

Oh, How Cruel is the Fate That Just Laughs and Watches

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by [TheCheshireRaevyn](#)

Summary

I have normal thoughts about Raevyn's Overblots. Enough said /j

(The Scientists who would create the being who would one day be known as Raevyn Cheshire may have bitten off a little more than they could chew. Not that they let it stop them, even if it would be in everyone's best interests if they did.) (Especially Raevyn's.)

It was rather ironic, that after all the scientists had done, after all their "improvements," it was a simple mistake that would be the scientists' downfall.

The concept of embedding a magestone deep in one's flesh was not a particularly new idea, for all that it had never been tested. And of course it hadn't been, magestones by nature, were made to draw out the blot produced from the use of magic, and who would want *that* to remain in their bodies any longer than it had to be? And yet, a mage separated from a magestone was left in a state where they couldn't cast without putting themselves at risk, and really, wouldn't it be *interesting* to see if it truly could be done~?

After all they had already done, Subject 007 continued to endure, so clearly it could handle just one more little experiment, right? And Lucky Seven was ever so well-behaved nowadays, all that fighting spirit drained from its eyes just the same as the color was leached out all those years ago.

And perhaps it wasn't wise to teach that one so many offensive spells, but really, how were they to test its improvements if not in combat? It wasn't like it was especially hard to find monsters to release in a testing chamber and document how 007 reacted after all. And so it was with a gleeful curiosity the operation was carried out, removing the old stitches holding that one's organs in, prying it open, and finding just the right place to insert their magestone.

It was a truly impressive find, to be honest. Even those in charge of the adaptations weren't sure who had been able to find such a large magestone and how they had even done it in the first place, but they weren't looking this particular gift horse in the mouth. It was the size of a fist, the size of a heart, pure and clear and untainted as crystal. It would not remain that way.

One of the things the scientists had overlooked was that to check up on the magestone, they'd have to keep cutting 007 open over and over again, and while they weren't all against it, it was kind of a hassle. Even if 007 never fought anymore, they had long run out of any sort of anesthetic that took effect on it — one of the few demerits of all the "improvements" they had managed. That one knew better than to scream, now anyways, but they were running low on muscle relaxed as well, and even their most successful creation hadn't quite managed to figure out how to negate those pesky involuntary reactions... at least not yet.

And even as they continued checking up on the developments, and even as they took notes on the surprisingly fast spread of blot throughout the magestone, it never occurred to them how

far 007 could go. After all, magestones collected blot, that was what they did, who was to say that the rate of spread was too fast? That it didn't seem to be breaking down the blot as fast as it should be?

*It hadn't occurred to them that blot was enhanced by the presence of strong emotions, most notably strong **negative** emotions. And well... 007 really did have quite a few of those to spare, now didn't it?*

It was a day, just a day like any other, and well.. Could they really be blamed if they weren't entirely sure what went wrong? It could have been any of so many things that became the last straw that broke the camel's back. Perhaps one of the others overstepped and snuck in an extra session on the lab table for funsies against the will of the almighty schedule, perhaps 007 wasn't quite ready to face its newest opponent, well. Despite the importance of 007 in every scientist's heart, that didn't mean they knew what was going on with it every single second, though between them they'd most certainly have a good mental map-

In the end, however. Not a single one had the decency to feel a shred of remorse over what they had done, merely the mild regret it hadn't occurred to them to keep an eye on 007s blot levels, or in the case one particular scientist-

As he stared upwards into the eyes of death, up at the form of what was once 007, the subject wreathed in black smoke, eldritch horrors forming in the shadows behind them, the ink that dripped from their limbs, the clinking of the chains as it advanced, into those silver eyes, one burning with a black flame that extended into the ether; ink pouring out of the other, swirling black patterning its face, those silver eyes that once lacked will and color and now smoldered with something unthinkable-

"Magnificent-" he breathed, voice trembling with some undefined emotion-

And so he breathed his last.

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