hands kept in motion.

“You are far too tense.” she whispered as she leaned forward, her hair brushing against him in a teasing manner that had him shivering. “You can't leave all this frustration build up.”

She watched as his head fell back, not at all upsetting that he choose to ignore her, preferring to shift in his seat. Biting down on her lower lip, she slowed her hands to do tease him. Once hand combed through his hair, she always found it unfair at how much softer it was compared to her own, while the other lightly trailed her nails across his chest.

“Shouto.” her voice drew his attention, his mismatched eyes slowly opening, easily locking gazes with her. Smiling, she leaned forward, she mentally rolled her eyes when a different moan escaped when her breasts were pressed flush against his flesh. “I’m serious, too much frustration and you might… well, blow.”

For one that had the ability to control both ice and fire, he was rather sensitive to a little puff of air.

Her smirk grew when he opened his eyes again, it was to level a faux glare on her. “Kagome, either you pick up where you left off, or prepare to help me relieve my frustration another way.” a hand reached to curl her some of her hair around his fingers, tugging and directing her until she was sitting in his lap.

Blue eyes blinked widely, head canting to the side. “Oh?” her hands trailed down his chest, absently toying with the buttons of his shirt. It was her turn shiver as his fingers playfully trailed from her knees to toy with the hem of her shorts.

When she bit her lower lip, finding the dual sensation of how he slightly cooled his touch highly unfair, it was his turn to smirk. “You always were one to toe the line.” he leaned forward, a hand sliding up her spine to draw her closer.

“You were persistent.” he lightly dragged his nose against her cheek, returning the favor to blow cool air against her ear.

Her fingers tightened on his shirt as she turned into him. “You were very, very, stubborn.” one hand continued to hold his shirt while her other arm decided to lope around his neck.

He chuckled, though he was quick to press a kiss to her temple. “Like you’re any different.”

“Hmm.” she nuzzled into his own hair, breathing in that combined frozen heat scent of his. “Guess not. Though guess that means we’re the perfect match. My heat to your coolness…”

“And my cool to your passions.” he smiled at her blush that he knew had nothing to do with embarrassment and his attempts to building her own passions. He was quick to claim her lips in a passionate kiss, smirking and chuckling when he pulled away from her apparently needy lips. “Now, either we return to you giving me that massage you were kind enough to offer, or we do something else entirely, but still lets me blow off this steam you think I’ve allowed to build up.”
Licking her lips, her eyes narrowed on him. “And people said I was cruel to direct you until it finally clicked about how I felt about you was real.”

“Then we are indeed a perfect match.” his hands gently gripped her thighs as he quickly stood up, chuckling at sudden squeal of surprise and her grip on him tightening.

“Give a girl warning next time!” she gave his shoulder a light slap.

“I thought you adored my ability to pick you up as if you weighed nothing.” he gave a quick peck to her pouting lips. “Besides you were taking too long. Unless you wanted to go back to massaging my shoulders.”

His laughter rang through their apartment as she squealed when he gently dropped her atop their bed. More than ready to take up his idea on how to relieve his ‘frustrations’.
If there was one thing he was aware of that his kind shared with that of humans, it would be they both felt hunger. They both had the need to feed. Beyond that, and the fact that demons could be killed, albeit with great difficulties, then that was where all similarities ended.

But this current hunger had nothing to do with feeding. No, it was almost, human. And it was brought on by a woman.

It was more than a physical desire, though he wouldn’t deny himself that the idea had on occasion crossed his mind. He could feel the brightness of her soul, the crispness against his own darkness, and he wanted all that was Kagome Higurashi.

There were times as he watched her that would call up foggy images of a life he once may have had. But he cared not for those. No. At first, he thought it was her soul, an ultimate meal, that drove his hunger. Imagine his surprise when he soon learned that the idea of doing such and destroying all that she was, left a bad taste in his mouth.

No, he wanted the tiny woman as she was for himself.

“Oh! Um, Ciel, I think Kikyo was looking for you.” Kagome halted when she turned around and nearly crashed into the ever hovering butler.

Ciel smirked at the slight coloring of her cheeks. “Is she?” he took in her outfit for the day, a lovely gown in peaches and gold, making her look at the softer, sweeter and ripe for the taking. “Did she say what it pertained to?” he smirked at the charming blush that stole over her cheeks at having caught him admiring her form.

“Some… something about contracts?” small hands pressed to her stomach as she took half a step back, his instincts howling at the subtle show of fear.

While he chased her with slow and sure steps, trapping her into a corner, his mind puzzled over the information his little prey had just given him. His ‘Mistress’ was beckoning him through her cousin, a curious method since Lady Kikyo had sold her soul to him and established a contract and connection with him. Now she wanted to go over said contract? Just what, was his food trying to play at?

“I see. I should thank you for relaying the message to me.” he flashed another smile at her startled squeak when her back bumped into the wall, saliva pooling in his cheeks as her scent perfumed the air between them.

“C-Ciel, this is highly inappropriate!” the strong beginning of her scolding ended in a breathy whisper when his hands took hold of her waist.

So tiny, his prey, so easy to break. And yet, she held such untapped power. Similar to her cousin in the ability to wield such a destructive force, but woefully untrained in comparison. A delightful danger. Though a ploy of Kikyo’s to keep Kagome as weak as possible, making her so ripe for plucking really.

“Mm? Is it truly?” blue eyes flashed up at Kagome’s flustered face, tongue darting out to barely trail up her neck. His stomach twisted at her flavor, heart pounding as -that- hunger grew to an inferno. “A man and a woman being together are wrong?”
“Y-yes. Especially when they have no relations or relationship!” a whimper escaped her when her head was nudged to allow him to nip at her earlobe, her fingers curling against his chest. They shook as she attempted to apply force and push him away.

Smirking, Ciel continued to lavish his physical attentions on the young woman. There was no love, if she did in some way come to love him, he would hoard that as well with everything she could give him. Because he would have all of her. Those thoughts flew from his mind when he felt that his ‘Mistress’ was now actively calling for him through their shared bond. She did have the worst of timing.

“Hm, it seems I must return to my duties.” he crowded into even more as he nipped at her lower lip, eying how it became puffy and much more red from his treatment. He mentally winced when Lady Kikyo was now ‘shouting’ from him to attend her.

Stepping away from the pretty little woman, he straightened his appearance and made to where Kikyo was. Perhaps it was time to redraw their contract. Until then, perhaps it was also time to ‘assist’ Kagome with her nightly duties and make his designs of her clear.
After cramming years worth of magical studies into a couple of months, Remus and Sirius were quick to whisk Kagome away for Christmas holidays. She was far too exhausted, and they missed being able to properly bask in her affections or shower her in their own. Though they were sure that they were at her side whenever she passed out in the common room, she had slept much better with them next to her after being so mentally exhausted.

What neither of them knew, was that Kagome had a gift she wanted to give, one that she could only give away once. It took her forever to figure out which one she would give it to, as it could be seen showing favoritism. But, in the end, she had sucked it up to be the big girl and discuss it with Sirius.

That talk had been slow and awkward to start. It had hurt to see the slight hurt, if not minor betrayal, flash across his face, but Kagome pushed through to explain her reasoning. He stood there for a good long while before he finally agreed. Then that smirk of his was on his face as he cornered her, stating he was going to need to make up for it with as much of her attention now, and making her promise that he had his turn right after.

So they went to the Black family cottage where they had spent the summer at, while not as ideal as it had had been during the summer, was still just as cozy. Just the three of them.

Kagome jumped when warm hands landed on her shoulders. “Easy there, love,” Sirius’ voice hummed in her ear, his hands sliding down her arms to take hold of her own. “Just thought that now would be the best time to wrap up Remus’ gift, no?”

It was Christmas Eve and the longer the day went on, the more nervous she became, and she had no idea why. Well, she did, but the logical part of her brain often times reared itself to remind her that she was acting stupid.

So, taking a calming breath, Kagome smiled at Sirius over her shoulder. “And you want to help?”

Gray eyes became heated, that damnable smirk causing her to blush. “Most definitely.” his eyes flicked up to the stairs that led to where Remus was taking care of his own last minute preparations for tomorrows gifts. “We don’t have much time, and you know me. Always happy to help.”

He didn’t even wait before he was pulling the fluffy maroon sweater up and off of her, quick to toss it across the back of a nearby chair. When he saw what she wore beneath, he stilled. “Oh, you naughty girl. Panties and socks?”

Kagome’s cheeks instantly warmed as she shrugged, not like she needed much else. The fire was practically kept blazing, and the rest of the cottage was kept warm with warming charms. Cuddling between the two also helped immensely.

Warm, calloused hands sliding up her legs brought her back to the present, causing her eyes to flutter as she looked down at a kneeling Sirius. A shivered wracked through her when he placed a kiss just below her navel. Biting down on her lower lip, her legs shifted as his hands slid beneath her panties, a quick and strong squeeze to her buttocks before sliding the small scrap of material down her legs.

“I’m remembered just how jealous of Remus I’m going to be.” a nip was given to her hip as he quickly stood up, dangling her panties between them. “Not the color I was hoping for, but I’ll keep
Kagome went to protest, lips pursing at the pointed look Sirius tossed towards the stairs. Narrowing her eyes on him, she snagged the large wide ribbon, sure to whip Sirius with the snapping end as she went about wrapping it about her chest. “If you’re going to be-!” her gaze once again narrowed on Sirius as he magic’d the ribbon to tie into a perfect bow, followed by its twin to cover her lower half of her body.

“Sorry, but the boy is coming down.” he smiled at her panicked look, ducking in to erase that fear from her the best way he knew how. Kissing her as passionately as he could in the time they had left. He smirked at her whimper while he directed her back into the den where they had set up the Christmas tree and helped her down onto the large rug in front of the fireplace.

The soft cry that escaped her was for something else entirely. “A quick taste for me, love?”

Kagome’s legs were quick to clamp on the hand that had been sneaky enough to duck beneath the red and gold ribbon. It was embarrassing to feel how wet she already was, all due to light touches, a passionate kiss, and Sirius’ current petting fingers. Hips bucking, Kagome attempted to stifle another whimper as she collapsed atop the rug entirely.

“And what a delightful picture our boy will walk in on.” his fingers gave one last flick, highly aroused at how her entire body bucked at the action. And Sirius was taking in the sight of the picture she made. A light sheen of sweat covered her, and in the firelight, she seemed to shimmer, her legs were shifting in the wake of the passions he woke in her as her hair became tussled.

The canine in him basked in her flavor coating his fingers as he backed away from her to take his seat. This had also been an allowance, that he be allowed to watch. They had learned that watching Kagome being ravished by either one of them had been immensely arousing for them.

“Did you make spiced wine, Sirius?” Remus’ amused chuckle echoed through the den as he made his way down the stairs. He looked up as he was about to say something only to freeze when he saw Kagome the way she was spread out before the fireplace on the rug. “…bloody hell…”

Sirius chuckled as he took on a more refined pose in his chosen seat. “Kagome would like to tell you herself, but as you can see, I’ve tampered a bit with your Christmas gift this year.”

Remus swallowed thickly, hands wiping along his trousers as he took in all of her, especially the rich ribbons. His gaze was quick to dart to Sirius. “Christmas gift?” he was quick to clear his throat, his voice a little tight in his surprise.

Sirius waved a hand to Kagome’s form. “Her gift to you. Lucky dog.” he waggled his brows. “Are you going to stand there? I’m sure you’ll hurt her feelings if you do.”

Remus jumped to look back at Kagome. She was flushed beautifully, eyes once again clear as they looked up at him. It was watching her abuse her already puffy lower lip that had him stumbling towards her. As he lowered to his knees, he grew light headed as his eyes were unable to linger long on any part of her for any length of time. When he looked back at her, he leaned in closer, hand hovering over the bow tied perfectly between her breasts. “Are you sure? I won’t go further if you feel like you’re forcing yourself.”

Kagome blinked a few times before she smiled, it was warm and full of love as she reached up for him. “I’m sure Remus.” she pulled him to her with her arms wrapping around his neck. “Happy Christmas.”
A hum escaped him when they finally kissed her, his free hand cupping her cheek, smiling back at the girl that had made him the happiest bloke and accepted him and made him feel whole. “Happy Christmas.” He felt ready to burst with the love he felt for her and from her. Among other feelings were rushing through him. Lust was a major one, especially as he slowly tugged on the satin bow, watching with rapt attention as the ribbon grew taunt before finally sagging in relief. They still hid her completely from his eyes, though he knew rosy peaks were hidden beneath. He gave her a kiss, it was everything that endeared her to him; soft, loving and all that was Kagome with Christmas flavoring. His hand skimmed down her neck, softly brushing the ribbon out of the way to tweak the first revealed peak. Remus watched with rapt attention at how she arched, the move pulling her lips away only to let out a pleasured mewl. Even now, as far as it was from the full moon, he felt the wolf deep within him howling at how Kagome submitted to him. Instead, Remus focused on what he was familiar with, trailing kisses, nips and licks to join where his hand was still teasing and abusing one peak so he could do the same to its neglected twin with his mouth. Again, her strawberry and cream flavoring burst across his tongue, sweet and tart. While he was doing so, very much enjoying watching her attempt for him to tease more of her lovely breasts without saying much a word, she would twist and writhe beneath his touches. His other hand was slowly trailing down her side to where the last of the ribbon stubbornly hid the rest of her.

She twitched, a leg drawing up his sides, as he teasingly dragged the ribbon off of her, hips bucking when the end snapped the slightest amount. Pulling away, which was one of the most painful things he had ever done, he took his first real look at Kagome in all her bare glory. His blood began to boil beneath his skin at seeing all of her unhindered, and he knew Sirius was now leaning in to get a better look as well. But this, this first time was all his. “…Remus…” a becoming blush took over Kagome’s cheeks as her hands trailed down to pinch and tweak her own peaks.

Both boys groaned at the show, having neither seen or even imagined such an event, so to see it happening before them was, stunning. It was when one hand trailed down her stomach, the muscles twitching slightly, scratching down trimmed curls to disappear between glistening lips, did Remus jump back into action. He was quick jump up and rip off his jumper, his eyes on watching her fingers as she continued to tease herself before him and Sirius. It didn’t help as he fumbled with his trousers, his stomach twisting at her giggle when he nearly fell as he stepped out of both his trousers and pants.

When her arms opened up to him, he scrambled into her embrace, though he was quick to catch her wrist that belonged to her glistening fingers. Her musk scent quickly wrapped around him, a little more earthy compared to her natural strawberries and cream, it reminded him more of honey. Dragging his tongue along those same delicate, devilish, fingers to collect the gathered moisture, shivering at her purest flavoring.

Having cleaned her fingers, he stretched forward to share a passionate kiss, it was hot and somewhat bruising. They both moaned when their tongues tangled, and Remus was hoping that Kagome could pick up on her own flavoring. When he pulled away, only due to the need to allow air into his burning lungs, his stomach seemed to twist in hunger in remembrance of her flavor and needing more. So, Remus trailed down her body, paying homage to those remembered spots that always had Kagome twitching as she let out mewls and moans of pleasure until he finally reached where her scent was the strongest.

As much as he desired to charge forth and feast, he had no desire to rest flat against the hard
flooring or remained hunched. So sitting back on his haunches, he took hold of her hips and dragged her towards him, wrapping his arms around her waist to keep her position as she attempted to keep balance. Her thighs fell over his shoulders as her arms shifted to support her upper body against the carpet, shivering as his hands stroked along her stomach as well as absentmindedly pinching bobbing peaks. After teasing her delightful breasts, his hand moved elsewhere, trailing past trimmed black hair to part glistening hot lips.

Hazel eyes flicked up to Sirius at the high whine, Remus was unsure if it came from Sirius himself or from how he was gripping the leather arm rests of his chair. More interested in Kagome, his gaze dropped to her pink folds. Without any hesitation, he struck, shivering at the honey flavoring that he swallowed. His hips thrust forward as she clamped down on his tongue, his dark eyes focusing at how her hands moved to tease and pinch her own nipples.

Oh, how Kagome gifted them, gave them her all in everything she did. Even now, in this gift to him. The longer he continued to thrust his tongue into her clenching heat, the more wet she became, her juices dribbling down his chin. Pulling away, he smirked at her pained whimper, he carefully put her back down, his hand replacing his mouth to tease her swollen little nub with his thumb as he carefully thrust a few fingers. As he climbed back up her body, once again taking in her creamy slicked skin.

“So wonderful, beautiful. Perfect.” he hummed as he kissed her, the wolf deep in him rumbling in approval at how her arms were quick to wrap around his neck.

With a bit of shifting and nudging, Remus was cradled perfectly in her thighs, her wet heat scorching against his erection. Her own hips shifted, rubbing herself against him with a whimper. “Shh, I’ve got you, love.” his nose trailed along her cheeks, her brows and back down until he could nip at her swollen and abused lip.

As she was distracted, Remus began to finally to ease himself into her, gritting his teeth when she clamped down on him. Her brows were furrowed, but her hips continued to shift as she whimpered. Without any words, he wasn’t sure if it was due to pleasure or pain until she drew him closer by wrapping her legs around his own hips.

Pressing a hand against the small of her back, he continued to push against her, slipping deeper into her amazing heat. It was all encompassing and causing delicious shivers to skate along his spine. Leaning closer, he nipped at her ear, soothing the slight sting with a swipe of his tongue. “This might hurt.”

It was then that Remus understood why Sirius didn’t want to be the one to take her virginity. As often as Sirius had been with others, which had stopped the moment Kagome came into their lives, he had always been sure to go for girls that had at least some experience. As Remus was as much a virgin as Kagome was, he would be sure to be as careful as possible so they both could experience something. He also recalled the words Sirius had parted with him, interesting insight for one that did not dally with virgins.

When he was finally completely sheathed, there was a slight flinch from Kagome, a quick furrowing of her brows, but otherwise not even a whimper. Though she was quick to shift, whining and gasping at the sensations it caused. “…Remus…”

That was all the invitation he needed. Curling around her, Remus pulled his hips back, and if he were in his right mind he would have chuckled at how her legs clamped tighter around him in an attempt to keep him. Instead, he focused on the sensations that the smooth pull and push of his hips caused, for the both of them. One hand shifted to where they were joined, tweaking the swollen bud, watching as she threw her head back with a gasp.
Feeling her walls clamping down on him, Remus let out a low rumble of a sound, it was not unlike a growl. He was far too close for this to be over so soon. So, with as much strength as he could muster, he pulled out of her completely and quickly flipped her over. Her voice was mumbled, slightly slurred from exhaustion.

Resting back on his haunches, Remus dragged Kagome into his lap, chuckling at her surprised squeal. Arms slightly wild as she was obviously unsure of where to put them until they finally twisted so one was gripping the back of his own neck and the other his side. Another cry escaped her when he pried her legs apart, holding her until she hovered above his twitching member.

“If you could be so kind, love.” his breath panted against her ear as a trembling hand took a firm grip of his member and guided him back to absolute paradise. “Good girl.”

With the combined work of raising her and bucking his hips when she dropped back into his lap. The current position allowed him to reach much deeper, ripping a gasp from her every time. Her hand had slapped back to his side, nails biting into his flesh as he did all the work. What glorious work it was at that. It was after she threw her head back onto his shoulder did he press his bared teeth against his neck. While doing so, he once again caught sight Sirius, his friend looked to be in absolute torture.

“Look at him. Look at what you’re doing to him.” he nudged her to lifting her head, opening slightly unseeing eyes to stare at Sirius. “Watch him as he watches you. Can you feel how he yearns to touch you? Feel the burn of his desire from looking alone?”

“Yes!” her hands clenched, nails digging deeper into his skin, legs shaking in his hold.

“Will you let him? Let him touch you, tease you, taste you as I have?” he smiled when both Sirius and Kagome whimpered, watching as Sirius leaned forward and noticing how he had loosened his trousers to release some strain on his obvious straining member. “Will you let him fuck you?”

“Please!” her cry had both males sharing a look, not at all surprised that she had not caught on to the fact that polite Remus had in fact just swore. Or that he was verbally teasing both Kagome and Sirius.

Remus was in heaven, having teased Kagome already, he could tell that she was close to reaching her end. A pleasant surprise considering what he heard and had been told. He pushed himself to help her finally reach that end, as he was physically growing tired and feeling that he, himself was not going to last long. Hestrived so that they would both reach it, preferably at the same time.

Kagome quaked in his hold, her moans a mix of both English and her native tongue, letting both young men know that she was finally on the edge. And then with every thrust, Remus’ name would leave her lips in a whisper. Remus puffed in pride that he was the one to cause her to lose all sense save for those that were now under his touch.

“Oh-! Remus!” her head tossed back onto his shoulder once again, her legs shaking in his hold in an attempt to close them, perhaps the stimuli being too much for her fresh body. Her hips bucked, even in his hold. When her walls clamped down on him, did he buck up and fall apart.

With heavy limbs, they both toppled over, the world trickling back into their senses. The crackle and pops of the lazy fire, the light tapping of snow flakes hitting the nearby windows and that Sirius was also panting heavily as he sagged into his seat.

“…hell.” Sirius smirked down at the sweaty pair. When he noticed that neither of them was able to move and give him tired replies, did he shake his head in amusement. “Well, if you can’t beat ‘em,
join ‘em!” he quickly stripped of his own clothes and joined the two on the carpet, snuggling into Kagome’s side. “Do I get a Christmas gift as well, lovely?”

Blue eyes cracked open to level Sirius with a look, Remus chuckled from Kagome’s other side. “Seriously? Right now?”

Gray eyes fluttered as cool hands trailed in teasing circles over her stomach. “Please?”

“At least let me catch my breath!” the cry echoed between them, yet again earning another chuckle from Remus as Sirius let out a playfully pleased growl as he crowded in on her.

The three spent the night lavishing each other in passionate affections, both young men equally proud when Kagome rested like the dead when dawn rolled around. Remus rose to ensure that the fire had plenty of wood while Sirius transfigured one of the chairs into a bed large enough for the three of them. Tucking sleeping Kagome in the middle, they took up the spaces on either side.

“Best Christmas ever.” Sirius sighed out, spooning at Kagome’s back as she managed to pull Remus into her own hold.

“Yes, it was.” Remus smiled as he pressed a kiss to her brow, it was adorable that she still sought them out, even in her sleep. Hazel eyes danced as they flicked to Sirius’ gray ones. “What shall we do for New Year’s?”

Sirius blinked wide eyes at his fellow Marauder, blind sided at the purely devious expression on the more mild mannered member of the group. A slightly nervous snicker escaped him as he shook his head, muttering how he allowed a monster to be born.

Smiling, both of them hunkered down and decided that they too should get some well-deserved sleep. They did, after all, have all day to spend with their lovely little Kagome. And some major planning ahead of them for how they wished to spend New Years with their girl.
Of all the other students that went to Ouran, Haruhi would admit to having more in common with Kagome Higurashi.

They both grew up in the middle class, both lost a parent at a young age, and both were inspired to follow in said parent’s footsteps. Obviously, there were differences, Kagome grew up on a shrine, her family recently came into money from an ancient inheritance that had been discovered. But overall, they were very similar.

And Kagome knew her secret.

“I really wouldn’t mind helping.” Kagome attempted yet again to help pay off a part of Haruhi’s debt.

“No, no. As kind as the offer is, it was my mistake, so I’m taking responsibility for it.” she couldn’t help but smile at the slightly taller girl as Kagome pouted.

“Alright, since you insist.” her gaze lowered for a few moments. They flicked back up to her, eyes wide and imploring. “Is there any other way I could help?”

Chuckling, Haruhi shook her head. “Request me as a host? It’s fine!” she was amazed at the determination of Kagome’s.

“Ah, I’ll do that then!” Kagome took a step forward, a light clap of excitement accompanied her claim.

Hazel eyes blinked widely into excited blues. “You don’t have to. And don’t you have your own club?” Haruhi faltered, not used to such open honesty without any strings attached from a fellow student.

Kagome waved the concern hand. “I’ll go when I’m needed or it’s important. They treat me like crystal or fine China, to begin with, even though I’m on par with the captain.” she leaned in closer with a devious smirk and slight blush. “Besides, I could really use the time to spend with someone a lot more in touch with reality.”

Haruhi couldn’t fault her there. The students were heirs to those that produced nationally and internationally. Outside their own seemingly perfect lives, had no real understanding of how the world really worked.

“So, shall we go make it official?” Kagome was quick to loop her arm through one of Haruhi’s, she made no further move though.

Smiling, with a bob of her head, Haruhi began to lead the way. “Yes, we shall.”

It was utterly relaxing to talk with someone that needed no explaining or clarification on standard subjects. When they arrived at the room, the host club was just starting, a few early customers were already taking their seats.

It was when Kagome was leaning into a smiling Haruhi, obviously sharing secrets of some king, that Tamaki perked up to bound over the secret Host'ess’. Of course, the angel for him made it appear far differently.
“No!” tears gathering at the corners of his eyes, Tamaki rushed forward to stop his beloved daughter from being kissed by another girl! There was, however, an unexpected wrinkle in his plan.

Slipping on an absent and abandoned banana peel, Tamaki slid and skidded wildly to keep from falling. Thankfully, he managed to catch himself from embarrassing himself completely. Blinking wide eyes, Tamaki smiled as he looked about for his lovely daughter.

It wasn’t until he looked down did he discover what, or better said, who saved him from his painful fall. Face immediately cherry red, he clapped his hands to his burning cheeks and spun away. Those dirty twins had soiled his precious daughter!

Haruhi had lurched forward, and as one would normally do on reflex, her hands shot out before her. However, Tamaki was not only taller, he was also heavier and had come at her with quite the momentum. So the end result?

Lips locked with Kagome’s while her hands actually were groping her chest. Both girls were shocked as clumsy Tamaki struck again. It took Haruhi a few moments to mentally catch up with what just happened and the results before she was scrambling away.

“I’m so sorry! Are you alright?” Haruhi was currently more worried that Kagome might have gotten hurt more than the accidental kiss.

Blue eyes blinked slowly before Kagome did or say anything. “I might have a bruise later, but I’m alright. You?” she soothed the back of her head as Haruhi helped her up.

Haruhi nodded her head as replied quietly, quick to throw a deadpan look at Tamaki while Kagome spoke to Kyoya about her request. It wasn’t until she was alone did her mind return to the accidental kiss. Kagome’s lips had been so soft, peach flavored lip gloss and smelled like tea and mint. Blushing, Haruhi came to the realization that she actually enjoyed the kiss… And would like to try again without Tamaki to initiate it. Hopefully.
Being a modern woman stuck in a time where women had so few liberties was annoying. Being a modern miko stuck working with an ancient demon that had Victorian era mannerisms with a twist suck. And her child employer knowing she was immortal just seemed to be the icing on the crappy cake of her life.

At least no one knew of her original origins, the future.

Ciel Phantomhive now had her at his side near constantly. Why didn’t she quit again? Right, that would give Sebastian the freedom to do what he wanted with her. Ciel may be using her to study her state of being, but she was using him as a shield and buffer when it came to Sebastian.

When their contract came to an end… well, she’d make her escape in some chaotic distraction. The world was still big enough and not quite as well connected. It could work… Maybe. Hopefully.

“Kagome.” the call of her name had her blinking blue eyes back to awareness, dropping them to look at the young Phantomhive.

“Yes?” she was too tired to make up an excuse for her lack of attention.

The boy, young teen really, huffed. He did not like repeating himself, much like another male in her life. “I said, do you agree with Sebastian?”

“In general, no, but I’m afraid I have no idea to what you’re referring to.” she hadn’t been spacing out that much, that she was aware of.

“His idea! Did he not-!” both turned when said Butler walked into the room, a set of boxes in his arms.

“It’s time to put the plan into action!” his smile had a slight sharpness to it that had both teen and miko narrowing their eyes. “Oh? Is something wrong?”

Kagome didn’t buy his act for a minute. “Was there something you failed to share with me, butler?”

Cinnamon eyes blinked at her a few times before understanding dawned in them. “Oh! I seem to have forgotten. Please forgive me, Master, but I’m afraid there is no time to come up with another plan. It all hinges on Miss Kagome’s participation.”

“I’m sure. Come along then, Butler. Best fill me in now.” Kagome ran her hands down the front of her apron, wishing for a vacation more now than ever.

“Right, that’s best done along the way to your room.” he raised the boxes with a smile. “These are for you!”

Her suspicion skyrocketed at his too calm, if not sheepish, smile. Narrowing her eyes, she followed after him, dreading what was to come.

Ciel shook his head, deciding it was best to work on the files before him. Things were quiet, for once, allowing him to work undisturbed. That was until a shrill scream from Kagome, who was at the other end of the manor, echoed through the walls and startled him. Eyes widening, Ciel needed a few moments to shake himself out of his stupor.
Once he did so, he marched his way to where she was, undoubtedly Sebastian was at fault one way or another. The other servants were huddled together just before the corner that led to their quarters, curious but obviously not brave enough to go any further.

With a roll of his eyes, he marched past them to demand, not only an explanation but to remind them of who they worked for. Not a few feet from the door did it burst open as Sebastian came flying out to land soundly against the wall behind him.

“Of all the idiotic ideas, this one takes the prize!” Kagome’s voice echoed from her room.

Sebastian was smiling, it was sharp, amused and something Ciel couldn’t quite name, as he wiped a trickle of blood away. A red smear stained the back of his crisp white glove as he slowly stood his full height. When Ciel was about to demand answers, Kagome stepped out of her room, and it seemed as if all of existence stood still.

It was the most provocative outfit the others had ever seen, meant to draw attention to all of her best features. Never before had Ciel seen so much skin of a woman, of anyone. Hair free to curl in tumbling waves over her shoulders to rest atop her flushed chest… Ciel snapped out of his second stupor when he quickly picked up on the fact that Kagome was cursing at Sebastian in various languages.

“What! Is going on here?!” it took everything in his power to keep his gaze from straying lower than her neck, sadly he couldn’t stop his cheeks from flushing.

“Ask your brilliant butler!” of all the times she called Sebastian ‘butler’, it wasn’t until now did it sound like a call to his true nature and a curse all in one.

“I stated the best way to bring down those that are trafficking humans. Miss Kagome is by far the best way in. Blue eyes with her Eastern looks among other…” cinnamon eyes flashed as he made it obvious in checking her out. “…attributes make her irresistible. She can also defend herself should anything go wrong.”

Sebastian smiled at the silence that followed his explanation. More importantly, he was overjoyed to see that his meal was not as unaffected as he often times presented himself. The young Ciel Phantomhive had just experienced his first taste of lust for the more carnal desires. And the little holy one was doing a wonderful job. It didn’t hurt that she did look delectable, or that her light was sparking against his darkness due to her anger.

Feigning hurt, Sebastian dusted himself off. “Well, we could always ask the young Miss Lisa if she’s willing to go back in for us.”

Kagome hissed, mentally cursing the butler. He knew how to play everyone around him, she just didn’t quite understand what he was after. “No, I’ll do it. But never again!”

She spun back into her room, to finish putting on her ‘costume’ for the mission ahead. All the while planning on killing Sebastian and where she wanted to go for her much needed vacation.
The Walking Dead: Daryl Dixon II

If it hadn’t been for Daryl Dixon, Kagome would either still be alone, dead, a walker, or in an even worse fate, she’d rather not contemplate thinking about. No, he brought her back to where he and others were camped. A nice little spot in a quarry that had a large source of water which she had used to bath as soon as she could snatch a moment for herself.

It was nice to be around people again, especially without the need to second guess them and her own safety. She could do without Shaun’s overly strict ways, that also seemed to be rather restrictive when it came to the women, but it had been awhile since Kagome had felt light so she ignored him.

“You ready to get your ass kicked?” Kagome threw a smirk at Daryl. The both of them were checking over their gear, getting ready to go hunting.

Daryl snorted, quick to eye her form as she tested the draw of her bow. He turned back to his own crossbow as he smirked. “Just make sure ya don’t go killing yourself by tripping on something.”

Kagome attempted to ignore his comment, slinging her bow over her shoulder and move onto inspecting her arrows, that didn’t stop her cheeks from warming. “That was once. And that hole was covered by overgrown weeds and you know it.”

Another snort escaped Daryl. It was true, even he had missed it. Didn’t stop how entertaining it had been to watch her fall in an ultimately girly way. Flailing arms, tears, squealing and everything. It had also been odd to see her and remember she was, in fact, a woman.

The sound of footsteps approaching had the two of them looking up. Either the person coming towards them was Merle or Shaun. Seeing it was the latter had Daryl frowning, he really didn’t want to deal with the former officer’s bullshit.

“Look, I know you want to help out, but it doesn’t mean you gotta leave camp to hunt.” Shaun stopped a few feet away, not even bothering to look at Daryl.

Kagome sighed, really getting tired of this unreasonable need Shaun had to keep her at camp, as well as every other woman in the group. “I don’t mind hunting. It’ll mean more food and Daryl’s back will be covered.” she was quick to turn to Daryl and threw him a smirk. “Not that you can’t make it on your own.”

Daryl bobbed his head, knowing she wasn’t insulting his capabilities but was making a point. Shaun had no problem when either Dixon when out on their own or when Glen made a run into the city. Kagome, on the other hand, believed everyone should watch each other back, to which Shaun said a ‘Buddy System’ would put the camp at risk if too many went out.

Kagome, however, did what she wanted, especially if she thought it would better help and protect the camp.

“He’s a grown man and can take care of himself.” Shaun shifted, gaze unwavering from Kagome’s form.

“And I’m a grown woman that can also make my own decisions and take care of myself just as well as Daryl can.” Kagome returned her attention back to her arrows, a subtle way of saying the conversation was over.
Shaun’s face pinched, not liking that he was not only being ignored but disobeyed as well as being dismissed. He was quick to turn his ire onto Daryl with an angry glare to which Daryl scoffed at.

Well after Shaun turned and walked away, a long breath escaped Kagome as she slumped in her seat. “Damn, is he ever pushy.”

“Not accordin’ to Lory.” he could feel Kagome’s wide eye stare, knowing she had been shocked to hear that little bit of information from him. He was not one for gossip like his old nosy neighbor bitch, but it was amusing being able to shock Kagome, so he went for it.

“Well… That… That actually explains a lot.” Kagome shook her head, she really did not want to think anything of that and went onto finish her inspection. “Doesn’t explain his harping on me though.”

“Nah. He’s an ass, meaning he don’t need a reason.” swinging his crossbow over his shoulders as she stood up, he watched Kagome quickly follow suit. “And I’ll be winning.”

It was Kagome’s turn to snort this time. “You say that every time, and yet I always come out on top.”

“Now if that didn’t sound like a fun position.” Merle’s voice can comment had Kagome rolling her eyes. “I think I got me yellow fever. Wanna help me scratch my itch?”

Daryl merely shook his head, more than used to his brother. Still surprising at how Kagome waved Merle off, as most women tended to take a swing at him.

“Sorry, can’t help you. You’re just gonna have to suffer.” Kagome patted his arms as she made her way after Daryl. “And, I really don’t want to catch whatever you might have.”

Merle’s chuckle followed after them, his parting comment going ignored by both hunters. “Try not to get yourselves killed while hitting it!”

Birds chirping and the light rustling of their footsteps was all they heard until Kagome finally spoke up. “Your brother is a pervert.” her lips curled at his snort. “So, if not with me on top, how then?”

“And Merle’s a pervert?” Daryl threw the smirking woman a bewildered look, with a roll of his eyes and shake of his head, he faced forward already knowing that any game was sparse this close to the quarry.

“Well? How then?” the question that came after a while of silence almost had Daryl choking on his own spit.

Stopping, he eyes the tiny woman. “Yer serious?”

Kagome gave him a shrug of her shoulders, completely calm now that it was just the two of them. “More like curious. But, if you’re too afraid to share, just say so and I won’t push.”

Daryl stalked the short distance between them, easily towering over her shorter frame, though he leaned down to get in ever closer. “I ain’t afraid, woman. And trust me, you’d love it however. Not just on top.” he smirked at the fierce blush that flamed her cheeks and the silence that followed after a short few moments of sputtering. Perhaps they could get a bit more out of this hunting trip. And get his brother off his ass for being all googly-eyes after her.
A pleased hum escaped her as she snuggled into the warm hold of her boyfriend, feeling completely loved and protected. In answer, he gave her a gentle squeeze and kiss to the top of her head.

Yes, she felt loved.

She remembered the first time they met, and she could only blink at his tall frame, dark tanned skin, shaggy hair that hid his eyes. But she had never been one to judge on looks alone and quickly befriended him.

He was one of few words, but what he said always had powerful meaning to him. He was slow to anger, though the first to volunteer should it involve danger, and not because he enjoyed the rush. But because he didn’t want to see those he cared for, those unable to protect themselves, get hurt.

All in all, Kagome adored him with all of her heart.

When a large hand cupped the back of her head, she tilted her face up with a soft smile, humming when he bent his head to kiss her. It was gentle, warm, and loving. She sighed when it ended, torn. She was content with how they were being lazy right about now, but she also wanted more.

“What’s wrong?” he soon combed his fingers through her hair, massaging the back of her neck every so often.

“Mm, nothing.” she was practically purring as she snuggled deeper into his hold. A whine sounded from her when his hand stopped and tipped her head back up so she could face him once again.

“Kagome.” his tone had a slight edge to it, a silent imploring for her to speak.

Blinking blue eyes, she tried to duck her gaze away as her cheeks warmed. She wasn’t sure how to say what she wanted. “…Chad…”

One hand was quickly placed at the small of her back and a strangled noise garbled in the back of her throat when Chad rolled them over, placing Kagome above. Blinking down at him, she attempted to ask him why he did that when he pulled her down to kiss her once again.

Kagome practically melted in his hold, her arms wrapping around his neck. The mood changed when Chad added more passion, heating Kagome from within. A truly breathless and utterly feminine noise drifted between them when Chad’s lower hand trekked to uncharted territory with testing squeezes and his tongue swiped along her lips.

Leaning back to breathe, Kagome panted and shivered when she received a few slight nips along her jawline and neck. “Chad…”

With a last kiss, softer yet no less passionate, Chad pulled Kagome to rest comfortably atop him. “I don’t want you to keep your worries from me.”

Smiling, Kagome kissed his neck. “Alright.” A hand slid down to rest over his heart, she relaxed. “Though from that, I’m guessing that’s not all you want me keeping from you.” she could feel the warmth of his blush, but heard no denial. He really was perfect, her gentle giant.
A brow ticked as she apologized once again to the shrine patrons that shuffled away, all the while staring at the two arguing young women.

“Cut the crap! I can smell your kitsune stench all over Kagome and I want you to back off!” the snarl left Inuyasha, her golden eyes narrowing on the much calmer Kurama.

“How like a dog attempting to claim. You’re acting like she’s a bone or chew toy and therefore, yours.” the comment was accompanied with a flick of red hair, green eyes flashing a bright citrus gold for a moment.

A snort from Yosuke had all but the arguing females turning to him. “This is bullshit. I thought there would be more cat fighting. Now that, I wouldn’t mind seeing.” he threw a wink towards a scowling Kagome, his smirk quickly setting off her pervert senses as he sidled up next to her. “Though, seeing the winner claim you would be even better.”

Kuwabara and his friends were quick to play interference. Yosuke raised his hands in surrender as he took a step back, that smirk though still in place.

“How perhaps all three of them going at it.” a hand quickly pointed towards Eri as his grin brightened. “Ah! Seems I’m not the only one who thinks so!”

All swung their gaze from the still arguing duo to a blushing Eri. Said blush quickly spread at the sudden attention.

Kagome swallowed when Eri was incapable to look her in the eye. “Eri?”

The flustered girl shrugged her shoulders. “He has a point. Hell, you could make out with him and it would still be hot.”

Yosuke was quick to agree and offered to prove the claim had merit. It was then, that Inuyasha and Kurama turned their ire onto the detective. Though Kurama had commented on the arousing change in topic, once again flipping Inuyasha into a new tangent to argue against.

Kagome sighed, her body slumping as her head fell back. “Heie.” She got nothing more than a grunt in return, reminding her much of Sesshoumaru. “If I asked you, really nicely, would you make this all go away?” she doubted it, Heie was not one to freely help others.

“Hn. I haven’t been this entertained in a long time.” he gave her the tiniest of smirks, proof that he really was enjoying the whole debacle. “So, no.”

“So cruel.” she whined as she plopped on a nearby bench, knowing it would be a while before things finally calmed down once again. Maybe then she could find out the exact reason why the two of them were arguing, to begin with. That way, she could help keep things from repeating. Otherwise, she would have to invest in some major painkillers for the headaches.

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