

# **The True Revenge Needed**

**By CindyTheKingdomHeartsLover0**

Submitted: January 30, 2004

Updated: January 30, 2004

*A little story I wrote for a project in Language arts. This is also posted on Fanfiction and Mediaminer. One-chapter fic. Little Sango/Miroku romance.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/CindyTheKingdomHeartsLover0/1700/The-True-Revenge-Needed>

**Chapter 1 - The True Revenge Needed**

**2**

# 1 - The True Revenge Needed

Disclaimer: I don't own Inuyasha! I only own the story! But wouldn't it be good if I did own the show? Or the manga? Hmm! Anyway, I did this for a Language Arts project and I named the characters Sango, Miroku, Kohaku, Naraku, and Kikyou off of the show! And that's what their personalities are based on. At the moment, I really don't know a lot about Naraku, Kohaku and Kikyou, so that's why they really don't have a big role in this story. Enjoy!! And please read the Authors Note at the bottom!!

## The True Revenge Needed

"We always have been enemies, haven't we Sango?" a cold voice asked, seeming more like a whisper, the kind that sent a chill racing down your spine. There was no reply from the woman standing in front of him, so he stepped forward, asking the question again with more force, the dim lighting in the cave refracting off his dark hair. "Haven't we?"

"I can never forgive you," her voice lightly said, following a long pause of silence before she spoke again. "So to answer your question, yes!" Sango screamed, her voice echoing along the cave they were standing in, tiny pebbles falling from the cave walls. Sango looked away from the man, closing her eyes tightly, fighting back the urge to cry.

"That little kid? He was useless, you should've thanked me for the deed I've done." Naraku connoted. "So stop being so melancholy."

"How can I, Naraku? How?" Sango asked, seeming as if she was cowering away, for she knew how powerful Naraku's power was. "He was my little brother, only 11 years old, and you can't replace him!" with that, Sango turned on her heel, running as fast as she could, not looking back no matter how hard she tried. "Kohaku!" images flashed, racing through her mind rapidly, suddenly halting to a stop as she tripped over a small hole dug in the ground, her body crashing down to the damp soil as everything went black.

"So," a new voice called from the cave Naraku had been in. "Once again you have failed to make that girl part of your collection, eh, Naraku?" the person spoke, walking out of the shadows. There stood a young girl in her early 20's with jet-black hair, arms crossed across her chest.

"Quiet, Kikyou," Naraku breathed, looking down at his left hand which was slightly balled up into a fist. "you haven't accomplished that task either." There was a slightly long pause between them until Kikyou's lips curled into a sly smile, lightly chuckling, causing Naraku to turn around and face her. "What? What are you thinking?"

"What am I thinking?" she replied. "I'm thinking that if we join forces, we will be able to destroy that Sango girl quicker, along with that monk she's always with. We'd never see them again, leaving their village an open target." Kikyou's grin grew wider as she saw the expression on Naraku's face, putting her hand out in front of him. "Do we have an agreement, Naraku?" "Agreed, Kikyou," Naraku said after many seconds, placing his hand on top of hers. "Agreed."

The next morning, Sango awoke with a slight groan, not really remembering a thing that had happened in the night before except for Naraku's conversation with her, but only vividly. She arose from the

blanket and pillow that had been laid out on the floor for her, smelling a sweet scent. The smell of something being home cooked. She smiled, now sitting on a chair as she looked around, her surroundings seeming very familiar. A man quite tall walked in, a dark blue/purple robe slightly trailing behind him.

“Here Sango,” he said smiling at Sango, handing her a bowl. “It’s vegetable stew. It should help you regain your energy from what happened last night.” She grabbed the bowl from him, taking a few bites before she looked up at the man standing before her.

“Thanks, Miroku. But how did I end up here? What happened?”

“Sango, I just found you lying on the grass last night in quite an amount of pain, so I brought you back in here. I was just really worried last night since you kept on mumbling stuff to yourself about Kohaku.”

“Kohaku?” Sango repeated, setting the bowl down on a low table beside the chair, wondering about what exactly did happen the night before. Sango then looked away from Miroku, eyes burning, threatening to shed tears once again.

“Yes! Kohaku.” A reassuring hand of comfort fell upon Sango’s shoulder. “It was like if you were in a bad dream or something. I mean, I know how you feel guilty, but it happened over 3 years ago. You can’t blame yourself, Sango, it wasn’t your fault. It’ll only make you feel worse.”

“Yes,” Sango nodded, looking back over at Miroku, slightly smiling now. “You’re right, Miroku, but I really think it would be better if I left. It’s not your fault, I just really need a lot of time to think, no offence.”

Miroku shrugged as Sango walked out of his little wooden hut, once again not looking back. “Good luck though, Sango!” Miroku called, looking down as she didn’t reply and disappeared down the road. “To whatever you’re going to do!”

Sango continued walking for quite a long period of time before she saw a familiar figure. Kikyou’s. Her back was turned as she stood stiff, as in looking something before she started to walk forward. Now suspicious, Sango followed closely behind, ducking behind bushes or trees every time she heard a sound. As they were walking, Kikyou suddenly disappeared into the air, even though her footsteps could still be heard walking against the stone ground. The area around where Kikyou had disappeared was completely empty, like an open meadow, while there was more trees and grass planted not too far away. Looking to her left, Sango could see the cave where she and Naraku had confronted earlier, now remembering exactly what happened the previous night.

“Naraku is always pulling tricks by the powers that he possesses,” she thought. “So he must be near by, he just has to be!” Taking a deep breath, Sango followed into the spot where Kikyou had disappeared, and realized that she was inside of something. A barrier.

The barrier glowed a light velvet color from the inside, whilst outside it was completely invisible. Sango stood in awe as she beheld what the barrier was concealing. Naraku’s castle, the place where many people had searched for, but the majority of the people that left never returned. The castle was large from the outside, even looking luxurious in a creepy sort of way.

Walking inside slowly and carefully, Sango looked around for movement, but saw nothing around her except for corpses. Some were rotting, some were fresh, but this was a bone yard, no doubt about it.

“Dead corpses!” she whispered to herself, surprised when she heard an echo cascading down the hall.

“Yes, Sango. Dead corpses. Would you like to join this party?” Kikyou asked, now standing right in front of her as she turned around, eyes glowing red. Sango gasped again, stepping backwards, only to get her shoulders grabbed by Naraku. He held her with a tremendous amount of force in his hands, the

kind so that she could not escape. Kikyuu stepped closer towards both of them as she chanted something, transporting Sango to another room in the large castle. The dungeon. Now in shackles against the wall, Sango was forced to look away, seeing the lifeless body of Kohaku lying in front of her. "Kohaku! you wouldn't be here if it wasn't for me! You didn't need to try to protect me, it was your first time in battle and look what happened when you tried." She said to herself, trying her hardest not to look over at the body. "And now, nobody trusts me, they don't even know the full story." She looked down again, looking up as she heard footsteps approaching her cell. "Sango?" a familiar voice asked, sounding far away. "Sango?" it asked again, sounding closer. "Sango, where are you?" they asked again, closer than ever. "What? Who is it?" she spoke up, looking over at the small window on the locked wooden door that usually was the only source of light that got into the cell, along with a torch that occasionally blew out from time to time. A face appeared at the window, smiling. "Sango! Finally, I've found you!" a golden staff stood beside the man, golden rings hanging from a loop at the top. "M! Miroku?" Sango looked up, recognizing him. "Miroku!" she screamed again, filled with happiness. "Sango! What happened?" Miroku was also happy, but yet very concerned at the same time. "No time for that! Just! I mean, please, Miroku! Get me out of here!" she pleaded, trying to break free from her shackles, only to get pierced with pain as she failed, making Miroku frown. He cared for Sango very deeply, and never wanted to see her get hurt, so this was like his worst nightmare coming true. "How'd you get in here anyway?" "I followed you, didn't you hear those footsteps behind you also? And Kikyuu really didn't transport you, you just blacked out all of a sudden and carried you down a different hall, but I had to wait until it was safe. Both Naraku and Kikyuu have gone out temporarily." Miroku firmly clutched his staff in hand, jabbing it against the door's lock. Failing once, Miroku tried again with more force, a grunt coming out every time for his hard efforts. After many minutes, the lock to the cell broke in half as the wooden door came open, and Miroku walked in. "Miroku!" Sango shouted as Miroku came in. "Please be careful! Not only do I have no clue where Naraku and Kikyuu may be, but I'm just worried about Kohaku." "Kohaku? But he's!" Miroku was cut off as he looked at the ground, seeing Kohaku's lifeless body lying there. "Right there." Miroku looked up at Sango, carefully avoiding Kohaku as he walked to her, setting his staff beside Sango in the process, examining the shackles that held her prisoner. "Don't worry, I'll have you out of here soon! These need to be opened but how?" "Keys! they should be out of the cell along the wall somewhere. I just have this feeling that's telling me that." he knew it was no time to argue, so he went with Sango's thoughts. As Miroku walked out of her cell, he looked both ways down the extending hallway of the dungeon, seeing many corpses aligned along the wall. He turned his back to them, suddenly feeling his hand along the cold wall, a small jingle being heard. Miroku looked up to where his hand was, sighing relief as he saw keys. Turning back around, he slowly walked into Sango's cell in which his staff was beginning to twitch. Miroku didn't see notice the movement in his staff as he walked over to Sango, using the keys and amazingly opening the shackles.

Sango fell to the ground with a thud, smiling at Miroku as he reached down and helped her up. "Miroku! thank you," she hugged him tightly. "For everything, even though you did scare me sometimes." Miroku hugged back, smiling down at her as he took her chin in his left hand, slightly lifting it and kissing

her forehead for a couple seconds. She blushed and slightly laughed, knowing that it was Miroku's way of an apology for all the things that had happened in the past. They just stood there for maybe a minute, staring into each others eyes as Sango was lost in thought. Miroku, on the other hand, felt worried and a tad bit scared, for he was glancing around to make sure nothing was approaching them. As Miroku glanced around, he stepped backward, noticing the movement in his staff. "Sango, we have to get out of here, Kikyou and Naraku will be back soon and we have to hurry!" Miroku grabbed his staff and ran out of the cell with Sango close behind as they ran down the hallway. "But Miroku, what about Kohaku?" Sango asked, suddenly stopping as she felt pain in her wrists and ankles. It was then she realized how tight those shackles were, and how hard she tried to escape from them. If Miroku hadn't come and freed her, she probably would've used all her force and end up killing herself.

"We can't, Sango. I know what I'm talking about!" They started running again, going up steps to the main floor. Just about reaching the doorway to the castle, Naraku stepped in front of them, Kikyou standing behind.

"Well what a pleasant surprise, you fell right into our trap." Naraku said, a grin across his face as he chuckled.

"Yes, directly into it. For our enjoyment, I believe a proper sever for you two is needed. It would be generally grateful for us also, more easier if you'd stand still." Kikyou said, holding up a sharp knife.

"Trap? But! Oh, my god!" Sango looked down, realizing something that she hadn't before. She opened her mouth to speak, but Miroku interrupted, stepping in front of her. "Miroku!"

"Sango, run!" Miroku screamed, gently pushing her on the shoulder. "You don't have anything to defend yourself!"

"No, Miroku!" Sango said, although she was stepping away. "I'm not letting you die! This is exactly what they did to me and Kohaku years ago! I just don't believe I never noticed it before! I'm so stupid!"

"Fine," Miroku answered back, raising his staff. "but if you do try this battle, just don't get injured, Sango, it already seems like your close to death! And you're not stupid!"

After many minutes of battle, Sango was knocked against the wall; her body injured and cut in various places. Blood slowly oozed out of some places, but Miroku continued to fight. For her. Miroku had already gotten Kikyou down and now he was face to face with Naraku. Taking a deep breath, Miroku chanted something as he raised his staff; the golden rings jingling and starting to glow as Miroku was keeping his eyes squeezed shut in pain, knowing that he was going weak, at the same time feeling very powerful. Jumping backwards, he threw his staff at Naraku with all his might.

And everything went dark.

"Miroku? Miroku, are you okay?" A voice said, sounding far away yet close at the same time.

Miroku opened his eyes with a groan, looking at the person in front of him. It was Sango. She was holding his hand lightly, smiling down at him as tears fell rolled down her face, falling off onto Miroku's soft skin. "Miroku, you did it!"

"I did? What was it?" Miroku was confused as ever, not recalling anything that had happened recently. He tried sitting up, only to get lightly pushed down by Sango.

"Miroku, don't move. You're in the hospital; they just got done treating me." Sango breathed, looking down at her wrists and ankles which were covered in cloth since they didn't know what else to do. "We both had major injuries, and you blacked out at the last moment. But we did it, Miroku, we destroyed Naraku! Your staff destroyed him, and shortly after you blacked out," She looked down,

ruffling her fingers through a young boy's hair. Kohaku came back to life! Naraku had taken his soul, and Kohaku got it back once both Kikyuu and Naraku was gone. Kohaku had some minor injuries also, but that was only because both of us used all of our strength to drag you out of the castle as it started tumbling to the ground.

"Hi," the young boy who was standing next to Sango said. "Thank you for getting my life back, sir." Miroku smiled up at the boy, his eyes blinking slowly as they were becoming heavy.

"You're a true hero, Miroku," Sango said, still looking down at him "we are all very grateful of you, and besides the fact that we all could've been dead by now, you destroyed Naraku along with his castle."

"No, I'm no hero," Miroku whispered. "I just gave Naraku and Kikyuu what they needed, and what they deserved. The true revenge needed."

The End

((~\*AUTHORS NOTE:~\*))

---Okay, so it's a really stupid, fairly tale ending like I said before, I did this for a school project and I only had like, an hour to type it up. I was confused about the hospital part, because at first it was called "the hospital hut" yea, really corny I know. Since this is taking place in Inuyasha's time, I tried to keep the storyline how it is. But note, as of November 15th, 2003, I've only seen episodes 36-52 and episodes 1, 2, the last couple minutes of episode 3, and episode 4. This is the original version of the story, and I'm not going to make any changes to it. The only thing I added once I turned it in was this Authors note and the disclaimer at the top.---