

## Brides, grooms, and Katanas

**Summary: Igawa Asagi, leader of the powerful Igawa clan and of the Taimanins, is getting married to Kotarou Fuuma; the young clan head of the forsaken Fuuma clan. It is a secret marriage that Asagi's hateful grandmother knows all about.**

**Tags: SFW**

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The fresh, morning light of the mid morning sun beamed down from the clear skies through the colorful stained glass windows of the western style church. The dance through the passionate red and green hues of the glass and shined on the groom of the wedding. Standing at the altar with the priest, he could not hide his nervousness as he rubbed his hands to his dark blue hair. His one good golden eye, the right permanently closed, kept their gaze everywhere but the entrance of the church or at the audience of his colleagues and friends sitting in the pews. All of them are dressed in their best dresses and suits, though it is a small group of his closest friends it is still a warm reception.

His own suit fit his tall, frame well. Showing off the layer of muscle all the years of training has given him from being a taimanin and leader of the powerful task force that has saved the world countless times. The night sky black blazer over a white collared shirt, topped with a white rose in the breast pocket, is something that took a long time to pick out thanks to his stewards fawning over him, but her choices made the young man even more charming. Even if his nervous face says otherwise.

The sun on his bronze skin showed how his fidgeting expression that only got worse when he heard the doors of the church open, and the organ starts playing.

Kotarou turned his head and his face lit up as he saw his bride walk down the aisle. Long raven hair under the pure white veil flow down to the mid waist to the bride's back as she stepped down the rose covered aisle between the sits. The occupants all stood up both in respect and awe as her white dress, hugging her fit full figure, matched her lover's darker clothes. The sleeveless dress has a rose holding her top together in the front. Showing off deep cleavage and even the parting of her bouncing chest as they shook with every step.

the dress stopped to her mid-thigh. Showing off her strong legs hugged and lacy white stockings and garter. With her lips, painted light pink, she spun them in a light smile. She did not need any real make up to exaggerate her already immaculate beauty; any more and the gods themselves would grow jealous. Her bright teal eyes homed in on Kotarou and nothing else as every click of her black heels. Her white bouquet is brighter than the sun as she led it in her hands. Every step getting closer and closer to the altar. Making the young man swallow and breathe to try and stop the ocean of sweat that is trying to pour out from his face.

As she stepped next to Kotarou, Asagi smiled at him and his flustered face. "Don't be so nervous."

Kotarou could only rub the back of his head. Looking away to try and keep his composure. "Can you blame me...."

The young man whispered sheepishly. His gaze did not know where to look as he feared of looking foolish for staring too long. Being too captivated by her beauty to make him forget why he was even here. making his bride give a charming giggle that danced through the air.

"Well...your not the only one." Asagi said with a gentle smile.

“Dearly beloved.” The priest began. “We are gathered here today....”

Sakura could not help the smile on her face as she watched her sister. Dressed in a light yellow dress dotted with flowers, she looked stary eyed at her sister in her wedding. While the pews are not packed, as a wedding like this would have to be hidden, everyone is still dressed in elaborate dresses.

Form Shiranui, the legendary phantom taimanin in her long, white and teal dress that hugged her curvy hips. Su, dressed in a traditional Chinese qipao emborder with white and red flowers, Kirara’s cute curly dress that, stopping at her mid thigh, has pearls dancing between her heavy bust. Even Kurenai the rouge taimanin and Kotarou's childhood friend is in attendance. Her dark blue dress hugged her frame as she looked onto the wedding with a small grin of her own.

The church is coated in a lovely rich white that gave a heavenly, chill filling even though it is the beginning of June and the sun’s rampage for summer in Japan is starting with very little restraint.

Though it’s all marred by the grinding of metal next to her.

“Ngh! Hhng! Rumph!” Murasaki Yatsu, dressed in a dazzling white and light red bride’s maid dress, bared her teeth as she resisted storming the stage. Bending and twisting a bar made out of a powerful metal alloy in frustration as she watched Asagi be wed right in front of her. Her face trying it’s best to keep a calm expression through bared teeth.

The bar snapped and Sakura sighed as she reached into her shadow. Pulling out another bar her best friend could use to take her stress out on. And not to maim Asagi’s husband to be.

“I know I know Mu-chan. Clam down.” Sakura patted Murasaki’s head as the older woman could only snarl with a red face and tears in her eyes. Biting her lip to hold everything back from shouting ‘I object!’ Even though the priest hasn’t even gotten to that part yet.

“It’s almost over~.” Sakura said with a playful pat on immortal taimanin’s head. “You’ll be able to let that all out sound. Just not on Fuuma-kun ok?”

“NGH!!!”

For some reason, Kotarou began to sweat and for once it is not wedding jitters.....

“If there is any reason that these two should not be web, speak now or forever hold your peace.” The priest said while Sakura and Shiranui was trying to keep Murasaki from jumping out of her seat, Kotarou kept his eye on Asagi.

“Then do you, Igawa Asagi, take this man, Kotarou Fuuma, to be your lawfully wedded husband, to have and to hold, to cherish till death do you part.”

“I do.” Asagi said with zero hesitation. But the lightest of blushed tinted her cheeks.

“And do you, Kotarou Fuuma, take this woman, Asagi Igawa, to be your lawfully wedded wife, to have and to hold, to cherish till death do you part?”

“I do.” Kotarou swallowed once more. But he did not shake. He did not weaver. Like any fight, he did not run away.

“Then you may now kiss the bride.”

With a nervous grip on her shoulders, Kotarou leaned down. His eyes close while Asagi leaned upward. Her eyes closed, full lips parted for her awaited kiss. Kotarou leaned forward, stiff in nervousness with a heart running laps in his chest, but his will steeled. Harden for the future as their lips grew only the smallest centimeter apart while a manic Murasaki is being held back by Sakura and Kiara.

“She’s here.” Asagi said with a frown on her lips as, less than a moment after she said that two men cloaked in black appeared behind her. Their blades rise to kill as the light of the sun bounced off of them and their pitch black eyes peaking from their covered faces glare at her back. Kunai and daggers jiggled on their chest and punches as they brought their blades down like lighting bolts.

Yet before their blades could cut through her Asagi was behind them. Her katana drawn and glistening in the light as her dress fluttered around her. For a moment they stayed in the air until blood burst from their chest as the men fell to the ground.

“Su! Take em!” Kotarou yelled as he turned and threw daggers at the men crashing through the window. They hit targets with deadly precision. Doing their job in knocking them out of the air as they pierced their chest with shocking speed from the so called weakest taimanin. Still, they failed to kill the men as they landed on the ground and quickly got up. Not that killing them was Kotarou’s goal.

“Of course!” Red hair blurred through the pews as Su leaped and swiftly kicked the two men down. Sending them soring threw back of the crunch while more men burst through the glass windows and explosion rocked the back of the church as hordes of rouge Igawa Taimanin, and armed UFS super soldiers stormed the church.

The ‘priest’ vanished from behind the pew as the hologram finally dispersed as the rest of the audience took out their weapons from the shadows under them.

“Told ya you’ll be able to take your anger out sooner or later!” Sakura chirped as she pulled her daggers from the shadows and Murasaki pulled out her axe from the same void.

“I will *NEVER* give Lady Asagi to you!” The undying taimanin bellowed as she leaped into the middle of the onslaught and slammed her axe into the ground. Shaking the whole church and sending men flying in the air.

Sakura giggled at her friend as she twirled her short swords. “You’re wearing your feelings on your sleeve again Mu-chan~!”

“SHUT UP!”

Asagi and Kotarou stood back to back with their blades drawn while a fair amount of the main force encircled them.

“Your planned worked as well as always Fuuma-kun.” Asagi complimented.

Kotarou nodded as he raised his blade at the one ninja that inched closer to him. “Not unless she rear’s her ugly head can we call it a success yet.”

*~4 months ago~*

“A fake wedding?”

In the briefing room of the task force, Rinko blinked in surprise at Kotarou's suggestion. Their commander and Asagi stood behind the war table, its normally holographic buildings gone, and in front of the large computer screen that is currently blank. Most of the main force of the task force is in the room. Everyone looked at the two with curious wide expressions.

"Awawawa..." While Murasaki fainted. Foam oozing from her mouth as Sakura fanned her.

Kotarou pointed at the screen as he started explaining. The video showing one of their allies, who was injured on a mission.

"Remember our mission with Mai last month?"

"Yeah." Yukikaze answered with a raised brow. "She was attacked by a random demon that popped up on the mission. but what does that have to do with you and Lady Asagi faking getting hitched?"

"It wasn't a demon." Kotarou answered as he showed another picture of the wound Mai revived that nearly killed her and kunai that can easily be recognized as the weapon that harmed her. "Sakura. you and Lady can easily Asagi recognize this kunai, right?"

It didn't take long for the younger Igawa member to notice the weapon. "That's an Igawa dagger! Wait you're saying someone from our clan attacked her!?"

Kotarou nodded and continued. "Not just that. Remember our last mission where we somehow ran into USF team that somehow knew where we were? Or the mission before that when, someone how, Oboro was able to nearly ambush us with a group of ninja she had nothing to do with?"

Sakura was able to put two and two together and looked toward Asagi with worry. "Sis you don't think--"

Asagi already answered her with a nod of her head. "Hattori Seishu, our grandmother, is back."

The room grew a little cold at the mention of the woman's name, and it only grew colder as Kotarou brought up an image of said woman. Though one would not be blamed for not believing the young girl on the screen is the grandmother of Asagi. Bright, youthful yellow eyes with a charming heart shaped childlike face topped with cute short hair. No one would believe that this sweet little girl killed her own son, staged a rebellion against Asagi, abused one of her many children, and has sucked the life out of many people to keep her youth.

"For the past few months, she's been trying to sabotage our missions or wounds us covertly as she works with the UFS, who seems to have taken her in to use for gathering intel on gosha and other Taimanin." Asagi explained. "Kotarou confirmed this with the masked Taimanin and Asuka. Both of which have heard of 'a taimanin giving them intel on task force missions.'"

"However," Kotarou continued for Asagi. "She is smart. Unlike last time she isn't trying to take us on head on like before. Hence these guerrilla tactics she's using to try and trip us up. And maybe making one us KIA on a mission by an 'unfortunate accident'"

"But then why would we need a fake wedding, and between You and Kotarou?" Rinko asked. "I don't think that crazy woman would be interested in Lady's and your love life enough to just blot right at us to attack us."

"Hattori is classist and extremist for not only the Igawa clan but for Taimanin as a whole." Shiranui answered. "She tried to hunt down Asagi not just because of her power but because of her views of not

separating and outright killing weaker taimanin. It was her idea that pushed the other elders of the Igawa clan to conspire against Asagi and Sakura behind their backs to get them captured.”

“She’s the reason...why Kyousuke passed.” Shiranui, though hesitant to finish said the words that made nearly everyone in the room take a step back in shock. Kotarou looked at Asagi for a moment. Only to see the impassable wall that is the Almighty.

Yet the young man knows better. the Swelling of rage and grief beneath as her former love was mentioned.

“Bitchy Grangran really hated big sis marrying ‘a servant’ or ‘weak loser’ ugh.” Sakura’s normally cute and bubbly face turned into a vicious scowl. A rarity for the normally chipper and sweet taimanin, she had the face ready to kill as she spoke ill of her grandmother. “She would always get in fights with sis and try to convince me to do better. She even tried to marry me off to some creepy old fat! I was fourteen!”

“It’s no secret of my clan’s current standing and my lack of being unable to awaken my powers.” Kotarou said. “The Fuuma clan and Igawa do have some history in fighting. there was even a rumor that Hattori fuel the fires of my father’s rebellion to try and get rid of the entire clan. So, I don’t exactly have the reputation of ‘the perfect husband for the great Almighty.’”

“So, if word got out that Fuuma-kun was marrying Lady Asagi...” Kurenai summarized.

“She’d come running like bat out of hell to stop it.” And Su finished with an insightful nod.

“Ok.” Kirara however looked hesitant about the idea. “But we all know if the village finds out about this. everyone would go crazy right? Like Kotarou do you know about many women and even some guys-err, I mean ho-how many of lady Asagi’s fans would try to stop this...”

Kirara realizing what she was about to say with a blush changed the topic and turned her gaze to Murasaki and Emily. The former having recovered from her shock and is now standing though she kept a furious glare at Kotarou.

“There better not be a honeymoon and if there is I will supervise it!”

“Hmm a child between a Fuuma and Igawa? And clan heads!? heh heh heh...the type of taimanin that could come from that...” While Emily let out an unsettling laugh.

Kotarou pinched the bride of his nose with a blush. Desperately trying to ignore the ‘honeymoon’ comment from Murasaki.

‘And what that part about me?’ His mind wandered as he tried to focus on the mission debriefing.

“My I did not think spending your time alone with me would be so bad?” Asagi however took the chance to tease the young man with a coy smile.

“Egh!? N-No! I just-we-that’s.”

Asagi smiled and chuckled a little at Kotarou’s reaction

“What are you blushing for!? Stupid Fuuma!” Yukikaze rolled her eyes with a condensing grin on her face. “Getting all worked up over a fake date. Hmph. It’s fake so it doesn’t count as real!”

Yuki repeated oddly. “Yup! Doesn’t count at all since it’s all fake!”

“Ara Yuki-chan. You seemed to rather fixated on the ‘fake’ part~.” Shiranui picked on her daughter as the young taimanin’s face brighten up in a deep crimson.

“Geh!?”

“R-Right.” Kotarou sighed as he got back on topic. “Obviously, we won’t let this get out and keep it a secret from the village. However, to lure Hattori in we need to prove that this isn’t an actual trap. Hattori is insane but she is no fool.”

Asagi nodded along with him. “So we’ll play dating for 4 months.”

“.....”

“Ah. she fainted...” Sakura mentioned as she looked at Murasaki somehow fainting standing up.

“... I don’t know if I should be impressed or worried...” Su whispered under her breath.

“A smart plan however that puts a target on your back Kotarou.” Kurenai suggested out of worry. “Your last encounter with her wasn’t exactly easy on anyone. If it weren’t for Asagi, she would have killed you. And not even Asagi can be around you every single day.”

“She also knows Gosha village better than anyone of us here.” Shiranui advised. “She’ll be able to slip in and out without any of us knowing. Even if we do have you heavily guarded.”

“Which is why not only will I be going on missions none stop, but I won’t be fully alone. Tokiko and Nagi will be watching my back at home. And when and Lady Asagi go on um...d-dates...”

The young man, still in his youth, tried to keep his composure as he mentions he would going on ‘dates’ with a beautiful older woman. “Hattori isn’t crazy enough to attacks in wide public places and if she does, she’ll have to deal with Asagi and anyone else following us.”

“Asagi.” Shiranui looked at the woman who has lost too much to her own family. “Are you sure about this?”

“I am the one that came up with the idea.” The swift words from Asagi took everyone aback for amount. “It actually took a while for me to convince Fuuma-kun to go along with it.”

“I still think it’s a crazy idea...” Kotarou sighed honestly. Making Asagi laugh a little at his exasperated expression.

However, Kotarou looked back at the almighty. His single bright amber eye glowed with that same conviction that drew her to him for more than just making him the leader of the tasks force.

“But...Your right Lady Asagi. We have to drag her out and this may be the only way. We’ll put a stop to her.”

“I know we will.” Asagi said with an equal amount of determination. “Besides, it would be a waste to let that dress just collect dust.”

“Fu~Fu~.” Shiranui held a sweet smile as she happily clapped her hands together. “Guess I’ll be going to a wedding~.”

“Yahooo~! Free drinks!” Sakura cheered while Murasaki mumbled a Buddhist prayer under her breath.

“It’s just a fake wedding.... he’s not really getting married...It’s not real...You still have a chance....”  
Yukikaze, Su, Kaira, and Kurnai mumbled to themselves.

-OOO-

“Hm!” Asagi’s blade tore through the combination of soldier’s and ninja. Her wedding dress did not lose a single stitch as, in one swift slash she cut through their weapons, armor and bodies. a lovely white blur, by the time the ninja’s thought they had time to move, their heads were gone. Arms severed, legs parted, bodies spilt. All in a blink of an eye as Asagi twirled her blade to parry two daggers thrown at her and three blades that came at her from above and to her sides.

The almighty slide out of the mass of blades. Her heels kicking up dust as she slid along the ground, her rear in the air, and if one had the chance to steal a glance, they could see the lacy white panties she is wearing. along with the many daggers hidden on her thigh.

Before the men could re group, Asagi struck. Vanishing, she appeared in the air next to the ninja above her then that tried to slash at her. Her blade cutting through swiftly before she landed and rushed up to the other ninja. In an arc of blood her sword craved up him in two before she spun to cut the other ninja at the waist. before flipping in the air and throwing ninja stars.

They soared through the air, faster than a bullet and cut through the heads of five ninja. All before the other team could give any orders. before their leader could pull his blade from his sheath, half of their men are dead.

“Haaa...” And Asagi had only taken one single breath.

Kotarou ducked under the swing of ninja’s sword. Just barely avoiding his head being taken off as a strand of his hair was cut clean in two. Nowhere near as fast or as strong as Asagi, the opposing ninja had no issue pushing Kotaro back. Though killing him is proving far harder than what information was given to him.

Kotarou held his own well against the rouge ninja. Parrying the vertical sword slash with a flourish of his own while a second swordsmen came at Kotarou from behind to take his head with a dagger. However, the plump of smoke erupted from his feet blinding them as he ducked into the shadows of the gray fog.

“Where-agh!?” The dagger meant for the young commander stabbed the rouge taimanin’s comrade. Missing its mark, it cut his ally in the confusion. Blood spraying in the darkness of the clouds while the man’s dying comrade crumpled to the ground, he looked frantically for Kotarou. listening for any sort of footsteps but it sounded like there were three of him with the sounds of battle mixing into the young man’s footsteps.

And, while he tired his head, trying in vain to listen to fallen head of the Fuuma clan,

“Guh!?” A blade pierced his chest from behind. the steel, coated in the blood of the ninja’s pierced heart protruded out of his chest like a tower before being ripped out as the smoke began to dissipate.

As he fell back another ninja appeared from the smoke and clashed his blade with Kotarou’s. pushing the young man back as their swords sparked against one another. dust tickling his pristine suit as the blazer burst open from the force of clash. Showing the young ninja’s inner coat lined with all sorts of deadly tools. His dagger glistening in the morning rays of the sun as he grunted and pushed the ninja back with an upward swing of his blade.

The ninja smirked under his cowl. Thinking he has the upper hand on the physically weaker commander, as he saw Kotarou step back. But the smirk on Kotarou's face said otherwise.

Nimble Kotarou jumped up to reveal Asagi rushing towards him. Kotarou bounced off her back with a single handspring, twirling in the air to swing his sword through the two surprised ninjas as he came down with his blade. The rouge taimanin only got a glimpse of Asagi's cold green eyes before his head was taken clean off by her blade.

The attacks didn't stop as two more ninjas ushered them something to which Asagi quickly counter as she rolled over Kotarou back to cut them down in a single stroke.

"Raagh!" A super soldier, built like a tank in his metal armor leaped in the air above. Kotarou intercepted him with two kunai that while didn't wound him, stuck in his armor and exposed in a blast of smoke as soon as his foot shook the ground. Coating the whole slew of armed men in smoke while two shadows danced around them.

one that was too fast for even the super soldier's sensors to catch and the other, not as fast, but tricky. Faints were true, lies became real. Allies cut into each to her thinking they were the enemy.

They were kicked into the speedy ghost in the smoke. bounced between two blades. Screams of death and pain echoed out from the smoke all around him. Making him and his comrades outside of the fog hesitate to march in to support him.

"Argh!?" Something pierced his armor and exploded off his back sending him forward into a purple blade that stabbed right through his skull.

Outside the smoke, sweat dripped down the side of the other rouge ninjas' faces

A shadow blurred out of the smoke, and as they guessed it was Asagi. Her white dress made a streak of white as she closed in on the ninja who raised his blade to parry her's.

"Agh!" Only to his head snap up from a raging uppercut.

"Hm!" Asagi spun beautifully for a round house that sent him sprawling through some men and into a wall.

Kotarou leaped out of the smoke, two katana's gleaming with blood, let his dark amber eye glare at the ninjas distracted by Asagi. In a fury of slashes, he cut through five men before they took notice of them. one blade taking off an arm, the other the head. Twirling he took off one head and then cut a leg before stabbing the heart.

By the time they noticed their numbers were too small, but Asagi is moving too fast for them to even glance at Kotarou.

"Lady Asagi!" Kotarou after kick a ninja and slashing his throat, tossed Asagi her blade as he saw an armored UFS soldier roar toward them with his jets blaring.

Asagi, kicking off the chest of one ninja, grabbed her sword and stopped the soldier by cutting his jet's as he passed her by sending him tumbling to the ground towards his allies with one jet shooting him forward. Letting Kotarou sidestep him and toss a dagger that embedded into the soldier's armor, that as soon as he was close enough to his comrades, exploded in an shower of fire and limbs. Killing that group of ninjas while Asagi and Kotarou regrouped.



“Not the type of reception party I was expecting, but as they say. something old some new...” Asagi flicked the blood off her bleed. “Something red and something blue~.”

“I guess Hattori-san is really proud of our union.” Kotarou smirked at the banter before doing his job as a commander.

“Su! Watch Lady Asagi’s and my back! Catch and stragglers if you see them!”

“Understood!” Su nodded as she finished her round house, sending a ninja spinning while jumping up and slamming her fist into the ground. Breaking up the group that was trying to rush Asagi and Kotarou.

“Kirara-senpai, Kurenai! Watch our left flank!”

“On it Fuuma-kun!” Both girls shouted in unison as Kirara, in her lovely flowing white dress, made a pillar of ice that cut through the advancing super soldiers and Kurenai used the wind to dash through their ranks. Single slashes cutting them down before they felt a breeze tickle their cheeks.

“Murasaki-san! Cover our right flank! Sakura! Back her up!”

“Yuppers~!” Sakura gave a cute salute to Kotarou. Not noticing the armored man behind her. His hand raised high above his head in a hammer fist to bring down on her.

“Dwah!?” Only for his fist to miss her as she ducked into a pool of shadows.

He looked everywhere as his visor scanned the area for her. blinking and beeping for any signs of the peppy taimanin but could only see the carnage of battle.

“Scuse me~.” There was a tap on his shoulder as he looked behind him.

Only to find five Sakura’s waving at him.

Their blades cut through him as one slashed his left and another his right a stab pierced the spine of his armor before two more launched his body upwards with a kick. and before he could even hit the ground and massive bear of shadows slammed its paws in him. The man’s limp body acted like a bowling ball smacked through the group of men that was racing towards him. Sending sprawling into the walls, pillars, and through the windows of the church.

“Strike~!” Sakura high fived her shadow clones and the bear.

“UUWWOOOOHHHH!!!” A powerful roar of rage made her turn to see Murasaki swing her axe through ten men. Cutting them in half before swinging it again through twenty of them. Each swing cut down more and more of the army of men that seem dot have stormed the church. Each swing being as fast as the next while bullets and blades bounced off or pierced her shoulder. Yet they would heal immediately as her rage pushed forward. making each hit on her body feel like a prick of a needle and each strike of her axe feel like the earth was being spilt.

“Guah!?” The ninja cried as he is spilt in half by her massive weapon before she ducked her head to avoid a dagger coming for her head. she gave a great roar and tossed her axe at her attack and the throng of men rushing towards her. The blade spun and blended limbs and blood while it severed bodies. Stopping its assault as it lodged itself in the wall.

“Haa!” Murasaki’s assault did not stop as her fit caved in the helmet of an armored soldier. flipping over his body and tossing him to his dead allies, she immediately counters the other soldier coming for her with two lighting fast kicks. the first hit his chest, breaking his ribs while the second took off his head.

“Ha! she lost her weapon! We can take her!” One of the captains in power armor snorted as he rushed her and the other men got their weapons ready to fire.

“Tch!” However, Murasaki's hand dug into one of the pillars. A massive crack formed as her hand bit into the stone effortlessly. She then ripped the whole pole from the building.

“Syia!!” Using it as a makeshift pole, the towering, stone pillar crushed the men before they could even turn tail and run.

“Errr...I think Mu-chan is taking out more than a few frustrations...again.” Sakura winced. Feeling sorry for the fifteen.... ah now thirty men being smacked out of the church by a massive stone pillar.

“I should have been me damn it!” Murasaki roared as she crushed ten men with the pillar.

‘Well...at least it’s not directed at me...’ Kotarou thought with a shiver before taping the communicator in his ear. “Shika. What’s our status?”

Up on top of the roof, hidden behind a false stone wall, Shikanosuke timidly peaked out from the stone wall. The girly young man looked left and right before kneeling down and letting out a large electric pulse. Sensing everyone in the budling and anyone entering it at least a mile away.

“N-Nothing major. you’ve got a lot of guys coming in from nearly everywhere but-“ The young man’s eyes widen in shock.

“W-wait! Waaahh! Big! you’ve got something really big coming in fast at the front door!”

“Stay away from the door!” Kotarou shouted and the girls swiftly followed. AS soon as they jumped to keep their distance from the large wooden doors, they exploded in a spray of dust and panels.

“ASAGI!!”

A blood curdling screeched rumbled from the massive mecha that had crashed through the church. For it’s leg there are massive treed wheels that barreled over the pews and even some of the men. The bulky frame is sided by two massive gun arms. the large barrels already firing missiles at Asagi. They spun and homed in on her, but the almighty responded far faster than them.

“Whoa!?” Asagi picked up Kotarou in her arms and sprinted down the aisle. The missiles blowing up the decorative stand in a ruckus plump of fire. They licked at Asagi’s heels as she dashed up along the wall. The missiles left holes in them as she sprinted away. Kotarou held on to Asagi as she sprinted along the side of the wall as explosions rocked the budling while fire nipped at their backs.

“Well, someone’s cranky.” Asagi jabbed as she flipped off the wall while the last missile set off. Setting Kotarou down while the young man quickly shook off how dizzy he felt from moving so fast.

“Guess she hasn’t had her oatmeal yet.” The young man chided.

“This is the so called future of Taimanin!?” Hattori looked at the task force with utter disgust from her seat in the mech. “Filthy half breeds, and useless trash!? You’ve’ soiled the Igawa blood long enough!”

“First you dare tried to marry that sickening servant and now a blasted fume!? That dog Danjo would have been a better choice than his weakling son!!” The machine smashed a whole wall with a frustrated swing of its arm.

“Kotarou and Kyouusuke embody what is to be a taimanin. To be a protectors of the weak.”

Asagi pointed her blade definitely at her grandmother. “Not some power hungry warlord!”

The almighty leaped at the mech and slashed her blade at the

“Tch!” However, it bounced off the shell of the mech.

“Ha ha ha! Aww your sword can’t cut it?” Hattori taunted as she batted Asagi away and aimed her guns at her. “Don’t worry you stupid whore! You’ll all join that waste of skin Kyouusuke soon enough!”

“You sure you aren’t just cranky because you’re low on sugar granny!?” Kirara shouted as she threw a storm of ice shards that incepted them. Making them explode in a glittering shower of snow flakes.

“Ugh! You filthy half breed!” Hattori cures in her mech as it shook off the icy air and opened it’s maw. Bellowing fire for a moment before a tremendous roar of flames erupted out of them. “Sluts like you shouldn’t even be near us taimanin! You should be serving your bastard demon family on your knees or DIE!”

For a moment it looked like the fire would engulf the whole church that is already ruined with the budding barely even four wall.

“Kurenai! Ms. Shiranui! Snuff out those flames!” But Kotarou’s orders are swifter than the mech as Kurenai slashed forceful gales that killed the flames while the phantom slammed her polearm into the ground and created a wave of water to snuff out the rest of the fire.

“Wow. She really has a foul mouth. Hard to believe she is related to lady Asagi....” Kurenai said as Sakura landed next to her; having jumped to avoid the flames.

“You haven’t seen sis when she was younger. err don’t mention that I told you that.” Sakura added that last part as she felt a fearful shiver that did not come from the massive destructive mech.

“Ms. Shiranui! Try to hit the top of the mech!” Kotarou shouted. “Murasaki! Cover her!”

“This is why you’ll never beat nomad! You surrounded yourself with nothing but fools and weaklings! Your choices have slain the Igawa clan of its former glory!” Missiles launched from the back of the machine causing everyone to scatter with Kurenai picking up Kotarou and ducking behind a fallen pillar. However, Shiranui and Murasaki rushed through the hail of explosions.

“That was you!” Shouted the phantom as she dashed along with Murasaki. With her axe, the undying taimanin slashed through the explosive rocket while Shiranui vaulted high up in the air. Spinning through the hail of gunfire and rockets to stab her naginata through the hull machine. Though there were small sparks, it’s clear there isn’t any major damage.

“You and your insane ambitions nearly drove the clan to ruin!” Shiranui leaped off the machine before its massive arm could take a wing at her. With definite rage she pointed her spear at the elder. “Asagi and Sakura are the only things keeping it, and the taimanin together!”

“AND MY RULE IS WHAT WILL SAVE IT!!” Like a child throwing a tantrum, the machine stamped its foot down and fired another hailstorm of bullets that Shiranui easily dodge by leaping onto the ceiling. Looked down at the machine before launching off and meeting Murasaki at the legs of the machine to slash at its legs. There is a clear cut but it is only surface level.

“You think some fool who can’t even active his art, you need help to slay a simple demon, represents all the taimanin!? Don’t make laugh you stupid old cow!”

“You’re getting pretty heated! I guess losing to a useless one eye really burns ya huh!?” Kotarou taunted as he threw a kunai that, while bouncing off the haul of the mech, exploded and shaking the machine a little.

“Silence you pathetic worm!” A barrage of bullets soared at Kotarou and Asagi’s cover. They would have hit them if not for the sudden wall of ice blocking them. “Don’t you dare talk back to me! You should be either kneeling at my feet or begging for me to end your miserable life!!”

“Kotarou can you please try not to piss her off enough to kill you?” Kiara sighed as she let the ice wall melt.

“I am trying to get her out of the mech, but I have a feeling that isn’t going to happen.” Kotarou grunted in frustration as he looked around. Thinking of a plan to take down the zealot clan head. when his eyes spotted a somewhat girlish shadow on the glass roof of the church an idea appeared in his mind.

‘The masked Taimanin did say this mech is still in the experimental phase....’

“Let’s see how insulated that mech is!” Kotarou shouted as he took out a kunai. “Lady Shiranui! Kirara! Kurenai! Below zero the mech!”

“Understood!” Four clones of icy water formed around the phantom taimanin as she rushed forward, spinning her naginata to block the bullets firing from the massive mecha before slashing her spear and sending a tsunami of water rushing towards the machine. Drowning it and drenching it in water as Kurenai whipped a tornado that buffeted the steel hull and chilled the water around it. lightly cutting the towering tank and pushing it back but doing little damage.

“Haaa!!” The temperature around the mech turned crystal white as a blizzard slammed into it from Kirara's icicles.

“Tch!” However, the mad rouge taimanin was utterly fine inside the mech as the attacks only add on her infuriation. Warning sirens wailed as the machine came to a standstill but not even damaged. “Is this all you fools can do!?”

“We aren’t done yet! Sorry, buddy going to have to borrow you for a sec!” Kotarou said as she threw a kunai at the glass. “Let her have it with everything you got Shikanosuke!”

“Huh?” On the glass, observing the battle, Shikanosuke was confused about what he heard in his communicator and didn’t notice Kotarou’s kunai soaring at the glass beneath him.

“Wha!?” he jumped back when a kunai suddenly pierced through the glass that made a rather sizeable hole. That grew bigger and bigger with every crack.

“Gwaaahhh!?!?” Shikanosuke shrieked in fear as he fell through the roof of the church and smacked himself on the hood of the mech. Looing directing at Hattori’s deranged furious face.

“Kyaaah!!” Though Shikanosuke let out a girlish shriek as his body sparked with electricity that, normally, would be as powerful as a taser.

**“GAAAAHHHHH!!”** But with a machine drenched in snow and ice, it’s amplified to be like a lighting bolt from the heavens. The church light up in a bright light as Hattori’s screams shook the budling more than the machine being shocked. It crackled and smoked as parts of it blew off and crumbled to the ground. It dropped to one knee as Hattori slumped out of the machine. Her body smoking and shaking from the blots of lighting running through her. Shikanosuke took the chance to run behind Kotarou while Asagi walked over to her grandmother and the others surrounded her.

“It’s over.” Asagi pointed her blade at Hattori who, with visible blots of electricity running through her, glared at her granddaughter’s cool teal eyes with utter distend.

“Turn yourself in. You can’t win.”

“Ah little Asagi...” Hattori sighed as her hand snaked behind her.

“You were always so *SOFT!*” Before herself launching at Asagi with blinding speed.

“Lady Asag-“Murasaki’s words died on her lips in shock at the kunai not plunging into Asagi’s chest. But right into Kotarou’s palm as he had moved before anyone and grabbed the made clan woman’s hand. Letting the blade slip through his hand.

“F-Fuuma-kun!?” Asagi gasped in shock as her blade stopped just short of countering the attack.

“Ngh... You know...this hurt a lot less than I thought it would.” Kotarou winced with a mirthful joke. But tightened his fits around Hattori’s hand. Blood dripped from his palm as the blade pierced right through his hand. Having predicted the mad woman’s sneak attack and moved before anyone else could.

“You-You unless waste of skin! How dare you touch me!” Hattori tried to pull her hand away but found that Kotarou’s grip is far stronger than she thought as she felt her hand creek under the pressure of Kotarou’s grip. Still weaker than any demon, but for a human is more than impressive.

“You always talk about Asagi being a failure for this and a failure to that. And yet here you are, the so called ‘powerful taimanin, ‘beaten by the very people you belittled.” The young man growled with his single amber eye looking down at the small woman.

Hattori threw a punch and yet to her shock Kotarou caught it in his palm. Giving the same hard choke as her other hand. This time getting the older woman to wince in pain as she felt a bone in her hand crack.

“Le-let-go-“

“No one is all powerful.” Kotarou’s icy cold voice as he leaned down closer to her silenced her. It froze the whole room for being Colder than Kirara’s icy yet his eye burned hotter than any flame. “Everyone has a weakness. a fault. that one thing that will break them. Shatter them into a shell of their former self.”

“And anyone...” Kotarou flexed his hand.

“Gah!?” And Hattori crumbled to one knee.

“Can exploit it. To someone as strong as Edwin Black. To someone as weak as me.”

“What makes Lady Asagi better than you, stronger is not her taimanin arts.” Kotarou continued. “but the understanding of her faults. Her flaws. The small nicks in her armor and doing what she can to fix them. Like me for example.”

The smile on Kotarou’s face reminded Hattori of one singular thing: the cunning dangerous grin of Danjo Fuuma. It actually made her worry. Her. Known as one of the most powerful taimanin in fear of a child who could not even use his art. And yet she could not move. she could only snarl, like a trapped animal, and the hunting golden eye borrowing down in her.

“There are things that I can do that Asagi can’t. Like...” Kirara ripped the kunai from his palm and spun Hattori around.



“KILL YOU! I’LL KILL YOU!” Hattori’s head squirmed and writhed as Murasaki picked up her limp body as her head writhed in rage. Her utter raging voice rocked the church as her last words died in a haunting echo.

**“KOTOARU FUMMA!!!!!!!!!!”**

-OOO-

The moon is full as the stars danced around it, brightening the night and bathing the now destroyed dilapidated church in a heavenly soft glow. With the hole in the glass ceiling, the entrance of the church with its decorative door is nothing more than a stone hole in the wall. Burned pews and creators in the ground. The aisles which had a long white rug going from the entrance to the front of the church is in nothing but strings. The beautiful place is now nothing but ruins.

“...Probably not the wedding my mom wanted me to have.” Kotarou joked as he looked up at the moon. Still dressed in his suit and sitting on the steps at the venue. A piece of wood suddenly fell and broke on the ground after he said those words.

“It’s claiming, isn’t it? The peace after a battle...”

Asagi’s voice did not scare him. She did not hide her presence nor the clicking of her heels as she sat down next to him. Looking up to the moon along with him. Her dress has not a single mark on it. She looked ready for a wedding that will never happen sadly.

“Yeah, once the adrenaline is out of my head.... It’s nice to think clearly after all that.” Kotarou sighed as he stretched the back of his hand with his wounded hand. Bandaged up by a rather furious Emily who had joined them after the fight. The white gauze covered hand is something Asagi took notice of as she watched its every movement.

“Fuuma-kun.” Asagi said suddenly. “Can I see your hand?”

“Huh? Oh.” Kotarou blinked but waved off her concern. “It’s fine now. Emily-“

“Kotarou.” It was the first time Asagi has said his first name and with such a stern voice. But there is a clean concern in her eyes that made him freeze up in a blush.

With a red face, Kotarou gave her his bandaged hand which Asagi took. He tried to ignore how soft they felt even though just mere hours ago they were coated in blood and gripping a sword. Yet they are also very small as they traced his palm. Barely covering his whole hand as the scar under the bandage tangled under her delicate touch.

“...” A frown marred Asagi’s beautiful face as she looked at the scar with dastan but not at Kotarou or even her scornful Grandmother. But at herself. At the truth of the crazed elder’s words at her weakness.

“I know I don’t have to say it, but you shouldn’t put yourself in too much danger like that.” Asagi’s eyes did not leave Kotarou’s hand as she gave it a firm, but gentle squeeze.

“Like I said...” Kotarou returned the gesture with a firm hold of her hand. His single amber gaze looked back at her. It glowed in the light of full moon giving an almost eerie glow but for Asagi it was comforting. “You can do things that I can’t. And I can do things that you can’t.”

The young man gave a charming grin to her. “You can leave somethings to me. I am not going to die any time soon. Or too easy.”

“Fuuma-kun...” Though Asagi was not too convinced. Losing her best friend was one thing, but her fiancé at nearly the same time left a hole in her heart she is desperately trying to heal. She has moved on sure, but there is a troubling feeling at the back of her head. The feeling that, at any moment, she could lose her sister next. Or Murasaki. Or Shiranui. Or worse Kotarou himself. It scares her not because she will lose them, but what losing them will make her do.

Make her do things she would regret. Make deals with devils she can never take back. She can feel the arms of the she-devil in her trying to pull her in the abyss that is oh so welcoming. So easy to lose herself and go on a rampage. Destroy not just Edwin and Nomad, but the Japanese government, the UFS, and everything to keep her small moments of peace.

“...Asagi.” Kotarou’s voice brought her off of that edge. His voice is clear, cool, and welcoming as she looked at him and for a moment, she could see a slight glow in his other eye. Normally closed, and maybe it is a trick of the light she could see a small glow of power redating off of it as he spoke to her in a way that made the very ground shake under her.

“I promise. I won’t leave you.” The young man’s voice would have made a demon take a step back in how commanding it was.

Asagi, to her credit, only blushed at his words as she turned her head. Trying to head her coy smile under teasing words.

“Practicing your real wedding vows to me?”

“A-Ahhh W-Well!” Kotarou lets go of Asagi’s hand as that powerful air is replaced with the air of a young man who has yet to find love. “We- ugh-I meant this-uhh”

Asagi chuckled at the young man’s flustered, floundering reaction. Her heart, as usual, cleansed by him. Though there is still one dark thought in her mind. A thought she and her demon self could agree on.

‘I...really do just want to monopolize him...’

“It’s ok.” Asagi’s hand gripped his. Making him look back at her under the bright moonlight. His face heated up once more, but he did not look away at the lovely teal eyes that held him in such high regard.

The slow swell of a violin got their attention. It grew, gentle and slow as the music began to play.

“Music?” Asagi looked around to see where it was coming from. She felt no evil intent nor an attack coming from anywhere. There was only her and the few others of the task force wondering about the ruined church.

Kotarou looked around as well. His hand shooting to toward the kunai hidden in his clothes but he could not feel any hostility anywhere. Seeing Asagi relax he did too. Both of them simply listened to the music although Asagi tilted her head curiously.

‘I’ve heard this before...’

“Well, we did plan a reception if she didn’t show up during our err vows...” Kotarou said as he scratched his cheek in embarrassment as he stood up. “And it would be a waste not to use them.”

With an awkward smile, Kotarou offered his hand to Asagi. Not looking at her as he knows what to expect.

“Well, I am not a good dancer.” Though it was not Asagi taking his hand as she stood up. Though still, he gripped it lightly with a steady breath to calm himself before returning back to her.



“That’s fine.” Kotarou took Asagi’s hand and pulled her close to him. The almighty’s face turned a bright red at the young man’s smile. Finding herself looking up at him and his charming grin that shined under the gentle light of the stars.

“Just follow me. Like always.”

“H-hm.” Asagi did not trust her voice and could only nod as Kotarou began to sway his body to the gentle rhythm of the violin as the piano came in. Asagi, nervously followed along as she, for a moment kept an eye on her feet so as to not step on Kotarou’s. The young man let out a small chuckle at that before spinning her as the violin swelled once more.

As the piano came back in, Asagi found herself quickly following the young man’s steps. Steadily gaining a rhythm as she sways to the music. Resting her head on Kotarou's shoulder as she grew more comfortable. Getting the young man to jump in nervousness but he continued to let the music carry the both of them.

So engrossed in their dance they did not notice a small string of shadows hanging from a piece of wood in the ceiling holding a speaker.

Sakura pumped up the volume on her phone as she listened to the music as she sat on one of the banisters in the ceiling of the church. Shiranui and Murasaki standing next to her.

“Is this the song you chose for their wedding?” Shiranui asked quietly.

“I never deleted it but I didn’t think I would ever have to use it again....” Sakura answered kindly as she watched her sister dance the evening away.

“I remember going out with her to pick out that dress. Honestly, she was such a mess.” Her sister’s floundering face, blushing as the woman measured her hips and Sakura making a crack at her maybe getting fat.

“She kept worrying about her chest spilling out.” Shiranui giggled. “Though so was I in my own dress back then.”

“.... I don’t think she’s ready to lose anyone else.” Sakura said while she watched Kotarou twirl her again. The smile on her older sister’s face is brighter than the moon. A smile she thought she’d never see again. While she knows Kotarou is not a replacement for her former bother in law, he is still a good choice for her.

“If only lady Asagi would fall for men that can at least kill an orc....” Murasaki however sighed under her breath.

Shiranui giggled at Murasaki’s jealousy. “She really does have the worst taste in men?”

“Fuuma-kun is that bad~.” Sakura said with a smirk. “Big sis just has a thing for guys with strong sprites and all that.”

“Yes, you’ve seen him.” Shiranui nodded. “Though he may be the weakest here, though nearly every demon can kill him with a single attack, he still stands and fights. Unlike many people in power. Many taimanin wouldn’t even try and fight back without the knowledge they could just blow everything up. Neither me nor Asagi or innocent of that.”

“But Kotarou knows how to make up for what he lacks. It’s honestly terrifying really, the potential he has. Makes one wonder just what he could do with whatever awaken ability he may have.”

“...I hate to admit it but yes. Kotarou is getting stronger by the day and is proving that there is more to us taimanin than our strength.” Murasaki said with a smile. Though she is harsh on the young man it is out of care for both him and her lady Asagi. To make him strong is to make Asagi all the safer.

‘And I’d be a fool to deny that his actions are not admirable.’ Murasaki is known as the undying. Killing her is hard even for demon lords. She knows she can push herself and get put in extremely dangerous missions with little worry about her life because of her powers. Without them?

She shuddered at the thought of being utterly useless to her Lady. And Yet Kotarou has proven not just to her, but to all taimanin, there is more to them than their arts and bloodline. There is no better man to be at Asagi’s side.

“Not going to try and interrupt them Mu-chan?” Sakura teased her friend.

“Lady Asagi’s happiness is my top priority. Even if it isn’t with me, as long as she is smiling, that is all that matters. I will protect that happiness with my life. and if that means protecting Fuuma-kun, then so be it.” Murasaki declared with a firm cross of her arms.

“Besides, Kyouzuke was the only man I ever trusted to give Lady Asagi to. And now, Fuuma-kun is on that list as well.”

“Aww~! Look at you growing up!” Sakura giggled while Murasaki bit back a harsh snarl.

“I will kick you off this I swear-“

Though Asagi could hear them, she ignored their words. Focusing on Kotarou’s heartbeat as they let the night take them.