

Unwanted Kiss

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A one-shot involving random kissing, many insults, and an Original character.

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Pairing: SesshomaruXChimiko(OC)

1. Unwanted Kiss

Unwanted Kiss
Sesshomaru and Chimiko

Chimiko leapt lightly from rock to rock, trying not to get her feet wet as she made her way across the stream. She stopped for a moment and allowed herself to take in the beauty of the woods around her, the way the sunlight peered through the leaves in the treetops, and the sparkling, rushing water around her, then she brought her mind back to finding her friends, for they had become separated from her during the last battle with the demon Naraku. Little did she know that she was being followed. She was so wrapped up in her own thoughts that she hadn't noticed the tall, golden-eyed, grim-faced dog demon with the crescent moon mark on his forehead and the silvery-gray hair that was trailing her.

Sesshomaru had spotted the hanyou Chimiko a while ago, and, seeing that she was alone, decided to escort her through the forest. He smiled to himself, knowing that now he could gaze upon her without that blasted brother of his or his equally annoying friends interfering with his interest in the half wolf demon Chimiko.

Suddenly Chimiko froze, her nose twitching. For a moment she stood stock still, then she bolted, heading for the deeper undergrowth. Damn, thought Sesshomaru, she must have caught my scent! He was right, the moment that Chimiko had sensed his presence, she had run, knowing perfectly well just who that scent belonged to. Sesshomaru glided after her, taking care not to lose her. Without warning, Chimiko spun around to face him, causing Sesshomaru to almost knock into her. Her teal eyes looked a little hostile, but he could tell that she was afraid.

What in the Seven Hells do you want, Sesshomaru!? She snapped, not moving an inch, even as he said, To see my mate, of course. Whoever said I was your mate?! Chimiko replied angrily, her face flushing. Sesshomaru tried a different tactic. His face betraying nothing, he said, What if I said I just wanted to see you? I would say piss off you murderous bastard! Chimiko shot back, looking uneasy, she tried not to look at him, tried so hard not to look at those golden, mesmerizing eyes, but they seemed to pull at her vision. Chimiko said softly, almost pleadingly, Just leave me alone, Sesshomaru. She meant to speak to his face, but spoke instead to her knees, she felt like she was doing something wrong, and she didn't know why. Sesshomaru's face darkened, whether in anger or hurt, it was hard to tell which. He put his right hand behind her neck, pulling Chimiko to him, and then he used his other hand to hold her chin, and turn her face to his.

Chimiko had to look at him then, he was looking at her so intensely, that it felt like a spear, or like an alien hand had reached into her heart and pulled at something precious and tender, leaving her exposed and vulnerable. His face leaned toward hers as his eyes closed, before she could protest, his warm mouth was on hers, his lips covering her own for an unhurried eternity, and Chimiko's heart beat so fast she thought that it might jump out of her chest, he pulled her against him, and she was suddenly aware of how close he was. All the other times he held her, or tried to, she had always held herself slightly apart from him, and his nearness and the feel of his hands on her back overwhelmed her. She let herself go into him, into the feel of him. As her eyes closed, she knew that she should say something, find her voice and tell him no, but it was so hard, and he was so heavy and warm and safe around her, was this

really happening?

Chimiko then realized what was happening, truly realized it, and she pushed him away from her so hard, that it nearly threw him off balance. She gazed at him in fear, anger, dislike, and confusion, while he gazed back in return, his face back in its familiar grim countenance. Chimiko leapt high into the air and jumped along the treetops, looking back constantly to see if he was following her, he wasn't, but she felt uneasy none the less.

That pervert! She thought angrily, that low down, flea-bitten, cold, stubborn, heartless @\$\$. How dare he kiss me?! How could I have let it happen!?

She began to curse herself, if he was so hateful, then why did she let him kiss her? Her face grew troubled as these thoughts formed, If he was just another enemy, she thought, then why is my heart beating so fast?

End