Blood and Flowers

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Characters:	You, Reader, Bankotsu (Inuyasha), Jakotsu (Inuyasha), Kagome Higurashi, Renkotsu (Inuyasha), Ginkotsu (Inuyasha), Koga (Inuyasha), Miroku (Inuyasha), Female Reader
Additional Tags:	Romance, Lemon, Sexual Content, Reader-Insert, No Use of Y/N for Reader-Insert, Friendship, Choices, Adventure, Second Person POV, Kidnapping, Enemies to Lovers, Enemies to Friends, Shichinintai | Band of Seven, isekai, Violence, Able-Bodied Reader-Insert, Unnamed Reader, Threats of Rape/Non-Con, (threats are not part of the ship content), Past Tense, Canon Divergence, Female Reader-Insert, Reader Insert Probably Has Anxiety, (or maybe the situation is just incredibly stressful)
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Blood and Flowers

by relocation

Summary

Kagome brings you back in time to prove she's telling the truth, but the reality in her fantastic situation becomes a little too strong when a band of mercenaries take you hostage.

You are swept into the Band of Seven, and survive by making some unexpected friendships —and more. Your love for Kagome is tested by your intense romantic connection with Bankotsu, the leader of the mercenaries. As your loyalties are tested and your morals pushed, you try in futile to postpone the ultimate decision: will you go back to Kagome, or stay with the villains she's fighting?

Originally posted on AnimeSpiral in 2007, this version in the works since 2014ish.
Told myself I wouldn't import from AO3 until it was fully written, and now it is! Updating weekly.

Notes

I've recently learned that some people are nervous that they'll annoy the author if they post comments on old works or chapters, so this is here to tell you that it will never bother me, and if I ever changed my mind, I would turn off my notifications rather than get mad at you. I read all my comments and reply to most.

I learned way too late that Bankotsu's canonically a teenager. I used to have this story tagged as 'aged up,' but since age is never discussed in canon narrative, nor in this fic, I figured it doesn't super matter. In my head, he is somewhere in his 20s.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: Though the Rabbit Hole

Chapter Notes

This is another very old story of mine, this chapter is at least 7 years old, although it has been more recently edited and continued. [This note is from 2014]

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(Irrelevant notes trimmed for Squidge/FF.lol)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Over here! Over here!"

You looked up to see a girl of about fifteen with dark hair and eyes that matched those of the younger boy next to her and immediately recognized them as your cousins, Kagome and Sōta. You'd been abroad with your father for two years without any visits home to Japan, but even without the pictures they had sent, you would always recognize the pair.

After your mother had died, you'd lived with Kagome and Sōta's family for over a year while you finished high school. Upon graduation, you were shipped off to America quite willingly to stay with your estranged father and learn some business first hand. The life experience was amazing, and the connections you made were almost overwhelming, but you hadn't gotten any closer with your father, and missed your cousins; in your time together, you had grown to see their family as your own.

"Kagome! Sōta! I missed you so much!" You hugged Kagome and picked up Sōta to hug him. "You've grown so much! How old are you now, Sōta?"

"I'm nine! I can't believe you're here for the whole spring!" He was absolutely glowing.

"Wow! I have so many stories to tell you, and things to show you! Maybe even a souvenir or two." You winked at him, then grabbed your baggage off the tread. "Let's go home."

Kagome paid for a taxi home, with money her mother had insisted on sending along, not wanting her honorary child to pay. It was a crowded ride, but they had spacious land and, if only for several weeks, you'd enjoy your stay. You were planning to come back for the summer too, if you could afford it.

Upon reaching Kagome's house and after greeting your aunt and grandfather, you went upstairs to dump your stuff in the small guest room.

When you reached her room, however, she stopped your unpacking to tell you a story. It was one of travelling back in time to five hundred years ago, to the feudal era. A story of demons and half-demons, of priestesses and spirits. When she finished you were trying not to laugh.

"Oh Kagome, you don't believe that! What are you on?"

"Hey! I'm not on anything! Just ask mom! She's met Inuyasha! So has Sōta!"

"I'm joking! But seriously, has Grandpa given you some weird traditional thing, something that gives you weird dreams?" You rolled your eyes.

"Anyway, I've got a demon story too—not as cute a story as yours, though. I met my grandma in America, you know, on Dad's side, and we got pretty close before she passed away. She had so many stories about her life, but this was just a legend. She said that years ago, my family—sorry, this time I mean *our* family, my mother's side—were a long line of priestesses, and they became famed for taming the demon dogs of Japan. Give me a minute, let me get into fairy-tale mode."

"A long time ago, before Japan as we know it, every 50 years, a new priestess of our family came into power, each stronger than the last. When a nobleman told her of the havoc the dog demons wreaked, the priestess killed every single one she found. Later, her great granddaughter, who was soft hearted, began capturing them. Her own great granddaughter, who was even kinder, worked along with her daughter and granddaughter, to create a charm to calm the demon's soul. With this, the demons became hardly more than domesticated dogs. The leader of the pack took off his demon fur and married the priestess, and from her, our lineage was born. In the Edo period, there was even a dog on our family seal!"

"Anyway, Grandma also gave me these beads, she said that *our* grandma, Mom's mom, gave them to her for safe keeping, for until one of us was old enough, since Mom and Auntie didn't want to get involved in all that shrine stuff, and Grandpa was a bit too excited about them at the time. They're apparently very holy, I've been keeping them wrapped in tissue and have a seal on the box. Very big, aren't they?" Trying to be delicate with the paper you unfolded, you lifted the beads, praying the string wouldn't suddenly snap under the weight of the heavy crystalline beads. Though they were large and heavy, it was beautiful, and truly felt ancient, especially with the magatama beads every several inches, sharpened, presumably to represent dog fangs. "What are you looking at, Kagome?"

"That's Inuyasha's necklace!"

"Stop kidding around, Kagome, I know you're too old to believe in these stories. Sure, the necklace has demons in its legends—and I really shouldn't have mentioned they were *dog* demons, after hearing your story—but that's what they are: stories. You're not about to convince me that time travel is real."

"But with that maybe I can prove that I'm right. Maybe if we—oh, just put it on! Let's go!"

You sighed and, deciding to humour her, put it on. Within a split second, she bolted downstairs dragging you along by the wrist. Grabbing her yellow backpack, she called "Bye mom! We're going to see Inuyasha! We'll be right back!"

"Take care! Don't do anything dangerous!" called her mom, but, by the time her words reached you, you were already outside, heading through the door of the shrine's storehouse.

"Here we are! Now hurry up!" Without any more warning, she grabbed your wrist and jumped into the dry well, her weight pulling you along with her.

You shrieked, closing your eyes and waiting for the bone-crushing pain to come.

After a moment, you realized you had stopped moving and, opening your eyes, you saw Kagome climbing out of the well by means of ivy, which certainly hadn't been in the storehouse, toward the open sky. You looked after her, confused, then followed, asking how the hell she knew that would work.

"I didn't. But I figured that since the beads are magic and Inuyasha wears them when he comes through the well, so I thought they would work... in any case, it's not too far a fall if it didn't work; I've fallen in before."

That wasn't particularly reassuring—you'd prefer no one fell into the well, and it certainly didn't feel shallow to climb out of—but you didn't want to argue. When you reached the top, you nearly fell again, from both jet lag and shock.

"You're late! You said you'd only be two days. Where were you? Who is this!"

You ignored the voice of the abrasive young man as you looked around. There was no storehouse, nor even a shrine, just trees all around. Standing there were four people and a *huge* cat. A two-tailed cat that could remove your head in one bite. There was a boy with dog ears and a necklace identical to yours, and another, presumably a monk, for he wore purple Buddhist robes over his clothes. There was a child which reminded you of a pomeranian, wearing a very fluffy tail, and a woman wearing a pink kimono with an apron, carrying an enormous boomerang on her back.

"Hey everyone! This is my cousin!"

The one with dog ears came forward, and you noticed his traditional garments, unusual but striking in all red but for the white underlayers. He was introduced as Inuyasha, the dog half-demon you had heard so much about in Kagome's story. The furry one, a fox demon, was Shippō, and the woman introduced herself as Sango, before waving a hand to the large cat. The demon growled and shrank to the size of a small kitten, though she retained both tails. The one in robes took your hands when he introduced himself.

"I am Miroku. And I feel obliged to ask—" he looked straight into your eyes, "—will you consider bearing my children?"

You laughed.

Then, he touched your breast. That was not funny, and you reached into your pocket and flicked your pocket knife open, hoping to scare him. You were very glad you'd decided to get it out and start opening packages right away at the Higurashi home.

"*Gah! What the—"*

Your open-flick had gone awry, and you had sliced his free hand. "Serves you right!" you snapped. "Let go! And you stay away from me!"

You stayed behind the group as they left, an annoyed-looking Sango between you and the protesting Miroku.

After an old priestess, Kaede, bandaged Miroku's cut, you found out you had risked harming his weapon, a void in his hand, and worsening its curse. You felt a bit bad for that, but it wouldn't have happened if he hadn't tried to grope you. Besides, it was an accident, and the wind tunnel wasn't damaged, his hand had just bled a bit when partly unbound.

Heading back to the well, you listened to the talk of a 'Band of Seven.' Kagome went out of her way to fill you in. Apparently they had been mercenaries, special assassins, who were killed when the region decided they were a threat. The group had returned from the grave, resurrected by Naraku, who seemed to be the villain of their story, the cause of all this trouble, to do some of his dirty work. They were led by a 'Bankotsu' who was apparently quite brutal, and Kagome and her friends were working to defeat his band. Gentle, little, young Kagome, killing evil demons—that was hard to picture.

Kagome had gone home to check in, only to be surprised by her mother's announcement: her favourite cousin was coming home. She apologized profusely to her group, but was already making plans to visit just a few days more, and assured you that she would only be gone for a couple days of your visit at a time. That offer seemed more than generous, given the threat she faced, a threat that was almost incomprehensible to you, yet unmistakably dangerous.

Suddenly, a cannon shot sounded and you all looked up.

"Ginkotsu..." muttered Inuyasha, drawing his sword, which seemed to pulse, then . "Kagome, get her to the well!"

All you had time to think before you fell to the ground was *That's one big-ass sword*. Kagome had shoved you back.

"Kagome," you whispered to your cousin, looking at the tank-thing that someone was standing on. "Who is *he?*" You were indicating a man with a tattooed forehead, long black hair, and a cocky grin.

"That's Bankotsu," said Kagome, looking at you curiously before pulling a bow and a quiver of arrows out from a hidden nook outside Kaede's home and running to join the battle.

You could hear Inuyasha's shouting over the fray. "Kagome! What are you doing?! Get back there with—"

Before you could think, you were near the tank-thing, Bankotsu holding you tightly, arms behind your back, his giant halberd against your neck. You had no idea how he moved that fast, but regretted how you'd stuffed your knife deep in a pocket. Feeling a trickle of blood on your collarbone, you decided against struggle.

"Give me back my cousin—" yelled Kagome, cut off by Inuyasha.

"Idiot! Don't tell him anything!"

"Cousin, huh? She may be of some use, Ginkotsu," said Bankotsu. "Let's go."

"Gersh?"

"*Let's go.* I have my hostage. And I didn't even have to catch the priestess." He shifted, tucking the sword behind himself, but keeping his grip on you firm. The platform you stood on began to shake, then moved, drawing you away from Kagome and her friends. "You don't want your woman's precious cousin to be hurt, do you, Inuyasha?"

Kagome's eyes were wide to bursting. "Inuyasha! Get her!"

"What, you want them to kill her?"

"You jerk! Sit!"

Tears reached Kagome's eyes as the beads identical to yours pulled the demon to the ground.

Bankotsu gave you a strong whack in the neck. As you dropped, you watched Kagome disappear into the distance.

Chapter End Notes

Note for this chapter- in case you're wondering, and I know this won't get expositioned in the fic, no, your grandma's version of the family history is not 100% correct. Some legends are only (or mostly) legends. Also, I mention a (made up by me) family crest being invented in the Edo period. I know Inuyasha takes place before the Edo period; the idea is that the crest was invented some generations later. [moved this from the beginning note to the end note]

Another note (added 2024)- when I wrote the first version of this fic, it was popular speculation that the beads were what allowed Inuyasha to travel through the well. I'm pretty sure it's actually because of the "affections touching across time," thing, but anyway, that's why they're there. I kept it in because it's nostalgic to me.

Quick warning, chapters 2-3 are the ones with mentions of sexual abuse and (in 3) a nonpenetrative sexual assault scene. These are referred to now and then throughout the fic, but there's no shame in skipping if you want.

Chapter 2: Awake

Chapter Notes

Said I'd update weekly, but Squidge is already a week ahead, so this one's going up early.

▶ **Click for this chapter's warnings**

You mumbled and moved your head, fending off the voices outside. You weren't even awake yet and Kagome's family was making a racket. Couldn't they let you sleep in? And what was that odd dream you'd had...?

"Why'd you bring a *woman*, Bankotsu? That's no fun at all!" said a pouting, feminine voice.

"I didn't bring her for you. She's our hostage, our bait. She's that dog's woman's cousin. Naraku will pay us well for this. And—" you could hear a smile in his voice, "—Renkotsu and I won't mind having a woman around. All we do lately is kill. We could use a woman to —" he paused, and again you heard his grin,"—lighten the mood."

"Well, what about me then?"

"Hell, you could take her from behind. Or you could catch that mutt and play with him a bit before we have to get rid of him... but up until now, you haven't been all that successful in that matter, have you?"

"I try, Brother!" The voice now sounded genuinely hurt and offended. "I try..." he repeated, and the second voice, Bankotsu's, softened.

"I know, Jakotsu. You try the hardest of any of us to do well and to please me. I'm grateful, you know. But that doesn't mean *I'll* be doing you any 'favours.'"

You listened to the conversation with shock, fighting the urge to vomit. Rape was not an uncommon subject in your time, it was all over the news, but hearing your own being discussed was, to say the least, unnerving. That was what it had to be, right? They couldn't possibly expect you to agree to any of that. At least one of them was uninterested, maybe he could divert the other... but on the other hand, it didn't sound like consent, or your interest or lack thereof, was his problem with it. To further confirm that this wasn't a dream—and you really, really wished it was—you blinked your eyes and tried to pinch yourself. Nothing changed, except that you now knew you were in a tent and that your hands were, in fact, bound.

The tent flap opened. "Oh, you're awake," said the one you recognized as Bankotsu. "Jakotsu, c'mere." Another person entered—from their androgynous appearance and mannerisms, you

figured this was probably the effeminate one you had heard. He had two lavender tear streaks —or were they fangs?—tattooed down from his lower eyelids. "Get her out of those ridiculous clothes and give her something from that last village—nothing fancy, mind, I don't want any of the stuff we can sell ruined. I don't want her drawing attention."

"Why do *I* have to?" You'd been right, he was the one you had heard.

"Because I'm busy and Renkotsu will try something with her."

"So?"

"So, I don't want his hands all over her! Just do it!" He disappeared out the door, leaving the flap dangling.

"What's up his ass?" muttered Jakotsu, before coming toward you. You cowered against the wall as far back as you could go. It was a fine time to realize your mouth was gagged.

"I'm not exactly interested in seeing you. I'm not inclined toward women. Annoying creatures, and none of the *rigour* of a man. That's why Brother wanted me to do this, see? I could be really easy on you. I could just untie you and watch while you change yourself. If you won't give me any trouble." He removed your gag and stepped back, like he expected you to spit at him. "You women seemed to dislike the idea of brutality by men—I don't see why, it's what I dream of."

You simply answered his question. "Fine."

The Band had taken your beads, but they seemed not to have searched you; you could feel your knife in your jeans pocket. If he came close enough...

"Well, that was easy," he said, beginning to untie your hands. Perhaps if you're not such a stubborn wench, we can be friends. I do need someone to talk about men with every now and then—you are into men, aren't you? In any case, shouldn't really matter to Ban-kun—"

His remark was cut off by the pocket knife suddenly flipped open before him. "Don't move," you ordered.

To your surprise, he laughed. "Aren't you a feisty one?" Before you could blink, he was back ten feet, sword drawn. With a dainty flick of the wrist, your blade was in half and the handle startled out of your hand.

"So you don't want it to be so easy? Fine with me." He turned "Renkotsu! I could use some help!" He grinned at you. "Let's see how this goes."

End Notes

No matter how old this fic gets, even after it's complete, I will always love to see comments.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!