

Forbidden Love

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Kagome is a princess and wants to get rid of her old life. Inuyasha is a pirate and wants nothing more than to kill the Northern King aka Kagome's dad for stealing the Western and Eastern Lands. What happens when these two meet?

1. In the Beginning

Hello people! Well this is my first story so I hope you enjoy! After you read this please R&R. I don't care if you have a flame, go ahead cause I'm always opened to new ideas. Well here we go!

Disclaimer: If I owned Inuyahsa, Kikyou would be dead and Kagome and Inuyasha would be "together". So...no I do not own it...I just happened to come up with the idea.

Forbidden Love

"Talking"

`Thinking'

Dreaming

The young princess stared out into the darkness from her balcony. `Why can't I be like everyone else?' KNOCK KNOCK "Come in." She said almost whispering. "Princess Kagome, your father wishes to speak with you." "Sigh! Tell him I'll be there in a minute." Her personal maid then left the room. `I hope he doesn't have another suitor for me! I'm getting tired of him forcing them on me! If I do marry, I want to marry for love, not for the kingdom! My god! I'm only 17 for Christ's Sake! I should be able to make my own mind not have my father do it for me! I wish mom would do something about him! But I know I'll only get beaten. Dad's threatened to beat me before and I know he isn't kidding!' Kagome then made her way down the hall. She hated being a princess! I mean she never asked for it, it just came with her birth. KNOCK KNOCK "Who is it?" came a very stern, yet noble voice. "It is Kagome, father! You wished to speak with me." "Yes! Come in, come in!" She nervously sat down. She was shaking hoping that it wasn't another suitor. `Please! Anything, but another suitor!' " As you know Kagome, you are about to turn 18 in a couple of months, and the laws say if the heir to the throne isn't married by the age of 18 his/her parents have the right to choose a bride/groom for the heir." "Yes, I know of the rule." She knew it! That was the only thing her father could think about! The

well fair of the whole kingdom and all that bullshit! "Good! I have a surprise for you. You may come in now." Who exactly was on the other side of that door? It opened, and in came a tall boy, about 19. He had dark brown eyes that looked nervous. His brown-ish, blonde-ish hair was neatly brushed, and he wore a blue shirt that puffed out at the shoulders. He had hands that looked too small to be a man's hands. He was white with not a single spot that Kagome could tell, was tanned. Kagome could see the sword at the side of his waist, which was still in the sheath. Kagome sighed inside, wishing she could be in the forest sitting under her favorite tree in the world. `Why does father insist ruining my life? I bet it is how he gets his kicks! Well, I should kick him!" "Kaggie, this is Prince Hojo of the Southern Kingdom. He has offered your hand in marriage. Isn't that wonderful!" The king had a smile as wide as the ocean, how Kagome wished she could throw a stone in that ocean like smile. "It's a pleasure to meet you Princess Kagome." he said taking her hand to kiss it. Kagome pulled her hand away so fast the prince stumbled onto the floor nearly knocking one of the guards, who was standing close by, down with him. "Father may I speak with you in private?" Kagome said with her teeth clenched. "Uh...guards, please show the prince to his chambers for the night while I have a word with my daughter." "Yes Sir." They said picking up Hojo by the arms so he could stand. They slowly walked out of the room, silently shutting the door behind them. "I can't believe you!" "Now Kaggie..." "Don't now Kaggie me! You know exactly how I feel about this, but you go ahead and do it anyway!" "Calm down Kagome." the king spoke in a calm voice. "I will not calm down! HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME!" The king got up from his very large, comfortable chair and stormed over to his daughter. "I'LL DO WHAT EVER I DAMN WANT TO! NOW SIT DOWN AND SHUT UP!" Then he slapped her hard across the face. Kagome fell to the floor; she was now lying on her stomach. Chrisom blood trickled down her face like a stream. Tears welled up in her eyes. She slowly pushed herself off of the floor and held her hand to her cheek. Then she walked to the door, but before she walked out she turned to her father. "Go to hell." she whispered as tears made there way down her face, washing away the blood. She ran out of the room crying, while all the servants just stared, knowing she had just gotten in a fight with her father. She slammed her down shut and put her back against it. She slowly slid down to the floor. "I can't take it anymore," she whispered to herself, "I have to leave...tonight."

The king was now sitting back in his chair. `What have I done? I never did to her before, and now...now.... now she probably hates me.' He stared at his hands, disgusted to tell himself he had just his daughter, one of his flesh `n' blood, one of his greatest treasures to him. He looked at the blood that now clung to the carpet to remind him of his wrongdoing. He stared back into his hands, "What have I done?" he sobbed out.