Sesshoumaru and Rin's post-canon life together. Rin is pregnant with their first child, and this story follows their foray into parenthood. All the while political trouble is brewing for the Western Lord. An Epic Adventure of Romance, Intrigue, Love, Lust and Parenthood!
A heavily pregnant 15 year old girl stood on the edge of the small pond, looking disdainfully down at her reflection.

Her hips were huge, her breasts, engorged with milk, hung low and heavy, resting on, what seemed to her, to be an impossibly huge belly.

"Urg." She groaned in disgust. It was no wonder he wouldn't touch her anymore. Of course he hadn't touched her in over a moon…

A tall white figure watched from the shadows as his young, pupped mate examined her reflection. Truly, though he would never show it, he couldn't help but be awed by her transformation. If he had thought her beautiful before… well now… it took every ounce of his iron will to refrain from inflicting his desires on her. She seemed so uncomfortable most of the time, that he had contended himself with simply admiring her from afar, and recently, taking in the sweet smell of milk that had him aching to bury his nose against her and suckle like a greedy pup.

"Damn…" he cursed inaudibly as he realized he was rock hard from admiring her nudity. Abruptly his fantasies were interrupted by the smell of tears.

He moved from the tree line then,

"Rin."

She gasped and quickly pulled her yukata around herself, causing him to give off the slightest hint of irritation in the downward turn of his mouth.

"Why are you crying?"

Rin just looked away, not really knowing what to say. The truth would make her sound overly emotional, and she knew he hated when she complained, but he could smell deceit…

"It's nothing."

The soft growl she heard warned her that that was not an acceptable answer. She sighed, and then, in typical hormonal, pregnant woman fashion, everything came spilling out at once,

"It's just that I'm so ugly now, and I know you hate me and you don't ever touch me anymore and I don't blame you I mean look at…"

Rin never got to finish her sentence as a hot wet mouth crashed down to silence her, followed by a
change in angle as her demon mate fell to his knees in front her, rubbing clawed hands possessively over her belly.

The shocked look still hadn't left her face as he desperately moved to nuzzle her throat, and his hands slid up to push heavy breasts together.

The damn broke and he could no longer contain himself, that scent…

"You smell so sweet…"

The blush on her face rivaled her brother-in-law's firerat as she felt him begin to knead and squeeze, and a moan escaped when he pulled her nipple into his mouth and eagerly began to nurse. He paid similar homage to its sister before maneuvering Rin to all fours, and burying his face in her wetness, and inhaling deeply, scenting her pregnancy… pregnancy with his pup… his hanyou… he had never thought the idea would be anything but repulsive but now…

"Allow this Sesshomaru to remind you of how beautiful you are…"
The Baby is Coming!

Chapter Summary

Rin goes into labor and it's a race against time to get her to InuYasha's village.

He entered her slowly, and began to thrust. Deeply, but gently. His clawed hands rested lightly on her hips, as he didn't want to hurt her by leaning over and placing his weight on top of her.

The wonderful friction of her body sent waves of sensation prickling along his shaft and radiating into his testes.

Rin moaned and began to rock back and forth, adjusting her stance, moving her knees further apart in a wordless invitation she knew he would understand.

When he felt his mate shift beneath him, he moved on hand from the side of her hip and reached around and under her. Using his knuckle he stimulated her sensitive bud, which was made even more sensitive by the extra blood flow caused by her pregnancy.

He continued to ply her with deep thrusts, and carefully increased his speed incrementally, until the moans of his mate were reaching his demonic ears like a heavenly symphony.

He could not contain his growl any longer, and he leaned over gently, resting his body lightly against her back, allowing her to feel the vibrations he knew would send her over the edge.

His hair curtained around her body, brushing her sensitive sides, as his knuckle continued to rub in a feather-light motion across her most sensitive spot.

Far sooner than she would have liked, Rin felt the coil in her belly and the tightness of her channel flutter around the thick, hot, throbbing arousal of her mate.

"Uuuuuhhhhhnnnnnn SSSSeeeeeeeeesssssssssss" so lost was she to her climax that she hadn't the ability to even call his name properly.

He knew he needed to pull out soon, or risk knotting inside his heavily pregnant mate, possibly sending her into labor with him stuck inside of her. NOT a good idea, he reminded himself. He could feel her muscles flutter and attempt to milk his blunt cock of it seed, and just as his testicles began to tighten and he could feel the head of his cock begin to swell, by the narrowest of margins he pulled out, placing his cock into the indentation of his mates rounded cheeks, and thrust one final time, spilling hot wet ribbons of sticky white cum onto her back.

His growl turned to a low baying howl, and it took everything he had within him to throw his head back instead of forward, resisting the urge to sink his fangs into her the junction of her neck and shoulder.

For a moment, neither moved, both staying still, huffing and panting. Finally, he sat back, still naked, and pulled her to his lap, holding her tightly against his chest as he allowed the comforting growl to shake his bare torso, and soothe his mate. This gesture was familiar to her, as he had done it many times in the night when she was a child; his attempt to lull her into a sleep-state free of haunting images of wolves and giant hell-hounds.
As he held her, he noticed a distinct change in her scent, and before, he would be covered in some…
distasteful fluids, he informed her.

"Rin, get up… NOW."

Even though he had not knotted within her, apparently their activities had been enough…

Rin stood, as backed away from her mate, wondering what was could possibly be wrong when a
sudden pain shot through her abdomen, dropping her to her knees.

Rin's water broke.

"Sesshomaru-sama… my water just…" she panted out.

"This Sesshomaru is aware, Rin-chan." In this instance, he felt it appropriate to use a rare
endearment, as he was hard pressed to keep the genuine smile from his face, however, he did not
wish to frighten Rin, who knew what his smiles usually meant.

Rin wrinkled her nose in disgust.

"Urg, you can smell it can't you… I'm sorry…"

"It is of no consequence, nor fault of yours. We must prepare to leave, and take you to my brother's
miko. We will fly."

"But what about Jaken? He won't know where we are!"

Sesshomaru quirked a brow at her. Even in labor she was concerned for the toad.

"He is of no consequence right now, either. He will either wait for our return or find us on his own."

He hefted the girl against his chest, and dipped her in the pond, wrapping her yukata around her
quickly.

With demonic speed he rinsed himself in the pond, shook himself dry, and dressed, making Rin
dizzy with the surrounding blur in her vision.

"Sesshomaru, slow down, koibito, you're making Rin sick!" she was helpless to keep the whine from
her voice.

"We must go, now hold on as tightly as you are able."

He picked her up again, gathered his Ki at his feet, and took to the skies with his ningen mate
clinging desperately to him as they flew.
Welcome to the World... Puppy???

Warning: BIRTH – not just ANY BIRTH… BUT ANIMAL-LIKE birthing practices and possible squicky content.

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The labor was long and hard, even with Kagome's considerable skill there were moments when she had been truly worried for the safety of both Rin and the pup… If it hadn't been for Sesshomaru… Both may have died.

But it was hardly her fault! How was she supposed to know things would take such an… unexpected turn?

How was she to know that because Sesshomaru was so much more powerful than even his father that his pup would be…

Kagome just shook her head, no longer trying to make sense of what she'd witnessed. Sometimes logical explanations failed, in this time of demons, hanyou, and magic. She was just glad both Rin and her son were alright.

She left the new parents alone in the hut, going off to find her own children and mate, and leaving Sesshomaru and Rin alone with their offspring.

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"Something's really wrong!" Rin cried, exhausted from nearly seven hours of pushing, "I'm going to die… the pup is going to die!"

"Rin, don't talk like that now, when the next contraction comes I want you to bear down with everything you have. This pup is coming out!"

As soon as Rin bore down Kagome curled her hand into a fist and pushed it into the birth canal. Her eyes went wide with fear before she could conceal it from Rin. There wasn't something wrong… she hadn't felt a head… at least… not a human one.

Kagome felt a muzzle, incased in a birthing sac.

This was bad. Human children's heads were shaped that way for a reason… to ease passage through the birth canal. Human women were not meant to give birth to… puppies.

There was only one idea that came to Kagome's mind. One chance to save the situation from becoming tragic.

"What's wrong!" Rin screamed.

"Nothing... but Rin, I want you to roll over. Get on all fours, and spread your legs wide... like the animals do."

Rin's eyes went wide, but were still uncomprehending. With Sango's help Rin got on all fours and spread her legs.

"Rock your hips when you push, back and forth... let gravity help pull the pup out." Kagome
"What the hell is 'gravity'? Who's helping? What is going on?" Rin was in a near panic.

Kagome cursed herself for using an unfamiliar term, confusing Rin and sending her into a panic. She needed help, she needed… a female dog demon, she needed… well… all she had was Sesshomaru.

"Rin, do as you've been doing, I'll be right back. Sango, coach her 'til I get back."

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"Sesshomaru, how do female inuyoukai give birth? How are your pups delivered?"

"Demons birth much differently than humans. Youkai mates are allowed to be present and support their partners and assist. It was you who insisted that this Sesshomaru remain outside the birthing chamber." His words were spat with more venom each minute... He did not appreciate being kept from his mate while she was birthing his pup.

"Just tell me this – in what form are demons born? What form do your females birth in?"

Sesshomaru cocked an eyebrow, "We are inu. It is the human form that is an illusion. We are born, birth, battle with serious intent, and die in our true form..." suddenly he got suspicious, narrowing his eyes "Miko, why is this information required? Rin is human, the pup is hanyou."

Kagome sighed, "I'm not so sure about the pup..."

His eyes went wide. "This Sesshomaru is going to his mate, miko. Attempt to stop him, and you will die. This Sesshomaru has abided by you human customs long enough."

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"Rin." Immediately, upon seeing her distress, he dropped to his knees in front of her removing his armor, and his kimono and juban with haste and none of his usual grace.

Sesshomaru's nostrils flared. Blood, fluids, pain, fear, his pup, his mate...

Instinct took over completely, and his eyes went red and markings jagged, though not in anger. His mate and pup were in distress, and he was needed... his youkai was needed.

Kagome backed away, sensing that there was nothing more she could do, and Sango left the hut completely; worry in her eyes. She was a demon slayer, but even she did not know much about the very secretive practice of demon birthing. Was Sesshomaru angry? Would his youkai reject the pup?

"Sesshomaru! It hurts! It hurts so much! Make it stop!" Rin sobbed and choked on every word.

In the beginning Rin too had insisted he not be present for the birth; the only reason he abided by the miko's wishes he remain outside in the first place, was that Rin too had insisted that birth was 'disgusting' and she didn't want him to see her – or smell her – like that. Now, she was too exhausted, and desperate to care. She just wanted it to end. "Urng..." Another groan of pain escaped her as another contraction hit her.

Sesshomaru ripped the yukata off of her, leaving her completely naked, and pulled her upwards, so her hands were on his shoulders. He let a soothing growl come up as he gripped her hips and began to rock them back and forth. When she was moving on her own, he reached between them and
placed his hands on the bulge of her stomach and pushed on the firmly, continuing to growl and nuzzling the top of her head bringing her nose beneath his chin. "Mmmmmaaattttteeeeee..." he growled soothingly, going back to rocking her hips for her and caressing her lower back. His hands slipped down between her inner thighs and massaged while spreading them further apart.

Growling in Inu, despite the fact that Rin could only understand a few of his growls and quiet huffs and soft 'woofs', he urged her on.

Rin quieted and her body relaxed, and her whimpers faded to nothing but soft whines, as she was finally able to focus all her breaths on pushing.

Only an hour later, with her mate's assistance, an Inu pup was brought into the world.

Sesshomaru used his claws to rip open the birth sac, and he licked the pup clean of the after birth, which the still very human mother obviously would not do such a thing. It was the perfect opportunity to cover the pup in his scent completely, anyway.

He resisted the urge to attempt to feed the after birth to Rin...

Rin passed out from exhaustion, even as he was still licking her thighs and intimate areas clean.

Kagome peaked in, shocked and disgusted at seeing his silver head buried between Rin's thighs lapping at the tears in her most intimate area. She cleared her throat.

"Umm... Sesshomaru... I came to uh... sew her up... unless..."

Sesshomaru pulled back and licked his chops clean. "Proceed miko."

Kagome let the breath she had been holding out, and came forward to tend to Rin, who she was certain would be disgusted and embarrassed if she ever knew what Sesshomaru had done to her, after she passed out. Kagome stitched Rin up in the human fashion, giving her inner muscles the assistance they would need in repairing themselves completely, her futuristic medical knowledge coming in handy.

"Umm... you should wait six weeks before you mate again... I stitched her using the fiber of a plant, so the stitches should dissolve on their own naturally, but to prevent infection, you have to wait... and... I stitched her up really tight, so the first time might be somewhat... uncomfortable for her, so go slowly... pretend it's her first time again." Kagome blushingly explained the situation to her brother-in-law, who merely nodded.

"There will be no 'infection', this Sesshomaru will continue to care for his mate in your absence and will cleanse her regularly."

Kagome's face turned as bright red as her own husband's haori, hearing him say that he planned to continue to orally 'clean' Rin 'regularly'... that was not something she needed to know. "Uh... okay."

"Leave miko."

Kagome looked up, confused, "Huh?"

"Leave. These first three days the pup must learn the scent of it's parents and your presence may confuse him."

"Oh... of course... but... one thing..." Kagome hoped she wasn't going to offend but she had to know, "Will he always look like... I mean... does he have a human form? Can Rin feed him like
Sesshomaru smirked, "His human form will appear in about six to eight weeks, and he has already begun to root. Rin should have no trouble feeding him, even as a koinu, although my mother will assist, to give him youkai milk as well."

Now Kagome was even more confused, "Your… mother?"

"Youkai females will lactate in the presence of pups which are pack. She will assist in feeding my son, as his youkai is strong, and will need youkai milk occasionally to build his strength."

Kagome nodded, before leaving she said, "Well… he looks just like you."

Sesshomaru let his smirk of pride play on his lips as he regarded his son. He was larger than a mortal puppy, probably about 8lbs and he had single magenta stripes (no doubt he would be venomous when he was older), and a crescent moon on his forehead. He had pure snow-white fur and a tiny ruff across his shoulders that would no doubt mirror his own mokomoko. No doubt when his eyes opened, they would be golden honey under ice.

He was the spitting image of his sire.

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Sesshomaru reached forward and removed the sleeping pup from his sleeping mother's breast. She had continued to sleep, even as the pup had rooted around and found his mother's nipple, and drank his fill.

He sat cross-legged and created a tiny den out of mokomoko for his son to curl up in. His clawed hand came down to rest on his son's small head.

"You are perfect." He intoned quietly, "my… Shinnoumaru."

親王丸- shinnoumaru – Perfect Imperial Prince (indicating Royal bloodlines)
Chapter Summary

Rin recovers from giving birth to her son.

Inuyasha didn't take kindly to being kicked out of his own hut for three days, especially by his brother, but it was something he could understand and so he grumbled about it less than he otherwise might have.

"I don't know why that idiot was traveling with a pregnant mate anyway… What would he have done if she'd given birth in the wild? Holed up in some cave?"

From nowhere a tiny seemingly disembodied voice piped up, "Actually, master Inuyasha, he would have most likely dug a den. It is what Inu do, afterall…"

Inuyasha slapped Myoga off the side of his face, squishing the little flea-youkai and giving a short 'keh' before he glanced to the quiet hut, reluctantly curious as to what was going on inside.

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Sesshomaru watched with fascinated, proud, yet concerned eyes as his mate cradled his offspring to her chest and allowed him to feed from her, before both fell asleep.

He knew Rin was exhausted and her milk supply was already dwindling, as the demon pup sought to compensate for lack of youki in the milk by over-eating.

He spent all day within the small hut stationed at the door or back wall, more often than not his hand hovered on the hilt of bakusaiga, and he left only to hunt and get water for Rin, and only in early morning.

He had thought nothing could trump the instinctual pull he had felt toward a child Rin; that there could be no stronger desire to protect than the one he had felt for her when she had still been a dirty, silly, incomprehensibly foolish, stray whelp shadowing his path.

*How wrong he'd been.*

That instinct had grown to something bordering insanity when he'd taken her as his mate, and when she became pregnant the paranoia had reached nearly catastrophic levels as he'd been unable to leave her in peace for even a short period.

*He must watch over her.*

Still… Through it all, his own self-preservation instinct had been strong enough to allow him to hunt comfortably, and leave to make certain the perimeter of their encampment was safe.

*Now, he was fairly certain he had gone over the brink of insanity and his own self-preservation instinct… Even his own instinct to eat, to sleep… Had taken a backseat to making sure that his pup was well cared for and that it's mother – it's primary caregiver and food source – would remain safe to care for him as well.*
Each distant noise brought a growl, and even the smallest brush of foreign youki against his own had his heckles raised and his eyes bleeding to red.

He was quite certain that if the kami themselves had joined forces, rallied against him and declared war; he would foolishly jump into battle at the cost of his own life – if only to provide Rin and the pup enough time to escape.

*It wasn't sane.*

Sesshomaru shook his head and growled lowly at some imagined threat – warning anything that might be out there, (though there was nothing that he could sense), to keep it's distance.

Abruptly realizing his own foolishness at growling at nothing a small sardonic smirk found it's way to his lips and he nearly chuckled at his ridiculous actions. He shook his head in amusement, something he never did, and thought that his father would be laughing at him, right about now.

If this was how his sire had felt… He certainly could no longer fault the old war-dog his actions on that fateful night.

His son was not an 'heir', was not a future 'ruler' of his lands or inheriter of his wealth… He was a tiny, defenseless, *inu* who scented of himself so strongly that at times he was hard pressed to tell where he ended and the pup began.

Unlike a mortal pup, his eyes and ears were open by the third day – not the third week – and he was far less wobbly on his four little legs by the time Sesshomaru knew it was time to move from this village with all these *humans* (a possibly hostile group) and back to the safety of his shiro.

Traveling was not what he wanted to do right now – but there was little other choice.

With a resolute 'huff' he took the pup from his mate's breast, wrapped mokomoko around the sleeping boy and nudged Rin's cheek with his nose, nipping at her ear to wake her.

Rin curled away and groggily made some moan of protest, and he nuzzled her again.

"Can't you get concubines like any normal lord and leave your poor tired mate alone?" She groaned, still more than half-sleeping.

He smirked, nuzzling her again and stated in his disaffected tone, "The is not the sentiment you expressed three days ago."

Rin groaned again and rolled over, now fully awake and smiling, "That was different! I wasn't tired then!" she playfully humphed.

Ignoring her words, he made his best 'serious' face, (and he had a pretty good one, if he did say so himself) and spoke her name, "Rin."

Sensing he was in no mood for games, though anyone else could have never read him so well, she finally turned over and faced him fully, "What is it?"

He straightened and looked away, reading the atmosphere outside the hut with all his senses before stating, "We're going."

Rin's eyes widened and she glanced to her sleeping son worriedly, before forcing herself to rise up and move around more than she had in the last three days. It seemed as if his healing saliva had worked small wonders on her body, and there was far less pain and discomfort than one would have
guessed – although her ankles were still somewhat swollen.

She gathered their few things, knowing most of what she needed was packed in Ah-un's saddle bags and Sesshomaru would surely seek out Ah-un and Jaken first thing. Rin reached for Shinnoumaru, and was surprised when she heard the deep voice of her mate.

"I will carry him."

Wanting very much to protest, but knowing there was no arguing with that tone, Rin set her jaw and nodded.

*It was time to go.*
Chapter Summary

It's time to go home.

Sesshomaru curled his mokomoko around the tiny sleeping puppy and rose to his feet, assisting his mate in doing so as well. With mokomoko wrapped around the pup not only was his scent masked to any other youkai, but it left his sire with two free hands to defend against attack.

Sniffing the air carefully, he made his way in front of Rin, his hand on the hilt of his sword and his knuckles white from gripping so hard. Every nerve was on edge, much like before he entered in to a serious battle, despite the fact that there was no threat he could perceive.

Carefully he made his way to the door and pushed the bamboo covering aside, stepping in to the open air and narrowing his eyes as they adjusted to the sunlight. It was just before mid-morning; a perfect time to travel.

With Rin nipping at his heels he made his way to the hut of the taijiya and the monk, where he knew his brother and his pack had been staying since the day he'd forcibly evicted them from their own hut.

The hanyou apparently smelled his arrival, as he came to the door and stepped outside. He noticed his brother was, for once, not carrying tetsusaiga, and wondered if this was done on purpose, to appear less threatening.

Perhaps he is not as stupid as he appears…

"You leavin'?" Inuyasha asked in his gruff non-chalant tone, refusing to acknowledge annoyance at his brother taking over his hut for three days.

"This Sesshomaru must relocate to the western shiro. You are free to return to your," Sesshomaru sneered, "domicile."

Inuyasha would have normally made some sort of derisive remark at his brother's attitude, but he let it go, for now. Sesshomaru's aura was extremely threatening right now, and if he were an animal defending his offspring in battle, Inuyasha knew the entire village would be decimated and turned to rubble before Sesshomaru was finished with him. "Keh. Whatever. Do I at least get to see if my nephew got my ears before you go?"

Kagome had said nothing about the pup being born as youkai to her husband. She didn't have an explanation, and it had seemed to her as if it would be simply one more thing that Inuyasha found unfair about his lot in life. There was no reason why his brother should be able to escape the natural consequences of having a human mate, and his child those of being a hanyou, when Inuyasha did not. No doubt it would have upset him and she'd have heard about little else for the entire three days they were staying with Sango and Miroku.

Sesshomaru smirked and proudly uncurled mokomoko from around his koinu son, displaying the pup proudly as testament to his own superior strength of blood to that of the Inu no Taisho.
Sesshomaru turned his nose up and huffed haughtily, "The pup of this Sesshomaru was born in pureblooded youkai form, no doubt my superior strength did not allow my blood to be diluted by Rin's inferior human blood."

"Hey!" He felt a punch in the back of his arm, from the small woman standing behind him, "You weren't too concerned with how 'inferior' my blood was when we made that puppy!"

Sesshomaru forced himself to breathe. He would not assert his dominance over a mate so much weaker than himself, who had only days ago birthed him male offspring. He would not... He would not...

Sesshomaru lost the battle with himself and growled lowly, attempting to remind his bitch of her place.

Rin rolled her eyes and shook her head. Who does he think he's dealing with, here?

"Sesshomaru-sama" she said sarcastically, "Rin's inferior stomach is very hungry and we have a long journey and we have to find Ah-un and Jaken and Rin's inferior nose can't just sniff them out, I really don't want to travel when it's dark because I'm worried some demon may find me and I'm too inferior to fight back and we're going to have to stop more now and my inferior feet hurt and..."

Rin rambled on purposely complaining about every little thing she could to annoy him and get back at him for insulting her.

Rin was still a fifteen year old human teenager, and Sesshomaru was still the only person she had to 'rebel' against... Their relationship had always been a bit... odd, due to the fact that he'd looked after her when she was a child and visited her frequently during the five years she'd spent with Kaede-obaa-sama and while she didn't ever see him as a father he was somewhat of an authority figure... even if he was her mate, he was still her lord... At that made it all the more satisfying to defy and annoy him.

There was also the special pride that came with knowing only she could ever get away with such behavior. She was special, in that way. Rin knew he'd never do anything to hurt her, and occasionally she enjoyed flaunting that fact to him and Jaken, purposely doing things that would get any other killed, and re-assuring herself that she was special to him by reveling in the fact he let her get away with such things... mostly.

A few times there had been... spankings... But those were hardly meant to punish...

Rin smirked to herself remembering fondly those particular instances, and noticing his narrowed eyes and the rapid fall of his chest and slight slump of his shoulders, indicating that although she hadn't heard it, he'd let out a sigh of annoyance.

I really do adore him... He's so cute when he's annoyed! Rin thought to herself.

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Sesshomaru let out a silent sigh through his nose. He really was good for sticking his foot in his mouth on the rare occasions he deigned to speak, and he had no doubt that he would be paying dearly for the next few hours.

Perhaps it wouldn't have been such a bad thing if she'd ever learned to fear me at least a little...

No. Rin did not fear him... And she knew she had no reason to, so she could take the liberty of annoying him, when any other creature would have perished at the first 'and' in her rambling
"Rin." He tried to warn, hoping it would work, knowing it wouldn't.

When he saw her roll her eyes and walk away giggling softly to herself, he decided it would be best to choose his battles wisely, at least until her mood stabilized a bit more… This was no time to dig a deeper hole, and Sesshomaru was no fool. Attempting to punish her would only be punishing *himself* in the long run.

He used his speed against her and caught up easily, not realizing his own ridiculousness in chasing after her like a husband in the dog house.

Inuyasha laughed openly once he watched the figures disappear over the distant hill. "Man is he whipped." He chuckled to himself.

Just then he heard Kagome from inside the hut, and his ears went down and he winced comically at how loud she was being, "Inuyasha! Inuyasha! Have you gone hunting for dinner yet? I told you to leave forever ago! The kids are hungry, and I have to go back and clean the hut now that Rin and Sesshomaru are gone… I swear if you don't get out there and get something for us to eat you're going to be eating dirt!"

"Fine wench, I'm goin', I'm goin'", Inuyasha took off to hunt, muttering about "Damn wenches think they can tell us what to do!" the whole time, while still doing exactly as his mate demanded.
Sesshoumaru and Rin make their way to the Shiro In The Clouds.

Upon returning to the hut, Inuyasha handed the meal over to his wife and plopped down in the corner, folding his arms across his chest.

"Why didn't you tell me?" He accused.

Kagome knew exactly what her husband was talking about and she flinched at the question, "I… didn't want to upset you." It was the truth. She hadn't known how Inuyasha would react to Sesshomaru's pup being born as youkai and not obviously hanyou.

"Keh. Why do I care if his kid is a dog? Don't bother me none. I wouldn't wish bein' hanyou on anyone, and Rin is lucky she won't have to go through what my…" Inuyasha trailed off, lost in memories.

He truly was happy that Rin would be spared some of the pain of having an obviously hanyou son. He liked that kid. She was the only one who was able to put his brother in his place and live to tell the tale. She reminded him a lot of a younger Kagome.

Still… Remembering his own past hurt… And he didn't object to the arms that wrapped themselves around him or the head laid on his shoulder as his wife did her best to comfort him and tell him without words that she loved him just the way he was.

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Having sniffed out Jaken and Ah-un, who had made camp not far from the village borders, Rin happily climbed on top of her two friends and gave her aching feet a rest.

Jaken glanced nervously at his master… He had figured out what had happened, as Rin was much smaller now than she was only a few days ago… But he didn't see a pup anywhere, and Sesshomaru said nothing other than 'we're going' when he approached the toad imp.

Sesshomaru's aura was riled and spoke of danger to any who would dare to approach.

What on earth happened?

"Sire… If this Jaken may be so bold as to inquire…” The little green youkai bounced nervously from one foot to the other and rung his hands.

"You may no-" Sesshomaru started, but was interrupted.

"Sesshomaru! Show Jaken the puppy! I'm sure he's curious!” Rin pipped up while giving Jaken a wink, and he smiled back appreciatively and scurried up to Ah-un, to stand on one his heads so he could meet his lord face to face.

Sighing again, Sesshomaru carefully uncurled mokomoko from around Shinnoumaru and allowed
his retainer to look up on his son.

"Sire… He is…"

On stern glare silenced the toad from stating the obvious and a giggle was heard from Rin who rushed to cover her smile with her sleeve.

"We're going." Sesshomaru ordered and with that he took to the sky in a billowing cloud of mokomoko and youki with Ah-un carrying both Rin and Jaken hot on his heels.

~*~*~*~*~

Shinnoumaru woke after three hours in flight and alerted his father to the fact by letting out high pitched whines and moving about within the fur cocoon of mokomoko wrapped around him.

Without a word Sesshomaru landed, Ah-un following him to the ground.

Sesshomaru set the pup on the ground to do his business and kept guard until he was finished. Rin also took the opportunity to relieve herself and Sesshomaru was in a state of near panic for the few minutes she was gone, unable to relax until she popped back through the brush, visibly relieved.

Sesshoumaru stooped to pick up the pup, and handed him to his mother, who happily accepted him, "Feed him."

Rin nodded and loosed the top of her kimono and pulled the strips of her loosely bound chest binding to down. She looked up startled when she heard a low growl come from her mate. It was only then that she realized that Jaken was cowering and apologizing and swearing to every kami that ever was that he was only trying to get a better look at the pup!

Rin giggled as Sesshomaru kicked Jaken a good distance away and she pulled out a breast and offered it to the rooting pup, leaning against a lazy looking Ah-un's side as she did so.

Sesshomaru, on the other hand, watched captivated. The smell of warm fresh milk… It was… doing things… to him. His mouth was watering and his hands were flexing and unflexing in an unconscious kneading motion. Finally, he tore his eyes away and attempted to relocate himself downwind from his lactating mate.

_The milk is for the pup…_ He reminded himself.

Still… It had been so comforting and warm when she'd allowed him a taste of her sweet milk only days ago. _Perhaps, when the needs of the pup are supplemented by my mother…_

He contented himself with that thought, and patiently stood guard over his pack until he heard Rin call to him that she was finished.

Sesshomaru took his son back from her, and Rin frowned, but allowed it. By her calculations, if they flew the whole way then they should reach the western shiro when the stars were just starting to show in the sky.

Sesshoumaru bundled his son in mokomoko once more and allowed the pup to properly den down before giving a glance over to his pack, ready to take to the clouds once more. He gave a small woofing huff to the squirming koinu, attempting to comfort him into settling down before he took off.

It briefly occurred to him that he should, at some point, take his true form and allow his son to
become accustomed to that form as well, but for now he needed mokomoko in it's present state to hold the pup and leave both his hands free and his swords available for use.

Jaken had dazedly wandered back to the group and both he and Rin mounted Ah-un, once more following their master skywards.
Meeting Grandma!

Sesshomaru and Rin arrived at the castle in the middle of the night. Ever vigilant, the guards watched their progress as they floated nearer, and twitched their noses as the prodigal son and his mate returned, to once more reside within the walls of the Shiro in the Clouds.

Setting down, Sesshomaru could not believe that his usual regal and composed mother did not simply wait as he ascended the staircase with Rin and Jaken to greet her, as she usually did, but instead floated down on an ethereal cloud with glowing amber eyes.

He dipped his head, but she ignored it. There was the slightest growl and a stern look to his mokomoko. "Hand him here, Sesshomaru! Thisobaa-sama," the way she used that title… if she did not embody the very word 'pride' before that instant, she certainly did now, "would like to meet her first grandchild sometime this century!" She huffed in annoyance, and crossed her arms expectantly.

Instinct told him that this was his mother and she would not harm pack… She had not harmed Inuyasha, and she would not harm Shinnoumaru… but experience told him that his mother was unpredictable… For a moment he weighed his options as she grew more and more impatient with his hesitation.

Still, she had been nonplussed at the idea of a human mate for her only son, and treated Rin with all the respect afforded any daughter-in-law… Aside from consistently referring to her as 'Sesshomaru's human mate' or 'Sesshomaru's human' or 'Sesshomaru's human girl'…

Of course, she could have at least greeted him…

Letting loose an invisible sigh, he made his decision and the lord of the west moved his pelt to the side and a tiny nose wriggled out from beneath the covering, sniffing furiously. His mother's eyes went wide when she realized… and finally her head snapped back up to her son's face.

"Does this mean he was born as…?" Suddenly her eyes followed her nose to the scent of Rin, staring wonderingly at her, sprawled out sleeping on Ah-un's back. "From your human, he was born? You are certain?"

Sesshomaru fought not to roll his eyes or show signs of annoyance, "This Sesshomaru was there mother. His scent is proof enough of his lineage, is it not?"

"And yet, she survived and you are not standing here holding her corpse asking yet another favor… Truly, it is miraculous what you have managed to accomplish on your own as of late."

Her insults were not lost on him, and her ability to cut him down while seeming to compliment him was something he would never get used to. Before he could muse further, a soft whining was heard as the pup squirmed it's way from beneath his fur more fully. His golden eyes were not yet focused, and they peered dazedly around for a few moments before the tiny white ball of fluff went back to squirming and whining. Sneezing occasionally and shaking his head as he fought to paw his way to the surface of the mokomoko he was incased inside, desperately moving his muzzle and trying to find something to latch onto and suckle.

Rooting. He requires yet another feeding.

He turned back to where Rin was sleeping on Ah-un's saddle, but before he could call out to her, his mother's voice snapped in a low whisper, "Don't you dare wake her! She's exhausted!"
With no warning his mother buried her claws in his fur and fished his son out of the billowing cocoon. "Now then, let's get inside before my precious grandson feels the cold, and where he can be fed."

The lady all but shoved him aside, and dismissed him with a wave as she walked off cradling her 'precious grandson' with her nose in the air as if she owned all – even his offspring.

Her arrogance never ceased to amaze him.

Once inside her nose dropped to press into the pups belly and run up to his neck. She was licking his nose and nuzzling him… and the obnoxious cooing and nango began…

"Who's my wittle puppy? Grrrr, yip yip grr, growl, yip grrr… Obaa-sama is going to teach you Inu, yes she is! Yes she is! When you grow up big and strong, she'll teach you to be the biggest and the strongest and all will fear my little koinu… Yes they will! Yes they will! Oh, are you hungry? baabaa-sama will feed you…" Her fading voice went off down the corridor, now completely ignoring and abandoning him and the sleeping Rin standing at the main entrance.

How rude… And, how very like her.

He did not understand the need females had to treat offspring in such a manner, (he certainly could not recall her ever behaving in such a manner towards him when he was a pup, in fact, he'd never seen her as 'maternal' at all… ), but he would not question his mother in her own home, and surely this would wear off, and she would tire of the pup soon enough. He hoped.

It was ridiculous, to be brought to such a state by such a weak thing as a newborn.

Females… he thought irritably, moving to retrieve Rin and carry her to the rooms he used when staying in the estate. After all, she was exhausted, and it would not do to wake her if it were unnecessary. Surely his mother would be happy to feed his son, while Rin slept.

"Jaken, take Ah-un to the stables."

He picked her up and cradled her small body in his arm, dipping his nose to nuzzle into her neck. When her eye lashes fluttered, he moved his mouth to her ear and whispered, "Rest now, little one." and let his lips curl upwards as his mate curled her fist into his mokomoko and smiled in her sleep, muttering 'unnhnnn' and curling towards him.

No, he could never understand why it was that women treated infants the way that they did… all that nuzzling and baby talking sweet words.

He would just never understand.
Rin awoke, overly warm; nestled beneath a heavy blanket and surrounded by many pillows. The first thing she noticed was hand creeping up her stomach, apparently traveling to cup her breast and the light breathe across her ear and the nibble at her lobe let her know immediately that her mate was there.

Slowly, she opened her blurry eyes, only to see a figure seated on a cushion a few feet from her bed. The figure had long silver hair and was wearing a white sleeping namaki. In confusion, Rin shoved the hand away from her and shot upwards, looking down to the source of that hand.

Whew.

Okay, so the hand did indeed belong to her mate, who was now looking at her with eyes that weren’t sure if they should be worried or amused.

Then who is… ?

Rin rubbed the sleep from her eyes and turned back around, finally registering who it was that was watching over her as she slept.

Her mother-in-law. Haha-ue!

"My Lady!" Rin was startled, and tried to bow as much as her seated position would allow for. The lady's eyes sparkled as she dipped her head in wordless acknowledgement.

With that out of the Rin was reminded of something else… She turned back to Sesshoumaru, unwilling to address his mother directly, and somehow… fearing the worst. "Sesshoumaru! Where is Shinnoumaru!?" Rin began to search around the bed, his fur, the blankets – and coming up empty-handed, felt her very blood run cold.

The child of a human mother… (She could not rightly call him 'hanyou', though what he was she still did not know)… in a castle full of demons. Oh kami-sama…

Suddenly Rin was just as furious as she was panicked. If Sesshoumaru had allowed his mother to harm her child then she would leave him and only come back when she'd found a way to kill the miserable bastard. Her tone was deadly calm (The more angry she was, the more monotone her voice became. She supposed Sesshoumaru had rubbed off on her (in more ways than one) over the years.) when she asked again, this time turning towards Haha-ue, "Where. Is. My. Son?"

Sesshoumaru's mother could clearly scent Rin's internal struggle, even if the girl's face wasn't a constant billboard for her emotions. She chuckled softly. "Calm yourself, ningen onname…" Sesshoumaru's mother moved her own furs aside to reveal a nursing pup. "He is well. This One would allow no harm to come to her grandson."

Rin looked down to her own swollen chest, just as the puppy in her mother-in-law's arms unlatched himself and gave a lazy yawn.

Not only was her chest swollen, but Rin was horrified to notice two gigantic wet spots on the front of her namaki. "Oh!" Rin crossed her arms as the lady smiled and she felt her cheeks flame. As soon as she applied pressure though, she also realized how much she ached in that region.

The lady gave a small, almost sympathetic smile, "The One will give you the privacy required
to… *take care of*… your situation. When you are ready, come to retrieve your son from my care. This One." The lady sighed wistfully, "has many responsibilities this day."

Rin rose to her knees and bravely approached both her mother in law, and her puppy-infant. She caressed his face and patted the top of his head, as the lady moved him over her shoulder to allow for the passage of any excess gas from his system. "Kaa will come soon, little one." Rin whispered, nuzzling him with her nose as she has seen Sesshoumaru do during the three days it had been only her, her son, and her mate. Truthfully, as tired as Rin was being up every three to four hours for those three days straight she'd spent as the sole food source, and primary care giver to the pup, she was a little grateful for the help she was receiving.

She loved her son, of course… But a full night's sleep was now a precious commodity, and she felt much better now.

She was also grateful to have a mother-in-law who had some experience with infants in the form of inuyoukai puppies. Rin had been horribly worried she was not doing this 'correctly' and Sesshoumaru had worked on instinct alone.

"Thank you, Haha-ue. Rin will be there shortly to relieve you."

With a dismissive wave the Lady rose and, Rin could have sworn she gave Sesshoumaru (who had sat characteristically quiet through-out the exchange) a wink. "Take your time." She said to Rin, before looking pointedly towards Sesshoumaru, "See to your mate's health and comfort," She nodded sagely, but with mischief in her amberine eyes, "after all, my son… It is your duty."

Sesshoumaru nodded, as though completely serious, but there was something in the air akin to comedy when he responded, "Duty indeed."

Rin's suspicions were confirmed when the lady gave a small chuckle as she turned on her heel and retreated from the private chambers of the newly-mates – and newly-parents.

Rin huffed. She absolutely hated to be left out. "What was all that about *duty*?" she demanded, coming back to sit near him on the futon seiza-style.

Now that he was finally alone with her, Sesshoumaru could hardly keep his mouth from watering. Like a dog staring at a steak, he stared at his mates *full* chest.

*Full of milk…*

He moved himself a slight bit closer to her, snaking his arm around her back to tug at the very simple tie of the obi of her sleeping garment, growling softly in anticipation as he watched her neckline loosen, revealing cleavage.

"You scent of discomfort." He replied. *And sweet, sweet milk…* He added mentally.

Rin blushed as he was disrobing her, but nodded the affirmative when he told her he knew of how her chest ached and her nipples throbbed with engorgement.

"Our offspring has been fed, and yet you remain engorged, and therefore… *uncomfortable.*" Sesshoumaru explained the obvious – hoping only to distract her as he parted the front closing ties of her nemaki to reveal two full, round, sweet smelling breasts with darker-than-her-usual and slightly larger-than-her-usual nipples. Nipples that, at the slightest pressure beaded up with milk.

"Y-y-yes…" Rin felt her face turning bright red. She was finally starting to see where he was going with this…
"That will simply *not* do…" He continued, pulling her into his lap – the front of her now completely exposed. He guided her to kneel on his strong thighs, putting her heavy breasts right before his hungry mouth.

Rin wove her fingers into the silver strands of his long, thick, hair. "What'll we do?" She asked, voice simultaneously husky and shaking.

One of his arms wrapped around her waist; holding her upwards, while the other remained in front, allowing his hand to slide up and cup and lift one larger breast, guide it gently to his mouth.

His longer-than-human tongue slipped out and made a slow circle around her nipple, gathering the tiny beads of her milk. "Not to worry little one…" he purred, dropping formality in favor of intimacy he huskily informed her, "I have an idea…"
A Little Loving

A/N: For those who don't know, breastfeeding DOES actually stimulate contractions of the uterus and vagina, and many women DO report orgasming during breastfeeding... Most are creeped out by it, but it's a physiological response to hormones. Orgasm is VERY GOOD for a woman post-partum, as it helps the uterus contract and go back to it's original position in the body.

Dedicated to Sesshrin devoter, one of my most loyal readers/reviewers, who, sadly does not have an account here on , or else I would LOVE to PM with her and answer all the wonderful questions she asks. Know that I read each and every one of your reviews, and I'm very VERY grateful for them, Sesshrin devoter!

Sesshoumaru pulled Rin forward on his lap, and encouraged her to kneel on his strong, powerful thighs. He reached back, untying the obi at the small of her back, and then slowly peeled the neckline of his mate's kimono open, revealing her sweet smelling engorged breasts; hanging right before his hungry mouth.

Her nipples were darker than usual, had the substance been available he would have called them 'milk chocolate' as opposed to the usual 'caramel' brown, and they were larger than usual.

Her breasts themselves were entirely full and round and larger than he'd have thought possible on her tiny frame. They were so engorged with milk that when he reached forward to cup his large hand around a sweet smelling mound he found it to be very much more 'firm' than he'd expected. Even his gentle handling in guiding her nipple to his mouth caused milk to bead up on her budded peak, and his nostrils flared at the wonderful scent of her body's nourishment.

His longer-than-human tongue darted out of his mouth and swiped the beads away, and when the taste hit his tongue, Sesshoumaru's eyes closed in rapture. So sweet... creamy... heavy with that taste that is uniquely Rin...

He groaned, reaching around to cup the soft cheeks of her behind, at the same moment he wrapped his lips around her nipple and instincts from his own pup-hood came to the surface and he latched on to the source of nourishment.

Rin groaned when her nipple was pulled in to her mate's softly suckling mouth. He drank differently than the pup, who sucked so hard and whose little teeth nipped occasionally in his desperation for food. Sesshoumaru wasn't hungry he was merely taking pleasure in her... And that made all the difference in the sensations.

The hands rhythmically and instinctually kneading her behind added to how erotic the moment was, and Rin felt her inner muscles ripple and contract as Sesshoumaru's continued gentle suckling stimulated hormones, which in turn stimulated contractions in her uterus and vagina... bringing her
erotic pleasure that left her both slightly cramping and also on the edge or orgasm.

"Oh gods, Sesshoumaru…" Sesshoumaru could scent his mate's arousal and along with this most intimate act of feeding from her – suckling on one breast and pressing his face deep into the source of the scent of milk while the other large breast brushed his cheek, along with his kneading and squeezing her posterior – had him so, so painfully hard.

Rin's legs were shaking, and it was obvious to him that only his hands at her rear were holding her up.

"Maru, Rin-chan needs… to sit… ungggg…" Rin knew how his alpha ego purred when she used such diminutive speech during their intimate moments. It wasn't that he enjoyed her to speak in a childish manner; it was simply that he enjoyed anything which placed him a position of seeming 'authority', even that 'authority' were mostly imagined or a piece of fantasy. He had a very gentle, very subtle, way of showing dominance which Rin eagerly catered to, because his needs for her submission had never once been abusive, humiliating, or disrespectful. A growl here, a nip there, and a preference for sex from behind or on top… The occasional erotic spanking or mock punishment… All things Rin too gained pleasure from.

Reluctantly Sesshoumaru released Rin's nipple and waited for her sit back against the comfortable cushions which covered their futon.

The most amusing thing was that while to outside eyes it may seem as though Rin were submissive and Sesshoumaru was dominant… It was always Rin who wielded the true power. If Rin made a firm decision, Sesshoumaru had never fought with her on it. Rin was the only one who could dictate his movements…

Rin is thirsty… Silence answered her… But five minutes later, so did a gently running stream.

Rin is hungry… He seemed to completely ignore her, however a giant vegetable patch appeared right in their path no more than fifteen minutes later, and when she got back from picking her fill, a mysterious rabbit was skinned and cleaned, just ready for roasting.

Rin is cold… Still he made no response but a soon Rin found herself in a cave with both a fire blazing and mokomoko wrapped around her.

It wasn't only needs he catered to… And as she got older it was more and more often she expressed her opinions and desires, sometimes quite stubbornly.

Rin is going to visit the village and you can't stop her!

Sesshoumaru dutifully followed for three days while she traveled 'alone' to go and visit her friends. Funny how there were always injured animals along her path, to the point it was kinder to kill them than to let them live… They always appeared right around supper time…

Oh yes… She was troublesome, and the older she got the more stubborn she was and determined to do things on her own, and like a doting Guardian he had watched from the shadows, both intensely proud and terribly fearful that when she grew she would no longer need and love him.

He couldn't stand it. He couldn't stand to live his life knowing she had found something (or someone) more important, because she had easily grown to be the only thing he… loved.

He looked at her now, the tiny human woman with the incredible inner spirit that to him, made her larger than life. She was seated with her back against the a few of the many cushions of their futon, beckoning him come to her with one leg propped up and the other laying down, bent at the knee.
He was trapped for a moment in time, remembering the wayward child that had scampered at his side; the moody depressed pre-teen who never did quite fit in at the village he'd insisted she stay in until she had a true idea of what she would be giving up if she were to become his... The joyful smile on her beautiful face the day he'd come and finally offered to take her away from that place... Such a sentimental creature she has made of this Sesshoumaru...

No, that wasn't right. He'd always had a somewhat sentimental side. He carried around that 'useless' sword for all those years, didn't he? It was a gift from his father, and cast-off or not, it was a piece of his chichi-ue. As often as he'd cursed the sword, he still couldn't help but be somewhat relieved when Rin had come scampering back to the campsite – holding it, but not concealing it (as was her goal) – behind her back; waiting until a later time to give it (back) to him.

She should not be able to touch it, a demon sword... So why was she able to carry it off from the battlefield, and bring it back to camp without so much as wincing?

Oh, his father was a clever one... Sesshoumaru would give him that... Especially as it was a very human mate he was currently making his way towards on his hands and knees.

"Come here, Maru."

With a smile he crawled to her, resting his head in the crook of her arm, wrapping one arm around her tiny waist, and pulling the leg which had been propped up over his own hip. She cradled him close to her, as she did their son, but with one of her legs draped over him he could easily reach the hand that was not wrapped around her down between them and gently stoke her pleasure bud with is knuckle while he nursed from her.

Both instinct and his tutor's teachings informed him that orgasm was one of the best ways to heal his mate's body and spirit post-partum, and her aroused scent could not be ignored.

While he rested on the crook of her elbow, he felt her other hand reach down to where he was fully erect and tug his sleeping yukata aside and unravel his fundoshi as best she could until he was free of the cloth restraining him.

"You're so hard..." She breathed, reaching one small hand to stroke him while he thrust his hips forward and continued to suckle at her nipple.

He moaned in response, feeling her hips gently rock in time with his feather light strokes of that bundle of nerves at the apex of her thighs that he could never get enough of stimulating.

"I'm sorry we can't... maybe..." She panted and shuddered, and Sesshoumaru noted with regret that it was time to switch breasts. With a few last pulls on her nipple, he pushed himself upwards and she released her intimate hold on him.

Eager to hear what plans she might have to substitute intercourse, he sat up and slanted his mouth over hers briefly, before asking, "Maybe what?"

Rin blushed and he noted she seemed uncomfortable. Odd... Rin was very rarely what one could call 'shy' with him. "Maybe I could... do... something else... Or..." here she hesitated more than usual, and her lower lip quivered though there were no tears he could either see or scent, "you could... maybe... a courtesan?"

To be honest, it would have been the solution most men in his position would use. Monogamy was a foreign concept to nobility. Lords of his stature had many wives, tens of concubines, and visited courtesans. That Sesshoumaru preferred to mate exclusively with Rin was a not only a rarity, it was
almost unheard of.

The trouble was… Sesshoumaru simply did not deem most others worthy of him, nor did he trust other females (or males, for that matter) enough to put himself in such a vulnerable position as mating.

For all he knew another Lord could bribe a concubine to attempt to assassinate him…

He kissed her again, more deeply this time and maneuvered to switch sides and lay the opposite way, so he could comfortably access her other breast and she could continue touching if she so pleased. "No… This Sesshoumaru does not mate with others…"

"But-" Rin started to protest while taking a glance down at his still very hard arousal. He silenced her with a single finger rested on her lips.

"It is only you I desire to mate with Rin. You may do as you please or do not please concerning my body's reaction to you, but there will be no others. End of discussion."

With that Rin smiled and nodded while he made himself comfortable in the crook of her opposite arm and guided her other breast to his mouth. She couldn't help noticing the way his mokomoko (now on the proper side to do such a thing) curled itself around her body and the tip of it stroked her rear end while his left leg twitched just a little.

Rin giggled softly, loving her husband more and more each time she noticed the tell-tale signs that he had let his guard down completely around her. "My big puppy…" she cooed, getting an indignant grunt and a mock-growl in response, yet still he refused to unlatch himself from the warm sweet milk flowing into his mouth.

The growl changed pitch though, as soon as Rin once again reached for his large cock and began stroking him, from the root of his desire all the way up over the smooth round mushroom tip leaking beads of pre-cum onto her palm.

His knuckle once again found the apex of her thighs and Rin leaned back just slightly to allow him greater access. She was still very sore in that area, but Sesshoumaru's frequent oral… cleanings… with his healing saliva had done wonders for her body, and along with the breast feeding triggering contractions and it wasn't long before Rin found herself on the edge or orgasm once again.

"Oh gods… Maru… Please…" He growled and taunted her a bit more, pulling back, making Rin shake and groan in frustration before starting all over again more slowly and gently; teasing her senseless.

"Damn you!" Rin growled the third time he pulled back, earning a soft chuckle from her mate who she could feel smiling wickedly around her nipple. "That's it!" She huffed, pulling her breast away and shoving his head back.

Rin lay back and flung her yukata completely off, while he sat on the futon watching her with amusement. "Is there something you wish of This Sesshoumaru?" He deadpanned in his most serious tone.

Rin growled and rubbed her thighs together, trying to relieve the ache in her core, "Don't toy with me, Maru." She groaned.

Sesshoumaru raised an eyebrow at how… forward and… demanding she was being. It really wasn't like her… She must be beyond frustrated.
He kind of liked it…

When Rin spread her legs and bent them at the knees, placing the bottoms of her feet on the futon and leaving him with a complete view of her sex, wet and glistening and almost fully healed to pink perfection all thoughts of ‘teasing’ her further flew from his mind.

He crawled forward and settled his head down between her legs, placing her knees on his shoulders. Slowly and gently he brushed his bottom lip lightly over her pleasure bud, watching her whole body shudder at that simple touch. He peaked the tip of his tongue out, spreading her lips with his thumbs and tracing circles around her swollen pearl.

"Is that what you wanted, little one?" He teased.

"Yes! Gods yes!" Rin bucked her hips up and he went to work in earnest, stroking her with his lips and tongue in a quick soft rhythm, occasionally dipping down to run his tongue along her seam, and even spending a few moments delving into her quivering velvet sheath with the long strong muscle darting from between his lips.

Rin's small delicate fingers twined in his hair, pulling him up to her pleasure bud once more and rocking against him while her hips pumped up and down and the muscles of her tummy quivered and clenched.

"Ah! Ah! Ahhhhhhh…" With one final shove of her hips upward the coiling tightness in her core exploded in a series of ripples and waves and Rin's legs froze and her toes curled. Coming down from the incredibly high, Rin sighed and her body felt like jelly laying sweaty and sated on the lush sheets surrounding her.

"Thank you… Thank you…" She repeated, while he crawled up to cover her mouth with a deep kiss. His straining hardness brushed Rin's inner thigh and she instinctually bucked up, but he backed off immediately; afraid if he didn't he would lose control of himself and hurt her unintentionally.

He was really starting to ache, after all.

"Are you alright, now?" Sesshoumaru asked, preparing to leave. He had to get away from her… That scent, her beating heart, her rapid breathing, the small sighs and the shudders of her body from the aftershocks of her orgasm… It was all conspiring to drive him to the point of jumping on her.

*Unacceptable. This Sesshoumaru will control himself.*

He'd never had this much trouble before… Even when she was fertile during the height of mating season, he'd never once been so compelled to mate with her… And at such an inopportune time, he cursed under his breath, backing away and gathering his clothing in his arms.

At this point, walking naked down the hall was looking like a better option than staying in this room filled with the scent of sex and sweat and milk and… the mother of his pup…

"Where are you going? Come back here!" Rin watched as he got up, grabbed his clothing presumably preparing to leave. Not that he was ever much of a 'cuddle person' but… She certainly hadn't expected him to leave so quickly.

Sesshoumaru gave a warning growl as she approached, trying to tell her back away… But once again, Rin had no fear of him. He gave a cold glare, and allowed his youkai to surface and force his eyes to red and his cheek markings to go jagged. He gave a full on threatening growl, and Rin looked at him bewildered. Not afraid in the least, simply confused.
They both stood still, and silent, as his menacing aura filled the room.

Rin inched closer and his still straining manhood brushed her stomach (he was very much taller than her, after all) and he darted back a few inches, faster than her eyes could track.

Understanding dawned, and Rin's eyes softened as she spoke to him calmly and slowly.

"Come here, Maru…" Rin slowly reached out her hand.

"I do not wish to harm you." He ground out; still staying beyond her reach.

Rin backed away, and pointed to the futon. "Go, sit."

He stood statue still, and Rin knew he was contemplating what to do now. She sighed in exasperation, "Do you really think I would leave you like this? By the gods… Knowing you you'll kill a servant or something… Now go and sit."

Reluctantly, Sesshoumaru sat and closed his eyes, trying to focus on control.

*Why was he like this? What was going on? Why was his inner youkai howling to be let out to the point where he truly feared… himself?*

Rin approached him slowly, kneeling down on the futon and crawling up in between his legs. *Here's hoping he doesn't choke me or something…* She sighed.

*What has gotten into him?*

He growled again when Rin wrapped her hands around his cock, and sucked in a breath between his elongated fangs when he felt her warm, soft lips wrap around his head. Slowly but surely Rin swallowed him down; encasing him in the wet heat of her mouth and the constricting rings of her throat.

He clawed the futon mattress helplessly, while mokomoko wrapped around her body stroking everywhere it could comfortably reach.

Rin bobbed her head and pressed him as deeply into her mouth as she could, using her tongue to run along the underside of his shaft and her hands to squeeze and stroke what she couldn't swallow.

In no time at all she worked up a fast rhythm; a demanding cadence that left Sesshoumaru a twitching, whining, shaking, growling mess on the bed. His hips rose to meet her strokes but thankfully his claws remained buried in the mattress and he didn't force her head down.

He could feel the white hot pressure in his testicles creep up his shaft as Rin sucked hard, and swallowed the pre-seminal drops of his essence down her throat, making the muscles there undulate around his shaft and drawing moans and groans from deep in his throat.

"Faster, Rin…" He pleaded, hating the desperate sound of his own voice and he struggled to maintain what little dignity he had left.

She complied and it was only a few more of her deep, quick strokes and flicks of that teasing little pink tongue before he was over the edge and howling his climax heedless of who in the shiro might hear him.

Rin swallowed his release down in gulps that prolonged his pleasure and when he finally ceased erupting in her mouth, she pulled back, panting and out of breath. "Better?"
Sesshoumaru gulped and nodded, bringing one hand up to brush his matted bangs away from his sweat-drenched forehead.

He lay prone as Rin crawled up to tuck her self at his side and both mokomoko and his arm curled around to comfort her. "Thank you." He breathed, planting a quick kiss on her forehead, and adjusting and leaning down to lick the sweat from the side of her cheek, and neck, nuzzling into her and scenting the comforting scent of Rin.

Still, he was troubled at his reaction earlier. His youkai had been clawing to break free so hard that he thought he would transform at any moment… It was no longer spring, and Rin did not scent of fertility, so there was no reason for it…

Not like last time…
Rin re-adjusted her kimono hem once more, blushing slightly, remembering what and who exactly it was that upset it to begin with. A youkai servant gave her a knowing look, which Rin judged to be because of her scent and noted with satisfaction there was a certain amount of envy in that look as well. She was the mere human girl who had managed to snag the handsome and powerful lord of Western Lands, and no one ever saw him in the states she did. If not for her scent, most would never even be able to imagine him in such situations.

Oh, of course there were various speculations about him; he was handsome enough to inspire lurid fantasies from any passing female, but to truly picture him and how he would behave under such circumstances was beyond what most were capable of. Romantic fantasies of him clashed so entirely with what they knew of him after all…

Rin gave a small smile and a nod, holding her head high and proud. There was no shame or embarrassment when it came to her choice in mate. And yes, she had chosen him.

Making her way to her mother-in-law's rooms, Rin was just a bit nervous. It was rare she was required to be here in the shiro, and even more rarely she had had to interact with the Lady of the manor… Even more seldom such interactions were unsupervised by Sesshoumaru, who if nothing else could be said of him, was always extremely protective.

Finding herself outside the door, Rin smoothed her hair one last time, straightened her posture and steeled herself with one last deep breath.

"Come in." The lady called before Rin could knock, which was something Rin would never get used to.

Kneeling down, Rin slid the door to the side and entered, turning to slide the door back closed, then turning again to face her mother-in-law, who was seated at a small low table, Shinnoumaru curled up at her side in her furs. The lady appeared to be arranging flowers; practicing ikebana, however…

From what little Rin knew of formal flower arranging there were usually three main flowers. One representing the heavens, one representing mankind, and the other representing the earth. The lady was using five.

"My Lady." Rin bowed, still puzzling over the odd looking arrangement, but not wanting to insult by asking about it.

"You smell confused." Sesshoumaru's mother beckoned Rin over with an open hand swept down towards the cushion placed on her left, which would leave Shinnoumaru between her and Rin when she sat.

Rin rose and went to kneel near her son, at the Lady's side, "Your arrangement, my Lady… It is certainly lovely, however… I don't think I've ever seen such a… unique… arrangement."

The lady gave a knowing and small toothless smile, "Ah, you don't understand why there are five…"

Rin blushed and nodded, hoping she wasn't making herself look uncultured or foolish. Three was the usual number, right? Was there something she was missing?

"Simple, my dear. Youkai Ikebana typically uses four points. Heaven, Earth, and Mankind and Youkai kind."
"Oh, but… There are five…"

"Hanyou, of course."

Rin's eyebrows shot up. "You've chosen to represent… hanyou?"

The lady scoffed. "Of course. A child of my late Lord Husband and my grandson are both Hanyou."

This was said without the slightest hint of shame.

Rin flicked her eyes down to the purebred-looking koinu-youkai slumbering on the lady's furs. "I thought… I mean…"

"You are his mother, regardless." The Lady spoke, but it wasn't a sharp tone, it was a soft tone that seemed to hold more wisdom than she was letting on. "He is just as much yours and a part of you as he is a part of Sesshoumaru."

Rin wondered how the Lady knew… Had she scented of disappointment? She had thought she had hidden it so well… And she did love her son, and she glad and happy that Sesshoumaru had a son he could be so proud of… But there was a tiny traitorous piece of her heart that had wished she could see at least a tiny bit of herself in her offspring. For all intents and purposes, he looked like a small Sesshoumaru, with no trace of the seven months spent as a part of Rin… As only hers.

Truth be told she missed him. It made no logical sense, as he was right there, but nevertheless, some part of her felt empty inside and disconnected now. Her body was her own again but it was almost as if… something was missing and an odd lonely feeling had settled deep in the pit of her stomach.

Her mother-in-law reached down and scooped up the puppy, handing him to Rin who for no discernable reason felt tears welling up in her eyes.

"Shhhh… He's right here. He's yours, and no one can take him…"

Staring down at the small fluffy white puppy who was currently digging his snout around Rin's neckline, trying to make his way to shove his nose in to her armpit, Rin couldn't help but feel the profound weight of responsibility settle on her.

She owed this small life everything. He had done nothing, but yet she felt as though she owed him all… All of herself.

Staring at her mother-in-law, she looked at the lady with new eyes. Thought differently of every mother, of every woman… This unique and cosmic bond they all shared; bringing life in to the world. Nurturing it and helping it grow.

Could a full-demon ever respect a human as his mother?

"What if… What if I'm not enough, though? He'll be stronger than me by the time he's a toddler… How will I ever…?"

With a slightly wistful sigh and, if Rin were not imagining it, a small tinge of regret to her tone, the lady soothed, "You'll manage the best you can. It's all any of us ever do…"

Rin looked back up, startled at the seeming sadness in the Lady's tone. It was far more genuine than any of her sometimes dramatic and affected outbursts. There was a slow understanding dawning on Rin in that moment.

What must Sesshoumaru truly mean to her? Does she love him as much as I love Shinnoumaru?
How did she ever find the strength to watch him suffer through his own choices – his… mistakes?

Rin looked down at the bundle in her arms and realized that the thought of him ever feeling the slightest amount of discomfort made her sick to her stomach.

His choice to be with a human… with… me… has the potential to be painful for him…

Rin looked up with tears in her eyes and finally realized why Sesshoumaru's mother had chosen to save her life on that fateful day.

No mother can bear the thought of their child suffering… And… Sesshoumaru is still so young by demon standards… She probably still thinks of him as a child… her child.

What mother wouldn't return their child's pet to life when it died, if they had the power to stop the child's suffering?

"You were never his pet."

Rin looked up; startled. She hadn't realized she'd silently (to her ears) mouthed those last words.

"No?" Rin asked, laughing a little when she recalled the day Sesshoumaru had threatened to put a leash on her and tether her to Ah-Un if she wondered off to get nearly eaten by yet another youkai.

"No… You were always his beloved… Even if it took that idiot son of mine a few years and a painful separation to realize it."

Rin laughed a little at that. There were very few on earth who could dare to call Sesshoumaru an 'idiot' and live to utter another word.

The lady trimmed a last leaf from a flower stem, and slowly rose from her cushion.

"Come along little one… Let us have a bath before this One must begin her day in earnest… We'll see if we can't figure out why my little koinu is… what he is…” Rin blushed, and the lady raised an eyebrow, "Though I'm certain that you have some idea of why already."

Rin looked to the side and remained quiet.

Explaining her theory on why exactly Sesshoumaru's youkai power was so directly transferred to his offspring was going to be… awkward… And more than a little embarrassing, at least for her.

By the gods… Sesshoumaru mother is going to think there is something terribly, terribly wrong me…
So, why WAS Shinnoumaru born as a koinu?

Rin gathered Shinnoumaru in her arms, and followed the lady silently through the corridors of the large shiro, moving along the wooded walkways outside and finally coming to the bath house. She set Shinnoumaru down, and both she and the lady were greeted by servants who set to work disrobing the women, and one who offered to take the infant to a nanny while the ladies bathed… Although the servants had questions about the pup, none would dare to ask; it was not their place to do so.

"No, thank you. I wish to keep him with us and bathe him as well." The servant nodded, and backed away while the two made their way to the next chamber and were wiped down in a sort of 'pre-bath' before they got into the large tub.

"My lady, which additives would you require?" The lady listed off a few bath salts and oils while a servant nodded and went to prepare the water.

A few minutes later, the ladies entered the large steam-filled room and both slipped into the tub where the bathing attendants waited. Surprisingly, the attendants found themselves dismissed, and ordered not to return until the bell was rung.

Now that they were alone, Rin found her heart pounding, and Shinnoumaru, who she held cuddled to her chest, whined when he felt the beating of his mother's heart and scented her discomfort, even through the steam.

"Calm yourself, little ningen… Your anxiety is totally unnecessary."

Rin blushed and nodded, though she still did not relish explaining her theory on why Shinnoumaru appeared so fully youkai. "Aaaa…” Rin was trying to find a delicate way to explain this whole… situation…

"I must congratulate you, ningen…” Rin's eyes snapped up to stare wonderingly at her mother-in-law, who so easily interrupted her.

"I'm very sorry, but for what are your congratulations, My Lady?" Rin was trying very hard to remember to speak respectfully.

"Why… For surviving, of course! It is very rare that even female youkai survive mating with a pure-bred daiyoukai while he is in his true form… The ones that do, have their status elevated to 'bitch'. I admit, while I've seen many Inuyoukai males mate with humans," here The Lady lowered her voice conspiratorially, in dramatic fashion, "You know they simply can't help themselves... Dogs were bred by and domesticated to be with humans, after all," the lady giggled somewhat before resuming her normal tone, "But I've never seen a human bitch. Sooooo… Congratulations, little one!" The Lady paused, bringing her voice to a cold, matter-of-fact tone, and her face went nearly as blank as Sesshoumaru's during a battle, "You now own my son."
Here the lady came leaned in close to Rin (Making the young girl very nervous), and affected a falsely-pitying look, "Just try your best to take care of him, eh? He can be such an idiot…But he really is a good puppy, underneath it all."

Rin was in shock; absolute and total shock. Not only was she in shock, but she was embarrassed beyond all belief.

*The memories came flooding back, and Rin blushed firerat red.*

"How… how did you… know?" She couldn't think of anything else to say.

The lady gave a broad fang barring grin, and a her eyes absolutely sparkled when she responded, "I didn't… Until you just told me."

Rin looked on disbelievingly at the evil witch of woman smirking at her smugly. How… How… How dare she! I can't believe she just… Gods I feel so stupid!

"Oh, don't be upset, my dear… I have a millennia or so on you after all... And besides, what other explanation could there be?"

Rin blushed while Shinnoumaru wriggled his way around on her chest, burying his nose in the side of her neck and lapping at her pulse point. He seemed fine in the water, so long as Rin held him close.

"Sooo…?" The lady pressed, with mischief in her eyes.

"What do you mean, 'so'?" Rin asked, somewhat defensively before remembering her manners and adding a 'My Lady' to the end of her sentence.

"Exactly how on earth did he let this happen? Does that idiot even realize the danger he put you in? I told him last night… It is a wonder he was not at my doorstep holding your corpse and asking for another 'favor'."

Rin blushed insanely deep, but couldn't help but defend Sesshoumaru. "It wasn't his fault! I… I… I don't think he could control himself, and the one who pushed him to where he… It's my fault. Not his."

"Oh? So it is you who are more stupid than I'd originally thought… Makes sense, after all… You are a ningen." The lady tapped her chin as though she were musing on the subject.

Rin nodded her head and looked down. "Perhaps I am a stupid ningen, My Lady… But I have no regrets, and I love your son very much. I trust him implicitly, and I don't believe him capable of harming me – in any form."

The lady laughed dramatically once again… Echoing as though the lady had gone mad, "It's okay, little one… I already knew you were stupid, and I don't hold it against you. You'd have to be stupid in order to love that arrogant bastard." The laughter stopped abruptly, replaced with a sad, somber tone that, for once, seemed genuine "But just remember, Rin… I was stupid long before you… So please, I ask again… Take care of him."
Flashback To Mating Season

Chapter Summary

WARNING: THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS A BESTIALITY LEMON! DOG/GIRL!

FLASHBACK TO BEFORE RIN WAS PREGNANT WITH SHIINI-CHAN!

~*~

Rin whined while he pulled her hair, making her arch her back even more… This whole ‘mating season’, while certainly not the worst possible thing, was almost starting to wear on her… It didn't help that this was now the week before she bled and she was therefore **fertile** as well.

She just wanted some damn **sleep**!

But… She would never deny him… Even if it was the third time today he'd taken her off to a secluded area and they'd wound up with her on hands and knees and him mounting her from behind, roughly pounding into her. She wished she'd become pregnant already, so that his instincts would settle some… Even if he did feel mind-numbingly good…

Speaking of which… "Sesshou... maru..." She rippled and climaxed around him, her body responding to the stimulation even as her mind told her she couldn't keep this up much longer.

He snarled and increased his pace, following behind her moments later and knotting deeply in her belly, which effectively ceased his movements.

This was her time to relax… In the intervals before he would be able to pull out, and recover his stamina, before asking for yet another round.

Pulling them to their sides, he curled himself and mokomoko protectively around her, trying to hide the human scent as much as possible, but he knew it was impossible to hide the scent of sex from all but the lowest level of youkai. They were vulnerable right now, and he'd have a hell of a time defending them while he was stuck **inside** her… Although he did have his light whip, so he'd wasn't entirely defenseless, even without his swords.

If she were not human, he'd have simply enshrouded them in an acidic mist to ward others away, but considering even a single drop of his acid would instantly melt her skin and bones and turn her to a puddle of goo… That simply wasn't an option.

If he absolutely **had to he could** simply heft her up and take to the skies at any moment; though flying naked through the skies in humanoid form with an equally naked human woman wasn't exactly **high** on his list of priorities… **On second thought, perhaps death may be better than** that particular embarrassment...

He sighed. Sometimes it was **inconvenient** having a human mate… But when his golden eyes swept down to her, cuddling his mokomoko and drifting off to sleep with his member still buried to the hilt in within her belly… He knew he wouldn't give the girl up for the world.

It was… **strange** that it was the **male** in the relationship making excessive demands on the female.
Usually it was female youkai who were constantly in want of mating during this time of year, and the male who needed to push himself to the absolute limit of his ability to perform sexually, in order to satisfy her.

While Rin was hardly what one could call frigid, (humans of her age group were often noted for heightened mating desire, he'd learned) she was definitely more reserved when it came to initiating mating.

He found that he didn't care, in the least. Rin was Rin and she was absolutely perfect for him. She was submissive without being weak, she was respectful without being fearful, and she was just dependant enough without smothering him with constant demands. She wanted but did not need him to survive.

He appreciated that quality in her… She could live on her own, but still, it fed his ego that he could rescue her from danger on occasion… Even if it was only the fact that she traveled with him that had put her in harm's way in the first place.

He bent down to lick her sleeping face several times, while reaching to reclaim his now wilted member from between her sticky thighs.

He covered her with her robes, and grabbed a waterskin, dumping it over his crotch and winced almost imperceptibly at the cold… But it was better than being unclean. When Rin woke, no doubt she'd wish for a bath… But he couldn't let that happen too soon… It may wash his seed away and the longer she scented of his fluids, the longer he could keep his impulse to mate with her in check.

He wasn't ignorant to the toll his recent… demands… Were placing on her fragile human body. He nearly pitied her, and, not for the first time found himself wondering if his decision to take her as his mate was made for purely selfish reasons, and was unfair to her in some way.

Usually, Sesshoumaru could give a damn whether or not one of his decisions inconvenienced, or even caused the death of, another living being. He was most important and the world revolved around him. The crunch of his black boots would crush any and all obstacles that stood in his way and may kami help those who put up any resistance to his almighty will… But Rin was different.

He cared about her. Cherished her in a way he'd never done another living being. She alone was worthy; she alone had earned a place of safety from his arrogant command and casually cold treatment. Rin was special. He would hold her above the nameless, faceless hordes he stomped over and keep her away from the crushing weight of his selfishness and childish desire to conquer. She was to be at his side, not cowering beneath him.

He gave a silent sigh through his nose to stare down at the sleeping girl.

Even now… She has no idea the power she holds over This Sesshoumaru.

He himself often had a hard time accepting what exactly Rin was to him. Oh yes, she was his mate… But she was also so very much more. Love rarely factored in to mating for youkai of his status, but by all that was holy… He loved this girl.

Which was why, when he felt the aura of a female inuyoukai not his mother approaching rapidly, he threw his armor and clothing over Rin's sleeping body and did not hesitate to transform.

If she could, she would kill Rin and then offer herself to him. He could smell her heat from where he stood.
Foolish mesuinu will die by this Sesshoumaru's fangs... But not here ... Rin will not be disturbed by this battle.

The Dog Lord took the skies, preparing himself to kill what was easily one of the more powerful females of his race he'd ever encountered; for the sake of his very human mate.

~*~

Rin woke from sleep and looked around, it was very, very odd that Sesshoumaru would leave her alone and defenseless in the middle of nowhere. By all the hells, I'm not even dressed yet! What was he thinking?

A heavy movement behind her startled her, and Rin shot up to see a lazy-looking Ahun perched behind her protectively. Immediately the beast nuzzled her, and Rin laughed at her own stupidity.

Sesshoumaru would never leave her alone, asleep, and unprotected. But then, where was he?

Quickly Rin rose and dressed, cringing at the disgusting feeling between her thighs and quickly using the water from the waterskin to clean herself up. "Time to go Ahun… Take me to Sesshoumaru-sama, please." She asked politely, while climbing on his back.

Ahun tried to protest, but Rin frowned. Usually Ahun would never disagree with her asking to go to Sesshoumaru. Something was wrong…

"Ahun, what's wrong? Where is he? Oh gods… Is he in danger?" Ahun reluctantly confirmed Rin's suspicions and that made her resolve to go to him that much stronger. "Well what in the hells are we waiting for? Take me to him, now." Rin's tone was not to be argued with, and with a resolute huff, Ahun took to the skies, hoping his master wouldn't hurt him too badly. He was Rin's transportation after all.

She saw the battle from far away, and the first thing she noticed was that her mate was in his true form. Very rarely was any enemy of enough consequence to warrant such a thing. While some may have thought Rin would be disturbed to see that her mate was, in fact, a giant white Inuyoukai… Rin had long ago accepted that as… normal.

She'd never considered her attraction to him as something… disgusting; though she knew that many other humans considered her so, especially when they learned the nature of their relationship.

It was accepted easily that he'd had a hand in raising her, and still had no problems mating with her when she grew to be of an appropriate age. That was common. But mention the fact that he was actually a dog… Well that usually got quite a reaction.

A few had mentioned the possibility that perhaps Rin might be sexually attracted to mortal dogs as well… Though she scoffed at the notion.

Mortal dogs didn't talk, and mortal dogs had no higher understanding of sex than simple procreation… Sesshoumaru was completely unlike mortal dogs where it counted… In his mind.

His physicality – no matter his form – was not an issue for Rin, because unlike a mortal dog, Sesshoumaru could tell her how he felt, and show care and concern and understanding for her basic needs. Sometimes Rin liked to tease him that he was a 'big puppy', but it was just that… teasing.

Seeing him like this was a stark reminder of his true nature, but instead of being afraid or disgusted… It always exhilarated Rin to realize what lurked beneath the calm, cool, controlled façade of the…male…she loved.
Sesshoumaru, of course was aware of himself as a dog, though he acted far from 'beastly'. He walked with honor and arrogance, wore clothing befitting his noble rank, and was sometimes so very human-like that it was more as if he were just a human with extra abilities, rather than a totally different species.

But, Rin would most definitely be reminded of how much of a 'beast' he could really be…

~*~

He could smell this bitch's heat, even while he toppled another tree with a giant paw. She too was having issues concerning the landscape and her size – and it was by some mutual unspoken agreement both transformed down to smaller versions of their dog-forms to allow for more room to openly battle.

This stupid bitch seemed to believe this was some sort of battle for dominance – she acted as though it was a game and she would definitely walk away with her life and his seed… And that made him angry.

No fool should underestimate him – especially not an idiot-bitch begging for his fuck.

His body's physical arousal and attraction to her scent was the only thing that stood in his way in this battle. She was no threat, and his true battle was not with her – but with his demon instincts.

Well, if there was one thing Sesshoumaru-sama; Lord of the Western Lands, Current Inu-no-Taisho and Daiyoukai was good at doing, it was controlling himself.

The enticing scent of bitch in heat was nearly able to be ignored… Nearly.

If he did not end this battle soon, he did not entirely trust himself…

No! This Sesshoumaru will not make bastards with some random bitch who will no doubt rise up and challenge him when they come of age.

Fuck this.

He shook his head roughly while shoving her latest volley back with giant poison claws and lowered his head to the ground. His deep growl and the way the muscles of his haunches tightened gave every indication of serious intent.

This ends… Now.

He pounced, expecting her to defend as she had but this time the female dog turned and lowered her front half to the ground raising her rear; apparently ready to submit to him.

When he landed it was in perfect position to ram his hard dog cock deep within her and bury his fangs in the base of her neck… And he was sorely tempted to do just that.

It was then that a much more sobering scent carried to his overly-sensitive nose.

Rin.

Her scent gave him the strength to flip the bitch on her belly and tear out her throat without another thought in his some-what slower working mind. When he glanced up wide-red-eyed and muzzle dripping with blood and chunks of flesh startled brown eyes stared on.

~*~
Ah-un had landed at Rin's assistance when she seen Sesshoumaru disappear beneath the tree-line along with the female dog – presumably to move into smaller versions of the transformations.

She'd watched the battle with mixed feelings… Guilt being one of them.

She'd not considered it before… But perhaps mating in his true form was a sexual need he had that she'd never fulfilled?

Jealousy- that some other female would be this to him… Do this for him…

Sadness- that she would always be 'only human'.

Shock- when he hadn't acted on his obvious urge (his erect state could hardly go unnoticed) to mate with this female dog-demon and instead he'd killed her.

Why? Rin didn't understand why he would deny himself this obvious opportunity? Unless…

Guilt crept up again… Was it for… my sake?

Rin shook her head. Baka. Didn't he know she only cared about his happiness? Did he think she would deny him this? Hold it against him in some way? Baka.

Now she was calling herself 'stupid'. 'Baka ningen'. Stupid human. Stupid, stupid, stupid humanity!

Rin cursed herself a few more times while looking down and willing back tears.

She hadn't noticed him coming towards her - still transformed – until a now-clean (how did he do that, anyway?) muzzle nudged her open palm and his warm rough tongue bearing no trace of venom tickled the sensitive areas between her fingertips.

All she could do was look down at him (a very rare and odd occurrence, she must say) and let a few tears slip.

Oddly enough his dog-face was more expressive than his humanoid countenance and the concern was clearly evident as the area of his brows drew together.

He huffed softly and before Rin knew what was happening he'd reared up on his hind legs and began to lick the tears from her face.

It tickled, and Rin couldn't help but smile as she tried to steady his paws on her thin shoulders. At this size, when he stood on his hind legs, he was just as tall as when he was humanoid, and the paws were heavy as his balance and hers faltered.

"Why did you do that, Sesshoumaru-sama? She was so… powerful." Rin hesitated to say 'beautiful' as she had no idea the standards dogs used to judge beauty.

His response was growl and nuzzle into neck, seeking to burrow beneath the hemline of her kimono and press his muzzle to the mark on her shoulder.

Unfortunately, this put both of them off balance and in a rare but comical event… Sesshoumaru lost his footing (paw-ing?) and sent Rin tumbling backwards onto her butt with an 'oomph' while he simply fell forward onto his front paws, accidentally trapping her beneath his canine-body.

"Ouch!" Rin reached behind her back and moved a rock from the ground that had his her spine from beneath her.
Sesshoumaru whined, apologizing with more of those very expressive doggie-brows and a downward turn at the corner of his muzzle. His instinctual reaction was to start scenting her for injury and that's exactly what he did.

His warm muzzle buried into her neck once more and he tried to nudge and make his way under her kimono's neck-line – but his frustrated attempts were a failure because of his form.

He pulled his head back, and glanced down to Rin's kimono hem, then to her eyes, then motioned once more.

Rin blushed. "You… want me to open my kimono?"

A quick decisive nod and a short yip later Rin was hesitantly reaching behind her to loose her obi so she could open her robes for him.

As soon as she had them open he was pressing his nose to her mating mark and sniffing furiously, eventually licking and nuzzling.

Despite this insane situation Rin could easily feel her cheeks heating. What is he doing? Is he…? Oh my gods is this foreplay?

She… didn't know what to do? Should she… pet… him? Tell him he was a 'good dog'? What exactly was the protocol for this situation?

By all the gods I'm considering petting Sesshoumaru-sama.

Rin didn't even stop to consider on if she would allow this… She would, without question. It was simply a matter of her not knowing how to act.

What had she seen that female dog do?

That female had turned over and presented herself to him, hind end raised high in the air and then wagged her tail.

Rin didn't have a tail to wag, but… The rest she could readily accomplish.

Sesshoumaru was just about to stop his inspection of Rin's scent when she moved and pulled her arms from kimono sleeves almost shyly, and… rolled over?

What in all the seven hells is this woman doing?

It wasn't until she lifted her rear end into the air and he felt it bump his groin while Rin rested her forehead on her forearms that he picked up on what she must have thought he wanted.

He closed his eyes and growled… Her ass was right there and he didn't think she knew what she was in for if he took her in this form… And while he hadn't thought about it before, now that it was being offered… Gods did he ever want it.

He was very close to simply thrusting inside her and he was going to back off before he lost control of himself but…

"It's okay, Sesshoumaru-sama…" Her small voice and brown eyes slipped back over her shoulder, "Rin wants to… make you happy… Be everything for you… Do anything and everything you might require… love you."
She moved her backside again, and he felt her heat calling to him, brushing the tip of his blunt red
dog-cock teasingly as he felt it slip further from the fuzzy sheathe.

It happened quickly then. So fast he didn't know what hit him.

_Sesshoumaru snapped._

All that precise control, all his holding back, all the times he'd been so careful and delicate with his
very human mate had kept his tension level high and the fragile hold he had on the human-like
façade just dissolved instantly as his haunches flexed and he filled the small human woman beneath
him to the very hilt while using a single paw to press the center of her back down and her chest to the
dirt.

Rin yelped at the unfamiliar invasion and the feeling was completely similar yet _different_ at the same
time. He was thicker but shorter, blunt and instead of long smooth strokes and slippery skin she felt
the chaffing of a furred rounded chest against her back and his fur between those wide-set haunches
tickled and rubbed against her outer thighs.

There were no smooth long strokes and there was no casual build up to release. He was humping
roughly in short movements and growling and drooling over her right shoulder though he must have
sensed she couldn't bare his fangs in this form without serious injury.

There was very little emotion and it was all one rough… _rut._

… And Rin was… Oh gods… She was _enjoying_ it.

The grunts escaping her were nearly as animalistic as his deep growls and the way his powerful jaws
snapped at the air occasionally.

Rin whined when she could feel the involuntary flutter of her tight and now very _wet_ channel clamp
down on the foreign invader of his blunt male dog-member and her face was red while she bit her lip
to nearly bleeding.

His thrusts _hurt_ they were so rough and quick and deep… But it was a _good_ pain and she could feel
her belly contracting suddenly and his plunging and humping slowed until it was just _hard._ _Fast._
_Deep._ _Thrusts._ That had more than heartbeat between them.

"_Unf!_" She felt herself driven into the cold ground again and again but her climax was
already _there_ and her head was spinning because she could hardly keep air in her lungs against the
pressure of his driving her into the ground and his heavy weight against her back.

He was panting and focused it seemed on only _one_ goal. Knotting _deep_ within her waiting belly.

As soon as it had started, it was _over_ and while Rin was accustomed to his expansion within her _this
time_ when he came the knot was so big and so deep that she felt as though her body would break
containing it. He was pumping wet hot dog-come into her and there was nowhere for it to go but
straight into the deepest recesses of her waiting womb.

"_Sesshoumaru-sama!_" She cried out, before it all became too much and the lack of oxygen and the
press of his furry chest against her back made her pass out.

~*~

When Rin awoke it was already the next morning, and he was there next to her – in _human_ form,
now. His golden eyes were watching over her, and there was some twinkle or… _spark_ there she
hadn't seen before.

"Are you alright, Rin?" He asked.

Nodding wearily, Rin began to raise herself up from the ground. The soreness in her body and her nether regions reminded her of what had happened, and she felt herself go crimison.

"Be careful when rising." He intoned… And Rin found the statement to be slightly odd, coming from him. He wasn't usually so open in his concern for her. "Also, you must eat soon."

Now she knew something was going on. "Is something… wrong… Sesshoumaru-sama?" Rin asked, when she finally got to her knees and sat awkwardly facing him, picking up her kimono and wrapping it around herself.

The corners of his lips lifted slightly, "This Sesshoumaru is merely insuring you take adequate care of his offspring."

Rin felt like she could have been knocked over by a light breeze. Her heart skipped a beat, and all the breath left her. *Her scent… "You mean…?"

He nodded, and his pride was evident in his voice, "This Sesshoumaru has successfully impregnated you."
A/N: All of the mythology in this chapter is REAL. Inumochi are a REAL thing in Japanese mythology, as are Inushikigami (paper dog demons) and the thing about Rin feeding Sesshoumaru giving her control over his instincts to force him to be forever bonded to protect her is REAL. Male Inuyoukai/Inugami were said to only be TRULY happy/fulfilled once they found a human woman to protect and bind themselves to… Rin is OBVIOUSLY the one that Sesshoumaru is bound to in canon, and if he follows mythology it means he will be with her for the rest of her life, never letting another male near her – or until she exercises him. (This is yet another of the many MANY reasons I 'ship them. It follows REAL Japanese mythology.)

He literally won't ever leave her alone. He will HAUNT her. (In Japanese mythology Inuyoukai/Inugami were protective, but also very possessive and many women sought to drive them away because they would kill human would-be husbands. They were known to be powerful, but DANGEROUS to try to control.)

Rin blushed and nodded. "I intend to, My lady. Rin loves Sesshoumaru-sama very much."

Rin's blush deepened at the memories surfacing of what had occurred when she'd conceived Shinnoumaru, who was currently shoving away from his mother's chest and wriggling down to get close to the water.

Loosing the color in her cheeks from the memories, her attention was diverted to her rather wriggly little son, trying to get away and explore on his own it seemed.

Rin laughed, watching as he lowered his little nose to the surface, taking a deep inhale of the strange new scents, but because he got a bit too close he sniffed up a bit of the bath water. The annoyed looking puppy immediately snorted and shook his head roughly, now starring down at the water looking venomously angry, the tiny pup gave his most intimidating growl.

*So much like his father…* Rin mused, wiping his little nose off and comforting him. "Did my little man get some water up his nose? We can't just go sniffing everything like that now can we?" She cooed, grabbing some soap from the edge of the tub and balancing a now defeated Shinnoumaru on her shoulder while she worked up a lather.

Careful of his little ears Rin bathed her son and resumed her talk with Sesshoumaru's mother. She had many questions, about what the lady had said.

"What did you mean… 'bitch'? What is that?" Rin didn't quite understand everything about how Inuyoukai packs were run. Sesshoumaru talked very little about such things, and all Rin did know was that he was the alpha male, his mother the alpha female and she was his mate. Until now there was no need to understand anything beyond his instinctual desire for her to show submission to him on occasion. Rin did not mind, as her submission never included anything that one would deem… *humiliating.*

"I believe the human word would be… *Inumochi.*" The lady brought a tapered and well manicured
claw to her chin as though pondering. "I suppose this means that Sesshoumaru has become more Inugami than Inuyoukai…" She sighed, dropping her hand and making a small splash in the water, "I suppose it was expected… So much like his father, yet still surpassing him."

**Inu… Inumochi…?!?**

Inumochi was a word used to describe human women who had gained control of an Inugami… A protective and possessive dog spirit. These…inumochi were said to be incredibly powerful, and to have control over their demon guard and attack dogs… The relationship could only sour if the woman later decided to reject the spirit; if that happened, the fierce loyalty turned easily to obsession and the Inugami would refuse to leave the woman alone; effectively haunting her. He would kill males that came near her, children from other mates, and in general could only be made to leave through exorcism.

*It is a good thing I do not ever plan to try and leave Sesshoumaru-sama… I still wish to be with him forever!*

"But… I don't understand? How… how did this… Why did he choose me?"

The lady chuckled, reaching for Shinnoumaru from Rin and pressing her nose to the pup's, who looked crosseye'd at his grandmother over his muzzle and snorted unappreciatively.

"It appears, little human, you are in need of a history lesson. Do you not know the history of the Inuyoukai race?"

Rin shook her head in the negative.

"Long ago, there were no Inuyoukai… Only Inushikigami. These were the spirits of mortal dogs, who were catured, buried up to their necks' and left to starve to death with a bowl of food just out of reach. The dog would die hungry and wanting, so whoever was the first to feed the dog's spirit would have such great gratitude from the dog's soul that it would then be able to be captured by the human and used as a protection or messenger spirit.

"It was only after many generations that a few of these Inushikigami were able to become powerful enough to break free of their human masters and to live on their own. It was these that were the first Inuyoukai. Eventually we evolved so that there were even Inudaiyoukai – like my late mate and Sesshoumaru… However, even as much as they evolved, Inuyouakai retained the trait of being bound to serve humans. The only difference now was that an Inuyoukai could choose his master.

"Tell me little one… Upon meeting Sesshoumaru, did you offer him food?"

Rin's eyes became wide. Yes… Yes, she had fed an inuyoukai. Rin nodded silently in shock… She hadn't even realized. Just then she remembered…

"But… He refused all the food I left for him! He said he didn't want human food!"

The lady chuckled, "No doubt he did not wish to accept food from a human for fear of being ensnared… But tell me, you say you left him the food? Was it ever still there when you returned?"

A light clicked on Rin's head then. No. It never was… It was always… gone… I always had to bring more food then next day!

**He was eating it!**

Rin chuckled, mumbling under her breath, "That sneaky bastard…"
The lady nodded her agreement bemusedly, "Well then… After you offered him food, and he ate it for three days… Did his behavior change towards you?"

_He asked about my bruises._ Rin again nodded.

"No doubt. And though my son hated humans… Jaken tells me that when Sesshoumaru smelt your blood, he _turned around_. My son, who purports to hate humans and wish them dead… He turned around. He could not help himself you know," the lady snickered behind her hand, the other still stroking the pup, "it was only instinct. He was drawn to protect you then and now and from this day forward. He will never stray… _He can't._"

"You know, my dear… The true question was never 'why did he use tenseiga'… The true question you _should_ have been asking was _Why did he turn around when he smelt your blood in the first place?_" The lady now sighed, stifling a yawn and handing Shinnoumaru back to his mother, the pup also looking tired from splashing in the tub. "And, I believe… _Inumochi-dono_… You have your answer."

The lady rose languidly from the tub, ringing the bell to re-call the servants in to dry and dress both her and Rin. Rin on the other hand took a few more moments before rising awkwardly out of the tub to stand and wait for the servants, putting Shinnoumaru down on the floor to let him shake himself dry. She was still rather… shocked at the new understanding of the relationship between her and Sesshoumaru. _She_ was actually… _dear kami in the heavens_… She was his… _She was his mochi… his… master._

The lady gave an over the shoulder glance, when the first of the maids entered, looking down at Rin with cool, calculated eyes. "You have possession and control of a very, _very_ powerful weapon when you hold the heart of my son… _I trust you will not misuse him._"

There was a heartbeat where Rin could feel a flare of youki, and even Shinnoumaru whined and scampered to hide behind his mother's legs, tucking his tail between his haunches and lowering himself to the floor, resting his head on his paws and looking down submissively.

"Never." Rin asserted.

_I love him too much to ever take advantage of such a position…_

The lady laughed manically then, making the maid who had begun to dry her startle a bit. "Of course you won't, Rin-_dono_…" Her voice dropped down to threatening once more, "You value your _life._"

Rin gulped, but nodded. "I understand, my Lady… I will do all I can to ensure Sesshoumaru is nothing but… happy."

Again the lady became sincere in tone and countenance, "As he will do for you… From now, things between you will change. Be ready for it, _ne?_"
The days passed for the small family and each day Shinnoumaru grew larger and stronger. His antics became favorite stories for the staff, and all were surprised that it was more often than not Rin who gently corrected his sometimes rambunctious behavior, while it was Sesshoumaru who indulged the pup beyond reason.

The small koinu was quite a headache for the grounds keepers, as his favorite past time seemed to running wild in the gardens and his prey-drive was incredibly strong. Anything moving was immediately chased, and caught, and chewed beyond recognition. A few small rabbits had already been claimed as his first kills.

"As expected from a son of mine." Sesshoumaru nodded with obvious pride when his son brought back the torn corpse of the small bunny.

"Shinnoumaru!" Rin had admonished, eyes watering at the sight of the bloody pulp, that had undoubtedly been a cute little bundle of adorable fur.

Rin had a very hard time accepting that her son was not being cruel… He was merely being a demon child. His instincts were to hunt and kill, and he was too young to overcome such instincts, even though he did not actually eat his kill yet. He still nursed from Rin, and on occasion Sesshoumaru's mother, though it was clear the pup preferred his mother's breast to his grandmother's teet.

It had been almost a full lunar cycle that they had been at the shiro, and as night was falling Rin was ready to lay her son to sleep, and curl into her mate's furs, and possibly spend a little… quality time with him.

His desire for her had seemed to go into overdrive, and her body was very close to completely healed; a full two weeks sooner than Kagome had predicted, (no doubt thanks to Sesshoumaru's meticulous and very thorough application of his healing saliva to Rin's nether regions) Rin felt ready to try and assuage both his needs and hers by making love.

While Sesshoumaru was busy elsewhere in the shiro, Rin had bathed and had the servants replace the sheets on the futon with freshly perfumed linens, and she had set candles about the room, and she'd slipped a vial of oil beneath a pillow. The young woman styled her hair and wore beautiful kanzashi dangling down, and had dressed in a beautiful pink kimono, with giant darker pink sakura petals fanning out from the center and had complimented such a robe with a still darker pink under layer, and a dark red obi… The overall effect was meant to suggest and resemble the way a woman's nether regions looked to a man. It was suggestive without being outwardly vulgar.

It was rare she was able to dress-up for her mate in a special way… Rare she could try and make herself look like the princess he deserved, and Rin was hoping he'd find her… beautiful.

It seemed that Shinnoumaru however, had other ideas for the night.

He was being… fussy.

Rin had tried everything; she'd tried feeding him, letting him outside, holding him, playing with him, giving him a bone to knaw on, in case he was teething.

None of these thing worked, and instead he kept whining, whimpering, putting his head down and pawing at his ears and muzzle. He tucked his tail between his legs and curled up – clearly miserable – but each time there was any distant noise, he snapped to attention and growled while baring his
Rin was at a loss; she'd never seen him behave this way, and she didn't know what to do to comfort him? She was in agony, seeing her son clearly in agony. She was very near to calling for a healer when Sesshoumaru opened the shoji door to their rooms and glanced down directly at his mate, who was petting his son and soothing him as best she could.

"Sesshoumaru… Something is wrong with him! Rin doesn't know what to do!" Rin was nearly in tears now, as Shinnoumaru's distressed behavior became worse and worse with every passing moment.

Instead of answering Sesshoumaru walked across the room and opened the shoji on the opposite side, the one that led directly out to the gardens; he glanced at the darkening sky and could see the crescent moon starting to make itself visible. His jaw clenched, and his hand fisted.

He glanced at his son, and narrowed his eyes. The boy's scent was already changing… His aura would not be far behind. Every demon in the castle would no doubt be able to sense this change.

He had… not considered this, and he cursed his own arrogance, for it was pride that had allowed him to forget what he knew of youkai with human mothers. He had been a fool to believe his son would be completely immune from any and all effects of having human lineage.

We have to leave the shiro, as soon as possible.

No one can know…

No one must know of this vulnerability… No one must know which night it is that Shinnoumaru… Transforms.

"Rin…" Sesshoumaru finally took the time to look directly at her, and he noted her appearance; he glanced around the room then, taking in the romantic atmosphere. She had obviously wanted to… He regretted that he didn't even have time to properly show his appreciation for the lengths she had so obviously gone to, to impress him.

He walked to her, knelt down and took his son from her arms, wrapping him once again in mokomoko, doing his best to cover the rapidly changing scent of the young pup.

Sesshoumaru knew he needed to move quickly, and he wished he could merely leave Rin here in the shiro while he took his son out alone for the night, but not only did he need Rin's milk to feed the pup, there was no telling what form this transformation might take and if the boy became… human… then he would need Rin's expertise in human… babies.

"Let's go, Rin." He intoned, clearly worried.

"But what's happening?" She cried, following her mate as he made his way out to the open air of the garden.

"Silence." Sesshoumaru commanded, not wanting to alert anyone in the castle that anything was 'happening'.

Rin was taken aback at Sesshoumaru's harsh reprimand. He almost never scolded her, and it… hurt that he would do so when she was clearly already worried and scared for her child.

With Shinnoumaru once again wrapped up and held in his furs, Sesshoumaru yanked Rin forward, hefted her against him, holding her beneath the knees and curling an arm around the back of her
shoulders. He tucked her into his chest as protection against the wind as best he could, and in a flash of light he took to the skies with his family.

They were depending on him, now more than ever, to keep them safe.

Sesshoumaru would not fail them… either of them. In that single regard, he was not his father’s son. No one he loved would die. Not him, not Rin, not his son. Not tonight, and not ever.

He had a family to protect.
Shinni's New Form

His black boots crunched down on solid earth only once Sesshoumaru had determined he was well out of scent range from the shiro. He sniffed the air, seeking out the scent of dampness and mineral deposits that would alert him to the presence of a cave in this rocky territory; preferably one unoccupied, but if need be he'd simply kill any inhabitants and den down for the night.

His nose still upturned to the wind he set Rin on her feet, still visibly upset at his earlier reprimand and the distress of her son. "Sesshouma-"

"This way." He turned and began to move up the steep hillside, having located a cave that's only animal scent was that of bears, and it was not hibernation season any longer; they would have been gone from that place many weeks ago. He handed the child to Rin and began their ascent.

Rin huffed and followed after him, holding her squirming youkai son in her arms, cradling him as best she could while keeping her balance over the rocks.

Just as they were entering the mouth of the too-small-for-his-taste cave, he heard Rin shriek in surprise and felt a small aura behind him. His son was already enshrouded in a pink mist and when he turned around the little pink ball when darting around wildly through the air. The pink ball of youki paused in the air before it pivoted, then aimed directly for Rin and slammed into her chest, knocking her back, but before she could fall backward he was behind her, cushioning her fall and staring over her shoulder as she instinctively reached up to catch the now rematerialized child before he fell.

Rin stared, and Sesshoumaru looked down over her shoulder… Both surprised that instead of a human baby there was now a very… hanyou-looking child in her arms.

He was very much a little…

Sesshoumaru groaned. He'd spoken too soon… His child did, in fact, take after his younger brother with those ridiculous looking puppy ears; worse, in fact as one was folded down at the half-way point. He still had the blue crescent on his forehead though… So… Where was Inuyasha's moon-marking?

Idiot… His transformation is on the night where there is no moon, so of course he would not bare the mark of such, even if father had carried that trait…

Which he hadn't. Sesshoumaru's father had had single stripes as his son, the moon skipping a generation, in that case. Distant cousins can still marry and have so many differences... He was glad that his mother still had the family marking, and that his son bore it as well.

Yes, he was pleased the child carried his markings, even in this form. It was testament to how much stronger the child's ki would be than that of InuYasha's, (due of course to his ki being so much surpassing his father's) that Shinnoumaru's hanyou form still boasted even the stripes on his cheeks, as well as his father's hair color, but…

"His eyes!" Rin brushed her fingers over the child's eyelashes lightly, staring into chocolate colored depths that matched her own perfectly, "They look like mine now!"

"Indeed." Sesshoumaru agreed, not quite sure what to make of this development. How did he… feel… now? He wasn't sure. He knew he had a duty to this infant, and he intended to carry it
out; any feelings could wait until later.

"Sesshoumaru…?" Rin hedged, suddenly noticing the little boy was naked in her arms, and it would soon be getting both dark and cold.

"What is it?"

"You know we didn't actually… bring… anything."

"Bring anything?"

"Blankets, changing cloths, swaddling, a sling…" They stood on the hill and Rin turned to face Sesshoumaru, who looked extremely puzzled at the moment, "He needs those things. All babies need at least changing cloths and a swaddling blanket."

"Why?" Sesshoumaru hadn't the foggiest notion on why so many… things… would be required for one so small?

"You want to get peed on all night?" Rin laughed at his ignorance. It was rather endearing to see The Great Lord Sesshoumaru look puzzled for once.

"He can go outside the cave, naturally."

"No, he can't. He can't move on his own yet! He's still too little in this form! He's going to go when he's going to go, covered in a cloth or not. That's just how babies are."

"The child is unable to move under its own power in this form?" Sesshoumaru was having a hard time believing this. How could any newborn that had been alive for almost a month not be able to move around on its own? Even mortal dogs' puppies moved around before that time!

"His power," Rin corrected harshly, "And no, he can't.". As soon as Shinnoumaru was hanyou-looking all of a sudden he was an 'it'? What in the seven hells was that about? "He's still your son! Don't you dare call him an 'it' to me, ever again!" Rin stalked off down the hill.

"Where are you going?"

"To a village; I recognize this place, and there is a village just over that hill. I'll see if someone won't take pity on a poor single mother whose husband was very recently killed by someone who went into a fit of rage and stabbed him with his own sword!" Rin flipped her head to the side and cuddled Shinnoumaru closer, "Truly a tragic tale, wouldn't you say, Sesshoumaru-sama?"

He could have growled at her, were he not so… worried. One day this girl was going to let her emotions get the best of her and wind up dead!

They would kill her if she walked into that village with a hanyou child in her arms.

Sesshoumaru sighed silently through his nose and pushed down his irritation. She had just cause to be… short… with him. He'd only recently given her the same treatment. Instead he made his way in front of her, moving steadily toward the village. The one thing she was right about was that that would be the best place to acquire supplies for a humanoid… baby.

~ 8 ~ 8 ~ 8 ~

"Remain here." Sesshoumaru stood with Rin on the outskirts of the village, nose in the air once more and searching for the scent of a new mother or infant. His eyes narrowed as he picked up the scent of
a young female infant, a young mother, and an older woman… a relative… not a mother, no… an aunt or cousin of some sort, perhaps?

*No males...*

This was good. He did not want to have to put some stupid human male in his place in front of that male's female. It would make the female less cooperative if he harmed her mate in front of her… but any mate worth his weight in salt would attempt to defend his female and offspring, so Sesshoumaru *had* planned on a possible confrontation.

It seemed that he was lucky tonight, and the male was absent for some reason.

"But!"

"Remain here, Rin." Sesshoumaru glared at her, then looked down to his son with slightly softer eyes, before he walked forward, prepared to demand the 'necessities' Rin had named.

"Sesshoumaru…" He heard her call and he paused without looking back, "Don't… Don't hurt anyone, okay?"

"I will do what is necessary, Rin." He answered solemnly, making no promises.
Sesshoumaru walked the short distance to the village, with his hand on the hilt of Tenseiga. He was alert for any signs of danger, but all was calm. It seemed everyone had gone to sleep for the night.

The lonely hut stood on the outskirts, and the women were alone with the baby. He could smell the aroma of milk and fresh linens. The child was crying, whimpering softly and the mother was trying to put the fussy baby to sleep.

He pulled back the bamboo covering, and entered silently; the women looked up, completely startled at his unexpected entrance.

"What do you want, beast?" The older woman asked.

Sesshoumaru immediately sensed the old woman was a (rather weak) miko, and also the younger woman's aunt. He could smell the similarity in their blood.

Sesshoumaru glanced down at the sleeping child wrapped up in a blanket; he needed that blanket. "Give me that." He gestured down to the cloth covering the child.

The young mother looked up horrified. *This demon wants my baby!*

"No!" The terror on her face was clear, and her scent reeked of panic. She started crying, and when he shifted his weight, she screamed.

*Nothing can ever go smoothly...* Sesshoumaru thought to himself. He was becoming annoyed.

"Hand it over, and there will be no trouble." He said ominously, growling through his teeth and holding up a single hand while cracking his knuckles.

If demands would not work, then intimidation *should*...

"Begone with you, evil demon!" The old woman pulled a sutra from inside of her miko's haori.

Sesshoumaru rolled his eyes, watching as the sutra fell on his shoulder and sizzled away into dust.

The old woman's eyes widened in fear and she knew that she needed to get reinforcements – *quickly*. She mad a mad dash for the door, and was slightly surprised when the tall, imposing looking youkai made no move to block her path. The woman stumbled out into the night, moving as quickly as she could (which wasn't very quickly at all) toward the village, and hoping she could manage to wake a few men from their beds before this demon killed her niece and ate the baby.

Sesshoumaru, now not having to worry about that old hag making pitiful attempts to kill him, made to reach for the blanket wrapped around the baby.

"Please! Stop, I'll do anything!" The young mother pleaded, then a moment later, "Take my life instead!"

Sesshoumaru paused, not understanding what was so upsetting to the woman. *She cares so much about one simple blanket? She would die for a piece of cloth?*

"Cease your useless pleadings, human. I have no interest in you."

LINE BREAK
Rin stood only a few yards away, hidden in the shadows with her son. *What is taking so long? When Rin heard the terrified shriek of a young woman her blood ran cold. Oh kamisama, what did he do?*

The young girl watched as an old woman ran (well, maybe it was more of a stumble?) as fast as she could out of the hut, and decided she’d better go check on things with Sesshoumaru. It didn’t seem to be going well, and Shinnoumaru was whining, and obviously cold. Hoping only to head off disaster Rin pulled her son close and made her way as quickly as she could to the lonely mud-hut where Sesshoumaru was supposed to be asking if he could have a blanket and perhaps some swaddling cloth for the night.

The scene when she entered confused her; a young mother was huddled in the corner covering her child with her own body and Sesshoumaru was standing over the woman growling softly, but from what Rin could tell he wasn't meaning to threaten; he was obviously annoyed. *What on earth happened in here...Why does she look so terrified?*

"Sesshoumaru, what are you doing to that poor woman?" Rin said accusingly.

"I told you to stay hidden, Rin." Sesshoumaru reminded her calmly, but with an edge of reprimand to his voice.

Rin looked at the poor woman with sympathy in her eyes," I'm sorry, but I heard screaming, and I was worried."

At just that moment Shinnoumaru made a small squeaking noise, fussing at all the commotion. Rin did her best to quiet the child, "Sesshoumaru, he's getting cold. Have you asked for the blanket yet?"

"That woman refuses to hand it over; instead she cowers and offers her life, like a fool."

The young woman glanced up from her place at the corner, her body still trembling,"You mean... you wanted the blanket?"

*This woman's mind is obviously feeble...*

"Is that not what this Sesshoumaru said?" The dog Lord mocked.

"I thought... that you wanted to eat my baby..."

Rin blanched, *surely he didn't threaten...* "Sesshoumaru, did you threaten to eat her baby?"

Sesshoumaru looked back at Rin, who was tapping her foot, and had one hand cocked on her hip while the other arm cradled Shinnoumaru who was fussing around and grabbing at Rin's long hair trying his best to get some of it into his mouth. Sesshoumaru was *highly* offended, "Ridiculous. This Sesshoumaru does not eat human children, nor make empty threats."

Again, the strange young woman spoke, breaking off the heated glare between Sesshoumaru and Rin, "You only want the blanket? But... what use does a demon have for a baby blanket?"

Rin stepped forward and showed the other young mother her naked baby boy. "We... were caught out unexpectedly for the night, and didn't bring supplies, we need a blanket and swaddling cloths for my son."

The young human mother stared at the infant in this... princess's (? Her clothing was amazingly expensive, after all) arms, and noticed that he had silver hair and two tiny dog ears perched on his head. She looked back to the tall daiyoukai standing over her imposingly, and slowly, she made the connection... Her eyes darted back to Rin, then widened in *total* understanding. "This demon... he is
the father of your child, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is." Rin smiled with obvious pride.

"He was... just trying to care for his child... like any father would..."

"Sesshoumaru-sama is a wonderful father to our baby."

"But you... are... human, aren't you?"

Rin's brow furrowed, "Yes..."

The young woman finally stood up and dusted herself off. Surely if he had a human bride, this demon was no threat to her. She approached Rin and Shinnoumaru, reaching out to touch the infant's ears. Suddenly, Sesshoumaru let out a low deep growl, warning the human from getting to close; but, Rin gave him a sharp look. "She won't hurt him; she's a mother too!"

"The child is hanyou. You should not be so trusting, Rin."

The stranger shook her head, "No... I promise, I won't hurt him. I just wanted to touch his doggie ears." She smiled softly at Rin. _A mother loves a child, no matter what he is, doesn't she?_

Rin smiled, "Aren't a cute?" She squealed girlishly.

"Oh, yes..." The woman nodded, "They are! Would you like to see my son as well?"

"Oh yes, where is he?"

"Oh, he's still bundled up in the corner! Let me get him!" Now, completely unafraid the woman pushed past Sesshoumaru and gathered her little bundle up in her arms. She brought Rin a diaper cloth and an infant's sized robe to wrap Shinnoumaru up in, while they talked.

"So... I was wondering... When you breastfeed, do your nipples – "

And here, Sesshoumaru completely tuned out, standing silently while the two women chatted, and doted over the infants; he was quickly becoming impatient to get back to the cave, and the relative safety of the isolated woods.

"Rin, it is time to go."

Rin looked at the young mother across from her and smiled sweetly, "Do you mind giving us a blanket and some more diapering cloth?"

"Oh no, of course not! I have plenty." The young woman gathered up the supplies and handed them over to a relieved looking Rin.

"Thank you! I really appreciate it!" Rin nodded, accepting the gifts.

Rin and Sesshoumaru left a small hut quietly; their family stealing into the night forests.

"That was foolhardy, Rin. You do not know how humans will react to the child of a human and youkai union."

"She seemed nice..."

Sesshoumaru stopped suddenly and turned on his heel to face Rin. "You are a fool! You put yourself
and our son in danger. I cannot protect you if you do not obey even the most simple of my commands. You were to stay hidden with the pup, and I was to retrieve supplies."

He stood over her, with his jaw set and his eyes sharp, "This will not happen again; do you understand, Rin?"

"Yes, Rin understands..." Rin felt her eyes water with salty tears, "Rin is sorry, Sesshoumaru-sama... She didn't think -"

"No, you did not." He cut her off, and with that, the Dog lord turned around and walked silently back to the cave where the family would spend the night. The entire time he could hear Rin sniffling softly behind him.

He did not like to make her cry, but she must understand how dangerous humans could be to her and more importantly to Shinnoumaru; especially when he was vulnerable.

Upon coming to the mountainside Sesshoumaru lifted Rin and their son into his arms and used his ki to elevate them to the cave entrance, "Remain here; I will gather wood for a fire."

"Yes Sesshoumaru-sama." Rin bowed her head in submission. She would not defy him again when it was a matter of safety.

The fire now started and the baby asleep Rin and Sesshoumaru sat quietly in the cave.

"Do you hate me now?" Ran looked up with wide, wet eyes at her stoic mate.

Sesshoumaru's eyes widened and his jaw tightened in remorse. He had not realized how deeply his reprimand had affected her. "Of course not. Do not be stupid, Rin. This Sesshoumaru could never hate you." He held his arms open in invitation, "Come here, little one."

Rin gratefully made her way into his lap, snuggling close and sighing when his furry demon appendage wrapped around her body, "I love you." She whispered.

His long clawed fingers made their way into the dark ebony strands of her silken hair and tipped her face up to meet heads. His lips brushed over her own gently, before guiding her head down toward his chest, "You look beautiful tonight; I had not the chance to tell you before."

Rin blushed, "Thank you... I... had hoped to please you, my Lord."

Sesshoumaru smirked, running his fingers along her side and down to the shelf of her (ever since childbirth, slightly wider) hips, and growling softly in his chest, "You succeeded."

He loved how her body had changed, ever since birthing his offspring. She was softer, rounder, her hips wider, her breasts larger and they hung slightly lower. Though he would always call her 'little one', she was certainly no longer a child or awkward teenager. She was a woman, with all the charms that went along with that.

Her small hand ran up along his inner thigh and gripped him softly over to silk of his hakama. "Rin is sorry she made you angry," she began to stroke him lightly, and let her voice take on breathless quality, "how can she make it up to you?"

His hand slip between the hemline of her kimono and traveled over her side to grip her rounded backside, squeezing and massaging," I made you cry, it is this is Sesshoumaru who has a failing to
make up for..." he twisted his body and sent mokomoko behind her, to act as a cushion when he laid her back.

His hips settled in between hers, and his body covered her entirely. He heard her gasp when he ground himself against her, and his lips captured her sigh as he stole her breath with his hot, searing kiss. "It has been awhile, Rin… Are you certain you are ready?"

"Ummm… Yes, my Lord… Rin has…" she panted and squirmed beneath him, wrapping her arms and legs around his lean, muscular frame and shoving her core against the warm, hard length she could feel pressing down into her most sensitive spot, "missed you… so… so… much."

Sesshoumaru whined softly at her rough movements against him, and he knew that with how long it had been since they made love, he might not last long… He wanted to please her, and there was the slightest doubt he could hold off his own pleasures long enough to see to hers, there was only one option.

He slid his body down, noting her frustrated groan, and feeling his pride swell; the girl wanted him… inside her… badly. He opened her robes and nuzzled his way down her belly, licking, kissing, and nipping here and there. When he reached those soft dark curls that lined her womanhood, he nuzzled and buried his face against her, taking a deep long inhale of the scent of her arousal.

"Oh please, Sesshoumaru… I want you inside me… You don't have to – "

He growled and nipped her inner thigh, silencing her protests, "You'll have what you want," he whispered, careful not to wake the baby sleeping nearby, "but first…" His tongue made a pass over her warm, wet center and Rin threw her head back and gasped silently. He was sodamn good at this.

"I want to taste you." He murmured, and Rin nodded absentmindedly in response, already lost to the pleasure of his rough, velvet tongue snaking its way inside her while his head shook back and forth and the tip of his nose strummed her little hard bud.

Rin arched and grabbed fistfuls of the beautiful silver hair and tugged him down, thinking that while she hated arguing with him, the 'making up' almost made it worth it.
I Love You

His tongue slid against her smooth, wet, quivering pink flesh and the slickness he tasted made the vein in his cock pulse in rhythm with the hard, quick beats of his heart. Sesshoumaru felt nails scratch against his scalp, and he shivered in response. Rin...

His mind was filled with nothing but the scent of her arousal, the taste of her sex, the sound of her muffled breathing, and the feel of her soft, fleshy legs wrapped around his shoulder blades. So soft… Thick… Curvy… Rounded… Feminine perfection…

He delighted in how much… thicker… she was now; loved the way the extra weight filled out her curves and made her soft and round beneath him.

This is how a woman should feel…

He contrasted her chubby thighs against the hard angle of his leanly muscled shoulders and found the greatest pleasure in how well she complimented him, now. No more hip bones grinding together, or knobby knees, pointy elbows, or firm, upward tilting breasts.

She was a fully formed woman now, not a child, and no longer just a teenager flirting with hips and breasts, still a step-or-two shy of full maturity; motherhood had transformed her into a seductive creature with all the charms of true womanhood in her arsenal.

Heavy breasts with dark nipples that leaked precious white beads of sweet nourishing milk, a tapered waist line but with a soft chubby belly that led to well defined hips that flared out and spoke of fertility and swayed when she walked on those tiny travel-roughened feet; her hips leading to thick meaty thighs, and, his personal favorite - a full and rounded backside.

She’d always been curvy; dare he say, even when she was eight she’d had tiny little hips and rounded (by comparison) thighs with a cute little rump… nothing to stir his passions, but enough to indicate what a beauty she would be when she was older, but never had he dared to hope she would have matured and filled out so incredibly well.

She was just so damn feminine now, and everywhere his hands traveled he could squeeze and fill his palms with pale, soft skin and sexy handfuls of her delightfully soft body… Not a bone in sight or feel, save for the ridge of her collar bones.

He loved it. She was beautiful. He hoped this extra weight was here to stay and she remained as nicely filled out as she was now… If simple food was not enough to sustain the changes, then he'd be more than happy to give her another child.

He growled, deep and low and masculine, pulling his arm under his body and sneaking his hand up, so he could fill her womanhood with his fingers, leaving his tongue free to slide up and flick that tiny little pink bud until her legs went taut and her toes curled.

"My Lord!" The girl gasped quietly, as her hips bucked up and he took that as his cue to dive deep between her legs and wrap his lips around her nubbin, running the flat of his tongue over and over that sacred place while sucking gently; his fingers were diligently working inside her – exploring – because the landscape had changed and he was discovering the inside of her sex as if for the first time, all over again.

"Deeper, my Lord… curl your fingers… Ahhhhhh… Oh!" And then he knew by the contraction, the feeling of those hot tight walls gripping his fingers all around, that he'd found her sweet spot, and
he took full advantage, swirling around and curling his fingers forward, pressing in with the tips of his digits and massaging that spot – slowly, precisely, rhythmically – until his precious little one came undone and jerked and spasmed, spilling sweet nectar from her sex and filling his nose with the scent he treasured more than anything else in the world… The scent of her sexual satisfaction.

Any male could shove himself inside a female… But only a real man could bring a female true pleasure; and, Sesshoumaru prided himself on many things, but more than anything, he indulged in the masculine smugness that comes with being an alpha male. He could most certainly bring his bitch to orgasm, he inwardly gloated.

"Gods Sess..." Rin panted, releasing her death-grip on his hair, "You're incredible..."

He gave a wicked smirk, sliding up her body and leaving nips and licks along his path… Part of him just wanted to take a bite out of her… Not really literally, but figuratively devour her, the way she swallowed him up whenever he pushed inside her; she kept him trapped within her, holding him prisoner but he trusted himself, his manhood, to her safe, warm, wet and comforting embrace. "I'm not done with you yet, beloved." He taunted, moving slowly to nuzzle her breasts and kiss around her areolas, before capturing a nipple with his lips and sucking softly, relishing the small beads of sweetness leaking onto his tongue, and pulling his hand up to massage her breast and coax more of that delicious taste from her.

Rin went stiff… He so very rarely used such open endearments toward her and her mind spun with the weight of it. "Say it again," she whispered, gently feeling in the darkness for his ear and scratching lightly behind it. She knew that some demons could not feel love the way humans did… And she'd never had the courage to ask Sesshoumaru if he… loved her. Devotion, loyalty, attraction, appreciation… All those she was sure of, but… love? Could he even… feel that? Really, truly, feel that?

"Hm?" He grunted absentminded, switching breasts and continuing to work at stimulating her, finding his patience wearing thin and his cock leaking pre-seminal essence, impatient to be inside his mate.

"Call me… that… again." She hesitated, groaning when he ran a fang over her nipple and then nipped it gently, wringing pleasure spiked with a hint of sensitizing pain from her enraptured body, "Please, Sess… Just… uh… one more… ah!" Rin arched her back as he slid further up and began to nuzzle and lick her neck and shoulder. Is he even listening anymore? She briefly wondered, inwardly chuckling at how hard it was for him to concentrate on her words right now. He must really want her, "Time!"

He finally pulled back, and, though he knew she couldn't see him in the darkness like he could her, he looked down into her face, his mind desperately trying to think of what she could mean, before he recalled… He'd openly called her 'beloved'.

"Rin..." He stroked her face softly, sliding his legs and hips into position, and using the hand not at her face to reach down and grab the back of her knee, guiding her to open up wide and let him in… accept him… back inside her body… Welcome him home.

Once they were in position, he leaned down kissed her slow and soft and deep and moved his hand between their bodies to guide his hot member into her slick sex. He pushed slowly but firmly, filling her up and feeling himself be swallowed entirely… absorbed into her body until they were one, once more. When he was seated firmly to the hilt, he rolled his hips, moaning deep at her responding quiver. He let go her mouth, and moved to whisper in her ear, "Do not ever doubt, Rin..." He rocked gently and she gasped, "Your Lord..." He pulled out, then pushed back in, "This
Sesshoumaru…” He thrust with a bit more force and Rin responded, learning this dance all over again, and relishing the feel of his thickness rubbing against her sheathe with exquisite friction, "I…” He continued to pick up his pace, letting the soft thud of their bodies moving in timeless rhythm echo in the darkness of the cave, "love you.”

At those words, Rin shattered, crying out so loud he had to kiss her to swallow up the scream that might have woken their sleeping infant.

He ground hard, pitched deep, and pumped himself into that perfect tightness thrice more before following her off the precipice of pleasure. His testes tightened and he felt his cock expand, knotting inside her and locking them together in a silhouette of passion, "I love you." He confirmed once more, spilling his seed inside her waiting belly, not yet fertile again… But this night wasn’t about making offspring.

This night was about making love.

"Thank you." Rin whispered into the dark, clinging on to her Lord with shaking fingers, never wanting to let go, "Thank you."
Dynamics

He growled, sending vibrations through her frame and she felt him harden inside her again. He slipped from between her thighs, she felt him urging her to roll on her belly.

*He wants me again...* Rin gasped, sensing his urgency and ready and willing to fulfill his need.

Sesshoumaru, never one to show vulnerability, suddenly realized how much he had revealed and every fiber of his being screamed at him to take "control" back again... Dominate his mate, possess her, let her know that she *belonged* to him.

*Never leave me... Please...*

His desire to dominate had nothing to do with punishment, and *everything* to do with an almost desperate need to make certain she would never leave him... He needed to *keep* her... Keep her all for himself.

*I need you...*

"Rin..." He growled her name, and gently used a hand at her hip to roll her over, and urged her up on her knees, "I... need..." He groaned, slipping between her thighs and pushing his thickness inside that wonderfully tight wet heat, and feeling every bit of resistance as her muscles clenched around his length like a scorching fist.

She shuddered as he filled her, shaking and panting and tiny toes curling when she felt him pull back, adjust his angle, and spear into her again with a short sharp thrust that targeted her g-spot and pushed a gush of fluid from between her legs with the pressure of it all.

"Sess-!" Rin whined and he growled deep in response, grinding his hips against her soft, round backside in small circles, his heavy testicles teasing her pleasure pearl from behind as she arched her back and shoved her ass up to meet his cock.

"You were a bad girl, Rin." He mumbled darkly into her ear, nipping her lobe as his hot breath tickled the shell and Rin gulped and nodded, her mouth and eyes wide open in response to his *deep* grinding, "A very bad..." He pulled back, thrusting back into her so hard she felt her whole body lurch forward, held in place only when his hand landed on the cave floor in front of her, and his forearm caged her beneath him, "...little girl."

His other hand snuck up, coming around her side and over her butt-cheek, and he reared back, smacking her butt sharply, before quickly curling his fingers around her hip and dragging her backward, to impale on his throbbing member.

"Yes!" She whispered in the dark; his admonishments only serving to make her more wanton.

Again he pulled back, and again the sharp sting of a sensitizing spank to her hindquarters had Rin gasping and shuddering.

"Let's hear you say it," he goaded, slamming back into her brutally while Rin arched higher, wanting to feel him buried as deep as he could go inside her... She wanted *all* of him pulsing and dripping inside her.

"Rin... Ah!" He began to move in earnest once more, ramming into her softness again and again, her inner muscles stroking every inch of his formidable shaft and making his vision bleed at the edges to
dangerous red, "was a bad girl! A bad, bad girl!" A throaty moan of satisfaction followed her mating-game induced admissions of "guilt".

"What…" A particularly pleasurable clench of her inner muscles had him choking on his words, that smooth baritone roughened, "Should this Sesshoumaru do with such a disobedient mate?"

His hips moved faster, more erratically, but he held himself back waiting for her answer to his needy call; he needed her to… let him feel as though he were in control, because the truth of the matter was… when it came to her, in all actuality, he was anything but in control of himself. His every thought, every emotion, action, decision… Everything was all about her.

"Ummm… Sess…" Her small hand reached back, blindly finding and stroking his ear as her fingers wove into the long silver strands tickling her cheek, "Punish me…"

He growled slow and deep, utterly animal and entirely masculine.

In a single smooth motion he rocked back on his heels, sitting upright, and bringing her up with him, thighs spread around his own. One hand wrapped around to tug at a nipple and the other at the apex of her dripping folds, strumming her clit as he pounded up into her; her whole body bouncing up and down over his cock.

Her arms lifted above her head and looped around his neck while his mouth found the crook of her shoulder, and lips and fangs and tongue laved and nipped, kissed and scraped, nibbled and tasted each inch of the thin, delicate skin of her neck and shoulder.

"Oh Sess… Too much!" Rin cried out at his rough handling, the over-sensitive feeling of him pounding up into her and strumming against her button with his knuckle had her vision blurring with tears of sheer overwhelming sensation.

She tried to be quiet, softly gasping her delight and lowly groaning her intense pleasure... but it was so hard to remain quiet under such a brutally loving assault.

"Sess, please… If you don't stop…" Rin pleaded, feeling the pressure building up in her belly and knowing that his fur was right below them… He'd never get that scent out…

"That's it, little one…" He coaxed softly, his softly soothing voice in direct opposition to his rough handling, "Come for me… Come for your Lord."

Unable to hold back any longer, Rin's entire body tensed, her mouth open in a silent scream and her eyes rolled back in her head as wave after orgasmic wave ripple throughout her body and choked sounding sobs escaped her throat while hot gushes of liquid heat drenched his thighs in wet squirts of her creamy essence, dribbling down between his thighs, and even on to his precious fur.

He didn't care. Her scent would absolutely cover him for a good long while and yet… dare he say… marked with the scent of a female so entirely… It was…

Comforting.

He followed her scant seconds after she fell, his testes tight, his cock twitching, his seed erupting within her warmth, swallowed up deep inside her belly.

He could manage nothing but a high pitched puppy-like whine escaping through clenched teeth… The rest of his face screwed up in a pained look, sweat dripping from his brow, bangs plastered to his forehead, and skin red and flushed with exertion.
He collapsed forward, heaving breaths in and out, while still holding his precious little girl, clutching her tightly to his chest. "Rin..." He managed to whisper her name, before instinct overcame him and he found himself lapping furiously at her neck, her face, her shoulder... showering her in his affections and giving non-verbal praise the only way he really knew how.

He flipped her around and held her slightly up, and for the first time... It was he who licked furiously at the underside of her chin.

He slithered mokomoko around to soften his fall as he fell backward, belly up, and Rin was left sitting astride, her hands splayed out across his ribs.

He panted and gasped, finding himself in this new position of submission.

Were she any other female who attempted to sit on top of him while he lay prostrate, flat on his back... He would have killed her; reached up with his claws and ripped her throat out, for daring to even attempt to dominate him and yet...

His hand reached up, but only to brush strands of hair away from her face gently and palm her cheek. "Rin..."

The girl nuzzled into his palm and kissed it, falling forward and tucking herself up under his chin while he just reached his arms around to hug her in place above him.

"I love you, Maru." Rin whispered, unaware of the full weight of what had just happened between them.

He snorted, "I will... keep you, Rin." Serve you, protect you, keep you from harm, and keep you well taken care of...

She giggled slightly, "I don't mind being a kept woman."

"Good, because... If you ever try to leave me, Rin..." Sesshoumaru's eyes bled to red, "I will kill you."

The tiniest hint of fear laced Rin's scent for just a split second...

Inugami and their affections are not to be trifled with. Love can turn easily to jealous obsession and they are dangerous to try and control. Their loyalty is perfect, so be sure that yours will be as well.

Rin realized then it wasn't anger or a threat... It was... fear of rejection and abandonment that she heard in his voice.

He couldn't... live... without her, now. He was bound to her.

"I do not mean to frighten you, nor do I wish to harm you; such actions... would be... beyond my conscious control."

Things between you will change from now on; be ready for it, ne?

"Maru..." Rin's voice shook, "I will never abandon my mate... abandon you." Then, if only to lighten the mood Rin joked, "Besides... What other man would be foolish enough to put up with such a disobedient and willful woman as I am?"

Sesshoumaru allowed a quirk of his lips, "There are a great many fools in the world, Rin; many of whom are men." He gave her a serious look, "And I would have you not any other way."
"Well, what about me? Shouldn't I be worried that some beautiful mesuinu-youkai will snatch away my powerful, terrible, fearsome and yet devastatingly handsome Lord Mate at any moment?"

Sesshoumaru scoffed, "Of course not..." He rolled them over, pinning Rin beneath him, and running the pads of his fingers up and down her ribs, making her giggle and squirm oh-so-pleasingly beneath him, "You have made quite the fool of this Sesshoumaru."
Omens

A whimper stirs the couple from post-coitus bliss, and Rin giggles, "Oh! I… I didn't even realize…"

Sesshoumaru grunted, "His scent is very calm. Demon children feel reassured by the scent of their parents mating, as it reminds them the bond between their parental mates is strong. He is not a human child, Rin. The boy merely wants attention, and to be fed."

Rin rises to her knees, wraps her under-most layer around herself, and scurries over, picking up her son and moving to lean back against the cave wall. She checks his diapering cloth and finds he's still dry, which means he must certainly be hungry by now… He wouldn't eat for hours before his transformation, so he must be famished."

She's just about to settle back to allow Shinnoumaru to nurse, when she hears Sesshoumaru's clear voice in the darkness of the cave, "Come here with him."

Rin bows and scoots back toward her mate, feeling herself hoisted back to lean against his warm, lean body, and two long, strong arms wrap around her. She yawns, and suddenly, she's yanked back as he reclines. "Rest, Rin." He orders lightly.

"Oh, but… I have to feed him." She titters softly, when a hand delivers a sharp strike to the side of her thigh. "Did we not just discuss your blatant disregard of my orders?" He's clearly teasing, but nothing in his voice would give that away. It is only Rin that can recognize such things in him. "Here," his arms wrap around to pull open the top of her nemaki, and he cradles the child for her against her breast. "Now, go to sleep."

"Easier said than done when there are little fangs around my nipple." She rolls her eyes, but stares up into the darkness, knowing he can see the look on her face no matter if there is no light at all, and she's smiling at him.

He makes a non-committal grunt and simply lays back slightly further, not really looking at Rin, but at his son… Sesshoumaru thinks about this new form… This… weakness in his offspring, and glances down at the woman between his arms, searching himself for regret, or even shame.

She is… everything he once hated, everything he once despised, and nothing of what he could find reason to care about.

*Humans… Why save them? Why care for them? Why… Love them?*

The same small girl, young woman, and now mother of his offspring leans back and whispers, "Maru."

And he is reminded again why he loves her.

She is his greatest strength, and also his only weakness… well, she was… Until Shinnoumaru came along.

He can smell the rainstorm miles away outside the cave and hopes this is no bad omen. It isn't the season for rain…

Something pops in his head and he realizes how aptly his son is named…

Shinnoumaru written one way 新王丸 is 'Perfect Imperial Prince', however, with just a slight change
in lettering and no change in pronunciation… Shi, No, Maru with different kanji 死の丸 could also be… Death of Perfection.
Early morning dew drops shimmered, light casting off like diamonds and rainbow mists illuminated by the light of early dawn, but not yet a rising sun, just as a soft and distant scent raised the peaceful Sesshoumaru from his meditative state.

There was no mistaking the scent, and soon the soft sounds of breaking underbrush and multitudes of a voice could be heard from the distance. Cautious of waking his mate and child, he slowly dematerialized from beneath where both rested against his lap, and while Rin stirred, the child in her arms did not as he gently laid her down on the cave floor.

With narrowed eyes and barred fangs the tall imposing figure cloaked in white and surrounded by an aura of death darted down the steep incline of the mountain toward the wisps of smoke he could detect from what were no doubt torches.

A group of human males wandering the forest and smelling of torches and gun powder could mean only one thing… That old foolish miko had gotten her band of idiots together and they had waited until day break to go hunting for the youkai hidden within their lands… And most likely the human woman and half-breed child as well.

It was not he who was in serious danger but his sleeping mate and offspring.

Flying overhead and quickly finding the group of dark heads among the green foliage easily, he set down, mere feet from what appeared to be their leader, strong and stoic as always.

"Leave this area, humans." He always gave a warning, although past experiences told him that it would most likely be ignored; now was no different.

Startled that the youkai had come to them, the man leading the mob reflected back fear and uncertainty, but, glancing back over his shoulders and realizing he had nearly 80 men, six monks and four miko with him against one unholy beast… He was foolishly brave.

"Hand over the human woman and leave, or we will vanquish you, monster."

Sesshoumaru smirked, and raised an eyebrow as he sized up the pathetic bunch of rag-tag "soldiers" and quickly forced his powerful youki against the pathetic spiritual energy of the few gathered humans who had holy powers.

The two miko standing to either side of the man leading the horde shivered and stepped back. Suddenly, it was only they who knew that no matter the numbers, this was not going to be an easy fight… So one spoke up.

"Your energy… You are not truly…"

Before the woman could speak more a bright flash appeared and her body dropped to the ground as her lifeless head rolled several feet from the corpse.
The headman was about to leap into action when the other miko screamed, trying to stave off the attack, but it was too late and the ripples of fear and anger at the first miko's death were rolling through the crowd already.

"No! He is…" The young miko was helpless to do anything but move away to avoid being trampled as the men moved forward, surrounding Sesshoumaru with drawn swords, naginata, spears and even pitchforks and other make-shift weapons.

Sesshoumaru declined to draw either sword, knowing such was not necessary for this fight. He only bothered to engage in sword play with those who might honestly present even the slightest of challenges… None of these humans met his criteria.

Again Sesshoumaru let his whip fly around him, and screams from men's mouths and blood and innards from human bodies immediately severed in half filled his ears and made him *hunger for more*… More of the violence and bloodshed and the thrill of the kill. Suddenly, faster than human eyes could track he was sprinting around the knots of humans that were forming using not his whip, but instead razor sharp talons to rend the soft flesh, running his claws through human bodies as easily as a knife through fish guts. Chunks of flesh, body parts, burned and scorched soil from where torches had hit the ground were littered around him and distant chanting of monks was silenced with a flex of youkai that exploded their hearts within their chests and left open-eyed cadavers where human holymen had once stood.

Satisfied with the scene, the chaos and violence and the pleasing stench of human blood and fluids, the beast inside Sesshoumaru *howled* in delight.

He noticed some were running now through the thick trees, running for their very *lives*, but not a single man or woman would escape his righteous anger.

The last few were killed *slowly*, blood and gore covering Sesshoumaru's claws and the satisfying crunch of bones shattering fueling this desire to *destroy* these… *pests*.

Only one remained, and when he appeared before her, he recognized her as the second miko… The one who had tried to stop the humans from attacking Sesshoumaru in the first place; with a feral growl Sesshoumaru raised his claws to strike but the woman fell to her knees in a deep bow, pleading with him… Whispering a title he'd never once heard before, but that struck him to the core…

"Inu… Inugami-sama… Please…"

For a moment, Sesshoumaru paused, his red eyes fading to neutral gold and he cocked his head to the side in puzzlement, "Inugami?"

"She is safe now, I am no threat… There will be no others coming."

Now, Sesshoumaru was *curious*… Either the miko was a mind reader or… "To whom do you refer?"

The young miko dared to glance up, "Your mochi…. Whoever she is, she is safe. There is no need to kill me… I'm no threat to your master!"

Sesshoumaru's eyes widened, "This Sesshoumaru serves no *master!*"

For a moment, he thought to rip this arrogant, ignorant miko's tongue from her mouth, if only to silence her foolish and *completely idiotic and inaccurate* mutterings… But he looked at this young woman… Rin's age… And he felt something he never had before… The recession of his youki
and… forgiveness? Mercy?

Still confused, but no longer high with the thrill of the hunt, the great white terror disappeared back to the skies, leaving the miko heaving and sobbing on the forest floor, surrounded by the bodies… well, the body parts, what was left of them… of her fallen brethren.

Sesshoumaru flew back to the cave, not even considering the horrendous sight he would present should Rin be awake, and when he touched down he stared down at the sleeping woman and his offspring… now back in Inu form after the sun had broken fully over the horizon; the child was awake and squirming and whining in distress, but backing off of his terrifying father and hiding in the corner pitifully.

Inugami… Mochi… Master …

He tried – so desperately – to hate her… For the first time he actively tried to conjure up feelings of disgust, regret, revulsion and shame… He wanted, in that moment, so badly to kill her. To wash away these doubts he had and start over, find a youkai mate, produce purebreds, get himself back on the path he had always planned for himself… pretending she had never existed and he had never…

But none of those things came; looking at her, he could feel nothing at all but contentment, peace, and soul-deep affection tinged with heartfelt adoration.

Sesshoumaru sighed as his anger faded entirely, and guilt spread out from the center of his chest as he saw his cowering son in the corner.

His own offspring – which he had vowed to protect – feared him.

He could only love her. He could only love them.

He could no sooner kill Rin than to fall on his own sword point.

How stupid, Sesshoumaru mused for a moment, before a very startling thought crossed his mind… Did this mean the miko was correct? What… What had he become? What would become of him, and his pack… No… Not merely pack… His family?

"Sesshoumaru?" Rin awoke rubbing her eyes to see him standing over her and… unlike any other person in the world who would have woken to his presence looming over their sleeping form, she did not smell of fear, but rather of happiness and warmth.

… And then, her eyes now cleared of sleep, and now adjusted to the light, Rin saw the truth of the situation.

He was covered head to toe in smears of blood, drenched in the scent of death and… was that part of a finger dangling from his bangs?

"Sesshoumaru! What…? WHAT DID YOU DO?"
Sesshoumaru lowered his eyes, he could not tell her exactly what he had done, but he could not, and would not lie to his mate, "What was necessary, Rin."

The terrified expression on her face made his heart clench, "What… what did they do?"

Slowly, he approached her and pulled her in close, wrapping her up in his embrace, heedless of the blood and gore painting his white robes, "The old woman gathered almost 100 men, priests and miko and… They threatened to take you from me."

Rin buried her head against him and choked back tears. She had been so, incredibly stupid! So naïve and trusting! And now… No doubt, she had gotten all those people killed. Of course she knew Sesshoumaru would defend her and their child with his dying breath and she would not, and could not fault him for that… But it was her who had exposed them and put him in that position in the first place.

"It's all my fault! I'm so sorry, Sesshoumaru-sama! Rin is so very sorry!"

With a deep sigh, Sesshoumaru enfolded her more deeply in his arms… Truly, he knew, that is was only Rin's twisted sense of logic which refused to fault him for slaughtering those who gave him even less than half a reason, that allowed her to… love him.

By all rights, she should despise him and yet, her heart would never judge him guilty of his myriad crimes against humanity… And, while he knew it was sick… He prayed she never became so world-wise and savvy that, that… That she would never realize the truth.

He was a monster. A beast. A blood thirsty ravenous hunter, always ready to destroy or devour even the most unworthy prey.

The terrible, barbaric Lord of the Western Lands stroked his mate's hair, growled low and deep, and soothed her with quiet "hush" sounds. "No, Rin… The fault was their own… And their blood is solely on the hands of This Sesshoumaru."

"But – "

"No buts, Rin." He warned softly, chuckling and leaning down to whisper in her ear, "For you, beloved… I would slaughter armies."

Rin wiped her teary face and snotty nose on one of the clean patches of his kimono, remarking, "My Lord has a twisted sense of romance."

"Oh? My Rin would prefer a more… traditional approach?" He cocked his head to the side with a smug look, and reached down to squeeze her butt and shove her hips forward, finally earning him what he'd wanted most… A smile and a giggle.

"Hentai." She smirked, and he nodded in agreement. "But of course. What can one expect from a dog demon, Rin? The crass phrase, "Horny Dog" must have its roots in truth, after all, ne?"

At that Rin openly laughed and shoved him away. "You aren't getting any until you take a bath." To stress her point, Rin wrinkled her nose. "You stink."

"Fair enough." He acquiesced, although… He would not admit to her that to his nose, the scent of
blood was far from a "stink" and more of a pleasant spice that hung about the air and served to excite his senses, "However, I must insist that, if I am to bathe…" He filled the space beneath her feet with his ki, lifting his small ningen wife from the cave floor and putting her at nearly the same height, allowing him to run the tip of his nose from the base of her neck all the way up to her earlobe, and then nibble invitingly, "You must join me."

"Ummm… That tickles…" Rin purred in response and she sighed when he allowed his ki to dissipate, leaving her standing on her own once more.

Sesshoumaru turned to attentions to his son, who was watching their entire exchange with curious eyes, "Come here." He beckoned in human tongue and watched as the boy padded his way over, head hung low in natural submission, but at least, he no longer feared.

Mokomoko wrapped around the pup and Sesshoumaru quickly lifted the boy to his arms, holding him under his front legs and pressing his nose to the child's. In inu tongue he growled gently, "Do not fear, koinu."

The excited pup yipped happily, and squirmed in Sesshoumaru's grasp, nuzzling up happily in his father's neck when he was pulled close. Sesshoumaru lapped at the boy's fur, leaving fresh scent markings all over his offspring and Rin watched the paternal exchange with stars in her eyes.

She could never have believed that Sesshoumaru would be such an attentive and involved father… It reinforced for her once again though, that he had most certainly never seen her as his "daughter"… Sesshoumaru had never paid her such attention when she'd been young… Although, to be fair, Rin was fairly certain she'd have ended up very… disappointed in the long run, if Sesshoumaru had relegated his care for her to the paternal, those years ago.

Had that been the case, it would have been all but impossible to get him to see her as potential mate.

The pup returned his father's affections, lapping at his neck and under his chin and occasionally testing the boundaries with a few nips here and there, which always received the appropriate warning growls, and, at one point, a snap from Sesshoumaru.

While to others this may have seemed harsh, Sesshoumaru knew all too well that the best way to provide his son with a sense of safety and security was to demonstrate consistently that the boy had a very strong alpha pack leader for a sire… Were he to allow the boy any form of dominance, even in play, instinct would have informed the child that his father was not fit to protect him.

Strong and rigid pack dynamics were essential to mental development of a healthy koinu, so that someday, when he grew to be the alpha leader of his own pack, he would know exactly how establish dominance and provide his own family with that same sense of security and leadership.

Sesshoumaru had no doubt that Shinnoumaru would grow to be an alpha male… If at one month he was already playing at testing his father's dominance, then it would surely follow that he would continue to do so until one day the natural order of things lead to his son defeating him in clean combat and taking over the alpha position of the pack himself.

No doubt, Sesshoumaru mused, Shinnoumaru would be quite a handful and require constant discipline and reminders of his place as a beta male throughout his childhood… Just as Sesshoumaru had been with his own father.

Circumstance had deprived the Lord of the West from completing his duty as first born male heir to the Inu No Taishou and overthrowing his father by way of combat, and Sesshoumaru had felt no small amount of bitterness over that fact throughout his years… How did he know he was ready to
be a strong leader, if he had not the *only* truly worthy opponent to measure his strength against – his father?

The smallest kindness had been done to him… In the midst of so much betrayal and so many great disrespects to his place in the pack, his father had done him but *one* small kindness, in providing him with an alternate way of knowing when he'd finally become a truly independent and full fledge
taiyoukai… Bakusaiga.

His own son would need no such "backup" plan, Sesshoumaru vowed. He did not intend to die before he gave his son a chance to ascend to his throne in the *proper* way; still, a trip to Totosai with the boy in tow may just be… *prudent*.

For now, however, Sesshoumaru was eager to leave this dank cave and get as far away from the village as he could; on the off chance that the remaining inhabitants were foolish enough to believe they had hope of avenging their comrades in any way – be it to attack him personally again, or to this time go for the easier targets of his mate and child – Sesshoumaru did not intend to give them the opportunity.

Tucking his son in the crook of his arm, he turned once again to his beautiful young mate, "Rin, it is time we leave."

"But I have to feed Shinnoumaru… He just woke up and he must certainly be hungry by now." Rin didn't mention that she was fully engorged with milk again, surely he could smell it anyway.

Briefly, Sesshoumaru considered this… The boy would live if he didn't eat until they got back to the shiro, however, once they returned home, he intended to bathe with his mate and waiting for his son to feed from her would be rather inconvenient, as it would also mean sitting covered in the scent of *old* blood, which was nowhere near as pleasant as the smell of blood fresh from the kill.

Well… Hmmm…

Suddenly, he had a rather ingenious idea, if he did say so himself, which he did. He would simply transform into a version of his true form that was around the same size at that old cat demon *the boy* was always riding around on, and allow Rin and his son to do the same.

While he'd never allowed Rin to do something like this before, in fact, he had never allowed *anyoneto ride* him as though he were a beast of burden – and young Rin had been *far* too intelligent and perceptive to even *conceive* of the idea and most certainly had never asked… In this case, it served his purposes well.

It surely wasn't as though he'd never had her legs wrapped around his midsection before, he thought with a small smirk… And he was certain that it wouldn't be so terrible to have her on his back, legs spread around his body, the apex of her thighs pressed against his fur, and the scent of her milk swirling around in the high winds at altitude.

"I will transform and you may sit upon my back and feed Shinnoumaru as we fly."

Rin gaped at her Lord like a fish out of water. "My Lord! Rin could not… Sesshoumaru-sama is not…" Rin shut her mouth before she could say something she was certain would offend his less than armor-clad ego.

"This Sesshoumaru is not what?" He challenged, sensing her unease.

"My Lord is not…" Rin hesitated and he cocked a brow at her, urging her to continue, with a sigh she finally responded, "My Lord is not Ah-un."
Okay. He had to admit… That was a rather comical response. Well, he'd had an excellent morning and it was shaping up into a wonderful day, complete with planned bathing with his mate and no pressing matters to attend which would leave the afternoon free to be with his son, so his mood was quite good and… Well, this was a rather opportune time for a little teasing… "You prefer Ah-un to me?"

Rin's face went crimson. "That's not what I meant! I just meant…"

One glance up to his sparkling eyes, (Rin was certain that only her Lord's eyes could sparkle in the low light of a cave… Devilishly handsome demon that he was) told her that she had missed the joke." He was teasing her!

"Rin only meant that if she is to ride her Lord, it would only be proper to be sure and requisition a saddle." She harrumphed and crossed her arms with a wicked smirk, pleased to have one upped him in wit.

"Oh? You have never required such accoutrements on the previous occasions you have ridden me." His cocksure quirk of the lips told Rin he was clearly teasing again, but this time, she just didn't get it.

"Rin has most certainly not ever ridden Sesshoumaru-sama before!" She argued back, wondering where he was going with this.

He leaned down to look directly in her eyes, not wanting to miss the blush he knew was coming, "How quickly my little Rin forgets…" he purred, "last night."

Just as predicted, Rin's face went scarlet. He had most definitely won this verbal sparring match, as the young girl was now left completely speechless. "Nothing to say?" He licked her earlobe and the puppy in his arms yipped, as though even he was laughing at his mother. "And here I mated you in part because of your considerable skill in the art of conversation… That one so taciturn as This Sesshoumaru could leave his mate speechless…"

"You bastard." Rin mumbled, "You hentai bastard." But she tilted her neck to the side, her chin to the air, and allowed him to run his tongue along her jaw, until he kissed her chin. The hand not holding Shinnoumaru came up and he used his thumb and forefinger to lightly grasp her chin and tilt her head so his lips could land on hers in a kiss to chaste for his current rouge-ish mood.

"You like it." He informed her simply, and Rin could not disagree and maintain honesty. Instead she pushed on his chest and gained much needed distance.

"All joking aside… My Lord truly wishes for Rin to ride upon his back?" There was a little…flicker… to her eyes when she asked him that question and he realized that, at this moment, he was looking at an eight year old girl's face when she's just been told her most secret dream is coming true… It was the same look she'd given him the first day he'd allowed her to braid his hair, and the first time he'd allowed her to cuddle up in his fur and sleep at his side, and the first time he'd told her that if she felt so inclined, she was more than allowed to throw rocks at Jaken's head.

Apparently, he'd been very wrong to believe she'd never thought of doing such a thing when she'd been young.

" "Wish" is a rather strong word… However, it will be allowed." He nodded, watching with some trepidation as her eyes lit up in earnest.Kamisama what have I just agreed to?

Horrifying visions of her telling him to "Giddy-up!" filled his head and he almost thought better of it.
"Don't get used to it." He warned, watching her reign in her enthusiasm some, and, not wanting to ruin it for her, he added, "Brat," with a smirk, to maintain the light mood, handing over their son to her care so he could make the change between forms.

Rin nodded and watched with the same reluctant fascination she always did upon witnessing Sesshoumaru's eyes go red and turquoise, his markings become purple lightning bolts, his fur sprout from usually flawless pale skin and his jaw contort itself into a rather nightmarish caricature of a mortal dog's muzzle, before pink mist enshrouded him, leaving a hell hound in the place of her bishonen mate.

She flashed back for a moment to when they had mated with him in his true form and Rin's felt her body heat. It was in *this* form that all his frightening power and beauty was most apparent… and most alluring.

On all fours, he lowered himself to the ground and waited for her to climb on.

With reluctance borne of awe and trepidation, Rin made her way onto his back, behind the furred halo of mokomoko, now a lion's mane encircling his body from the front of the left shoulder of his front leg, all the way around his chest to behind the right shoulder of the other front leg. She gripped the furred halo tightly to steady her balance as he stood up carefully.

The young pup in her arms started barking and squirming excitedly, as though, to see his sire in his true form was more joyous than anything he'd ever experienced in his short life. It was very clear the little puppy wanted to play, but now was not the time.

"Hold on while I get Shinnoumaru situated," she whispered, and he yipped to let her know he'd understood. "Calm down, Shinni-chan! You can play with Inu-Chichi later!" Rin giggled, when a short growl came from her mate at calling him "Honored Dog Dad".

With only a few moments coaxing the small pup took Rin's offered breast and the girl indicated to her mate they were ready to take to the heavens.

In the village below, the young miko who had been the sole survivor of the ill-advised attack on the Inugami felt a burst of spiritual energy overhead and looked skyward to see a white Phantom Dog surfing through the clouds with a dark haired woman riding on his back as though it were the most natural thing in the world… And she allowed herself a small, regretful smile.

"Gomenasai, Inugami-sama… Inumochi-dono…Gomenaisai."
Changing Roles

Chapter Notes

A/N: Dedicated to Paige Buck, and DrVictor von Steele (aka lassador here on ffnet and LJ, and Heather A Marney (who is also VKmangalover4ever here on ffnet, all of whom know me from facebook as well. You guys are AWESOME. I love you guys for inspiring me at some of my lowest moments.

A/N2: Notice in this Chapter Rin rashly suddenly acts completely out of turn, as though she is the 'master' and Sesshoumaru now the servant. He does put her back in her place, but in the end he instinctually can't help but acknowledging their subtly changing relationship… and we start to see the set-up of first bits of the plot that deal with political intrigue.

AN3: All the stuff about dogs in here is TRUE. Male dogs ARE TOTALLY ATTRACTED to the scent of female dog in heat's urine... They actually GO CRAZY for it... Someone PMd me yesterday and wanted me to add MORE doggie characteristics to Sesshoumaru, so this is pretty much what I could think of that went with my story... Sorry if its gross to some people. XD;

Sesshoumaru coasted through the clouds, his mate on his back, her warm thighs wrapped around his flanks, the scent of her milk swirling in the atmosphere, the sounds of his pup happily suckling reaching his ears, and the scent of his own fresh kills – a sign of his success in protecting his mate and pup – and for the great Dog Lord, at this moment, all was right with the world. Sesshoumaru's tail was held high and proud.

He heard Rin speak up from his back, "Sesshoumaru-sama?" He tilted his head and put his ears back, to let her know he was listening, "Can we please land? Rin..." He could almost hear her blushing, "Rin has... has to go pee..."

His lips curled upward in a little smile, and he yipped, making his way to the ground. Truth be told, especially in his dog-form, the scent of her urine was rather... pleasant. Dogs used urine to mark territory, and to tell health and wellness of other dogs, and female dogs used the scent of their urine to lure male dogs to them... in all honesty, a female dog in heat's urine was a nearly irresistible smell to any male dog. Rin, being his mate, her urine smelled wonderful to him; but, her being human found that rather... disgusting... and so, he usually kept quiet. The only time he ever had been allowed to be present when Rin relieved herself was when she'd been pregnant and he'd been so insane with worry that he had insisted and refused to leave her alone, and Rin had been none-to-happy with the arrangement... Something about 'privacy'... A concept he found useless and pointless for mates, who should share everything and hide absolutely nothing.

Also, it was a dominance thing... Where she urinated, he urinated as well, covering her scent with his own and proudly proclaiming the female who had left this urine behind was his female. Any other dog, or even some other species of youkai, would immediately know what those scent markings meant. Rin was his bitch.

Upon getting to the ground, Rin released Shinnoumaru to do his own business, and walked into the bushes... Hoping he could get away with it in this form, Sesshoumaru followed, with Shinnoumaru...
trotting behind after his alpha.

"Urg… You aren't going to starting watching me again, are you?" Rin groaned. She really had to go! She didn't have time to argue the point with him.

Sesshoumaru merely sat down, waiting.

"Fine! I don't even care!" Rin hiked up her kimono and squatted down, relieving herself and pointedly ignoring her mate's… rather… canine behavior regarding her peeing. She tried to tell herself it didn't matter he was a dog and she was human, but a few things… His preoccupation with the scent of her urine, and even… when he would sniff her rear end on occasion… These things made her distinctly… uncomfortable.

Sesshoumaru waited until she was done, and approached her before she could right her kimono, shoving his nose right up her rear end and giving a few laps to her nether regions. Oh, but she smelled good… and tasted even better.

"Oh by the kami! NO!" Rin turned around and… she slapped his muzzle.

Instantly, a look of horror painted itself across her features. She had… She had struck her Lord! Oh, by the gods, and it was in front of Shinnoumaru! What… What would he do? Would he… would he strike her in return? Beat her? Force her submission in front of their son to make sure his alpha status was not in question? Rin was terrified. "Rin is sorry, My Lord!" She blurted out quickly, "Please… Rin is so, so sorry!"

Rin backed away from where she had relieved herself quite a distance, and instantly fell to her knees, pressing her forehead to the ground.

Sesshoumaru, completely shocked at her reaction shook his face, and bared his fangs, growling menacingly. When Rin bent over, he instantly came behind her and used his mouth to lift the back of her kimono, then mounted her, with fangs pressed into her neck. He continued to hold her in that fashion, pressing his manhood along her seam, but not entering her, he merely thrust a few times to show dominance. "Master, please! Rin didn't mean it! It was… just a reaction! Rin didn't think! Rin is so, so sorry!"

Sesshoumaru continued to growl, wondering what to do now? Rin was not youkai, and could not withstand a dominance battle with him, but her behavior… It was simply unacceptable. And in front of their son?

While he knew it made her uncomfortable, the fact of the matter was that her body was his property to with as he pleased, and all he'd done was lick her between her legs… And she had tried to stop him.

Well… Perhaps… He must show her that he could lick her between her legs at any damn time he pleased! She was his mate and denying him access to any part of her body, at any time, was not alright. He moved off of her, and she remained in her crouched position, afraid to move without his permission.

She felt him nudge her legs apart with his muzzle, and she complied instantly, even hiking her kimono up more, to show her acceptance. The next thing she felt was a long, rough, inhuman tongue slip down and under, licking her clit, and Rin's breath caught in her throat. That warm, wet muscle continued back, stroking along her seam and his nose – oh gods – his nose was pressed firmly against her tight, puckered rear opening and sniffing rapidly. Her face went beet red, but Rin did not, for once, struggle against his actions. Finally, his tongue continued its journey, following up the
crack of her behind, until he was licking her rear end, and Rin shuddered.

Why did something so… dirty… have to feel so… Rin inwardly groaned. There was something so, so wrong with her! Why was she… enjoying this? Why did his licking her between her cheeks make her inner muscles clench and her pleasure nubbin start to throb, beginning that deep, wonderful ache that only he could relieve? Rin felt her face flush with embarrassment, and just a little… shame.

"Sesshoumaru-sama…" She breathed softly, "Shinnoumaru is watching!"

Sesshoumaru growled softly, loving that Rin was reacting with arousal, but, when he scented shame, he knew it was time his "punishment" for dominance sake end. He could not speak to reassure her, comfort her, or tell her not to ever feel shame in his presence, in reaction to being aroused by something like this… And, while he wanted his son to see him dominate his mate properly, he did not want his son to see his mother feel ashamed.

He pulled back, and came around to Rin's face, nuzzling down and licking her cheek to urge her up. "May Rin fix her kimono now, My Lord?" She whispered softly, and he nodded.

Shinnoumaru sat, watching the interaction with rapt attention. His daddy was alpha. His mommy was daddy's bitch, and his mommy had been bad but… His daddy had not hurt her. He did not bite her, or turn back into a man-looking dog and hit her back. Instead, he just made his mommy bend over and mounted her, and then… he made her feel good. Mommy didn't want to mate right now, so then Daddy stopped.

At that moment, Shinnoumaru began to understand… mercy.

Sometimes, you didn't have to be mean to show you were an alpha. Sometimes, being a strong alpha meant you got to show mercy to someone who had wronged you, disrespected you, or challenged you.

His daddy must really respect his mommy… Even though she smelled weak compared to daddy.

His daddy was a good alpha. When he grew up, he was going to be a good alpha like daddy, too.

Rin finally stood up, but did not move. She waited for Sesshoumaru to indicate what she should do. Before doing anything else, Sesshoumaru went over to where Rin had left her scent on the ground, lifted his leg, and urinated directly over it. "This bitch belongs to me. Her scent is covered in my own, and she's mine." That was the message he left for any who came to this area behind them.

After he completed that task, he walked to his son and used his mouth to pick him up by the scruff of his neck, carrying him over to his mother and depositing the boy at her feet. He motioned to the child and gave a quick 'yip', to let Rin know it was time she held him again. Rin picked up Shinnoumaru and followed behind Sesshoumaru who walked to the clearing where he could easily take to the skies once more.

The great Lord of InuYoukai lowered himself to the ground, and Rin loosened the top of her kimono, switching breasts, and allowing Shinnoumaru to latch on once more, before she made her way on Sesshoumaru's back. "Rin really is sorry…" She whispered, and leaned forward, moving her hand to Sesshoumaru's muzzle and petting the area she had struck before. He lapped her hand briefly, and barked, then lifted his head to let her know he wanted to take off, now.

Rin nodded, and grabbed hold of his mokomoko mane, tightening her legs around his middle once more, and again, he took to the skies.

Reaching the castle, Sesshoumaru flew overhead and landed directly in the back gardens, where very
few would witness the fact he was coming home with Rin riding on his back. Also, he could smell his mother's scent, tending to the bonsai tree garden as she usually did around this time on this day of the week, and he would deposit his son with his mother; he wanted to take Rin to the bath house and have a little… quality time… with his mate, before eating morning meal.

Recently, he had had to go weeks without the nightly comfort of his mate's body, and before she gave birth it had been five weeks since he had only had her the once, and she promptly went into labor.

He had lost time to make up for, in his estimation.

Landing Rin set Shinnoumaru down, and briefly, he indulged the little pup's desire to play with his sire in his true form, tumbling around in the grass while waiting for his mother to approach, as he knew she would.

"Is this Lady interrupting?" Soon enough he heard his mother's voice, and he righted himself from laying on his back with the pup on his belly nipping at his chin, while Shinnoumaru slid to the ground and now turned his playful intentions on his grandmother, rushing her. The Lady merely picked up the puppy and cradled him in her arms, belly up like a human infant, and tickled him with her long claws. "Oh… Does shumone wanna pway wif his gramma?" She cooed in baby talk.

Sesshoumaru took the opportunity to become humanoid again, and addressed his mother, "Will you care for him while this Sesshoumaru takes his mate for a bath?" He looked to Rin, who blushed.

With a knowing smile Sesshoumaru's mother nodded. "Of course; these last weeks his mother has monopolized my wittle puppy's time, and I have so missed the opportunity to care for him… Besides, you have not mated much recently, and the two of you need some time together."

Rin's face became even more red. Of course, with so many youkai noses in the shiro, she knew that her and Sesshoumaru's sex life was basically common knowledge, but how youkai so easily talked of such things, especially with their family members… It was so very strange to her. Even though she had lived in a one room hut with her parents and frequently their love-making had happened merely feet from where she lay, so it was not strange to her to make love in front of Shinnoumaru, being that he was still far too young to properly understand beyond knowing that his parents smelled of pleasure and love for each other did not prepare her for the fact that Sesshoumaru's mother openly discussed the sex life of her grown son with him.

Having sex in front of a baby too young to understand was one thing. Talking freely of her and Sesshoumaru's mating habits among adult family members was just plain strange to Rin… But, she supposed when your nose told you everything anyway, it was simply less embarrassing, because it was so common place to know those things without anyone saying anything anyway.

The lady didn't even ask about the blood on her son, or where the couple had been all night. Rin suspected she knew more than she was letting on, regarding their sudden disappearance the night before.

"Indeed. I intend to bathe with and mate my bitch, and" Sesshoumaru gave a smirk, "it may take some time. How long can you care for Shinnoumaru in Rin's stead?"

"Ah, my day is free until well after mid-day meal. Take your time and please her well." The Lady gave a wink to Rin, who merely dropped her red face, unable to make eye contact. Sometimes, she swore the lady enjoyed embarrassing her!

Sesshoumaru huffed, as though insulted his pleasing his mate could ever be in question, "This
Sesshoumaru most certainly *does* see to his mate's pleasure, even before his own." He turned to Rin with a mischievous air about his stoic features, "Do I not, Rin?"

Rin gulped and nodded softly, while the Lady delighted in how adorably embarrassed and innocent Rin still seemed, even after being mated to her son since she had first bled in her thirteenth summer. Humans… They really could be adorable. It was no wonder male youkai so often took a shine to them.

"Then you are a good alpha, my son." The lady flicked her hand, dismissing them, "Go, you two. Go forth and make more grandchildren for this old lady to dote over… I want a full litter of little pups to brighten the dull days of being elderly and widowed."

Sesshoumaru rolled his eyes at how his mother constantly called herself 'elderly'. She was far younger than his father had been, and was less than 1100 years old… Only about middle-aged for a youkai woman.

Takin Rin's hand, Sesshoumaru led her from the gardens to the bath house, where he had no doubt that a warm, fresh bath was waiting, as it always was.

Rin stepped into the pre-bath room, and allowed Sesshoumaru to come behind her and untie her obi, then pull her kimono layers down over her shoulders. Her kimono was placed outside on a stand, where servants would no doubt come to collect it for laundry, and Sesshoumaru stood before Rin, expectantly.

With expert ease, dropped down to untie the ties at the ankles of his hakama and then she stood and pulled his obi from the front, and tugged hard, until it came loose in her small hands, and she set it aside, while he stepped out of his pants. Next she reached up and pulled his kimono layers from his broad shoulders, and he gathered his clothing, stepping outside completely naked, yet unabashed, to leave his clothing to be collected for laundry as well.

Motioning to the bench, he ordered her to sit down, and Rin complied while he grabbed a bucket of warm soapy water and a rag. "My Lord…” Rin was going to say she could wash herself down, but when he gave her a stern look, she just bit her lip instead, and nodded her consent.

He started by coming to his knees before her, and lifting each tiny foot, wiping them down while she struggled not to giggle at how he tickled the bottoms of her feet and inbetween her tiny toes. Working his way up her calves, he gently urged them apart, leaving her very… open… and he wiped down her thighs smoothly, then grabbed for her hips and dragged her to the edge of the bench.

Before Rin knew it, his silver head was between her thighs, and it was not a warm rag with soapy water that was pre-cleaning her nether regions, but his tongue. "My… Lord…” Rin gasped as he began to lap at her, running his tongue over her plump outer lips, then sneaking that warm wet muscle between her folds. His long, tapered fingers came up to spread her nether lips, and the tip of his tongue flicked over her pleasure bud, making Rin's whole body shudder as her thin fingers buried themselves in his slick, silver mane of long, silky hair, her nails scraping his scalp.

He growled softly in response, two fingers filling her sex and beginning to curl against her pleasure center internally. Rin's hips rocked in response, pressing her against his face more fully, "Oh, by the gods, My Lord… So good… Sesshoumaru-sama feels… so good to Rin…”

With a short grunt and one last growl, long before she climaxed, Sesshoumaru pulled away. "Such is merely a small sample of the pleasures available to an *obiedient* bitch of This Sesshoumaru… However…” Rin's face fell a bit; guilt once again creeping over her.
She was *not* a very obedient bitch today, was she? She… She had *struck him*… simply for doing as he was doing right now… licking her between her thighs.

"Rin is sorry…" She closed her legs and looked down contritely. No matter what he'd been doing, she had *no right* to *strike* her mate.

"As well you should be. Do not think you will get away with what you did." His voice was stern, and Rin shivered a bit.

"Is… Is Sesshoumaru-sama going to hit Rin?" The young girl winced.

"Yes." He answered solemnly.

Rin gulped; he could hurt her quite a bit, even with a small slap. When his hand reached for her face, she winced, thinking he would hit her in the face, as she had him. Instead, he palmed her cheek gently, and moved to kiss her softly, his lips brushing over her own several times, before he pulled back enough to whisper, "Lay down not over the bench, but on it, belly down, legs on either side of the bench, and…" His voice took on a decidedly *dark* tone, "*present your ass.*"

Rin breathed out hard, knowing now what was coming, and now no longer very afraid; instead, she was slightly… excited. "Y…yes… Master." Rin obeyed, getting in position while he retrieved an obi from one of the bathrobe hanging on the wall. He pulled her arms down below the bench, and bound her wrists together under said bench.

Rin shivered. He had bound her in place, and the feeling of helplessness was… oh gods, she was such a pervert! It was turning her on! Of course, one could not be mated to such a dominant, and powerful dog demon without having a slight fetish for submission and power games when mating, but still… She always felt so strange whenever she would get so turned on whenever he exerted his control over her. Would a human man have ever catered to this side of her sexual psyche, or did she mate with Sesshoumaru in part because she had known he *would* do such naughty things to her… Such naughty, dirty things, that made her feel *so good*… Rin groaned a little in anticipation, already feeling wetness begin to pool between her thighs.

His warm hands ran over her back soothingly, petting down her body, and he came to straddle the bench behind where she was tied down, rubbing her butt cheeks, and massaging her thighs, his thumbs creeping in and rubbing little circles on her outer nether lips. Rin licked her lips and scrunched her eyes shut, shoving her hips up and her butt back, into his waiting palms.

He growled deeply and darkly in response, leaning down over her body, and moving her hair to the side, so he could nibble on her earlobe, "You need not feel ashamed for your responses to me, Rin. Even in punishment, the intent is always ultimately to give you pleasure."

Rin bit her lip and nodded to let him know she understood.

"Gooooood giiirrrrllll, Rrrriiinnn…" He growled approvingly in her ear, and he relished her soft whimper of response.

With that, he slid down her body and gently spread her ass cheeks, burying his nose against her tight, puckerred rear opening and taking a deep inhale of the place on her body where her scent was the strongest; the place where, as a dog, he could not help but be drawn to scent, to taste, and to lay his ultimate claim of ownership.

Rin whimpered in response once more, but, against her own will, her hips rose to press herself into his face even more, and as reward, his tongue slipped out to circle the little hole teasingly. "S…
He chuckled darkly once more, spreading her open wider, and pushing his tongue into her rear. Rin yelped in response, her hips jumping up as he tasted her most sacred space, and she felt oh-so-vulnerable. Her whole body shook, and again, a hint of shame laced her scent, as wetness poured from between her thighs.

His hands moved to massage her rounded ass once more, and he indulged scant moments longer, before pulling back, "I disagree, my mate… Your scent, your taste… both are so good there; so strong and clear to my nose. If only my Rin could smell herself as I do… You might understand, little human, why it is this Sesshoumaru insists on indulging occasionally."

Now the smell of shame spiraling through her scent became much, much stronger, though he had pulled back from lapping at her rear. "Rin…?" Sesshoumaru frowned, wondering what had happened to cause her such distress?

"Rin is sorry…" She bit her lower lip, and Sesshoumaru petted her soothingly once more.

"What for, little one?"

"For… being human." Rin admitted softly.

So that was it. He hadn't really meant anything by calling her 'human'. He had long ago abandoned that prejudice against her. Sesshoumaru once again moved to cover her body with his own, and nibble at her ear and lap at her shoulder. "Hush, beloved… This Sesshoumaru chose his mate for what she is, and would not have her any other way."

At his again calling her as 'beloved', Rin spirits lifted and she smiled, despite herself. She could really get used to hearing that on a regular basis from him.

"Well," Sesshoumaru sat back, at smelling her happiness once more, "perhaps, he might have her not hit him in the face…"

Rin blushed again. She couldn't believe she had done that! Where… Where had she gotten the idea she should have the right to discipline him? To bop him on the muzzle as though he were a pet dog and not the most powerful dog demon of all time, living or dead. He had surpassed even his father's great power, when he had gotten bakusaiga, and here she had somehow felt like she could just smack him and tell him 'NO' like a common house pet? As though she were his 'master'?

She really was a fool, and she would accept her 'punishment' with humility.

"Rin is sorry, Sesshoumaru-sama… My Lord should punish Rin for such disrespect and impudence."

Again his large hands found her ample bottom, and again he growled softly, feeling his loins stir to alertness at her submissive talk, "And… Indeed he shall."

He sat upright fully, and lifted her hips sliding his thighs beneath her own and setting her butt firmly in his lap, before bringing both hands down on those full, soft ass cheeks,spanking her, and loving how her soft flesh under his palms gave way to the resounding 'crack' of his palms against it.

"Ah!" Rin's back arched, pushing her butt up higher and more firmly into his lap. Her butt stung, but all it did was make her more sensitive to every stimulation, and when he spanked her again, Rin moaned in pleasure, not pain. The third smack made her inner muscles clench, and she rubbed her butt against his lower abs, begging more.
"Please, my Lord!" Rin cried out, when his erection brushed against her reddened, sensitive butt, and Rin, at this angle could feel his heavy testicles against her womanhood, occasionally his silver pubic hair tickling her clit, and she ached to feel him finally push inside her; to take what was his and his alone.

Sesshoumaru firmly gripped her hips, and pulled her lower body as close as possible, his large erection finding its way between the split of her butt cheeks, and his testicles rubbing against her wet lower lips. "For what do you beg, Lady Rin?" He softly mocked, wanting to hear her say how desperately she wanted him.

"Rin begs her Lord please, please..." He ground against her again, and Rin moaned, "Oh, please Sess... Please... Take me!"

Sesshoumaru leaned over Rin for a final time, thumbing down his hard cock and lining it up with her dripping opening, "The Lady Rin begswell..." He taunted, teasing her womanhood with his hot, pre-cum covered mushroom tip, "Now, beg your Lord plainly for what you want. Tell me, little one, no euphemisms. Tell me."

Rin groaned, trying in vain to shove back enough to force him inside, but he only kept teasing. With a final act of desperation, Rin cried out softly, "Please, put it in!"

"Put what in where?" He whispered in her ear, giving it a quick lick of encouragement.

"Please..." Rin gasped, panting hard, "Put your cock in my pussy!"

With a chuckle, Sesshoumaru reached under the bench and released Rin's bound wrists, "And now, beloved, your punishment is complete." He hefted her up and maneuvered her around to face him, laying back on the bench, he looked at her confused face, upset he had not simply taken her immediately from behind. With her hands in his, he pulled her forward, until he could reach her hips. With no effort whatsoever he lifted her forward, and her legs naturally moved to straddle him.

"Ride me, Rin."

"W...what?" Rin's eyes went wide. He'd never before allowed her a position of such dominance when they'd mated.

Spreading her legs and lifting her hips into position, he held his cock upright with one hand and pressed down on her hip with the other, "Ride me, Rin... To your satisfaction."

Rin sunk down on his thickness, moaning deeply as she did so, and rocking her hips until she found the angle where he was pressing into her internal pleasure center, and she shook when his thumb reached up and started to strum her clit as she moved over him.

"So... Good... But... Wh... Why?" Rin panted.

"Because, you must..." He groaned, thrusting up into her tight, warm, velvety sheathe, "Understand... While your body belongs to your Lord... Your Lord also..." He gritted his teeth against the amazing feeling of her riding his cock, and the gorgeous sight of her breasts bouncing up and down; he could see her so well in this position, and it turned him on immensely to be granted such a view. When her own hands landed on her breasts, cradling them and massaging herself softly, he had to close his eyes to avoid finishing before she did. Her touching herself in front of him... It was so amazing to actually see.

He had to make mental note... He wanted to see her touch herself intimately in... other ways.
"I also, belong to you."

Rin gasped, her whole body shuddering as the dual stimulation of him pounding up into her, and her slamming so hard down on his long, thick cock, all while his thumb strummed her little pink pleasure pearl had her whining, whimpering, and sobbing her orgasm as she collapsed on top of him, and he finally let himself go, spilling inside his mate once more.

Both were so distracted that neither noticed a young female dog demon – a laundry maid – watching from a crack in the shoji, her eyes burning with jealousy and disbelief at hearing the feared Lord of the House admit he belonged to that stupid little human girl of his.

Before that human girl came along, she and her Lord had shared a few forbidden glances and she had always assumed she could one day climb her way to concubine status but now… Her Lord was so whipped by that slutty little human, who had obviously bewitched him in some way…

Her Lord had fallen into weakness, just like his father… And her jealousy made her think… The young girl watched as all her future hopes of climbing the social ladder were dashed.

She could have been the perfect bitch; she could have given him beautiful and strong heirs. Not weak hanyou.

He would pay for choosing a human over noticing her.

She would NOT spend her entire life as a laundry maid! Not when she had allowed her hopes to get so high!

She was certain, if she provided these details to another Lord, perhaps she could find rewards in a different house.
"I also, belong to you."

Rin, upon hearing those words, flung herself down, draping her body across Sesshoumaru's chest, and wrapped her arms around him as best she could. She couldn't help the tears forming behind her eyes, as she felt his large hand cradle her head and stroke her hair. She wished she were taller, so she could reach to kiss him, but alas, he was a huge demon lord, well over six feet tall, and she was but a tiny Japanese woman. The best she could manage was a kiss to his pectoral muscle in this position.

Speaking of their… position… Rin wriggled her hips, only to find that he was still very much erect. "Um, My Lord?" She questioned, wriggling her hips again for emphasis.

"Male Dog demons cannot soften, nor do they knot, while mating flat on their backs." He responded. Rin sat up, cocking her head to the side in question, "What?"

"This position, it is meant to be primarily for the pleasure of a bitch. My body will remain ready to and able to please you, as long as I lay prone." He gave a smirk, "You may ride me to your heart's… or other parts'… content, little one."

Rin blushed, "We do need a bath, eventually."

Only slightly disappointed Rin had not taken him up on his offer, Sesshoumaru gripped her hips, flexed his abdominal muscles and came to a seated position, pulling his mate in for a tight hug. "I suppose…” He nipped her ear, tracing its' shell with his tongue, and whispering softly, "… you are correct. We do need to take a bath…” With that, he hefted her up, and Rin squeaked, throwing her arms around his neck for balance. With a wicked smirk, he threw her against the wall none-too-gently, saying, "Eventually."

Before she knew it, Rin was pressed tight between the hard wood planks and her mate's hard, toned body. His hands were beneath her buttocks, and he was moving in and out of her once more. Ripples of pleasure as he speared into her, again and again, caused her to cry out, as he worked them both toward yet another, quick, hard, climax.

"Oh! Oh, by the gods!" Rin was seeing stars, as her body clenched and shuddered around his once more.

Sesshoumaru howled, as he battered his hips into hers, feeling the tightness coiling in his testes explode once more, filling his mate with his seed and scent.

"Oh, Sesshou… maru… sama…” Rin panted out, as she slid down the wall, like the sweat beads down her forehead, completely boneless. His tongue caught the salty beads of perspiration trickling down her flushed face, and his arms caught hers beneath her armpits, once again pulling her to him, and lending her support to stand. Rin whimpered, and looked up with a child-like pout, "… Carry Rin?" she asked in her best "little girl pleading" voice; the voice she knew he pretended to find
annoying, but secretly, found adorable.

With a sigh he reminded her, "You are not a little girl anymore, Rin." Her lower lip peaked out, and he caught it between his teeth, biting down softly while he mirrored the motion below, pinching and tweaking her budded nipple. Rin giggled softly as he released his hold on her mouth, "But it's all Sesshoumaru-sama's fault that Rin's legs are tired."

With a soft sigh, he gave in, and hefted her up "princess style", carrying her to the bathing chamber in his arms. "I suppose you are fortunate then, that this Sesshoumaru intends for his mate to spend most of her day in our futon."

Rin blushed harder as he lowered them both into the warm waters of the tub. Before she could be completely submerged, he set her down and grabbed her arm, lifting it straight up, and burying his nose deep into her armpit, her hair there tickling his nostrils. After several deep inhales, his tongue came out, running along the outer ridge, and tasting her sweat. Rin, while rather used to this display by now, still couldn't help laughing and pulling away, whenever he licked her under her armpits. "Stop, please! That tickles!"

Undisturbed, Sesshoumaru merely grabbed Rin's hair and yanked her head gently to the side, using his tongue to trace the edge of her collar bone, all the way up her neck, to the lobe of her ear, whispering softly, "I merely wished to indulge in, and inspect, your natural scent, before it is washed away by our bath."

Rin nodded as he finally backed away, seating himself next to her in the large tub, "Anything to report?"

"You are in perfect health." He responded mildly, as though taking credit for such a thing. Of course Rin's scent was free of disease, distress, or any other disturbance. He took care of her.

Sensing that now was an appropriate time, the bathing attendants – all young, female dog demons - came forward, wearing thin, white robes and climbing into the bath with the couple, waiting to be told to begin scrubbing them down with sea salts and oils.

Sesshoumaru nodded, and the girls went to work. Rin watched Sesshoumaru closely as he allowed the female dog demon to scrub his back, shoulders, chest, hips… He never showed the slightest signs of "excitement". Then again, he was born and raised with such luxuries as servants to attend to his every – even most private – need. To him, they were servants, barely more noticeable than furniture.

Rin on the other hand, blushed every time Aiko (her female bathing attendant) scrubbed her chest, moving her hands over and under her breasts, between her thighs, and today, especially, as Aiko showed a bit of shock at noticing that Rin's butt was rather red with what could only be seen to be handprints. Still, the young servant made no comment and merely kept quiet, as was appropriate. "Your foot, m'lady?" Rin nodded and sat down, offering her up her feet to be scrubbed and oiled.

With their bath complete, Rin let Sesshoumaru get out first, and giggled as he shook himself dry, before Yuki (his bathing attendant) dried him off, and he helped Rin out of the tub so she too could be towed down.

It was then that Shizuka – the laundry maid – came in and offered the couple fresh after bath robes. Quickly, she draped the robe over Rin and tied the obi simply in the back, before she came to Sesshoumaru.

One more chance, my Lord… Please… Just… Notice me!
Slowly, with expert care, she helped guide his arm into the sleeve, then followed him around, her fingertips grazing his back, to assist with the other arm. When she came around the front to give his obi a lazy-looking front side-tie, the backs of her knuckles brushed lightly against his manhood.

*Look at me!*

At once, his hand shot out, harshly gripping her wrist, as his claws dripped venomous poison. Disgust pulled at his upper lip, and eyes burning with a cold, hard reprimand met hers. "Watch where your hand wonders, stupid wench," his poison claws bit harshly into her wrist, eating away at the flesh, and the mesuinu was dropped to her knees, eyes scrunched shut in agony, "Or you will lose it."

Rin's eyes went wide watching the scene unfold, and, she couldn't help but feel sorry for the young girl. It had to have been a mistake! None of the servants would ever *dare* touch their lord intimately *on purpose*!

"Sesshoumaru-sama!" Rin whispered softly, "Please…"

With that, his eyes slid to where Rin stood, and he casually tossed the wayward maid across the room, her body hitting the wooden walls with a thud, she landed curled in the fetal position.

*Stupid human whore! Interrupting our Lord when we could have battled for dominance and then… He would have seen what a worthy mate I could be! Yes… That's what he was doing! He was initiating a mating battle! And that stupid little slut interrupted, at a critical moment!*

*I will kill her, and I will have our Lord… And if that is beyond what I can do, then I'm certain that if word were to get out that Sesshoumaru-sama has fallen into weakness, depravity, and human-humping, just as his father before him… I am certain the other houses would be oh-so-grateful to the one who informed them of this vulnerability.*

Shizuka had a distant cousin in the wolf tribe, and if Hikaku was to be believed, he was Prince Kouga's right-hand man…

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