

RuroKen Fanfic

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Submitted: July 14, 2010
Updated: January 11, 2011

This is a story written by me and Crazywhitegirl13, using the original RuroKen characters along with our OC"s

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1 - Episode 1: Many Meetings

Episode 1: Many Meetings

A twenty-eight year old woman stood in front of Kaoru's dojo. She has orange hair pulled back into a ponytail with her bangs out. She wore a black martial arts gi and a red belt. Time to meet the new neighbors. She thought when she saw Kenshin in the back. "Ken-chan?" She whispered to herself. "HIMURA!" She yelled as she ran up, did a front flip and kicked Kenshin in the back of the head. Kenshin fell to the ground, "Oro?"

Kaoru walked out and yelled, "What happened to Kenshin!?" She shot an accusing look at Sanosuke. "What, wait. It wasn't me. It was her." Sanosuke pointed to the woman.

"Why did you do that to Kenshin?" Kaoru cried.

As the woman started to answer, Kenshin got up dizzily saying, "Mikosai."

"Mikosai? I haven't heard that name in awhile, so you remember me Ken-chan. I think you lost your touch. I could never sneak up on you like that before," the woman commented.

"Please Kitai; let me introduce you to my new friends." Kenshin led the way into the dojo and they all sat on their knees in a circle on the ground. "This is Kaoru, Sanosuke, and Yahiko." Kenshin pointed to each as he said their names. He made a gesture toward Kitai. "This is Kitai, Hikaru Kitai. She was known in the Bakumatsu as Hitokiri Mikosai."

"How's the wife?" Kitai asked bluntly. Kaoru glared at Kenshin.

Kenshin looked down. "She died years ago during the war."

"Oh Ken-chan, I'm sorry. I didn't know."

"What brings you here?" Kenshin quickly tried to change the subject.

"Oh, I moved my martial arts dojo next door. I came to meet my new neighbors. I never expected to see you here." Kitai replied.

Kenshin looked out to the sun. "This one is sorry to cut this short, but this one must go." He said standing.

"Wait, where are you going?" Kitai grabbed his sleeve.

"Back to Kyoto." Kenshin replied, "Makoto's back, this one's got to go fight him." At that he left toward the door. He turned around and spoke to Kaoru. "Sayonara Kaoru." At that he left.

"I better get going too." Kitai ran to her dojo, picked up her two custom katana and followed after Kenshin. He's not going alone.

Meanwhile...

All was calm in this part of the forest. The light was coming through the treetops as if in a dream. Suddenly, a flash of light burst through a clearing as a ring of blue fire hovered in the center facing the north. Nothing happened for a moment. Then, a figure blasted out of the center of the ring. It landed crouching, one hand on the ground to steady itself. It stood up and looked around. Her name was Shisio Kiatso. She came from the future. She needed to find her father who was an unlucky witness to the process of the time curse, which sent her to the future. She was only twelve then. She still remembered his bandaged face. The fear and despair in his eyes you could never get out of him. She shivered at the

thought of being brought to the new time.

‘A little girl of twelve should not be out at this time.’

She smiled to herself as she remembered the strange woman who took her in. Her name was Hikaru Kitai. She told her she was from the same time and was trying to get back. “Stop.” She told herself. “You have to concentrate, Kiatso. That’s what dad told you. Right? Well, then listen.” She looked around again. “Okay, Kyoto is north. That’s where Dad always is.” She set off in the direction of north, hoping that this would go right.

---A few days later---

Kenshin stood in front of an old dojo. Kitai walked up to him. “I’m helping you. Don’t argue.” They walked in together and stood in front of Makoto.

Makoto stood unsheathing his sword. “Yumi. Get out of here. This might get messy.” The woman behind Shisio left the dojo. “Well, well, well, I’ll get two birds with one stone. I’ll get two birds with one stone.”

“Not today,” Kitai unsheathed her katana revealing a dragon imprint on the blades. Kenshin and her both got into battle stances.

“This is going to be fun.” Makoto muttered, a sneer creeping up the parts of his face that weren’t bandaged. He lunged aiming for Kenshin first.

He’s fast! Kitai thought her eyes wide. Kenshin put up his sakabato when, at the last moment, Makoto turned and slashed at Kitai. She only barely just blocked it, the end of his blade managing to kick her shoulder.

Kitai pushed him back with her katana. They stood there for a moment panting from the effort.

“You’ve gotten weaker.” Makoto commented. He ran up to strike, while Kenshin went into a defensive stance when a muffled shout came from outside the room. “Hey! Stop!”

Makoto stopped and glanced at the door when a fist burst through the wood. The hitokiri jumped out of the way of the splintering wood. “Dang it! Somebody beat me here.” A girl about the age of eighteen wearing a tank top, shorts, and converse stood there.

“Kiatso.” Kitai looked at the girl. Makoto stood there a look of shock on his face.

“Oro?” Kenshin looked from Kitai, to Makoto, to the girl wearing strange clothes.

“Kitai!” The girl ran and gave her a hug.

“What are you doing here?” Kitai asked.

Kiatso stepped back. “Time Curse, remember?”

“I mean here at the dojo.”

Kiatso glared at Makoto. “I heard what my dad was doing so...”

“Wait! Your dad!”

“Yeah. My dad is Makoto. You know, that dude, standing over there, glaring at me. Shut up dad.” Kitai stared bewildered.

Kenshin looked from the girl to Makoto. “Oro?”

“Kitai? Who’s that weird dude, and why is he saying oro?”

“Well um...That’s Kenshin...Um...I might have addressed him by the name Battosai in one of my stories. Heh...heh...heh...yeah.”

Kiatso stared at him for a moment. “But I thought you said he was hot.” Kitai’s face turned red.

“What does she mean by hot?” Kenshin asked confused. Kiatso opened her mouth to reply when Kitai

ran up and tacked her to the ground. "Nothing. It means nothing." Kitai said quickly.

"What the fudge Kitai?" Kiatso said.

"Say anything and I will beat you, and no it is not illegal!" Kitai threatened. Kiatso shut her mouth.

Suddenly a loud bell chimed through the air.

"What the hey?" Kiatso commented.

"Hay is for horses, Kiatso." Kitai replied bluntly.

"I don't give a crap!"

Crap? Kenshin thought.

Three men rushed into the room. "Didn't I just beat your butt?" Kiatso asked.

"Doesn't matter!" Kitai did a front drawing her second sword. She then slashed at one of the men. The man put up his arms and fell to the ground.

"Did you just kill him?" Kenshin asked.

"No the idiot put his arms up to block. What does it matter anyway? These guys are trying to KILL US!"

"This one has a thing against killing. Don't kill anybody."

"Yeah Kitai, this is how you do it." Kiatso ran up to the men and punched one in the face while side kicking the other.

"Fine then." Kitai sheathed her katana, jumped and drop-kicked the guy who got hit in the face.

"Happy Kenshin?" Kitai glared at him.

"Yes, very much." he answered

More men came down the hallway. Kiatso charged at them, Kitai right behind her. Kenshin took this time to step back and observe their fighting techniques. He knew Kitai used the same sword technique, but he didn't know her hand-to-hand. As she fought, he noticed she used a blend of classic martial arts moves. Kiatso was something different entirely. He did not recognize any of the moves. She had a style he has never seen before.

"Are you going to help at all?" Kiatso asked while kneeing somebody in the groin. Kenshin pulled out his sakabato.

"Wait. I thought you said no killing." Kitai remarked.

"It's just a sakabato." Kenshin replied.

"I liked you better while we were fighting Makoto!" Kitai yelled crossing her arms. Kenshin smiled.

More men kept coming. Dude, what's up with all these men? We need to get out of here." Kiatso came running in.

"Why?" Kitai asked, "Kiatso, what did you do?"

"Well, ya see, somebody might of accidentally kicked over a fuse and flint box...in the bomb room."

"Kiatso!" Kitai yelled grabbing her katana keeping them sheathed. She sighed. "Okay, let's get going."

"I'm actually surprised it already..." A huge explosion suddenly shook through the building.

"Uhh...RUN!"

Kitai ran knocking enemies to the ground.

"What's up with these guys? Shouldn't they be running?"

"They're kinda knocked out."

"Oh yeah, that's right, but isn't it kinda mean to just leave them here?"

"They were trying to KILL US! If they can't come to their senses in time, it's not my fault." Kitai commented bluntly. Kenshin stopped and started lifting one off the ground.

"Battosai, there's too many. Just leave it." Kiatso told him. He looked at the many unconscious men on the floor and sighed.

He put the one down and said. "Let's go." They ran down the hallway, all the while, more explosions could be heard.

Once out in the courtyard, Kiatso stopped. "What? Wait! What about my parents?"

"They already escaped. That's why the alarm's going off." Kitai yelled.

"Ohhhhhh..." They pushed opened the gate to the dojo and ran. All of a sudden, a giant explosion burst forth into the sky as thousands of shards of splintering wood flew through the air. They fell to the ground, protecting their heads. When silence finally came, the three looked back at the destroyed dojo.

"Of course, I missed the fun AGAIN!" A male voice yelled.

"Oro?" Kenshin cocked his head.

"Again, really? Stop that." Kiatso commanded.

"No, who said that?" Kenshin asked.

"Over here loser." Sanosuke kicked him in the head.

'Why do people keep hitting me in the head?' Kenshin thought while standing up rubbing the back of his head.

"Really Kenshin, did you have to make it explode?" Sanosuke asked.

"Yeah, Ken-chan, why'd ya have to make it explode." Kitai remarked playfully.

"You know perfectly well that this one did not do it. It was that girl over in the weird clothes." Kenshin pointed an accusing finger at Kiatso.

"I have a name. It's Kiatso, and if you say that again, I will put you into a headlock and choke you to death." Kiatso said then paused. "By the way, tank top, shorts, converse." She added pointing to each garment.

"She's crazy." Sanosuke whispered twirling his finger.

"Kitai, can I kick his butt?" Kiatso asked.

"Yes, yes, you can, but will you?" Kitai answered smirking.

"Well...I won't exactly kick his butt, but he will be on the ground gasping in pain." Kiatso tilted her head.

"Well then, continue." Kitai nodded

"Heh...Just try." Sanosuke smirked putting up his fists. Kiatso walked up to him and kneed him in the groin. "Hmm, never seen that move before, very effective." Kenshin commented as Sanosuke fell to the ground, protecting his crotch area with his hands. "What is your fighting technique?"

"Improv Street fighting." Kiatso put her hands up by her shoulders and shook her head quickly.

"I never taught you that! Where'd you learn that?!" Kitai yelled.

"Well...ya know that group of gangsters in the alley behind Wal-Mart?"

"KIASO!"

"I did NOT go into stalker mode." Kiatso made a brief pause. "They were hurting a puppy."

Kitai slapped her hand to her forehead. "Oi Veih"

"Oro?" Kenshin scratched his head.

"Stop saying that or you'll end up like that dude on the ground." Kiatso threatened pointing at Sanosuke. Kenshin stepped back a little.

"Kenshin!" Kaoru and Yahiko ran into the clearing.

Yahiko stopped as he saw Sanosuke get up off the ground slowly groaning in pain. "What happened to him?" Yahiko asked.

"He got his butt kicked by a girl in one move." Kiatso commented mockingly.

"Yes, this one witnessed the whole thing." Kenshin added in.

"Who's this?" Kaoru pointed at Kiatso.

"This is Kiatso. That's about all this one knows." Kenshin replied.

"Battosai! You know I'm Makoto's daughter." Kiatso cut in.

"That's true Kenshin. You do know that." Kitai said smiling.

There was a short silence broken by a quiet, gentle voice. "Battosai, eh? No wonder that old dojo exploded." Everyone looked in the direction of the noise. A girl, about the age of sixteen, stood there. Her long, shiny, black hair was pulled into a ponytail draping down her back. Her soft brown eyes, that

seemed to be always lowered, went with her small delicate hands.

“Who are you?” Kitai asked.

“My name is Naomi. That’s all I will tell you about myself.” The girl answered quietly.

“What are you doing here?” Kaoru asked.

The girl held up her hand. “Please, this does not concern you.” Kaoru opened her mouth, but immediately closed it.

“Who does this concern then?” Kiatso asked.

Naomi looked at her with intense, searching eyes. “From what I’ve heard, you and the Battosai.”

“What, why am I?!” Kiatso was cut off by Naomi. “Please let me explain. He...” she pointed to Kenshin.

“...is the Battosai, which means, he’s a hitokiri. The hitokiri killed my entire family, so I must kill him.”

She turned to Kiatso. “You are Makoto’s daughter. He was a hitokiri. I would rather kill him, but making him suffer by having his daughter die, much better.”

“I’ve been gone for SIX YEARS! He probably doesn’t even care!” Kiatso yelled.

Kitai looked at her. “Don’t say that! I’m sure he at least cares a little.”

“No matter, I will kill you anyways. It will pull his attention toward me somehow. Now, I will ask you to draw your weapons.”

Quietly, Kenshin unsheathed his sakabato. “Kenshin?” Kaoru muttered.

“No Kaoru, this one must fight. It’s the only way to put a stop to this. This one believes she won’t stop unless we fight.” Kaoru nodded satisfied he was still there.

“Well, if you’re going to knock Ken-chan around, I’m helping him. I was a hitokiri, too. If you attack the Battosai, I’m sure you would want Mikosai, too.” Kitai said as she unclipped the straps that held her katana in the sheath.

“No killing, Kitai. Remember?” Kenshin remarked.

Kitai sighed. “I thought you wouldn’t notice.” She sheathed her katana and clipped them back, taking one of them back with the sheath on.

Kiatso put up her bandaged knuckles. “Let’s do this.”

Naomi nodded and pulled out a piece of paper with a figure on it. “Arise, Kanshisha.” The ink started to move.

Kanshisha! Kitai thought. That means...

The ink came to life off the page and grew ten-fold becoming much bigger than any of them. It stood there, clad in all black, a little medal armor on its shoulders and arms. “Who hurt her?” It asked from the dark space in the hood.

“A family guardian!” Kitai gasped.

“Kanshisha, these are the ones who killed my family.”

The figure looked at her. “Vengeance, Naomi? We talked about this.”

“I don’t care. They killed them and you obey me, so attack!” Naomi yelled, tears flowing down her slender cheekbones.

The figure looked back at them. “I’m sorry, but I’m supposed to kill you. I hope you survive.” He reached for the sword strapped to his back.

“Hold on!” Kiatso yelled. “If you’re fighting with a sword, I need a second.”

“What? Why?” Kitai asked.

Kiatso reached into her back pocket and pulled out two hard leather strips that had strings attached.

“What are those?” Kaoru asked.

“Armguards.” Kiatso muttered, tying them into place. “Okay, I’m good.” She said putting her fists back up.

“Challengers strike first.” The guardian muttered. He ran and jumped. As he brought down the sword, Kenshin put up his sakabato. There was an earsplitting noise as Kenshin lost his balance. He hit the

ground and looked at the sakabato. His blade had broken.

2 - Time Curse

“Nice job Kenshin. Now I have to fix it for you.” Kitai commented. “Geez, Can I at least kill the ink dude?”

“Well, he obviously has self-will, so no.” Kenshin replied as Kiatso helped him up.

“Forget...You.” Kitai said placing her sheath back on her back. Then she did a back handspring, unsheathing her katana in mid air, and slashed vigorously at the Kashisha’s hands, rendering him defenseless. He fell to the ground in a mixture of surprise and pain. “Now...you die.” Kitai’s eyes narrowed into a death glare showing that she was once again hitokiri. She raised the katana in her right hand towards the guardian’s body.

Naomi ran in front of Kanshisha spreading her arms out in protection. “STOP! DON’T KILL HIM!”

“Kitai!” Kiatso shouted putting Kitai into a headlock. Kitai jumped out of her grip, spun, and kicked her in the back. Then, hearing the scream, Kitai’s eyes widened and she came back into the present time. Kiatso fell to the ground gasping for breath. Kitai sheathed her katana and ran toward her old friend; “Kiatso, I’m sorry. Are you okay?”

“Ya, I think so.” Kiatso got up rubbing her back. “Kitai, that hurt, and those eyes...They were like those of a killer.”

I’m sorry Kiatso. I wish you hadn’t seen that. My whole mind was back ten years ago when I was a hitokiri in the Bakumatsu Era, during the revolution..” Kitai turned to Kenshin. “Now I see why you don’t kill. You don’t want to become a hitokiri again. You only want to protect people. I may be able to forge a blade that’s less deadly.” Kenshin smiled and nodded.

Kiatso walked over to a tree, rested her forehead against the bark, and said in a monotone voice, “Ow, ow, ow...this hurts like crap...ow, ow...Thanks a lot Kitai...ow ow.”

“Hey!” Kitai yelled, “It’s hard to control myself when I really get into the battle.”

“Self-control Kitai.” Kiatso paused, then, “Ow, ow, ow...”

“SHUT UP!” Sanosuke screamed.

“MAKE ME!” Kiatso shouted back.

“She just really doesn’t understand what went on during the Bakumatsu.” Kitai muttered.

“Yes, but why should she?” Kenshin added. “It’s already horrible to talk about. Let her be happy while she can.” Kitai smiled and looked over to the girl she thought of as a daughter.

Naomi was kneeling by the Kanshisha’s side. “Are you okay?” She asked. Then Yahiko walked over

and poked him in the hand. "Stop that!" Naomi punched Yahiko in the face.

"Ow! What was that for?!" Yahiko yelled.

"Don't poke him where the wound is." Naomi stated protectively.

"But why isn't there any blood?" Yahiko's statement attracted the attention of everyone in the clearing.

"What the hey?! I thought I slashed his hands!" Kitai yelled.

"Hey is for horses Kitai." Kiatso stated sarcastically.

"SHUT...UP!" Kitai glared at her. She softened her look and looked to Naomi. "I'm sorry. Let me help." She took a layer of bandages from her arms and wrapped them around the Kanshisha's hands. "Kiatso, why don't you help out?" She pointed to Kiatso's arms.

"Uhh...No, I think I'm good." Kitai remarked nervously.

"Kiatso, have some manners." Kitai replied.

"No, I really need these."

"Whyyyyyy?"

"Umm...I'd rather not say."

"Somebody has a secret." Kitai remarked in a sing-song voice.

Kiatso glared at her. "You were there. Remember?"

"Ohhhhhhhhhhh...yeah...Okay, I got it." They all stood there a moment while Naomi wrapped Kanshisha's arms.

"Well, shouldn't we get him to a doctor or something?" Kiatso stated.

"Umm, thanks, but I don't think that'll be necessary." Naomi took out a bottle of ink. The group stared at her as if she was some kind of weirdo when, suddenly, the Kanshisha was sucked into it as the bandages on his wrapped around the bottle. Naomi smiled. "He should be fine."

"That...IS... AWESOME!" Kiatso yelled.

"Thank you. I worked hard on it." Naomi replied.

"Really?" Kiatso asked.

"No..." Naomi stated bluntly. "I was born with it. It's actually quite easy for me to do."

Kiatso's eyes narrowed. "Jerk."

"What is a jerk?" Naomi asked.

As Kiatso opened her mouth to speak, Kitai moved to clamp her hand over her mouth, but Kiatso held her back. "Well, in my time, it means a very rude person who holds something over you."

"I'm not rude." Naomi said.

Kiatso shrugged her shoulders. "It's just a saying in my time."

Kitai smacked her forehead. "Way to keep a secret." She mumbled.

Kiatso stared down at her arms. "Oh, crap." Then, suddenly, a flash of light filled the clearing and two voices were heard screaming, "NO!!!!"

As the light receded, there was an evident change in lighting. Most of the members of the group were on the grounds, thrown back by an unseen force. The only one standing was Naomi, who was pushed against a tree.

"What...Was...That?" Sanosuke asked.

"I don't know." Kenshin replied helping Kaoru up.

"Where did it come from?" asked Yahiko while looking around.

Kiatso was looking at her arms; then she pulled them behind her back. "I don't know."

Kitai was looking around. "Well, we're still in close to Kyoto. This is the same forest." She looked at Kiatso. "Do you know what year it is?"

"Wait. What year? What are you talking about?" asked Naomi.

Kiatso looked at her arms again, which had dark symbols on her skin. "Um...nine or ten years in the..."

"Kiatso, do not tell me it's in the past." Kitai interrupted.

Kiatso looked up. "In...the past."

Kitai glared at her, then screamed. "KIATSO! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!! YOU TOOK US BACK TO THE BAKUMATSU ERA!"

Kenshin's head shot up. "What?!"

"Wait...no. it's future, yeah, future." Kiatso said looking at her arms again.

Kitai looked at Kiatso skeptically. "Kiatso, let me see your arms."

Kiatso put her arms behind her back. "No!"

Kitai violently grabbed Kiatso's arms and read the year from the strange markings. "Kiatso...run...now." She said trying to hold in her anger.

"Why?"

"Just run."

Kiatso's eyes widened. She bolted up a tree. "STAY AWAY FROM ME, KITAI! I do not want to die."

Kitai came back to her senses. "Wait a minute. Exactly ten years ago on this exact day, I had an assassination mission in this very forest." She ran up a tree. "I can't let myself from this time see me now."

Everyone, except Kiatso, looked confused.

Kitai sighed. "I can't let myself from this time see me from our time. It could completely ruin the track of time." She turned to Kiatso. "I think it's time we tell them."

Kiatso sighed and climbed down from the tree she was in. "First, everyone up to the tree Kitai is in."

Kaoru looked at her. "Climbing...In a kimono?"

"Yes, Problem?"

Kenshin answered, "No, I'll just carry her." Kaoru's face turned bright red.

Kiatso's eyes grew big. "Whoa! Your face is really red!"

Kaoru covered her face with her hands as Kenshin picked her up marriage style and jumped into the tree. Sanosuke, Yahiko, Naomi, and Kiatso followed suit.

"Ready, Kiatso? They need to know." Kitai asked.

Kiatso sighed and nodded. "Six years ago, when I was twelve, my father was trying to train me. Apparently, I was untrainable."

"Wait," Kitai cut in. "How did I train you?"

"You were actually nice and patient, and you didn't teach me how to fight with swords. Anyway, my father finally gave up and devoted all his attention on his other student. He handed me over to his right hand man, so I would be out of his hair. Well, apparently, the man I had been entrusted to was developing a new...formula that, he said, would be able to make an invincible army. He had no volunteers, so he tried it on me, and that's where it all went wrong." Kiatso paused, taking a huge breath.

"What happened?" Kaoru screamed.

Kiatso looked at her. "I was building suspense. Anyways...my dad walked in with his student Sojiro, to get something when this curse took place. It was carving its way into my skin, so it hurt like heck! That was the first time it transported me somewhere. Unfortunately, Kitai here, was trying to kill me to get to Makoto, so she transported too." Everyone looked at Kitai.

"Hey! Don't judge me. Everybody was violent. It was the Bakumatsu." Kitai pointed out.

"Anyways, Kitai and I were sent to the future, hundreds of years. Oh! That reminds me!" She pulls out her cell phone. "Hey, four bars!"

"How are you even getting service? I wonder if mine does." Kitai felt around her pockets. "Dern it. I left it at the dojo."

"Hey! I can call you!"

It was silent for a minute, then, "Oro?"

"Would you stop that!? Now, back to the story. Well, we had to adjust. Trust me. It wasn't easy, and to make a long story short, it was hard. Eventually, the time curse acted again, except it didn't take me with it. Kitai was sent back and I was alone.

"How in the world did you survive?" Kitai asked.

"I worked at the Wal-Mart. I trained by myself and learned street fighting. Eventually, I formed a new style of fighting, martial arts and street fighting combined. Then I was sent back."

"Great. Now that they understand, how the heck do we get back?" Kitai asked.

Kiatso winced. "Um, I don't know. I don't know how to work this curse."

Kitai's eyes narrowed. "You mean we have to stay here?"

"Death glare! Run!" Kiatso landed on the ground. Suddenly, a figure burst from the bushes and had its sword at her neck. Kiatso stood statue still as the figure talked to her.

"Who are you, and why are you here?" It hissed.

Kitai gasped. "Throw me a ponytail holder." Kiatso slowly took one off her wrist and threw it into the tree.

"What was that?" The younger Kitai asked.

"Nothing." Kiatso lied. 'Don't look in the tree.'

Kitai quickly pulled her hair into a ponytail and jumped about twenty trees away, dropped down and threw her Gi on over her clothes. She walked to Kiatso. "Megumi! What in the world are you doing!? I told you not to go out alone. Now would you please remove your sword from my daughter's neck?"

Kitai grabbed the hilt of her sword. "Unless you would like to fight me." She drew her katana.

The younger Kitai pointed her sword towards the older one. "Happy to."
Then, Kiatso spun around and tripped the young Kitai. "Whoops."

Kitai sheathed her katana and punched lightly on a few pressure points. "That should take her out long enough for us to get away. Come on." She led them quickly out of the forest. "Okay, Kenshin, take your hair down. Kaoru, Sanosuke, Yahiko, you probably won't be recognized. Kenshin and I can pass for siblings. As for you three, you'll have to be a family. Just pretend. We can't be discovered. Everybody got it?" Kenshin took a wrapping from his hair, letting it fall down his back. "Okay, names, I'll be Sayato Ryuu. Kenshin, you can go by Shinta, your real name, but take the family name Ryuu. Kiatso, you'll be Megumi. As for you three, you probably won't be recognized, so you can keep your names. Any questions? No? Good. Let's go." Kitai headed toward the town.