

Marvels of Tomorrow – Chapters of Doom

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He knows, he is a bastard and an outcast. His father hates him, his mother does not like him, and his sisters doesn't care about him. The world is broken, they say, then Victor Von Doom will burn it, melt it and reforge it in his image. Follow the Journey of Victor Von Doom as he takes what rightfully his in world of Remnant.

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[Introduction](#)

[Prologue](#)

[Doom 1](#)

[Doom 2](#)

[Doom 3](#)

Prologue

A/N: No character is owned by me.

The story takes place Pre-RWBY and during first 3 vol of RWBY and it will be an AU.

if you have read or reading my story Captain Vale, you can assume it is a prequel to that. While Captain Vale stands on its own there are some elements in this story that will spoil that one, so if you really like that story, spoilers warning.

Prologue

In the dim ambience of the room, the soft, orange glow from a fireplace illuminated the space. The flames danced, their erratic ballet casting ephemeral shadows that played hide and seek across the worn wooden walls and the rugged beams. A faint, smoky scent wafted in the air, intertwined with the earthy notes of dried herbs.

Summer's eyes, a striking shade of silver reminiscent of moonlit nights, began to flutter open. They momentarily danced in confusion, pupils adjusting to the room's scant light. The surroundings, a testament to a bygone era, felt alien to her. Every intake of breath she took carried a hint of panic, revealing her unease. She remembered she was on that mission, when 'they' ambushed her. She was on death's door and the weight of her promise to return to her family, the memory of their faces, pressed heavily on her heart.

Her gaze wandered upwards, resting briefly on the ceiling overhead. Its wood, marked and worn by time, spoke silent tales of years passed. The fireplace on her right continued its fiery waltz, casting warmth that was both comforting and slightly oppressive. And as her eyes adjusted further, the realization dawned that she was on a makeshift bed, cushioned by an assortment of furs and blankets.

A sudden urge to rise overcame her. However, as she made the attempt, pain, sharp and brutal, seized her. It felt like white-hot chains binding her down. Her face, momentarily distorted with the intensity of it, was a portrait of agony.

Then, breaking the weighty silence, a voice spoke. Surprisingly young in its timbre yet with an undercurrent of steadiness, it advised, "Your wounds are still fresh. I wouldn't do that if I were you."

Her silver orbs, now wide with surprise, sought the speaker. And there he was - a boy, his age barely past kindergarten, with a mane of snow-white hair framing a face so fair it looked untouched by the sun. Those light blue eyes, inquisitive yet calm, regarded her with a mix of concern and scrutiny.

With a deftness that seemed incongruous with his tender age, the boy filled a bowl with the steaming concoction he'd been brewing by the fireplace. Approaching her, he deftly assisted her to a slightly upright position, presenting the bowl. "This will help relieve some pain," he stated, the conviction in his voice unwavering.

Summoning her strength, Summer began, "Who...?" But she couldn't complete her sentence, perplexed by the presence of the child. The surroundings, his age, everything seemed out of place.

The boy, reading the confusion in her eyes, replied, "You can call me Victor. Victor Von Doom. I might be young, but I know what I'm doing. As for you? Care to explain what a lone huntress was doing in such a secluded area of Solitas, far from any Kingdom? I thought your kind operated in teams."

Attempting to find her voice again, she started, "I..."

But the boy, showing surprising authority, interjected. Holding up an electronic device, he said, "And before you try to make any excuses, Miss Rose, I'm aware that you weren't on any official mission." He tapped the screen, displaying her credentials, "Hunter License:

Summer Rose, Place of Issue: Vale, Authority: Beacon Academy. I've already hacked your scroll, just so you know."

The forest of Solitas was a silent spectacle, a world blanketed in snow and touched only lightly by the fingers of sunlight that peeked through the dense canopy. Trees stood tall and firm, their branches heavy with ice and snow, creating an ethereal ambiance that whispered of ancient secrets and timeless beauty.

Victor led the way, each step he took leaving a soft imprint on the snowy floor. He was bundled up in a series of warm jackets, their fur lining visible at the collar, a testament to the bitter chill of the region. Behind him, Summer followed wearing her iconic white cape, her aura shimmering ever so slightly, an almost invisible shield against the cold. Stacked firewood was cradled in her arms, a testament to their shared task in the forest.

The only sound for the longest time was the soft crunch of their boots on the snow and the occasional caw of a distant bird or a growl of a grimm. An uneasy silence, heavy with unspoken thoughts, stretched between them.

Victor was the one who first broke it. Without turning his head, he posed his question, "So, Miss Rose, does Grimm have a leader?" The suddenness of it, the directness, caused Summer to misstep, the stack of woods in her grasp nearly tumbling. But with deft hands and a quick reaction, she managed to steady herself.

"Why?... Why would you think that, Victor?" Her voice, usually composed, carried an undertone of nervousness.

"Just curious," Victor began, his tone methodical, analytical. "From the nature of your wounds it is clear you were attacked by some human or a Faunus attacker. Yet rather than being on guard against potential human threats, you seem to be perpetually wary of the Grimms. But why would you do so? You are a huntress, you hunt Grimms, you should not be afraid to face Grimms, but you are, as if

encountering one would bring back those who hurt you. Which, logically speaking, should be absurd. Grimm are soulless creatures; how could they communicate or coordinate? Unless..." He trailed off for a moment, letting the implication hang in the air before turning to face Summer, "Unless they're being commanded by someone."

Summer halted, her silver eyes widened in a mixture of shock and realization. The woods in her hands felt heavier. Victor's gaze looked into her eyes, prompting her for a response.

"So, does Grimms have a leader?"

"NO!" The force of Summer's denial echoed through the woods, causing a flock of birds to take flight from a nearby tree. She paused, taking a breath to compose herself. "I mean... no. Victor I've been recovering from my injuries, and I don't want to attract Grimms, that's all. And who told you I was attacked? I fell from a mountain, didn't I made it clear to you."

Victor held her gaze for a heartbeat longer before turning away, continuing their trek. "If you say so. Come on, Latveria is not far away" he murmured, the weight of skepticism evident in his voice.

Latveria, if it could be called that, stretched out in a landscape of broken promises and memories long forgotten. As Victor and Summer stepped into the boundaries of the settlement, a cold wind swept through, carrying with it whispers of tales long buried. The skeletal remains of structures spoke of an era when laughter and life had once graced this land, but now, all that remained was silence and shadows.

"You should head to the palace now" Victor said abruptly, his voice slicing through the hush, reminding Summer of her present reality. "The cold isn't conducive for your recovery." He reached out, effortlessly taking the stack of wood from her, a silent testament to his surprising strength.

Summer could only nod, watching as the boy - so young yet bearing burdens seemingly far beyond his years - began his work without a word of complaint. Her heart ached, not from her wounds, but from the weight of the unknowns surrounding her situation. She had been trapped in this desolate place for a month, cut off from her allies and, more agonizingly, from her beloved daughters. They must be devastated, she mused, their innocent faces etched with grief, believing their mother lost forever.

Taking a deep breath, she moved towards what Victor had referred to as "his palace." As she did so, she cast her gaze around what Von Doom called, "Latveria". "Latveria" seemed too grand a term for it. This was more of a ghost town, remnants of a once-thriving community, now standing desolate after a Grimm onslaught. How, she wondered, could Victor possibly have survived here alone?

The enigma that was Victor Von Doom intrigued and troubled her in equal measure. He embodied the very qualities she hoped her own daughters would develop brilliance, resilience, and resourcefulness. Yet, there was also a chilling detachment to him, an emotionless veneer that seemed impenetrable. His every word was measured, each action calculated. It was as if he existed in a bubble of self-imposed isolation, untouched by the warmth of human connection.

Time and again, she'd tried to pierce that shell, to understand the heart of this boy who could hack into sophisticated devices yet chose to live in an abandoned settlement. "Where is your family? Why are you here?" she had asked. But his responses were always the same, evoking more questions than answers. "This is Latveria, my kingdom and my only home."

The mere mention of "Latveria" confounded her further. No known records or maps mentioned such a place. And his inexplicable skills? They hinted at a past, a life beyond these ruins, but Victor's lips remained sealed.

Approaching the house, Summer felt a shiver, not from the cold, but from the weight of the unknowns surrounding her and her perplexing

young companion.

The room was aglow with the orange embers of the fireplace, its warmth acting as a shield against the biting cold of the night. Summer sat wrapped in a heavy blanket, her frame more frail than when she first arrived in the desolate town. Beside her, young Victor Von Doom, with a face that spoke of maturity far beyond his years, nursed a bowl of piping hot soup. The rich aroma wafted through the room, mingling with the scent of burning wood.

Their silence was comfortable, punctuated only by the crackling of the fire and the soft sipping sounds as they took turns consuming their meal. The room was filled with an array of mismatched furniture, telling tales of scavenged remnants from what was once a thriving community. Yet, amidst the chaos of their surroundings, in this small corner of the room, a semblance of home had been established.

Summer's silver eyes gazed at the flickering flames, memories of her family and friends back in Vale swirling in their depths. Beside her, young Victor Von Doom investigated the fire as well, but his gaze was deep and contemplative, a far cry from the innocence one would expect from a child his age.

She sighed, shifting slightly to find a comfortable position, the pain from her wounds ever-present. Though she had moments where she felt invincible, they were fleeting. Most days, she was reminded of her vulnerability, held together by Victor's concoctions and sheer willpower.

"Do you believe in magic?"

Summer, used to Victor's abrupt and profound questions, took a deep breath, her gaze drifting to the flickering flame of the candle. "Maybe," she began, a twinkle in her eyes. "Why did you ask, Victor?"

"Just curious," he replied simply, but the intensity of his stare hinted at a deeper quest for understanding.

Summer chuckled softly, her voice carrying a motherly warmth. "You're curious about a lot of things, Victor."

Victor's brow furrowed slightly in thought. "Well, you hunters have special powers or whatnot, right? Do you believe that is magic?"

Summer tilted her head, considering the question. "You're asking about semblance?"

"Yes, if that's what it's called."

Summer nodded slowly; her eyes distant as if recalling memories from a distant past. "No, I don't think semblance is magic. It's a manifestation of who we are, something that makes each of us unique. Magic, on the other hand, is something entirely different."

Victor, always eager to learn, pressed on. "Then how do you define magic?"

"I see magic as a force that exists in all of us," Summer began slowly, "It's what connects us to one another."

Victor's eyes widened just a fraction. "So, you're saying it's like an organ? Like your eyes?" He paused, gazing at her intently. "Are they magic?"

A momentary silence settled between them. Summer's eyes, filled with years of experiences and memories, twinkled. "More like your heart," she replied with a gentle smile.

Victor frowned in genuine confusion. "My heart? So, if I were to examine it, would I find magic within?"

Summer laughed softly, the sound echoing pleasantly in the room. "I didn't mean it quite so literally, Victor. What I mean is that by locking yourself away in Latveria, you're shutting out the world and all its

wonders. I truly believe that once you open your heart to the world and its experiences, you'll discover the magic within it. The world outside is vast and beautiful, and I promise, once I'm well, I'll show it to you. You could even befriend my daughters."

Victor raised an eyebrow, his demeanor stern. "A promise implies agreement from both parties. I haven't agreed to leave my kingdom, nor to any friendships."

Shaking her head with amusement, Summer smirked. "Ok, Mr. Grumpy Pants. How about I tell you a story, then? Have you ever heard the tale of the king of magic?"

Victor's interest piqued, evident from the tilt of his head. "There's a story?"

Summer smiled, "Do you want to hear it?"

It has been three months since Summer Rose found herself at the ghost town which Victor Von Doom called "Latveria".

The time had been challenging, not least because of her deteriorating health. Summer, once a vibrant huntress and a mother of two, was now relying on Victor, for basic necessities like food and shelter. This dependency rankled her. It was a deep blow to her pride and independence.

Victor had been a pillar of support, caring for her with a maturity that belied his young age. But his constant preoccupation with gathering resources had given Summer ample time to explore his town "Latveria".

Latveria itself was a paradox as big as him. An abandoned settlement with no known records, it was smaller than the communities she had encountered outside the kingdoms but still substantial enough to have housed a population of perhaps 100 to 200 people in its heyday. Her curiosity piqued, she studied the

architecture and layout, recognizing the remnants of what had once been a thriving town.

Victor had named everything after himself, literally. His "palace", a dilapidated structure that stood defiantly amid the ruins, has a grandiose name of "Castle of Doom". There was the "Citadel of Doom," a ram shack building converted into a makeshift library filled with texts and manuscripts which Victor deemed important. There was a "Doom Depot", a storage facility, well-stocked with food and provisions. Also, the "Doom Lab of Science and Innovation," a kind of trash yard, where Victor spent hours engrossed in silly experiments. When she asked him about the nomenclature, he answered with a straight face that as the ruler of Latveria, everything in it belonged to him and should be named after him. His sincerity made her laugh, a momentary escape from her debilitating condition.

As she delved deeper into the history of Latveria, the town revealed its secrets in fragments. It had suffered Grimm attacks, but the extent of the damage seemed marginal compared to the real horrors it had faced. The crumbled homes bore the scars of blasts, indicative of weaponry far more advanced than anything the Grimm could wield. Charred remnants spoke of fires deliberately set, and bullet casings littered the ground amid the ruins.

Summer was puzzled. All signs pointed to human hands as the agents of Latveria's destruction. But why? She could only think of Atlas, with its military might, as a possible perpetrator. Yet, the strategic relevance of Latveria, a secluded town in the remote northeast region of Solitas, was unclear. The only thing significant she could find was the town's population had been largely gypsies. But what value had this town held for anyone to desire its annihilation? What could Victor's role be here? And why would anyone want to kill gypsies? She was clueless.

Another month ebbed away, marking it as the fourth since Summer Rose found herself ensnared in the enigmatic grasp of Latveria. Most days, her frail body seemed to have formed a begrudging

alliance with the bed, with only sporadic flares of vigor granting her fleeting moments of autonomy. The stony walls of her room, lit by the ever-present flicker of a fireplace, had witnessed many a desperate attempt by Summer to establish contact with the outside world.

She had tried just about everything: from harnessing her aura to amplify her recovery, to the dismantling and repurposing of any piece of tech she could discreetly get her hands on. Her efforts were geared towards linking with the nearest CCT towers, hoping that the sophisticated global network would connect her to someone - anyone - who could come to her rescue. Yet every endeavor met with a frustrating silence, like throwing pebbles into an abyss.

On one particularly weak day, she had appealed to Victor, her voice laced with a concoction of desperation and determination, "Victor, you must know of a way to contact Atlas or even Vale, any nearby settlement." The weight of her isolation pressed down on her, and she found herself a breath away from tears. "I have a family waiting for me, Victor. Daughters, a husband..."

The young prodigy, with that ever-present inscrutable expression, had simply responded, "Latveria stands on its own." It was an answer she had come to expect from him, one that danced around the truth but never truly approached it. His cold, calculative demeanor was in sharp contrast to the myriad emotions swirling within her.

Victor's astounding technical prowess was no secret to her. She had witnessed, with her own eyes, the manner in which he could resurrect pieces of discarded technology, breathing into them a second life. His talents seemed almost magical, a stark contrast to the desolation of their surroundings. It was this very skill that deepened Summer's suspicions. Why was he so unwilling to assist her in contacting the outside world? What was he hiding? Or perhaps more pertinently, from whom was he hiding?

This unspoken tension, the palpable chasm of mistrust, had slowly erected a barrier between the two. While Victor undoubtedly cared

for her well-being, ensuring she was nursed back to health, there was an unmistakable emotional detachment. Summer couldn't shake off the feeling that he was guarding a secret, one that was tethered to his very soul, and that this secret somehow linked to his obstinacy in keeping them isolated.

Each day in Latveria added another layer to her worry. She found herself haunted by visions of her daughters: Ruby, with those sparkling silver eyes, so like her own, and little Yang, her sunny disposition providing warmth in the coldest of times. And then there was Taiyang, her anchor, whose embrace she longed for. The thought of her enemies discovering her family's whereabouts, exploiting their vulnerabilities in her absence, was a torment that gnawed at her every waking moment.

The emotional toll was evident. While Summer's physical injuries have healed over time, the psychological scars remain etched with agonizing uncertainties that plagued her mind day in and day out.

She is willing to see anyone now, even her former friend Raven.

One evening, as the sun set and dusk began its descent, casting the landscape in hues of red and orange, Summer made her most daring attempt at escape. Her semblance, a unique manifestation of her aura, had always been her trump card, a force to be reckoned with. She decided to use it to its limit in hope to find a way out of the dark and cold forests of Solitas.

Drawing upon its energy, Summer felt a surge of power, and her form began to shimmer, her outline blurring as she sought to make herself imperceptible, using her cape to cloak herself. She knew it was risky, given her weakened state, and her enemies literally everywhere, but she was desperate and determined to find any way she could reach her home and to feel the embrace of her loved ones.

However, as she traversed the dense forests, her strength waned rapidly. The physical exertion coupled with the constant drain of her semblance began to overwhelm her. Her heartbeat echoed loudly in her ears, each step becoming more arduous than the last. She stumbled, her vision swimming, her body betraying her will.

That's when Victor found her.

Emerging from the shadows, his little hands reached out just in time, catching her frail form before she collided with the cold, hard ground. For a moment, his guard dropped, and Summer saw something she hadn't before - a genuine look of concern etched on his young face.

Holding her close, he whispered, more to himself than to her, "Why did you push yourself this far? You could have died."

She struggled to reply, her voice barely above a whisper, "I need to... get back... to them."

Victor's eyes met hers, the moonlight revealing the depth of emotion that lay therein. He hesitated, grappling with his own internal conflict, before finally saying, "Let's get you back. You need to recover."

Under the silver sheen of the fractured moon, a fragile truce had formed between Summer and Victor. The atmosphere, always thick with tension, seemed to lighten as the night draped around them.

The moonlight lent an ethereal glow to their surroundings, painting everything in a soft, diffused luminescence. The gentle hum of crickets served as their ambient background, occasionally interrupted by the soft rustling of leaves or the distant hoot of an owl.

Victor, his face a blend of earnest curiosity and youthful naivety, turned his gaze from the broken celestial body to Summer. His eyes, usually so intense, now carried a shade of vulnerability. "What did you want to achieve outside?" he began, pausing to gather his thoughts. "I mean outside of your family, your daughters. What purpose do you have?"

Summer's silver eyes lingered on the fragmented moon; its beauty tragically marred yet still captivating. The question seemed to pull her from the recesses of her memories, her thoughts. She sighed, a soft exhalation of breath, laden with the weight of many unsaid words. "I am a huntress, Victor," she said, her voice soft and resolute. "I fight Grimm, protect the innocent, help people."

Victor shifted, his fingers playing with a small gadget he had been tinkering with earlier. It was a habit he had whenever he was deep in thought. "That's your job," he murmured, more to himself than to her. "But I am asking about the purpose of your life," he pushed further. "Do you want to be famous? To be remembered for generations? Or perhaps aspire to amass great wealth and buy whatever you desire? Or maybe, you wish to be the strongest, be it to protect or avenge?"

Summer's gaze remained steadfast on the moon, her voice pensive. "I don't desire fame, nor riches, nor supreme power, Victor. I just want to help people."

Victor's frown deepened. His analytical mind, always seeking precision and clarity, grappled with her words. "But that doesn't define any concrete purpose. 'Help' is such a nebulous term. Its definition can vary vastly from person to person. You can't just declare an intention to 'help' without outlining what exactly you aim to aid or address."

Instead of responding directly, Summer let her smile answer him. It was gentle, reflective, and deeply profound. "I once dreamed of a world where suffering was an alien concept," she finally whispered, her words carrying the weight of countless encounters with despair. "I'm acutely aware that I can't bring such a utopia into existence. But that doesn't deter me from striving towards it."

Victor studied her face, the play of moonlight on her features, and something within him shifted. It wasn't complete comprehension, but it was a start. A glimmer of understanding, of respect for a viewpoint that was so diametrically opposite to his own. For the first time, perhaps, he saw not just the huntress, but the woman with a dream

that transcended personal ambition - a dream that, in its very simplicity, was incredibly profound.

The winds had changed direction, heralding a new chapter. Summer Rose felt a rebirth. Six arduous months had passed since her rescue by the enigmatic Victor Von Doom. Today, her spirits soared. The sun's rays felt warmer, and the once-familiar chains of pain and weakness were now mere memories.

She watched Victor approach, the morning light catching a silvery fish on his hook. The young boy's resourcefulness had never ceased to amaze her. She had always been grateful, but today, an inkling of doubt crept in her.

"Ms. Rose?" His voice held a mix of surprise and genuine concern. She took a deep breath, steeling herself. "Vic, I am leaving today."

A myriad of emotions played across Victor's face. "But your health," he said, his voice shaking slightly.

Feeling a rush of adrenaline, she declared, "I'm back to my old self, Vic." She was resolute, but there was a part of her, the part that remembered her promise, that softened her stance. "I'll be back for you once I reach Atlas. Just like I promise."

Victor's hesitation was palpable. "Perhaps some more of my medicine soup will help solidify your recovery?"

Summer interrupted, her suspicion evident. "I stopped taking it a week ago, Victor. And surprisingly, I felt better almost immediately."

Victor shifted uncomfortably, his usual confidence waning. She pressed on, "What was in that medicine, Victor?"

Reluctantly, he admitted, "Some Local herbs and animal bones from here and there. It is a great remedy for pain..." His voice trailed off.

Seeing his evasiveness, Summer persisted. "And? Tell me the truth Victor!"

He met her gaze, "It has some side effects, including aura exhaustion, weakness, and even temporary paralysis."

The realization hit Summer hard. Her savior might have been her captor. "You... You've been poisoning me? keeping me here. For what?"

Victor's face showed no emotions. "I should have seen it coming. You are right, Ms. Rose, I was the one responsible that you were unable to recover, and I am the one responsible that you are still unable to leave."

The atmosphere was thick with tension, every breath seeming heavy. The weight of betrayal bore down on Summer's shoulders, making her already weakened stance falter. She struggled to reconcile the image of Victor, the savior she had grown fond of, with the Victor who stood before her now.

"Why, Victor?" she whispered, anguish evident in her voice. "After everything, why would you do this?"

Victor's gaze was steely, his childish innocence replaced with a resolute demeanor. "Ms. Rose, when I found you on your deathbed, I frankly had no intention to help you. It's only after realizing some strange energy coming from you, I become interested. I have heard the silver-eyed warriors possess very unique abilities, " he paused, "abilities that could benefit me immensely."

Her heart raced, anger and betrayal vying for dominance. "You wanted to exploit me? Use my powers, my lineage as a mere experiment?"

Without hesitation, Victor affirmed, "Yes and I did". Summer could see his eyes flickered with silver shine for a moment. Victor

continued "I am still working on circumventing the emotional requirements, but I believe with further research it will not take me long to harness this power to its full potential".

Summer's eyes, wet with tears, bore into him. "I looked at you as family, Victor. I cared for you. I saw my own child in you."

Victor's expression softened, if only just a bit. "And you've been invaluable to me. The research, the findings I've gathered these past months would've taken years otherwise. If you give me some more time and your cooperation, help me reach what I desire and I promise that I will make sure you return to your family safely".

Summer's anger bubbled up, "And what could a mere child like you want from all this?"

His answer was simple yet chilling: "Power."

His eyes met hers, piercing and dark. "Power, Ms. Rose. I want power," he declared, every syllable laced with a determination that was unsettling coming from someone so young.

"Ms. Rose, I know you've been researching this town and you may understand some of its history, and its people. Latveria was once a prosperous place. My mother grew up here, in a community that was self-sufficient and at peace."

He paused; his fists clenched. "They live far away from any kingdom and are not a threat to anyone, they were self-sufficient enough to survive grimm attacks, winter, but those in power who ran the kingdoms saw my people as dangerous. Yet they branded us-branded our ways and arts-as heretical. The powers that be, the rulers sitting on their thrones in the kingdoms, decided we were expendable."

Victor continued, his voice thick with emotion. "Atlas came one fateful day and reduced everything to ashes. My people's homes, their lives, their culture-gone in a storm of fire and steel. They erased

Latveria from the map like we were some sort of mistake they could simply undo."

Victor's eyes flared with a raw intensity Summer had never seen in him before. "The survivors, what was left of my people, became pariahs, wanderers who no one would take in. Forced to live their lives in the margins, in squalor and disgrace."

Suddenly, Victor stepped forward, his face inches from hers. "Ms. Rose, you once told me you wanted to help. Today I ask you the same. Lend me your abilities and help me burn the kingdom to the ground which destroyed my home. With your help I can make them feel the agony they inflicted upon Latveria. And I promise you that Victor Von Doom will create a new world-a world in which there will be no suffering."

His words hung in the air, heavy and foreboding. Summer stared at Victor, trying to reconcile the innocent boy she thought she knew with the vengeful soul standing before her. She wondered, deep down, if there was still hope for him-or if his quest for power had consumed the child, she once considered family.

Summer's brow furrowed; her anger replaced with genuine concern as she addressed Victor. "The tragedy that befell Latveria was undoubtedly a grave injustice, Victor," she began, "but seeking vengeance, sowing discord, and craving power... these are not the answers."

She took a deep breath, searching for the right words. "I want to help you, Victor," she offered, her voice quivering with earnestness. As she said those words, Victor's eyes widened in surprise, clearly not expecting such a proposal from her.

Summer's gaze softened as she approached him, her fingers brushing against his arm. "Not by granting you power or exacting revenge, but by showing you that there's another way. A path filled with love, understanding, and hope."

She paused, allowing the weight of her words to settle. With a gentle smile, she added, "Come with me to my home. Remember when I promised to show you the world's beauty? My daughters will be thrilled to meet you. You can forge genuine bonds with them, learn what it means to have a family again. And there are others, good-hearted people, who would be willing to stand by you and help you heal."

Stretching out her hand, Summer beckoned, "Come with me, Victor."

Victor seemed to be in a battle with himself, his young eyes darting back and forth, reflecting the internal struggle within him. The weight of his past, his anger, and his longing for retribution fought against the chance of redemption and love Summer was offering. He hesitated for what seemed like an eternity.

Finally, he pulled back, gently rejecting her outstretched hand. "I appreciate your kindness, Ms. Rose, but Latveria is my Kingdom. I cannot abandon it. You are free to leave".

Summer's face fell, disappointment and fear mingling in her eyes. Seeing the determination in Victor's eyes she could only nod.

But as she turned to leave, Victor's chilling voice stopped her in her tracks. "I hope you survive the fall this time, Ms. Rose."

The surrounding area was filled with the nightmarish chorus of the creatures of Grimm. Their guttural roars echoed eerily, and shadows shifted ominously in the periphery. Summer's heart raced as she realized the gravity of her situation.

Her eyes widened in horror. "Victor... what have you done?"

Victor's previously innocent face was now marred by a malevolent smile. "Did I not mention? The last six months with you have been... educational."

Without another word, Victor began retreating toward his palace, leaving Summer to face the encroaching nightmare. "Farewell, Ms. Rose," he whispered coldly as the very ground seemed to quake under the onslaught of the creatures, and all that left was chaos.

E/N: I hope you like it. My idea was to keep this story part of Captain Vale, but that mean too many flashbacks for both hero and villain.

Doom 1

A/N: No Character is Owned by me.

Chapter 1

it's often said that children don't form memories in their earliest years. But for me, this was never the case. No, Victor Von Doom remembers it all - every moment of this life which has tried so hard, yet failed to break me, every sacrifice, every loss and every act of vengeance exacted by these hands. I could not forget them even if I tried.

My father was always skeptical, but I'm certain my consciousness began in my mother's womb. Perhaps it was the influence of the demon with whom my mother had a dalliance. Maybe it was that entity's touch that sharpened my senses too early. However, while my father dismissed my tales, my nanny - or should I say, my mother - never once doubted me. How could she, when I confronted her with the knowledge that I am the illegitimate son of the man I called my grandfather, and her, a mere maid in our family? I can still see the astonishment on her face that day. "You know..." she began, her voice quivering with fear. But after a brief pause, she embraced me tightly, a hug that remains imprinted in my memory till day. Mother's warm embrace was something I cherished, like any young boy would. Only later did I realize the chilling reason behind the coldness of her touch.

Victor Von Doom. That's not the name they used to call me, not the one whispered into my ear as a lullaby or yelled across the yard during fleeting moments of childhood play. That is a name I chose for myself, later in life, a mantle I donned when the world had shown its true colors. The name I was born with, the one inked into the annals of my family's history, was Whitley Schnee. A name imbued with the promise of peace, purity, and beauty.

Whitley. Even now, the irony of it doesn't escape me. Peace, purity, beauty - such lofty ideals, painted in strokes of white and light. But the canvas of my life never mirrored those shades. To me, these were merely words, abstract notions that society used as a veil to mask the ugliness and chaos that often lurked beneath.

I never held that name in high regard, never truly felt it was mine. Because I knew, deep down, like everything else in my life, peace, purity, and beauty were nothing more than illusions. Grand concepts that poets wax lyrical about, that artists try to capture on their canvases, but which never truly existed for me. For in the shadows of those bright ideals, there was always a darkness, a truth that Whitley Schnee - or Victor Von Doom - had to confront.

By birth, I am the youngest son of the Schnee family. The family which held the largest Dust Empire in Remnant. My grandfather, Nicholas Schnee, was the one who laid the cornerstone of this empire. To the public, he was a beacon of hard work, determination, intelligence, courage, ambition, and fearlessness. They hailed him as a visionary, a titan of industry. But you see, people often believe the facade shown to them. The Nicholas Schnee I knew was far removed from these laudatory tales. Behind closed doors, he was greedy, cowardly, lustful, and more than anything, a fool.

After my birth, in a desperate attempt to protect his own reputation and that of our family, he handed me over to his son-in-law, my adopted father. A twisted game of family chess where I was nothing but a pawn. And the most grotesque part of it all? My real mother was relegated to the role of my nanny, a silent sufferer watching her child grow up knowing the truth but unable to voice it.

Like minds indeed attract, and it wasn't surprising that Nicholas found in Jacques a suitable match for his daughter. Jacques Schnee, my adopted father, mirrored Nicholas in every sense. They shared the same flaws, the same hunger for power, and the same disregard for those they deemed beneath them.

If my birth father was the shadow, he was the storm itself. A man so power-hungry, so obsessed with the family business, that it consumed him entirely. To him, everything was a transaction, including me. I was just another asset to be used, another rung to be stepped on in his relentless climb to the top.

I don't know which one I hated more. The father who was responsible for my birth or the father who adopted me. Both tainted my existence with their shadows, stretching over my days like the darkening clouds of an impending storm.

Then there was my adoptive mother, or should I better say, my sister, Willow Schnee and I, we merely tolerate each other. She never recognized me as her son. In fact, she doesn't even know I'm her blood brother. To her, I'm nothing but the illegitimate child her husband shamelessly brought into their home, staining their lineage and relationship.

Winter and Weiss Schnee, my older nieces or sisters, whichever label you'd prefer, always remained distant figures in my life. Winter, always the stern one, was six years my senior, and Weiss, just a year older. Our interactions were limited, never stretching beyond the superficial courtesies. I tolerate them, and they do the same in return. No love lost, no familial bonds felt.

Despite the shadows that loomed over the earliest chapters of my life, I would say I was not completely lost, the light that illuminated my life, my mother, Cynthia Von Doom, was there with me. In the darkness of my life, she was the guiding luminescence that lit up every corner, every nook and cranny. She bestowed upon me hope when despair threatened to overpower, and joy in moments when sorrow seemed ceaseless. But like every flame, her light wasn't immune to the gusts of fate. And the day it flickered, the day its intensity waned, so does the trajectory of my existence.

In the tender years of my early childhood, while most children basked in the innocent joys of play and exploration, I was shackled

to a bed, ensnared by relentless bouts of sickness. When children of my age were learning to run, laugh, and explore the world around them, my days were a montage of lethargy and pain. At just three years old, I remember lying weakly on my bed, looking out of my window to see Weiss, my sister, a mere year older than me, dancing and playing in the courtyard. The contrast between our worlds was glaring, like a sunbeam piercing through the dense clouds of my own fragility.

Yet in those gloomy moments, my ray of hope - my mother, Cynthia, never dimmed. Gentle and nurturing, she never left my side. Her hands, soft and comforting, would stroke my forehead, easing away the fever and pain. Her lullabies would guide me into peaceful slumbers, even on nights when agony seemed insurmountable.

But in the midst of her comforting presence, I would sometimes catch a glimpse of a hidden sorrow in her eyes, a weight she carried silently within her heart. On the nights when the pain grew unbearable, as tears welled up in my eyes and silent screams clawed at my throat, I would hear her, cursing herself in hushed tones. "It's all my fault," she would whisper, a mournful chant that baffled my young mind. How could my suffering be a result of her actions? How could she, who brought me comfort and love, be the source of my affliction?

It wasn't long before I became privy to a side of my mother that no child should witness. In the secrecy of night, I'd observe her delving into mysterious rituals, the realm of what I'd later come to understand as dark arts. At times, she'd approach my bed, her fingers tracing symbols in the air, a determined intensity in her gaze. Grasping my small hand in hers, she would whisper, "Hold on, my son. Momma is going to take the pain away." And she did. Through her esoteric practices, she siphoned away my agony, replacing my feebleness with a surge of vitality. It was a miraculous transformation, one that came at a great cost. For days after these rituals, Cynthia would be confined to her bed, pale and drained, a sacrificial lamb who bore my pain within her.

It was a heart-wrenching cycle. Watching my mother's vitality wane as mine was restored brought forth a mixture of gratitude, guilt, and confusion.

Despite the renewed vigor that I felt every time Cynthia intervened with her rituals, the world around us was not as grateful. To many, her recurring bouts of frailty weren't seen as the selfless sacrifices that they truly were. The cold, unappreciative eyes of our household, particularly those of Willow Schnee, viewed Cynthia's incapacitation with disdain and suspicion.

I can still hear the echoes of Willow's biting words, dripping with contempt. "Again, Cynthia? Really? How many times will you trot out this same tired excuse to shirk your duties? I can't fathom why we still tolerate presence of a street rat like you, let alone provide you a place in our esteemed home." Each word was like a sharpened knife, intended to wound, to belittle.

Witnessing such brazen unkindness aimed at my ailing mother would ignite a fire of rage within me. My young heart, full of fierce protectiveness, yearned to retaliate, to defend her from these unrelenting verbal assaults. But every time I mustered the courage to act, to voice my discontent, a gentle touch from my mother would still my resolve. Her pleading eyes, imploring for silence and understanding, would anchor my simmering emotions.

In moments of respite, when the two of us found solitude, Cynthia would often reflect on her past relationship with Willow. "You know," she'd begin with a wistful sigh, "when I first arrived here, Willow and I were close friends. We shared dreams, secrets, and laughter. But things changed after you were born. We drifted apart, consumed by misunderstandings and unspoken grievances." There was a melancholic hope in her voice as she continued, "I always believed that, given time, we could bridge the chasm between us, find a way back to those happier times." A sad smile would cross her lips. "But perhaps I was too optimistic."

That fateful day marked a turning point in my tumultuous relationship with Willow. Every time she targeted my mother, a wellspring of resentment would bubble within me, but I had always managed to restrain it - until that moment. Her eyes, normally cool with indifference or sometimes flashing with suppressed anger, were shadowed with something different that day. Was it despair? Was it defeat? Jacques' increasing disregard for her, compounded with the deteriorating health of my grandfather, seemed to deepen her anguish.

"You... it's always been you, hasn't it?" Willow seethed, cornering my mother. "You've ruined everything!"

Before I could process her words, her hand shot up, striking my mother with a stinging slap. That act, so unexpected, so violent, shattered my last semblance of restraint. In a blind rage, acting purely on impulse and driven by an innate need to protect my mother, I hurled the closest object to me - a flowerpot. The look of shock and pain on Willow's face as the pot grazed her, the scarlet bloom of blood that slowly spread from the gash on her forehead - these are images that still haunt my dreams.

However, it wasn't Willow's reaction that distressed me most. It was the fear and the plea in my mother's eyes as she stepped between us, shielding me from any retaliation. I was incensed, ready to challenge Willow on my mother's behalf. Yet my mother, ever the peacemaker, sought to diffuse the situation.

That night, ensconced in the quiet cocoon of our shared quarters, my mother and I had a heart-to-heart. "What you did today was wrong," she began, her voice filled with gentle reproach. I retorted defiantly, "But she's not my mother. You are."

She sighed heavily, a weight of years of concealed truths and stifled emotions evident in that sound. "She may not be your mother by birth, but in the eyes of the world, by name and by circumstance, she is. She is family."

"But..." My protest died in my throat as I met her gaze.

With earnest eyes and a tremble in her voice, she whispered her sole request, "Promise me, my dear son, that you will never hurt your family. Not with your words, not with your actions. Promise me this." And even though my heart seethed with resentment, for her, I promised - a vow I have upheld, albeit begrudgingly, to this day.

I was only four years old when the incident unfolded. The whispers around the mansion spoke of the old man suffering a heart stroke, leaving him an enfeebled shell, confined to his bed. The air buzzed with myriad emotions-Willow's sorrow, the mournful eyes of Weiss and Winter, and Jacques with his ambiguous sympathy.

Sympathy, a sentiment I couldn't muster for that man, who abandoned my mother. No matter his condition, my heart refused to harbor any sentiments for him, but I guess fate had a different plan. He summoned me one day, to his dimly lit room, where he lay, a fragile husk of his former self. As my feet remained anchored at the threshold, my emotions swathed in a cold indifference.

"Come here, Whitley," he beckoned weakly. My greeting was a facade of indifference, "How is your health, 'Grandfather'?"

His gaze held a mixture of sorrow and resignation, aging his already weary visage further, "I know you know the truth, Whitley." Internally, I hissed, my thoughts seething, "What are you talking about, Grandfather? What truth?"

He continued, "And I know Cynthia did not tell you; she would never disobey me." My facade remained, impenetrable.

"What do you want, Grandfather?"

"You were always a smart boy, even at the age of four. The way you observed, questioned, and absorbed information was truly remarkable. It was apparent, even then, that you possessed an

intellect that belied your tender years," Nicholas commented, his voice imbued with a mixture of admiration and regret.

He endeavored to draw closer, his hand reaching towards my shoulder, only to be met with swift rejection. His voice, a whisper laden with regret, asserted, "I am not as cruel as you perceive, son. Had I been, neither you nor your mother would be here today." I just glared.

Nicholas sighed, his eyes, pools of untold stories and regrets, met mine, "In life, I have accumulated a myriad of mistakes. They say, at life's twilight, one sees the errors of their ways." My face, a mask of indifference, betrayed no emotion, "I still don't understand, Grandfather."

His apology hung in the air, a muted plea for forgiveness, "I am sorry, truly. To you, and to your mother. I have wronged you, especially your mother, Cynthia." My stoic expression remained unaltered, "You should say that to Mother."

"Acknowledging it now may change nothing, but hence, I desire to make amends." His eyes, now locked on mine, proclaimed, "Whitley Schnee, I want you as the heir of the Schnee Dust Company."

The proclamation hung heavy in the air, a tempest of emotions churning within me, a storm threatening to burst. Anger-hot and bitter-rose within me. Was it not a mere farce, a cruel jest played by a man who never bothered to look my way? To suddenly anoint me heir to the Schnee Dust Company, to bestow upon my young shoulders a burden colossal and weighty?

My voice, a fiery echo of my internal tempest, reached out to him, "You think you can just ignore me all my life and suddenly thrust this colossal responsibility upon me?" The words flowed, the dam broken, "What about your daughter? What about your son-in-law? What about your granddaughters? I am but a child! How can you impose such a burden upon me so thoughtlessly?"

Nicholas, amidst his frailty, responded with a semblance of resolve, "I realize the magnitude of the burden I place upon you. But you, Whitley, are the one I trust to bear it." His voice softened, revealing a sorrow long hidden, "Despite my numerous faults, my deepest transgression is the boundless love I hold for my family. Jacques, no matter the depth of his contempt, lacks a semblance of familial love. Entrusting the company to him would herald its ruin. As for my daughter, she is entangled in his schemes, lacking the insight and strength to helm the empire."

His gaze shifted to my sisters, "Winter has chosen her path, her heart unswayed by corporate intricacies. And Weiss... my little snowflake... the company's influence would taint her innocence." A flare of anger sparked within, questioning his rationale, "So, I am the disposable one, the leftover, suitable to be cast into the inferno?"

"Yes," he admitted, his eyes, however, gleamed with a semblance of respect and hope, "In you, I see the determination and resolve that mirror my younger self." In that moment, the tempest within me subsided, giving way to a resolve forged in fire and promise, "I will elevate the Schnee Dust Company to unprecedented heights," I declared, my conditions unwavering, "but only if you bestow upon my mother the respect she rightfully deserves."

A sigh, a whisper of resignation and agreement emanated from Nicholas, "I will see what can be done." With no more words to spare, I walked away, leaving the chamber behind, a silent mausoleum of untold revelations and unfulfilled promises.

My grandfather, albeit reluctantly, began to fulfill his promise. My mother's status was elevated from a mere servant to his personal assistant-a position that brought an enhanced level of respect and responsibility. It wasn't the full acknowledgment I desired for her, but it was a beginning, a step towards justice.

Willow's face, at the time of the announcement, was a tableau of shock and disbelief, as though the ground had shifted beneath her.

Her potential despair and possible knowledge of my impending inheritance were secret joys to me, small triumphs in our silent warfare.

Jacques was another spectacle. His face, marked by pallor and tension, revealed the signs of many a sleepless night, his eyes a maelstrom of hidden thoughts and veiled fears. Perhaps he perceived the tides of change, the unseen battle of wits transpiring. His eyes met mine often, each exchange a silent duel of unspoken understandings and concealed antagonisms.

As my mother plunged into her newfound roles, I sought solace in the bound pages of numerous books. The library was my sanctuary, shielding me from the brewing storm of familial confrontations. Every book, from whimsical fairy tales to advanced scientific discoveries, was explored; no facet of knowledge was left untouched.

The frigid relationships with Willow and Jacques persisted, but amidst the icy silences, a fragile camaraderie developed between Weiss and me. Our shared love for fairy tales connected our divergent worlds. "Whitley, have you read the tale of the Frost Queen?" Weiss would ask, her eyes sparkling with innocent curiosity.

"I have," I'd reply, delving into discussions about the morals and magical elements of the tales. "Do you believe magic like that truly exists, Weiss?"

"I like to believe it does," she would respond, her voice a mix of hope and wonder, and we'd lose ourselves in the world of fantasies and wonders.

Weiss's butler, Klein Sieben, aiding my burgeoning interest in medicine and healing, became another significant presence. He was more than willing to quench my thirst for knowledge, ever pleased with my unabating curiosity.

Winter, maintaining her reserved nature, occasionally conversed with me. Her sparse words were laden with unspoken understandings, and shadows of untold tales lingered in her eyes.

However, in my naive absorption in knowledge and subtle family alliances, I was oblivious to the looming shadows, unaware that the relative peace was merely the calm before the storm, the light of dusk before the enveloping darkness yet to unveil its true face. The shadows grew, whispering untold secrets and unseen truths, and I, unknowingly, walked the edge of light and shadow, teetering on the brink of revelations and darkness.

The night remains an eternal imprint on my soul, a silent, watchful moon its sole companion, days dwindling before the dawn of my fifth year. A tiny heartbeat synchronized with anxious anticipation, each ticking second an echo in the vast silence, the absence of her presence a ghostly whisper in the lonely chamber.

The quiet shattered with the sudden influx of hurried footfalls and the violent sweep of the door. There, my mother-shadowed and torn-stood, her garments dyed in the cruel hue of warfare, resembling a warrior returned from a harrowing conflict. "Mother... What..." My words were fragments, suspended in the air as her arms encased me, her features sketched with haunting terror, "Whitley, we must leave now."

I nodded, my small soul swirling with chaos, willing to follow her footsteps into the consuming uncertainty. Concealed beneath blankets of refuge, we navigated the labyrinth of corridors, our destination the shadows of the courtyard and the silent gates. The symphony of chaos resonated from the mansion; her steps transformed into desperate sprints. "Capture her!" a voice emerged from the dark, and our sprint became a flight of survival. "Halt!" Commands soared through the air, "She's taken the young master!" A menacing silhouette barricaded our path, his hand wielding the blade of fate. Swiftly, my mother's hands danced, creating a symphony of fire around our adversary. Her protective spells wove a

barrier between us and our pursuers. Their cries harmonized with the howling night; our hands etched paths of escape, until the sharp wail of steel meeting flesh permeated the night.

My mother faltered, her eyes-reflecting eternal love-clung to mine as our hands, now cloaked in her life essence, held onto fleeting hope. A strike blurred my senses, my vision swimming in pain. As darkness folded its arms around me, the remnants of the world were the malevolent gaze of Jacques Schnee, looming over our fallen forms.

"Whitley..." Her voice, a whispering echo, her grip barely a ghostly touch, "be... strong, my love..."

The burning of tears, silent vows, chained footsteps, and his taunting laughter became the endless echoes in the labyrinth of my heart.

The days that followed were a haze, the clarity of moments masked by a fog of grief and confusion. Whispered accusations reverberated through the somber corridors. "She was a witch," one voice hissed. "A demoness," another murmured, voices weaving tales of malevolent deceit. "Did you not hear what she did to Mr. Nicholas?" "She was poisoning him; she was the reason his health was deteriorating." The murmurs grew, each word a dagger in my young heart. "She wanted to usurp everything," one declared. "No, she was exploiting him for some dark rituals," another speculated. "After Nicholas, she would have targeted us."

"It's good Mr. Jacques discovered her true nature," they nodded, their tones laced with a mix of relief and disdain. "Poor old Nick, lost to her treachery. I heard she stabbed him in her desperate attempt to escape," a voice tainted with sorrow and fear revealed. "She even tried to abduct the young master."

I couldn't bear the cacophony of their false narratives anymore, "Enough!" My voice, laced with anguish and rage, sliced through their whispering. "Shut up! Shut up, all of you! You know nothing about her!" My eyes, ablaze with an inner fire, scanned their horrified

faces. "Say another word, and you'll see what she supposedly did!" My voice echoed in the silent corridors, the weight of my words sinking in, creating a pool of tense silence around me.

Suddenly, a sting radiated across my face, and I found myself facing to my older sister Winter, her hand raised, anger, and disappointment mingling in her eyes. "Whitley! How dare you! Our grandfather is dead, and you dare to support the witch who killed him?" Her voice, usually soft, was a sharp rebuke now. Her eyes were filled with tears, but whether it was from sorrow or anger, I couldn't tell. My cheek burned from her slap, but my heart burned fiercer with the fire of vengeance and sorrow.

No sanctity of a proper burial was bestowed upon her; her corpse was left to the merciless crows, a cruel reminder of their unfounded accusations. As I buried my mother with my own hands, the soil mixed with my tears, a vow crystallized within my soul. "I promise you, Mother, they will pay for what they did to you. I will ensure the Schnee family and the Schnee Dust Company crumble, descending to where they belong-to dust."

Each whispered falsehood fueled my resolve, a searing flame of vengeance within my heart. The world had cast her away, dishonored her memory, but I, her son, would rectify the wrongs, unearthing the truth and dismantling the empire built on lies and deceit.

E/N:

I was inspired to write this chapter from various sources, House of the Dragon (which have similar family relationship) and Books of Doom (One of the best Doom comics)

So those who are still confused.

In this AU

Whitley Schnee is not son Jacques and Willow, but he is son of Nicholas and Cynthia (Marvel), and Nicholas gave him to Jacques to raise as son.

I know, a bit complicated. But I don't want to create a new character in a crossover, I will rather replace and mold them from an existing one, in my opinion that add more fun.

Doom 2

A/N: No Character is Owned by me.

Chapter 2

After my mother's passing, the sanctuary of my childhood crumbled swiftly into a living nightmare. The man I despised most seized control of the Schnee Dust Company with a ruthless efficiency that left no room for mourning. His takeover was as swift as it was cold, disregarding any talk of my inheritance.

Willow, that wretched woman drowning in her own despair, turned her bitterness and rage towards me. Her words, sharp and relentless, echoed through the halls, painting me as the source of her life's miseries. To her, I was the root of her husband's distance, the wedge between her and her children, the shadow over her father's legacy.

Each day, she would burst into my room, her presence as foreboding as the whip she brandished. "Accept your mother's sins," she would snarl, her words laced with venom, as if I were a living reminder of her perceived failures. I would stand there, unwavering, meeting her fury with a gaze filled with pity rather than fear. My silence was my rebellion, a quiet declaration that her burdens were not mine to bear.

Her frustration was a tangible force, the marks she left on my skin a testament to her desperation. But I responded with nothing but silence, my eyes steady, a calm oasis in the storm of her anger.

In those moments of quiet endurance, I bore the pain alone. The days stretched endlessly, each one a testament to my growing resolve. The servants, bound by Willow's authority, offered nothing but fleeting, sympathetic glances - a mirror to the pity I felt for her.

Occasionally, I would catch them in prayer, their whispers perhaps a plea to some unseen force for my deliverance.

Through it all, I persevered. Unbeknownst to them, each scar that adorned my body was a step in my transformation. With every mark, my spirit was forging itself stronger, as resilient and unyielding as steel tempered in flame. In the crucible of pain, I was molding myself into something unbreakable, my resolve unyielding in the face of adversity.

In her quieter moments, my mother would speak of her origins, her voice a whisper as if sharing a sacred secret. She came from a Gypsy clan hidden in the remote northern wilderness of Solitas, a place untouched by the kingdoms' influence. Her family were guardians of an ancient magic, a mystical art abandoned by the modern world, entirely different from the powers that huntsmen and huntresses wield today.

This arcane lore always held a special allure for me, its beauty and enigma intertwining with my earliest memories. It was this very magic that had soothed my childhood illnesses, weaving wellness back into my frail body. Though I yearned to delve into its mysteries, my mother held back, cautioning me about the heavy burdens such knowledge could bring—a cost she seemed all too familiar with, yet reluctant to share.

My curiosity, however, was insatiable. I often pondered the nature of her magic, contrasting it with the aura of warriors I had read about. What were the incantations that brought me comfort in those pain-filled nights? Why did her own vitality seem to diminish as mine returned? I even recall her once whispering, burdened with guilt, that my ailment was her own doing—a statement that left me bewildered and brimming with unanswered questions.

Driven by this quest for understanding, I turned to Klein for guidance in medicine. My hope was to unravel the enigma of my condition, to

uncover truths that my mother shielded me from. What I discovered was more unsettling than I had anticipated.

ARIS, known among the Gypsy descendants as the Legacy Virus, was an genetic anomaly, alien to the lands within the four kingdoms. It manifested in three distinct types: Type 1, which compromised the body's immunity, leaving it vulnerable to infections and diseases; Type 2, a more sinister variant that emerged upon the unlocking of Aura, drastically shortening lifespan and weakening the body; and Type 3, the most fatal, often claiming lives in early childhood or infancy.

My own affliction, it appeared, was one of the more ominous variants. A chill coursed through me at this revelation, not solely from the fear of harboring such a terminal condition or the prospect of never unlocking my Aura, but from a deeper, more unsettling thought. My mother had always said that her spells carried a price. What grave price, then, had she paid to cure me of such a malady?

Each time I sought clarity from my mother, she met me with a gentle, yet firm denial. "Don't burden yourself with these thoughts," she'd insist, her eyes clouded with a sorrow she wouldn't voice. "Any sacrifice for your well-being is but a trifle," she would say, but her words were laden with an invisible weight, the cost of my survival hanging heavily in the air.

Her evasions became a silent constant in our lives, her eyes often revealing more than her carefully chosen words. I noticed her increased vigilance over certain tomes and scrolls, shielding their contents as if they were too profound for me to bear.

After her passing, I didn't hesitate to delve into those concealed writings. Her efforts to hide them were meticulous, but I was her son, determined and adept at uncovering hidden truths. These secrets, once hers, were now mine to wield. They were the keys not only to my past but also to a future, the keys i need to see the doom of Schnee family.

The scrolls and the tomes, wrapped in leather and as enigmatic as my mother, beckoned me into their world of secrets. Their labyrinthine pages, filled with cryptic symbols and elusive text, seemed to whisper of hidden truths, urging me to delve deeper into their mysteries.

Contained within these volumes was a spectrum of knowledge, spanning from the arcane to the forbidden. Discoveries in magecraft, arcane magic, and even demonology filled me with a blend of wonder and apprehension, each new revelation more intriguing than the last.

One passage captivated me above all: "Magic is the art of bending universal energies and extra-dimensional forces to one's will, transcending the limits of technology and science. Through the rhythmic cadence of incantations, reality itself can be reshaped, minds swayed, and the elements summoned. Magic is the act of bringing thought into existence, transforming fiction into fact, so convincingly that, for a fleeting moment, the universe consents to the fantasy of a man that he can fly."

This portrayal of magic, as an external force summoned and shaped by words and will, was fascinating.

The tome categorized magic into three distinct forms: Godly, Natural, and Demonic.

Godly magic, also known as Lost Magic, was once bestowed by the Gods to the 'First humanity'. While most of its magic is based on blessings from two main deities - God of Light and God of Darkness. There were many other forms in which it was practiced - Necromancy, given from Lady Death; Witchcraft, by blessings of Goddess of Witchcraft; Supreme Magic, given by the beings known as Vishanti; and Asgardian Magic, given by Gods of Asgard. Sadly, this potent form of magic had largely faded with the departure of the 'First humanity' and their Gods.

Natural magic, on the other hand, was a force intricately connected to the essence of nature itself, accessible through a deep understanding of the natural world. It manifested in various abstract forms, such as Blood Magic, channeling life force and vitality; Voodoo, rooted in ancient spiritual traditions; Druidic Magic, drawing energy from flora and fauna; Chi Magic, focusing on the flow of life energy within the body; Elemental Magic, manipulating earth, air, fire, and water; and Weaver Magic, weaving together the threads of fate. Tangible forms were evident in the changing of seasons, and the intense emotions of friendship, love, fear, anger, and darkness.

The third, Demonic magic, discovered by the 'Third humanity,' was the most potent and dangerous. This dark force rivaled true divine power, but wielding it required forging a pact with a demon, each spell exacting a steep price. This category encompasses all forms of the Dark Arts, which are often shrouded in secrecy and feared for their corrupting influence. Anything can be accomplished with 'Dark Arts', may it be getting infinite wealth, changing one's love, or even challenging the divine power, the only catch, one must be willing to pay the same price.

The knowledge of these Magic, especially the Demonic, sent a chill through me. My interest in them stemmed not from a dark desire but a necessity born from my frail condition. Perhaps it was a call from my 'Third humanity' heritage, or a desperate grasp at the strength they promised.

As I pondered the daunting reality of a pact with a demon, I couldn't help but feel a deep sense of foreboding. The cost of such power was abstract and insidious, demanding more than just blood or gold. Would it claim my soul, my morality, or something even more precious that I was yet to comprehend?

The more I learned, the more I realized the depth of the mysteries my mother had delved into. Her notes mentioned a shadowy figure, a demonic being named as 'Mephisto'. Had she too ventured into the realm of demonic magic? And if so, what dire price had she paid-a price, I feared, that was intrinsically linked to my very existence?

For the next few months, I dedicated myself to the mystic arts, driven by a blend of determination and unease about my mother's true fate. Despite her likely disapproval, I knew that delving deep into magic was my only path to uncovering truth and achieving my quest for revenge.

My progress, though gradual, was consistent and steady. Each day, I unraveled more of the arcane tapestry, piecing together fragments of ancient wisdom. The information revealed by tomes was groundbreaking enough to shake the foundations of Remnant and its current power system. However, many concepts were merely touched upon, and some were just the speculative thoughts of the author. My mother's annotations, scattered across the pages, often provided crucial insights, yet the study was fraught with challenges.

Navigating the complex web of esoteric knowledge, I often found myself lost between reality and the mystical. Cryptic symbols whispered secrets just beyond my grasp, blurring the lines of my understanding.

From the tomes I understood the concept of casting magic hinged on three main factors: perception, comprehension, and projection.

Perception dealt with the awareness of the energies composing the magic. For instance, to cast a fireball, one cannot simply wave its hand and make the fireball appear. One needs an awareness of heat, an awareness of the oxygen in the air, and an understanding of the fuel. I remember the first time I tried to sense these elements; it was overwhelming, no different from trying to understand a symphony in a midst of chaos.

Comprehension meant grasping the underlying concepts of the intended magical effect. Crafting a fireball wasn't just about igniting a fire; it was also about understanding its intended impact, the geometry of its form, its volume, and even the precise chemical composition needed for its creation. This stage resembled a complex

puzzle where each piece was a fundamental law of nature or arcane knowledge.

Projection, the actualization of the magical phenomenon, was the culmination of perception and comprehension where a caster will gathering the external energy and make magic a reality . It can be said it was the most difficult part of the process as it relied not on caster wisdom and intelligence but relied on there innate talent. The higher talent you have the more powerful magician you are.

This step was also my greatest hurdle. Despite understanding the principles of magic with enough perception and comprehension, my innate talent was limited, even after trying for days the only thing that I can cast was a single spark that even a lighter will shy.

My mother's notes do gave me some insights on why it was so low. According to her, the 'First Humanity' possessed the most superior talent in magic, a legacy of their direct connection to the mystical realms. They were the original wielders of arcane forces, their abilities almost legendary in their potency. In contrast, the 'Second Humanity' lacked inherent magical talent but were gifted with the unique power to wield 'Aura', a manifestation of their inner life force and strength.

The 'Third Humanity', to which I belonged, emerged as a curious amalgamation of the first two. Our lineage, born from the mingling of 'First' and 'Second' humanities, was a tapestry of chance and circumstance. Occasionally, individuals among us exhibited high magical talent, but more often, we found ourselves to be merely low and mediocre. Theories abounded regarding our fluctuating abilities - some attributed it to inbreeding, while others whispered of a 'Wizard's Curse', a deliberate act to diminish our magical prowess.

Most of the 'Third Humanity' today posses little or no magical talent. She herself was just an exceptional case with somewhat Mediocre talent also believing it was due to 'Wizard's Curse'.

Though the tomes were silent on the nature of this Curse and who that Wizard was but it was clear that with my current magical potential, my aspirations seemed unreachable.

"If all of the 'Third Humanity' possess such limited talent, it's no wonder why magic never became a dominant force in Remnant. Even a child with an awakened Aura could overpower a fully grown magician with mere punches. No wonder Mother has to rely on Demonic rituals."

While the lure of using Demonic power was strong in me. I know it would not be a wise choice to call those malevolent creatures without any precautions.

I cannot awaken Aura due to my genetic disease and my talent in magic was low. I cannot describe how I felt during that time, many would have just given up, but I, I have long forgotten that option, my will was still strong and ready to put fight.

So, what if there is no predefined path to my victory, Victor Von Doom will craft his own path to Victory.

While delving into the depths of the tome's secrets, one revelation about 'Second Humanity' and their 'Aura' power struck me profoundly.

"Born from the Dust. Created by the 'Celestials'. The 'Second Humanity' lacked inherent magical talent but was gifted with the unique power to wield 'Aura'. A power stemming from within, encoded in their genes, making them versatile yet limited."

I pondered over this. Although Aura seemed less potent than Magic, its ubiquity in Remnant intrigued me. While Aura appeared akin to Nature's magic, like Chi, derived from one's life force. Yet, its properties diverged significantly from the Chi Magic System.

Observing Winter from a distance, practicing with her Aura, I deduced that Aura's fundamental nature was distinct from magic. Aura was about individuality and personal strength, a unique expression for each person. In contrast, magic was a communal force, an external river of energy one could tap into and manipulate.

While using Aura felt like drawing from an inner well of power, magic seemed akin to diverting a stream, employing forces vast and impersonal.

Aura, a manifestation of one's soul to fortify oneself; Magic, a means to alter oneself by harnessing external energies.

Magic System from its nature is akin to a parasite, while Aura more divine just relying on individual self.

While the reason deludes me it also give me some inspiration.

if Aura System was an internal energy and Magic System could extract energy, then couldn't Aura users be a source of power? What if I could harness their Aura to amplify my magic? It like a battery power circuit, just replacing battery to individuals with Aura.

Excitement coursed through me as the idea crystallized. Although I couldn't wield Aura myself, I could potentially siphon it from others. It was a simple, yet efficient plan.

However, I hit a snag. Not a single soul in the Mansion, not even the servants or guards, utilized Aura. It was perplexing, considering Aura's accessibility compared to the complexities of Magic.

Inquiring discreetly, I unearthed the reason:

"Why do I need Aura? I'm just a maid."

"Aura? That's for Huntsmen and Huntresses, not us ordinary folk."

"We can't awaken our Aura. It would attract the Creatures of Grimm."

"Aura? Isn't that what the young lady uses for her training? I heard she is planning to enter the Atlas Academy".

Yes, Winter has Aura, but our relationship was as harmonious as ice and fire. She wouldn't dream of aiding my experiments.

Aura, as beneficial as it seemed, had its downside - it attracted the 'Creatures of Grimm'. These creatures, as mysterious as Aura itself, were humanity and Faunus' greatest adversaries.

For weeks, I attempted to devise alternate methods to harness Aura, even trying to covertly tap into Winter's. Each attempt ended in failure, with her scolding me, her disdain palpable.

But when all seemed futile, she appeared - Penny Polendina. A girl whose presence in my life was as perplexing as it was significant. My first 'lab rat' and, in a twisted way, my first love.

E/N: Sorry for taking so long to update. I promise to give next update soon. I already have few chapters in draft.

This chapter generally was focused on world building, detailing on Magic System.

Writing it was really a challenge as RWBY really does not have any definitive Magic system adding the complexity of Aura which is also not well described and Marvel is not any better, I know they have a magic system but is filled too many nuisances. I cannot blame them their lore is too vast.

I tried to deal with it by shifting all the marvel magic to first humanity and shift all the RWBY to second. I have few plans of what I will do the third, as you can see our guy is already learning to steal Aura powers, so doom is going to do something entirely new.

Let me know if you like the idea Penny as a heroine. And let me make one thing clear, being Doom's heroine is not a good idea. Just

Look what happen to Valeria. Maybe I can make the Cinder the heroine. What do you say?

Doom 3

A/N: No Character is Owned by me.

Chapter 3

White Fang's arrival in Atlas was swift and brought with it a shocking announcement: a senior leader close to my father had been assassinated, putting the entire city on high alert.

Unfortunately for my father, Remington wasn't the target, which means I can still maneuver things from behind the scenes.

To further stoke the flames of hatred, I instructed Remington to fire all Faunus employees from the company upper echelon. The timid Remington complied; the recent surge of animosity has made him more susceptible to not even question me.

The new leadership of White Fang has been swift and decisive. I must admit, I'm impressed by Sienna's capability. However, like Ghira, the Faunus kind do have some brain problems as they struggle to move past assassination attempts. They've tried four more times to attack Atlas and SDC senior leadership, each time meeting with failure.

This isn't how the SDC will fall. It's clear I need to take matters into my own hands.

I leveraged Remington to gain access to the company's mainframe, which connects directly to the CCT. This granted me access to their latest activities and database.

Though it took some time to master the system, I now had as much access as a senior executive.

It was time to make a call. Using a voice changer to deepen my voice, I dialed the number.

"Hello, is this Ms. Sienna Khan, Leader of White Fang?" I asked, my tone deliberately calm but edged with authority.

"Who is this? How did you get this number!" Sienna's voice crackled with suspicion and urgency.

"I am Victor Von Doom. My nephew, Little White, instructed me to contact you." I kept my voice steady, letting a hint of sadness seep through to convey the gravity of the situation.

"My Little White... Where is he? Is he alright? Please, tell me, I will come right away!" Her voice trembled with worry, and I could almost hear her racing heartbeat through the phone.

"Sadly, his condition is critical, and he cannot meet anyone. But that's not why I called." I let a note of regret seep into my voice.

"What do you want?" she demanded, her voice sharpening with frustration.

"Like you, Ms. Sienna, I am deeply troubled by those in power destroying the world's very foundation, especially the SDC and Jacques Schnee, who doesn't deserve to live. I want to help you. I want to see SDC destroyed!" I spoke with fervent conviction.

"How can I trust you?" Her voice was wary, tinged with suspicion.

"You'll trust me, Ms. Sienna. Check your scroll now." I instructed.

DING

"What... is this?" Her disbelief was palpable, her voice softening as she scanned the information.

"Ms. Sienna, I admire how you lead White Fang. You may have power now, but you lack the means to topple SDC. They have Atlas

backing them; they're too large to fall from a single assassination attempt. So, I'm offering you a different path to their downfall." I spoke slowly, my voice carrying a tone of calculated assurance.

"You mean...?" Her voice was cautious but tinged with a spark of hope.

"How can you kill a goliath when you're just an ant, Ms. Sienna? You can't. But even as an ant, you can make it suffer by attacking its weak points. One day, it will collapse from the pain. I've shared key SDC supply chain routes with you. Attack them, disrupt them, and make the goliath suffer." I laid out the plan with a tone of cold calculation, the promise of revenge clear in my voice.

"And what do you want in return?" she asked, her voice steady but laced with curiosity, trying to discern my true intentions.

"Exactly what you want, Ms. Sienna."

"And that is?"

"Revenge."

Under my direction, Sienna and the White Fang executed my plans, but expanding our influence was crucial for strengthening the White Fang. Using my access to the SDC network, I effortlessly bypassed the CCT firewalls set by the Atlas military, scouring for as much information as possible.

The scale of the conflict I've set in motion may not be large yet, but I know that if the White Fang continues as planned, the Atlas military and Ironwood will inevitably take action-something I'm not ready for yet.

I took my time navigating the network of Atlas Military, finally reaching what I was looking for: *Military Secrets* .

"Here we go. So, what do we have here?"

"Military patrol routes and deployment sheets... could be useful."

"Spending records for this month... next."

I scrolled further, sifting through data, looking for anything that could give me an edge. Most of it was routine-logistics, maintenance reports, personnel files. Nothing immediately helpful, but I made mental notes of anything that might be useful later.

Then something caught my eye-a report marked *High Priority* . My heart rate quickened as I skimmed through the contents.

"New weapons testing... Atlesian Paladin-290 by Watts... and the Penny project?"

Now, this was interesting. The Atlesian Paladin was something I'd heard of before-one of the top military weapons in Atlas and a key component of its military strength. The 290 seemed to be a new prototype.

I dug into its files. The 290 was indeed a new prototype-much more advanced and significantly larger. It can hinder my plans. The Penny project, I frowned as I read through the files, then burst out laughing.

"You've got to be kidding me! They really want to build this!"

The Penny project plan was to build a robot-a robot with a so-called "soul"-to protect Atlas. I frowned as I read through the proposal and couldn't help but sigh looking at the vision of Atlas leaders.

While the ambition might seem noble at first, it falls apart when you consider the bigger picture.

There are four huntsmen academies in the world, each training top-tier Huntsmen with exceptional skills. Every year, hundreds of

graduates from these academies are deployed to various parts of the world. Yet despite the number of people entering this career, the world still suffers. Grimm attacks continue, and towns are destroyed.

That's where the military steps in. It empowers and trains ordinary people. While a soldier may not have the skills of a Huntsman, they can be just as effective in defense when equipped with the right weapons and technology. And how many defenders does the military produce in a single year? Thousands.

That's why Atlas is on top-not because it produces the best Huntsmen, but because it has the best military. So, does it make sense to develop a robot with a "soul," or should the focus be on top-tier military weapons? The answer is obvious.

"Ironwood's brain must be rotting if he's even considering this kind of project a high priority!"

I sighed as I looked at the screen.

"But I can't take any chances. If Ironwood is serious about bringing this project to life, he can do as he wishes-but I need to make sure the Atlesian Paladin-290 isn't constructed now."

A smile crept across my face as a plan formed in my mind. "Maybe I can use both to my advantage."

I waited in the clean, stark hallway for the person I had come to meet. The walls were a sterile white, and the silence was occasionally broken by the distant hum of machinery. Arranging the meeting had been straightforward, but the real challenge was just beginning.

To obscure my identity, I wore a black wig. It wasn't a drastic change, but it was enough to make me less recognizable.

From the end of the hallway, I heard raised voices echoing off the walls. Two men were shouting at each other:

"Polendina, I'm warning you-don't interfere in my affairs! You and Ironwood will never recognize my greatness. Now leave!"

"But-" Polendina's voice wavered, trying to reason.

"Leave! I have a meeting to attend!" Watts snapped, his voice dripping with irritation as he stormed toward me.

As Watts approached, his face was flushed with frustration, his eyes narrowed into hard slits. I stood and greeted him with a composed smile, trying to mask any unease. "Nice to meet you, Dr. Watts. I appreciate you taking the time to meet with me despite your busy schedule."

Watts, clearly still fuming, dismissed me with a wave of his hand. "Kid, leave now! This isn't a place for games. Here, people deal with important matters." His tone was sharp, and his expression was a mix of annoyance and disdain.

Unfazed, I held out my introductory letter. "It's our first meeting. I'm Victor the representative from SDC. Here is my letter."

Watts's eyes flicked to the letter, and his irritation deepened. "You're the representative from SDC...?" His disbelief was palpable.

I nodded.

His voice dropped to a low growl, filled with barely contained anger. "Unbelievable! This is how I'm treated again! I thought SDC conducted its business more professionally, but I should have known Jacques was just as bad as those two leeches." He spat out the words, his frustration evident.

"Kid, leave immediately! I don't want to deal with anyone right now!"

I refused to back down and stepped into his path as he tried to leave.

"Kid!" Watts growled.

"Dr. Watts, I think you're underestimating me. Although I may look young, I'm fully qualified for this job," I said calmly, trying to keep my own frustration in check as I met his glare.

Watts pushed me aside roughly. I stumbled, barely maintaining my balance. "Dr. Watts, I know more about Paladins than you!" I exclaimed, my voice firm.

Watts stopped abruptly and turned sharply. "What did you say?"

"I said I know more about Paladins than you!" I repeated, standing tall.

"Oh, really?" he retorted, his tone dripping with mockery, his frustration visible. "A kid like you claims to understand my Paladins better than me? What's next-did the sun rise in the west today, or are cats flying now?" His sneer was a clear sign of his contempt.

"I challenge you; I can show you!" I said, my smile unwavering but my eyes sharp and challenging.

Watts snorted, his nostrils flaring as he glared at me with open irritation. "Fine, then. Come to my office. Show me what you know."

I smiled, feeling a surge of satisfaction. The first part of my plan had been a success.

Watts was a man of great knowledge, so to defeat him, I needed to use that knowledge against him.

Proving myself to Watts wasn't easy, but thankfully, I had done my homework. His questions were relentless, probing every detail, but I managed to answer them all confidently. Finally, I unveiled my masterstroke.

"A kid like you designed this?" he asked, narrowing his eyes as he scrutinized every detail of the document. I had prepared it in advance, using his original design as a foundation, but with a few strategic tweaks of my own.

"Yeah, while it's just a prototype, I believe it's better suited than what we currently have. The power consumption can be reduced by 20% across all models if we follow this design," I said, noting how Watts's expression shifted to one of thoughtful consideration.

"Yes, I see how. I was contemplating something similar for the new prototypes but couldn't pinpoint what was missing. This design addresses many key issues with the Paladins," he admitted, genuine surprise and respect coloring his voice.

"Thank you, Dr. Watts. I'm just glad I could show you," I replied with sincere politeness, carefully concealing any hint of deceit.

"One last question, kid," Watts said, his tone sharpening slightly.

"Why did you want to meet me?"

My smile faltered. I knew this was coming. "What do you mean, Dr. Watts? I'm representing SDC; of course, it's for business..." He cut me off.

"Don't lie to me, kid. I designed the entire security network for Atlas and Mantle. Do you think it's easy to fool me? From the start, I knew the communication was all fake." His tone was sharp and uncompromising.

Of course, I knew he knew. It was all part of the plan.

"Dr. Watts... I... I..." I stammered, feigning panic as I struggled to find my words.

Watts placed a reassuring hand on my shoulder. "Kid, calm down. I'm not going to harm you. There aren't many I respect, but you've

earned my respect. I just want answers."

Here comes the blow.

"I... I am your fan, Dr. Watts," I said meekly.

"Kid?" Watts looked puzzled.

"I said I am your fan, Dr. Watts!" I repeated, my voice firmer this time.

"What?" Watts was taken aback, never expecting such an answer.

Seeing the shock on Watts's face, I knew my plan was working. Watts was a man of great knowledge, but with that knowledge came pride-his greatest downfall.

"From a young age, I admired your Paladins-the Knight series, the Rook series, and the Pawn series. They've always been my favorites. While other kids aspired to be Huntsmen, I just wanted to learn more about these amazing Paladins. That's my dream. That's my goal." Fake tears welled in my eyes as I spoke each word with conviction.

Watts's mouth fell open in surprise. "Are you serious, kid? You're my fan? You like my work?"

"Yes, Dr. Watts, I am your biggest fan!" I said with unwavering conviction.

Watts stared at me, processing my words. His eyes softened slightly as he took in my sincere declaration. "I've never met anyone who's been so passionate about my work. Most people only see the end results, not the years of struggle and innovation that go into it."

I nodded vigorously. "I know how hard you work. I've studied every aspect of your designs and analyzed every detail. Without you, Atlas would never be what it is. I just wanted to be like you!"

I noticed a glimmer of tears in his eyes.

"Dr. Watts... are you okay?" I asked, my voice tinged with concern.

He let out a hearty laugh. "No, kid... No, Victor."

"Can I call you that?"

I nodded.

"I'm more than okay. For years, I've tried to demonstrate the importance of what I do, but no one ever really understood. But now, meeting you-how can I not be okay? I'm happy! Happier than I've ever been!"

"Dr. Watts... I'm really glad I could meet you," I said, my voice sincere.

"Me too, Victor. Me too," Watts said with a warm smile.

Part two of my plan had been a success.

Watts and I spent the entire day together, and he eagerly showed me every part of his lab. His enthusiasm was palpable, transforming his demeanor so completely that even his colleagues seemed taken aback by the unexpected smile on his face.

Seriously, didn't they understand that all the man wanted was some appreciation? They had worked with him for years!

Many were curious about my identity, but Watts kept them at bay, leading some to assume I was his son. I didn't correct them; gaining Watts's trust was more crucial for making my plan a reality.

"So, how did you like the most advanced lab in Atlas?" Watts asked warmly.

"It was incredible!" I replied with genuine enthusiasm. "The Paladins are amazing; all your work is incredible, Dr. Watts!"

Watts's chest swelled with pride. "Let me show you something else. It's a bit of a secret we're working on, but I think you'll really like it."

I had a hunch about what he was about to reveal.

He led me to the back of the lab, where the area looked a bit empty.

Behind a large door, I saw a massive Paladin-larger than anything I had ever seen or built. It was my target. "What is this?" I asked.

"Atlesian Paladin-290, one of my finest works to date. It's the new range of protectors for Atlas," he said with pride. "It's still a prototype, but once it's completed, whether it's Grimm or Faunus, no one will be able to harm Atlas."

"I can see that," I said, taking a detailed look at the model. "Why do you keep it here? Shouldn't it be out front where others can see it?"

"Sadly, it's not greenlit yet because of a certain someone," he said through clenched teeth. I sighed in relief internally.

"Watts! What are you doing here? Didn't I tell you that you're not allowed to be here? Don't tell me you're working on this again!" A voice cut through the air as someone else entered from behind.

"Polendina, I told you this is my lab. I can do whatever I want!" Watts shouted.

"I have to care. This project isn't approved yet. I can't allow you to waste our funds on something still under review," Polendina replied.

"My project is a waste of funds? Or is the doll you're creating a waste of funds? The Paladins have..." I coughed, interrupting from behind, as they both looked at me.

Watts calmed down, returning to his usual demeanor. Polendina also scrutinized me critically. "You're not allowed to bring visitors into the lab."

Watts clenched his teeth. "He is Victor, my intern. I can bring him whenever I want! Victor, let's leave."

I followed Watts under Polendina's critical gaze. Watts added, "I'm sorry, Victor. You had to see that. There are a few people I can barely tolerate, even for a second. I hope you don't mind."

"No, no, I totally get it. Some people are just a waste of space in society. We shouldn't associate with them," I replied.

"Glad we share the same sentiment."

"So, I'm your intern now?"

"Are you interested?"

Yes i was interested.