

Through the Looking Glass

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Kagome seems to be having issues with her mirror. And she can't figure out why. Not only that, but she can't figure out why Sesshoumaru is suddenly bipolar. Does he care? Does he hate her? And what about everybody else? Inu Yasha? Sango? Miroku?

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1 - Chapter One

Through the Looking Glass

Note about the title: Through the Looking Glass is a more traditional title of Alice in Wonderland. Alice travels through the looking glass into another world. I'm sure you're all familiar with the story. So, I'm kind of borrowing the title for my story.

So. On to the actual story....

I, by the way, do not own Kagome, Inu Yasha, Sesshoumaru, or any of the characters from Inu Yasha. They belong to Rumiko Takahashi, the manga goddess.

Kagome jogged passed the bathroom of her house, late to get to work. Toothbrush in her mouth, brush in hand, she paused, thinking what she was forgetting. "Iffs 'ot my bay..." she muttered to herself around her toothbrush. She walked back into the bathroom after grabbing her folder of papers from her bedroom, spat, and rinsed her mouth out. Running the brush through her hair one last time, Kagome walked to the stairs, pulling her lipstick and a hand mirror out of her purse. Pausing at the top, Kagome stepped down onto the stair while she applied the lipstick, purse tucked under her arm as well as her folder of papers. She was halfway down the stairs, dabbing at the corner of her lips when she suddenly missed the next stair.

"OH shoot!" The papers went flying everywhere as Kagome pitched forward and fell, headlong, down the stairs to the bottom where everything went black.

"—ome!" A distant voice called.

Kagome groaned, shifting slightly, very much in pain.

"Kagome!"

She recognized the voice. It was vaguely familiar. Like an old friend she hadn't seen in a very long time.

"Kagome! Get up!"

She stirred again, hearing echoes of her name in the background, all clamoring for her attention.

"What..." She said groggily, blinking her eyes blearily. "What do you want..."

"Get up, stupid!"

She blinked and then sat up quickly, instantly regretting it. "Inu Yasha!" Kagome was staring into his face.

“Duh! Who else!” He glared at her. “What’s wrong with you?”

“I...” She turned her head, unsure how to answer his question, her jaw dropping. “*Sesshoumaru?*”

Sesshoumaru was crouched next to her across from his half-brother, also regarding her. “Yes, Kagome?”

She gaped at him stupidly. “What...?”

He waited patiently for the rest of her sentence. “Yes?”

“What the heck are you doing here?” She blurted.

“This Sesshoumaru was concerned for you,” he said, one eyebrow arching imperiously, as if it were the most normal thing in the world.

“You?” She replied incredulously.

“Yes.”

“What is wrong with you, Kagome?” Inu Yasha queried, sitting back on his haunches.

“I... I fell...” She put a hand to her head. “I am so confused...”

“What is there to be confused about?” Sesshoumaru asked calmly.

“Kagome!” another voice called behind her. “We got your bike!”

Kagome turned to see Sango and Miroku approaching, a child hanging on Sango’s back. Once again, Kagome’s jaw dropped. “What!”

“I’m glad you are awake finally. It seems like you took quite a tumble...” Miroku said, an arm around Sango’s waist.

“A tumble.” Kagome said flatly.

“Yes, you know, a fall, ker-splat, stumble, crash, bang, boom?” Inu Yasha said.

“I know what a tumble is,” Kagome replied tartly.

“Well, you seem awfully confused...” Inu Yasha said, giving his shoulders a casual shrug. “Maybe you did hit your head. Harder than we all thought.”

“Well, if you are alright, then I suppose we should be moving on,” Sesshoumaru said, standing fluidly.

“Moving on? Moving on where?” Kagome made a valiant effort to stand, falling back on her already pained rear end. “Ouch...”

Sesshoumaru and Inu Yasha both automatically stuck their hands out to help her to her feet. Regarding the hands suspiciously, Kagome grasped the both, still terribly confused, and pulled herself to her feet with the help of the two brothers.

“We are “moving on” to my house,” Sesshoumaru said, slipping his hands back into his sleeves, a familiar pose for the inu yokai.

“Your house? All of us?” Kagome stared at him scrutinizingly.

“Yes, that would be all of us.”

“Geeze, Kagome, are you extra stupid today?” Inu Yasha said.

“No...” Kagome muttered. “I just must have hit my head harder than I thought...”

“I told you that already...” Inu Yasha muttered.

“Are you alright then? Do you need medical treatment?” Miroku asked, regarding her.

Kagome shook her head, looking at the monk. “So, uh.... Whose baby?” They all stared at her. Kagome found it very disconcerting. She crossed her arms, aggravated. “Okay. So I said something stupid again, I assume. Forgive me for my stupidity, but I’m very, very confused, and I’m afraid you’ll all have to explain things to me.”

“What is it we are explaining?” Sesshoumaru asked blandly.

“You would be explaining whose baby that is—” Kagome indicated the child on Sango’s back “—and why *you*—” Kagome jabbed a finger at Sesshoumaru “—actually care if I’m hurt or not, and why the heck the two of *you*—” this time she looked pointedly at Inu Yasha and Sesshoumaru “—aren’t trying to tear each other’s heads off.”

Sango cleared his throat. “Well, this would be *my* child. Well, mine and Miroku’s, that is. She’s a year and a half and her name is Shiina.”

Kagome nodded, slowly absorbing this information. “Okay,...” She said slowly.

Sesshoumaru arched one of his perfect eyebrows. “Why would this Sesshoumaru be tearing the head of his own brother off, as you so put it?”

“Well, because!”

He watched her expectantly.

“Because... You don’t like each other?” She continued weakly.

Inu Yasha and Sesshoumaru exchanged glances, and replied in unison. “We don’t?”

Kagome stared.

“Since when, Kagome?” Inu Yasha said, staring at her with a funny expression on his face.

Clearing her throat, she sighed. “Apparently since never. Or... always. I don’t know. The last thing I knew, the two of you were always at each other’s throats, trying to kill each other over the Tetsaiga.”

Sesshoumaru blinked. “The Tetsaiga is Inu Yasha’s sword. Mine is the Tenseiga.”

Feeling stupid and confused for the who-knows-how-manieth time that morning, Kagome shook her head. “Okay. Now I *know* you’re not Sesshoumaru. You wanted that sword. And you wanted it badly.”

Sesshoumaru shook his head. “Perhaps this Sesshoumaru wanted it for a short while—”

“Nuh-uh. You were willing to almost kill your half-brother for it,” Kagome interrupted. “Not to mention, you never even wanted to be in his presence. You were disgusted by “the hanyou,” as you so-often called him.” She planted her hands on her hips, barely registering Sesshoumaru’s narrowing eyes at the word “hanyou.” “Where the Hell am I?”

“This would be Japan, Kagome,” Sango said, a worried expression on her face.

“Yes, yes. I know that much. But you are not Inu Yasha, and you are not Sesshoumaru, and you aren’t Sango, and you aren’t Miroku!”

Sango blinked. “I’m...? Not?” She tilted her head.

“Of *course* not! When would you *ever* marry Miroku? You hated him! No offense to Miroku, of course.... And when the heck did you have a kid?” She spread her hands in a gesture of disbelief.

Miroku held a hand up. “Well, actually there are several others...”

“*Several!*” Kagome gaped at him. “How many, exactly?”

“Well, there’s—”

“No. Just tell me how many. And where the heck they are.”

“There are three others and they are all at Sesshoumaru’s house.”

Kagome whirled to Sesshoumaru. “Really.” Turning back to Miroku, hands on her hips, she glared, demanding, “And you’re sure he didn’t eat them?”

“Hey!” Inu Yasha planted a hand on her shoulder. “You know just as well as I do, Kagome, that Sesshoumaru doesn’t eat humans. Come on! That’s insulting.”

Blinking at him, Kagome sighed and collapsed to the ground, flopping over. “I give up!” She wailed,

digging her hands into the grass. "At least grass is still green and the sky is still blue!"

"Kagome, get up," Inu Yasha said, arms folded, staring at her with compassionate disgust. "You're being ridiculous."

Laughing, the sound tinged with hysteria, Kagome nodded. "I am, aren't I?" She laughed harder, amused by the whole situation. "This whole thing is a joke, isn't it?"

"A joke?" Sango asked.

"Yeah, you know, a farce, a trick, a practical joke?" Kagome chuckled, wiping the tears from the corner of her eyes. "I mean... Come on. Inu Yasha defending Sesshoumaru? That wouldn't happen in a thousand years! You marrying Miroku? HA! That's a laugh!"

Miroku frowned. "Kagome... I would appreciate it if you wouldn't say so. Sango and I are married, whether you remember we are or not."

Kagome sobered. "Right. Of course. I apologize. Really. I'm sorry. It was rude of me. Oi..." She rubbed her temples and then looked at them all. "So. It's really not a joke." Looking around at the scenery, she thought quickly. "Wait... How am I even here, anyway?" She looked back at them all quickly. "Why am I here?"

The group looked even more confused. "What?" Inu Yasha asked. "Because."

"Well, yes, but I mean how did I *get* here?"

"Through the well," Sango replied slowly.

Kagome shook her head. "No. I was at my house and I was late for work. I was putting on my lipstick and then I tripped and fell down the stairs. I didn't come through the well."

"But...We saw you."

"What?" Kagome looked over at Sango and then down at her own clothes. But they weren't her clothes. It was her miko outfit that she had worn. She stared. What. The heck, was going on here.

"Yes, we did see you climb out of the well, Kagome," Sesshoumaru seconded.

"You're kidding me." She was still staring at her outfit.

"No, this Sesshoumaru is not "kidding" you..."

Sighing, Kagome got to her feet again and looked at her bike, not even wanting to go into her clothes at the moment. "Whatever. Let's go. Let's go.... wherever it is we're going..."

With Kagome on her bike, Inu Yasha and Sesshoumaru on foot, and Sango, Miroku, and their child, of course, on Kirara, the group headed towards Sesshoumaru's house.

“How much longer,” Kagome complained after a half hour of riding.

“It is not much farther,” Sesshoumaru said, still managing to look graceful, elegant, perfect, and powerful while he ran.

“Good. I’m tired.” She peddled to keep up with them for the rest of the way in silence, watching the scenery pass by. Everything was the same. It was the same old Japan, and everyone was exactly the same. Except that things were terribly wrong. Oh so very terribly wrong. Inu Yasha *defending* his elder brother? Nuh-uh. Never. Kagome gave up. It wasn’t even worth thinking about it. She would just confuse herself again.

“We’re here,” Sesshoumaru announced, slowing to a walk.

“Hm?” Kagome came out of her own thoughts, slowing the bike to a stop. “Oh good. Are you going to have food, Sesshoumaru?”

Sesshoumaru looked back at her, approaching the front gates. “Yes. There will be something for you to eat.”

Kirara landed just behind her, Inu Yasha walking next to his brother. “Come on, Kagome!” Sango called, her hand in Miroku’s, following the two inu yokai. Kagome shook her head, still marveling the oddity, but followed never-the-less.

The demons at the gates bowed to Sesshoumaru, making no comments about Inu Yasha being there. In fact, they behaved as if it were normal for him to be walking there. And who knows. Maybe it was. They also never batted an eye when she, Sango, and Miroku walked through. Kagome sighed and leaned her bike against a tree, following the group into Sesshoumaru’s house. From what she could see, it was sparsely decorated, but it was definitely rich and it was definitely tasteful. Kagome approved.

“Mama! Papa!” A girl cried, running down the hall towards them. Shortly thereafter, two others skidded around the corner, following her.

Sango’s face lit up as she crouched down, her arms open. “Hello there, Aya! Megumi! Yuki!”

The three children ran into her arms, all begging for attention. Miroku smiled at them all, patting their heads indulgently. Kagome smiled gently, her arms folding. It was very cute and touching.

“Auntie Kagome! Yay!” The attention was suddenly shifted to her.

“Ehn!” Kagome looked down at the three children pulling at her clothes and wanting her attention. “Hehe...” She smiled and awkwardly gave them all hugs, going with the flow as they were suddenly gone and climbing on “Uncles” Inu Yasha and Sesshoumaru. Shaking her head, Kagome sighed. “Well. Things certainly haven’t been boring...”

“Enough,” Sesshoumaru said suddenly. Immediately there was silence and the children all looked at him expectantly. “We’re going to have tea. Settle down and follow me.” He made his way down the

hallway and turned down another, stopping in front of a room, opening it. "Jaken! Tell the servants to bring tea."

Kagome again blinked. Jaken? This was never ceasing to amaze her. The small flea bounded passed them agreeing cheerily. "Come in," Sesshoumaru said as he swept into the room and seated himself on one of the cushions. Kagome, along with the rest of the group, followed and likewise seated themselves while they waited for the tea to arrive, which it did in only a couple of minutes, much to Kagome's pleasure. She quickly took a sip to avoid words.

"Aah," Sango said softly. "This is perfect."

"Mm. Yes. I agree," Miroku nodded. He smiled at his children who were sipping the tea ceremoniously as well.

Kagome looked around at the group wondrously. Here everyone was, friends and enemies, drinking tea like it was an everyday occurrence. Inu Yasha had a smile growing on his face that was suddenly mischievous and his fingers dipped into his tea, flicking up quickly so that the tea landed on Sesshoumaru. Chuckling quietly, Kagome watched as Sesshoumaru looked around and then put a hand to one of his perfect cheeks. Looking at the children she noticed, with wry amusement, that they also knew what was going on. Putting a finger to her lips, she shook her head, eyes twinkling, against saying a word about it. They nodded solemnly and drank their tea as Inu Yasha did it again. The same thing happened twice more before finally, on the third time, Sesshoumaru sipped his tea imperiously and simply said, "Inu Yasha. Will you please stop that."

Inu Yasha's face blatantly held a grin as he flicked a rolled up piece of fabric and other nonsense at his brother. "Stop what?"

"That, please," Sesshoumaru said with annoyance as the object hit him in the face.

"What's 'that'?" Inu Yasha asked cheekily.

Sesshoumaru glared at his brother and proceeded to pick up the piece of stuff and flick it back at his brother, Kagome watching in amazement.

Inu Yasha easily dodged. "Hah! You missed!"

Sesshoumaru set his cup down and was suddenly on his brother, pinning him to the tatami-mat floor. "This time I did *not* miss. "

"Hehe... So you didn't," Inu Yasha said blithely.

"Boys... Before you knock something over," Sango said in her mother-like fashion.

Sesshoumaru sat up and returned to his seat leaving Inu Yasha to sit and straighten himself, at the same time trying to smother his grin.

Kagome sat quietly, drinking her tea, watching everyone banter back and forth like old friends would.

The room was warm and cozy and there were no bad feelings at all present. It amazed her. Everyone was, for all intents and purposes, *friends*.

“Kagome!”

“Hm?” She looked sharply at Sango. “What?”

A wry grin crossed Sango’s lips. “That’s the fourth time I called your name. Are you tired?”

“Oh! I...” She looked around at the rest of them watching her. “Yes. I guess I am... I’m sorry!” She gave a little nervous laugh.

“Yes. I have a room ready for you,” Sesshoumaru said as he stood.

Kagome nodded, standing as well. “Alright. Would you mind showing me?”

“No. Follow me.” He walked to the doors, pushing them open, waiting for her before closing them again. They walked in silence for a short ways before Sesshoumaru turned to her and asked softly, “Kagome, are you sure you are alright?”

Kagome looked at him in surprise, not sure which surprised her more: the fact that he asked the question, or the fact that it was making her blush. “I...uh... yes.. I’m, uh, just fine,” she stammered. Kagome quickly decided that her feet were very interesting.

“You are sure?” He inquired again.

“Yup! Just fine! I’m just a little disoriented, that’s all.” She smiled at him, hoping that there wasn’t anything that his keen sense of smell could pick up that she didn’t want him to.

Thankfully, he merely nodded and stopped in front of a similar-looking pair of doors, opening them. “There is clothes for you here, and Sango will show you where there is a hot spring for you to take a bath.”

Kagome walked in, examining the room. There was a tri-fold screen in the corner with stunning patterns of flowers weaving across it. There was an elegantly simple yukata hanging next to a beautiful kimono that Kagome assumed were for her. “Oh gracious...” she said, walking up to them. Trailing her fingers along the fabric of the kimono, Kagome gasped. “This is gorgeous...”

“It pleases me that you like it,” Sesshoumaru said softly, just inside the doors of the room.

Kagome turned slightly at his voice. “I do, Sesshoumaru. It’s gorgeous. They both are. I don’t know if I’ve ever seen such a beautiful kimono.”

Sesshoumaru nodded. “It is a gift.”

She felt her eyes grow large and her jaw drop like a foolish simpleton. “For me!”

“Yes, of course,” Sesshoumaru said gruffly in the same quiet manner.

Kagome shook her head and then smiled. “Thank you, Sesshoumaru.” Whoever this stranger was, she liked him better.

“Would you try it on?”

“Hm?” Kagome looked at him quizzically.

“I asked if you would mind trying it on so that I might know if it fits correctly,” Sesshoumaru repeated.

“Oh! Of course!” Kagome said hurriedly, feeling her cheeks flush.

Sesshoumaru nodded and stepped out of the room, closing the doors. “You only need to ask if you have need of assistance.”

“Mm!” Kagome was already stripping her school uniform off and sliding the kimono off of it’s display, putting on the various pieces with a little difficulty. After what seemed like an eternity, Kagome turned to the door. “I’m... finished.”

The doors slid open smoothly and Sesshoumaru entered the room once again. His eyes were locked on her and Kagome could once again feel her cheeks heat up. “It fits you very well,” he said simply.

Twisting her head to look at herself, Kagome smiled. “Really? Thank you!”

“There is a mirror, Kagome,” the inu yokai offered, his deep voice soft, an arm gesturing to the right.

“O-oh? Thank you! Where is it?” Kagome asked a little breathlessly. Was he *flirting* with her? She approached him slowly.

“Follow me.” He backed up and waited for her before turning down the hall to one of the other rooms. “It is here.” Pushing aside the doors, he allowed her to enter before following her in.

Kagome nodded. “Thank you, Sesshoumaru.” She approached the mirror, glancing down at the hem of the kimono, her eyes following the pattern upward. He was right. It did fit her well. And Kagome hadn’t done a bad job of putting it on either. Her mother would be proud. Kagome smiled happily, looking into the reflection of her eyes in the mirror.

The smile froze and vanished. Faintly, she registered Sesshoumaru stepping forward, his lips moving, but no sound coming forth as the world twisted and changed and turned black.

2 - Chapter Two

Disclaimer: Through the Looking Glass

Note about the title: Through the Looking Glass is a more traditional title of Alice in Wonderland. Alice travels through the looking glass into another world. I'm sure you're all familiar with the story. So, I'm kind of borrowing the title and idea for my story. I apologise for any confusion this is causing. Kagome hasn't figured this out yet.

So. On to the actual story....

Characters copy righted to Takahashi Rumiko.

Chapter Two

Kagome blinked. She was still there. She was standing in front of the mirror and Sesshoumaru was standing behind her. "Sesshoumaru?"

Sesshoumaru's hands were tucked into his sleeves and he was staring at her.

"Is something wrong?"

He simply stared at her, his head lifted proudly.

Kagome turned to face him. "Sesshoumaru. Is something wrong?"

"No."

Kagome stared at him. "Oh. Why were you staring?"

"No reason."

"Oh." There was something wrong. Something just happened, but Kagome couldn't tell what. "Well, um. When are we going to be eating? I am a little hungry."

Sesshoumaru arched one eyebrow. "Are you suggesting that this Sesshoumaru would eat with a human?"

"Well. Yes. Of course. Why wouldn't we? Well, it wouldn't be just us, of course. You know, it would be you, myself, Sango, Miroku, Inu Yas—" Kagome blinked. She was staring at the wall. Her cheek stung. Raising a tentative hand to her face, Kagome placed her hand on her cheek. She stared at Sesshoumaru in shock.

"Do not speak that name in this Sesshoumaru's presence," he hissed coldly, golden eyes sharp and frightening.

"W-what?" Kagome's voice came at barely a whisper. "S-sesshouma—"

"Do not speak. You know not to speak the name of the hanyou in this Sesshoumaru's presence."

Kagome's head spun. "But... we were just sitting with him and the others. We....we were drinking tea...."

Staring down at her haughtily, Sesshoumaru's voice sounded like slick oil, a match centimeters above the surface. "This Sesshoumaru would never drink tea in the presence of such a creature."

Kagome stared at him. What the heck was going on? Was he bi-polar? This was more like the old Sesshoumaru, but he was more violent. He wouldn't have hit her before. "I... I'm sorry then..."

"This Sesshoumaru hopes so. For your sake." He turned and swept to the door in a flutter of silver hair and cloth like a god floated on clouds. "Dinner shall be served in an hour. You shall be escorted to the room where you will be dining. This Sesshoumaru shall join you, if there is time for it."

Kagome nodded numbly, stunned by the complete one-eighty he had pulled on her. Exhaling the deep breath she didn't realize that she had been holding, Kagome sank to her knees. Staring at the closing doors, she watched the retreating shadow of the incredibly gorgeous, god-like inu yokai.

Shaking her head, Kagome got to her feet, smoothed out the kimono, and looked around the room. It was different too. It was mostly the same, but there were subtle differences. Like the candles on the wall, for example. There were two candles instead of one. Kagome opened the door and stepped into the hallway. There was no one around. She quietly walked back to the other room that Sesshoumaru had given her.

Sliding the door open, Kagome looked in. It was still her room, as far as she could tell. Her miko uniform was hanging there next to a yukata. Shrugging, Kagome sat, not knowing what to do with herself for an hour. She didn't want to stay here in this room with nothing to do. Standing again, she pushed open the door on the other side of the room, finding it to open into a garden.

The sun was setting and there were clouds floating across the sky as the sakura petals drifted gently to the ground. Slipping on a pair of geta sandals, Kagome stepped into the garden, walking through the trees and flowers. It was a marvelous garden. Simple, but also elegant and tasteful. But then again, that was Sesshoumaru.

Sesshoumaru... Why had he not wanted me to mention Inu Yasha...? And he'd slapped me... Kagome's hand went to her cheek. It still burned slightly. The air was crisp and pleasantly warm without being muggy and humid. It was quiet too. But Sesshoumaru's entire house was quiet. It seemed a lot quieter suddenly. Involuntarily, Kagome shivered. Something strange was going on, and she wasn't quite sure what it was. They must be playing tricks on her or something.

"What are you doing out here?"

Kagome whirled.

Sesshoumaru stood there, eyes cold and expression blank. He was expecting an answer.

"Um..."

"Yes? What are you doing."

"I was just taking a walk," Kagome said in a meek voice.

"Yes, obviously," Sesshoumaru replied coldly.

Staring at him, Kagome raised an eyebrow. "Well, if you knew that, then why did you ask, Sesshoumaru?"

His eyes narrowed. "Watch your tongue, ningen."

Kagome blinked at him. "'Ningen'? Excuse me?"

"You are a ningen," Sesshoumaru replied as if she were stupid. "A human."

Kagome rolled her eyes. "Of course, Sesshoumaru. I *know* that. I am not stupid, despite what your opinion of humans may be."

Sesshoumaru stared at her, silent.

"So is that all you have to say to me?" Kagome folded her arms. She didn't want to deal with this.

"Watch what you say to this Sesshoumaru," he hissed, head tilted up proudly. "You are in no position to speak thus."

"No position? What do you mean?" Kagome asked, confused.

Sesshoumaru's lip curled in scorn. "You are in no position. You are my prisoner."

"Prisoner! You invited me here!"

"Invited?" Sesshoumaru scoffed. "I think not. You are my prisoner."

Kagome stared at him, utterly confused. It had been a confusing day. A very confusing day. And she had gotten up just expecting to go to work. That was it. She was going to go to work, not be invited to Sesshoumaru's house and have a party, only to have him go bi-polar on her and schizophrenic. It must not be her day. "Prisoner. Okay. I'm your prisoner." Kagome gave up. She wasn't going to argue with him, because that, obviously, was not going to get her anything other than a massive migraine which was already brewing behind her eyes. "Now what? What do you do with me, hm? Sesshoumaru? What now?"

“This Sesshoumaru will not be giving you a third warning, Kagome-san,” he said lowly, eyes narrowing as he walked over to her. Stopping directly in front of her, he looked down at her. “You are my prisoner, but you shall be treated fairly, even though you are associated with the hanyou.”

“So this is about Inu Yasha, is it?” Kagome asked.

“Do NOT say his name!” Sesshoumaru growled, one hand snapping out to grab a lock of her hair.

She flinched.

Sesshoumaru stared down at her. “I ask you not to say his name in my presence. That is one of the things that I require.”

Looking up at him slowly, Kagome’s eyes widened. “S-sesshoumaru?”

His golden eyes were locked on her.

“Why don’t you want me to say his name?”

He gave her no reply, but his fingers were still wrapped in her hair.

“Sesshoumaru?” Kagome was becoming vaguely uncomfortable under his gaze. It was rather un-nerving. He was incredibly gorgeous close up, and realizing this, Kagome blushed and looked at the ground. “Are...are you going to answer my question?”

His face remained expressionless, but she could tell that he was thinking about whether or not she was worthy of an answer. He must have decided that she was because he was opening his mouth to speak. But he wasn’t talking. He was moving. Kagome blinked at him, utterly confused by what was going on. “Sesshoum--” She was cut off by lips on hers. Her eyes widened and then slid shut, leaning into his kiss.

He pulled back all of a sudden. “This Sesshoumaru deems it not worthy to answer your question.”

She blinked. “Anou...” Her hand hovered in the air, not sure what to do with itself, quite like the rest of Kagome. “Se--”

Sesshoumaru turned to leave.

“H-hey!” Her hand grabbed the sleeve of his kimono. “Where do you think you’re going?”

He peered down at her hand like it was an offending insect. “Yes?” He raised an eyebrow imperiously.

“Y-you! You’re just going to kiss me and then walk off!” Kagome flushed.

Sesshoumaru said, characteristically, nothing.

“GYAH!” She shrieked in frustration. “You are a lump, Sesshoumaru!” His eyebrow raised again. “A

stupid, stiff, *lump!* I don't know what to do with you! I don't know why you're doing this, I've had a confusing day, and it's horribly, terribly disturbing! Don't do this to me!"

His nose twitched almost imperceptively. "What is it that you're asking for?"

"Answers! That's all I want! Is that too much to ask!" She was nearly hysterical, but Kagome didn't care.

"To which questions."

She growled. "Why did you just kiss me--one. Two: What am I doing here. Three: What do you have against your brother? Four: What's going on?"

At the mention of his brother, Sesshoumaru's eyes narrowed slightly. "You are my prisoner here, and this Sesshoumaru may do whatever he likes with you. Thus this Sesshoumaru can kiss you if he would so wish. As for the hannyou... This Sesshoumaru has nothing to say."

Kagome sighed. "And you never even can give straight answers, can you. But," she warned, her expression turning serious, "if you ever decide to kiss me again, you ask permission first, do you hear?"

Sesshoumaru was back in front of her quickly, his arm wrapping around her, lips on hers, kissing her deeply just to prove that he had to do no such thing.

Kagome pushed at him, but it was weak and she didn't really want to push him away. She couldn't figure out quite why just yet.

Turning from her, he began, for the second time, to walk away. Kagome gasped for air, and once again grabbed his sleeve, pulling him back to her. "Oh no you don't." This time, she kissed him.

This time, Sesshoumaru let her. After all, he rather liked it, as she was good at kissing. But he had other things to do. Sesshoumaru ended this kiss when he was reaching the limits of his air supply. "This Sesshoumaru will see you shortly for dinner."

Kagome was standing very close to him. He smelled good. She nodded, flushed. "Dinner..." She looked up at him. His golden eyes seemed to glow in the twilight. Blushing bright red at the emotion she read in them, she wondered vaguely which dinner they would be having and how much she would or would not mind if there was no differentiation between the two.

"Go back to your room; this Sesshoumaru will be seeing you shortly and he will fetch you himself," Sesshoumaru said, turning once again.

Kagome nodded. No doubt he would "fetch" her himself. She watched him leave and walk off, vanishing into the bushes and trees, before she, herself, turned and walked back to her room. Sesshoumaru. Sesshoumaru had just kissed her. And she had kissed him. And she had liked it. Kagome blushed.

She entered her room and left the door open to let in the cooling night air. She was warm. Tying her hair back, Kagome sat down on her futon, flopping onto her back. So now that absolutely nothing had been

established, where did this leave her? Number one: Sesshoumaru is friendly and everyone is friends. Number two: Sesshoumaru flirts with her. Number three: Sesshoumaru pulls a complete 180 and is incredibly scary (and sexy). Number four: now what? Kagome sighed and flushed again. Why did she kiss him? That was stupid. What a stupid move, Kagome. What about Inu Yasha? There had to be some way of inquiring into that matter without getting slapped. Or interrupted. Or kissed. That was distracting. She shook her head and once again returned to the matter at hand. So, obviously, Sesshoumaru was still flirting with her. A game? If it were a game, it would be quite a twisted game. Granted, Kagome didn't know Sesshoumaru very well, but she knew that he wouldn't play this sort of game. Was it to cover something up? Could everyone else be in on this? No, that didn't make any sort of sense. The whole atmosphere of this Sesshoumaru was different from the one who had told her to put on the kimono. And there was the issue of the candles, two instead of one. So at the end of the day, nothing added up.

"Kagome."

She sat up quickly. Sesshoumaru. "Yes?"

He pushed the door open. "Dinner is ready. You are to come now."

Kagome stood. "What's for dinner?"

Sesshoumaru merely eyed her. "Your hair."

"Yes, what about it?"

"Take it down."

"I'm warm!"

"Take it down."

"I don't want to. I'm warm, and having it up makes me cooler."

His eyes narrowed. "This Sesshoumaru would have you take your hair down."

"Why," she challenged.

"This Sesshoumaru deigns not to answer."

"Then this Kagome deigns not to take her hair down," she retorted, folding her arms.

"If you are warm," Sesshoumaru said lowly "then perhaps you should remove some clothing."

Kagome gaped. "What?!"

"Then take your hair down."

“You’re just being ridiculous. Sesshoumaru, what is wrong with you—” She was suddenly in very close proximity to his face. Oh, and she was on her back on the futon. Now when did that happen?

“If you will not comply with this Sesshoumaru’s wishes, then I will have to force you to obey.” He had loosened her obi and was pushing her kimono down around her shoulders.

“S-sesshoumaru! What are you doing...?” Kagome tried to push him away, but that was about as effective as pushing at a rock cliff and expecting it to move. She fumbled with her kimono, trying to restore its appearance of decency with little effect.

With a low growl, Sesshoumaru pinned her hands above her head. “Silly ningen,” he hissed, flipping open the skirt of her kimono. “You are my prisoner. You are mine with which to do what I want.”

Absently, she noticed that his armor was off. Excellent, Kagome, just what you need to be focusing on right now, she told herself as she strained against his hold. “Sesshoumaru! What are you doing?! This is completely inappropriate! You shouldn’t be doing thi—”

He cut her off with a kiss, quite effectively silencing her. “You talk too much, miko.”

Oh, great. He was calling her pet-names. Pet? Maybe that’s what she was. How ironic. A pet to a dog-demon. Wonderful. “Am I your pet, Sesshoumaru?” She blurted.

This seemed to confuse him. He blinked at her. “Pet?”

“Yeah, am I your pet? You know; am I just something to keep you amused?” she babbled. When Sesshoumaru’s grasp weakened, Kagome slipped her hands from him and used his confusion to flip him over and bolted for a door. Kagome was quite proud of herself that she had made it three steps into the garden before Sesshoumaru had caught her once again.

“You will not do that again,” he growled, slapping her again.

Kagome fell back from the force, dazed. She staggered as she got to her feet, losing her balance and tumbling into the lake. Not before, however, she was able to see Sesshoumaru lunge for her and the world spin.

3 - Chapter Three

Disclaimer: Through the Looking Glass

Note about the title: Through the Looking Glass is a more traditional title of Alice in Wonderland. Alice travels through the looking glass into another world. I'm sure you're all familiar with the story. So, I'm kind of borrowing the title and idea for my story. I apologise for any confusion this is causing. Kagome hasn't figured this out yet.

So. On to the actual story....

Characters copy righted to Takahashi Rumiko.

Chapter Three

Sesshoumaru was back on the bank while she sat in the lake, a koi approaching curiously. The kimono was soaked and disheveled. Kagome was sure she looked like a proper tart. When she looked at his face properly, Kagome noticed Sesshoumaru's shocked expression. Expression? That didn't sound right; Sesshoumaru's face didn't show expressions.

"Kagome?" His voice came softly, almost weakly, through the night air.

"Sesshoumaru?" Kagome stood, pulling the kimono around her, flushing slightly. He was different again.

"What are you..." He trailed off.

"What am I?" Kagome asked skeptically. "'Kagome,' I hope. Alive? Human?" she added acidly as she stepped out of the pond, wringing out portions of the kimono, bemoaning to herself its ruined state.

Sesshoumaru shook his head. "What are you doing here?"

"What am I doing here? I have no idea. Perhaps you could answer that for me." She wrung her hair out, twisting it up into a bun.

He took a cautious step towards her. "I must be hallucinating."

"And I'm not?" she retorted.

He gave her a weak smile, the moonlight illuminating his pale skin. "Well, whatever your reasons for visiting, it pleases this Sesshoumaru to see a familiar face."

Kagome paused in her wringing and turned to look at him. Something in his tone of voice made her

heart skip a beat. “What do you mean?” Her eyes skimmed over his appearance, the empty sleeve swaying slightly in the breeze. Kagome shivered.

“This Sesshoumaru apologises. Please come in, whether you be the miko or merely my imagination.” He gestured towards the doors.

Kagome walked up to him, and as she approached, the tiredness around his person became clearly apparent. His eyes were flat and tired, and he no longer stood with the self-importance that had previously kept his spine straight. He looked... older. “Sesshoumaru...” She reached out, touching his cheek, pulling back when he jerked away. “What happened to you?”

“Back away, specter. I don’t know if you are a ghost or what your purpose is, but do not think that because this Sesshoumaru is not what he used to be the I cannot make you bleed.” His eyes regained a bit of their spark as he stepped back, pulling a kanto from its sheath that he assumably kept in the back of his obi.

“Sesshoumaru, what’s happened to you? It’s me, Kagome. I’m not a ghost or a vision or anything else. I’m me. I’m the miko.” She frowned. “What happened? Where is everyone? Why is it so quiet?”

“Ah, for a vision, you ask difficult questions.” He smiled faintly, wrinkles appearing underneath his eyes. He was silent a moment, looking off across the hills.

“I’m not a vision, Sesshoumaru,” Kagome said firmly, reaching up to grip his shoulders. He jerked, but Kagome held firm. “Now answer my questions. What happened to you? What’s wrong?”

His eyes dropped and he sighed. “I’m tired. I don’t know why you dredge up the past; this Sesshoumaru does not like to linger there.”

“Why.”

“It is painful,” he said plainly, meeting her eyes. “The deaths of my brother and his friends are not easy to bear to witness, Vision.”

“I’m not a vis—”

“I was there. There was fire and there was rage. He came to me because he needed help. He held you while you bled and moaned in delirium. The monk was dead while the rest of them were weary and wounded. The enemy they fought was old and powerful. He asked me for help. It was the third time he’d done so. I finally agreed, curbing my stubbornness and pride. I went to their aid, but it was ‘too little too late,’ as the idiom goes, doesn’t it? They were already too weakened and beaten to rally.” His hand pulled at the tie to his obi, his kimono opening.

“Sesshoumaru!”

His gaze was far away as his fingers traced a scar running from his collarbone to his hip. “This was my reward for my detachment and my pride. This Sesshoumaru was shown the meaning of humility and caring.” The scar was angry still, and it hadn’t faded yet. “So they died. They all died, atoning for

whatever wrong done to the ancient entity, and this Sesshoumaru was left alive, alone. Miserable.”

Kagome jerked his kimono back on, hiding the scar and tying his obi. “Stop it, Sesshoumaru.” Though the tears pricked her eyes, Kagome looked up into his tired gold eyes and she held his face. “I’m not here to absolve you of your guilt. Thinking about them dying is... is...” She shook the thought away. “You can’t stay miserable, Sesshoumaru. You have to snap out of this. Live. You—”

“I can’t.”

“You—What? You can’t? What do you mean?”

He smiled softly, giving her cheek a feather-light caress. “Ah, Miko-chan. You look so lovely, disheveled as you are.”

“Sesshoumaru? What do you mean ‘you can’t?’” Kagome pressed, worried.

“A person cannot live when they are dying, can they?”

She stared. What could she possibly say to that? Sesshoumaru? Dying? It didn’t make sense. “Dying?”

“Yes, Miko-chan. Like you had. Or so I thought. Though now you are here, so apparently you did not die. For that, at least, this Sesshoumaru is grateful. My brother would be pleased to know you are alive and well.”

“What...?”

“It is the infection. The beast’s claws were poisonous and have been slowly poisoning my body. It is not glamorous. It is, however, ironic.” He held up his hand, displaying his own claws. “Ever since, I have not been able to use my own toxins.” He sighed.

Kagome stared at the inu youkai. He was pitiful. It broke her heart to see him now. The tears fell freely.

“Do not cry for me, Miko-chan. I have lived a long life and am ready to join my brother and—”

“Stop it, Sesshoumaru!” she cried. “Stop it! This isn’t like you! You’re impervious to everything!”

He took a step forward, drawing her to his chest. “I suppose that is why it is taking so long to die.”

“Stop talking about dying!” she sobbed against his chest. “Sesshoumaru, you have to live. Fight this!”

“The fighting is long over, Kagome. I am finished fighting.”

Kagome stepped back, eyes fierce. “Well I’m not!”

Sesshoumaru gave a husky laugh that turned into a cough. “Well... that’s what my brother liked about you.”

"I have an idea." She grabbed his hand and pulled him into the house. She found a bowl of water and some candles. "Do you have anything dry I can wear?"

Sesshoumaru frowned. "Yes? I probably have some of Rin's old kimonos. They should fit you."

Rin! Kagome had almost forgotten the girl. She didn't press what had happened to her at seeing Sesshoumaru's pained expression. Kagome nodded. "Thank you, Sesshoumaru."

He nodded and pointed to the door. "They're in the closet of the third room down the hall on the left."

Kagome returned shortly after selecting a clean kimono. She returned to Sesshoumaru and sat across from him. "I want to try something, Sesshoumaru."

He looked at her blankly.

"I want to try and heal you of the poison. The venom."

Sesshoumaru gave her a sad patient smile. "That's kind of you, but it cannot be done. I appreciate the gesture, but—"

"Sesshoumaru. You're suffering. I can see that, and I want to try and help you. The worst that can happen is, well, is nothing. You have nothing to lose."

After spending a moment gazing out into the past, Sesshoumaru nodded. "Very well. This Sesshoumaru will permit it."

Kagome sighed and nodded. "Good. Okay. Now. Lay down on the futon and I'll set things up." Kagome bit her lip, watching the inu yokai lay down, resting his long graceful fingers on his abdomen. She had no idea what she was doing. This was all just wishful thinking, hoping that she could, in some way, help the one person remaining. Shaking her head, Kagome set up the candles around Sesshoumaru and picked up the bowl of water. She closed her eyes and prayed over it to purify it. Well, here goes nothing. There was only one way to do it that she was familiar with. Kagome dipped her fingers into the bowl, her eyes trained on Sesshoumaru. Sprinkling the water over him, she closed her eyes again. *Please let this work, please let this work...* "Okay. Stand up, Sesshoumaru." He frowned but did so. Kagome stood in front of him, eyes closed. She bent and dipped her fingers into the bowl once more and touched them together in front of her, arms extended. She drew her right arm back, as if drawing an arrow back on the bow and expelled the breath she was holding. Opening her eyes, she caught her reflection in the mirror behind Sesshoumaru and the world twisted.

4 - Chapter Four

“Noo!” Kagome exclaimed. She stomped a foot petulantly, knowing it would do her no good. The tears pricked her eyes. She had wanted to help him. Now he was... She looked up. Now he was moving very very quickly towards her. Kagome shrieked.

“You must be sick in the head. You point an imaginary bow and arrow at me, miko, and then you tell me ‘no?’ What is going on with you, Kagome.” He had grabbed her wrists and was brushing aside her bangs to press his forehead against hers’.

Kagome flushed. Great. Well, at least he wasn’t trying to hurt her. That would be frightening. “Anou... Sesshoumaru?”

“Yes?” He pulled back. “Well, you seem fine. No fever. Are you alright, Kagome?”

Kagome blinked at the familiarity. “Ah, yes. I’m sorry, I’m just a bit disoriented and... conflicted.”

“Conflicted?” He eyes expressed concern while his face remained the same. “Concerning?”

Kagome sighed. “I don’t even know anymore.” She tucked her hair behind her ear. “Oh. It was a dream. Yeah. It was a very sad dream, actually.” She looked up at him.

“A dream?”

“Yes.” She watched his face carefully for reactions. “I dreamt that everyone was dead. And you... you were the only one left. And you were d-dying.”

He gave a quiet laugh and stepped forward, enveloping her in his arms, pulling her close.

Arms? Kagome stepped back, grabbing the arm that wasn’t supposed to be there. “Your arm! Why...? What happened?”

“Kagome...? You fixed it. You reattached my arm. Don’t you remember?” He looked at her again, concerned, raising an eyebrow.

“Oh! Ah, of course.” Kagome laughed nervously. “It’s just... I was so disoriented from my dream that... that I forgot.”

Sesshoumaru stroked her hair gently. “Hush. Forget all of that. You don’t need to think about it.”

“Well, yes. I know, but—”

“Mommy?” A small voice said from behind her.

Sesshoumaru's face brightened almost imperceptibly, but Kagome had learned to recognize these things. "Yume!"

Kagome turned and froze. That child *had* been speaking to her? "Ah..."

"Mommy, I had a bad dream..." A small girl of about six tottered in, tugging at Kagome's kimono.

Sesshoumaru scooped the girl up. "Mommy just had a bad dream too, Yume. Would you like to tell me about it?"

Kagome stared, stunned. This girl was her daughter?! *Her* daughter, and *Sesshoumaru's* daughter. She flushed bright red.

The girl looked at Kagome, her golden eyes large and solemn underneath black bangs. Small white ears poked out of her head. "Mommy?" She held her arms out.

"Oh my goodness..." Kagome said breathlessly, sitting quickly lest she faint. That girl was her daughter.

"Kagome?" Sesshoumaru crouched next to her, holding their daughter in one hand, tilting her head up to look at her. "You aren't well."

Yume climbed down from Sesshoumaru's arm and crawled into Kagome's lap, snuggling against her. Looking down, Kagome stroked the girl's hair dazedly. A daughter. With Sesshoumaru. "I'm... I'm fine, Sesshoumaru. I'm fine." She gave him a weak smile.

Sesshoumaru put an arm around her shoulder, pulling her against him, holding them both close to his warmth. "If you're sure. I'll send for a doctor, first thing in the morning."

Kagome shook her head, holding the drowsy girl close. "Really." She gave him a smile. "I'm fine. Don't worry." She yawned. "I'm tired." Come to think of it, she hadn't slept at all really since... since when? She frowned. When had she been here?

"Then get some sleep." He stroked her hair and Kagome quickly fell asleep, leaving all her troubles in the waking world.

When she woke, Kagome found herself sprawled on top of Sesshoumaru, six children tucked against them. "Oh gracious," she groaned. "These can't all be mine..."

Sesshoumaru stirred and lifted his head, white hair everywhere. "Oh miko-chan." He looked at the children blearily. "Ah, well. That one is my brother's." The white-haired child on Kagome's stomach sucking its thumb resembled Inu Yasha, Kagome admitted, relieved. "And that one is Sango and Miroku's—though I don't know what in the world Yuki is doing in here..."

"He likes Mina," Kagome said without thinking. The child was holding hands with a child that was undoubtedly Kagome and Sesshoumaru's.

"True," Sesshoumaru said. He frowned. "Shin is missing."

Kagome sighed. So that meant that out of six, two were not her's, but if one was missing, that meant that they had *five* children? She groaned. "Aiee ya... I feel a massive headache coming on..."

"Ah, don't worry, Kagome. I'll find him."

Kagome looked at him, eyebrow raised. Sesshoumaru? Doing domestic duty? This was just weird. He sighed as he stood. "Next time, miko-chan, we sleep on the futon. Not next to it."

"Next time," Kagome muttered "we don't sleep with children that aren't even ours."

Sesshoumaru laughed, the sound rumbling gently from him. "Point taken. Shall we lock the door?" He headed out the door leaving her surrounded by small children.

Kagome sighed and gently moved the children off of her, taking tallies and familiarizing herself with the ones that were supposedly her's. This just didn't make sense... Why on earth would she have children with Sesshoumaru. Obviously this wasn't merely hoping down the well. Kagome moved her children to the futon, tucking them underneath the covers to let them sleep a couple of hours more. It was still early yet. She lifted Yuki and Inu Yasha's child and headed down the hall in search of the errant parents.

"Kagome? Kagome! Oh thank goodness!" Sango rushed up as Kagome turned to face her old friend.

"There you are." Kagome smiled. "This one decided to wander in. He was holding hands with Mina. It was very cute really; they were—" Something in Sango's glance made her stop. "What?"

"You..." Sango tilted her head. "You look different."

"Different? How so?"

Sango shook her head, holding out her arms for the child. "I don't know. Different somehow."

Kagome moved the child to Sango's arms and shrugged. "I dunno. I'm really the same old me."

"Hm... Maybe that's it. You seem younger." Sango smiled and waggled her eyebrows. "Did you and Sesshoumaru have some naughty fun last night?"

"Sango!" Kagome exclaimed quietly, flushing. "How could we have possibly done that with all the kids piled around us?"

Sango laughed, stroking Yuki's hair. "Kagome... You've been married for eight years, there's nothing to be ashamed of. Where would all of those lovely babies of yours have come from otherwise?"

Kagome shifted Inu Yasha's child and shook her head. "It's just weird to talk about. That's all."

Sango chuckled and shook her head. "You bashful girl... Well. I'm going back to bed and keeping a tight leash on this one. Miroku was supposed to watch him more carefully, but..." She shrugged and turned. "See you later."

Smiling, Kagome turned and continued down the hall. She had no idea where to look. She looked down and Inu Yasha's child. The boy had white hair and no ears like Inu Yasha had. It was strange to be holding his child, knowing that it wasn't her's. She had always expected to bear his child, if it were to be one of the brothers. She thought she loved Inu Yasha. Perhaps not. Kikyo's child? She looked at the child's face, but could see no trace of the woman. If not Kikyo, then who? Padding down the hall, she peeked into a couple of rooms, most of them empty and stopped at a room at a door. There was a 'do not disturb' sign hanging on it, and soft familiar snores wafted through the shoji screens. Inu Yasha alright. Shifting the child again, Kagome reached out, her hand almost touching the door, but for some reason, she pulled back. Who was it? Who was he married to? Who was the mother of this child? Her stomach churned slightly with suspense and nerves. She took a deep breath, exhaling and tapped lightly on the door before sliding it open.

Dark hair was splayed across Inu Yasha's bare chest. But it wasn't Kikyo's hair. Kagome frowned. Who was this? She tip-toed around to try and see her face and jumped when the dark head came up, dark eyes focusing on her. "Rin," she breathed.

"Kagome-sama," the girl-young woman- exclaimed, flushing and pulling the sheets up to cover her nakedness. "Ooh! Isamu! He must have gotten up during the night..." Rin trailed off abashedly as Kagome fixed her with a look.

"Right," Kagome said. "I'm sure. I'm sure you just neglected to watch him, since you were too busy with that lump."

Rin looked down. "I'm.... I'm sorry, Kagome-sama. It wasn't really on purpose."

Kagome sighed and laid the child down next to Inu Yasha, who was still snoring. "How do you sleep with that?"

Rin grinned. She sat up and pulled a yukata from somewhere and slipped it on. "I'm used to it." She got up, pulling the covers back over Inu Yasha. "You're up early."

"Not by choice," Kagome groaned. "For some reason, I woke up with six children all over me, and one of mine was missing. They weren't mine. That one is yours, obviously." Kagome stretched and looked down at Inu Yasha. "Gracious. He sleeps through anything, doesn't he... I could use some coffee."

Rin brightened. "Mm! Coffee! I like the sound of that." She pattered over to Kagome, tying her waist-length hair back. "Shall we?"

"Gracious, Rin," Kagome said softly. "You certainly have grown. You're beautiful."

Rin blushed again. "Kagome-sama... Honestly. You're stunning. Such a beautiful kimono you're wearing... Sesshoumaru really does the best."

This time it was Kagome's turn to blush. "Well... I suppose so."

"Of course! You look like a goddess!"

“Rin, honestly. You don’t need to go that far to gain my forgiveness. It’s no big deal.”

Rin laughed. “Well, you know. You deserve some flattery. Let’s go get some coffee!”

Kagome shook her head, taking the girl’s arm, and walked with her towards the kitchen feeling light and happy. “So how –again- did you and Inu Yasha end up...?”

Rin shrugged. “I dunno. After all of the fighting and Kikyo’s final passing, Inu Yasha and I kept running into each other, quite by accident, and well... sometimes not quite by accident.” She looked side-long at Kagome who rolled her eyes knowingly. “And after a while, he and I just decided that it was right and I asked Sesshoumaru’s permission. He had been eyeing you for a while. Apparently,” she said, adopting Sesshoumaru’s mannerisms “you *intrigued* him.”

Kagome chuckled. “Of course.” They turned the corner and entered the kitchen. Rin pulled out some cups and the bag of beans Kagome must have brought back through the well. “I’ll heat some water.”

Rin waved her hands away. “Nonsense. I’ll do it. Relax, Kagome-sama.” Rin smiled and patted her shoulders.

“Alright, alright. If you insist.” She looked around the kitchen, looking at a couple of small wall-hangings on the North wall. “These are lovely.”

Rin came up behind her, looking over her shoulder, as Kagome shifted her attention to a square mirror with characters and reeds on. The detail was lovely.

“Geeze, Kagome, how—”

5 - Chapter Five

Chapter Five

“—could you!” Rin was shrieking. “How could you?”

Kagome turned, facing Rin, stunned. What? What just happened. She’s merely looked in the mirror and the world was spinning one second and then Rin was yelling at her. That wasn’t right. But then again.... Every single time, there had been some sort of reflective surface that Kagome had been looking into and—

Her hand went to her cheek. It stung. Looking at Rin, she stared. There were tears flowing down her cheeks. “Rin...”

“How can you just stand there, and not even pay attention to me! This is all your fault, and you don’t even care!” Rin threw up her hands, her hair a mess, her frame thin.

Kagome’s mind raced. It was the mirror. It had to be. “Rin, what’s wrong?”

“What’s wrong?” She screeched. “What’s wrong?! He’s dead, you idiot! He’s dead!” Sobs wracked her frame as she shook violently. “...dead...”

Kagome hurried forward to catch her as the girl drooped.

“Don’t touch me!” Rin hissed. “Don’t even think about touching me!”

Kagome pulled back helplessly. “Rin... I’m—” Looking up, she noticed Miroku and Shippo standing in the doorway. She looked towards them pleadingly. Shippo looked away, and Miroku’s brow furrowed with disappointment and sadness. “What...? Dead,” she murmured. “I don’t...” Who was dead? Her heart beat faster and emotions threatened. But the mirror... It was all with the mirror. And if it was all about the mirror, then maybe —dead- none of this —but he was dead- was really real? —Who was dead?- “Where’s Inu Yasha?” she blurted. *Not him, please not Inu Yasha...*

“He’s grieving his brother,” Sango said quietly as she too joined the crowd at the door.

Relief flooded followed by a stabbing grief. “No...” She whispered hoarsely. *Sesshoumaru?* She fainted.

Kagome blinked. It was dark. She groaned as she sat up. There was no one in the room and the door was shut, however, she could hear weeping wafting through the house. She was alone? That was new. She frowned and got up, pacing around the room. She had to figure out this whole thing. It was a pleasanter subject than the thought of Sesshoumaru’s death. A sharp pain in her heart deterred her quickly away from that subject.

What had she been doing? She had definitely not come through the well to get here this time. Kagome

had been looking in a mirror, putting on... lipstick? Yeah. And then she tripped and fell down the stairs. So it was something with the mirrors? The first time everything changed, she had looked in a mirror. The same went for this most recent time. However, the second time, it had been... the lake. That's right, she had seen her reflection –and Sesshoumaru's- in the lake water. Ah, and the third time had been a mirror as well. So it was reflective surfaces? She pursed her lips. That was the secret? So then, how would Kagome get back to her own world? These were all parallel universes, and if she didn't like one (like this one), then all she had to do, theoretically, was look into some sort of reflective surface.

Kagome turned, looking for a mirror. Of course, there wasn't one in this room. Sighing, she slid the door and peered out. No one. She made her way down the hall, looking for a mirror and, finding none, she made her way down to the end of the hall and turned the corner. Right into Rin.

"So you're awake now." Her face was tear-streaked and her eyes were red and puffy.

Kagome bit back the words she wanted to say. "Rin..."

"Your apology is useless and meaningless. Don't bother." She brushed passed Kagome.

"Wait!" Kagome grabbed her wrist. "Rin, please wait. I'm sorry, and I know you say that doesn't mean anything to you, but I want you to know that I'm sorry for what happened and Sesshoumaru—" Kagome stopped, her voice breaking.

Rin looked at her, expression unreadable. She sighed and turned. "Leave me alone and don't talk to me." She continued down the hall.

Sobs gently shook Kagome's shoulders. If she cared so much about Inu Yasha, why was Sesshoumaru's death affecting her so much? She turned and went the opposite way as Rin, the sounds of grief growing louder. A crowd of people stood gathered around a set of doors up ahead. Kagome hesitated and then turned to go the other way. If his death was her fault somehow, Kagome didn't know how. It wouldn't do her any good to go over there. All she had to do was find a mirror and then she would be fine. She'd go somewhere else. She didn't need to go over and see... Kagome took a step backwards hesitantly, morbid curiosity tugging her heart the other way. She shook her head to clear it, scrubbing at the tears, and turned to go find a mirror.

"Kagome!"

She froze. *Inu Yasha!* The sound of feet seemed to fall loudly on the wooden floors as the mourners quieted. Kagome could feel the burn of their stares on her back. She turned.

He was wounded. And wearing black. And he was very angry. "What are you doing?"

Kagome shrunk back, her eyes blurring with tears again. She had seen Inu Yasha angry before, but he had never been this angry with her. His right arm in a sling, he stood a foot and a half away from her. "I... I just wanted to pay my respects," she said softly, hesitantly.

"Pay your respects? So, killing him wasn't enough, you have to spit on his corpse and memory too?"

“N-no! That’s not what I want, Inu Yasha... I—I’m sorry, I just...” The tears leaked down her cheeks.

“Don’t even!” Inu Yasha hissed. “Don’t cry to get me to feel sorry for you! It’s your fault, and I’m not going to forgive you. It’s too much.”

“Wait! Inu Yasha! Let me explain! I can—”

“Shut up, Kagome,” he said coldly. “I don’t want to hear it. Your pathetic excuses don’t mean anything.” He turned to leave.

Kagome grabbed his sleeve and blurted, “I don’t remember what happened!”

Inu Yasha turned and stared at her incredulously. “What?!”

“I don’t remember, Inu Yasha. I don’t remember anything that happened.”

He closed his mouth, his face once again becoming cold. “What’s wrong with you, Kagome. That’s not funny.”

“Do you think I think it’s funny? Do you think these tears are fake?” Kagome cried. “I don’t remember a single thing! I don’t remember how Sesshoumaru died, and I certainly don’t remember how it’s my fault! If you would just explain it to me...” She trailed off, dropping his sleeve. His face had adopted a pinched quality of pain. Of course he wouldn’t explain it to her. It would be too painful. Why should he have to relive it twice. “N-never mind... That was selfish of me to ask...”

“Yes. Yes it was.” He turned and walked back to the room. “Come in, if you want to see him that badly.”

Kagome wiped the tears away and followed him hesitantly, avoiding the looks of the mourners, feeling her face grow heated. They parted for her as she walked into the room.

Sesshoumaru was laid out like a king, dressed in his very best, surrounded by flowers.

“Oh Sesshoumaru...” Kagome whispered, sinking to her knees by the door. She didn’t dare go any closer.

Inu Yasha glanced at her and then looked away, returning his attentions to his brother.

Kagome stared at his body, captivated by him still, though it was possible that she was captivated by him because she had had children with him the previous parallel. All the same, she stared. His skin was as white as his hair as if his regal beauty was now frozen with death. She choked back a sob and stood, leaving quickly.

“Kagome!” Inu Yasha called to her as she was half-way down the hall. She stopped. “What happened?” she asked, without turning around.

“You really don’t remember,” Inu Yasha asked softly, his voice laced with pain.

Kagome shook her head. "I really don't, Inu Yasha. I have no idea what happened."

He grabbed her wrist and turned her around. "Come with me. I'll tell you. Let's get out of this house first."

Kagome nodded and followed after him out into the gardens. She sat on a bench while Inu Yasha paced in front of the lake. She waited for him to begin, a sick feeling building in her stomach.

"We needed to get Sango to safety. She was sick and we were being chased by some strong demons. Since we were nearby and since we had no other option, I decided to ask my brother for help. We had no other option, as much as I didn't want to ask, we were desperate and cold and at our wits end. So he granted us sanctuary, but the demons were still waiting for us. I think we trespassed on their territory and desecrated a burial ground or something. They were pretty angry." He paused, a sad smile passing over his lips. "Sesshoumaru was really angry. You said you'd speak to him. We were running low on supplies, and Sesshoumaru refused to give us anything, just a roof. So I risked going to a village and that's how I broke my arm. The other injuries have all healed since then." He stopped pacing and took a deep breath. "Then you went out with your bow to try and kill them when they were unaware. You had begged Sesshoumaru to be a decoy. It didn't work." His voice grew thick with grief, but he swallowed and continued anyway. "So Sesshoumaru agreed to be a decoy for you, I guess you really meant that much to him, and then when you were supposed to shoot the demons, you hesitated. You waited, Kagome. You hesitated and that's why Sesshoumaru died. You didn't shoot, so was killed by the demons." He looked at her, his gold eyes tired, old, and full of grief. His frame seemed to sag.

Had someone hit her over the head with a two-by-four? Kagome was stunned. "Wh-what...? I would never do something like that... I wouldn't have hesitated..." She trailed off, standing suddenly, leaning towards him in appeal. "Inu Yasha, there must have been some sort of mistake, I would never—"

Inu Yasha shook his head. "Don't try and justify yourself, Kagome. It's over now. He's dead. There's nothing we can do about it. Just... just stay out of trouble, please..."

"Rin hates me," Kagome whispered. She groaned, dropping her face into her hands. "There has to be some mistake, Inu Yasha, I..." He was already headed back inside, his hair reminding her painfully of Sesshoumaru. She shook her head. Would she have done something that cold? Sesshoumaru was... he wasn't bad. He took care of Rin. He was good. She sank back down onto the bench.

Why was she even here? She had been in her world, fixing her make-up? Yes, fixing her make-up, hurrying down the stairs to go to work, when she tripped. The mirror was the key to it all. But why was she in the feudal age? That part didn't make any sense. Sighing, Kagome stood and walked back into the house tiredly. Nothing made any sense anymore. How useless.

As she headed down the hall, Kagome peered into the darkness. "Hello?"

"Who's there?"

"Sango? Is that you?" Kagome walked closer. Sango's features were gradually illuminated by the dim light as she walked closer.

“Yes,” came the curt reply.

Kagome bit her lip. “Sango, I just spoke to Inu Yasha; I don’t remember anything, so please don’t blame me too. I—” She was cut off by a slap.

“Shut up, Kagome. I know you planned it. Those demons wanted Sesshoumaru dead, and you bargained with them.”

“What?!” Her cheek stung like the devil.

“Don’t even pretend to be innocent. I never would have expected you to pull off something so nasty. I bet Inu Yasha doesn’t know that part, does he?” Her face was cold, eyes like flint.

“I—no, I never would have done something like that, I care about Sesshoum—”

“Oh really? Then why did you leave him to the demons?”

“I don’t know, I don’t—I wouldn’t, Sango. I don’t remember anything about it. Stop accusing me of things I don’t even remember.”

“Oh how convenient,” she retorted, her voice dripping with scorn and sarcasm. “That would be the likely excuse—”

“But wait a minute, Sango! Why would I even have any reason to want Sesshoumaru dead?” She spread her arms. “I don’t! There’s no reason why I would want him dead. He’s no harm to me, and I have nothing against him. So—uugh...” Kagome bent double, pain flashing through her body. She pressed a hand to her stomach, gasping.

Sango grabbed her arm to keep her from falling. “Hey... are you okay? You don’t look so great.”

Kagome looked up, her eyes catching her reflection in the mirror as the world blacked out.

“Kago—”

6 - Chapter Six

Chapter Six

“—me? Kagome?”

Kagome groaned in pain, squeezing her eyes shut to stop the world from spinning.

“Hey! Help over here!” Sango’s panicked voice called.

Footsteps pounded down the hall and strong arms swept her up. Mutated voices echoed in her ear as Sango’s voice and the male voice exchanged words and then she was moving. The world blacked out as she fell unconscious.

“Kagome?”

She stirred, eyelids fluttering. “What happened?” When her vision focused, she perceived Sango, Miroku, Shippo, and Sesshoumaru around her futon.

“The poison acted up again...” Sango murmured. She looked thin, Kagome noted.

“Poison? When was I poisoned...?” She shifted with a groan.

“Can I get you anything?” Shippo asked, eyes full of worry.

Kagome gave him a smile. “I guess some water would be nice.” He left quickly, and then she looked back at Sango. “When was I poisoned?”

“There was a cave. We were exploring it and you and Inu Yasha got caught in the booby-trap. Miroku sucked the rest of the poison away,” Sango explained.

Miroku smiled at her, but Kagome could see that his arm didn’t look so good medically. He was hurting.

Sesshoumaru was not looking at her. His attention seemed to be elsewhere. Kagome was relieved that he was alive, however. “I...I don’t remember....” Kagome muttered.

Sango gave her a placating smile. “Don’t worry, Kagome. It’s just the effects of the poison.”

Fear settled in slowly over Kagome’s mind. “Wait, what does the poison do?” She looked at their silent faces as they avoided her eyes. “What does it *do*, Sango? Tell me,” she ordered through her teeth. She struggled up onto her elbows, the rest of her body weak.

“Kagome! Lie back,” Sango urged. “Please. Movement causes it to spread more quickly. You shouldn’t have been up walking around anyway.”

“I’m *fine*,” Kagome ground out. “I just want to know what’s going on, and why no one is telling me.” Her mind spun. What was going on? How was this whole parallel reality thing working? Did the Kagome of this reality have poison? Was it merely her consciousness hopping around from body to body? That would make sense... She looked at Sesshoumaru, her thoughts pausing. “Where...?” She looked at them again. “Where is Inu Yasha?” She picked up on Sesshoumaru’s flinch. Miroku looked miserable. Sango looked to her lap, twisting her fingers. “He was infected as well. Where is he?”

“He...he’s not reacting as well to the poison,” Sango said finally, her voice barely above a whisper.

“Let me see him.”

“What?! N-no—Kagome! You’re in no condition to go anyway, and...and he’s in no condition to have visitors.”

“Which is why I should see him, Sango,” Kagome said resolutely as she struggled to a sitting position.

“Miko.”

Kagome looked at Sesshoumaru. It was one word, said flatly, but his eyes burned with emotion.

“Sesshoumaru.” She challenged his gaze.

“You should stay her—”

“That’s crap.” She stared at Sango. “I might be able to help him. Sango, you are at your wit’s end. Miroku, you’re clearly in pain, no matter how well you think you’re hiding it. Whatever this is, it’s hurting everyone, even if you’re not infected. And you, Sesshoumaru, you’re scared shootless. This is an enemy you can’t fight with blade and claw. You don’t know what to do.” She stared into his golden eyes, so like his brother’s. “I know you, Sesshoumaru.”

His spine straightened with hauteur and he raised his chin, his face cold and aloof. He met her eyes for a minute before raising an eyebrow. “If the miko wishes to bring madness to herself sooner, then let her try.”

Madness? Is that what the poison did? Kagome nodded. “Good. Now help me up.” They looked at her. “What? I never said I was fit as a fiddle, now help me up.”

Sesshoumaru stood fluidly, heading for the door, opening it to reveal Shippo listening at the door. He grinned sheepishly, his eyes red, and then ducked into the room, handing the glass of water to Kagome. Sango and Miroku went to each side, pulling her up when she’d finished with the water. “Thanks. Now take me to Inu Yasha.”

Sango nodded and headed out the door, stopping when she heard a thump behind her. “Kagome!”

Kagome growled at her own weakness as she pushed her face out of the floor. “Damn it. Miroku, let me

borrow your staff. It's got to be good for something..." When she was once again on her feet and leaning on Miroku's staff, they made their way down the hall, across Sesshoumaru's expansive home to the other side. "How come he's all the way over here? I—" Kagome jerked, nearly falling, startled by a roar. "What on earth...?" She hurried forward, but was held back by Sango's hand.

"Wait."

Kagome gave her a look. "What on earth was that?"

"Inu Yasha."

Raising an eyebrow, Kagome stared at her. "*That* was Inu Yasha? That sounded...animalistic!"

Again, Sango avoided her eyes, waiting until the rattling of chains and growling subsided. "He's...not reacting well to the poison. Like I said."

"Not reacting *well*? I'd say! Is he...?" Kagome shook her head and hobbled forward, sliding open the door of the room, jumping back with a gasp as a roar of rage filled the room. It was indeed Inu Yasha, only not. He was mad too. His face was contorted in animalistic rage, his demon marks creased across his cheeks. And the room... Kagome stared. He'd gone mad and scratched the floor, ripped up the futon and damaged the walls. There was nothing that wasn't untouched that was inside his radius of movement. "Inu Yasha..." Kagome breathed. She stepped closer, warned by Miroku's hand. "What happened to you..."

He growled and pulled against his chains, his eyes blank, not even registering her.

Shaken, Kagome turned to the others. "Is that... will that happen to me?"

"We do not know, miko. That is why we keep careful watch over you," Sesshoumaru's somber voice said as he stepped into the doorway behind Miroku and Sango.

"I-I won't!" Kagome said. "I will *not* go crazy like that!"

"Kagome, we don't know if you will. Maybe it's because Inu Yasha is a hanyou that this happened. We don't even know what kind of poison it was. It was something ancient," Sango explained, her voice pained.

"But why are you just leaving him here? What good with this do him?"

"Have you any other suggestion, miko?" Sesshoumaru asked, his voice strained to Kagome's ears.

"We've tried everything, Kagome," Miroku said kindly. "There's nothing that's helped."

"Well, maybe I can do something!" Kagome said stoutly. She straightened herself. "I'm a miko, right? Well, maybe I can do something." She took a couple of steps towards Inu Yasha when she swooned suddenly, the world spinning.

Sesshoumaru caught her before she hit the floor, Inu Yasha's wild cry echoing in her ears. "Miko, you should rest. You are unwell. This Sesshoumaru would advise you to regain your strength."

"N-no, wait! Wait, I can try purifying him! Sesshoumaru! Put me down!"

"Cease struggling, miko." Sesshoumaru gripped her tightly to his chest, attempting to restrain her frenzied movements, carrying her out of the room and back towards the other side of the house. "This was a poor idea in the first place."

"No!" Kagome shrieked, tears beginning to stream down her face. "I can help him! I swear I can! Give me a chance! Sango! Miroku!" She screamed wildly, but the two turned their heads away, avoiding their eyes. "Let me help, Sesshoumaru! I can *help* him! I swear it! Just give me a chance."

"Miko!" Sesshoumaru rumbled as he strode quickly down the hall. "Cease these actions at once!"

"No! I want to help! I want to help him!" Kagome screamed, flailing wildly. "Let me help!"

Sesshoumaru held her more tightly, his face tight.

"Sesshoumaru! Stop it! I want you to put me down!" she screamed. "I want you—" Her eyes caught a mirror and the world spiraled into blackness.

7 - Chapter Seven

Warning: Naughtiness ahead! You are forewarned (and probably shouldn't read this unless you're older than 16).

Chapter Seven

A deep rumbling laugh made her jolt. "Well, miko, that's rather forward of you. "

Kagome blinked. Oh. The mirror. Right, so now she was somewhere different. She looked up at Sesshoumaru's eyes and frowned. "What? "

Sesshoumaru laughed again. "I want you too, but nevertheless..." He arched an amused eyebrow.

Kagome flushed brightly. Those had been her last words in that universe. Ah, right...

"So where tonight? " Sesshoumaru murmured in her ear.

"Where? " Kagome shuddered, surprised by his expressive actions. She glanced at his features, lit by the dim sconces on the walls. His pale skin looked luminescent while his gold eyes seemed to shine warmly, his lips curved deliciously. *Gracious*, what was she thinking? Kagome flushed harder.

"Why, miko... Your heart is racing and..." He dipped his head next to her neck, nuzzling it gently. "Is that excitement I detect? "

"Sesshoumaru! " Kagome cried, scandalized. She moved to bat at him.

Sesshoumaru caught her hand and gently kissed her knuckles causing Kagome's breath to hitch.

Too soon, too soon! Kagome thought, panicked.

Sesshoumaru pulled back with a confused expression on his face, most likely from having scented her panic. "Wha's wrong?"

"Ah--nothing! " She gave him a bright smile. "I'm fine. I was just... um... surprised! Is all..."

Sesshoumaru arched an eyebrow. "Are you sure you're alright, miko? "

Kagome felt tingles down her spine at the way in which he said the word. There was no scorn. There was only warmth and kindness. There was something else, but Kagome couldn't place it. " I'm fine, Sesshoumaru, " she said warmly, unconsciously touching his cheek lightly.

He smiled at her. "Very well. This Sesshoumaru shall forgive your transgressions. This time. However,

there will most likely be some sort of punishment in the future, " he warned, voice hinting at darker promises.

Kagome shivered. "I'm sure..." she murmured, lowering her eyes.

There was silence as they headed down the hall. "You still haven't answered my question," he said after a couple moments.

"Hm? " Kagome was stirred out of her reverie, blushing at the thoughts in her head. "What was that? "

He grinned naughtily, in a distinctly UN-Sesshoumaru-like manner. " Where tonight, my miko? "

"Where? " Kagome nearly squeaked. A part of her brain registered the question seriously, while other parts plainly ignored the complications. "Um..."

"The kitchen? The bedroom? The front hall? The hot springs? The garden? " Sesshoumaru was listing off locations calmly.

Water! No place with water! Her mind shouted. This was a nice rotation. She curled against his chest.

"--the war room? "

Kagome perked up. *What?*

"Ah, you like that, miko? " He smiled devilishly and suddenly his stride had direction. " I think it is an excellent idea as well. We haven't ever gone there together." He pushed the door open when they arrived, the room empty as it was times of peace. The fact that it was night could have something to do with it as well...

Sesshoumaru set her down, steadying her when her knees threatened to give out. " Be still, my little miko," he murmured next to her ear causing shivers to run down her spine, warmth pooling in her body.

Kagome breathed his name before it registered in her mind as she reached for his hair instinctively.

He pulled back and circled her, gliding really, eyes trained on her own, their golden depths warm and promising.

Oh gracious... Kagome's mind cleared as the pit in her stomach tightened with apprehension and expectation. *We're about to have sex...* The thought thundered through her mind and then with each echo, she found herself considering the thought, surprised to find that it wasn't all that distasteful. In fact... Kagome turned, to follow his movement, licking her lips lightly, wishing she had chapstick.

Sesshoumaru swooped down on her mouth, kissing her with all of the passion and emotion that he kept hidden behind his mask, tongue slipping between her lips, sweeping through her mouth.

Grabbing hold of his garments, Kagome let her head tip back as a soft moan vibrated through her throat. Briefly her mind recognized that that must have been all of the invitation that he had needed.

His hands cupped her cheeks before sliding down her neck and across her shoulders, pressing her close with his hands flat across the blades of her shoulders. As his hair fell around them, Sesshoumaru's hands traveled down her back, cupping her butt through the thick hakama of her miko uniform. A growl traveled through his throat, Kagome's alarm vanishing as quickly as it came, Sesshoumaru's kisses traveling down her chin and neck.

Kagome moaned, her muscles jerking as she felt Sesshoumaru leave a mark on her neck. *Oh geeze... That had better now show...* She slipped her own hands up his finely-tuned chest and into his hair, sighing at the feel of his silky strands in her fingers. *Not fair... How is his hair nicer than mine...?* He was pushing aside her collar and loosening the fabric so that the neckline of her kimono was quickly falling around her shoulders. *This has been a long time coming.* The thought surprised Kagome immediately, but flew as Sesshoumaru was suddenly lavishing attention to her breast. Sesshoumaru! The breath whooshed out of her and she was suddenly on her back on the low table in the room that, no doubt, important officials gathered around. Kagome was only briefly scandalized until Sesshoumaru turned his attention to the other breast.

Burying her hands in his hair, Kagome blinked as she heard a rumble in his chest. Moving her hands again, she noted with delight that Sesshoumaru liked being scratched behind the ears. He pushed his head into her hands, eyes closed with pleasure. Kagome grinned. How fun. She continued scratching with one hand, trailing the other down his muscular chest, pushing his robes aside. If she was half-naked, then there was no reason why should not be also. She stared at him, half-sitting up so she could kiss his neck. His throat rumbled again with pleasure as his arms snaked around her, rubbing her back and caressing her skin. His head was tilted back, eyes shut with pleasure. Kagome nibbled at his pulse and across his collar bone, mildly surprised by her own audacity.

A pleased groan passed through his lips and all of a sudden Kagome was flat on the table, her hands above her head, Sesshoumaru's lips attacking her own as his other hand pulled at her hakama. Kagome squirmed, stilling when Sesshoumaru's heavy-lidded gold eyes gripped hers'. A smile spread across his lips and Kagome squirmed some more, gripping his hakama in her toes and tugging sharply.

He grunted and then murmured, " That's new..." before resuming his adoration of her body, kissing and nibbling down her neck and chest.

Kagome arched her back, mouthing his name, the back of her mind questioning, *When did I become such a wanton?* She strained against his grip of her wrists, but she knew that she was nothing compared to his demonic strength. Oddly enough, this didn't bother her. "Sesshoumaru..."

His tongue dipped into her navel as heat flared in her belly. Sesshoumaru's hand trailed down her restrained arms and then across her cheek to her breasts, flicking her pert nipples gently before continuing their downward path to her hips, untying her hakama. Kagome twisted her hips, breath coming faster, wanting, wanting *him*. "Sesshoumaru! " When he finally let go of her wrists, she quickly twisted her hands in his moonlight hair.

"Shh, miko, " Sesshoumaru soothed as he tugged her hakama off and tossed them aside. Kagome keened at the loss of warmth and tried to pull him close to her, but he pulled back and knelt on the floor in front of the table. He ran his hands down her thighs as he bent, kissing her stomach just above her

navel. " Be still, love. " He left a trail of kisses in a downward path until his breath passed over the junction of torso and legs. Kagome moaned.

"Sesshoumaru, please..." She whispered. She squeezed her eyes shut as she gripped the edge of the table. When had she last felt this kind of want? Waiting for his touch, Kagome's breath came quickly and she thought she heard a deep chuckle from Sesshoumaru. She opened her eyes, her flushed face looking back at her, the world spiraling into black.

8 - Chapter Eight

Author Notes: So, I apologise if some of you guys are confused... Basically, the gist of it so far is, every time Kagome looks into a mirror, she's got a different perspective on the way that things could have turned out in the feudal era world. Each chapter is a different world, so different things happen, obviously. ^_^ If you have any questions, please feel free to ask, and I will try and answer them as well as I can.

Thanks for reading!

Chapter Eight

“No! Dammit!” Kagome slammed a fist against the war table. That stupid sword hanging above the damn door! Decorative weapons were useless anyway! “Just when it was getting good too—” The words died on her lips as she looked around the room. She grabbed her kimono, snatching it to her body.

“Did I say you could cover yourself, miko?”

Kagome’s gaze snapped to the imperious-looking yokai standing a few feet away, his hands tucked into the sleeves of his kimono. “Wha...?” Flushing furiously, she looked around at the rest of the cold important-looking yokai sitting around the long table. “W-what’s going on...?” The heat vanished from her body, leaving a cold sweat. “Sesshoumaru...?”

His lips curved in a sneer. “What makes you think you can address this Sesshoumaru so informally? Get on your knees, ningen.”

Kagome groaned inwardly. “Sesshoumaru, you don’t understand—” Kagome blinked in shock, her hand rising to her stinging cheek.

“This Sesshoumaru ordered you to address him with the proper respect,” he hissed as he lowered his hand. “On your knees.”

Slowly, Kagome lowered herself to her knees. “Oh shoot, oh shoot, oh shoot...” ran through her head. She snuck a glance behind her at the stone-ish yokai behind her. Cold amusement ran through their eyes at her misfortune. Her lip curled in derision. “What do you want, Sesshoumaru-sama?”

“Did this Sesshoumaru say you could speak?”

“No.” Kagome’s hands tightened on the collar of her kimono, as she stared into the tatami mats.

"Then do not speak."

The silence was cold and awkward between them, the audience behind wearing further on Kagome's nerves. shoot. Now what... Her eyes absorbed the pattern of the tatami mats, waiting for him to speak,

waiting to make a move.

"Stand," he ordered. Kagome stood. "Come to me."

Kagome walked over to him, stopping two feet away. What was this supposed to be proving? "Is this just a power-play, Sesshoumaru?" She asked quietly.

"Miko," he began, his voice quiet like ice, "you will not speak unless spoken to. Is that understood? Get on your knees."

"And if I refuse...?"

He lifted a hand, nails glowing with poison. "Your death comes more swiftly."

Kagome nodded, kneeling. "Now what?"

"Cease your impertinance, ningen. Remove this Sesshoumaru's shoes. Do this--" He held up a hand to tell her to stop "--only after you have removed your own kimono."

Glaring up at him, Kagome nodded. So it was all about humiliation. She stood, her hands pausing on the collar. "Do you like me Sesshoumaru?" Murmurs travelled quietly around the table behind her.

"Why would this Sesshoumaru harbor feelings for a ningen?" He curled his lip, looking down his nose in disdain.

"I can't help but feel that, since you are harassing me, that you might like me. Past experience leads me to believe that when boys, and men, bother a girl, it usually means that he likes her--" She coughed, Sesshoumaru's hand around her throat.

"Fear not, silly ningen. This Sesshoumaru harbors no positive feelings for you at all."

Kagome found herself tossed to the floor near the door. Convenient... She got to her knees. "Are you sure, Sesshoumaru?" she rasped. Standing slowly, looking up at Sesshoumaru through her lashes, she gave him a coy smile. "Are you sure you do not lust for this body?" She pulled the collar of her kimono down, revealing pale skin.

Anger flashed through Sesshoumaru's eyes as he snarled, stepping towards her. "Apparently, this Sesshoumaru has not taught you the proper respect."

Adrenaline racing through her system, Kagome looked at him, her eyes bright. "Apparently, 'that Sesshoumaru' is lacking in the ability to control one 'silly ningen.'" Kagome stuck her tongue out at him, throwing the door open behind her and sprinting down the corridors, in search of a mirror. There was an eruption of outraged murmurs and whispers behind her, over-powered by Sesshoumaru's angry roar. Daring not to look back, Kagome ran pell-mell down the hall, eyes scanning for any sort of reflective surface.

"Kagome!" Sesshoumaru roared her name, sounding very close.

“shoot!” She dared a look behind, skidding around the corner down another hallway. There! A mirror! At the end! She was almost there— “Gugh!” The floor came at her very fast, and she saw stars as her head hit.

“You will not escape this Sesshoumaru,” the Inu yokai’s voice said, close to her ear. “I will not let you.”

“Uhn... What do you want, Sesshoumaru?” She pushed up against him weakly. “Get... off!”

Shoving her again, roughly to the ground, Sesshoumaru snarled, “No, you belong to this Sesshoumaru, therefore, you will not leave his grasp again.”

“O-okay! Wait, please! I’ll do what you say, I just... Please let me up. My...” Kagome thought quickly. “My leg is cramping up. Please. I need to move it!”

Narrowing his eyes, Sesshoumaru pulled her head up by her hair, curling his lip. “Why should this Sesshoumaru care about your comfort? Let’s go.” He stood fluidly, dragging her to her feet as well by the hair.

“Ow-ouch! Stop pulling so hard!” Kagome jerked backwards, glancing at the mirror out of the corner of her eye. Letting her legs go limp, she followed through with the threat of a leg cramp.

“You useless—” Sesshoumaru snarled. His hand flew, Kagome flying down the hallway.

Crying out, she crumpled against the wall, looking up with relief as she saw the mirror. On shaky legs she stood, turning to face Sesshoumaru. “You know... Sometimes you aren’t all that bad. If you said ‘please’ and ‘thank you,’ I might even consider sticking around with you, you know...?” Pleased by the Inu yokai’s shocked expression, she turned to face the mirror, the angry demon coming up behind her being the last thing she saw as the world again faded to black.

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Kagome blinked. Sesshoumaru stood in front of her, his hands in front of him gingerly like he was approaching an injured stray.

“Kagome?” his voice was low, soothing, but his eyes bespoke caution and wariness. “It’s alright. Everything will be just fine.”

“Well yeah. It seems to be fine now,” Kagome replied, confused by his response. “What’s—what’s Souta doing here?” Kagome exclaimed in surprise as her younger brother rounded the corner at the end of the hall. “Souta!” She waved excitedly.

Sesshoumaru’s expression grew pained, his golden eyes painfully kind with pity. “Kagome...” he said softly.

“What’s wrong, Sesshoumaru?” She leaned forward, concerned. Kagome had semi-grown accustomed to the strange reactions and scenarios the mirror world had for her, but this was stranger still. “Souta, come on over here! Have you met Sesshoumaru?” Leaning around him, she waved, indicating that he should come. “Sesshoumaru, I think you—” Her sentence was lost as he suddenly enveloped her in his arms, pulling her to his chest.

“It’s okay, Kagome. I love you still,” his voice rumbled quietly, thickened with emotion.

What was he so worked up over? She giggled nervously. Weird. “Okay, Sesshoumaru. Don’t worry. I love you too.” Maybe she did... Why not. She was just going to switch anyway... She could pretty much do whatever she wanted right?

Stepping back, Kagome was shocked to see his face twisted in pain. “We’ll do what we can.”

She shrugged. “Okay...” She peeked around him again, but Souta was gone. Her face fell. “Darn, where’d that boy go?” Kagome side-stepped Sesshoumaru, pattering down the hall. Sesshoumaru followed. Turning the corner at the end of the hall, Kagome’s smile returned. “Hey! Inu Yasha!” She felt a hand on her shoulder. Kagome met Sesshoumaru’s worried eyes. “Are you two getting along?”

The frown lines deepened. “Yes...”

“Oh good! Inu Yasha—” Turning back around, Kagome smiled at her friend who was suddenly right in front of her. “Hello there. What are you up to?”

Inu Yasha frowned as well, looking up at his brother. “Is this a good idea?”

Sesshoumaru gave his head a small impatient toss. “We can’t keep her in there all the time...”

“No, but maybe—”

“Oh, she’s so cute! Inu Yasha, who’s that?” Kagome knelt next to Inu Yasha’s leg, grinning at the little girl poking her head from behind him. Her silver hair was tied into pig-tails. When she looked up, Inu Yasha’s fury surprised her. “Is she... your daughter? What’s her name?”

“Kaede.” A quiet voice answered the question.

Looking to the little girl, Kagome smiled. “Kaede.” Looking back up at Inu Yasha, she giggled, not noticing his quivering fists and tense stance. “She’s so adorable! Her hair is exactly your colour!”

Kagome almost missed Sesshoumaru’s low warning of ‘Inu Yasha...’

Oddly enough, she didn’t think the child was hers, and oddly enough, she didn’t really care. “So how old is she?” Kagome asked, standing.

“Inu Yasha no!” Sesshoumaru shouted as Inu Yasha lunged at Kagome, his fangs bared, eyes bleeding red.

For once, the elder dog demon couldn’t seem to move fast enough as Kagome found herself slammed against the wall, Inu Yasha’s hand preventing air from reaching her lungs. Something about the

situation suddenly seemed funny as she giggled with what air she had left, the sound closer to a choked rasp than a giggle.

"Inu Yasha! Stop it!" Sesshoumaru growled, yanking at his brother's arm. "Enough! She can't know any better!"

Just as Kagome was about to black out, she fell to the floor, gasping and wheezing for air. Dimly she heard the words exchanged between the two brothers.

"Inu Yasha, calm down! You *know* she doesn't know any better." Sesshoumaru was saying insistently "It's not her fault." Did they mean her? Or Kaede? What was going on?

"I don't care! She should know! Why did you let her out in the first place! This is why it's a bad idea!"

"What...? Kaede...?" Kagome interjected, sitting up. The little girl had disappeared. Inu Yasha really shouldn't behave that way in front of children. What was wrong with him?

"Damn you! Stop saying it!" Inu Yasha yelled at her, his eyes filled with anguish before he turned back to Sesshoumaru to continue yelling at him. "See! You see, Sesshoumaru! She's broken! Even if she *is* crazy, she should *know* Kaede's been dead for two years!"

Kagome froze.

"Inu Yasha..." Sesshoumaru said tiredly, running his hand through his hair.

"I don't care how devoted you are, Sesshoumaru," Inu Yasha said, his voice flinty. "It would be a mercy to kill he—"

"Inu Yasha, another word and I will kill *you*," Sesshoumaru threatened.

"Kill me?" Kagome said in a small voice. She took a step backwards.

"Dammit, Inu Yasha..." Sesshoumaru said in the same tired voice. "Now you've set her off again..."

Turning kindly pitying eyes on her, Sesshoumaru stepped towards her. "Kagome."

"I'm not crazy," Kagome said defensively, stepping back again. Really? Some corner of her mind disagreed. "No. Really. Of course I'm not."

"Come here, Kagome," Sesshoumaru said again in that quiet patient voice. Inu Yasha gave her a sad look of disgust and walked away.

"I don't like this rotation..." Kagome muttered, fear kicking in. "Mirror. I need a mirror..." The mirror she had used previously was gone. Of course.

"Kagome..." his voice changed to that of the tone of chastisement for a small child. He walked towards her.

Giving a startled shriek, Kagome bolted. She couldn't see any mirrors. "Mirror... mirror..." she said, in a panic. "I'm not crazy!"

"Kagome! Wait, please!"

Skidding to a halt by the doors to the outside garden, she rushed up to the edge of the lake, finding her face buried in grass a foot from the edge. "Let me go, Sesshoumaru!"

"Kagome *please*!" He pleaded, holding her down.

"Let...me... go...!" She elbowed him in the face, feeling immediately guilty. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" She repented as she crawled to the edge of the water and looked in, relieved as the world twisted.