

Scent

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Done by prompting from Verg, which was recieved long, long ago. An interesting pairing with an interesting outcome. Sort of, lol.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Shinigami-no-Kaze/935/Scent>

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Water Spirit: Well, here's another "installment" to the "series" that "...And Butterfly Kisses at Night..." prompted me to write. This was actually suggested by Verg, who gave me a very nice, approximately two-sentence "lead" as it were. This wasn't a pairing I would have ever considered on my own, lol. So, I sat down at my laptop in the guest room of my aunt's house at 10:45 PM, and I wrote.

Disclaimer: Don't own 'em, don't want the hassle that comes with owning them. Lawyers, shove your noses in someone else's business, Takahashi-sama gets pocket lint, chewed gum, and a crumpled piece of paper for suing me... Oi, I get nasty when I'm tired. O_o

Note before starting: I've gotten doged at a few times on FF.net for how I spell the character's names and, so, in a rather blunt and snappish way, I shall now explain.

Inu Yasha: It is two words, contrary to popular belief. It's two bloody words in Japanese, so it's two bloody words in English. Inu=dog, yasha=demon. Two words: Dog Demon.

Seshōmaru: First, I'll clear up the ô symbol. That character is a Romanized letter which takes the place of the 'u' in the Japanese 'ou' diphthong. Why do I use this character? Aesthetic taste, primarily, but most of the time 'ou' becomes such a character when Romanized in text. Second, I refuse to spell his name with two 's's (i.e. Sesshōmaru). Why? Because there is no stand-alone letter 's' in Japanese. If Rumiko Takahashi intended his name to be 'Sesshōmaru,' she would have spelled it 'Se-su-sho-u-ma-ru' and she didn't. Some people spell his name as two words (i.e. Seshō Maru). It's not. It's one word.

Sango: No, there is no 'u' after that last 'o.' None. That would totally change the pronunciation, which you can hear quite clearly in the Japanese versions.

Shippou: Yes, I use the 'ô' symbol in Seshōmaru's name, but not here. Why? It's generally spelled as such, and I think it looks better than Shippô, though I have spelled it with the character from time to time.

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Dark and cold, the night hung about Sango like a smothering blanket. She rubbed her arms as she walked silently through the forest about her. She had lost Inu Yasha, Kogome, the monk, and Shippou a while back when she had stopped to look at something in a tree. It had been a stupid idea, stopping to look at something shiny. She was supposed to be above such things.

The darkness seemed to press closer to her body as she wandered deeper into the blackness of the forest. Sango wondered, for a moment, if she should just stop walking and sleep where she was. No, that would be stupid. She had no one else to guard the camp while she slept, and there was no telling what may show up while she dreamed.

Sango sighed in distress and tiredness, leaning against a tree for a moment. The rough bark scratched her skin through her clothing. It felt rather nice. She pushed against the tree and rubbed her back over the bark, sighing again, not in distress, but in pleasure.

Pushing away from the tree, Sango continued on. If she could find a cave, she could probably rest there. Most animals stayed away from caves, unless they were bears. She bit her lip and shook her head. She wasn't about to think about creatures that could tear her limb by limb and rip her apart. She'd think about demons instead. But what demon to think about...?

Seshômaru came to mind almost instantly. She growled at herself. She'd prefer to think about Naraku to Inu Yasha's creepy brother. But, for some odd reason, her thoughts kept drifting to the deranged demon. She imagined how silky his long, white hair would be if she were to run her fingers through it. She imagined his golden eyes glowing with soft light as they looked down upon her. She bit her finger fiercely, drawing blood. No, no, no. She wouldn't think about that. She was a demon exterminator, after all. It was her job to kill demons, not breed baby ones.

Up ahead, the ground made a sharp incline and turned rocky. If she was lucky, she'd be able to find a cave. Climbing carefully up the rocks, Sango made her way up the incline. About five minutes into her climb, she found a small cave, big enough for all of her companions as well as her, had they been there, and she crawled in.

Leaning against the cave wall, she examined her bleeding finger. In hindsight, making herself bleed was probably a stupid idea. Every demon for miles would probably be able to smell her blood, and each of them would want it.

"Damn it," she muttered to herself viciously, tearing her sleeve. She wrapped her finger in fabric, applying pressure to try and stop the bleeding. Blood quickly spread across the fabric and soaked it through. Sango stared. "Why is this stupid little cut bleeding to much?" she growled.

She tore another piece of her clothing and wrapped it about her finger again. Rustling outside caught her attention and she froze. Demons were already coming to her hiding place. "Blast it all, they'll be on me in a second," she muttered, reaching for a knife hidden in her top.

"They've already come," a deep voice said from the cave entrance, "but I think I've scared them sufficiently for now."

Sango turned and her eyes turned as wide as the pale moon silhouetting the figure before her. "Se... Seshômaru?" she finally managed to squeak.

The demon sat himself down opposite her, folding his hands into his lap. "Yes?"

She stared at him blankly. He had scared off other demons? What for? Probably to kill her and not have competition over the carcass. "Why are you here?" she asked, feeling stupid.

The demon shrugged. "I felt like coming."

"Of course you did. You thought you'd stop in for a friendly visit with someone who wants to rip your heart out."

"Well, dogs hate getting wet," he told her. A clap of thunder sounded in the distance, and rain began to fall. "And not all demons enjoy rain. I certainly don't. When I smelled your blood on the air, I came as soon as I could. You, Inu Yasha, and your friends are my prey, after all, and no one else is allowed to kill you before me."

Sango frowned as she absorbed what Seshômaru was saying. In a sense, he was protecting her friends, and her, from dangers other than himself. But he was also saying he wanted to kill her. And here he was. In the same cave as her. Right across from her. Smiling. Smiling?

"You know, I normally hate the smell of human," he commented mildly, laying a hand on the puff on his shoulder and stroking it in a thoughtful manner. "But, mixed with the scent of blood, it's almost tolerable. And your scent does the smell of blood a good deal of justice. They mix nicely—a musk with copper. Delightful."

"Uh... Thank you...?" Sango asked. "You, um, smell nice too?"

Seshômaru laughed, a surprisingly sweet sound when it wasn't caused by maniacal desire to kill things.

"You have no idea what my scent is like, human," he told her.

"Sango," Sango replied reflexively. "My name is Sango."

"I know."

They sat in what Sango considered an uncomfortable silence for a time.

Finally, Seshômaru spoke. "You may sleep, if you like. I promise not to kill you."

“And why should I trust you?” Sango asked warily.

“You are tired, no?” he asked. Knowing better than to lie to a demon, Sango nodded consensus. “You need to sleep, and I do not. I will keep the other demons away and won’t attack you while your guard is down.”

“And why should I trust someone as evil as yourself?” Sango asked.

Seshômaru considered this a moment. “You shouldn’t.”

“But I will.”

“But you—You will?” He seemed rather surprised, as if he hadn’t expected this answer from her.

“On one condition.”

“And that would be?”

Sango held out her hand. “The puffy thing on your shoulder, let me have it to sleep on,” she said.

Seshômaru regarded his puff and sighed reluctantly. He took it off and handed it to Sango, looking distressed. Sango fluffed the accessory a bit and then laid her head on it, closing her eyes.

She had been laying for a while when she heard Seshômaru shifting around. She resisted the urge to open her eyes and accuse him of lying about not hurting her. A moment later, she felt the puffy thing being rearranged about her and on her, covering her body more.

“Sleep well, human,” she heard his voice rumble very quietly. For a moment, she thought she may not have heard at all, but her mind fuzzed over with sleep.

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Sango woke the following morning to a sweet smell. She found her face practically buried in Seshômaru’s puff, and she pushed it away groggily, and then pulled it back. It smelled nice, like burning leaves and lavender and roses and everything good. She felt like a child.

Sitting, Sango rubbed her eyes and looked about. No one was in the cave. She frowned, wondering how she would get Seshômaru’s puff back to him if he wasn’t there/. And how she would hide it from the others until she did.

“Sango.”

Sango jumped, turning her eyes towards the cave entrance. “Yes...?”

“I found your friends. I will lead you to them,” Seshômaru told her.

Sango stood up, stretching, and picked up the dusty puff. “Looks like you’ll need to wash it,” she told Seshômaru.

“A good dusting will suffice,” he replied, taking it and wrapping it around his shoulder again. “Follow me.”

The demon led her over more of the rocky incline and down the other side from where she had come up. He stopped at the edge of a forest path and turned to her.

“If you follow this path, you’ll probably meet with them before the hour is up,” he said rather sullenly.

“But only if you walk fast.”

Sango nodded. “Well, thanks for protecting me last night. I’ll be off now.” She turned and began to walk off.

Behind her, Seshômaru made an odd sound. Turning, she looked to the demon for an explanation of such a noise, and found herself being pulled into an embrace. His lips touched hers gently, without demand, just sweet and soft desire.

Seshômaru pulled away from her, pushing a lock of hair from her face, searching her eyes. Sango stared back at him, not sure whether to draw him back for another sweet kiss or run away screaming.

“I... I... Don’t let Inu Yasha know,” he said softly, sharply. And with that, he was gone.

Sango stood staring after the rustling leaves, her eyes wide.

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Seshômaru watched as Sango rejoined his stupid brother and her friends with sad eyes. He had done something rather stupid in kissing her, but it wouldn't matter. He'd kill her next time he saw her, and the others along with her.

He stood and headed off through the forest. He reached for the puff on his shoulder, stroking it as he had a habit of doing when he was feeling stupid emotions. He paused, glancing down at it.

Checking to see he was alone, Seshômaru buried his face in it, inhaling deeply the lingering traces of Sango's scent. Maybe, someday, there would be children running about with her scent on them. Hers and another's, probably that monk. He couldn't help but think, though, that Sango's scent would mix well with his own.

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Water Spirit: And that's that. Stupid, fluffy, and plot-less. That's what I get for writing for an hour from 10:45 to 11:45. Goodnight. ^__^;;