

GAMEBANG AND THE EDGE OF SPACE

AN ABSOLUTE INTERSTELLAR FUCKING EPIC

Love and Deception arc: Recap

Gamebang and The Divine Comedy – Fallen Angel Azazel orchestrates the destruction of the afterlife by manipulating multiple people to do it for him. Gamebang saves Collei from her Archon Residue and becomes an Angel. Azazel kills Com Insydeme, enraging Michael. Everything results in the death of God, aka Haruhi. Meanwhile, Inazuma undergoes a takeover by the NFI. Gwen is killed, bringing Morbius to madness as he travels with the Shogun to retake the country. Kokomi creates the Old Government's revolution. The rest of the gang go to Inazuma to help.

Gamebang and The Purge – Many pieces are placed in the mainly political battle between Watatsumi and the NFI. The Purge negatively affects the population of Inazuma. Gamebang falls in love with a woman named Navi. [Insert GenshinPlace member] gains an anemo vision. Eren and Historia are tortured. Morbius convinces Ei to join revenge. Michael and Obama help Kokomi. Gamebang meets Rick and Morty. Rick leaves the universe when Morty was killed, only to be invited to Asgard by Lain, God of the WIRED. Collei meets old friends from the afterlife and they set on a journey to stop Azazel's army of Archon Residue infected citizens. They begin to prepare Monstadt for the invasion. At the end, when the entirety of the Old Government loses against the NFI, now named the NFT, the Shogun returns to lead them, and the PolandBall gang is reunited.

Gamebang and The Revolution – While the Shogun embraces revenge, Eren convinces Morbius to embrace pacifism. Many characters deal with their issues as the final battle draws closer. Collei prepares Monstadt for the Corrupted Invasion. Rick ends up in Asgard, ruled by a Goddess named Odyne. Rick encounters Azazel, who has become Odyne's romantic partner. The Corrupted invade Monstadt and almost wins until Aqua and Atlantis arrive to save the day. Aladiel is captured by the Knights of Favonius. The Fatui and The Knights are now allies. Rick helps Azazel with his issues and embrace his new life with Odyne. But this life is short lived as Aemond from the future comes and kills Odyne. This makes Azazel lose it, embracing a new goal to kill all of his enemies before this event ever happens. Rick vows to return for him and save him. In the Battle of Watatsumi Island, the Old Government wins against the NFT, and Morbius convinces Ei to give mercy to their foes. Inazuma is saved. A new mission arises that makes many characters travel to space. Before they leave, Gamebang finds out Navi was actually his half sister and he just accidentally committed incest. Kokomi tells Michael a secret before his departure. PolandBall goes to space, courtesy of Hatsune Miku.

THE TRIALS ARC:

KEEP READING FOR THE MOST EMOTIONAL FIC YET!

Prologue: Something you've never seen before.

The Nation of Hydro. Fontaine.

"Boohoo, your husband cheated on you with another man." The Hydro Archon yawned. "Can you believe this? Cases in the Opera Epiclese are nothing but boring!"

"I disagree, your grace." Clorinde was wiping away her tears, which was pretty rare. "This is a truly heartbreaking case between two people..."

"I see this shit every other month. Broken love doesn't interest me anymore." The Archon wasn't even paying attention to the case anymore. "There used to be so many cases about the most exciting things... Murder, illicit drugs, betrayal that caused what felt like world-ending stuff, but now it's this garbage."

They have made cheating on your spouse illegal in Fontaine to make sure they get more cases done. It worked for a while, but you realize it's always the same story. "I proclaim the man to be guilty." Neuvillette declared. The Oratrice agreed and the man was sentenced.

"That's another boring ass case down." The Archon started scrolling tiktok and found rag cleaning videos more entertaining than the cases today.

As she was about to leave a hateful comment on a post that slandered her favorite character, a discord notification popped up from a friend of hers.

*From Eris: I heard that the PolandBall organization's stars have actually gone to the stars recently."

Furina replied to the message. "In space? Why? Its pretty chill on ground."

"They're apparently on a mission to take down a giant black hole."

Furina was interested. "Tell me more, babe. Gimme all details."

"The Void is an artificial black hole theorized to be created by an evil Angel. It has consumed the entirety of the OSU! Empire, but they seem to be recovering quickly after it left territory."

"And these... Polandball guys. They're gonna stop it?"

"Yes. But also, the Angel mentioned might actually be related to Atlantis' missions as of late-"

"HOLD ON!" Furina suddenly got an idea. "So you're telling me there's a person out there in space who has created a destructive machine."

"Yes?"

"You're telling me this person has committed vast amounts of war crimes across the cosmos?"

"Y-Yeah?"

"HOT DAMN!"

Later that day, in a peaceful afternoon, Neuvillette was sipping tea in his office. The air-conditioning is on, and he has relaxing jazz music to help him chill out for this moment. He doesn't get many moments like this, so it's always nice to have a time for relaxation and meditation. Neuvillette closed his eyes and leaned back on his chai-

"BUDDY OH BUDDY!" Furina busted through the door with the volume of a nearby thunderstorm, interrupting Neuvillette's meditation and nearly giving him a heart attack. "I'VE GOT SOME NEWS FOR YOU!"

Neuvillette composed himself, trying not to lose his mind. "What is it, Furina..."

"So- I've contacted Sumeru and got them to let us be the first users of their new lil project!" Furina was pacing back and forth around the room. "I've sent word out to those who want to use it, and some Pirates group called The Crux answered! Since these guys aren't Fontaine people but from Inazuma and Liyue, me and those nations plus Sumeru have agreed to make this a Teyvat thing-"

"Hold on hold on..." Neuvillette needed to comprehend what she's saying. "What project? What's going on here?"

Furina looked all smug and proud. "There is a criminal on the loose and we gotta catch him! He's the creator of The Void, a black hole, and it's been doing some BAD stuff! And I have declared that justice be done to this man! Through our court of course! Sumeru's lil project consisted of a rocket ship, so we're borrowing it to send the Crux into space and capture this man!"

Neuvillette couldn't believe what he was hearing. "You're sending some random pirates into space, to a BLACK HOLE, and capture a man I'm sure is very dangerous. Furina, I don't know how you got the other nations to agree to this, but-"

"BUT IT WILL BE SO COOL!!" Her eyes glittered. "IMAGINE! AN INTERGALACTIC CRIMINAL AT OUR COURT! THE CROWD WOULD EAT THAT SHIT UP. THE ANGEL HAS A STORY, AND I MEAN TO COLLECT IT! THAT WOULD BE THE STORY OF THE FUCKIN CENTURY!!"

Neuvillette sighed. "Kill me."

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Yoimiya POV

The Crux has docked onto Port Ormos.

"YOU AGREED FOR US TO WHAT."

"Calm down, Yoi, they promised we would have the most privileged life ever if we do this." Beidou was drinking beer. "Hah... I might even be richer than Ningguang... That's how much four nations is willing to make us do this."

"YOU'RE SENDING US INTO SPACE TO FIND SOME ANGEL???" I tried reasoning with her. "Captain Beidou, let me say right now... WHAT THE FUCK."

"The others aren't complaining." She looked to Kazuha. "Right?"

"I have nothing better to do." Kazuha stated. "And Eren hasn't been responding to me. I miss him..."

"Guys, we are going to fucking DIE." I yelled at the whole crew. "ITS A BLACK HOLE. NOTHING ESCAPES IT, EVEN LIGHT."

"They're providing us with every piece of technology that can keep us safe, Yoi." Beidou said to me. "We've got two months to do it, and it will be easy for us. This is our time."

"Don't worry, Yoi, I promise you we'll return safely." Kazuha promised with all of his heart. I guess I have to trust his word for it.

That night, at exactly 7PM to 7:30PM, we arrived at Sumeru City, where a crowd was watching us board the Spaceship known as the "Genshin Impact." It was shaped like a disk, with thrusters at the back. Colored like the sky fading into white to the bottom. We climbed the horrendously long staircase to the entrance of the ship, as the entire city watched.

We entered inside, and it was just like a small apartment. We got a living room with a TV, some bedrooms, a bathroom (Where does the poop and pee go if we're flying?) But there is also the main control room. Some other members of the Crux were in charge of driving this thing, while me and Kazuha focused on defense, and Beidou was assigned advising exploration and direction.

"You kids ready for this?" Beidou asked the entire crew as the engines were ramping up. "This is about to be the adventure of a lifetime." She was mightily proud of us today here. "Let us capture Azazel, the Angel of Corruption, and bring him to the justice of Fontaine!"

As the window in the control room moved its sights from the buildings to the pure blue sky. Then, the color faded into dark blue as Celestia passed by. Soon, it was black.

Chapter 1: The Black Dread.

Gamebang POV

Sup, it's me, the guy who accidentally fucked his sister without knowing. Along with a dog, a goldfish, a femboy, multiple women, a Goddess, a femboy God, yeah yeah. Those were on purpose except the sister, I swear I did not commit incest on purpose. Please, I am innocent. I did not know. My dad fucking sucks. I SWEAR I DIDN'T MEAN TO FUCK MY SISTER. SHE'S MY HALF-SISTER SO I SHOULD BE HALF FORGIVEN PLEASE-

"You okay, man?" [Insert GenshinPlace member] provided me with some tea that was floating in the air because space.

"Uh- yeah..." I'm not sure how long it has been since we left Earth. But all I know is that the incest has been on my mind for so long. I've become a tiktok zombie, just scrolling endlessly through videos to distract myself from the fact I committed incest. The gang stated I might be the laziest member, but really I'm just traumatized. "How's the others?"

"Them?" [Insert GenshinPlace member] looked at Morbius and Eren, who were doing meditation in the middle of the kitchen. Michael was staring from the windows into the cold dark void of the cosmos, looking for something. Obama was making sure our ship doesn't bump into anything and everyone was doing fine. (I'm not.)

It truly is convenient that our spaceship also acts as an apartment. Except we cannot ever go outside. Technically, we are the average discord mods now. And boy, do we know how to play our part.

Sometimes, I'd just stare into space through the windows. There's literally nothing out there most of the time. I'd close my eyes and it'd be the same sight. Danger looms around me in this darkness. One second of being out there, I'd be dead. It is terrifying how empty space actually is.

To think I'm so far away from home. Away from my daughter's grave. Away from Collei and Izerak. Not in my mansion but in this small spaceship. With the possibility of danger all around me, I hope nothing but to see home again. (I'm lying, I don't wanna see Navi.)

"Ngh!" Obama grunted. Everyone felt it. We hit something. The impact had us holding on to our seats, trying not to crash onto the other side of the wall. "What the hell... Eren, check our damage and what we hit."

"On it." Eren ran to the control room.

Some of our stuff fell to the other side of the wall afterall, including my tea. Me and [Insert GenshinPlace member] got to work cleaning the area. It's hard to clean this way when liquid floats in the air, and we do too.

Morbius was about to help us when Eren came back. "OTHER SHIPS! I SPOT OTHER SHIPS!" Eren claimed.

Michael ran to the control room. He had been studying the various groups in the cosmos for his entire time on the ship. He certainly knew the ones we just hit. "Red ships?"

"Can we make apologize?" Morbius asked.

"Mayb- NO WE FUCKING CAN'T." Michael immediately ordered Eren back to the drivers seat as the Red ships began shooting lasers at ours.

"Gamebang! [Insert GenshinPlace member]! Morbius! Defense protocol!" Obama commanded as the leader.

We came back to the living room and sat on our couches. Then, we all simultaneously pressed a button on the seats and fell from the ceiling VR Headsets. We put them on and now we see as our turrets and get to control like we are the turrets.

The turrets were in the front of the ship, and I was in between Morbius and [Insert GenshinPlace member]. Morbius as the turret waved hi to me as we prepared our shots. "As Eren moves to the side of the ships, start shooting." Obama ordered through the headphones of the VR Set.

We watched as our ship kept dodging the lasers of three ships. Eren was a fantastic pilot. As our view sat on the side of one ship, we all started shooting lasers back. Sometimes, our shots would miss, except Morbius who was perfect.

"I'm out of shots!" [Insert GenshinPlace member] declared through our headphones.

"Michael! Fuel it up!" Obama said. We could slightly hear Michael doing as he was told.

Soon enough, [Insert GenshinPlace member] was back in the game. We continued to shoot until Obama told us to stop.

This shit was dizzy to watch. The ship was constantly doing backlips and everything to dodge the lasers. Obama would call to make us shoot or stop shooting. Eren was doing his best to make sure we don't get hit. It was like watching the POV of a drone flying through a maze.

I got to shooting, and got to hit the bottom of one of the ships. That definitely did some damage to their floor. Soon enough, the other turrets also hit the bottoms of the other two ships. That ought to distract them enough when their floors inside is literal heat.

"Get us out of here, Eren." Obama said.

Soon enough, we moved away from the Red ships until they were out of sight, disappearing into the darkness of Space.

"Woo! That was close." Michael sat down and drank some cold water. "Good job back there, guys."

"Wish there was another solution." Morbius said. "Wish we could've resorted to something else other than attack."

"Not much we could've done." Michael stated. "At least we didn't kill them, just gave them 3rd degree burns."

Eren came back from the control room and sat down with us. "Driving this thing is way more complicated than a helicopter. Why am I always the driver?"

"You're the only one who knows how to pilot. You got a helicopter license and other stuff." Obama explained.

We went back to our regular routine. Me, [Insert GenshinPlace member], Eren, and Morbius were watching peak on TV, aka Vinland Saga. Michael and Obama were discussing plans.

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"You there?" Obama asked Hatsune Miku through the phone.

"Y-Yeah... Sorry, Obama." She replied. "Something came out of a small black portal over there. Something weird." She stayed quiet for a while. "I'll uh... Where are you going for now, Obama?"

"Well, after being attacked by some weird red ships, me and the gang are going to Westeros." Obama stated.
"We're actually almost there."

Unsettlingly, Obama heard the banging of glass through the other line of the call, alongside screams.

"I'll uh... see you soon."

That's when their call ended.

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The TV was still playing peak four hours later. "S-Stand back, Einar!" Thorfinn dialogue'd as spectacular animation whirled around him. "I can feel it!!"

"It can't be..." Einar was astounded by the colors circulating around the MC. "Thorfinn... You're the Vinland Saga!!"

And then he Thorfinn'd all over the people. I can't call them enemies because he has no enemies.

"He is becoming a true warrior..." Askeladd said as he killed another man's father. "This has truly been a Vinland Saga..."

"PEAK." [Insert GenshinPlace member] was weeping.

"THIS TRULY IS THE PEAKEST OF FICTIONS." Eren proclaimed.

"I JUST SHIT MY PANTS." Morbius was crying because he shit his pants.

"THORFINN... WHAT A MAN YOU ARE!" This show has my heart on chokehold.

"Keep it down." Michael yelled from the other room for our silence. He isn't watching with us because he knows he'll cry uncontrollably from the face of this peak.

The show continued to play.

"England's finances is dwindling down, Wulf." Canute said as schizophrenic visions of his father smoking pot laid in the corner of the room. "We need to enact drastic measures to ensure we have enough money."

"What do you propose, your Highness?" Wulf asked.

We cut to the next scene, which displays Thorfinn picking up the phone. "Hello?"

"THORFINN, WE NEED TO COOK." Canute said over the phone. "METH, I TELL YOU. METH."

"I don't feel very comfortable with this idea, Canute..." Thorfinn scratched his head.

"Wow. Not only do you have no enemies, but you also have no FUCKING BALLS." Canute insulted Thorfinn, which shows he did not like season 2.

"PARALLELS!" [Insert GenshinPlace member] shouted at the TV. "MAKOTO YUKIMURA YOU DID IT AGAIN! PEAK FICTION!!!"

"I liked Canute better when he was a femboy." I gave my opinion. "Now he looks like an actual man and that's why I hate season 2. It didn't give me a boner. That's what anime is all about, giving men and women erections."

"Hey, you four." Obama arrived. "We're about to enter Planetos. Get your shit ready because we're gonna land in a minute."

We weren't listening and kept watching peak.

"Say my name." Thorfinn said to the farmhands.

"...You're the Vinland Saga."

"You're goddamn rig-"

The TV was closed by Obama.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!" We all screamed in unison.

I watched the windows change color. From the pure darkness of Space to the bright blue skies of day. Clouds entered the view, and then the sight of green land. Then, I recognized the places because I'm a big Game of Thrones fan. I saw the city of Kings Landing and the castle of the Red Keep, large in scale, bigger than the entirety of Watatsumi Island itself. And then I felt sad when we weren't going there. We passed through the mountains of the Vale of Arryn, seeing the Eyrie and its mighty defense. I spot the Iron Islands and the Riverlands.

We land at the three broken towers of Moat Cailin. Our spaceship shakes for a bit as it touches the ground because Eren never got any practice. This was also when we realized we got too used to everything floating all the time and that all of our cups and plates splattered into pieces as gravity suddenly worked again. We covered ourselves with pillows and begged for dear life as shards of plates flew all over the place. We immediately cleaned up after the chaos was done.

We landed in Moat Cailin because no one lives here. We wanted to make sure to hide our spaceship between the towers. Westeros doesn't have the concept of iPhones invented, so imagine what the people will think when they see a large disk with tubes that spit fire to make them fly. They still ride horses you know.

As we hopped off the ship, I remembered how great solid ground felt. The feeling of grass and gravity in general. Ah, a wonderful experience. I love being on land again. Plus, it's Westeros, so God forbid I see one of my favorite characters because I will be fangirling- "JAIME LANNISTER????"

The others heard my excited shout and headed to me. Jaime was carrying a bucket of water when he noticed us. At first he was alert, but then... "Wait... Aren't you Collei's tutor?"

"You know her name?" I pointed out. "Last time I saw you, Collei was threatening to destroy Purgatory."

"Oh that." Jaime smiled. "Yes. The afterlife. A poor thing. But I escaped!" Jaime noticed another person. "Michael Jackson?"

"Jaime..." Michael walked closer. "Jesus, you're alive!"

"I'm not the only one alive." Jaime gestured for us to follow him.

"Should we trust him?" Eren asked.

Me and Michael didn't answer and followed immediately.

Entering into one of the towers, we climbed up the long spiral of black stairs. It's dark and desolate, with only minimal windows to expose light into the inside. We eventually reach the top of the castle, into its Great Hall.

There stood many others. J.R.R Tolkien, a random girl, Tyrion Lannister, Brienne of Tarth, and Jon Snow. Sitting on a large round table, discussing plans until we walked into the room.

The girl suddenly stood with wide eyes. "Michael..."

"L-Lily..." Michael knew this girl.

"Michael! It's you!" Tolkien was pleased to him, but Michael himself was stunned from Lily's presence.

Morbius stared at Tyrion, who was short of stature. "So this is what it felt like for Ei to hang around me." He always felt insecure about being half the Shogun's height.

I was trying my best to keep my saliva from falling off my mouth as I stared at Jon Snow. I never thought this day would come, where I'd meet him.

"Jaime, who are these people?" Brienne asked.

"People we can trust." Jaime answered. "Probably."

Lily looked away from Michael annoyingly. Jon came over to us and I tried my best to not combust. "They don't look like they're from here." He said to Jaime.

"Did you guys land here on spaceback?" Jaime asked.

"Yes." Michael replied.

"Why are they here?" Jon asked. "Considering the severity of the mission, we can't just bring random people to our cause. Especially people who apparently came from other worlds." Jon knows about space, huh...

"Daddy- I mean, Jon." I spoke. "We are friendly. We are here on behalf of Project Sekai."

"Another space group?" He asked with that hot voice of his.

"Y-Yes daddy- I mean yes, sir." I lowered my head to stop looking at his rockin body but now I find myself wondering what them toes look like underneath those shoes. "We have arrived in Westeros to seek out the dragon Balerion."

"Balerion, The Black Dread died about 500 years ago."

"Well, Jaime is alive. How bout it?" I pointed out. "Look, daddy- I mean sir, our group is focused on destroying The Void. We're picking up every single clue we can find to stop this thing, and Hatsune Miku told us to search for Balerion here."

"What are you guys doing here anyway?" Obama asked the group.

"We're searching for my sister." Jaime Lannister grimaced at the thought.

"Cersei is alive?" I was surprised to hear that. "She escaped the afterlife?"

"Unfortunately." Jaime replied. "I was told by the group Fire Emblem that she has returned here in Westeros."

"Why is Tolkien here?" Michael asked.

"Oh, we landed in Teyvat after the destruction of the afterlife." Jaime stated. "We met up with Collei and Guizhong and other people from Monstadt."

"How's Collei doing?" I just had to ask. I haven't seen her in months.

"Great, actually. She got cured of the Archon Residue on her neck."

"Oh shit whaaat. That's awesome." She's like a normal girl now, right?

"Anyway." Jaime continued. "I returned here in Westeros two weeks ago. I gathered my brother, Ser Brienne, and the King Beyond The Wall to help me on my search for my sister, who is said to be lurking beyond the Wall by Snow here."

"Yup." Jon Snow affirmed.

"You intend to kill our sister once and for all." Tyrion drank a cup of wine. "I can only imagine the break-up in Hell."

"Well I'll be damned." Obama walked between the two groups. "We both have a similar goal of finding things. Since we don't really know where to start, I say we come with yall!"

"Do you guys have combat skills?" Tyrion questioned. "We can't bring regular folk to our fight."

I was about to state he was just a dwarf and was therefore a regular folk too, but then I remembered he did pretty well in the battle of Blackwater. Plus, Tyrion is smart. (Most of the time.)

"Prove them wrong, boys." Obama said.

My wings deployed from my back. [Insert GenshinPlace member]'s battle axe radiated wind. Eren sliced air in half with his katana. Morbius was Morbius. Michael clenched his fists until it formed a city of veins.

"I own these guys." Obama smiled.

"Whaaa." Morbius and the rest of the gang was caught off guard by that.

"Wings..." Jaime was analyzing my feathers, and I felt sort of shy all of a sudden. Is this what it's like for women to notice people looking at their cleavage? "Well, as you guys can see, these guys have unique abilities."

Jon sighed. "Alright then. We leave at noon to head for Winterfell."

"HOLY SHIT BRO." I was enthusiastically whispering to [Insert GenshinPlace member]. "WINTERFELL. WE'RE GOING TO WINTERFELL."

"Stop fangirling, buddy." [Insert GenshinPlace member] bonked my head. Ouch.

As the day moved to an orange sky, we headed down from the tower. Jaime explained the events that transpired in Monstadt and Collei. He stated that the Fire Emblem Spaceship they rode on was also seated in Moat Cailin, south whereas ours was west. We began the long walk to Winterfell, carrying a wagon of our supplies.

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Michael POV

Shiiiiit. Lily is still pissed at me, isn't she.

We stopped at the river at the White Knife to get some sleep since the night has come. Everyone in Granblue set up some sleeping bags, and us PolandBall only had the pillows we took from our own ship to use as comfort.

As I laid down on hard rock and soft grass, the back of my head protected by the singular pillow I borrowed from Morbius, I stared at the night sky. No stars tonight, just a void. A cold darkness that shows nothing.

I elevated to sit back up since I couldn't sleep. I may as well go through my phone for the time being. But as I scrolled through reddit-

"Can't sleep?" Lily was still awake, her body eaten by the sleeping bag.

"Uh..." Shit. I didn't expect her to actually talk to me. "Yeah. You know, we're sleeping on soil."

"Hm." She rolled around, only the back of her bag was visible to me now. "How was traveling in spaceback?"

"Well, I've been through bigger places..." I referred to the multiple locations I've seen outside of our universe during the Collapse of Time.

"Hm."

"Lily... About the Time Machine-"

"Don't."

"..." That was the last time we talked that night. I went to sleep immediately. The next day, as we continued our travels, we didn't talk at all.

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Jaime Lannister POV

We arrived at Winterfell the next day afternoon. I haven't been here in so long, I forgot it's elegance. A fortress impregnable, a large castle, the capital of the North. Inside, it is said to have been the work of magic for the reason why it is warm compared to the cold lands beyond its walls.

Many bowed down to Jon Snow, my brother and Brienne, while everyone else wore a hood to disguise themselves upon entering. I mean, I died decades ago, imagine what they'd think if I was alive. And PolandBall themselves look queer in their outfits, as it is more modern than ours. We need to hide the fact that some of our companions aren't from this world.

Jon's half sister Sansa Stark, Queen of the North welcomed us as Jon explained the situation. We were able to feast in the Great Hall. Collei's tutor was salivating everywhere for some reason. Is he that impressed with middle age society?

PolandBall sat on a different table whilst I sat with Tolkien, Tyrion, and Brienne. Tolkien was very much enjoying the meals given. Jon sat next to Sansa at the main seats meant for the hosts. However, Sansa likes speaking to the guests, so she stepped down to make conversation while Jon stayed.

"Mmm." Tolkien feasted like a king. "This meat is amazing! And this tea too." He took a sip. "Who made it?"

"I made the tea, my lord." Sansa joined to state her involvement.

"I'd love to learn how to make it, my lady. It is truly exquisite."

Sansa smiled wide. "I am grateful. Maybe I'll write the recipe and give it to you once you all leave." Sansa left to talk to the PolandBall folks.

"That's my ex-wife." Tyrion jested. "Isn't it funny how things change?"

"You certainly hadn't changed since last I saw you." I said to my brother. "Still Hand of the King and drinking."

"Actually, he's more lazy these days." Brienne stated.

"Oh please, Ser Brienne." Tyrion sipped his cup. "The Kingsguard hasn't had anything to do in the past six weeks."

"I suppose that's because we're doing our job well." Brienne said.

"What do you expect when our king sits in his room all day, warging into animals."

Brienne couldn't help but laugh at that. And then she looked at my arm. "It's weird to know that you have an actual right hand now. You're not a cripple anymore."

"Coming back to life can certainly do that." I said.

"How was the afterlife anyway?" Tyrion asked.

"Well, I got used to the Inferno's torture. Purgatorio was more or less the same, but the Paradiso was peaceful. Until it blew up, obviously." I sipped more wine.

"So who's the true God?" Brienne asked. "Is it The Seven? The Drowned God? The Lord of Light?"

"All of them exist, but they didn't rule over the afterlife. It was ruled by another God. I assume our Westerosi Gods had better things to do than be where I was."

"Still can't believe it, though." Tyrion shook my shoulder. "I'm older than you!"

"Yeah, I lived in the afterlife in the same age as when I died. Although, I am just now beginning to age. I've grown some facial hair over the weeks."

"Still!" Tyrion laughed. "I was your little brother and now I'm your big brother, despite size."

"And you got your sword hand back." Brienne grasped my arm. "Jaime Lannister should be back to full power now that he isn't a cripple. Maybe we can finally see the skilled swordsman again."

"Why don't you have wings?" Tyrion asked me. "The other guy apparently also came back to life and got wings. Where are yours?"

"Unfortunately, all I gained was my hand." I finished my plate.

"You didn't gain age. It's still weird knowing you're almost two decades younger than me and your brother." Brienne playfully slapped my shoulder. "You were four years older than me when alive."

"For the first time, my being is assigned with the word 'big!' No longer am I little brother in both age and height, I'm big brother in age." Tyrion laughed.

"Yes, yes, I get it." I smiled.

"Although, I can't imagine some of the things you've seen to warrant such alert behavior over this mission." Brienne stated. "You're not even taking a break once."

"What we're facing is something more dangerous than White Walkers." My mind flashed back to Aladiel. "We're dealing with the Angel of Corruption."

"And our dear sister too." Tyrion added. "We're looking for her, aren't we?" Tyrion drank. "I'll be honest, I kinda miss her too, even though she tried to kill me."

"I don't miss her. I regret dying with her." I said what I wanted to say for so long. "I wish I stayed in Winterfell with Brienne."

"Aww." Brienne seemed pleased.

"She's gone more than insane, Tyrion." I continued. "That's why I left her to rot in Hell. She's responsible for countless erasing of souls."

"...If you do catch her in a corner, ready to kill." Tyrion looked at me with sad puppy dog eyes. "Let me speak to her one last time."

"Why?"

"I've gained some perspective over the years, brother. I want to tell her I forgive her."

...

Obama POV

The next day.

"Thank you, sister." Jon was saying goodbye to Sansa.

"Next time, stay a little longer." Sansa asked. "I missed you and family in general, and Bran can't exactly come to Winterfell."

"Actually, he does. Why do you think the ravens often shit on the castle walls?" He implied their brother was warging into the birds.

Sansa's jaw dropped, but she wasn't mad. "My kingdom might have to go to war with his."

"Settle it with a race. You'll win instantly."

"That's mean!" Sansa playfully punched her half brother.

"Who cares? He'll know anyway, he can look anywhere."

The two hugged each other one last time.

"Till next time." Jon said. "Don't burn down the place."

"I will if Bran shits on the walls."

4 days, we traveled North. We slept at the local village and the Last Hearth, but then had to sleep on cold ground again once we got closer and closer to the Wall. There came one really funny interaction once when we were about to sleep in the forest.

"FUCK." Gamebang's pillow had completely broken. "EREN, WE NEED TO CUDDLE."

"What? Bro no, thats weird." And then Eren felt the cold wind brush his body. He went pale instantly. "FUCK. GAMEBANG, WE HAVE TO CUDDLE."

Eren brought out his pillow, but it was also broken. The two walked over to [Insert GenshinPlace member.]'s place.

"WE NEED TO CUDDLE." Gamebang commanded.

The four days passed and we arrived at Castle Black, one of the places where the Nights Watch resides to protect The Wall.

A giant wall of ice completely surrounded the sky. Seven hundred feet tall, shinier than sky. Colder than winter. This was The Wall. I couldn't see neither the ends of it, the rest faded from my view. It was dizzy to look at, for I felt it could fall at any moment. But that's just me having a phobia.

"ITS JUST LIKE IN GAME OF THRONES BSHEUUDHWHWU" Gamebang was spontaneously combusting.

"We should head up to the top of the wall first to see if we can find anything." Tyrion suggested. "We'll have a clear sight of a bunch of land. Maybe we'll find something."

And so we did. Everyone rode the hoist while Gamebang used his wings to fly to the top, with the help of [Insert GenshinPlace member]'s wind.

As we were being lifted, the world in my sights was extending, yet the cold wind faded the sights of anything beyond forest. I felt the air getting colder and colder. We finally arrived at the top of the wall, and the first step stabbed my feet with the feeling of cold. We wouldn't slip on the ice, as the Nights Watch would cover the floor with dirt or rock or anything.

We walked to the other side. The world was covered in darkness until I saw the world beyond the Wall. Pure winter lands, fully white. A forest and mountains. The Wall was the end of the world, and now we sight the lands past it. It isn't much different from Antarctica, but you will die faster here.

"See anything?" Jon asked everyone.

"I don't know." Tyrion said. "Can I piss off the edge again."

"That sounds like a bad idea." Jaime said.

"Oh come on, brother. It's not like Balerion is gonna show up anytime soon."

In a cruel twist of fate, a giant shadow loomed over Tyrion.

"He's right behind me, isn't he." Tyrion said.

VRAAAUUMMM!!! Balerion, The largest dragon in Westerosi History blew fire onto the wall, close to Tyrion's location. Jaime immediately saved him and they backed away. A huge portion of the wall began to melt.

"RUN!" Brienne yelled. Gamebang didn't, he was too busy mesmerized, so [Insert GenshinPlace member] had to carry them.

Just like his skin, Balerion's fire was black but with a hint of red. The shadow of his wings covered way past where we were running to. His length was almost as large as The Wall itself. We were playing Temple Run, the melting ice and flame was our pursuers. Whenever I looked behind, his scales were like swords. Balerion may have been the Iron Throne in beast form.

No matter how far we ran, we could never escape the shadow of his wings. The cold from the ground disappeared, replaced with Balerion's fury. I was sweating as much as the melting ice.

Balerion cornered us when he blew his flames in front of us instead. We were trapped. Behind us, a giant cliff that leads to death. In front of us, a wall of fire. Above us, the most dangerous beast in the world.

Once Balerion stopped his flames, he stared at us. We were stranded. All sides, we would fall to our death. Balerion's neck crawled in the air to look around us, to feast upon our looks before our death.

And that's when we all saw who was riding the top of the dragon's head.

"Guys, I can't believe I'm about to say this sentence." Gamebang spoke. "Cersei Lannister returned from Hell and has acquired Balerion The Dread to melt The Wall."

"Our sister seems to have paid us a nice visit." Tyrion told Jaime.

Cersei Lannister was holding for dear life onto Balerion, but she still grinned sadistically at our expense.

Jaime saw his chance. "Collei's tutor, fly me up there."

"But I'm scared of the big dragon." Gamebang said.

Jon tried convincing him. "Gamebang, you-"

"Yes daddy- I mean Jon, I will do it."

Jaime clung to Gamebang's arm as they flew to the sky, [Insert GenshinPlace member] expanding their reach with anemo wind.

Gamebang flew towards the Black Dread, and the beast spit clouds of fire at him. Gamebang barely made it out alive with his dodges, [Insert GenshinPlace member] was helping him with speed, operating from below. A giant beam of flame flew to Gamebang, and he spiraled around it like a spring.

They got close enough to Balerion's forehead, Cersei Lannister was right there. Jaime kicked himself out of Gamebang's grasp and jumped down to meet his sister. Jaime was like a falling ant from this view.

Jaime landed on Balerion's scales. Cersei was immediately on high alert and made Balerion shake his neck. Jaime almost fell as he held on to one of the dragon's sharp spikes, his hands spilling blood all over the floor of The Wall. Jaime Lannister was holding on to dear life as the mountain he climbed tried rattling him off. Even as everything shook, he climbed and climbed. Even as the dragon tried to shake him off, he would not let go like an annoying little ant. The blood from his hands spilled to his face, but he'd simply wipe it off of his face.

Gamebang couldn't help because Balerion was still throwing fire at him. The dragon made sure to not let Gamebang get close to Jaime. Like an insect dodging every perfect attempt to kill it, Gamebang evaded the flames, while [Insert GenshinPlace member] helped with his velocity.

But nothing was enough. In one instant, fire erupted towards Gamebang and he wasn't fast enough to dodge it, only half was spared from the flame. "AAAAHHHH!!!" He began to fall. The man was Icarus, he had stepped too close to the sun.

And at the same time, Jaime was strong enough to hold on any longer. The shaking nauseated him. His arms were covered in his own blood, and he could feel the dragon's skin heat from all the fire it breathes. The hurt was too much for Jaime, and he passed out from the pain. His hands let go of the spikes and thus he fell with Gamebang.

"WHAT DO WE DO??" Eren and the others were panicking.

"Take out the pillows!" I commanded the rest of PolandBall. "We'll create a safe landing for them, even if they will be injured, they'll be ali-"

"We ate the pillows." Morbius said. Eren nodded.

"You WHAT."

Now everyone was REALLY panicking. Half of Gamebang's body was burnt and Jaime is about to break all of his bones. We looked around everywhere for a solution but there was just nothing. What can we do to save their fall? Is this it? If only a miracle happened.

And then a miracle happened.

"Huh?" I saw Jaime and Gamebang's bodies glow gold, and the speed of their fall decreased. They were descending like feathers.

They landed safely in front of us. And that's when we saw HIM.

Balerion looked to HIM, and HE scared the dragon with a bright yellow light that resembled a cross. The dragon flew off The Wall, even if Cersei kept commanding it to stay. The dragon flew away and landed on the snowy ground of the lands beyond The Wall.

The MAN was floating in the air, wielding the bright light with HIS hands, which had a hole in each one. When the dragon was away, the light was extinguished. Me and the rest of PolandBall knew who this MAN was, and we immediately kneeled.

"JESUS!" Michael screamed in worship.

"Wassup my little kitties." Jesus landed gracefully before us.

"Oh Lord, my God." Eren preached. We bowed our heads in prayer.

"What the fuck is happening." Tyrion was confused. "Who is this guy."

From the distance, we saw Cersei and Balerion fly away, disappearing into the clouds.

"Don't pursue them, my pookie wookies." Jesus urged. "I shalt explain everything later after I heal these two."

Jesus knelt down and his hand touched Gamebang's burnt half. Instantly, within a second, Gamebang was healed. Back to his normal appearance, unburnt. It's almost as if he was never hurt. Next, Jesus held both of Jaime's bloody hands, and they immediately began to be fixed. The blood disappeared, and Jaime's hands seemed as if they were reborn, smooth as a baby's.

Gamebang opened his eyes. "J-Jesus Christ?"

"Yes, my little kitten." Jesus gave him a reassuring smile. "I am here now."

I began to cry tears of joy. "Thank you... Thank you so much, Jesus..."

"You are welcome, my pookie bear."

"WE LOVE YOU, JESUS!" Morbius shouted passionately.

"I know I know. I love every single one of you, my little kitties."

"W-What about Cersei and the dragon?" Brienne asked.

"It seems that Cersei Lannister has claimed the resurrected dragon for herself using some kind of purple magic, becoming its newest rider." Jesus explained elegantly. "This is the reason why she returned to Westeros, to claim Balerion."

"So now what?" Jon asked. "She's done what she wanted."

"Not fully." Jesus said. "You know Cersei. She won't stop at one. Unfortunately for her, Westeros has no dragons left..."

"But..." Tyrion somewhat knew where this was going.

"But there is a world out there." Jesus stated. "A world full of dragons. She plans to claim them for herself or at least her group."

"Group?" I said.

"She works with the new Devil, the Angel of Corruption. But I'm sure you knew that, as Jaime Lannister here was involved in capturing one of his harbingers back in Teyvat." Jesus looked up at the hole in the clouds, where Cersei escaped. "She's heading to Alberia, the home of the group Dragalia Lost. She will steal all of the dragons on that planet and send The Void to destroy it. I urge all of you, my little kittens to go there quickly and stop her."

Jon somehow still didn't understand what was happening. "But where did you come from?"

"Do not question that, my kitty. Worlds are at stake here, we must act quickly before The Void reaches this planet and all others."

"We will follow your advice, Jesus..." I said before standing to face everyone else. "My friends, we must depart from this world and to the next. Back to space. Worlds are depending on us, and we will not let them down, nor the ones who have already passed. Now let us return to our ships."

"It took like a week to get from Moat Cailin to The Wall." Brienne pointed out. "Plus, we're stranded on this wall of ice. How are we gonna get down?"

"With my powers." Jesus said before snapping his fingers.

Chapter 2: The Eye of Destruction.

Jaime Lannister POV

So like, we went back to Moat Cailin to get on our spaceships, but PolandBall's ship was uh out of fuel.

"WHO THE HELL LEFT THE KEY IN THE IGNITION DURING THE ENTIRE TWO WEEKS WE'VE BEEN HERE???" Obama yelled at the PolandBall gang like an angry parent. None of them would say anything.

So PolandBall is taking a ride with us for the time being, on our ship that was given by the Fire Emblem group. We're heading straight to Alberia to find Cersei. It's a little crowded here now, but it's okay. Our driver Sigurd was fine with letting them in. Sigurd is a member of Fire Emblem, and he often drinks tea while driving.

Eren and Morbius often hang out with Sigurd and assist in maneuvering the ship. Collei's tutor tries to make conversation with me and Jon, but he's pretty bad at it, so [Insert GenshinPlace member] has to drag him away from us. Michael and Lily sit 20 feet away from each other. Tolkien is always busy writing and I assist him. Brienne didn't come to space with us because she has work apparently. Obama works with my brother to come up with plans.

It has been 3 days since we left Westeros. Spaceships often move close to the speed of light, with the inside being protected from its effects most of the time, except gravity. Since this ship was meant for only five people, the PolandBall gang had to resort to sleeping in the living room, praying that they don't float into anything important and break it.

The 4th day, we were approaching Alberia. The sight itself isn't into view yet, but give it a couple minutes and we'll set our eyes upon another world from above.

Everyone woke up, but Gamebang specifically had a rough sleep. "I hate my life and I wanna die." He crashed onto the wall multiple times while napping. As he was trying to get ready for the day, he tried to pour some coffee into his cup, not realizing that liquid floats in here. It didn't land inside his cup at all, it went up. He resorted to drinking it like Pacman.

"We are approaching Planet Alberia." Sigurd announced.

Everyone stood by their nearby windows to catch a glimpse of the world when it comes into view. My brother and Jon were pretty anxious yet excited of this event, they've never been to space. Slowly but surely, Alberia came into view.

Half of the planet was missing.

"The fuck?" Michael said. "Is it like this on purpose or?"

"I'm sure it isn't, I've been here a couple times." Sigurd stated. "Something is wrong."

The ship moved faster just so we could see what was happening. Steadily, the full picture was upon our sights. We were too late.

The Eye of Destruction. The iris consists of remnants from its victims, any space near it becomes twisted and malformed. The remains all flow towards one straight direction. Into the pupil, which nothing but darkness. Blacker than black, everything disappears once it makes contact, conforming to the abyss. It consumes everything around it, bending it's form into a noodle-like appearance. Slurped, eaten by the eye, disappearing into its mouth, venturing into the unknown. More often than not, what it consumes may gain a hint of orange in its design, making the iris seem like a spinning whirlpool of fire. But the pupil just doesn't change at all, it is static, it consumes and consumes yet nothing because it is nothing.

The Void consumes Alberia at an alarming rate. Half of the planet has been spaghettified, being drunk by the black hole. We can assume that it's moon is fully gone. Alberia was like a ball of yarn being torn apart. The Void leaves nothing behind, it consumes all it has bitten and will continue to do so until even the plate is gone.

Larger than the sun, deadlier than man, The Eye stares at us. Our distance from The Void is more than safe, yet the effects of its mere existence weigh upon us. It is concerningly bright, erasing all of the color from the light and replacing it with the color of flame. We can feel the effects of it bite on our bodies, even a few billion miles away. My arm, it feels wobbly? It feels close to Non-Newtonian Fluid.

"W-What about the group themselves?" Obama asked. "Dragalia Lost? What about them?"

"I'll assume some of their members are dead." Jon said.

"WAIT!" Morbius spotted something. "I see their ship! Just behind the south of the planet!"

I tried to look for what he was talking about, and I saw it. The spaceship of Dragalia Lost was modeled like an arrow with a thick shaft. The back end of their ship was on fire. "They're fucked." I stated.

"No." Obama said.

"What do you mean No???"

"It's on fire but it isn't exploding into a million pieces." Obama analyzed. "Which means the people inside are doing their best to make sure they don't blow up like fireworks."

"They're still alive." Michael studied and found the same as Obama.

"I've got an idea." Obama looked at the PolandBall gang. "Get your suits, we're going in." He looked at Sigurd. "Get ready to pick us up."

"What are you trying to do?" Tyrion was concerned.

The PolandBall gang opened up their luggage they brought with them into the ship. They revealed strange looking suits.

"Heh, kinda looks like the among us character designs." Gamebang chuckled.

"Spacesuits." Sigurd said. "You had those the whole time?"

"They're very limited, so we won't have much time out there." Obama explained. "You're going to fly us close enough to Alberia, but not too close where you'll get caught up in the destruction. We will float our way into Dragalia Lost's ship. Be on standby until we return with its people."

"This is fucking mad." I said. "This is a suicide mission! You're going to fly to a burning ship in the middle of Space and come back whilst the planet near it is being engulfed by a black hole? That's madness!"

"...Eh, we've done worse." Gamebang said before putting on the suit.

True insanity, I thought, yet they do not look bothered or scared at all. No, they look unbothered. As if this was another day for PolandBall.

Our ship began to move closer to Alberia, the effects of The Void becoming more apparent. My skin feels like liquid.

The PolandBall gang have finished wearing their armor. Gamebang's suit was blue. [Insert GenshinPlace member] was grey. Eren was pink. Morbius was red. Michael was green. Obama was yellow. On their backs carried a Life Support System, providing oxygen, regulating suit pressure, removal of contamination, and detection of the person's health. They wore a helmet over their heads, providing a visor that would protect their eyes from the light of stars. Under the Life Support machine was a jetpack for their flight. Overall, it was usable.

"We've got at least a limited time of 30 minutes before our oxygen runs out." Obama explained to his gang. "We'll spend the first 5 minutes on flying to the ship, using half of our jetpack fuel at full speed. We'll spend another 20 minutes trying to save the people on the ship. In the final 5 minutes, whilst making sure our captured are safe in our arms, we will fly out of the burning ship and head back to here. This is where we'll use the last of our jetpack fuel."

"Keep in mind however." Michael added to Obama's points. "Space is dangerous to anyone without a suit. They will not survive five minutes. The vacuum of Space, the intense radiation, extreme radiation, and lack of oxygen is still there." Michael turned to Sigurd. "We may need to borrow some of this ship's very own spacesuits."

"I'll give it to you." Sigurd nodded. "We've got eight of them. Four mainline ones, four backup ones."

"We are only aiming to save six, but we'll also take the additional two. Not like we can't hold two people with two arms." Obama spoke once again. "If you find additional spacesuits in the burning ship itself, feel free to use it. We may be aiming to save six only, but it never hurts to save more. Gamebang, Eren, take the additional two suits."

As our ship approached Dragalia Lost's ship, the space between us was 50,000 Miles. Sigurd deemed this safe enough for our ship, any further would cause complications, which include the literal tearing of a planet above us, and the fire from the ship itself. The PolandBall gang stood before the exit of the ship.

"Do everything you can to bring us back." Obama said to Sigurd.

"Oh boy." Gamebang sighed. "This? It's just another Tuesday for us."

"It's good to be back together, I guess." [Insert GenshinPlace member] said.

"Everyone hold on to your life, I'm going to open the door to the ship." Sigurd warned. "Make sure anything important doesn't fall out as the vacuum of Space sucks these guys out of here."

Everyone including me locked ourselves inside rooms, away from the main lobby. Tyrion and Jon stayed with me.

A loud sound echoed through the ship as it shook like an earthquake, the sound resembling what it's like to enter underwater. Out in the window behind me, I see five multicolored men flying in the cold infinity of Space, heading towards the burning ship. PolandBall has deployed. It's time for them to prove they are the shit.

...

Gamebang POV

It doesn't feel like floating in water, it feels like floating in nothing. It feels like you are a particle yourself, or whatever microscopic piece of science flies everywhere without worry or consciousness. This is what it feels to float in space. Even with jetpacks, it just doesn't feel like anything. I only have my sights on, and we are getting closer to the burning ship.

The Void fucks with my vision. The farther I get from the Granblue ship, the more static lines appear in my eyes like some old TV. The color is already gone, the light replaced with copper. The black hole is so unbelievably large that when I look behind me, I still see it. The singularity is the darkest thing I've seen. It is the true abyss, and it certainly does stare back.

My arm reaches out. "Hah!" I grab on to a handle on the Dragalia ship. The others get a grip too. I hold on to two spacesuits, and so does Eren. Morbius begins breaking down the nearby glass window for an entrance.

The glass cracks, it doesn't erupt into a million pieces, Morbius has to move it away like smoke. "Get in!" Morbius yelled. Various small objects and flames were sprouting out of the broken window.

We all hopped inside and held on to the walls to not get sucked out back into space. [Insert GenshinPlace member] took a nearby broken piece of the wall, it's size fit to cover the broken window. They cover the window, and safety is secured once more inside. We let go of our grip on the wall, floating senseless.

"20 minutes." Obama reminded. We all nodded. That's when we all went our separate ways.

The south portion of the ship is all flame and exposure to space. I shouldn't go there, Eren will do that himself. The ship has three floors that are basically mazes. I'm in the middle floor. Every corner I turn, it's always the same sight. Broken equipment flying everywhere. Walls broken or cracking. The floating remains are basically obstacles to me. I felt like flappy bird. I need to find a person now.

I see a blue scarf, levitating carelessly. Is this someone's? All of a sudden, an arrow nearly hits my face. It pins itself against the wall near me. I look to my right, the direction it came from. A large red bow held by a dark man with a torn up white shirt and a red hood. But his face didn't say it wanted to kill me. No, I think he's asking for my attention.

The ship shakes again as I move closer to him. "Name?"

"Hawk." He said. "I'm a mercenary..."

"Good enough for me." I tossed the spacesuit to him. "Put it on, we're getting you out of here. I've got a spare one, do you know anyone else we could take with us?"

"...The Prince... Or..."

"Where is the Prince?"

"Last I saw, he was in the south portion, first floor."

That's where Obama is... "Okay, hold on." I activate my communications. "Heads up. Obama, there is someone where you are named The Prince."

"...On it." Obama said before hanging up comms.

"Anyone else on this floor specifically?" I asked Hawk.

"I'm not sure if they're still alive... But I'd like to get them." Hawk was halfway done with wearing the suit.

"Then come with me. Are you hurt? Are you able to float?"

"I'm fine."

"Then let's go."

Me and Hawk went around the ship. I followed wherever he went, but it was true he didn't actually know where this person he was suggesting was, rather he's still trying to find them. But he seems to know what he is doing, as he would frequently sit and listen and look around. I assume he uses the senses to do his tasks.

His senses led us to an exact location. A large man crushed under rubble, slowly bleeding out, his axe on the floor. Another man who looks like a samurai is trying to lift the rubble to no avail, using all of his strength to help a doomed man.

"Ranzal..." Hawk said.

"WHAT ARE YOU STANDING THERE FOR?" The samurai screamed. "HELP HIM!"

"He's... He's gone, Ku Hai." Hawk said to the man.

"I will not allow it."

Hawk took Ku Hai's arm. "Come on, man. We need to get the hell out of here."

"The king needs him..."

"Then we'll find the king. But look at Ranzal, his legs are paste now. Please, Ku Hai."

"But..."

"Stand the hell up and fight!"

I tossed the spacesuit to Ku Hai, who reluctantly backed away from Ranzal's corpse. After he was done putting it done we began our journey to find the exit to this ship.

...

[Insert GenshinPlace member] POV

A trail of fruit leads me to an unknown location. Amidst my following, the ship keeps shaking, throwing me against walls and floors and ceilings. I just keep going, determined to find someone, anyone.

A mess of objects blocks my way, but I throw the wind and pull them away, bringing them to me, ending up behind me. I dodge each individual obstacle as they fly towards me. Like a precise bullet, I pass through the mess and continue on my hunt.

Finally, as I turn the corner of this maze of a ship, I find someone. He is unconscious, laying on the ceiling. Dressed as a purple jester, his fruit floats all around him. A scar is on his forehead, a wall of blood on his face, and more crimson floats in the air.

I flew up to the ceiling and took him by the arm. I got him back to ground as I checked his pulse. He's still alive, yet even in sleep, his heart beats fast. He is anxious. I don't know if he's having a nightmare because he may as well be living one. Maybe I'll be the one to take him away from this dream.

I see a name-tag on his chest. "Luther..." I read his name. I held his hand and clenched it tight. "Don't worry, Luther, we're getting you out of here." As if he heard me, his pulse got slower and more relaxed.

A few minutes later, I am finished putting the spacesuit on him. Since he's still unconscious, I'll have to drag him. I trace my previous tracks and get to work on getting this guy to the exit.

...

Eren POV

I found someone pretty early on. Her name is Karina. She looks like if Historia was a pirate. When I found her, she was basically fighting for her life, trapped in the closet. I set her free and told her what I was doing. She's now helping me find others.

"What about the King?" She asked as we went around the ship's cafeteria.

"I have other friends looking for him. It'll be okay, trust me." I assured her as I searched everywhere.

The ship shook once more, flinging most objects around us like fallen leaves. "I helped build this ship..." Karina was emotional. "It was supposed to be a bastion of freedom, our ticket to other places."

"I'm sorry to hear that." I scoured around the mess of broken plates and tables.

"Why must it end this way, sir?" Her spirits were genuinely broken.

"It doesn't have to." I said. "It doesn't always have to be the end."

"But look..." She pointed to the nearby window. Outside this place, Alberia is almost done being consumed by The Void. "It's all gone... My home."

"Then we shall look for a new one." An unknown voice said. I was immediately on high alert.

Me and Karina followed where the voice came from. Underneath multiple tables, a gold warrior was praying. He did not look worried at all. He looked pleased with our presence.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Tobias." The man answered. "I have waited for rescue, asked the Gods for it, and it seems they have delivered." He smiled.

"We'll find a new home?" Karina asked about his statement.

"Yes." Tobias replied. "As long as we have our hearts, anywhere can be home. As long as we live, we will find it."

"Uh... Yes!" I tried openly saying I agreed. "Listen to him! Don't uh...give up!"

"Where will we go?" Karina asked.

"I don't know. I follow wherever the Gods take me." Tobias said. "What I can promise is freedom."

"Freedom..." Karina was struck by those words on a deep level. "Alright. I'm in."

"Great!" I pulled Tobias out of the rubble of tables. "Alright, you two, put these on." I tossed the spacesuits to them. "We're getting the hell out of here."

...

Morbius POV

"How do I know you ain't with that gold haired chick." A red cowboy shot his bullets at me as I hid behind multiple layers of tables as a shield. "Or that kid with the eye patch?"

"Look!" I had no where to run. In front of me was a wall, and behind me was him. "You just have to trust me, okay? I'm trying to save you!"

"HE SAID THAT TOO BEFORE HE KILLED MY FRIENDS AND SENT THIS GIANT ABYSS TO OUR WORLD." He definitely didn't trust me. "THEY STOLE OUR DRAGONS. HOW DO I KNOW YOU AREN'T TRYING TO STEAL MY LIFE?"

I took hold of one of the tables and ran for my life. The bullets kept hitting my shield, nearly glazing over my body. I ran in a circle repeatedly until with each loop I got closer and closer to the man. His gun wore out and he needed to reload, that was my chance.

I threw the table at the floor, it broke into multiple pieces. As the cowboy kept avoiding whatever broken piece came his way, I came closer to him, and he noticed.

He aimed his gun, but I was too fast for him. I stole his weapon and aimed it at him... But then I let it go. It floats between us, and he takes it back. But he does not aim at me again.

"I promise you." I said. "There will be justice for this injustice."

"..." The man stared at his gun. "They're all dead. Many of my friends, swallowed by that abyss... Their dragons stolen by that gold chick."

He referred to Cersei. "Please... Let us help. We're only here to help..."

The man sighed. "Who am I kidding? It's not over until The Prince is dead." He placed his weapon back to his pocket. "Name's Joe."

"Alright, Joe." I gave him the spacesuit. "Come."

...

Michael POV

I looked everywhere and found no one. I was alone.

I went to the south end of the ship to find anyone, but I only found fire. An extinguisher was floating around, so I took it. I took out the flames, but never entering the room where the literal void of Space was, for I didn't wanna get sucked out.

There was a lot of fire in this area, the walls may have been fire themselves. I only revealed black flakey textures once the flame was gone, decaying like falling leaves. I paid no more attention and kept moving forward, eliminating this block of fire.

My feet touched something as I was doing my business. I looked and saw a small red sword. The edges were blunt, the handle was burnt, the steel was half black. Was there someone here? Are they dead?

I carried the sword with me as I continued my extinguishing. Each time fire is gone, I reveal the broken, the dead, a home no more. I might be standing in the void itself, for everything here has been burnt to darkness.

But then I noticed a small structure. Some kind of fort, made with large steel objects, things that wouldn't burn. It was built like a pillow fort. The top wasn't covered, so I could take a peep into what's inside.

I found a little girl. Her auburn hair tied into a little bun to prevent it from flowing in the air, touching the fire. She sat, hugging her legs, helpless in the face of what's happening. She saw me, and her eyes screamed help.

The red of her outfit matched the one of the handle of this sword, so I showed it to her. Her eyes widened, she stood up to take it, so I gave it to her. She stared at the sword, bothered by its damages.

"What's your name?" I asked.

She looked at me for a second and began to cry as she hugged the sword. I tried comforting her by patting her head.

"It's okay. It's okay." I said. I soon realized that she can only feel safe once this fire is gone. "Stay here."

I proceeded to extinguish the fire all around us. Not all of it, but most of it so that she can safely step out of the fort. I did it as fast as I could. Black ashes fell to us, in which I warned her to close her eyes for a moment.

The fire was gone, we stood in a burnt world. "It's okay now, it's okay." I knelt down to her. "You can come out now."

She cautiously stepped out of the fort, she was scared by the feel of the floor's crisp burnt texture. Once she was out, she looked up at me, holding that sword.

"I'll uh... I'll get you out of here, alright?" I promised her. "You'll be safe soon."

She nodded as she wiped her tears away. "Serena..." She spoke. "My name is Serena."

I carried her on my back as we made our way to the exit.

...

Obama POV

Near the south end of the ship, I found a large man dying on the floor of multiple severe burns on his lower half. The man wore steel gold armor, a long red cape, and wore a crown on his gold hair. I immediately rushed to his side.

"Sir? Can you speak?" I knelt down to his level.

The man coughed. "Who are you..." He said in a faint voice.

"I'm here to save you." I took out the spacesuit and prepared it for his wearing. "The functions inside will manage your wounds. You can-"

The man's large hands gripped my arm tightly. "No." He said. "Save my son..."

"Son?"

"Euden... Save him instead of me. I'm already dead..." He coughed up blood.

"I..." I was supposed to say something, but my ear piece gained communication from someone.

"Heads up, Obama. There is someone where you are named The Prince." Gamebang said.

"The Prince?" I whispered to myself, and the man heard it.

The man's eyes lit up when I said that, and he nodded. "Yes. Yes... My son..."

This man's son was The Prince.

"...On it." I replied to Gamebang as I hung up. "Don't worry, sir, your son will be safe."

The man nodded and closed his eyes as he drifted towards death.

For the next 6 minutes, I searched every room in the south end of the ship. I looked extensively, vigorously. I was going to find that Prince. At one point, I made it to the burning parts of the ship, where I willingly flew through the fires as they harmed me, just to get to the other side of the hall.

I found something, a closed room, locked from the inside. I had no time left, so I attempted to break in. I started from the wall and flew myself against the door with hard motion. It was difficult to do since gravity isn't here and I'm floating, but I did it. I did it seven times until the door finally busted open.

As I entered the room, I found him.

A boy dressed in fancy attire was sitting by the wall, nervous. Gold hair like his father and green eyes. Equipped with a sword. This was him, I knew it was.

I got closer to him. "Euden." I said. "I'm here to save you."

The boy looked up at me, confused. "Father...? Why would he..."

"There's no time to explain." I took him by the arm. "We need to get you out of here."

"But..." He was clearly confused about what was all happening. "I don't... I..."

"Your father wanted this, boy. He's dead, and he wanted you safe." I locked him onto my shoulders.

"He... He would never..." He cried, conflicted about my sentence.

I have no idea what this kid and his dad's relationship is, but I'm here to make sure he gets out alive.

...

Jaime Lannister POV

"I see them!" I said. The PolandBall gang has exited the burning ship, their jetpacks activated. They are holding at least eight rescued. They are making their way back to this ship at a high speed.

"Making sure we aren't moving past the point of safety..." Sigurd said as he manned the driving. "We are to stay in this exact position."

"Now we wait." Tyrion said as we watched PolandBall return.

The PolandBall gang was now at least a few feet away from us. It was time. "Everyone, head into your rooms and take anything of value." Sigurd was going to open the door, and we wouldn't wanna get sucked out into space.

I took my sword. Me, Tolkien, and Tyrion entered my chambers. We watched from the windows as the PolandBall gang entered our ship one by one with their rescued. Fucking madlads, they did it.

Morbius' rescued entered before him. Michael gently entered while carrying his rescued. Eren held the hands of both of his rescued, helping them enter. Gamebang made his rescued go first before him. [Insert GenshinPlace member] carried someone who seemed unconscious, they safely made it back.

But Obama was a different story. His jetpack ran out of fuel all of a sudden, and he was left floating in space. He looked around for what he could do, knowing his oxygen was about to deplete, and so would his rescued. The boy he held seemed confused as well.

We were shocked to see Obama throw the boy into the ship, leaving himself behind. The boy made it back safely to the ship, but Obama slowly drifted away. Me and Tyrion looked at each other with worry.

The door of the ship closed, and we came back out to the lobby. Chaos ensued.

"WHAT THE FUCK??" Michael screamed. "OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR! HE'S STILL OUT THERE!"

"He's out of fuel!" Sigurd stated. "If the ship goes any further than where we are now, we'll be affected by either the fire on that ship or the black hole."

"THE OTHERS CAN SHIT ON YOUR SHIP!" [Insert GenshinPlace member] spat. "WE HAVE TO SAVE HIM!"

"WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST WE EVEN DO??" Jon said.

"WITH EVERY FUCKING SECOND HE DRIFTS AWAY FROM THIS SHIP!" Gamebang was panicking. "HURRY THE FUCK UP!"

"Guys please." Sigurd tried controlling the situation. "We will-"

Lily slapped his arm. "SAVE HIM!" Even she was begging for Obama's rescue.

"Son of a bitch, SAVE HIM!" Morbius yelled.

"Do you have another spacesuit?" Eren asked urgently.

"No, you guys used all we have, and ran their fuel." Sigurd said.

"FUCK!" Eren went to the window and kept punching it, as if it would bring Obama back.

"This isn't happening." Michael said. "No it fucking isn't."

Michael proceeded to try and open the ship's door by force, Sigurd pushed him away. "IDIOT! STOP!" Sigurd shouted. "YOU'LL KILL US ALL IF YOU OPEN IT!"

"WE'RE ALREADY FUCKING DEAD! HE'S OUT THERE AND WE'RE HERE! WE'RE FUCKED!" Michael cried out. "FUCK YOUR DOOR, SAVE HIM!"

"Michael-"

"SAVE HIM!!!"

I watched as Obama drift farther and farther away from the ship. I can't really see the inside of his visor. I don't know what expression he is making. But I know one thing... He sacrificed himself for someone else, a boy. In a bit, his oxygen supply would run out if not already, and he'll choke to death in the middle of Space. For the first time, the horror of the cosmos consumed me. Why, Obama? Why would you do that?

The anguish of the PolandBall gang. The confused noises of the rescued. And everyone else's desperation to control the situation. It all echos in my ears. So much noise for one man. I watched as Obama drift away.

...

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And then be taken by a dragon.

"What the fuck." I said. "GUYS! LOOK!" We watched whatever was happening now.

A dragon almost the size of Balerion took Obama by its mouth. It was so large that it nearly blocked our sights in the window. The beast was bronze with greenish blue highlights. A man in a spacesuit rode the dragon. Did he purposely go for Obama?

"I know that one..." Tyrion said, who had been obsessed with dragons since he was young. "It's Vhagar!"

"YO WHAT." Gamebang was fanboying.

The dragon flew up, carefully holding Obama in its teeth. As our eyes followed its flight, a ship entered our sights. The dragon landed inside of the large spaceship, shaped like a castle.

"...Sigurd." Michael said. "Go to that ship."

One thing was for certain. Obama was saved.

...

Michael POV

Spaceships in general have a feature where they can connect. This is true for spaceships that come from groups. Space is a large place, so you're bound to meet a few people, and you will wanna talk with those people on a close

level, not just through windows. In the entrance doors of ships, they can connect with other ships' doors like Lego. It has to be precise though. If not, you'll end up like that Dr. Mann from Interstellar.

Sigurd has been performing this duty with whoever's controlling the other ship. They call this procedure Lego. Yup, that's what it is. Like connecting Lego.

The door to our ship opened and instead of Space, we saw another ship. Thank the gods for Lego. The walls in this other ship were grey unlike our white. The entire ceiling was blue light, giving unreasonably bright sight to our surroundings. We were in the lobby.

"Ah...fuck..." Obama was using an oxygen mask. "I never knew air could be as good as crack..."

"OBAMA!" I screamed.

I went to the table he was sitting on as I gave him a big hug.

"Get off of m-"

The rest of the PolandBall gang joined in.

"Alright guys, I get it, I'm the best." Obama said.

"DON'T EVER DO THAT AGAIN." I was hysterically crying.

"I can't really promise that, Michael-" We hugged him even tighter. "I can't fucking breathe please stop."

We got off of him as he proceeded to use the oxygen mask again.

"Jesus..." Obama was using it to its full limit. "I think I developed some kind of trauma to not being able to breathe. Maybe I shouldn't swim anymore."

"That was a close one, wasn't it?" The man who rode the dragon came to us. "A few seconds more and he would be dead." The man still wore his spacesuit.

"Thank you so much, whoever you are." Gamebang was sobbing. "I'd suck your dick if I could but I'm wary of anyone being a relative."

"Who are you?" Lily asked the man.

The man took off his helmet, and Gamebang immediately began fanboying. "OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OF COURSE HE'S THE ONE WHO RIDES VHAGAR. EEEEEEEE"

The man's silver hair flowed in the zero gravity of the ship. One of his eyes is covered by an eye patch. He smiled like a psycho.

"You're Aemond Targaryen..." Tyrion said.

Aemond chuckled. "This is our ship. Welcome to the D4DJ hub."

Chapter 3: Another Prophecy.

Gamebang POV

We left the perimeters of Alberia and The Void to somewhere more isolated.

The hub was constantly playing music, all day, everyday, no matter what situation. Mostly pop songs, but you can suggest something to Rinku, the blonde driver of the D4DJ hub. Amond explained this as we watched Rinku work her magic in the driving station.

"The hub's fuel is different from other ships." Amond pointed to the control panel, which were full of colorful buttons and bars. "This ship is powered on music."

"Is she basically playing a rhythm game to make this place move across space?" Obama saw that the control panel also had a large main screen, which seemed to be playing what he said.

"I have no idea what that is." Amond was literally born 500 years ago. "But basically she has a set of notes that show on the screen that she has to press in sync with the buttons."

Obama was curious. "If she misses one?"

"Then the ship explodes." Amond said. He saw the fear in our eyes. "Oh don't worry, Rinku here is a professional."

"I still have my doubts." Tyrion said.

"I had mine too, my lord, but eventually we all learn to trust the process." Another man joined the conversation.

Tyrion looked behind to see who it was. Tyrion began to glow with excitement. "Varys!"

"Back from the afterlife." Varys the Eunuch greeted, and I'm fucking fanboying. "I'm the one who helped Amond here to leave the destruction." He looked at Jaime. "It seems we weren't the only ones."

"Nice to see you again, Lord Varys." Jaime said.

"I am curious..." I knew what Tyrion was gonna say. "Jaime got his hand back when he came back to life, so does that mean-"

"I chopped it off myself when I came back to the realm of the living." Varys casually explained he cut his own dick off. "Feels more normal, you know?"

"Oh god no." Tyrion said. "You got stockholm syndrome."

Varys smiled as his bald head shone against the light from the ceiling. He adjusted his robe. "My little birds have expanded from Westeros, to the afterlife, and now throughout this galaxy." He referred to his informants.

"What do they say?" Tyrion asked.

"Your sister stole the dragons of Alberia and sent The Void to destroy everyone. Why? Because she could."

"Seven hells..." Jaime didn't hide his disgust. "How could she even tame all of the dragons?"

"Some kind of mind control." Varys stated. "It's purple and takes the form of a snake."

"Archon Residue..." Me, Jaime, and Lily said.

"That's bad right?" [Insert GenshinPlace member] asked.

"Super bad." I said. "Not only are all of them under her control now, but they got extra powers that are like ultra powerful if they get too mad."

"I have no information on where Cersei went, nor where The Void is heading for next." Varys sat down on a nearby chair. "It has consumed parts of The Rainbow Road, an intergalactic transportation system. It has also consumed the Blue Corner, a large empire in the south of our supercluster. Some say that it had consumed the OSU! Empire, but that the empire immediately recovered once it left."

"In total?" Tyrion asked for estimates.

"The Void has consumed approximately ten thousand galaxies. That's already billions of worlds."

"Jesus." Michael was shocked.

"It is terrifying to see how much this piece of machinery can destroy in almost two months." Varys put his head down. "Millions of different stories ended the same way. The Void."

Obama took another whiff of his oxygen mask before turning back into our leader. "I need you guys to send us to the Project Sekai group. They'll know who we are, Hatsune Miku gave us our previous ship."

Varys laughed. "Who do you think ordered D4DJ to come save you?"

Rinku turned up the volume on the ship as it began to play an orchestra rendition of Ievan Polkka. The ceiling lights turned off, darkness surrounded except for one area, focusing on a door. It opened as confetti rained all over us. Hatsune Miku walked out of the door for her grand entrance, walking like a queen.

"Oh my god!" I said. "It's Hatsune Miku!"

"Yes, it is I, Hatsune Miku." Hatsune Miku spoke.

"It truly is Hatsune Miku." Obama spoke about Hatsune Miku. "And it is truly Hatsune Miku who is standing right in front of us."

"Yes, I, Hatsune Miku am standing to you all with some lore exposition that needs delivering, specifically from the mouth of Hatsune Miku, which is I."

"Please, Hatsune Miku." Morbius spoke to Hatsune Miku. "Please deliver the exposition that we require to move our quest forward, which can only be brought by Hatsune Miku, which is you, Hatsune Miku."

"I, Hatsune Miku, will now proceed to the exposition." Hatsune Miku Hatsune Miku'd. "Hatsune Miku could track the ship Hatsune Miku gave yall. Hatsune Miku saw that you guys left the ship Hatsune Miku gave yall at Westeros. Hatsune Miku and friends went there and were informed of you guys leaving and going to Alberia. Once Hatsune Miku arrived, Hatsune Miku saw that Barack Obama here was fucking dying, so Hatsune Miku sent Aemond to rescue him."

"Thank you, Hatsune Miku." Obama was inhaling a little too much oxygen.

"Hatsune Miku will now deliver new information." Hatsune Miku said. "There is a prophecy of a being who will rise one day. This being could potentially be strong enough to destroy The Void. We must summon them."

"Oh Hatsune Miku, how do we summon this super being?" Michael asked Hatsune Miku.

"There are certain people throughout the galaxy who will summon The Chosen One together." Hatsune Miku explained. "In fact, the person who foretold this prophecy to Hatsune Miku came out of a portal."

Michael and Lily tensed up. "What do you mean?" Lily asked.

"What can Hatsune Miku say? Hatsune Miku says that while me and Obama were on a phone call, a black portal popped up and a severely injured man came out and told me."

"Do they have a name?" Michael asked.

"No, Hatsune Miku didn't get it. I, Hatsune Miku didn't have the chance to ask, because they died in front of Hatsune Miku after revealing this information to Hatsune Miku. They looked pretty burned, but Hatsune Miku believed them because they came out of some weird black portal. Hatsune Miku calls this person The Dead Man."

"That definitely doesn't sound important." Obama said.

"The man said to Hatsune Miku that there are specific people we must bring together to awaken this powerful being." Hatsune Miku looked to some of us. "In fact, some of these required people are here already."

"Oh shit really." Eren said.

"Varys, Gamebang, and [Insert GenshinPlace member] are the requirements. The man called these required people the 'Expressions' and it seems we have three out of seven already."

"Well ain't that lucky." Lily said.

"So I'm special?" I felt good feeling important until I remember I fucked my sister.

"What is our role to play?" [Insert GenshinPlace member] asked.

"Hatsune Miku does not know. The Dead Man said that we'll know when the time comes." Hatsune Miku sighed.

"Never thought I'd hear Lord Varys be some kind of chosen one." Tyrion smiled.

"I was surprised myself, my lord." Varys said to Tyrion.

"So there's four more expressions we must find?" Jaime asked.

"Indeed." Hatsune Miku tossed a device to Obama, which he caught. "Use that device to tell whether or not someone is an expression. The dead man called it a Fruit Detector."

"Weird name." Obama said. The device seemed like a typical radio phone, but the screen displayed rainbows whenever it came near a person of expression. Whenever it wasn't near, the screen would simply be grey.

Obama put it on me, [Insert GenshinPlace member], and Varys. It indeed displayed rainbows. Obama put it near the others, like Lily, Morbius, and Jaime. Only grey screens. Until Obama put it up to Eren, the screen displayed something else entirely. A static screen. "Huh... Strange." Obama was thinking.

"It's probably an error." Eren said.

"Yeah... Yeah maybe it is." Obama didn't seem to think so, but he left anyway to talk back with Hatsune Miku.

"Hatsune Miku, where can we find the remaining four expressions?"

"In the south, near the center of this galaxy, you will find the next two expressions." Hatsune Miku stated. "In the brink of battle, you will have to secure these two." Hatsune Miku walked away while looking on her phone. "As for Hatsune Miku? Hatsune Miku has other matters to attend to."

"Hatsune Miku isn't coming with us?" Michael questioned.

"Hatsune Miku is going to the groups Touhou and Guardian Tales for a potential alliance. We need all the manpower we can get to take down The Void." Hatsune Miku pointed to another door. "Hatsune Miku has provided the PolandBall gang with another ship. Don't fuck it up this time."

"Thank you, Hatsune Miku..." Obama was grateful.

Hatsune Miku left through a door, and her ship disconnected from the hub, heading to wherever her journey lies. And as for us? The PolandBall gang entered the new ship she has given us.

The ship was basically the exact same as our old one. The lobby, driving station, bathrooms, bedrooms, etc.

"We will return." I said to the rest of the others. Only PolandBall would be going on this mission, for the others are going to save nearby worlds from The Void. Plus, taking care of the people we saved in Dragalia Lost.

Our new ship disconnected from the D4DJ hub. Where Granblue, Project Sekai, Dragalia Lost, Fire Emblem, D4DJ are going on their own journeys together, PolandBall ventures alone.

...

Aemond Targaryen entered a room and clapped his hand five times. "Alright, we're making some progress on The Void thing. You two okay?"

His brother, Aegon II Targaryen sat on the bed, hugging himself, depressed as always. His sister, Halaena Targaryen laid on the bed, reading whatever book she could find while mumbling strange words.

Aemond settled his sword down. "We found the current Lannisters. Nice to know their house is still here. Isn't that right, Aegon?"

"..." Aegon didn't like to do much.

"Okay then." Aemond looked in the mirror and took off his eyepatch. "How are you doing, sister?"

"Red and Blue blood is spilled." She said.

"Alright then." Aemond thought it was damn near impossible to have a normal conversation with both of them. Aegon is too depressed and Halaena is also depressed but also cryptic in general.

"I don't wanna go..." Aegon mumbled.

"Well, we're already here." Aemond said.

"I'm scared..." Aegon hugged himself even tighter. "I'm scared of The Angel..."

"I'm not." Aemond picked up his sword. "He's nothing special."

"He tortured us in hell for 200 years..." Aegon shivered at the memories. "All of our sins crawled back to us in brutal ways."

"Yeah, boohoo." Aemond wasn't that bothered about it. "At some point, that shit got boring to me."

"I keep thinking about it..." Aegon was shaking. "My sins... All of those people I killed and abused... They were done to me tenfold in the Inferno. Oh my god..."

"Yeah yeah."

"It hurt so bad..." Aegon usually started crying at this point. "If only I could take it all back..."

"It's been 200 years, brother." Aemond spun his blade. "No one gives a shit anymore. Your victims are all dead. You're reborn."

"It's not right."

"If anything, your sister should be the one crying right now." Aemond stated. "She deserved to go to heaven but ended up in hell for suicide. She had to watch a constant replay of her children's death."

"Nothing really matters, anyone can see." Halaena whispered.

"See?" Aemond pointed at her. "All she says now are cryptic stuff. I mean, she used to do that before, but now it's all she does."

"I'm sorry, Halaena..." Aegon felt responsible for his sister's problems as well. He felt responsible for everyone's problems.

"I can only imagine what you'd feel like if we actually landed in Westeros rather than in Sekai." Aemond said.

"Memories of her is the weakness." She said.

Aemond wasn't as bothered from his life in hell as the other two were. At some point, the torture was boring. His sins were boring. The Angel was boring. "I hope that one day I can have a normal conversation with you two."

"..." Aegon went back to sulking.

"You guys could've at least searched for Dreamfyre and Sunfyre while the afterlife was burning." Aemond referred to their dragons. "It would've been very useful. I mean, I managed to find Vhagar amidst everything."

"We didn't have time. The place was burning and about to light up in brightness." Aegon replied. "But I don't deserve a dragon after everything I've done..."

Aemond sighed. "But don't worry. I'll still protect you two. We're all that's left of the Targaryens, so we must stick together. Our mother would kill me if I didn't take care of you two."

"Mother hated me..." Aegon said.

"Yeah, I know. But Family is forever."

Aemond left the room and went back to work.

...

Obama POV

We've got a long day ahead of us. Now we gotta do an avengers endgame and find some things to do the thing. While we are heading to our destination, everyone is sleeping. Except me. Eren usually drives but this time it's on autopilot.

Suddenly, I hear a loud crash in Gamebang's room. I may as well check to see if he's okay.

I open the door. "Gamebang?"

"Huh?" Nothing looked out of the ordinary. He was just confused and standing around.

"You alright?"

"Yeah." Gamebang rubbed his eyes. "I just remembered I fucked my sister and now my sleep is ruined."

"Yeah that seems fucked."

"I know..." Gamebang sat on the bed, a hand on his head. "When we go back to Earth, I don't know how to handle it with her..."

I sighed. "Well, all I know is that you'll handle it better than the you a few years ago. You've changed."

"I know... But I don't know if I'm capable."

"You are." I laid my back upon the door. "I know you are."

"How so?"

"It took a lot of blood, sweat and tears to get to where we are today, but we have just begun. Today we begin in earnest the work of making sure that the world we leave our children is just a little bit better than the one we inhabit today." I said to Gamebang.

"Our children..." That part seemed to resonate with him the most.

"If you're walking down the right path and you're willing to keep walking, eventually you'll make progress." I told Gamebang.

"I already did walk on the right path." Gamebang stated.

"The right path is neverending." I said. "We can only keep moving forward."

"Okay..." Gamebang took deep breaths. "Yeah, that makes sense. Thanks, Obama."

"You're welcome." I closed the door.

I went back to the living room to watch TV, but [Insert GenshinPlace member] was there first.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"I don't know. I just feel hopeless I guess." They said. "All of this? They said you're going to engage in negotiations between two groups that are currently at war."

"Miku told this?" I never heard about this...

"Yeah..." [Insert GenshinPlace member] drank soda. "I'm worried. She made it seem like everyone was so focused on the conflicts between people rather than The Void, the actual danger."

"Yeah, that does suck."

"Sometimes I hate politics." They said. "It makes people care about the petty problems of people not liking each other, resulting in large conflicts. They don't focus on the actual problems like the black hole that's eating away galaxies as we speak."

Man, I used to be like them. "I understand your frustrations."

"Well, I assumed so. You were president once."

"Yeah." I sat down with them. "It's hard to not feel nihilistic about the problems of the world when it comes to governments."

"So what do you suggest I do?" They asked me.

"What I'm asking for is hard. It's easier to be cynical; to accept that change isn't possible, and politics is hopeless, and to believe that our voices and actions don't matter. But if we give up now, then we forsake a better future."

"A better future..."

My hand laid on their shoulder. "I promise you, I'll handle the conflict properly. At the end of it all, everyone will be united against The Void."

"Promise?"

"Of course. I can do it. I'm Barack Obama."

"Well, can't argue with that." Morbius entered the conversation. We were surprised. "I also couldn't sleep."

"Well, sit down." [Insert GenshinPlace member] invited him.

Morbius sat. "I've been thinking about the NFT. How we booted them out. I wish everyday people didn't have to die during the battle in Watatsumi. I wish it didn't have to come to that."

"If the people cannot trust their government to do the job for which it exists - to protect them and to promote their common welfare — all else is lost." I stated.

"Yeah, he's right." [Insert GenshinPlace member] agreed. "The NFT put the people of Inazuma in danger with the Purge. We did the right thing."

"I just wish everything didn't have to come to war. Now Obama is heading to negotiate in one." Morbius said. "War corrupts people."

"The instruments of war do have a role to play in preserving the peace. And yet this truth must coexist with another — that no matter how justified, war promises another human tragedy." I sadly said.

"Then how do you go on with it, knowing people are going to die?" Morbius asked me.

"Clear-eyed, we can understand that there will be war, and still strive for peace." I stated.

"Peace..." Morbius said.

"There will always be conflicts and battles. It's something we cannot get rid of. But we also can't get rid of our ability to stop conflicts, and that's my goal. The hope that everyday, a few actions I'll take will guarantee many to live another day." I said. "I just want people to live safely."

...

"Eren?" I opened the door. "Eren, why are you crying?"

"Huh? Oh uh, you know, the usual." Eren probably referred to Purge Night.

"I'm here if you wanna talk."

Eren wiped his tears. "You ever wish to change some things about yourself?"

"Is that how we're feeling today?"

"Maybe." Eren shook his head.

"You know..." He's probably referring to the gay stuff. I don't know why he resents that part so much. "We shouldn't lock away what truly makes us US. We should be fine with it."

"I don't know if I'll ever be able to do that."

"You can. We'd be there for you in every step of the way."

Eren sighed. "What about the parts we should change? Like... Our flaws." He's referring to his feelings towards Purge Night. "How do you get better? I thought the feeling was gone, but it never goes away."

"Change will not come if we wait for some other person or some other time. We are the ones we've been waiting for. We are the change that we seek."

"So... What do I do?"

"You let us help you so you can help yourself." Suddenly, my phone was vibrating. Michael was calling me to his room. "I gotta go, Eren. Stay safe. It'll get better. I promise."

"Hm." Eren smiled. "Thank you, Obama."

Minutes later, I ended up in Michael's room, greeted by...a whiteboard full of weird drawings.

"So, I talked to Lily even though she hates me." Michael looked as if he hadn't slept at all. "She explained to me how the new time travel method they discovered works."

"Uh-huh..." I'm more worried about his mental state.

"So." Michael pointed at a drawing of a black hole. "These bad boys are actually just holes in reality. Imagine a ripped hole in a shirt. Where do black holes lead?" He pointed towards a bunch of random scribbles. "A place outside of time. Black holes lead to not only outside reality and the multiverse itself, but outside the first dimension of reality, aka TIME. It's like if a person in a YouTube video escaped the video and entered the website interface itself. And then, they get to choose from the video timeline playback thing what point in time they'd like to go back to, and then they'd return to the video itself."

"Y-Yeah... Good for you, buddy." He needs sleep so bad.

"However, this land outside of time is extremely dangerous and the reason why even if you survive the Event Horizon of a black hole or even the Singularity, it is still guaranteed death. You reach this land outside of time and your meat body will probably burn because it's molecules are not equipped to survive out there. No material in the multiverse is probably capable of surviving outside of these bounds. Which is when you exit time to go back in time, you need to be there for less than a millisecond so you don't stay long enough to die instantly."

"Okay buddy."

"Even then, you will need a device that shows you what time period you're going to. Time inside black holes move quick as hell, so you have to slingshot yourself into them at the exact moment the device is at the number you want it to be."

"Yeah buddy, that's interesting or something."

"This method of time travel is definitely more dangerous than the wormhole method, WHICH I DESTROYED BY THE WAY. But it is something." Michael laughed. "Oh fuck... I'm shaking."

"Hey, calm down, man." I got close to him. "Breathe."

"Things have been progressing too much, Obama." Michael said. "The Great War. It's coming. No matter what we do, we can't stop it. The puzzle pieces are coming together." Michael was frustrated. "And fuck... Lily won't talk to me either because I got mad at her during Inazuma. I regret it... I don't want friends to despise me. I shouldn't have... I-"

"Sometimes I get mad. And frustrated like everybody else does, but at my core, I think we're going to be OK. We just have to fight for it, we have to work for it and not take it for granted. And I know that you will help us do that."

Michael looked at me with widened eyes with bags under them.

"Michael... I know you're scared of the future. Because of what you saw in the afterlife. I shouldn't have sent you there. But I want to assure you that everything will be okay in the future." I said to him. "Whatever is happening between you and Lily, you can solve it. Communication is key to fixing things."

Michael took deep breaths to calm down. "I'm really scared, Obama. I don't know if we can stop the future."

"We did not come here to fear the future. We came here to shape it."

"..."

"We're going to win The Great War. I promise you. It's what we do." I gave him his pillows and took down his whiteboard. "Now get some rest. We have work tomorrow."

I have to keep my team afloat. They all have problems I must help them with. I care for them because they're my friends. I must ensure that our performance in saving people is at its peak. That can only happen if I prove to them this.

Can we be better? Yes, we can.

Chapter 4: PolandBall x Genshin.

Yoimiya POV

It has been a month since we left Teyvat to find the cosmic criminal known as Azazel. Other than dealing with the existential dread of Space, it's been pretty chill so far. I get up, drink some floating coffee, take a shower and try to get the water to hit me, watch Netflix, sleep in my room, etc. Me and Kazuha are currently binging Vinland Saga.

Well, these days would've lasted longer if not for the current circumstances.

You see, we've been working closely with some space group called Project Sekai, including some of their allies. Because of this, Genshin has gained new members. They're cool. But politics ruin everything.

Project Sekai has been pretty dumped about the ownership of one solar system, a single planet which is currently owned by a group called Maryland, represented with a Crab. Project Sekai did try attacking to gain ownership, but kept failing. Project Sekai and its allies need the territory of that planet as part their hub. Eventually, Project Sekai + allies were in negotiation with the Maryland Crab.

Since Beidou is the leader of our group Genshin, she is the one joining these negotiations. However, rumors have gone by that Maryland agreed to a peace treaty. These rumors came from soldiers, not the actual leaders.

Beidou, determined to gain the planet as secondary territory for Genshin is looking for every opportunity. Beidou receives word that we have been granted permission to invade the Maryland Crab. This, however, was not a unanimous vote. Many unofficial diplomats claimed the permission, which lead to the confusion.

The invasion stopped immediately once Beidou realized this. More negotiations begin, but they are told by Maryland that the Crab will not move from the planet.

The recent Negotiations begin, and it is unanimously agreed upon to attack the Crab.

The attack began 5 hours ago, but Genshin has not received any help from its allies. This is because soldiers from the other allies are not listening to attack the Crab, even Genshin's members themselves are starting to doubt the invasion.

While Beidou is busy negotiating with everyone else, me and Kazuha have remained on the battlefield. The Invasion isn't over yet.

"Kazuha!" I yelled. "Now!!!"

Kaedahara Kazuha left my side to run across the chaos of bullets. I hid behind a wall, reloading my fireworks. Kazuha dodged all of the bullets, managing to bring down multiple enemies, but more reinforcements from Maryland arrive. Kazuha retreats back to me and the defensive wall.

"Shit..." Kazuha threw down his sword in frustration. "It's blunt."

"Here." I handed him his pocket whetstone. "Watch over me first."

I peeked out of the wall and aimed my fireworks. The enemies noticed me immediately and began to shoot, but my shot was first. I hid back down as an explosion was heard from the enemy's side. I peek once again to see my firework did an okay job.

"Agh..." Kazuha's arm was getting red.

"Jesus Christ..."

"I'm okay, Yoi, trust me." No you fuckin don't, your arm looks pissed off of holding a sword and sharpening it every hour.

"You two alright?" Another soldier of Genshin came by.

"Yeah, we're fine, Cliff." I said. "Listen, tell the left flank-"

Cliff's head was blown to bits right in front of us. His head wasn't below the wall. His brains covered me and Kazuha.

Jesus Christ. What the hell is this? So easily can a man's life be taken in war. Someone you know. Someone... "Oh god oh god..."

"Hey." Kazuha began rubbing my back. "Don't get another panic attack in the middle of battle. Snap out of it, Yoi."

"I-I can't..." I can't breathe. I'm sweating more than usual. Fuck, I think I'm gonna die.

Kazuha violently shook my body. "Come on, Yoi! We still have shit to do! I'm here, damn it!" But the sound of steel falling alerted Kazuha away from me. "SHIT. MY STEEL, IT BROKE. I NEED A NEW SWORD."

"Get one from Emiko and Ena." I said. "And get me more gunpowd-"

BOOM! The part of the wall we were hiding behind erupted into pieces. Dust went into our eyes as we frantically ran to a different part of the wall that wasn't broken. While running, my leg felt a sharp pain. "AAAHHH!!!!" Suddenly, I couldn't move my right leg, Kazuha dragged me across the field.

Once we were in a safe place behind the wall, Kazuha managed to clean my eyes to get them to open. We were both covered in dust, and the sky was filled with smoke. I look to my leg, a bullet shot my thigh. It's bleeding an entire pool on the ground. "O-Oh god!"

"Stay calm, Yoi." Kazuha took out his medkit. "This will hurt like a motherfucker."

"AAAAHHHH!!!!" He was right, the removal of the bullet hurt like hell. It felt like a million tiny needles penetrating my flesh. Even the healing ointment hurt like hell, as it accumulated some of the dust in the air or on my skin. By the time Kazuha was done, I was done. I was defeated. I couldn't even walk.

"Fuck." Kazuha realized getting a new sword would mean leaving me here to die. He took hold of my fireworks. "How the fuck do I work this thing."

"L-Light the little string and aim. Let go of it a millisecond before the flame reaches the ignition."

Kazuha did as I said. He aimed above the wall and BOOM! He hit something. I don't know if he hit anyone, I wasn't watching. Kazuha went to grab more of my fireworks and igniting them. He kept going until there was only three.

"Shit..." Kazuha was at a loss on what to do forward. "Shit shit shit... We need to get the fuck out of here."

Suddenly, a horn from the enemy was blown. The sound was deafening, but once it finished, so did the gunfire. Me and Kazuha were confused.

Kazuha looked up from the wall. "The enemies... They're retreating!"

"Shit, seriously?"

"Yeah! Did they surrender or..."

"No, thats impossible. They were winning this battle."

"Then how..."

"Oh shit, look." Our army was also retreating. "I think both sides have stopped fighting."

"Why is that?"

"Jesus. You two look horrible." A man popped out of nowhere to join our conversation.

Kazuha's eyes sparkled like glitter once he realized who the man was. "E-EREN!!!"

Eren sighed. "Shit."

Kazuha hugged him tightly. "OH MY GOD! YOU SAVED OUR LIVES! LIKE ALWAYS! I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU! MARRY ME!"

"This is why I didn't tell you I was going to space." Eren said.

"Is Historia here???" I asked, excitedly.

"Uh no. She stayed in Inazuma." Eren answered.

"...Kazuha, please use my own fireworks on me."

"I WILL REPAY YOU BY SUCKING YOUR LONG JUICY COCK!" Kazuha kneeled, touching Eren's pants.

"A-Ah, no." Eren pushed Kazuha away. "Don't."

"What's happening here?" Gamebang appeared.

"Hell." Eren replied.

"What's going on, by the way?" I asked. "Why did the battle stop?"

"Maryland and the allies have agreed to an 8 hour truce before doing anything else. Negotiations are underway." Gamebang explained.

"Well, looks like that concludes are conversation!" Eren began to walk away. "We never have to see each other again!"

"Actually, Eren-" Gamebang was holding some weird radio phone. "Fruit Detector says these two are the expressions."

"No it fucking doesn't." Eren denied the claim. "That thing must be broken. I mean, it was given to Hatsune Miku by a dying motherfucker. Surely it must be dying too as we speak."

"These rainbows on the screen are as clear as day." Gamebang said.

"Fuck my life." Eren turned back to us. "Alright, you two, come with us. You're the chosen ones."

"Wait." I said. "How did the truce happen?"

"You have our leader to thank for that." Gamebang stated.

...

Obama POV

2 hours prior...

A coin flipped in the air as I caught it with my right hand. Beidou of Genshin sat next to me, as well as Kagamine Rin of Project Sekai. The other representatives of our allies sat too, all around the Roundtable. And across the table, the Crab of Maryland himself. Yes, it's an actual Crab.

"If I'm understanding this..." I talked to Hayase Yuuka of Blue Archive. "This invasion on the Maryland Crab is failing because not only are your soldiers refusing to cooperate, but many soldiers of the others groups here are refusing as well."

"Yes." Haruka Amami of iDOLMASTER said.

"I don't blame them. With the past interactions and multiple rumors, I'd be skeptical. Plus, soldiers don't typically do what they're told unless they know a reason. They're not bots. And if you think you can punish them for it, remember that the people always have the power." I took a deep breath. "We'll need an official response that clarifies everything. You may do as you wish to those unofficial diplomats, the ones who acted on their own accord and caused the false rumors. Those guys think they're playing the unlikely hero, but look where we are. But that's not my business, I'm here to diplomacy."

"I stand by my decision." The Crab said. "We're not moving. We need as many territories as possible. If The Void destroys one of ours, then at least we have another place to go to."

"We need a home too." Beidou argued. "All of us do."

"We claimed this territory first." The Crab defended. "We were here before you guys. Yall came by and claimed it was yours, when we refused you attacked. Even your own army knows this is wrong."

"Strong defense from Maryland." I stated as I flipped the coin again. "Beidou?"

"The Void is a danger that transcends politics." She said. "We're here arguing while that thing is coming for us. As people in general, we should be working together to survive."

"I'm willing to leave yall alone, just leave Maryland alone." The Crab said. "Doesn't Genshin already have a few territories? In the North and in the middle east of the galaxy."

"One in the North was consumed by The Void." Beidou stated. "We had to settle somewhere else."

"As we speak, our soldiers are dying!" I slammed the table. "Every second we take here, lives are taken. While we fight each other with words, our men fight with blood."

"This entire solar system is allies property." Kagamine Rin stated. "You have multiple empires against your claim, Maryland."

"And yet we are winning the war." The Crab smiled. "Genshin already has territory in this solar system."

"But PolandBall doesn't." I said. I knew we needed at least something. "We're part of this alliance, aren't we?"

"So what? Share with some other group." The Crab suggested.

"I think PolandBall will share with Genshin for the territory you hold." Risky words I said.

"Obama..." Beidou was surprised.

I had only one goal in mind here. "We're all just people trying to survive The Void. We shouldn't be fighting with each other, we should be working together." Union. "I offer peace. I offer teamwork. I offer power."

Beidou and the Crab had mixed feelings. "How can I trust Genshin and the allies?" The Crab questioned. "Time and time again, they have rather attacked than simply leave us be. You guys started this war. Even your own army is hesitant. You're about to lose the support of your military."

"It doesn't matter who started who, damn it!" I slammed the table again. "The Void is coming. We're here depleting our resources on each other. Settle your differences right here and work together!"

"You mean..."

"I plan to not only share the territory with Genshin, but also with Maryland."

Kagamine Rin looked baffled. "You want to invite them to the alliance?"

"We have to work together."

"But it's war." Beidou said.

"War is stupid." I said. "Think about it. By simply sharing the planet together, it would be the most powerful planet in the solar system, with three groups backing it. We all have a house and each other's help. And God knows we need all the help."

Beidou spoke up. "But Obama-"

"I will admit it. I speak for the people here. I speak for your soldiers. Their voice flows through me." I spoke loud and clear. "We've made unnecessary conflict with each other because of our survival instinct, but we can survive together."

"Hm..." The Crab was thinking about it.

"I don't care who started who. I don't care about your ethics. I care about the living, I care about living." I continued. "Set your grievances with each other aside. Don't let your personal dislike of each other affect the lives of your people. They have spoken, and it is up to us to be part of them."

"..." The Crab sighed. "Maybe Barack Obama is right."

"...We're sorry." Beidou said. "We should've continued negotiations instead of attacking. We should have considered the opinion of our people. We should have done this exact conversation instead of the invasion."

"...I guess I..." The Crab was talking. "I guess I'm also sorry for refusing opportunity for teamwork. I should've come up with that idea instead of insisting we should be the only ones in possession of the planet."

God. "The real people you guys should be apologizing to is your own army."

"Then let's do a democracy." Kagamine Rin said. "We will clarify all of what happened and give thought to the opinion of our people to our next move."

I fucking did it. "There we go. See what happens when we actually discuss our problems instead of acting first?" This is why I always give my friends a therapy session.

"I offer a truce on the conflict." Beidou suggested. "Put a hold on everything until we have a definitive conclusion."

"...I offer peace." The Crab said.

"Then it's a deal." Beidou clapped. "Let the negotiations begin."

PolandBall has joined the alliance.

...

Gamebang POV

"Fuck me." Obama inhaled that oxygen mask like it was keeping him alive. "I just had a near death experience and I immediately get to trying to settle a multi-world conflict. Fuck me."

"Just breathe." Michael urged.

"Those motherfuckers were too busy being mad at each other. They fail to consider the people their actions affect, their people."

"I feel like the alliance started this war." Morbius said.

"Who gives a shit who started it?" Obama took another whiff. "There's a giant black hole that's coming for us all. You've seen it, you've been near it, and all of this other stuff doesn't matter anymore. Divided we fall, united we stand. I need to make sure Maryland joins the alliance."

"Take a rest." Michael suggested.

"No." Obama replied. "If I'm not there, they might start getting mad at each other again. They need a third person perspective. They need someone who can add rationalization to the conversation."

"We'll be here with you all the way, man." I said.

"Yeah." [Insert GenshinPlace member] joined me.

Obama finished another whiff of his mask. "Thanks guys... I really do appreciate it. I don't know what I'd do without yall." He put away his oxygen mask. "By the way, anything on the last two expressions we need to find?"

"According to Varys." Eren explained. "The last two are on some planet outside of this solar system. The world is called 'Kelos.' It would take an hour to get there."

Obama took a deep breath. "I guess we can do that first. We have time." Obama stood up. "Yeah. We should go there and find the last two. That's one thing finished so I can focus on another."

"Alright then." Eren said. "Let's get to the ship."

...

Obama POV

While we were driving away in space, going to one solar system to another, our destination being Kelos, we encountered an obstacle... "Does that star look a little weird?" I observed.

"It definitely looks a little blue." Michael agreed.

"What? Like it's sad?" Gamebang, you innocent boy.

"Stars can't feel emotions." [Insert GenshinPlace member] crushed Gamebang's idea.

"I don't know man, it looks sad." Morbius argued.

"ITS A SUPERNOVA YOU IDIOTS." Eren shouted. "ITS GOING TO EXPLODE."

"Oh." I said. "OH SHIT."

"GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE." Gamebang told Eren.

"I could go faster if SOMEONE didn't tell us we did not need some extra gas."

"THE GAS PRICES HAVE BEEN FUCKED FOR AGES, MAN. WE GOTTA WATCH OUR BUDGET." [Insert GenshinPlace member] defended their choice.

"NO WE DON'T." Eren said.

"YOU SPENT IT ON A FIFTEEN INCH VIBRATING SEMEN COLLECTING DILDO."

"NO I FUCKING DIDN'T."

"SHOW ME YOUR ASSHOLE."

"Are you Armin."

"No?"

"THEN FUCK OFF."

"He did buy it though. That's the truth." Gamebang said.

"I SWEAR I FUCKING DIDN'T." Eren said before silently cumming to himself. "I-I didn't..."

"JUST DRIVE." [Insert GenshinPlace member] yelled.

"ITS TOO LATE, MAN." Eren pointed at the exploding star. "IT HAS GONE TURBO. THE SHOCKWAVES ARE COMING."

"EVERYONE SHUT IT!" I demanded. "I KNOW WHAT TO DO!"

"What is it, Obama?" Michael asked.

"In times like this, I remember that the only one that can save us...is my personal lord and savior, Jesus Christ."

"Hear hear." Everyone agreed.

"Everyone, let us bow our heads in prayer." I did the sign of the cross, and the others followed. "Dear Heavenly Father, thank you for sunshine, thank you for rain, thank you for joy, thank you for pain. It's a beautiful day."

"Ay-ay-ay-ay." The others finished the song for me.

We did the sign of the cross and waited.

And then, a light appeared on the other side of the room in the shape of a man. Jesus Christ has appeared. "What's good, my little kitties."

"Oh Jesus!" I praised. "How do we escape the incoming supernova from killing us?"

"Hm." Jesus went over to the window to analyze the situation. "Mhm. Oh yes, I've seen this before." He turned back to us. "Alright, so here's what you guys are gonna do. That dying star right there, yeah, it's basically crying right now and you guys gotta cheer it up."

"HAH, I WAS RIGHT!" Gamebang jumped for joy.

"How do we make it happy?" Morbius asked.

"Just go near it. I'll give this ship a temporary shield so you guys don't get burned alive." Jesus whipped out a Sriracha bottle filled with holy water and started throwing liquids all over the place. "Forgive the appearance, I didn't have anywhere else to put it. I just came back from a McJaysdonalds so I had to use what I could."

"Was it good." [Insert GenshinPlace member] asked.

"Heck yeah it was good." Jesus confirmed. "Keqing burger is always good."

The next second, the ship became more golden and felt more holy.

"There yall go." Jesus said. "Temporary shield for a few hours. Now go cheer up that star."

"Yes daddy Jesus, we will." Eren bowed before driving the ship closer to the supernova.

We pass by webs of burning stardust, changing colors of every kind. Bright was the explosion, giving Eren a hard time to drive. The force of the supernova was so strong that we had to use more gas to move forward or else the shockwaves will push us back to another solar system.

We arrived at the center of the supernova, the last remnants of the star. We stared at it outside of the window.

"Hey! Star!" I called out. "Are you okay?"

"It can't be that easy to talk to it." Gamebang stated.

"No! I'm not okay!" The star talked. The star fucking talked. "I'm depressed!"

"Yeah I feel that everyday." Morbius related to the star.

"Why are you sad, Mr Star?" Gamebang asked.

"You guys would never understand my pain!" The star said. "Leave me alone!"

I turned to Jesus. "It ain't working, man."

"Just keep going. Eventually you'll make progress." Jesus replied.

I returned my gaze to the star. "Come on, man! Talk to us! What's wrong!"

"Why do you wanna know!?" The star asked.

"I just know that mama taught me to make others happy when they feel sad." Michael stated. "So we're here to help you."

The star sighed. "I'm not telling any of you. Never!"

"Wait..." Eren pointed to somewhere else. A singular book was floating in space. "Is that a manga?"

"W-WAIT!" The star was panicking.

"It looks like a shounen too." Gamebang said.

"Stop it!" The star said.

"Oh god it's My Hero Academia." Morbius said.

"Is this yours?" Michael asked.

"N-No!" The star was really nervous. "Listen, don't tell any of my friends about this, please? They'll make fun of me for it."

"..." I considered my next actions carefully. "You know, if your friends would make fun of you for your interests, then maybe they were never your friends at all..."

"...That's." The star seemed different. "That's good advice... Wow..."

"You should hang out with people who you can be yourself with." Morbius did a thumbs up. "It's okay to like trash. Not everything can be peak like Vinland Saga."

"He's right." Jesus agreed.

"What's your name, buddy?" I asked the star.

"Mark." The star replied.

"You should like whatever you want and be happy, Mark."

"Yes... You're right!"

In an instant, the explosion literally reversed, the webs of burning stardust returning to the core of the star. Everything went back to its former state until a star was reborn, golden in flames, glorious above all.

"Thank you, Polandball..." Mark said. "I'm going to join my school's anime club to find friends."

"Godspeed, Mark." I saluted him before our ship continued its journey across the stars.

...

"Thank you, Jesus." We said once we were out of that solar system.

"You're welcome, my little kitties." Jesus smiled. "Good luck on your journey."

"WE LOVE YOU, JESUS!" Eren yelled like a fangirl.

"I know I know. I love all of you too." Jesus looked at his phone. "Although, if you guys need help, I won't be there. I have work to do. You know how it is."

"We understand Jesus. Your schedule must be pretty tight." Gamebang said.

"Goodbye, my pookie wookies." Jesus faded away to a place we didn't know."

"Sigurd gave me these." Michael handed out little rings. "Pocket spacesuits. Press the button on the ring and it'll eat your body with a suit to protect you."

"Love it when I get vored by a ring." Gamebang took one. "At least if we ever get sucked into space, we got these things. Quite convenient, huh."

We are currently on our way to Kelos. It'll take some time, so we're just hanging out on the ride.

"Yall remember our first mission together?" Morbius spoke. "It was in Nanking. We were dealing with what?"

"A virus that made people lick toilets." [Insert GenshinPlace member] answered. "Shiiiiit. I remember Gamebang wasn't even infected and he still licked the damn things."

"I was so fucked up back then." Gamebang took a sip of wine. "And that was yalls first impression of me. But you wanna know who had even worse impression?"

Everyone looked to Eren. "What did I even do-"

"You turned yourself into a toilet to be licked by other men." I explained. "I don't know how you did it, you just did."

"But I'm not gay." Eren said, clearly aroused by the memory.

"It was also that time when I [Insert GenshinPlace member] was colorblind." Gamebang added.

"Yeah I also found out that day too." [Insert GenshinPlace member] said. "Colored wires and I couldn't tell which one was red."

"You nearly fucked over an entire village until I had to take over." Gamebang chuckled. "And also Morbius was the most normal out of us back then."

"I used to think I got paired with the weirdest people in the world." Morbius said. "I still do. Hell, Michael back then didn't even know how to hold a gun until Obama taught him."

"And I'm still teaching him everything." I gave Michael a pat on the back as he blushed. "Gotta say, yall were hard to manage earlier, but once I found out what made yall so fuckin weird, I knew what to do." I laughed. "I remember I had to bribe Gamebang into thinking there were femboys on the other side of some octopus infested lake because he shits himself in the sight of sea animals."

"Tentacles are scary. I don't get how people are into that shit." Gamebang shivered.

"I can't believe we're the ones who saved the multiverse." Michael drank until his cup was empty. "Who would've thought?"

"And we're the ones who recently saved an entire country from civil war." I pointed out our Inazuma journey.

"Who would've thought Morbius of all people could be the one who decides the fate of an entire nation." [Insert GenshinPlace member] cheered with their cup. "What did the Shogun even see in you lol."

"Yall talking about me, but we never mentioned the fucker that literally grew wings." Morbius pointed to Gamebang.

"All thanks to this thing." Gamebang brought out his flaming sword. He held it down on the table to make sure it didn't float away.

"Hold on." Eren left for a while but then came back with a marshmallow on a stick. He proceeded to roast the mellow using the fires from Gamebang's sword.

"Damn you." Gamebang laughed at the sight.

"Come on yall, roasted mellows." Eren offered us our own sticks.

"Might as well." Michael took a stick and gave it to me. "Remember when Obama showed emotion for the first time?"

"OH YEAH." Morbius roared in laughter while I covered my mouth from flushing red.

"Obama was in his usual stoic calm personality back then until his kids came by and he tried so hard to maintain that personality in front of us while his kids tried climbing him." [Insert GenshinPlace member] explained the damned incident.

"Shut up, guys." I said, trying my hardest.

"HAH, SEE, EVEN NOW HE GETS FUCKED UP WHEN WE MENTION IT." Gamebang pointed.

"Can we mention that [Insert GenshinPlace member] lived underwater for a year straight." Eren said.

"How did it feel being my ex's assistant." Gamebang asked [Insert GenshinPlace member].

"Tiring." They replied.

"Yeah." Gamebang shook his glass. "I know."

"OH I REMEMBER SOMETHING." Michael slammed his cup on the table. "SUCCESSION CEREMONY."

"OH YEAAAH." Morbius remembered also. "When Obama finally became leader of PolandBall. Fuck, that was a good day."

"Yes it was." I agreed. "We drank ourselves to death."

"We still are." Eren raised his glass.

"Hear hear." Everyone else followed.

"I remember everyone in the organization liked you as the new leader immediately when you put that fuckin gumball machine." Michael chuckled. "It was only one machine but people lined up for it like it was the opening for my concert."

"To this day, however." Gamebang spoke. "No leader of PolandBall could ever find out what the hell was wrong with the male bathroom over at the Russian HQ."

"Yeah I swear to God, it's like cursed to forever overflow." I sighed.

"We are the main stars of PolandBall." Eren stated. "Their golden boys."

"Their standards must have been low for me to be in it." Gamebang laughed his ass off.

"Not to mention the exact one year of no missions." Morbius said. "Gamebang resorted to suing Walmart, that's how much we needed a job."

"I didn't need one. I basically lived at Aqua's palace." [Insert GenshinPlace member] was smug.

"Well, you guys got your high paying job. The Inazuma Civil War." I stated. "And what did Michael spend that money on? Primogems."

"Yall acting like that's a lose for me. But I just won ten 50/50s. I'm not saying how much I lost though." Michael responded.

"Like a responsible man, I put my paycheck into my savings account." Morbius looked proud until...

"He spent it on a rare Pokémon card that was proven to be fake." Eren said. And Morbius died inside.

"Pretty sure you can sue people for scamming you." Michael drank.

"Do I really wanna?" Morbius questioned.

"ITS NOT A QUESTION AT ALL, MAN." Gamebang roared. "LETS DO THIS. LETS SUE THEM AND GET PAID."

"Come on, Morbius." I spoke. "Gamebang needs his paycheck."

"Yall are never gonna be satisfied with money." Michael laughed.

Morbius poured wine inside three cups. "Drink all of these and I'll consider the deal."

"Oh shiiit." Eren clapped his hands.

"You gonna do it?" [Insert GenshinPlace member] asked Gamebang.

"Damn right I will." Gamebang began to drink.

"I'll put on some music for this shit." Eren played a song.

The track itself wasn't anything special. Just some piano. I suppose Eren's idea was to relax Gamebang whilst he dunked down on those drinks. But...the longer the song went on, the more meaning I placed within it. The music seemed calm, hopeful yet somber. A moment of peace in a troubling time. It feels as if the message behind was: Despite all that is happening, one can still find joy. Despite all, you're still you.

...

As everyone laughs with each other, the music drowns out their voices in my ear. All I can hear is the piano and, well, my friends being happy. And it's a wonderful sight. A view I've missed and will always indulge in.

Gamebang, with his unusual antics.

[Insert GenshinPlace member], always being supportive.

Eren, oddly wise despite in denial.

Morbius, gentle yet the strongest out of all of us.

And Michael, my assistant, my squire, my student, my heir, and most importantly my friend who's been with me since the beginning.

Perhaps I don't need gold or fame or a high position. Maybe I'm as simple as it gets. What if this is all I need? Others. The two years of separation PolandBall had might have broken my spirits a couple times. So right here, right now, I feel like I've been reborn.

It's just so fun... So casual, nothing else. What else can a man dream of, other than drinking with friends? There's nothing else in the universe better than others.

This is the happiest I've been in so long... Oh how politics have rotted my brain. How I have missed the simplicity of these five people. My team. The gang.

As everyone laughs, I laugh also.

"Hahaha..."

Oh, this is just wonderful. How I wish this moment can stay. What I'd sacrifice for these guys.

Ever since I started out at PolandBall, I've been constantly rising to power, and yet I was alone until you five were assigned to me. You have destroyed my loneliness, and for that I offer you my life.

If only this peace of mind could last forever...

A loud violent crash was heard outside of our ship. "What was that?" Gamebang asked.

Chapter 5: The Retired Prince and the kids.

130 AC.

Daemon stood in Harrenhal, playing with a coin. It would only be a matter of time before Aemond arrives. He had ran away with Nettles, he had betrayed his queen. The night stood still, the war wasn't going to end anytime soon.

He thought of everything he had done. All of his sins. He wondered how the Gods should punish him for it. The people he killed. The ones he manipulated. His mistakes. None would forgive him.

He remembered simpler days when he was just going around the country, advocating for his brother to become king. But now, his brother was dead, killed by the ones who should've taken care of him. That's how Daemon felt at least.

"Oh how we have failed you, Viserys." Daemon whispered to himself. "The blood of the dragon is divided and will remain so. The Dance of the Dragons will continue, long after its over."

When the first light of the sun came, Daemon stood up and walked away. Aemond would be here soon, he doesn't wanna be late.

For all he's done, he can never go back, he can only move forward. His sins outweigh his heart. He is a Targaryen, he must keep burning. He may have nothing left, but what can a man do but keep walking into the fire. And he is going to kill his nephew.

...

Aemond Targaryen finished talking with Alys, assuring her that he will not falter when it comes to his uncle.

The night before the battle, he tried to rest to the fullest extent. But...

"Aemond...?" A comforting voice called him as he poured wine into a cup.

He turned around. "Mother..."

"Alys told me about tomorrow." Alicent Hightower said. "Is it true?"

"It is." Aemond continued pouring wine. "It's all for my brother's throne, right? I'm going to do it."

"Have you gone mad?" Alicent questioned him.

"No, mother, unfortunately not." Aemond looked at her without his eyepatch. "I simply have many things to settle."

"Daemon could kill you." She was increasingly getting worried. "You know what he is."

"I will be fine, mother. Trust me." Aemond assured her. "I will return."

Alicent could've cried there. She couldn't bear to see him like this. So dedicated to this war, but he was still her little boy who got his eye gouged out. She just wanted him safe.

"Thank you, mother. But you need not worry about me-"

Alicent hugged her little boy.

"You have to live, my son." Alicent said. "For Aegon. For Halaena. For me."

"I will..." It was always comforting to be in the arms of his mother.

"Promise me, Aemond." She made him swear it. "You will live for them. For us. Please."

"I promise."

"Oh..." She touched his cheek. "My little boy... If only the world had been different."

Aemond shook his head. "You were my mother. That's good enough."

Alicent shed a single tear. "Protect them, Aemond. Family is forever."

Aemond nodded before giving Alicent one last hug. He left immediately after.

...

Gods Eye.

The prince helped his woman down from Vhagar's back, then turned to face his uncle. "Uncle, I hear you have been seeking us."

"Only you," Daemon replied. "Who told you where to find me?"

"My lady," Aemond answered. "She saw you in a storm cloud, in a mountain pool at dusk, in the fire we lit to cook our suppers. She sees much and more, my Alys. You were a fool to come alone."

"Were I not alone, you would not have come," said Daemon.

"Yet you are, and here I am. You have lived too long, uncle."

"On that much we agree," Daemon replied.

After the Battle Above The Gods Eye, both Daemon Targaryen and Aemond Targaryen were dead. Aemond's corpse was found underneath the lake, and Vhagar's plunged to the lake floor, boiling the water. Caraxes crawled to Harrenhal before his death, despite having major injuries. Daemon's body was never found, but he was gone.

...

"Fuuuuck my life." Kirie scrolled through tiktok, trying to drown her homesickness. She just watched a video about why sharks are dangerous. "If dangerous then why friend shaped."

"Actually, dolphins kill more humans than sharks in a year." Her friend, Malitis said. He was eating out of a little cardboard box containing an omelette. "Eat, Kirie, you're gonna die."

"You don't need food to live." Kirie's stomach begged for something. She buried her face into a pillow. "I miss home..."

"You'll be back home in two weeks." Malitis reminded. "It was your choice to fully stay here for now, remember?"

"I never make good choices..."

"You made a choice that requires to grow up." Malitis stated. "We're still growing up, so it's natural to feel shit about something grown up we haven't done yet."

Kirie sat up and hugged her pillow. "I wanted to be a grown woman. I didn't think that'd mean killing the little girl within me."

"She doesn't have to die."

"It feels like she's dying." Kirie mindlessly scrolled tiktok once more. "I'm doing things on my own and am learning how to, but sometimes you just want to lay down and watch a movie with your mother. That's the little girl, and it feels like she's leaving me."

"That's just how growing up is, Kirie." Malitis patted her head. "We lose a part of ourselves to adapt to our new environments. But I don't think we have to kill the child within us, we just have to put them to sleep as we handle everything."

"Hm." Kirie thought it was wise, but one cannot help but miss simpler times. "Any word from Daemon?"

"He should be coming in-"

"Now." Daemon Targaryen busted through the door. "We've got work to do. Come on, you two."

"And now comes the grown up stuff." Malitis often dreaded these missions, but it was his job anyway. Whether he likes it or not, he too wishes to embrace the little boy within him and watch a movie with his parents.

"Ah wait-" Kirie searched through her cabinets. "I forgot to take HRT today."

"Mission shouldn't take longer than five hours." Malitis reached for his pocket. "It should be fine." He pulled out a ring.

"You better be right." Kirie stopped her search and took out her own ring.

The two caught up to Daemon as they walked through the main hub of Fate/Grand Order. The hub was a ginormous spaceship that circled the planet Kelos. This was their current place of living.

"Saber informed us that the group is going into some nearby solar system to establish some territory." Daemon explained as he cleaned his pickaxe. "A full alliance between many other groups. Primary objective being The Void."

"Is that so?" Kirie pressed the button on her ring. It proceeded to cover her body with a spacesuit.

"Yup." Daemon activated his own suit. "We'll be gathering material as usual. These ones will be used for our group's territory."

As Malitis got his suit on, they arrived at a large door. Daemon opened the entry and smiled upon the creature that made kings.

The dragon was half the size of Vhagar, and its neck was longer than chains. His scales were redder than blood, and fierce was his roar, more dreadful than the sound of Wildfire. Caraxes was Daemon's, and the dragon was called the Blood Wyrm.

"Come on." Daemon helped Malitis and Kirie climb the beast. He had to put customized seats on top of Caraxes just for both of them, for they did not know how to hold on to a dragon. Daemon did not need some specialized seat, he was a Targaryen, he was the Blood of the Dragon.

"It never gets easier." Malitis thought the scales on Caraxes were sharp and hurt to touch. Kirie was having trouble buckling her seat belt, so Malitis helped her. All the while, Daemon waited for the hatch inside the dragon's room to open up, exposing them to the abyss of Space.

Once it fully opened, Daemon took his dragon to flight. Long were the wings of Caraxes, wide as the lobby of the hub. The dragon could breathe in space thanks to a technology that was embedded into its body, providing some shield that would protect them from the consequences of Space. The best part was that it still allowed them to vomit fire from their jaws. Caraxes flew across the cosmos, mighty as a God's pet.

Even as they were protected from falling off, Kirie and Malitis held on for dear life on their seats. They could not fathom how Daemon is glued to his place, never struggling. Kirie and Malitis would've held each other's hand as some dramatic moment, but they were too scared to even move.

The dragon flew to a belt of asteroids, giant rocks scattered like crumbs. Kirie and Malitis felt the heat travel across the snake that was the neck of Caraxes. The warmth left the body of the dragon and erupted as the clouds of hell. Dragon fire consumed the asteroids, turning them to dust. Caraxes had no obstacles to dodge, he destroyed obstacles.

Caraxes landed on an asteroid that was large enough for him. Daemon helped the two young adults climb down the dragon and onto the rock.

Daemon handed each of the two a pickaxe. "Alright, let's get to work. Call me if you guys need help."

Daemon walked to some other spot of the asteroid. Kirie and Malitis began their business. Carrying a large bag with them, they'd mine the stone and place their treasures inside. Kirie had gotten better at mining since her first day, where she could scarcely lift a tool. She was Malitis level of expertise, which isn't that high but it's still good.

"I think I've narrowed it down to two choices." Malitis made conversation, starting with a sensitive topic of his.

"Narrowed what into two choices?" Kirie swung as got herself two pieces of ingots.

"What I'm into, you know?" Malitis referred to his romantic orientation. "Aromantic or uh Demiromantic."

"So it boils down to 'Do you like people or do you need to know people.' That it?"

"Mhm." Malitis continued mining. "I'll figure that out and then that's one less question in my life."

"Next question: How do we pirate the extended editions of Lord of the Rings."

"I think HBO Max has them."

"Dude, I said pirate, not pay."

"Well I don't know, Kirie, I don't search for the best pirating sites." Malitis sealed his now heavy bag. "I'm done."

"Wait up, I'm still not done." Kirie began to mine even faster.

Malitis stared at the dark emptiness of Space. Once a lifetime ago, this would've sent him spiraling out of control. But today, it's just like the sky to him. The asteroids move like the droplets you watch on your car window when it's raining. Malitis had learned how to be comforted by blank nothingness.

"Alright, I'm done." Kirie stood up, bag in hand. "Let's go to Daemon."

They saddled up on Caraxes again, and flew back to the hub. Kirie always made sure not to hurt Caraxes with her big bag of sharp rocks, before realizing Caraxes is literally protected with a shield around their body.

After they boarded back to the hub, Caraxes was returned to his chambers and left alone to sleep. Daemon and the two gave their gatherings to the guild and moved on with their day, heading to the cafeteria for lunch.

"You two been talking with your parents?" Daemon asked as he ate his lamb.

"Yeah I message them every night." Kirie was eating her salmon at a rapid pace.

"I don't." Malitis wasn't eating anything.

"Do try to." Daemon told Malitis. "Family is the most important thing in the world."

"Tell us more about your own family, Daemon." Kirie asked. She liked his stories.

"Well, there's the story of my brother becoming king." Daemon smiled. "He was chosen as one of the heirs and he was competing against our cousins for the throne. I was his biggest advocate, I'd dare say. I'd go around and persuade many to support my brother. I went to other noble houses and convinced them to choose Viserys Targaryen as king. When my brother truly did become king, it was such a great day." He chuckled. "We drank ourselves until the sun rose."

"Was he a good king?" Kirie asked.

All of the memories washed Daemon's mind as he thought of his answer. "Yes. I'd say he was a good king. There was this one time during the day he died when he surprised everyone. He had grown sickly and bed-ridden, yet he came to the hall, walking to conquer his throne. Even as he was slow in doing so, he kept moving forward. Everyone else was caught off guard, but I wasn't. My brother was strong, and I knew that. Why should I be surprised at the strength I always knew existed?"

"You really loved your brother." Malitis said.

"I still do..." Daemon sighed. "But... With being king, there will always be people around you that will use you and... I denied it for a long time because of anger, but..." Daemon frowned. "Maybe I didn't start that war for my wife's succession. Maybe I did it as vengeance for my older brother."

"War?" Kirie said.

After a long silence, Daemon smiled again. "Nevermind. Why should I burden you two with events that happened 300 years ago?"

When Daemon escaped the destruction of the afterlife with Caraxes, and they landed in a landless world, only ocean. He spent an entire month, floating in water, eating only fish and the occasional crab, using Caraxes to roast the meat. He was angry at his circumstances during the first week, but he learned to be at peace at the second. The entire time, he thought of his life, his experiences in hell, and what to do next.

The group Fate/Grand Order saved him on their expedition to the planet. Daemon and Caraxes remained prisoners until they were proven to be safe. Daemon was given a job as a miner of asteroids, and that's when he met Kirie and Malitis, who serve as his co-workers. He often treats them as if they were his own children.

Occasionally, Daemon would think whether or not his brother made it out of the destruction of the afterlife. He hopes he did and that they can meet again one day.

Daemon Targaryen was an empty man when he returned to the realm of the living. And now, after a lifetime of thoughts, he finds himself reborn in every way.

"I'm heading down to Kelos to buy some spices." Daemon told them. "Do you two want to come with me?"

Kirie and Malitis knew that Kelos was the only place they could buy that really stretchy ice cream. "Yes!" They both replied.

And so they went down to Kelos, with Caraxes as their ride. Daemon informed their boss that they'd be on break early on Kelos since they already finished their quota. Kirie and Malitis still struggled to not ghost piss themselves as the dragon flew them away.

Kelos wasn't different from most worlds. It had one civilization, which contains currency, communities, different groups and everything else. The grass was green, the sky was blue, the buildings were a little more round than usual but they were still buildings. Overall, it was the closest thing Kirie could find to her home. Except the people, for they were a species of one eyed humans.

"Be quick." Daemon said before entering the ice cream shop with Kirie and Malitis.

The two began ordering at the counter. "Hi, we'd like a chocolate chip and a butter pecan, please?" Malitis asked.

"Not available." The man behind the counter said.

"...But it says available up there on the screen full of flavors." Malitis pointed out.

The man sighed. "Look, man, I work here nine to five and those flavors are difficult to scoop. Give me a goddamn break."

Kirie was shocked, but Malitis wouldn't falter. "You take a spoon and put it inside a cup. What's the rush."

"For God's sake, man, cut me some slack."

"We want our ice cream." Malitis insisted.

"And you guys will get it if you pick an easier flavor."

"Let's just get vanilla..." Kirie told Malitis stop and get it over with.

Malitis took a really deep breath. "Fine. Two vani-"

A sword stabbed the counter like a bullet. The surface that didn't contain the blade was cracked, and pieces of debris went to various places. Daemon Targaryen took his sword out and let the steel fall onto the counter whilst holding the handle, creating a loud ringing noise and a dent on the counter. "These two are gonna get their meal, whether you like it or not."

"But-"

Daemon lifted his sword, putting the blade near his own face.

"Y-Yes sir..." The man got to work.

Minutes later, Kirie and Malitis were given their stretchy ice cream. They left the ice cream shop, satisfied. And onwards they went to the local supermarket for Daemon's spices.

They wandered around the aisles. Daemon searched for his needs while Kirie and Malitis made jokes of every product they saw.

"I like how this jacket is black." Malitis said. "It's to disguise yourself in the night so no one will notice you robbing helpless grandmas."

Kirie saw a knife on sale. "Oh hell yeah, this will be much easier and faster than HRT."

Both of them saw a comfy looking couch. "One day, that thing will be used to concieve someone." Malitis said.

Kirie saw a toy skeleton. "God I wish that was you."

"If I'm dead who's gonna drive you to places when gravity is added to the equation."

"Daemon would." Kirie looked to him. "Right, Daemon?"

"I'll get you two your own dragons if you prove you're responsible." Daemon said.

"WHAT." Kirie's eyes sparkled.

"OH MY GOD." Malitis was a little boy again.

"We will absolutely prove to you we are capable and responsible and everything else." Kirie promised.

Daemon knew there was no going back in his statement, so he began to think of how to return to Westeros. He doesn't realize that dragons no longer existed in the current time period of Westeros. (Balerion doesn't count anymore as he left the planet.) Afterall, he died before the dragons did 300 years ago.

"Ah, found it." Daemon placed the barbecue powder inside his shopping cart.

"That's the spices?" Kirie said. "I thought you'd purchase like actual peppers or something."

"Those are too hot for my taste." Ironical because he's a Targaryen and he cannot handle a little spice.

"AH FUCK I FORGOT HRT." Kirie just realized. "Daemon? Are we returning to the hub later?"

"Yes we are." Daemon answered.

"Oh thank god."

"Are those pills important to take daily?" Daemon asked Kirie.

"Yes."

"Do you have some kind of illness or-" Daemon doesn't know the concept of Transgenderism.

"Let's just say she's trying to make her boobs grow." Malitis answered for Kirie, who was displeased by his response.

"There is nothing wrong with small tits." Daemon said. "But if that's how you want your body to be, go for it. Be happy."

Even though the context was VERY different, Kirie still felt validated. "Thank you, Daemon." Kirie proceeded to playfully punch Malitis for his answer earlier.

The three left the supermarket, where Caraxes was waiting in the parking lot. He was eating the shopping carts. They climbed the beast and saddled in for the ride. Kirie and Malitis held hands as the dragon flew up, but Malitis'

grip was too hard to the point it hurt, so Kirie let go. They were getting close to flying past the clouds, the wind devouring their faces. High above them all, and they were about to get highe-

"AGH!" Daemon felt as if his dragon's entire body was slapped. His grip for safety increased. "Focus, ñuha ānogar. Sōvegōn!" He commanded Caraxes to concentrate in High Valyrian, the language of his ancestors.

The dragon listened and steadied its flight. Once they were mostly stable, Daemon looked to what caused Caraxes' harm. It was a ship. In the distance, far beyond him, a black and white spaceship was chasing after a red and white spaceship. The black and white ship shot its lasers at its target, and the hunted dodged all of it skillfully. Whoever was driving it must be a professional.

But clearly not skilled enough. Moments later, the black and white ship shot one laser that hit the red and white ship's engine. The south end of the ship exploded in the sky like fireworks. The ship began to fall.

"D-Do we have nothing to do with it?" Kirie asked.

"Maybe not." Malitis responded.

The event gave Daemon flashbacks of his death 300 years ago. The Battle above the God's Eye. He and Aemond Targaryen battled with their dragons in the sky. Daemon died along with Aemond as they fell. Daemon felt himself shiver at this sight.

The ship finally crashed to the ground, disappearing into a small explosion. A crowd began to form as they ran to the remains of the ship to take a look. Daemon looked at Kirie and Malitis, who both nodded. Caraxes flew to the debris.

They landed, got off the dragon, and went to look at the remains. The ship was fully destroyed, every piece was on fire. It was split in half and nothing could be fixable. But the strange thing was...there were no bodies.

The black and white ship landed in front of the crowd. Men wearing spacesuits and equipped with guns stepped out. "Everyone stay where you are, we are looking for a criminal."

"A criminal?" One person in the crowd said.

"If you happened to see a dark skinned man with a crew cut haircut, report it to us immediately. He is an enemy of our group, F**k Face."

"F**k Face?" Daemon was amused. "What kind of name is that. Isn't that right, guys?" He turned to Malitis and Kirie.

They disappeared.

"Guys?" Daemon immediately panicked. "Kirie? Malitis?" He called out as the crowd began to move. "Shit."

"Do not hide him from us." The F**k Face soldier said. "We, the F**k Force, will not hesitate to use force to find that man."

"KIRIE!" Daemon yelled. "MALITIS!" No one answered. "Fuck... Where are they..."

Daemon wandered around, but he couldn't leave the crowd. No one was allowed to leave by order of the F**k Force. He just had to hope they were somewhere. Next to the crowd were a couple buildings. He came close to one alleyway.

"KIRIE! MALITIS! WHERE ARE-" Daemon Targaryen was stuck by the back of his head. He was taken by the hair and dragged inside the alley. He was unconscious, and no one knew of his disappearance.

Inside the alley, as Daemon slept on the dirty floor, Kirie and Malitis' were also knocked out. A man took from his pocket what looked like radio phone, and it's screen displayed rainbows at the presence of both Kirie and Malitis.

"I fucking found you." Barack Obama's head was dripping blood, and parts of his clothes were ripped. "I found the final two expressions."

Chapter 6: King of Vengeance.

Jaime Lannister POV

"You are Aurelius' heir." Ku Hai said.

"We are the last of Alberia!" Luther said.

"As long as the blood of your dynasty flows, Alberia will never die!" Karina said.

"..." Joe said.

"You are our king, lead us into the future." Hawk said.

"Follow the Goddess into your heart and it will be okay." Tobias said.

"Please. Please be strong." Serena said.

Euden could still hear these voices, even as he locked himself in one of the closets, just like he did when the Dragalia ship burned. Even in absolute silence, his mind was loud. He cannot cry, but he wants to. How horrible it must be to be the son of a ruler.

"Prince?" I knocked on the closet door. "Open the door, I got you your dinner."

He did not respond.

"Come on, man, you gotta eat."

He did not respond.

"A lot of people are counting on you. Please show them your strength."

He responded. "...I'm not strong."

I sighed and placed his plate on the floor. "I'll leave your food outside the door, on the ground. I'll go now. Please eat."

I left to go find the others.

"How's the Prince holding up?" Tolkien asked.

"Horrible." I replied. "He's locked himself inside the Janitor's closet."

"He's still a child. Barely sixteen." Tolkien stated. "Children aren't skilled in controlling their emotions, and they are certainly not skilled in handling this kind of responsibility."

"Still, he's the hope of a destroyed world. He is all that's left. If he is gone, then so is Alberia."

"Well, unfortunately, the child will have to learn to grow up early. To kill the boy and let the man be born."

Out of nowhere, my phone was vibrating. I looked to see Sigurd calling me. I answered the call. "Hello?"

"We're under attack. Hide."

He hung up. "Huh...?"

Suddenly, the lights on the ceiling were flashing red. The alarms were going off, and loud they were. Tolkien seemed troubled by the volume of the sirens.

My mind immediately went to Tyrion and his safety. "Tolkien, stay near me." I unsheathed my sword.

As we traversed the hallways of the D4DJ hub, two men wearing strange looking spacesuits came to attack me. Their suit's design was half black on their lower body, and white on the upper.

They aimed their guns at us, shooting lasers. I took Tolkien behind a nearby water dispenser and entered the fight. I ran to the enemies. One shot, I limbo'd below it. Second shot, I swiftly moved to the side as it ripped a part of my clothing. Third shot, I blocked it using the steel of my sword. Fourth shot, they simply missed, aimed horribly. Fifth shot, I ducked under it, in which I proceeded to kick the enemy's leg, but then I realized I was in space and gravity works differently. If anything, my kick attack would've just sent them floating away but no damage. I resorted to my sword and stabbed their thigh.

The other enemy aimed at me. I swung my sword even if it was still inside this dude's leg. I made the dude crash onto the other enemy. As blood floated everywhere, I took some into my hand and flung it into the other enemy's eyes. The target was set. I proceeded to stab both of the enemies at once on the chest, creating a valley near their neck.

But one more enemy popped out of nowhere without me expecting it. I immediately stood up, but I knew I wasn't fast enough. But before they could stab me through the head, they were stabbed on the back, the steel leaving their chest and onto my sights. His body floated, dead, and Aemond Targaryen cleaned his blade.

He asked me. "Have you seen my brother?"

"No I haven't." I replied.

"The Prince is still in that closet, right? Take him." Aemond urged. "Take him with you."

"Take him to safety with you." I pointed to Tolkien.

"Deal."

Aemond assisted Tolkien while I went on my own, aiming to find the Prince. I knew where he was, I was literally there thirty minutes ago.

I found the closet. It was still locked. "EUDEN, OPEN THE DOOR! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!"

"..." He did not reply.

"EUDEN- Huh?" Suddenly, I was kicked away from the closet door. Another enemy, also black and white suit.

They began their attempt to break down the door. The Prince could hear loud banging noises as the entry was beginning to crack with every hit from this guy. "Agh!" I yelled before running back to the closet door. But I was too late. The door broke into pieces and the enemy entered.

I got inside the closet to see Euden trying to defend himself with a makeshift sword, but I knew he was going to die at this rate. The enemy kept shooting lasers at him, and Euden did a shit job at dodging. After several hits, he was weak and unable to move. But while the enemy was distracted with Euden, I drove my sword into his back. Blood was levitating around us.

Euden began to sob. "Why..."

"Stand up, Prince."

"Why must the universe be so cruel..." No matter how many times he wipes his eyes, tears didn't stop falling.
"Why..."

"Fuck me." I took him by the back of his shirt and carried him like a shopping bag. "Come on, buddy."

It seemed like the alarms were getting louder, but that may just be me being frustrated with them. I ran around the ship, trying to find the others while holding The Prince. Every once in a while, an enemy would pop up and I'd swiftly kill them. Even now, I can't find anyone. Maybe everyone except us is hiding from the attackers. Maybe I'm being reckless.

And then I hear the sound of footsteps. I draw my sword only to see it was one of the rescued from Dragalia.

"Luther?" The Prince spoke as he dangled in the air while I held him.

"My Prince, I've been looking for you!" Luthet said very quietly. "Quick, we have to find the others! Ku Hai and Jo-"

The Prince began to cry.

"My Prince?"

"Shut up... I don't want this... I can't..."

"But... You're all we have."

"Why..." Euden choked on his sorrows. "Why did father want me to be saved? He's never talked to me, never held my hand, never anything. Why?"

"Because you are the future, my Prince."

"Did father ever love me?"

"I... I don't know, my Prince. It may just be a parent's unconditional care."

"I never felt cared for." Euden wept longer. "So why has he made me king...?"

"My Prince, you are the future." Luther had some convincing to do. "You are what's gonna lead us into salvation."

"No just no..." Euden replied. "I don't know how, nor do I want to."

"You are the hope that someone like me can dance again. Remember how I used to dance to make others feel better? You are the path for me and others to keep making others happy. You are the ultimate path to our freedom."

"Please... I don't want..." Euden refused to do absolutely anything. He was free to leave my grasp anytime, and yet he chooses not to take any action.

"My Prince, I'd assist you in every way I can. I can promise you, there is a light, and it is waiting. Lead us to it."

"A light?"

"Yes. A ligh-" A noise of a blast was heard, followed by crackling like burning. Luther fell to the floor, the back of his head black and red like molten rock.

"NO!" Euden screamed.

I was alerted immediately and drew my sword at the enemy. I dropped Euden on the floor and swung my blade. Along with breaking the enemy's helmet, I stabbed them through the heart and waited until they stopped moving lively. Once I pulled my sword out of their chest, blood spewed everywhere, covering even the Prince.

The Prince himself was fucking traumatized. The body of Luther floated around him. His eyes were dilated, and his breathing was irregular. He sat on the floor, not even broken enough to cry anymore. It all happened so quickly. "Why..."

"Come on, buddy. Let's go." I reached out my hand for him.

He slapped away me away. "GO!"

"What? You didn't wanna move at all earlier and now you want to stay and die?" I was getting fed up. "Come on, man. Get the fuck up."

"Luther died..." Euden said. "He looked to me for hope, and he died for believing in me. He died because I didn't do anything..."

"That's why you gotta get up on your ass and start running with me."

"I didn't do anything, and that's why he died..." Euden was shaking. "I refused to do anything and he died for it... I killed Luther."

Fuck me. "Come on." I forcefully took him by the arm. "We gotta go before you yourself die from doing nothing."

As I carried him away, his eyes radiated frustration. I don't know whether it was at the world or himself, but he was mad.

As we ran across the hub, we made it to the cafeteria. No enemies here, but they'll come soon. In the meantime, I should pull out my phone and see if I can contact my brother and everyone else.

As I began tapping on my touchscreen, I realized that as a man who was born in a middle age time period, I have no fucking idea how a phone works. So now, I'm struggling to find my contacts. Somehow, I ended up on Facebook. "Prince, do you know how this works?"

"Ship." He said when I wasn't looking.

"Ship?" I turned around. "OH."

One of the enemy's ships was outside the very window. Oh fuck. Either they shoot our place itself or they send in more enemies. I put away my phone and drew my sword. They're not getting away with this one. What do they even want with us? Why did they invade us?

On the top of the enemy ship, a hatch opened, clearly for someone. I waited to see who would come out in the middle of Space. Out came a man in familiar clothing, carrying three people. Before I realized it, the man was calling me through my own phone.

I answered the call. "Hello?"

"Lannister, its me, Barack Obama." He said. "Let me the fuck in. We have been attacked."

After 30 minutes of vigorous working, I managed to open the entrance to the hub by myself, letting Obama and his uh kidnapped people in. Once he was in and I closed up the entrance, he took off his helmet to reveal a bloody forehead.

"Jesus. What happened?" I asked. "Where's the rest of PolandBall."

"Kidnapped." Obama stated before taking off the helmets of the people he himself kidnapped.

I didn't recognize the first two, some man and woman. But I did recognize the third, courtesy of Tyrion. "Daemon Targaryen?"

"Huh? You know this guy? I only took him since he seemed close to these two." Obama said.

"What about his dragon?"

"What drago-"

The whole ship began to shake like an aggressive earthquake. We looked outside the window to see the enemy ship Obama stole was being consumed by flame. After nothing but dust was left, a red dragon with the neck of a snake flew around the hub.

"WHAT THE FUCK." I shouted.

"Everything goes fucking wrong." Obama was stressed out of his mind. "We were heading to Kelos when these motherfuckers suddenly attacked our ship. After some fighting, they took everyone else but me. I crashed in Kelos but luckily found these two, the last expressions. I stole one of their ships which...just got fucked by a dragon."

"Who are they?"

"F**k Face." Obama said. "Some group that fuckin hates us, I don't fucking know. All I know is they took my friends."

"What will we do?"

"Stay alive. That's your main priority. Keep the expressions alive too, ESPECIALLY the expressions. If they die, it's all over." Obama began to laugh maniacally. "I figured it out, and it's fucking ridiculous."

"Figured what out?"

"The prophecy." Obama smiled.

Obama ran around the cafeteria, violently eating whatever was in there. "This will be my last good meal in a while. Take care of yourselves while I'm gone."

"You're leaving?" Euden asked.

"Yes. I'm surrendering myself to the F**k Force."

"WHAT." Euden was flabbergasted. "YOU'RE TURNING YOURSELF IN?"

"It's the only way to save my friends and everyone else." Obama put his helmet back on. "It's my responsibility as a leader." He pointed to me. "Lannister, open the entry again. I'm going out there."

"Wait!" Euden yelled out. "How...How do you be a leader?" Is he seriously asking this right now? "If I do nothing, everyone around me will die. So how? How do I do something when I'm...scared?"

Obama sighed before going to the kid. "You do whatever it takes. Even if you don't know how, just choose what you think is the right decision for your people. Whatever it takes to stop people from dying. Whatever it takes to be in a place other than here."

"A place other than here?"

"That is what your father has done even in his death. Stop at nothing at achieving your goal, stop at absolutely nothing. Others aren't the only ones relying on you, but you yourself also."

"But... I'm a coward."

"Then grow up. Kill the boy and let the man be born. Protect your people, Euden. Be their king." Obama nodded to Euden. "Whatever it takes for a place other than here."

Euden pondered over those words for a while as Obama stood back up and walked to the entry of the hub.

"Lannister, now." Obama commanded.

I opened the entry and watched as Obama drifted into space. He flew around using his jetpack, to the actual enemy ship near us, the one that houses all of our invaders. Obama stood before the window of their ship, and opened his arms, surrendering to the enemy. Soon, he would be taken inside by them. Barack Obama turned himself in.

Euden was stunned at the sight. "He's doing this...for his team."

"Yeah he is. Now come on." I urged.

"Whatever it takes for a place other than here..." Euden was thinking. "I want...I want my people to live back in Alberia, their home. But it's gone... Courtesy of the enemies. Courtesy of Cersei Lannister, commanded by The Angel of Corruption... What can I offer them? Survival?"

"You can offer them your presence by running with me now."

"The injustice of our home being taken away... The injustice of our world's dragons being brainwashed and taken away. They have taken all from us and left us in a place of utter suffering." Euden was visibly getting angry. "We are in a place of sorrows."

"Euden, seriously, we gotta get out of the cafeteria."

"Whatever it takes for a place other than here... I don't want us to stay in this land of suffering. I want to take action upon those who have wronged us. I want to move from suffering to...retribution."

"Buddy, just because Obama surrendered himself doesn't mean we're out of the woods. The alarm is still going on and it's louder than you."

"I have wallowed in my sorrows and allowed people to die. No longer. Me and my people shall move and take action against the Angel. I offer them not sadness. I offer them vengeance!"

Euden stole my sword and ran away. "Hey! What the fuck!"

As I chased the kid around, venturing into different parts of the ship, Amond seeing this unfold and questioning what's going on before we left him behind, and me getting tired of waving my arms to move in this gravity-less place I thought why must I be the one to look after this kid.

After a while of running, I stopped when we saw one of the rescued being attacked by the enemies. "Joe..." Euden said. Joe was doing extremely well, as there were multiple bodies around him. He was only facing one person left, who was too distracted with him.

Euden drove my sword into the enemy's back. But he never used a real sword before, so he started aiming for the neck but then ended at the stomach. And even so, he didn't drive it that deep to the point of dramatic effect. At first, it wasn't deep at all until he realized he had to push further deep. The steel didn't come out the other side, but it was okay, he killed the enemy.

Joe's opponent fell to the floor as Euden swung the sword to throw away the blood.

"Stand by my side, Joe. By your king." Euden commanded.

Joe smiled. "Then I shall be your bodyguard." He kneeled.

"Come with me to find Azazel. Not only shall we regain the dragons they stole from us, but we will kill the Angel himself. I offer you fire and blood."

...

Yoimiya POV

The alliance is under attack, including Maryland.

Me and Kazuha are hiding in the closet. "If only Daddy Eren was here to protect us against the blacks and the whites." Kazuha said.

"Don't say it like that." I replied. "Anyhow, Beidou told us to hide until it calms down."

"...It's not going to calm down, Yoi. F**k Face isn't stopping until we're killed."

"Well what do you think they even want?"

"I don't know? What do most empires want? Power."

"F**k Face already houses the most powerful ore in the galaxy, which they used against us."

"Homophobicum." Some say it's the material that houses unreasonable hatred. "What are they trying to do by attacking us? If they wanted to take our power, then why are they destroying it?"

"Look, man, I have no idea. All I know is that Historia isn't here and I wouldn't mind dying."

The way F**k Face has the Alliance at gunpoint is basically, they got us surrounded. Thousands of ships around our territorial solar system, and personal invaders inside our own ships, to which we are hiding from. And it's strange too. Usually, other groups would just take over and steal these ships, but not F**k Face. No. It's like their goal is to truly kill all of us.

Loud footsteps are heard outside of the closet. Me and Kazuha equip our weapons, and I also equip my crutches because my leg injury from earlier still hasn't healed. We're both ready to fight.

The door opens, and we brace for impact. But then we realize it was Beidou.

"Bei-"

"Me and the others have killed the attackers." Beidou announced. "Our ship is empty of any dangers."

"Woah."

"But we're not out of the woods yet." Beidou took my hand and helped me stand. "There's still the enemy ships."

"What happened while we were hiding?" Kazuha asked.

"Hatsune Miku planned retaliation. It worked. Most of us regained control of our ships, and now we shall use it to fight against F**k Face."

"How many of the Alliance has regained their ships?"

Beidou smiled. "Almost all of it." She helped Kazuha stand. "Now come on, we ain't got all day. We gotta get to driving this ship and head into battle with those black and white shits."

The entire Genshin crew moved to their stations. Me and Kazuha in the turrets section, controlling the ship's attacks. Some of Beidou's crew began maneuvering the ship.

Me and Kazuha watched from the window as our ship began to move. The sight from the glass going from black nothingness to an entire army of enemies. But looking to our sides, the regained ships of the alliance. And fuck, we may have enough to counter the enemy's thousands.

The battlefield was like a chessboard. F**k Face in front of us, their pieces aligned, but so was ours. Whereas F**k Face only had one brand of ships that were simply theirs, the alliance had many of different groups. It was tons of different people all facing against one common foe.

Arknights, Azur Lane, Blue Archive, D4DJ, Twisted-Wonderland, Dragalia Lost, Fate/Grand Order, Fire Emblem Heroes, Genshin Impact, Girls' Frontline, Granblue, Guardian Tales, Honkai Impact, iDOLMASTER, Princess Connect! Re:Dive, Project SEKAI, Punishing: Grey Raven, Polandball, Tear of Themis, Touhou, Uma Musume, and even the Maryland Crab.

"Do you hear me?" Hatsune Miku spoke through comms.

"Yes, we hear you." Beidou answered for Genshin.

"I am relaying this message across the entire alliance." Hatsune Miku stated. "Great job on regaining your ships. Now we have a fighting chance."

"Everyone will stand by until you announce our attack."

"First, what of PolandBall? I don't see them anywhere."

"PolandBall was captured by F**k Face."

"That's weird... They want to kill all of us but they held PolandBall captive?"

"F**k Face has demanded us to hand over the Expressions." Beidou seemed disgusted by those words.

"So that's what they're going for, huh. I didn't realize that stuff would be that serious." Hatsune Miku was thinking of strategies. "They want the expressions... Polandball has two of them, and they captured...shit. What about Obama? I know damn well he isn't held captive. He texted me earlier."

"Obama has delivered the final two expressions to D4DJ and Granblue."

"Great fucking job, Obama."

"However, Obama was shortly captured by F**k Face."

"Damn it."

"But... Sources say he willingly surrendered himself to them."

"...He what?" Hatsune Miku sounded like she had an epiphany. "He handed himself over... Is this what he meant when he texted me to leave it all to him?" Hatsune Miku laughed. "Then so be it. If they want the Expressions, then they'll have to get through this."

Thousands of spaceships were getting ready for battle. The alliance braced for death. Every group is going to fight for their freedom.

"Sigurd." Hatsune Miku called through comms. "Get the pad out. I wanna send a message to F**k Face."

"What should we write, Miku?" Sigurd asked.

"Tell them we do not have the authority to hand over the Expressions." Hatsune Miku declared. "If they want the Expressions, then they need the permission of Barack Obama, who we stand with."

I was shocked to hear it. It's such a risk, and she's willing to take it? Are we really putting everything on the leader of PolandBall?

Hatusne Miku continued. "Whatever word Obama says on the account of the Expressions, the entire alliance will follow. We will wage open battle if he is harmed, so settle this through politics."

"We're really putting our lives in the hands of one man..." Kazuha was as shocked as me.

"If Obama could put an entire war between Genshin and Maryland on an impossible truce, then I'd trust him with this." Beidou replied to Kazuha.

"Me and Kazuha are Expressions..." I pointed out. "If all they want is us, then just give us to them! The longer we stay here, the more people will die!"

"No." Beidou answered. "Without the Expressions, we cannot summon the being that can destroy The Void. And who knows what F**k Face will do to you. We cannot risk it. The Void is still our main goal."

"Don't worry, Yoi." Kazuha assured me. "Barack Obama will make the right choice. I know he will."

I guess I just have to take his word. Barack Obama is the only thing standing between living and complete annihilation.

Hatsune Miku was finishing her speech. "They do not stand against one foe. They stand against many foes in unison. No mercy shall be given if battle is waged."

She laughed.

"This, I swear. We, United Gacha Alliance will win this war."

Chapter 7: The Dead Man.

Obama POV

I dreamt an old dream...

It was my succession ceremony, more than a decade ago. The old leader of PolandBall was passing down his ownership to me in the Great Hall of the Canada HQ. Hundreds were watching, and my team got front row seats.

I was ecstatic. I've been working for this my whole life. All I've ever done was to gain the favor of our leader and become his heir. I walked down that hall like a bride about to get married, the happiest day of my life. When John F. Kennedy gave me his sigil, I was crowned the new leader, and all cheered. I smiled like a boy with candy.

"As I leave my position to you, I trust that your flowers will bloom with power. I put my faith in the idea of freedom that you will solely protect, succeeding my failures and uplifting my victories... I shall leave to you the hope I have for the survival of our people. I bless you with strength and determination, and pray that you will lead us into salvation. May your speeches be loud and clear, your command be followed to the end. May you be honorable in your choices and follow only the light. May the future of the people be brighter with your presence. May you protect our home and never settle for anything less than great. Shall you be blessed with wisdom and courage in the wars to come. I leave my hopes and dreams to you, Barack Obama. I, John F. Kennedy, proclaim you, Barack Hussein Obama Honoris II. I declare you Leader of PolandBall."

But before I went to the after-party, I spoke to Kennedy one last time before he left the organization. In his dark now empty office, he said this:

"Do you know why I faked my death, Barack?"

"No, sir. I believe I don't."

Kennedy sighed, burdened by the memory. "It was the only way to guarantee the safety of the country. If I still remained alive, then the land we are standing upon would still be burning." He pointed to the sigil he gave me.

"That's your duty from now on. Sacrifices. I haven't seen my family in sixty years, and I will die thinking of my three children, knowing that one day they'll die from our curse."

"The Kennedy Curse." It's what they called the incidents surrounding the deaths of the Kennedy family, who all died young from tragedy.

"I joined PolandBall to find the cause of this wretched misfortune on my family, and I have found naught. I may still be physically alive, but I too am a victim of our curse. I died fifty-five years ago, and replaced by this shell of a man who only knew duty. Now, I shall spend the small remainder of my life, trying to regain what I should've sought after all this time, and I will fail."

"That's not true, sir."

"It is, Barack. Which is why I'm telling you this. Don't die for duty. Don't fight for your country and its kings. Don't fight for glory or riches. Fight because this is YOUR world, the place you were born in, and the place that will grant

you happiness. But that's only if you accept it. Otherwise, you shall live like I did. Loveless and alone. A man never seeks magnificence. He seeks companionship."

I thought about what he said for a long while. I didn't really understand it. And how could I? It wasn't even my first day. "So I should fight for people?"

"You should fight for friendship. Not only your connections but the connections of others. The most precious thing in the universe is our ability to make neighbors."

"Noted." I still cringe at what I said. I was still some mindless buffoon.

"You will understand soon, Barack. And it will hurt like hell." Kennedy took his keys and walked to the exit door.

"We may never reach Neverland. But our glory will never end."

John F. Kennedy walked through the door and closed it. That was my first time being alone as a leader. And it wouldn't be the last.

But yet I forgot about it immediately. In the after-party, I drank myself to death with the gang. Today, I now realize that was the difference between me and Kennedy. He had no one, while I had them.

The moment I knew the full meaning of Kennedy's words was when we all reunited a few months prior during our Inazuma escapade. When I had realized how miserable I was for the two years we've been separated, I knew I'd die for them. I knew I'd die for friendship.

...

"You're supposed to treat your prisoner with food and water, you know?" I kept begging the guards outside my cell. "How am I gonna do what you guys want if I'm too dehydrated to speak?"

"SHUT IT!" One of them punched the bars, and it screamed like a vibrating bell.

Rude. Don't they know who the hell I am? I used to be the president.

It's been hours since I've voluntarily turned myself in. My goal being to save my friends. I sent a message to Hatsune Miku, telling her to leave my team up to me. I hope she didn't misinterpret. That would be bad. My goal has been and always will be to save my friends from F**k Face. I needed to arrest myself so I can get into the same place they are. The F**k Face hub.

As I silently cried to myself over having no water, I heard footsteps. God, I hope it's water.

A large man stood before me. He was intentionally flexing his muscles to show how big they are, even though they're pretty average at best. He was trying to seem physically dominant, but that face of his wasn't doing him wonders when it looked like a toddler's.

"You must be quite the man, Barack Obama." The dude spoke with some weird ass accent. Somehow combining American and British??? "I hope what the UGA says about you is true. That you are a man of honor."

Their bald head reflected the ceiling light, and I had to cover my eyes because of how bright it was. "Who are you?"

The man turned red. "WHO AM I? HOW DO YOU NOT KNOW WHO I AM!? WHAT ARE YOU? STUPID? DON'T YOU KNOW THE COLOR OF MY BUGATTI?"

"Look man, maybe if you give me water, I'll know who you are."

"A real man doesn't need water."

"And clearly a real man hasn't attended basic health classes."

"ARE YOU INSULTING ME? DON'T YOU KNOW THE COLOR OF MY BUGATTI?"

"Why are you so obsessed with this bugatti? I personally think a normal Tesla is more efficient and useful."

"Ridiculous. I don't know how the UGA left it all to you. I am richer than money itself, bitch."

"Manners, please."

They tried attacking me, but the bars blocked their way. He was like a rabid dog trying to eat me. "COME FIGHT ME! FIGHT! WAAHHHH!!!" Oh god is he actually crying? All I said is that he should have manners.

"Calm down, man. I just want water. Plus, I would know your name if you told me."

"HOW? HOW DO YOU NOT KNOW MY ELEGANCE!? I AM ANDREW TATE! I AM HIM."

"Oh you're that tiktok guy."

"TIKTOK!? TIKTOK!?? I AM MORE THAN THAT!! HOW DARE YOU REDUCE MY STATUS!!!"

This dude clearly was never taught to potty train as a toddler. "Okay, buddy, I apologize." I just wanted them to stop. "What are you here for?"

"Ain't it obvious?" It wasn't. "I'm the leader of F**k Face."

Hard to believe people would actually wanna follow this guy. If so, that paycheck must be more than what I give. "Oh."

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'OH??' WHY AREN'T YOU TREMBLING IN THE SIGHT OF ME?? ME!!!???"

I mean I've met far greater people. The guy that invented Sriracha. The original Colonel Sanders. The creator of Mario. The guy who voiced Mario. Mikey from Mikey Likes It Ice Cream. Markiplier. Mister Rogers. And many more. "Oh how sorry I am for not realizing how great you are." Lying is part of the job.

"That's more like it." Tate calmed down. "Now, I'm surprised you turned yourself in."

"I'll be honest, I was getting pretty lonely without my friends."

"Well, you ain't seeing them until you meet my demands."

I can't imagine these demands will be good. "Whatever you ask of me, Tate."

He chuckled, but it weirdly sounded fake. He's trying to be intimidating. "I want you to hand me the Expressions. I trust that you've gathered all of them, correct?"

"Me? Handing them over?" What is this? I don't have the authority to do that.

"Hatsune Miku of the UGA informed me that you are in fact the one who has authority over the Expressions."

... She misinterpreted my message, didn't she. "Oh. Oh."

"Yeah, so, ima need you to hand them over to me."

"...Why?"

He shook his hands like an excited toddler. "Because I'm about to kill my mortal enemy. I'm sure you know to who I'm referring to."

"No I don't-"

"DO YOU NOT KNOW ANYTHING!? I'M TALKING ABOUT THE CHOSEN ONE!"

Is he talking about the Being that's powerful enough to destroy the Void? "The Chosen One?"

"Yes." Tate laughed fake. "I can only awaken his powers using the Expressions. Once I do that, I will know exactly who he is. And when the time comes, I will kill him."

Oh this motherfucker is bad news. "Then why did you kidnap me and my friends?"

"Ain't it obvious to you, Obama? Within the five members of your team, one of them is The Chosen One."

I don't know whether to consider that a blessing or a curse. "Wow, I never knew that."

"Yes, because you're dumb." Ouch. "I need all seven Expressions here to find out who The Chosen One is. And Miku says you are the authority to do so."

Fuck my life. "Sure, I am the authority."

"So will you give them up to me?"

"What happens if I don't?"

Tate tried smiling mischievously, but he looked ridiculous. "My group possesses the most powerful energy source in the galaxy. Homphobicinum. And I have the entire UGA hostage. I can wipe them out within minutes and leave nothing behind, even dust."

"You're threatening me."

"Yes. Now here's your choices. Bring me the Expressions, and I will withdraw my forces and your people live another day. But if you don't bring me the Expressions, I will litter this galaxy with the blood of the UGA."

Now, I was pissed. But I couldn't show it. This man's ego is his biggest weakness, so I have to seem like the beta. "If one of my members is the Chosen One, why not kill them all? Makes your job easier knowing you at least got them."

"DO YOU THINK OF ME CRAVEN!? No. I am not without mercy. I will only come to that option if you do not surrender the Expressions to me."

One may think surrendering the Expressions is a good idea to prevent the lives of thousands being taken. It's okay to think this. But we have to think of the results in the long run... The Chosen One is the only being that can destroy The Void. If he dies, then entire galaxies die.

What Tate is asking me is either:

Not surrendering the Expressions will result in the death of the UGA, but also the indiscriminate killing of my friends, and therefore The Chosen One. This concludes with The Void still alive, killing billions.

But I do surrender the Expressions, the UGA and four of my friends live. But The Chosen One will die, and The Void would still be alive, possibly killing the entire UGA and us anyway, and billions.

"What's so difficult about these choices, Obama? If you surrender them to me, only one person has to die."

You absolute fucking idiot. You're not hearing yourself nor are you considering the mere existence of The Void. Either way, it ends with the death of The Chosen One.

He is asking me to either give them up and kill billions or not and still kill billions, just with a little sprinkle of war. I never thought I'd reach the day where I'd choose between the death of billions or the death of billions. If The Void still lives, all is fucked. You are not the danger, Azazel is.

"Still not answering, huh?" Tate crossed his arms. "No worries. You have until the end of the day to make your decision. Take some time to think before I summon you to my hall. Who knows? Maybe your team will be there."

Tate walked away and I was left alone to my thoughts.

I am forced to choose whether or not to start a war between F**k Face and the UGA. But either way, because of The Void, the end result will always be the death of everyone. We need The Chosen One.

Okay, think, Obama. How important is stopping a potential war between the alliance and F**k Face? There's the possibility that both groups don't meet with The Void at all. While unlikely, it still is possible. And even with The Void, war is harder to escape than being a few feet away from a Black Hole. A potential war would deplete our resources, which we need for The Void itself and the future in general. Plus, death. People dying is obviously bad either way. If the black hole won't kill them, then war will. Which means I gotta make sure war doesn't happen.

However, if I give up the Expressions, then we lose The Chosen One. There's no way Tate is letting him live longer than one second after he finds out who it is. So even if I give them up and stop the war, we will be unable to stop The Void. If war won't get them, a black hole that consumed entire galaxies will.

Fuck. It really is a lose-lose situation. I won't compromise on the option with the least deaths. I want to save everyone. But also, THERE IS NO OPTION WITH THE LEAST DEATHS, THE VOID WOULD LIVE EITHER WAY.

No. No I don't want to choose with the choices this little shit has given me. They both fucking suck. I need a result that guarantees the end of The Void and no possibility of war between F**k Face and the UGA.

But how...?

"Hey, guys?" I tried speaking to the guards again. "What would it take for you guys to let me out for a little while?"

"Shut up." One replied. Why are they so rude?

"Do you guys want money? If you get me my phone, I can send yall some-"

"SHUT IT!" They punched the bars again. An irritating sound when it shook.

"...I hope you guys know that I can be severely annoying when I try to be." My mom would confirm.

"Shut up."

"Is that the only two words you guys know?"

"Go fuck yourself."

Outside my cell, a singular light bulb light turned from red to green. "Hey, what's that about?"

"None of your business." Now I was getting pissed.

"I will shut up if you tell me."

The guard groaned frustration. "It tells us whether or not Andrew Tate is asleep. Red means he is, green means he's awake. He usually sleeps for 10 hours."

"You guys seriously need a status on whether or not your leader is asleep? That's kinda risky."

"Who are you to judge our rules?"

"I'm the leader of an international organization that deals with stuff you could never imagine. My previous leader had to fake his death."

"It makes no matter." Damn.

But then I started wondering... "If Tate is asleep, who's in charge? What if there's some things I need to say that I can only tell Tate?"

"The Chain in Command acts as Tate's voice when he is off duty." The guard answered.

"Chain in Command? Like, the person who runs the military?"

"Yes. Our boss."

"But like, does Tate actually run the military? Does he have a major part to play in how it works?"

"Fuckin..." The guard was clearly tired of talking to me. "Tate may be the leader, but he leaves most of the military authority to the Chain in Command, the CiC. If Tate demands something, the CiC will do as he says. But in reality, the soldiers follow the CiC, not Tate himself unless he wants to."

"So you're saying the person with the REAL authority over the Armed Forces of F**k Face is your CiC?"

"Are you insulting Tate?" The guard glared at me.

I took a long and deep breath. "I'll shut up now."

"Good."

So unless Tate says something, the CiC has full authority over the military, which likely includes the fleet that's currently holding the entire UGA hostage. I assume the CiC doesn't need permission to do most things, so they should be the one who have the ability to withdraw their forces from the UGA. In other words, they're my key to stopping the war problem.

The issue is that Tate does have a say. He can so easily command to deploy his forces back to UGA as easily as the CiC withdrew, and the CiC wouldn't be able to decline to anything Tate says. In conclusion, Tate is the obstacle to the war problem.

Actually, before I assume I can convince the CiC, I should probably know what they're like. The more information I gain, the more solutions I can not only come up with, but also the more potential obstacles that stand before me I can know about. I need to know as much details as I can. I need to make sure war doesn't break out and The Void is destroyed.

But how can I get myself to get a meeting with the CiC? Hm... I need a plan that doesn't harm my position right now. I don't need to be in more trouble than I already am. I should be able to return to this cell as if nothing happened. So how...

Oh! "Guaaarrrddd??"

"YOU SAID YOU'D SHUT THE FUCK UP!! WHY ARE YOU TALKING??"

"That's really mean. Anyway, I would like to confess that I actually know who among my friends is actually The Chosen One." You gotta sprinkle in a bit of truth to make it believable. Yes, I do infact know who it is. But I'm not gonna actually say who it is. I like it when my friends are alive, so. Actually, it's pretty damn obvious who it is, I don't know how others aren't figuring it out. But maybe that's because they don't know my friends like I do.

"Why are you so easily giving up this information?" The guard raised one eyebrow.

"So I don't have to go through the trouble of bringing you guys the Expressions. You need them to know who it is, but you can know who it really is just by my words alone. And my word is more than reliable, it is fact. Afterall, this is MY team you're talking about."

"I know you're probably saying bullshit, but I gotta do my job..." The guard spun the keys to my cell on his finger. "Since Tate is asleep, you're gonna have to talk to the CiC about this."

I smiled mischievously. I laughed in my head. "Why thank you, kind guard."

"Fuck off. You still need restrictions." He opened my cell and entered. He stood before me and harshly took my wrists and bound them within handcuffs. "Start walking."

"As you wish." I stood up and finally left my cell for the first time in 2 hours. Oh, the sweet smell of anything but concrete walls. Now, I can smell PAINTED concrete walls.

The F**k Face hub radiates prison vibes. Its all grey, but not the good kind, it's depressing almost. The ceiling is very high up, not even four men could reach it. But the space itself, its so cramped. The walls are 2 feet away from my shoulders. This is a claustrophobic nightmare. Any illumination that comes from light bulbs is colored red or green, as far as I know. No wonder these guards are always in a shitty mood. They live in an under financed asylum.

"Here we are." The guard stood next to a door. "The Chain in Command is in there. Good luck."

"Thanks babe." I walked inside the room.

The office was almost devoid of light except for one candle. Paper is scattered all over the floor, and the bookshelves look untouched for a time long past. A man sat on the table, black haired and messy work clothes. He was drinking alcohol, and there were probably sixteen bottles on the floor near his perimeters. This was the CiC.

"Sup." He spoke with a deep voice. "I heard you know who The Chosen One is."

"Yup."

He finished up a bottle before speaking once more. "Sit down. Let's talk about it."

I made myself comfortable on the chair. He opened up another bottle as he talked.

"So... Who is it?"

Crud. I didn't really think this through, did I. "You see... What should I call you?"

"Qrow."

"Qrow... I think the real Chosen One is the friends we made along the way-"

"You're not telling me, aren't you."

Shit. "Yes I am! Just let me get to the point."

"Okay."

"...You see, you guys always try to find the Expressions. But the Expressions were inside your hearts all along..."

"You're shitting me, right."

"You think you want The Chosen One to be revealed. But what you really need is to reveal your heart to others..."

Qrow annoyingly sighed. "I don't have time for this." He filled up a glass and offered me it. "Drink. It'll be easier to make you slip."

I'm not sure you are supposed admit to your methods during interrogation. "Do you have water instead?"

"..." He moved the glass closer to me. "Drink."

Okay then... I took the glass and drunk the entire wine in one sip. I was feeling a bit doozy already. He must be drinking some strong stuff. "So... Military, huh."

"I'm not withdrawing my forces from UGA."

OH COME ON. HOW DID HE READ MY MIND. "That's...that's not why I'm here! I just want to confess who The Chosen One is."

"Look, man, I know those eye bags of yours. That's the look of a leader. And let me tell you, I know what it looks like when you are trying to achieve something."

"But like- The Chosen One is the friends we made al-"

"Look, man, I get it. Yes, I can withdraw our army without a second thought and without bald man's permission. But I see no reason to. Plus, bald man really wants to know who it is at any cost. I may as well oblige instead of dealing with his fuckery." He drank until the bottle was empty.

"But like-"

"It doesn't matter what I do. As long as the bald man wants it, I have to follow. If I withdraw my forces, he can just tell me to put them back there again. And I know he will. He wants that Chosen One at any cost."

"Qrow, you run the risk of killing thousands."

"Isn't that what war is?"

"It isn't a war. At least, not right now. And only you have the ability whether or not to start it."

"Bullshit. I am not the one who decides whether or not war begins. It is you."

"Then why keep following Tate? He's just one man. You have the entire military on your side. They follow you, not him. You are the true leader of F**k Face."

Qrow laughed. "That last part is true. But you don't really know Tate at all. Or rather, what he is. Andrew Tate is the antithesis of The Chosen One, and his powers have already awakened. He can wipe out the entire military in one snap."

"You don't mean..."

"Yes. Andrew Tate is The Unchosen." An empty bottle of wine fell on the floor, becoming a trap of shards. "This is the reason why he wants to kill The Chosen One. Their with each other conflict is destiny."

"But if it's really that serious, why doesn't he just kill my friends? It's easier than figuring it out. He knows it's one of them, so why not just end them as long as The Chosen One is there?"

"He thinks of himself as honorable, but he is craven." Qrow laughed harder. "He has a false sense of integrity. He yearns for the respect of others. Indiscriminate killing seems to be on the table of dishonorable things he doesn't wanna do. Yet at the same time, he threatens to start a war. The man is a goddamn enigma. In other words, he wants to seem like an honorable man when he isn't. And he doesn't see that offering you a choice is a risk."

Is it just me or should this guy be the actual leader of F**k Face? "Why are you willing to start his war for him? Do you have any regard for the lives of others?"

"I did." Qrow slammed his bottle on the table. "But not anymore. No one else matters..."

Qrow looked to his right, staring at something. I looked there too and saw a framed picture of him and a young girl, smiling. She wore a black and red lined corset, and her hair was darkness with a tint of crimson.

"There's a reason why I follow the bald man obediently, Polandball." He looked me dead in the eyes. "I have to protect the ones I love."

The darkness inside the room disappeared, replaced with a flashing red light that can give a man seizures. A loud alarm invaded my ears, but Qrow smiled.

"Speaking of which, she's here." He stood up and took my wrist as he dragged me outside the room. "That ends our conversation."

"Wait what!?" I really wanted to know more about lore! I need more information!

Once we left his office, he handed me back to the guard. "Take him back to his cell and make sure he stays. I've gotta deal with the kids."

"Yes sir-" The guard's head erupted blood before he could finish speaking. He fell to the floor, the mush of his brain leaking.

"Shit." Qrow's drunken pose faded quick, changed to a battle-ready stance.

But then, I was taken by a flying tornado of rose petals. It flew like a ghost, and it held me tight as it took me away from Qrow. I couldn't really do anything while handcuffed.

"Damn it!" Qrow began to chase after me and the petals. "RUBY!!"

The cloud of red carried me across the hub until we arrived at the supposed exit of the ship, closed off by an entry. I was let go of the petals as they flew in front of me, forming into a person. Once their human appearance finally showed, it looked exactly like the girl in that picture.

"Barack Obama, you're coming with us!" She said.

"At least take my friends with you too, unless you also plan to kill them-"

"RUBY!" Qrow arrived quicker than I thought. He held a large scythe and aimed it at the girl.

"Uncle Qrow." Ruby equipped herself with a weapon and aimed it at Qrow. It was also a scythe. "How have you been?"

"I've been living, kiddo."

"You've been drinking, haven't you? You told me you'd stop."

"I stopped because of you and now I drink because of you."

"Such a shame, Uncle Qrow." Ruby put the chine of her scythe at my neck. "You don't mind if I borrow your hostage, right?"

"I'd like it if you didn't, pipsqueak."

"Too late!" She pulled her scythe, bringing me closer to her.

"You think this will work? You're not killing him, and I'm not bringing my fleet to where you want it."

"That's not what I want, Uncle Qrow." Ruby lowered her scythe. "And even so, there's a reason why you're the only one here and not accompanied by the other guards on this ship. You won't hurt me."

Qrow didn't say anything.

"I won't hurt you too." Ruby continued. "Whether or not we're Red or Blue, you're family." She offered her hand. "Please, Uncle Qrow, leave the Reds and join the Blues. Join me."

Qrow looked too agonized on those words. That's when I realized Ruby has no idea why Qrow stays in F**k Face, or Red as they called it. He's doing it to protect her and she doesn't know.

Qrow rumbled. "I can't."

"Why?" Ruby was genuinely burdened. "Why commit all of these horrible things? I know you don't actually like Tate's rule. Why, Uncle?"

To protect you, I would've said. But I couldn't. There must be a reason Qrow never told Ruby.

"Enough of this." Qrow dodged the question. "Just bring me back Obama, kiddo."

"I seriously can't, Uncle Qrow." Ruby walked in front of me. "The Blues need him."

"Then let's settle this fair. Your army is outside our doors, right? If it's just the two of us, then no one else has to be hurt." Qrow pointed his weapon. "A duel."

"Deal."

"Show me you've learned from me, kiddo."

What happened to not hurting each other- okay they're going for it.

Ruby aimed the tang of the scythe at Qrow, and out came a bullet. As the shot flew towards him, Qrow swung his weapon and broke the bullet in half.

Qrow jumped high to the ceiling and twirled his scythe as he hurled himself to Ruby at high speeds. They both swung and both of their scythes collided like tied rope, even as Qrow was in the air. Less than a second after it happened, Qrow used all of this strength to swing his weapon as it was attached to Ruby's, bringing her off the ground. Qrow landed, while Ruby was flung to the air.

She stabbed her blade against the ceiling, stopping her fall. As she dangled above, she disappeared into a cloud of rose petals once more and flew towards Qrow like a bullet. Qrow stepped aside far and dodged her attack. She emerged once more as a human.

And she had him right where she wanted, above her scythe which was about to detach from the ceiling. Qrow knew this. Ruby's weapon removed itself from the roof and started to fall towards Qrow. He prepared his own scythe. Once it came near him, he slashed Ruby's weapon like a baseball, his own scythe being his bat. Ruby's own weapon flew towards her, but she caught it in the air with ease.

They both ran to each other and their blades met. What looked like a battle of steel was actually the end. Qrow's scythe transformed itself into a sword, his blade erasing the curve and becoming straight. This would knock Ruby's scythe out of her hands.

But before her weapon would fling to the wall, she pressed a button. As her scythe flew away from them, it shot bullets against Qrow.

Qrow immediately noticed, but it was too late. Two or three bullets he may have dealt with, but only one was enough to knock his weapon out of his hands.

They were both unarmed, but both knew the winner. "Fine, Ruby." Qrow said. "Take him." He walked away to take his scythe back.

Ruby did the same. "Yang misses you, y'know? We miss you."

"You'll understand one day." He really does do this for her.

Ruby sighed as she held my wrist. "I'll always come back for you, Uncle Qrow. Just you wait."

"I hope you do."

Ruby placed a helmet on my head as the exit to the F**k Face hub opened and we entered space. She made sure I didn't leave her side as we floated to another smaller ship. It was blue. This is also the moment I realized I'm sort of traumatized from almost dying in space.

And that's how I got captured by the Blues.

...

"You know, everywhere I went today, it's always a cell." I talked to the guards outside.

"Yeah, that sounds horrible." The guard here was nicer. I liked her. Actually, everyone here was nicer. They gave me a cup of water once I entered.

"So... Why was I kidnapped from the Reds, as you called F**k Face?"

"Oh uh, I don't know. Only Team RWBY knows the answer to that one."

"Can you at least give me some exposition about what the Red vs Blue conflict is?"

"It's pretty simple. There was an alliance called Rooster Teeth, led by some guy named Max, who died last year. Ever since his death, the alliance has gone under fire due to Tate's authority. Some even question if he was Max's heir. Multiple groups have broken off from Rooster Teeth while some stayed, most notably F**k Face. But some groups have come together to form our organization, a rebellion against Tate's authority and to bring back the glory days of Rooster Teeth. We are Blue, while those who side with Tate are Red."

"This Max guy must've been someone if his death destroyed union."

"I hear he was a hard headed guy, but a competent leader nonetheless. He used to rule some camp, presumably took over it when he was eighteen. That camp grew to explore the cosmos and create the alliance."

"Do you know how he died?"

"A heart attack."

Damn. Hope I don't go out like that. "What do you guys plan? Once Tate is out of the picture, who will rule? You guys are comprised of multiple groups, but the ones that are currently in Tate's control, will they flock to your side once you win?"

"We don't know, but as long as Tate's rule is overthrown, everything can be okay again."

Okay. So we have a separate war that's currently going on. The UGA isn't the only thing the Reds are fighting, but they're also battling their former coworkers, the Blues. So that's a whole load of issues I need to figure out too.

An alarm went off. A nicer sounding alarm, actually, compared to the Reds. It was a nice sounding tune played from a flute, similar to the LOTR soundtrack. "Oop, that's you cue, big guy." The guard told me. "Come on, I'll escort you to the office."

I analyzed my surroundings as we walked to my interview. This place was WAY nicer compared to the Reds. Very minimalist. The decor is simple, but the colors are vibrant. There's a gumball machine, A GUMBALL MACHINE! It's almost like a fancy hotel. For once, I'm actually glad to be in prison.

"Alright, this is the place." The guard opened the door to the office. "Good luck!"

"Thank you." I walked inside the room.

The office was really similar to Qrow's, but more clean and bright. The bookshelves don't house much books and instead display figurines, and the only books there are novels. Paper isn't on the floor, it's stored inside this clear box, organized neatly into different categories. The floor is so clean it feels almost slippery.

Ruby sat on the desk, drinking a bottle of pocari. Standing next to her is a silver haired woman, wearing all white. Ruby didn't notice my presence until she was finished drinking. "There he is! Bacak Odana!"

"Barack Obama." I corrected.

"Barack Obama! Yes, that's what I said."

"That isn't what you said." The silver girl said.

"Don't embarrass me in front of my prisoners, Weiss!"

I sat down on the chair across both of them. Ruby handed me some pocari. It isn't water, but it's hydration anyway. It tasted immaculate. A bit hard to drink since I was handcuffed, but it was all good.

"So... Why am I here?" I asked.

"You are the only thing standing in the way between total war and peace." Weiss stated. "You want to stop the war? What options did they give you."

"Either I give up the Expressions and destroy our only chance of defeating The Void, or not and start a war and destroy our only chance of defeating The Void."

"I present a third option." Ruby smiled cunningly. "The end of Tate's reign."

Wait... "So, did you kidnap me so you can help me?"

"Yup!" Ruby said. "We think you're the key that can finally help us dissolve the Reds."

"The Reds are run by Tate, and all actions go through him. And Ruby's uncle, of course, but he's less responsible for the UGA situation."

"The outline is simple enough. We need to get rid of Tate and give my uncle the higher authority, where he can withdraw his forces from UGA and flock the Reds to our side, uniting all of us once more like Rooster Teeth."

"You plan to overthrow Tate and make your uncle the leader?" I questioned because the guy is drunk.

"Temporary leader." Ruby put a finger to her lips. "Just because he's the hand of the leader doesn't mean he's the heir. As hand, he is obligated as much to follow someone rather than rule. What I'm saying is: We need to find a replacement for Tate."

"Surely you guys won't suggest me, right?"

"Absolutely not." Weiss assured me. "I just have a question. Do you think Andrew Tate is actually Max's heir?"

"I mean, I don't have much evidence to form a proper conclusion."

"Makes sense." Weiss crossed her arms. "We're hanging on to the idea that Tate isn't actually the true heir to Rooster Teeth. Rather, a usurper."

"Usurper... So that's how you'll overthrow him?"

"Yes, but only if it's true."

It makes sense though... If Tate really does care about seeming like an honorable man, he'll gladly resign himself from the position of leader once his claim is proven to be false. If Tate cares that much about looking good, then no doubt he'll leave. Even if he might refuse at first, public opinion would win, and that's what he cares for most. "It is as you said though. We need a replacement for Tate once he leaves."

"Which is why this plan is not feasible." Weiss sighed. "Ruby suggested this plan and I thought it wasn't good."

"Ehh, you think my plans always fail!" Ruby said.

"This one in particular is based off of theory, Ruby. What if Tate is actually Max's heir? And even then, we don't have a replacement for Tate! Obama only has 15 hours until he has to make his choice, and that's not enough time for us to do anything! Max is dead, and he's the only one who knows the truth of Tate's claim. And we sure as hell can't ask him."

"Hahaha!" Ruby laughed. "I understand everyone's hesitation. I truly do." Ruby smiled like she thought she was some sort of genius. "But that's where you're wrong, Weiss... Max is alive."

What. "What."

"What." Weiss what'd.

...

Not long after Ruby said that, we got on a ship and headed to some terrain planet. Not so different from Earth, not so different from home. She called it Lian Yu. It was an hour of Weiss driving, Ruby trying to solve a rubiks cube, and me still in handcuffs sleeping.

We landed in Lian Yu, in the middle of a jungle forest. Aqua would probably roast me right now, so I'm glad I'm not on Earth. It seemed like it just rained, as the leaves are dripping water and puddles lie beneath grass.

"So this is where Max is?" Weiss was still skeptical, as I was.

"We found some Red activity here a while ago, so Yang went to investigate. She came back to me, confirming Max's survival, albeit not a good situation."

"I mean, Lian Yu translates to Purgatory in Mandarin. I'm sure it's not good." I flexed my multilingual skills.

"You're suggesting Max is trapped here?" Weiss scratched her head. "For the past year, he's been here?"

"Presumably." Ruby grinned. "Now you know why the theory my plan is based off of isn't actually theory, but an actual possibility with sufficient evidence. There is an actual chance Tate is not the heir, but a usurper."

"And Yang made sure to double check that this isn't Max's retirement home? His secret life he wanted to escape to?"

"I mean, he's literally walking around in chains and kept in a place surrounded by a force field, along with his location being VERY hidden in this forest. I don't wanna spend my retirement in chains. Obviously, I'm gonna assume he's being screwed over."

Or he just has a kink. You never know? I learned that from my team. Oh god have they corrupted me.

"So, you wanna do a heist and save presumably Max?" Weiss asked.

"Yup." Ruby's scythe was loud when he moved. "Only Max knows the truth, and he is here."

"Then let's get to work." I said before realizing. "Can you guys remove my handcuffs though."

"Promise you won't betray us?" Ruby made puppy dog eyes.

"I mean it's either the the people who wanna kill my friends and start a war or you guys who gave me water."

"Great! You can remove-"

The handcuffs fell to the ground. "Already ahead of you. Now come on, let's save this dude."

"He wasn't cuffed this whole time?"

Yes, Weiss. I wasn't cuffed. I learned how to get myself out of handcuffs a long time ago. It's basic PolandBall skill and knowledge. I removed myself a few hours ago.

"So how do we find this secret prison of his?" Weiss was cleaning her sword as we walked through the trees.

"The most well hidden entries are actually the most obvious!" Ruby cut down multiple leaves to reveal absolutely nothing on the other side. "I have a hunch it's right this way!"

"Didn't Yang tell you where it was?"

"I forgot to ask."

"Oh my god."

Ruby kept cutting down multiple plants, hoping it might reveal something. At what point is she the real threat to mother nature?

Somehow, someday, a light bulb appeared at the top of her head. "Maybe..." She started hitting the ground.

"What are you doing." Weiss seemed sleepy.

"Maybe there's some plate on the ground that activates the thing!" Ruby continued attacking the soil as we moved.

"Your statement is a contradiction, Ruby." Weiss stated. "The most obvious wouldn't be the most effective at being hidden-"

"AHA!" Ruby's feet were analyzing the ground. "I feel some baseplates here..."

"It's probably just some built up dirt-"

"I KNOW THIS PATTERN!" Ruby began to play hopscotch on the "baseplates."

Weiss sat down on a log and tried to mask her disappointment.

Until it actually worked.

"HOLY SHIT!" The baseplates Ruby found on the ground began to glow. The land rumbled and the trees were shivering as it rained dead leaves. In front of the hopscotch and Ruby, a glowing door rose from the grass.

Ruby took the handle, twisted and opened the entrance to Max's prison.

"What the fuuuu" Weiss's eyes were devoid of life.

"Come on guys!" Ruby excitedly entered the confines within the entry. "Let's save our real leader!"

We all set foot inside the area. To me, it just looks like three small houses and some equipment on the floor, fence surrounding the perimeters, and a harbor near the river. But to Weiss, she saw something different. "This is Camp Campbell..."

"What's a Damp Dampbell." Me and Ruby said in unison.

"A Camp Max was sent to as a kid, later became owner once he turned 18." Oh hey this was mentioned to me beforehand. "But Camp Campbell was on his home world, so what is it..."

"Lian Yu is Purgatory, right? This is probably his prison for a reason." I explained.

"Mmmm, burnt fish." Ruby stole from the little canister stove.

"Don't, that's probably riddled with sickness." Weiss tried stopping her and failed.

"I always eat my vitamin gummies." Ruby ate the black fish.

Weiss sighed, which I didn't understand. It sounded like disappointment. Why should she be disappointed that Ruby takes her vitamin gummies? I take mine every night too. It's mandatory for everyone to take their little vitamin gummy bears after eating dinner.

"I'm gonna look around the area." Weiss left.

I tried to make conversation with Ruby. "So, why help me? You guys could do the whole Tate thing without me."

Ruby chewed on literal charcoal. "You're on the verge of a war with our enemy. Of course we'd like to get involved. This is our war as much as it is yours." Her chewing was very audible. "Plus, it might get us a chance to join the UGA. Alliances are always useful. Want some?"

"Sure." I took the burnt fish she offered me and munched down. Mmmm.

Ruby sighed. "I do all of this because I want Uncle Qrow back. You know? The thousands of lives saved too, I guess, but my uncle was the one who taught me how to swing my weapon. I'm fighting for him."

"Deep shit, girl."

"What about you, Obama?" Ruby looked at me. "What are you fighting for?"

"Me?" No matter what noble reason I tried heading to inside my head, my heart draws to the same conclusion everytime. "I fight for my friends. I fight for the hope that we can all sit down and watch anime again. Perhaps, that's all a man needs to be happy. I'd love to simply hang out with them..."

"Deep shit, man." She offered me more fish, and I took it.

Weiss returned, sweating like a waterfall. "Yall, I found Max. You gotta see this."

"Wow, that was easy." I stood up and began to walk. Ruby finished her fish first before catching up.

Weiss led us into one of the cabins. Dark as Qrow's room, but way more candles. Lots of organized blueprints on the desks with iron and metal pieces scattered under them. The largest fire that's not from a candle burns in some fireplace. Finally, a man forging something with a burning hammer. A blue hoodie, black hair with a bit of white.

He doesn't seem to be aware of our presence. And I don't got all day. "Hey, buddy-"

Max turned around with his emerald eyes and an unusually large assault rifle. From the bullet hole, it was stabilizing some kind of electricity. Max was alert and defensive, his face full of anger.

"Oh shit-" I probably made a mistake, right?

"WHO ARE YOU!" Max yelled ferocious as a lion. "GET DOWN OR I'LL SHOOT YOU WITH MY GUN!"

Ruby scoffed. "It's probably not bad-"

Max pulled the trigger. A beam of teal energy escaped, hitting the wall near Ruby, turning it into dust and fire. Sunlight passed through the hole. Ruby was fucking shaking.

"I SWEAR TO GOD! I WILL-" Max's sights want to Weiss. "Winter?"

"That's... No. I'm her sister." Weiss stated while holding her weapon tight just in case.

"Sister... She had a sister?" Max's eyes of wrath slowly disappeared, revealing that he likely hadn't slept in days.

"What...what are you guys doing here?"

"We're here to rescue you, Max." Ruby said. "On the behalf of the Blues."

"...What's the Blues?"

"Oh right, he doesn't know what's happening outside." Ruby remembered. "Looks like we got a long talk to talk."

We sat down with Max and recapped the entire last year since he supposedly "died" and stuff. The collapse of Rooster Teeth, Red vs Blue, Tate's rule, the prophecy and The Chosen One, The Void, and the war with UGA. Max looked more and more devastated with each addition to the timeline.

"My empire..." Max was furious. "They have ruined it..."

"Yeah, they kinda did." I said.

Max looked at Ruby. "Your intuition is correct. Tate was never my heir, and he is a usurper."

"Yeah!" Ruby celebrated.

"I assume you got your mind from your uncle." Max complimented before looking at all of us. "I have never liked Tate. He's a manchild. I'd rather feed myself to wolves before making him my heir. Furthermore, I have no heirs at the moment, nor do I intend to die." He drank from a cup. "Now I know Tate's men have kept me imprisoned here, in a replica of the camp I used to attend, a reminder of how much of a little shit I was. For a year straight, I had no idea what was going on. I only knew of the very few meters of this place and the guards at the gate."

"That's why we need you." Ruby said. "Your very existence is the threat to Tate's reign. Tell everyone your experiences, and you will dethrone Tate and regain your seat."

"Will Tate comply?"

"He has to." I spoke. "He cares about seeming honorable. He cares about looking good. He'll give up his seat to seem like a respectable man. His image comes first rather than the position he stole from you- wait did you say there were guards here?"

"Yeah. Didn't you guys like knock them out before you went inside this place?"

"We didn't see any guards." Weiss said.

"Oh god no." Max loaded his sci-fi rifle. "Yall should've checked if there was anything taking a piss break."

"Why would we do that...?"

Max stood up and walked to the exit door of the cabin. He smiled at his rifle. "I've been building this baby for three months. I wanted to use it to escape this damned place. Ha, I was supposed to try next week but you guys are here. Thanks for making my job easier." Max kicked the door open. "Let's get the fuck out of here."

Ruby equipped her scythe. Weiss wielded her rapier. Max's rifle was making lots of noises when he walked. And I didn't have shit.

Sure enough, the Red guards were there where we entered. They noticed us and began shooting, we hid behind a small wall.

As we sat, Ruby was preparing the bullets in her weapon. "A few quick shots and we'll be out of here-"

"Wait why are we fighting them?" I just realized... "They're trying to arrest us, right? Which means we'll be taken to Qrow or Tate. Isn't that what we want? To show everyone in the Reds that Max is alive?"

"Yeah, but you guys will be the ones arrested. I won't. I'll simply be taken back here to never escape." Max stated as bullets flew past us. "I need a way to get into Red territory."

And then it clicked. "Who has a phone?"

"Me." Ruby answered.

"Take a video of us right now, and make sure to get the Red guards with us and a little sight of the camp. We're going to bring it to your uncle." I looked to Weiss. "Help Max escape. Me and Ruby are going to turn ourselves in."

"Obama?" Ruby looked at me with worry.

"You captured me so you can have a chance of defeating The Reds. Let me do that. Trust me."

"...Keep Max safe, Weiss. Our ship is just up ahead." Ruby patted Weiss' head.

"Take the ship and orbit the nearest safest area to the F**k Face hub." I advised. "We'll come back for you."

"What do you have in mind, Obama?" Max asked.

"A top tier plan, obviously. Now get the hell out of here."

We rose from the small wall and charged at the ten guards. Me and Ruby didn't try at all and were tackled to the ground, Red handcuffs being attached to our hands.

Weiss and Max fought with their lives. Each swing of Weiss' rapier was smooth, like cutting butter. The guards stood no chance once she swung. Max was a different story. Each shot from his rifle would guarantee death. A shot of his hit the ground and created a little burning crater. And he was fucking manic. He wanted this, to fight against the people imprisoning him. He was enjoying them running in terror of his creation.

Eventually, they escaped outside of the prison area. They continued running to where Ruby said the ship was. The guards chased after them, but only three were left to take care of me and Ruby.

"This is the PolandBall leader and the Blue leader." One of the guards stated. "They should be dealt with by Tate. Take them to the hub."

Jackpot.

I know damn well Tate is still sleeping. He sleeps for 10 hours straight, and it's only been 6 hours. (Damn, a lot happened in so little time.) And if we are brought swiftly back to the hub, the person we'll be speaking to is Qrow. And that's when I make my move.

"You sure about this?" Ruby asked me as we were being taken to a nearby Red ship.

"Yes. I specifically took you with me because we're gonna be dealing with your uncle. I may not be enough to convince him, but you are."

As the guards were taking us to the location of their ship, we saw in the distance, in the sky a little blue dot flying, leaving the clouds. That must be Weiss and Max. Thank God, they escaped. Eventually, they left the stratosphere. In a matter of time, they should be near the F**k Face hub but in a safe area. And me and Ruby will be at the hub itself.

Alright. Let's do this.

...

An hour later, we were brought to the F**k Face hub. Ah, I'm back in this shitstain of a place. I volunteered to get arrested once, and now I did it again. At least Ruby is with me.

We weren't even given time to rest in a cell. They took us to Qrow's office immediately. Which is what we wanted. Ruby could see I was laughing silently.

"Sup, bitch." The bratty guard I talked to before the Blues took me greeted me. "Look who's back, about to be talking and talking like a little shit."

"Yeah, and you can expect to be out of a job later." We continued being escorted to Qrow's office. People in the Reds are really bitchy, damn.

We finally entered Qrow's office. Time to work my magic. Qrow looked serious rather than drunk, and I assume that's because Ruby is here. Ruby looked happy at first to see him, but remembered the situation. We walked closer and sat down on his desk. It's also worth mentioning that I have begun secretly breaking myself out of these handcuffs.

And now it begins. "Qrow."

"Obama." He looked to Ruby. "Pipsqueak."

"Uncle Qrow."

"Chain in Command, I present my case-"

"Shut it, Obama." Qrow slammed the table. "Ruby shouldn't be here. Dirty work was done here. She should've been able to defend herself easily. And yet she's here."

"Glad to know you think highly of me, Uncle Qrow." Ruby smiled.

"Furthermore, you two were arrested on territory that wasn't ours or anyone's. Red soldiers shouldn't be there, yet they were." Qrow was really really concerned. "Are you trying to harm my niece, Barack?"

"No, we got arrested on purpose."

"Then you are trying to harm her." Qrow's eyes harbored nothing but hate to me. "I should've never told you about my deal with Tate about her. You knew of my weakness and now you use it against me."

"What deal?" Ruby asked. She doesn't know of the reason why Qrow works for Tate.

"I can assure you, that isn't what I'm doing."

"I cannot withdraw my forces, Obama, you know that. But I will be the one to start the war if you harm her. I will do that by killing you."

"Uncle!" Ruby was outraged.

"Just grab the phone they confiscated from her. You have it, right?" I said.

"Hmph." Qrow took out Ruby's phone. "What's in here?"

"Answers." I stated. "The answer to why we were arrested on non territory. The answer why we allowed ourselves to be arrested. And finally, the answer to all of your problems."

Qrow wasn't amused. He opened the phone and- "Ruby, what's your lockscreen password."

"Just-just let me use my fingerprint." Ruby said.

"Fine."

Ruby opened her phone and gave it back to Qrow. "The gallery, Uncle. Although, don't scroll too far down, stay at the top at my most recent. Please, I have some private stuff."

"I'd never invade your privacy." Qrow opened the gallery app. "Is this it? This video?"

"Yes." I said.

Qrow sighed as he looked at his niece. "You practically lead most of the Blues. You're basically their leader. And now you put them all at risk with your arrest, and you put your faith on a five second video file. Please don't tell me you've lost yourself, kiddo."

"I haven't." Ruby sat straight. "I know what I'm fighting for. You."

"Good for you, Ruby." Qrow opened the video and watched it. His eyes widened, his pupils dilated, his jaw dropped. "That's..."

"Max, on the non territory planet we were arrested on." I stated. "Max is alive."

"But...How? This shouldn't..."

"Uncle, they kept him imprisoned in some random planet for a year straight, guarded at all times. They faked his death. Tate faked his death. We helped him escape earlier. He's currently with Weiss. This means-"

"Tate is a usurper..." Qrow's shocked expression turned to a smile.

"He isn't the heir." I added. "You are right. He stole Max's position. All of what we're saying comes from Max himself."

Qrow laughed. "Tate was never meant to be the leader... I... What... What do you plan by showing me this?"

Ruby's eyes sparkled. "Work with us, Uncle. Help us get Max back to his rightful position and dethrone Tate."

"It's simpler than it sounds, Qrow." I smiled. "All we have to do is tell everyone."

"Can I guess when you plan for that to happen?" Qrow said to me.

"Yes. I plan to reveal all of this tonight, when I make my choice on the Expressions."

"Then what's my role..." Qrow asked.

"Safely get Weiss and Max here at the hub. Make sure no harm comes to them. And when Max shows up tonight and all is revealed, pledge your allegiance to him as is your rightful duty to any leader of Rooster Teeth, and get the entire military on Max's side, for they follow you wherever you go."

"Thus, Tate will be dethroned." Qrow said. "And even so, all will be against him."

"Yes." Jackpot.

Qrow laughed like he heard the funniest joke in the world. He looked at Ruby with tears. "Ruby, I made a deal with Tate to keep you safe."

"What?" Ruby was confused. Oh shit he's actually telling her.

"He wanted to wipe out the entire Blues in one fell swoop with his true powers. I convinced him to not by continuing to work as CiC."

"What...?"

"That's why I worked loyally to the Reds, kiddo. I did everything I did to keep you safe. I did everything I did to allow you to keep fighting. As long as you were alive. As long as the Blues were alive. As long as you were all here, I knew you'd find a way. And you did. But most importantly of all, I did all of this for your life. I would've started war to keep you safe."

"U-Uncle..." Ruby was crying.

"You've saved me, Ruby." Qrow wiped his cheeks from tears. "Now, with this, everything can be back the way it was before. Rooster Teeth. I will return to you and Yang."

Ruby sobbed even harder. "T-Thats... That's all I ever wanted... That's why I kept fighting... I wanted you to come back to us..."

"And I will soon, and it's because of you."

"All this time, you were never my enemy..." Ruby wiped her tears away. "You were protecting me..."

"Yes... Soon, everything will go back to the way it was." Qrow looked to me. "Thank you, Obama."

"Hey, just don't fuck up the plan." I jested. "We've got what? Three hours until Tate wakes up? Go find Weiss and Max while you can so they can show up later."

"Right." Qrow stopped crying and stood up. "I'll do that myself. I'll find them."

"They're near the hub. It's literally the only blue ship around us right now." Ruby stated.

"Noted." Qrow took a deep breath to prevent more emotions from flowing. "I'll send you guys back to your cells and I'll get you guys back here once I've retrieved Max and Weiss."

"Thank you, Uncle..." Ruby said.

"No, Ruby, I should be thanking you."

Minutes later, me and Ruby went to our cells.

Now, I'm back in this dusty dirty place. And ughhh, with the same guard. "Agghhh."

"Shut up!" The guard yelled at me.

"We're going to have beef forever, are we?" I told them. "What's your name?"

"None of your business."

"I shall call you bitchy. How was the last seven hours, bitchy? Missed me?"

"I was happy they kidnapped your ass, but you just had to volunteer to be back. Fuck you."

"I'm not here because I want to. The Blues have better cells and actually serve me water."

"Shut the fuck up."

Man, Reds are miserable.

An hour later, the guard escorted me and Ruby back to Qrow's office. I knew why, and no one else but me and Ruby and the people in that room.

We entered the room once more. Sure enough, Weiss and Max were there, thanks to Qrow sneaking them into the hub.

"Ruby." Weiss waved hi. "How are handcuffs?"

"Uncomfortable." Ruby answered. "Hey Max."

"Hey." Max replied. "Your uncle is an exceptional man, Ruby."

"What can I say." Qrow drank more alcohol. "I drink and I know things."

"The group's all here, and now it's time to discuss the final part of our plan." I declared as everyone sat around Qrow's table. "Tonight, I make my choice at the hub's Great Hall. Whether or not I'll give up the Expressions."

"But little does Tate know, I shall emerge." Max said.

"Correct. Tonight, we will reveal everything. Qrow will publicly side with Max, the true ruler, and the entire military will be Max centered rather than Tate." I chuckled for my next sentence. "And Max will be the one to command to withdraw Qrow's forces from UGA and free me and my friends."

Qrow laughed. "So this is the real reason why you did all of this..."

"Correct, CiC, I am overthrowing Tate to save my people and my friends. And yall know damn well he will try to look honorable, so he will leave himself from this place."

"Craven as he is, it is useful." Max said.

"So, we have our plan and timeline." Weiss stated. "One year ago, Andrew Tate usurped the position of leader and faked Max's death, imprisoning him on Lian Yu for one year as Tate abused his power, starting a war. And today, we have saved him, and now he shall reclaim his rightful responsibility."

"We have one last contingency plan." Qrow placed down a small vial, containing a particular green liquid. "If one of us should die, this should bring them back to life."

"Back to life?" Ruby took it and analyzed its contents.

"Yes. I initially purchased that vial from Essas just in case my niece was ever in danger."

"Always prepared, huh." I crossed my arms.

"So this thing will bring anyone back to life? Resurrection?" Ruby questioned.

"Yes. But we only have one vial, so it can only be used on one person." Qrow drank more alcohol. "Just so yall know, should the time come, I'm using that vial on Ruby."

"And not me?" Max said.

"Family is always first." Qrow messed up Ruby's hair. "So there's that." Qrow handed the vial to her. "Keep it, Ruby. I don't wanna carry it. It's annoying."

"It's so small though." Ruby stated.

"It's average." Every male in the room said in unison.

Time was running out, so I had to make one last speech.

"The people we love are counting on us. It all comes down to tonight in the Great Hall." I stated to everyone in this dark room. "This is the fight of our lives. Let's end it."

...

I laid in my cold dark cell, doing whatever to pass the next four hours. Three hours until Tate finally wakes up, and an hour for everyone to prepare for my choice on the Expressions. The floor is more dusty than I remember, I wonder why. Even Bitchy has fallen asleep. I could escape right now, but I shouldn't. It would kill my friends.

My friends... All of this, I'm doing this for them. Without them, I would've remained a shell of a man like Kennedy. I would've died a long time ago, but yet here I am. I still have a life to give for them.

So much hangs on my shoulders. Kennedy never told me that the fate of a bazillion worlds us up to me. The lives of millions is determined by my words. Is this how he felt? No. I could never imagine what he'd felt like. He was alone, while I still have them. Two wars, a giant destructive force of nature, dragons, an Angel, a manchild, oh god...

I...I know who The Chosen One is. It's actually pretty simple if you think about it. I don't wanna say who it is. I don't want Tate to know. I can't let my friend die.

I pull out the Fruit Detector and play around with it for a while. Turning the little wheel to make weird static noises. Turn it too left and it gets silent, but the thing itself vibrates harder than a sex toy. Too right and it's so loud that I'm afraid Bitchy will yell at me again. Who made this thing?

I think of The Dead Man. Hatsune Miku witnessed a portal open in front of her eyes and out came a person, dying and burnt. They were the ones to tell her about the prophecy and give her the Fruit Detector. They are the ones who may have started all of this. This whole journey. Without them, we wouldn't know about The Chosen One, the only thing capable of destroying The Void. Without them giving the Fruit Detector, we wouldn't find the Expressions. The Dead Man has given us the knowledge necessary to destroy The Void, and now we pay the consequences of this knowledge. Tate and his obsession with killing The Chosen One. The prophecy has started a war, we must fight it to ensure it comes true.

There's a lot on my mind. The Void and the two wars will obviously be solved, and I can resolve the Maryland conflict pretty easily, but what of the dragons Cersei stole? What about Azazel? And there's the crisis Lily foretold about...half a year ago, she'd say one year from then, a crisis would come. Oh god... In less than 6 months, The Great War is coming. It already feels like the end as of now. I'm overwhelmed.

This has always been my responsibility as a leader. As the leader of PolandBall, I venture into the impossible and save the people. No matter how hard it gets, I must ensure everyone is safe... I am the leader of PolandBall, suffering is the role.

I've had many ups and downs throughout my life. No matter how down I was, I always tried getting back up. Yet, my arms tire out. But then, others were always there to help me lift it up. Ah...yes...those others...my friends...my team. Man cannot function without others. We cannot move forward without others.

Wonder what Aqua is doing right now. Ei is probably busy governing a new era for Inazuma. Kokomi is doing what she's always been doing. Ei from SkyTree is doing something I guess. The lizard guys are living peacefully I hope. What about the Vultramites?

Weird thought. Michael told me how the new method of time travel works. They use black holes instead of wormholes. They shoot something or someone at a ridiculously high speed into the black hole, timing it so that the thing travels through time without dying from the effects of the black hole...which are leaving the realm of time itself. Stay too long out there, you'll be turned to ash. It's less than a few seconds, and you'll be dead. That's where a black hole leads. It sucks you to outside of time, a place that is guaranteed death.

...But The Void is a black hole also. So...theoretically, if one were to slingshot into it at the speed of light, they can time travel. Although, they could end up at a random point in time. Lily's time machine had a little counter that showed the coordinates for a specified point in time. Since time inside the black hole moves extremely fast, they have to time it perfectly so they can go where they wanna go.

Ah, who the fuck cares about that? I've got two wars to stop. Red vs Blue, and UGA.

I have to save everyone. This has always been my duty. And my friends... I do all of this for them. It has always been them.

Gamebang. Words cannot describe how proud I was seeing him grow as a person. From that womanizer to a respectable man.

[Insert GenshinPlace member]. I am just so happy that they can accept the help of others and that they know that it's okay to ask for help instead of handling it all alone.

Eren. Trauma isn't easy to move from, and yet he's doing so well to move on from what happened on Purge Night. Meditation with Morbius every afternoon, and more. Soon, I wish he'd accept himself. And uh, nevermind.

Morbius. I was shocked at what he'd become when we reunited in Inazuma. But seeing him grow because of Eren... He's still learning, but he has no enemies. He's trying to be a better man, and I am just so proud. Redemption is a long way, but he'll walk it everyday until the path changes.

And finally, Michael. My assistant. My best friend. My heir. What can I say? He's been with me every step of the way. Everyday, he's been with me. I am thankful that I have someone like him. And...if I were to be gone, then I know PolandBall would be in good hands with him.

God... I love them all so much. I don't know what I'd do without them... They're my team. They're my boys. We're the gang. We are PolandBall.

I... I remember all of the times we hung out, our missions, everything...

From the first mission, to the first time travel adventure, to the Astolfo war, to the Atlantis thing, to the Alizeh thing, and to the Inazuma Civil War... It feels wrong to say, but as long as I was with them, it somehow felt fun...

"Haha..." I remember the fuckin stuff we had to do against our doppelgangers. Cooking for Gordon Ramsey. Taking an SAT. Trying not to explain the Pythagorean Theorem. The uh baby harvest. "Hehe..." I remember how four of

them outraged Atlantis by "accidentally" committing horrible crimes, and that's why Aqua declared war on the surface, which I fought in. We all worked together in the end to fight Cthulu.

I... I remember the celebration party of the Old Government after the Inazuma Civil War. They called it "Night of the end" for some reason. God, that was such a fun night... And at the end, we all sat together under the stars and just talked...

What I'd give to simply have that night again... All I do. Stopping wars, destroying the indestructible, I do it all to have those moments. Those moments of pure bliss with your buddies. And... Well, yeah, that's why I do it.

And how great it could be to be happy with them again...

"Obama, let's go. It's time." Bitchy woke up and said.

Looks like the 4 hours have passed. It's time.

Bitchy unlocked my cell and I contemplated for a moment... When I step out of this cell, I am throwing my life away.

And I did it with no hesitation. I continued to walk alongside Bitchy to the Great Hall of the F**k Face hub.

They will know my name. They will know of what I've done. Nothing can stop me from achieving anything. I'm the one who wieves the thread of fate. I am more free than anyone in this ship.

I am Barack Obama. I am the leader of PolandBall.

...

The Great Hall of F**k Face. As large as the inside of a church, but devoid of any color but grey emptiness. At the center of the room, I lay inside a glass box, kept in handcuffs and kneeling, a microphone in front of me for answering my crimes. Behind me, a closed glass trapdoor that leads to the outside of space. They're going to throw me out there if I don't comply. Behind my glass home, Ruby sits in the crowd itself, but also handcuffed and guarded by Red soldiers. She watches me.

Around me are people sitting on the floors and on the walls, because of course we needed this place to look like a stadium. All of these guys are watching me. They're all Reds. The cushions on their seats are nothing but black. There is no color in Tate's territory. All watch me with anticipation of what will happen and what I'll say. They have no idea.

At the front stage stands Tate, sitting on a red throne, the only color in this room, and Qrow is on a stool. Another person sits beside them, who looks like Tate too, so I can assume that's his brother Tristan. Tate has some smug smile on his face thinking he has won. No, this shall be the day he loses. A microphone stands front of Tate for his announcements. Qrow is the only one that isn't watching me. He's watching Ruby.

Somewhere outside of this hall, probably in the other room Weiss and Max await for my signal. Soon shall they come out to reveal all we have found, and it shall be my voice that brings them out here. Soon, Tate shall be dethroned and Max shall rule once more.

Now for the main show. Above the stage, above that shit-stain Tate, all of my friends are restrained on the wall, kept inside glass boxes like me, and they're all trapped inside in various ways. Gamebang, his wings nailed like crucifixion. [Insert GenshinPlace member], their entire body taped to the glass wall. Eren, legs and wrists attached to chains. Morbius, strapped to some bed like a hospital patient, and I can only assume they found out the hard way that he was the strongest out of all of us. And finally, Michael, tied to some chair. And here I am, simply handcuffed.

My friends watched me, but not with an ounce of worry. No. They believe in me. And I shall repay their faith in me. I shall save them from the manchild. Michael nodded, and I nodded back secretly.

Qrow took a sip from his flask. Ruby sighed. My friends watched me closely. The crowd whispered to themselves about me. Tate stands from his red throne and reaches for the microphone, until he realizes he's too short for it, in which he proceeds to gesture at Tristan to help him as he held back baby tears. Tristan obliged and the mic was fixed. Andrew Tate spoke, his voice heard on the speakers on the walls.

Now, the show begins.

"Barack Obama, I am pleased that you have been returned to F**k Face after all that's happened since I have slept." Tate spoke. "I hope you've had enough time to consider your choice."

Stop trying to speak eloquently. "Yes, I have made my choice." I talked in the mic, and all have heard me.

"To recap what we've discussed 11 hours ago... To fulfill my destiny, I have required you to give up the Expressions. If you do, then only one person has to die. If you don't, then I will exterminate all of your friends and start a war with UGA."

It's a bit more complicated than that, but okay. "Yes, you did say that."

"I am also pleased to see we have captured the Blue leader. Hopefully this can be the end of Red vs Blue." Tate looked at Qrow, smiled, then turned back to me. "However, Obama, I am afraid you will lose one factor of your choices."

"Lose?"

"You see, the UGA has been retaliating our forces for quite some time. One hour ago, Hatsune Miku lead her ships against my men and engaged in a battle that has five hundred of my soldiers hostage. Your people are no longer my hostages, Obama."

Good job, Miku! Holy shit, that's grea-

"Obama, I am afraid to inform you that you no longer possess the choice of whether or not you are the one who starts war." As Tate said this, Qrow's eyes widened. "Your people have continued fighting against me, causing disruption in our power. I have no choice but to fight back, and you know what this means."

I wanted to scream at him. I wanted to come up there and claw his face off. But I didn't, I shouldn't. I knew what this means. I looked at Ruby, who was just as shocked as her uncle. I turned back to Tate, furious.

"I, Andrew Tate, on the behalf of F**k Face, declare war against the United Gacha Alliance."

You fucking piece of shit. You only declared it because they were winning against you. They were defending and you didn't like they weren't yours to hold still anymore. You thought they'd stay still like toys, and now you want to kill them for being animals.

"Qrow, you shall lead the 2nd sector into battle. Take down Project Sekai first and deal with the rest. The first battle will start tomorrow." Tate commanded to Qrow's dismay. He looked to Ruby, afraid of the outcome. Tate noticed. "What's wrong, Qrow? Aren't you gonna follow my orders? Remember?" He's threatening Qrow for his niece.

Qrow had no choice now. "As you say."

Don't worry, buddy, you won't have to go to war tomorrow or the day after. It all ends here once we overthrow this manchild.

Tate turned back to me. "Again, I am sorry about that. It seems your actual choices are: Give me the Expressions and I kill only one of your friends, or I kill all of your friends with you included."

My friends up there didn't look scared or intimidated at all. They looked annoyed with this guy.

I always anticipated that whatever choice I'd make that wasn't following his options would start war. This is no different. It shouldn't. I risked it all. Don't be surprised, Obama. War isn't today, so don't make it tomorrow.

"Are you ready to announce your choice, Barack Obama?"

There's my cue! "Yes, I am."

"Then speak."

I cleared my throat. It's go time. Let's do this.

"I choose neither."

All went into silence. The audience was confused, Qrow smiled a little, and my friends held their laughter.

Tate's attention was at an all time high. "What do you mean 'neither?'"

"I am not fond of both options."

"It's literally all you have."

I chuckled. "No it isn't."

"What are you playing at, Obama?"

"Allow me to present my own option, one I've practically chosen already." I spoke the signal into the mic, which was me popping my mouth three times.

From the entrance of the hall, Weiss opened the doors and they slammed the wall, the sound echoing throughout the room. Everyone was watching.

"Max of Camp Campbell!" Weiss announced. "True Ruler of Rooster Teeth!"

Max entered the room like a general who had defeated all of his foes. He wore finer clothing, similar to a king's garment. Red and white, laced with gold, and a long cape that shadows over fear. His face was stern, proud and vengeful. He had no fear, this was simply taking back his chair.

The crowd made gasps of surprise and shock. All whispered to one another as Max continued walking down the hall. "Is it really him?" "Didn't he die?" "That can't be..." "He's supposed to be dead?" Tristan himself was scared shitless, and Tate himself was stunned, which made Qrow laugh out loud.

Max made his way around my glass confinement. He stood outside in front of me, and looked at Tate from below, and yet he was higher than all of them. He may be sitting at the top, in Max's seat, but Max didn't need a chair or whatever level of height to show his dominance. He was Max.

"I'd explain everything, but I think it's better to let the words flow out of the true ruler's mouth to spell full truth." I stated, and Tate was furious at me.

"Certainly." Max spoke loud and clear for all to hear. "One year ago, Tate faked my death and took my position as leader of Rooster Teeth, inciting rumors that he was my heir when I had and still have no heirs. He took me hostage and held me captive in a planet called Lian Yu, where I was reduced to live in my childhood hell. I did not

know what was happening, I did not know anything until now when the Blues saved me." Max pointed at the false leader. "Hear my words as the true ruler: Andrew Tate is a usurper!"

There were visible angry veins on Tate's forehead. He was sweating bricks, and Qrow did everything he could to hold his laughter. The crowd itself whispered to each other, shocked at the revelation. It's working.

Qrow stood. "I follow the true ruler of Rooster Teeth, the legitimate protector. Now that Max is proven to be alive, he has my support and the entire military."

Tate looked at Qrow like a madman, eyes wider than his anus, redder than fresh apple. Furious, he was, and Qrow smiled. It was a gamble for him to do, but he has done it, and Ruby is still alive.

"If Max was alive this whole time and didn't give away his position, then he should be the leader right now!" The crowd went nuts with words. "Why have we been following a criminal?" "Tate is a fraud!"

"I have returned to take my throne." Max continued. "But I am not without mercy." He was true honor, unlike Tate.

Andrew Tate looked around the room, eyes staring at him differently compared to barely five minutes ago. Like a child frantically searching for a solution, Tate was seething. He had no power anymore. We have won.

"I shall offer you exile instead of death as punishment." Max offered. "You will live out your days in Lian Yu, in the same place you imprisoned me. You will live and you shall be granted rehabilitation, the opportunity to change and grow. I believe everyone deserves a second chance."

"How merciful!" "He's truly honor!" The crowd slowly cheered for its true leader. "After all that, he offers Tate redemption?" "I wish I can be like him."

Max took one step forward. "Come on, Andrew, let me back onto my throne and you'll be okay."

Tate's eyes went to all of who have conspired against him. To the laughing Qrow, to the sly Ruby, the stoic Weiss, his victim of integrity, and finally to me, the one he thought he could break. I have broken you, Tate, and I shall offer no choices.

"Man, I like this guy!" Gamebang proclaimed loud.

"Honestly, he's got my vote." [Insert GenshinPlace member] joined.

"If I was gay, I'd suck his dick!" Eren lied as easily as he breathed.

"What a cool guy." Morbius was indifferent. He just wanted to get out.

And Michael's attention was all on me. I ain't letting him down.

"Come on, Tate. Speak." Max commanded. "Everyone here opposes you now. If you truly are honorable, then give me back what's rightfully mine. Show me that you have integrity. Show me that you are true to your word."

Tate didn't say anything. He looked at Max, and then to me, and he loathed me. He hated me. His wrath was to me. Deserved. When shall he cry? He has no idea what to do. He is lost.

...

Andrew Tate took out a gun from his pocket. In no less than a second, he pointed it at Max and pulled the trigger. The bullet hit Max in the chest, his blood covering the glass of my confinement like some kind of cruel abstract art, his body sits upon it, unmoving. Max paints the floor crimson. King's blood has been spilled in his own hall.

I was in shock. I couldn't move. I didn't even react. Ruby's face looked dead. My friends were horrified. The crowd screamed and many were running away, but some stayed either for allegiance or rebellion. Qrow was for rebellion, and he quickly took out his scythe.

"YOU SON OF A BITCH!" Qrow swung his weapon at Tate, but the usurper was protected by his brother, who held the scythe's blade even if it hurt like hell. The two fought for Tate, trying to dominate one another. "HE WAS OUR REAL LEADER! YOU KILLED HIM!"

"I am your real leader, Qrow." Tate's head gestured at Ruby. Another threat. "Remember?"

"YOU DESERVE DEATH!" But Qrow realized Tate's hint too late. "W-Wait-"

Tate jumped down from the stage and began to charge at Ruby with full speed. Qrow screamed as he swung with full strength at Tristan, cutting off his entire arm. Tristan's cries echoed through the hall, he fell in agony whilst Qrow ran with panic.

Ruby couldn't move, even when Weiss yelling her to. Weiss herself was running as fast as she could to Ruby, for the same reason as Qrow. Ruby was too shocked at what had happened, she is unable to do anything. She's like me.

Tate was within six feet from Ruby, but Qrow caught up to him and slashed his weapon once he stood in front of the usurper. Tate caught the blade by hand just like Tristan, but he wasn't so weak like his brother, his arm would remain intact despite Qrow's efforts. Qrow was using every bit of strength he had to hold off Tate, to protect his niece. "RUN RUBY! RUN!"

No matter what Qrow did, Tate kept taking one step closer to Ruby. His arms were getting strained, veins popping out like the path of rivers. Qrow was mad and scared, but most of all determined. He could do this all day, but he had to end it right here, right now.

"AAAAHHHH!!!" Qrow used the last of his strength and swung harder than he ever attacked before.

He managed to cut a single finger off of Tate. He smiled like he just finished baking a cake, and Tate was mortified. Tate was wrathful.

Qrow threw his sword back to the air and got ready to continue his duty. But when he slashed again, his scythe was knocked out from his hand by Tate's own. The scythe spun around the floor, no longer in Qrow's possession.

Qrow tried taking it back immediately, but he had fallen for it. As he ran for his weapon, Tate stabbed him in the back. Andrew Tate's fist went through Qrow's back and out his chest. His heart was turned to mush, and a hole was all that was left of his upper body. Qrow fell to the ground, dead instantly.

And it was at this moment, Ruby regained herself. "NO! NOOOOOOO!!!"

"Ruby!" Weiss finally caught up to her. "Come on! We have to go!"

"UNCLE!!!" She cried like a lost child. "UNCLE!!!! NO!!!! NOOO!!!!"

Tate kicked Qrow's corpse like some toy. He groaned at the pain of his maimed finger, damning Qrow for it. He walked to Qrow's blade and destroyed it with his foot. Pieces flew everywhere as Ruby cried harder than ever.

Ruby could've escaped. Ruby could've used her semblance and turned into a tornado of rose petals to run away like Weiss and Qrow said, but she didn't. Too distraught at what happened, she did not run. And now, with her uncle dead, she may never run again.

"Come on!" Weiss could understand her pain, but the important thing for them was to escape. "We need to get out of here!"

"UNCLE!!!" She was the loudest thing in the room. "UNCLE!!!!!"

"OH MY FUCKING GOD!!!" Tate snapped at Ruby's cries. "SOMEONE CUT THE TONGUES OFF THAT GIRL. SHE'S ANNOYING! RESTRAIN HER FOR FUCKS SAKE."

The Red soldiers hesitated.

"WHAT!? DO IT! I AM YOUR LEADER! WHO GIVES A SHIT ABOUT LAW! SEW HER FUCKING MOUTH OR I WILL SEND YOU ALL TO SPACE!"

The Red soldiers obliged out of fear. They restrained Weiss and Ruby and covered their mouths with their own handkerchiefs. Weiss tried fighting back, but she was outnumbered. Ruby didn't fight at all.

"Good. I can't stand the wailing of women." Tate looked at his lost finger. "I don't even feel like killing them anymore... Fuck, Qrow, you son of a bitch."

Tate walked back to the stage, kicking Max's body along the way. He helped his brother up before going back to the microphone, looking at me with pure hatred. "Barack Obama..."

I think it was at this time that I finally composed myself to even move a finger. I looked back up at the usurper, worried on what will happen next.

"I gave you two choices, and you chose neither, opting instead to make a mummer's farce. You tried defying me. You tried overthrowing me. This is treason of the highest degree for the one true ruler of Rooster Teeth." Tate looked at his brother. "Prepare the mechanism. We're sending his friends to space. I don't care who the fuckin Chosen One is anymore, it's one of them anyway. Kill. Kill them all."

It felt like my hurt stopped.

Max is dead, throwing away all of our chances to overthrow Tate. Qrow is dead, taking away the military from us, guaranteeing war against the UGA. I have angered Tate, which means he will kill my friends. I have tried defying all odds against me, and all backfired into the worst possible result.

No! Think, Obama! Think of some way you can turn this around somehow!

"SIR!" One of the Red soldiers yelled at Tate. "LOOK!"

Tate, alert as ever, revealed the windows in the halls to look into outer space. What he found was destruction.

The Void has come for us.

"Brother, we have to get out of here!" Tristan advised. "The Black hole has arrived-"

"NO!" Tate flung his arms. "NO NO NO!!! WE KILL POLANDBALL FIRST!!!"

"THAT CAN WAIT LATER-"

"NO NO NO NO NO NOOOO!!!! I WANT THEM KILLED NOW!!!! I'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH TO KILL THE CHOSEN ONE, AND I DON'T EVEN GET TO KNOW WHO IT IS!!!! THE LONGER THEY'RE HERE, THE MORE PROBLEMS RISE!!! KILL THEM ALL!!!!"

"THERE IS NOT ENOUGH TIME TO PREPARE THE MECHANISM! BY THE TIME WE DO IT, WE'LL BE DEAD ALONGSIDE THEM DUE TO THE VOI-"

"I DON'T GIVE A RAT'S SHIT! JUST SEND THESE FUCKERS TO SPACE!!!"

He's going to kill everyone on this ship, including himself, just to kill us... He has gone mad. Full insanity. Every second, The Void comes closer and closer, and we march to our deaths if we don't do something. If I don't do something.

If everyone here was dead, then no one would be able to handle the F**k Face military that's in UGA right now. If everyone with authority was dead, would they still wage war or not? What would UGA do without PolandBall?

But wait! The vial Qrow gave earlier! The one that can bring someone back to life! I forgot! Ruby has it! She's still here! There's a chance we can bring back Max! That's the key!

But I still need to throw Tate out of the picture. He's using pure force to rule everyone here, so how do I get him out? And how do I do it quickly, because I can feel The Void.

"HURRY!!!!" Tate jumped repeatedly. "KILL THEM!!!!!"

"I'M GOING AS FAST AS I CAN!" Tristan yelled as he prepared the mechanism that would send my friends to space. The top part of the stage where they're captive in would flip like a coin, turning them to the cosmic abyss, and into the black hole.

"YOU'RE NOT GOING FAST ENOUGH!!!! I WANT THEM KILLED NOW!!! NOW NOW NOW NOW NOW!!!!!"

Jesus Christ. I can't think properly with Tate whining. He's so fucking loud and annoying that it's almost impossible to actually be strategic. He's a literal manchild. He probably has a mental age of four. If anything doesn't go his way, he'll cry about it. If he is insulted, he will cry like a little bitch and threaten you.

...Wait a minute.

"FASTER FASTER HURRY!!!!" Tate kept yelling annoyingly. "KILL THEM ALL!!!!!"

I spoke into my microphone. "Holy shit, you are the most irritating thing I've ever heard."

The room went silent as Tate turned to me with red eyes. "What the fuck did you say?"

"Did you not hear me? Are you deaf? I said you're fucking annoying."

"Are you TALKING BACK TO ME!?!?"

"Yes I am. You are literal scum of the earth. You are so fucking stupid too. Your intelligence doesn't exist. Your bald head is the only thing that shines about you."

Smoke literally started flowing out of Tate's ears. He began to walk to my glass confinement. "YOU DARE TALK LIKE THAT TO ME??? DO YOU KNOW WHAT COLOR MY BUGATTI IS???"

"Pink, because you're more sissy than my friend up there. You probably suck dicks more than him. You love dick, don't you? You wanna be a girl, don't you? You wanna dress up in skirts and-"

"I HATE WOMEN! WHY WOULD I EVER DO THAT!" He walked closer to me.

"If you hate women, then you are most certainly gay."

"I AM NOT!!! YOU'RE GAY!!!!"

"Man or woman, no one would ever want to sleep with you. Your face makes me want to throw up. Satan is more handsome than you. Your victims aren't even scared of you, they think you're pathetic and laugh at you. You look like if an old man and a baby had a kid."

Tate's face was fully red. His veins were larger than his hair. He was gritting his teeth. He looked like he had sore eyes. You could feel the heat from his head, he was that angry. "SHUT UP!!!! STOP ACTING LIKE A WOMAN!!!!"

"You are the most pathetic human being to ever exist. At least Hitler achieved something. You are a dumbass. You look ugly as shit. Your dick is small. You somehow speak with both an American and British accent. A Tesla is better than a bugatti. I have more money than you. No one will ever sleep with you. You are the biggest loser I have ever seen."

Tate opened the entrance to my confinement and entered within the glass walls. "I WILL KILL YOU!!!!!" He ran to me, crying like a baby and seething and pissing and pooping himself, leaving a trail behind.

Jackpot.

I stood up, revealing that I broke free from the handcuffs earlier. Tate was already three feet before me as he tried punching me. But I am faster than him.

I swung my feet high in the air and felt it impact against Tate's bald head. Like an egg, his skull began to crack. Less than a second later, Andrew Tate's head exploded.

Remains of flesh went everywhere, all contained within these glass walls, making sure the outside remained clean. I myself was completely covered in blood.

Hahaha... That felt good.

As the crowd panicked, I looked at the trapdoor that was meant for me probably. To send me out of the ship. I opened the hatch as space tried sucking me out. Like a vacuum cleaner, it ate all the blood and guts that was in the walls. I took Tate's headless body and threw it out into space. I closed the hatch, feeling proud of myself.

Everyone was shocked at what happened. The crowd went silent, my friends were hyping me up, Ruby and Weiss's cover for their mouths fell and showed their jaws were wide open.

I exited my glass confinement. "RUBY!" I yelled out. "THE VIAL! USE IT!"

Ruby finally remembered. "R-Right!" She took it out of her pocket.

"WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU GUYS DOING???" Tristan screamed. "HE KILLED YOUR LEADER! KILL HIM!" He continued working to make my friends fly out to space.

The Red soldiers followed his orders. They began to charge at me with guns.

PolandBall trains its men to bring out the full potential of strength within their bodies. But I usually never use such abilities, for mine own were too powerful for the regular. This entire time, I have been holding back.

But now, I don't care anymore. I'll do anything to protect my friends. "COME AT ME! ALL OF YOU! I WILL TURN ALL OF YOUR HEADS INTO MUSH TOO!"

The first soldier charged at me. With a single punch to his sides, I broke all of his ribs and turned his torso into the equivalent of cloth. Everyone began to fear me.

"WHAT'S WRONG!? ARE YOU SCARED JUST LIKE TATE!? HAHA!!!" I was having a good time.

"Obama..." Michael watched me from afar.

I chuckled to myself. "Do any of you know what my last name is? My name is Barack Hussein Obama II... But there is one initial missing! Right after Obama comes 'Honoris!' The Latin word for Honor!"

My bloody fist went up to the air. I smiled like madness itself. I was more than ready for battle. I was ready for anything. I was still alive.

"TREMBLE IN DESPAIR, ALL OF YOU! YOU ARE FIGHTING AGAINST HONOR HIMSELF!"

"COVER ME, DAMN IT!" Tristan yelled, and many soldiers began to guard the stage.

But this is just another day's work for me. Approximately thirty soldiers are ready to kill me, but I can end it all within minutes. They are mistaken. They should cower. They should hide. I am here. Now let the battle begin.

They start shooting bullets at me, I dodge every single one like Gamebang with taxes. I achieve the impossible with the guns blazing to me like rain, for I am avoiding every drop of water in a storm and remaining drier than desert.

I come close to one man. The fear in his eyes was fucking hilarious. He was frantically shooting at me, but I took his gun away. I stabbed the tip of the assault rifle against his head, making his face a donut. As the corpse fell, I caught it. Now amidst the gunfire, I have a weapon and a human shield.

My aim is precise and immaculate. I shoot one bullet, it hits a man's face, but the skull makes it ricochet to another person, who would fall upon dying and knock over multiple people, whom I'd shoot with my gun as if I was watering plants with a hose. And I'm doing this while being shot at. All the blood on me isn't my own.

I'd use the corpse I was carrying as a shield to knock others to the floor, and just as they're about to get up, I greet them with the barrel of my rifle, sticking out through the hole on the corpse's face, and then I'd pull the trigger. Yes, I was being extra, but it didn't matter. I was having too much fun.

A perfect line of men charged to me. I dropped my gun and shield to get ready. The moment they got close, I kicked one of them in the head, tilting from the impact, hitting another man's head, it would do the same. Like dominos, each of their heads began to explode just like Tate's. Blood rained all around us, and the Red Soldiers were truly red now.

Soldiers were in formation and started shooting at me. I took one corpse and twisted it like some ball as they rained gunfire at me. Once the body resembled a spiral and felt spherical enough, I threw it on the ground like a bowling ball with extreme force. It hit the formation of Soldiers with the impact of Gods, one can swear they felt a shockwave after it happened. The bodies fell around me. I will save my friends no matter what.

Meanwhile as this was all happening...

"I got it!" Ruby held the vial in her hand.

"Alright, great! Let's go." Weiss and Ruby left the crowd seats, but no one stopped them. All eyes were on me.

They run across the hall, passing by the chaos. Weiss is getting closer to Max's corpse, but then she realizes Ruby isn't near her. She looks behind to see Ruby kneeling before Qrow's corpse, preparing the vial. Weiss's heart dropped.

"RUBY! WAIT!" She ran back to her.

Weiss snatched Ruby's arm as she was about to give the vial to Qrow. "LET ME GO!!" Ruby cried. "I HAVE TO SAVE HIM!"

"WE NEED TO SAVE MAX! HE'S THE TRUE LEADER! HE IS THE ONLY ONE THAT CAN SAVE THIS SITUATIO-"

"HE'S MY UNCLE!" Ruby screamed. "HE'S FAMILY!"

"Ruby, I know it hurts, trust me, I know it. But sometimes, you have to do the important and responsible thing first. Max must be back to save everyone here."

"Uncle Qrow is head of the military, Weiss..." Ruby wept. "He's just as important..."

"Max is the only person that can unite everyone. He is the line of succession. He is the true ruler. We've been fighting for our people, and he's the only one who can save them-"

"I fought to have my uncle back!" Ruby said amidst her sorrows. "All I ever wanted was to have him back..."

"He died protecting you. You're alive and it's up to you to destroy the place he was trapped in to save you. This place." Weiss rubbed Ruby's head. "He was a Rooster Loyalist to Max, wasn't he? Save the place he fought for. Be the hero he knew you as. He died in the hopes that you'll continue as you are. Stand up, Ruby, we have to save Max."

"H-He's my u-uncle..." Ruby sobbed, holding the vial tightly. "All I've ever done, I've done for him..."

"Ruby, please..." Weiss begged. "Stand up. Stand up and walk with me to Max's body."

Ruby was violently crying. She held her chest to somehow try and minimize the pain in her heart. Tears fell to her uncle's body. Sorrow was her world. "RAAGGH!!" She stood up and walked with Weiss to Max's body.

Back to me.

I was battling the bratty guard aka Bitchy. This guard needs some correction, I dare say. He's fought harder than anyone else, and I respect that. He harbors so much hate for me, I can only understand why he is the only one who doesn't shit themselves immediately upon seeing my presence.

As he blew bullets at me, I mindlessly dodged them all to get closer. Once I did, I threw a punch and knocked him to the ground. He wasn't dead yet, I was savoring this moment. He stood immediately and tried kicking my leg to throw me off, but my flesh may as well be made out of bedrock. I kicked him instead, back to the floor.

"Come on, Bitchy, show me better." I threw a corpse at him, which he knocked away like a baseball.

He charged at me and kept throwing punches and kicks that were too easy to dodge. It looked like we were dancing with each other. It was romantic. No attack of his even got close to my skin, that's how shit he was without a firearm.

As he threw one last punch, I kicked him to the floor once more. He looks so annoyed lmao. He tried to get up, but I kicked him again as he moved, and the impact was so great that he flew to the other side of the hall, making a crater on the wall. Goodbye, Bitchy.

Now, for the real part. I'm twenty feet away from the stage, and all of the thirty soldiers are either dead or unconscious. I have won this battle, now let's end the war.

"TRISTAN!" I screamed as I ran on all fours, looking like a rabid dog about to give this motherfucker rabies.

"OH SHIT." Tristan shat his pants and operated the mechanism faster. Oh no, he won't.

My nails dug deep into the concrete as I climbed the stage. The blood of my enemies dripped down as I got higher. Tristan saw me rise from the bottom, I have made it to the stage with white eyes, and they only looked at him.

"EEEEK!" The floor was soiled with his piss.

As I charged at him like a demon, he was speedrunning everything about the mechanism. Pushing buttons on some screen and pulling levers and shit. He was fucking shaking. He knows I'm going to kill him.

And then he pressed one last button, the wall that kept my friends flipped itself, launching them into space. The wall was empty, without hostages. I was too late.

"NOOOOO!!!!!" I caught up to Tristan and took him by the neck. I started smashing his face repeatedly on the mechanisms he was preparing until his face was nothing but mash. I threw his body below the stage in anger, everyone screamed at the sight of his corpse.

And then it hit me, my friends were launched into space. I didn't save them. The universe ended for me here. I fell to my knees, but I couldn't cry. I never could. I simply stood still, paralyzed.

I stood still the entire time Ruby was placing the vial on Max's body. I stood still the whole time when Max slowly began to reawaken. I was static when Max woke up from what probably felt like a long sleep, examining the bullet holes in his chest and wondering how he's okay. I was lacking in motion just like Ruby, no matter how many assurances Weiss gave her. I was without movement when Max was trying to get used to living after dying, challenged with the simple act of standing. For all that had happened, I remained still.

"Are you okay?" Weiss assisted Max in getting up.

"I...I don't feel my wounds..." Max replied, confused and cautious.

Ruby's eyes were pure grey. "What did you see? What's after death?"

Max looked at her with a horrified expression. "Nothing." He said. "There was nothing."

A tear went down Ruby's cheek. "I see..."

"Tate... Where's Tate?" Max asked.

"Obama killed him." Weiss responded. "He took away all obstacles, now it's your time."

Max's fingers rubbed his bullet wounds, trying to find an answer to a question that didn't exist. "There is nothing after we die. There is nothing to look forward to after the end. We only have one life, and we are wasting it on petty politics and whether or not swear words are swear words. The real question is... How will you live?" Max finally stood, struggling but remaining on his legs. "I got my second chance, and now I know my answer. I will live as full a life as possible, and I shall grant others the gift of a fulfilled life. There is no heaven, so let's make it here."

Max ran across the hall, climbing to the stage and encountering my paralyzed self. He walked slowly, examining the ugly red throne of Tate's. He pushed it away to the side, no matter how much it weighed, for he needed no seat, he was the seat. He took the microphone from stand and walked to me.

"I'm sorry for your loss. I will forever be thankful, Obama." He said to me before moving to the front of the stage, in front of the crowd. "The usurper is dead! I have returned to my rightful position! I am the true ruler of Rooster Teeth."

Weiss clapped while Ruby didn't. She was curled up into a ball.

"With our CiC dead, I shall temporarily take command. A couple revolutions from Tate D Riders will be forming in a bit, so we should focus on those first. Plus, we must restore the lost alliances from other groups and make Rooster Teeth whole again. And we are currently near the most dangerous black hole in the supercluster, so we must escape quick." Max stated. "We must focus on living and restoring our glory. This means we will not pursue the war against UGA, for it will only bring us lost resources and unwanted conflict. I declare that our forces to withdraw from the battlefield and return to their homes!"

I sighed. I did it. I stopped the war, but at what cost? Thousands won't die, but they will sooner or later. We lost The Chosen One- no... We lost my friends. Without PolandBall, the universe is doomed.

... So what now?

...

... No. Simply no. I will not believe it.

PolandBall survived the end of the multiverse and the effects of its rebirth. We managed to clutch a victory at the end of the world after Astolfo's war. When Sea and Land went to war and a God of Chaos awakened, we survived to see an even worse and worst crisis, and even that we managed solve. When Heaven and Hell were at war, three of my team survived it. When Inazuma was at Civil War, we planted the seeds together to stop it and we survived.

Time and time again, we encounter the impossible and come out on top. I will not believe that PolandBall can be killed just by being flown out a ship. I will not accept that it is that simple. We win against the impossible for we make it possible. PolandBall is alive, and my job isn't over yet.

I stood up and walked away swiftly. "Where's the spacesuits and ships in this place?" I asked Max. "I'm going out there."

His eyes widened. "Why?"

"I'm going to save my friends."

"They're dead, Obama."

"No they fucking aren't."

"They probably flew into The Void by now."

"Then I'll take them out of The Void. Get me my goddamn spaceship."

Max was troubled. "You're going to die, Obama. I can't have that."

"You don't have to do anything for me at all, just give me what I need. I saved your empire, so let me save mine."

Max sighed in defeat. "The ships and suits are in Sector B."

"Thank you." I ran off and the crowd watched me. Weiss tried talking to me, but I went past her like a streak. Ruby watched my speed. I exited the Great Hall.

Running across the grey waste of the F**k Face hub, looking at any text to see where I'm going. I made it to Sector B, and I wasted no time. I busted the door down, entered one of the black and white ships, wore a spacesuit, turned the keys and brakes as the entry to space began to open. My hands held the joystick and wheel, and thus I flew off into the cosmos.

The Void. It was larger than life itself. I was barely a dot in its sheer size. Everything it covered, all is pure darkness. It's outline was the color of flame, and it was around the darkness like some kind of ring. I'd look behind me and there would still be The Void even if it was front of me, that's how big it was. It was truly the most dangerous object in the universe, and now I am heading towards it.

I see four little dots that seem like they're shining. Only one thing can shine amidst all of this darkness. It's glass. It must be them.

I ramp up the engine and head to the dots as fast as possible. I get closer and closer within minutes, and soon enough, I was right. The first dot I came by was Gamebang's glass confinement, the top part broken, yet his wings still crucified. But he was still alive, he had a spacesuit on.

They're alive! I fucking knew it! Shit, I gotta find the fuckin Bluetooth on this suit so I can connect to their comms. I gotta speak to them. Ah! Found it! It was one of the buttons near my ear.

"Guys?" I spoke into the suit's mic.

"Is that you, Obama?" Gamebang asked.

"Oh thank fuck, you're all alive!"

"Yeah, thanks to the rings Sigurd gave earlier, but we're not gonna be alive in a bit. They really fucked us up, man, they got us trapped in these glass boxes and we're heading to a black hole." [Insert GenshinPlace member] stressed.

"I'll get yall out. By the way, I only saw four of you. Is there someone missing?"

"Me." Eren responded. "I don't know where the fuck I am, but I'm still pretty safe from the event horizon."

"I'll come for you last, Eren." I pulled back the joystick to get ready. "Hold on guys, I'm about to get yall- AGH!"

"What the fuck was that?" Morbius asked.

"Obama?" Michael echoed.

"Something hit my ship." I said to them.

"Oh yeah, I see it." Gamebang stated. "You might wanna do something about him."

"Him?" I looked out my driver's window to see Oh fuck my life its Tate.

Andrew Tate was glowing red radiation, quite literally flying in space. In his hands, energy bloomed. His eyes were glowing, his hair flowing around like a Dragon Ball Z character. He had abilities. This was it, the person Qrow talked to me about when we first met. The person he was afraid would kill his niece. Tate's true power was awakened by pure anger, and now he is out to get me. This is him, the antithesis to The Chosen One.

"OBAMAAAAA!!!" He wailed like a spoiled child as he began punching my window.

At this rate, he's going to break it, and I still need this ship to rescue my friends. I can't have that. I wouldn't let that happen. I have no choice, do I? I have to go outside to face Tate himself.

"Brb guys." I told the gang before opening the exit to the ship. "I've gotta take out the trash."

I jumped into the abyss of Space and turned on my jetpack. I began to fly towards Tate.

He didn't notice me, and so knocked myself against him, away from my ship and into some random area with nothing. I turned off my jetpack to preserve fuel, space makes you float anyway. Tate floated in front of me, driven by pure rage.

"YOU!" Tate screamed, and it was annoying as ever. "EVER SINCE YOU CAME BY, EVERYTHING HAS BEEN RUINED!!! WAAAAHHH!!!!"

"Skill issue."

"I'LL KILL YOU!!!!"

His eyes beamed and shot a line of lasers. I dodged it immediately, but part of my shoes got burned, but not broken. The laser was red, and a nearby asteroid was hit by it, disintegrating into ashes. But the weird thing? Tate didn't follow my movements, his attack is staying where I previously stood.

"Holy shit, you sure you can beat this guy?" Michael asked.

"Yeah, I think I can. I noticed that when he shoots lasers out of his eyes, he can't see shit. That's why he isn't moving to where I am. I'll use his blindness to my advantage."

Tate's lasers stopped and he prepared his next attack. He screamed and radiation flew out of his mouth like a hurricane. It makes sense for him, though, since his voice is so goddamn annoying it could kill. I dodged his voice as much as I could, but he moving to wherever I was moving since he could actually see this time. I just had to play chase with this guy until his voice wore out.

And when it did, it was time for another attack. He punched the air, which I thought did nothing until I felt a strong gust of wind hit me like a fist. I flew across space, hurt. This motherfucker is using the force or something, that's what.

"Seems difficult so far." Morbius stated.

"Not as difficult as any Elden Ring boss. This is a walk in the park." I said.

Tate began frantically punching everywhere like some child. The invisible large fists would come for me soon, so I hid to dodge what I couldn't see. I said "fuck it" and turned on my jetpack at full speed. I moved forward and got punched, flung to the distance. But that was an advantage, which meant I was far away from Tate and where he located his attacks, using one of his own attacks. He began to fly at me once I turned off my jetpack.

Once he got near me, Tate fired up his eyes and shot lasers out of it. Bingo.

I went around Tate as he was stuck in one position. I was behind him, closer than I ever was. I wasted no time and swung my leg against his head.

BOOM! His head exploded once more into a million pieces. Blood covered my suit. His headless body was unmoving.

Lifeless he may seem, but that won't be for long. If he didn't stay dead earlier, he won't stay dead now. I have to save my friends quickly before he regenerates. "I'm coming for yall." I said as I flew towards Gamebang's glass.

I landed and held on to Gamebang's place. I analyzed the situation. His wings were totally nailed to the glass walls. "The fuck do I do?"

"Just rip one feather out." Gamebang suggested.

"That shit look like it will hurt."

"Yeah well a black hole hurts even more."

"Fuck my life." I began pulling his wings out, trying to disconnect it from the nail. Gamebang was screaming every swear known to man. Blood erupted as a single feather remained pinned to the wall. "One wing down, one more to go."

"Fuck fuck fuck."

The other wing was harder to pull out. I really had to use all of my energy for it. But once I got it out, blood flew everywhere and covered me and Gamebang. Two feathers were left, but Gamebang was free.

"Fuck my life." Gamebang said once he was finally able to move.

"Can you still move properly?" I asked, helping him out of the glass box.

"Yeah."

"Fly to the ship and drive it. Get back over here so I can put all of you in there."

"Got it." Gamebang turned on his jetpack and flew off into the distance, to the ship.

I looked around and flew to the next nearest glass confinement. It was [Insert GenshinPlace member]. They were taped to the wall with flex tape. I looked behind to see Tate still not halfway from regenerating his head, so I'm fine.

"Be careful." [Insert GenshinPlace member] warned me. "Flex tape is impossible to rip."

"I know, so I'll break the glass." I started punching the area around the flex tape.

"Will I ever be free from these which bind me to the material you are trying so hard to destroy?"

"Gamebang can burn it off with his sword."

"Oh hell no, I'm scared of fire."

"Well, you ain't getting free of this tape." The glass shattered and [Insert GenshinPlace member] was like a giant table I had to carry around. "Be free, little bird." I noticed some flex tape caught on my arm, carrying a small piece of glass. Maybe I can use this later.

"Obama no, I'm scared- AAAAAHHH" I threw [Insert GenshinPlace member] to where Gamebang and the ship was. They drifted away in the void of Space as Gamebang drove at full speed to capture them.

Next up, Morbius. I flew to where he was, and dude was literally glued to some bed while wearing a strait jacket. They weren't even in their glass box anymore, it was just the bad.

"You look comfy." I said as I began to rip him off of the mattress.

"What are you gonna do with Tate?" Morbius asked.

"The hub can't know he's still alive. I have to actually kill him right here and now. If the hub finds out he's alive, then that means a potential..."

"Civil War?"

"EVERYTHING LEADS TO WAR. WHY CAN'T I GET A BREAK. EVERY LITTLE DECISION LEADS TO WAR."

"That's not entirely true, right?" Eren said.

"Actually, Astolfo fucked my eyes and that resulted in the end of the world." Gamebang stated. "Yes, everything leads to war."

"How are you going to kill him?" Morbius was really close to being free from the bed, although the color of his spacesuit was ripping off. "He literally has regeneration."

"There's one place he can't regenerate in." I pointed to the eye we are slowly entering.

"The Void..." Morbius chuckled. "Maybe it will work."

Morbius was ripped off of the bed and I held him like a baby. He can't exactly move in a strait jacket.

Gamebang and my ship arrived just in time. Inside, I saw [Insert GenshinPlace member], safe and sound. I threw Morbius to the ship, and by that I mean I just hit him against the window for Gamebang to do whatever. I don't have time for this.

"Ah shit, Michael." I said through comms. "You are really far."

"Search for Eren first." Michael suggested. "Remember the Fruit Detector?"

"What about it?"

"The screen turned red when it came near Eren. Use that."

"OH FUCK YEAH YOU'RE RIGHT." I'm glad I still had it.

I whipped it out and began playing a game of hot and cold with Eren. The Fruit Detector would make faster static noises when I come close to Eren, and would go slower if I was going far from him. This should help me find him even though I can't see him. It's like Iron Lung all over again.

I flew around in random direction as fast as possible because Tate is still here. Whenever the Fruit Detector made less noise, I went to a different way. The more it made noise, the more I embraced that specific direction. Eventually, the screen little by little was getting redder.

"I'M COMING FOR YOU, EREN." I yelled.

"Please do, The Void is making me real uncomfortable." Eren stated.

"We're getting hotterrr." I was using the Fruit Detector as always, moving in random parts of Space. Its all darkness, so I have no idea which is left or right or up and down. "Oh shit we getting colder. New direction. Oh fuck the red disappeared. OH FUCK- Oh, the static noise is back. We're back in warm, boys."

After some time navigating through literal nothing, I noticed a small dot in the corner of my eye. The more I approached it, the more sounds the Fruit Detector was making, killing my ears.

"EREN! I SEE YOU!"

"Please hurry."

After a few more minutes of flying, I got to where Eren was. He was still inside the broken glass box, bound by chains.

"This shit wasn't kinky at all, Obama. They tricked me."

I had one hand holding on to Eren's glass, and the other hand was getting ready to chop the chains away. It might hurt since its metal, but I can do it.

My hand went down and cut the chain in half. That's one down, three to go. It hurt like shit, but I can handle it.

"Wonder why it turns red though." Eren said. "I'm not an Expression."

I know the reason why, I just don't wanna spoil it.

I chopped down the final three chains and Eren was free. He still had some leftovers attached to his wrists and legs, but I don't exactly have the key for them.

"Fly over to Gamebang." I said. "I'm going for Michael."

"Thanks." Eren flew off into the distance.

Final person, Michael.

I flew to Michael's glass box. It was still sealed unlike the others which were broken. I'd have to break in. Michael himself is tied up to a chair with... "Flex rope."

"No way, I only ever heard it in legends." Morbius spoke.

"This is impossible to untie." I stated. "Michael, I don't know what to do."

"Please dude, we're literally getting further into the event horizon."

He was right. The Void's effects were getting stronger in my senses. I am unable to recognize color, and everything feels like it's spinning. Somehow it all looks like black and white impact frames. I feel like I'm floating in an endless sea of darkness.

I smashed a hole into the glass entered his confinement. I stood before Michael in a situation that looks very weird and kinky if you ignore the black hole outside.

Looking at the rope, I can see it is intertwined at his chest area. At first, it looks impossible to untie, but then the more I looked at it, the more it resembled a rubiks cube, and I own a world record for solving it within 2 milliseconds. I am the fucking God of making squares go into places.

"Watch out, Michael." I warned him. "I'm about to go ham on this shit that the rope might actually burn."

"Wait what- OH SHIT."

There I was, cooking, making the world record for untying a rope. I was going so fast that I was breaking the laws of physics. My hands moved in ways never thought possible. The strings were exiting every hole in no time at all. When I was done, I had achieved a world record of untying flex rope in under 3 milliseconds.

Michael put out the fire that caught on his shoulder. "Never do that again."

"Oh come on, man, it was fun."

"Come on, let's get out of here and to Gameba-"

The entire glass box exploded. Shards of glass went everywhere like an asteroid belt. Me and Michael were lucky to have suits. We drifted away from each other, but I flew to him using my jetpack. I took him by the wrist and looked behind me. Tate has awoken once more and destroyed our box.

Me and Michael stood before this red glowing man, angry as hell.

"Gamebang? How's it going in there?" I asked.

"I managed to get the flex tape off, the glue too, and the other stuff." He responded.

"Then I'm guessing it's a go."

"Yes. I'm approaching you two."

Michael cracked his knuckles. "It's time to do our job."

"Alright, Polandball, we got a baby to take care of."

As Tate charged towards me and Michael, he was suddenly hit by something and flung to the side. Morbius took out half of Tate's face and ran off back to us. As Tate regenerated, Gamebang flew with his wings and temporarily stopped the healing with his flaming sword, burning Tate's injury.

As Tate screamed and cried like a child, he pointed his finger at us and prepared to shoot energy as attack. [Insert GenshinPlace member] was flown close to Tate thanks to Gamebang and swung their axe at Tate's arm, turning it into dust. Michael charged at Tate and punched him away from all of us. Tate flew away.

Eren came by, driving the ship. Gamebang, [Insert GenshinPlace member], and Morbius immediately got in, but me and Michael were unlucky. Tate did his invisible giant punch thing and flung me and Michael away from the ship. We ventured further, closer to the event horizon. Eren tried driving the ship to come and save us, but the ship was also punched away in the distance, flying away.

Me and Michael were miles away from the ship, falling into The Void. And all the while, Tate is flying towards us.

And then, my hand started shifting in different forms like untangled spaghetti. So was Michael's arm. This was it, we had entered the event horizon. We are screwed.

"Turn on your jetpack." I urged Michael. "We'll fly away fast before we even enter the point of no return."

Michael did what I said and off we went. We flew away, leaving behind a trail of smoke as our jetpacks were at full speed. It should've been faster, but the Void was pulling us, but we can escape. We may be running head first to Tate, but it's better than The Void.

But as I flew farther and farther away from the black hole, I noticed Michael wasn't by my side anymore. Panicked, I look behind me to see Michael falling into The Void.

"Obama! My fuel ran out!" Michael yelled.

"Shit!" I don't have much fuel left myself, but I need to save him.

I turned off my jetpack and let the black hole pull me further down. Once I got close to Michael, I examined his jetpack. It indeed had no fuel left. Fuck me.

"What do we do???" Michael was genuinely terrified.

"Just hold on to me. I'm taking you with me." I turned my comms to Gamebang. "GB, tell Eren to get over here quick so we can land at the ship."

"W---We can't." The communication was being weakened by our large distance from each other. "The ship---- Tate's p--punch broke the engine---"

"Shit. Shit." I said. This was a fucked situation. "Gamebang, try to contact someone in the hub or UGA. You have wings, fly somewhere while Tate is distracted with us. Get a new ship."

"On it---" Comms disconnected. Gamebang and the others were gone. It was only me and Michael.

Analyzing the distance between me and the spaceship the others are leaving behind in favor for a new one. I don't have enough fuel to get there fast, but the distance guarantees you'll be safe from The Void for a long while. Wait no, even if I get to the ship, it's broken anyway. Fuck, I really have to rely on Gamebang and The others here to come for us when we escape the event horizon.

The only obstacle preventing us to exit the event horizon is Tate. As long as he lives, he isn't stopping. He will continue to try and kill us.

Speaking of Tate, there he is, charging at us at full speed.

He's getting dangerously close, but I know how to dodge him.

Tate gets within punching distance of me, he prepares his fist for the biggest attack of his life he'll place upon me. He swings as we are inches away from each other.

I do a pro gamer move. I move to the side, a few inches away.

And just like that, Tate has missed me and is falling farther than us into The Void.

"Whew." I said, holding on to Michael. "There's that. We should be safe to go up now and wait for Gamebang to come and get u- AAAGGGHHH!!!!"

"Obama?"

A long string with teeth bit onto my right leg, reaching my bones. Blood spewed everywhere as I screamed in agony. I look down to see Tate, with his arm stretched and riddled with sharp spikes. He's trying to get me.

"NGH!" I turn on my jetpack, but not even its sheer force is enough to make Tate let go of my leg. Its knives are fully ingrained into my skin, unwilling to let go. It hurts like hell when I try to get it out.

I'm holding on to Michael like it's my last day on earth. Even he's trying to help with getting us out, as he is pulling my body. But like the jetpack, he too is useless against Tate's string.

Here I stand. My leg, being pulled by Tate. My hand, holding onto Michael, practically pulling him down to hell with me. My jetpack, running out of fuel every second that I use it to get out of this predicament. Everything hurts like the end of the world. My suit is getting covered in blood.

It's no use. As long as Tate lives, we won't be able to escape The Void. He will come for us- no. He will come for me. He will chase me to the ends of the universe. As long as he is here, Michael cannot be rescued by the others.

The only thing that can kill Tate is the Void. I need him to fall even further down without taking Michael with him. Once he's dead, Michael can escape the event horizon with the...

... Oh god, I'm considering something dangerous, aren't I?

As both Michael and Tate fight for my body, I close my eyes. Am I really doing this? Can I do this? Am I strong enough to do it?

As long as Tate lives, Michael won't live... But what about me?

There is only one of us with a jetpack that can take one beyond the event horizon and beyond The Void, to a place where they can wait for rescue...

So...

... Can I really do it?

"Michael?" I said in a faint voice.

"What is it?"

I deeply sighed. I was seriously considering it.

... It has to happen.

"Michael, listen to my words carefully." I said in the midst of my pain. "Please."

"Alright..."

Never thought I'd do this soon, or in a situation like this...

"As I leave my position to you, I trust that your flowers will bloom with power. I put my faith in the idea of freedom that you will solely protect, succeeding my failures and uplifting my victories..."

"Obama?"

"I shall leave to you the hope I have for the survival of our people. I bless you with strength and determination, and pray that you will lead us into salvation."

Michael realized what I was saying when his eyes widened. "Obama...? What are you..."

"May your speeches be loud and clear, your command be followed to the end. May you be honorable in your choices and follow only the light." I memorized the PolandBall succession speech by heart. "May the future of the people be brighter with your presence. May you protect our home and never settle for anything less than great."

"OBAMA!" Michael screamed as tears filled his helmet. "NO! DON'T DO IT! OBAMA! OBAMA!"

"Shall you be blessed with wisdom and courage in the wars to come. I leave my hopes and dreams to you, Michael Jackson."

"OBAMA! NO! PLEASE! OBAMA!!"

"I, Barack Hussein Obama Honoris II, proclaim you, Michael Joseph Jackson..."

"OBAMA!!" Michael cried harder than he ever had in his life.

"I declare you Leader of PolandBall."

"NOO!! OBAMA! DON'T DO THIS!!"

The speech was over, and now for the personal business. "Michael... Live." I started crying too. "Live for companionship, for it is a lonely life."

"OBAMA! PLEASE DON'T!"

"The last few years with you guys have been the greatest in my life... I couldn't be more thankful to have friends like you."

"OBAMA! DON'T GIVE UP! WE CAN STILL FIND ANOTHER WAY! PLEASE!"

"You were my friend. You were always there by my side. Thank you... Thank you so much..."

"OBAMA! PLEASE WAIT! NO!"

My other hand reached for my back, took hold of the jetpack. Using the last bit of strength within me, I ripped it off my suit and used the flex tape I got earlier to attach my jetpack to Michael. No turning back.

"OBAMA! WAIT!"

My hand touched his shoulder. "We may never reach Neverland. But our glory will never end."

My hand that held on to Michael's wrist slowly lifted each of its fingers. One finger for Gamebang, a second for [Insert GenshinPlace member], a third for Eren, a fourth for Morbius, and my last finger for you, Michael. Take care.

"NO!!!"

Michael was blasted off away from this wretched place, all the way up, away from me. Leaving behind a trail of smoke. He slowly faded away into the distance, safe and free. He became a dot once more, but I already saved him. Ah...

"AH!" With nothing to hold on to or to help me, Tate pulled my body down further into the event horizon. The space outside of The Void became a smaller hole in my view.

Finally, I was a few inches away from Tate. We were here.

His string detached itself from my leg. His string turning back into his arm, which he used to choke me as we fell deeper into The Void.

"YOU!" He choked so hard that blood came out of my eyes. "YOU HAVE RUINED EVERYTHING FOR ME! MY EMPIRE, GONE! MY GLORY, GONE! ITS ALL BECAUSE OF YOU!!!"

"Haha..." What a fucking loser. "HAHAHAHA!!!"

"STOP LAUGHING!!!"

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!"

"DAMN YOU, BARACK OBAMA! MY FIGHT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE WITH YOU! IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE WITH THE CHOSEN ONE!"

"You deserve nothing... You are utterly stupid..."

"YOU!!!" Tate waved his arm back to prepare to punch me, but... "HUH??"

"Ha."

"AARRRGGGHHHH!!!" Tate's body began to mesh into many different shapes and sizes. "WHAT IS THIS???"

"You may be a powerful being... But you are no stranger to the nature of Space, especially black holes... You are no more than a suit-less man who thought he could survive what light can't escape."

"ARREGGGGGSHHH!!!" The more Tate's body was being spaghettified, the more red with blood his body became. "HOW! HOW ARE YOU ALIVE!!!"

"Your body is a shield for me. The Void focuses on what has more mass first. You, with your powers, possess more mass than my body. You are it's first course." I made a smug smile. "Oh, and also, it's because I'm wearing a suit, dumbass. First rule of Space, always wear a suit so you don't get fucked by its effects."

"HHHNNGNGHHHHH"

The area around us began to become darker than dark, yet bright as ever. Hurricanes of dust passed by us. The space around us began to distort like a fish-eye view. Everything didn't look physically possible. We have reached the point of no return.

"You wanna know why you didn't follow these instructions and end up here, dying like a child playing with play-dough?" I pointed at Tate. "Because you are the dumbest motherfucker to ever exist! You are nothing more than a spoiled child that knows absolutely nothing! While I, Barack Obama, am honor itself!" This was my plan all along. By allowing myself to come to Tate, we'd fall into the black hole together, ensuring his defeat and the safety of my friends.

"AAARRRGHHHH!!!" Tate's body was undergoing a grueling Four Dimensional transformation. "OBAMA!!!"

"Pathetic man. Get out of my sight."

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!"

Andrew Tate's body couldn't handle the pressure of The Void anymore, glowing into pure brightness. And then, dust he became after a large powerful explosion who's shockwaves sent me flying faster into the black hole at the speed of light. Tate was dead.

I looked back at the top, the hole that leads to outside this place... Space. There, Michael might still be flying. Gamebang and the others could've found a ship by now and are on their way to save Michael with no obstacles whatsoever because I took it all out. The hole gets smaller fast, I am slowly leaving the realm of reality and into the

unknown. Eventually, the hole disappears from my sight, and I will never be able to return to it. I am now leaving the event horizon. I am entering the iris.

The shockwaves of Tate's death made me fly faster into this abyss, approximately at the speed of light. I am passing by the corpses of a billion dead worlds in seconds. Their remains, broken and contorted, disfigured. And people themselves... Their bodies are unrecognizable, for they had become strings. I assume I'm becoming one too. Sooner or later, my speed makes me leave the land of the dead, and further into a place where no man had ever gone.

Darkness it seemed for a moment, but then like a needle penetrating through cloth, my speed made me piece the fabric of reality. I am entering The Edge of Space.

"They shoot something into the black hole fast enough so that when they reach the realm outside of time, they will not be damaged by it and will instantly enter the point in time that they desired to go. Stay too long in the realm outside of time and you die. Perhaps that's where black holes lead, outside of time. You must be fast to traverse it before death and enter a different time." - Michael Jackson.

Ah.

I enter a 4-Dimensional realm. Nothing makes sense here. Everything goes in itself and out of itself. Colors that don't exist swirl like bright wind. Everything is a moving spiral, yet it travels like a straight line that eventually loops itself. This was no multiverse.

The sounds are indescribable, like static almost. The feeling of floating in this vast wide realm of objects I cannot comprehend was like floating everywhere all at once and yet being nowhere.

There was only one thing that made sense to me here.

I was in the middle of a giant blue ring, which I came out of when leaving the black hole. Everything in the texture of this blue ring, it was all familiar to me... I saw the pyramids being made. I saw the big bang. I saw the end of worlds. I saw the Collapse of Time. I saw the first time I met my friends. I saw the moment I was born. I saw the future. I saw the crisis Lily foretold. I saw a bloody Gamebang in the arms of a young green girl. I saw an Angel. I saw the end of all things. I see time all at once, everywhere.

"AAAGGGHHHH!!!!" The atmosphere of the land outside of time burned away my spacesuit and melted my skin into liquid charcoal. The worst pain I've ever felt in my life. The most grueling existential pain. In milliseconds, I was made into something unrecognizable. A melting man. My skin was falling as my body was flying across the realm.

All of this happened in two seconds.

At the end of it all, I entered the other side of the blue ring. Once more, I pierced through it like a bullet destroying wood, due to my speed which has not been taken from me.

I entered it wherever this was.

...

"AGH!" I landed on some...floor. Concrete. A familiar feeling. My slimy skin stuck to it like perfume.

The pain was still here, although less severe now that I was out of there. Everything still hurt the most.

Where am I?

"You there?" An all too familiar voice said through what sounded like a speaker.

I turned around to see a room through glass. Inside the room, Hatsune Miku was making a call.

"Y-Yeah... Sorry, Obama." She said to the phone. "Something came out of a small black portal over here. Something weird."

She's... She's talking to me... On the phone...

I looked to my side and saw a calendar... It's a month ago. I traveled back in time to a month ago. I looked back to Hatsune Miku, who was severely concerned for my presence.

"I'll uh..." She continued talking to past me. "Where are you going for now, Obama?" She continued to talk normally to portray professionalism. So this is what happened on the other side of that call...

"Well, after being attacked by some weird red ships, me and the gang are going to Westeros." Past me said through the phone. "We're actually almost there."

No... I thought. No. I began to punch at the glass window desperately with no strength at all. I kept trying to force my way in to somehow try and change something. Desperate cries came from my dissolved throat as I banged the window with my remaining energy.

Please, Miku, tell past me to not continue... Tell him to go back to Earth, where none of this would happen. Where I'd rest peacefully with my friends with no troubles... Please, make it stop... Make me stop... Make me go back to Earth. I wanna go home. Please. "Please..." Miku, please let me go back home.

"I'll uh... see you soon." Hatsune Miku hung up the call and hid her phone.

"A-Aahhagghhh..." I cried. "NO! NO! DON'T MAKE ME GO! PLEASE! PLEASE! MIKU PLEASE! STOP ME! STOP HIM! PLEASE!!"

Miku ran outside of the room, scared for my safety. "Sir, what happened to you? Who are you?"

She doesn't recognize me... How could she? I barely look like me... "I...I..." If I had never left Earth, then I'd spend the rest of my days with my friends, hanging out in the world... Away from war and conflict. Away from this... "P-Please, Miku... Please don't make me..."

"Make you what? I-I don't understand." Miku touched my liquid skin, but it only caused me pain. She retracted her hand immediately when I screamed in agony.

What is this... Some kind of hell? To witness myself make a decision I'd regret, unable to stop it?

I cried, and the salt of my tears only added to the pain of my boiling body. "I-Im sorry..."

"Hey, hey, it's gonna be okay." Miku assured me. "I'm gonna call the medics. We're gonna-"

"I'm sorry, Gamebang... I'm sorry, [Insert GenshinPlace member]... I'm sorry, Eren... I'm sorry, Morbius... Oh god... I'm sorry, Michael. I'm so sorry..." We should've stayed at Earth.

"What...What are you saying?" Miku understood nothing because it hasn't happened yet.

In the middle of my sorrows, I felt something slip out of my leg. Me and Miku looked at it, small in its structure.

It was the Fruit Detector.

... It all made sense now. The Dead Man who came to Miku through a black portal and foretold the prophecy of the Expressions and gave the Fruit Detector to her... It was a man who traveled back in time. This... This is a time loop.

I am The Dead Man.

"Take it..." I said to her. "Take it. It's called the Fruit Detector."

"Uh..." She held it, and it was sticky with my skin. "What does it do?"

"There...There is a prophecy of a being who will come. A being powerful enough to destroy The Void..."

"Destroy The Void?" Her eyes widened.

"But you have to use that device to find the people who will awaken him... You must use it to find the Expressions..."

"Expressions..."

"Find them and save the universe... Destroy The Void..."

"W-Who are you...?" She asked.

"A Dead Man." I replied.

Because of me, we were able to find the Expressions. Because of me, we knew of the prophecy. Because of me, I gave everyone the key to destroying The Void. I have started this whole mess to save billions... It all goes back to me...

I fell to the ground and felt my skin stick to the floor. "Ah...."

"I'm going to call the medics!" Miku said.

"Please, Miku... Don't leave me... I don't wanna die alone..."

"You're not going to die, alright? Just breathe."

In less than a day, I stopped three wars, overthrew a tyrant, made way to the end of The Void, saved thousands, and saved my friends...

I chuckled. "I saved everyone... I did it."

I embraced the cold melting of my own body and closed my eyes as I felt myself go lower. Darkness I saw, yet it was of my own eyes. A calm feeling brushed over me. I could faintly hear Miku telling me to stay awake, but it's too late for that. I know it is. But I am content. I have achieved the impossible.

Memories of me and the gang flash through my head. It is hard to not cry at these memories, for they were the times I was the most happiest. I remember Gamebang being weird. [Insert GenshinPlace member] being too supportive of everyone's things. Eren being gay. Morbius being the most normal before Inazuma. And Michael, always by my side...

I remembered my old comrades and wonder if they're proud of me for all I've done... I wonder if I've finally gotten them to forgive me for leaving them before they died. I remember Aqua and the fun little arguments we had with each other. I remember everyone...

It was on these streets where I witnessed the power of faith, and the quiet dignity of working people in the face of struggle and loss.

This is where I learned that change only happens when ordinary people get involved and they get engaged, and they come together to demand it.

But laws alone won't be enough. Hearts must change. It won't change overnight. Social attitudes oftentimes take generations to change.

We must guard against a weakening of the values that make us who we are.

I leave this mortal realm, hopeful for its future. I believe I made the world a better place before I left it. I'd like to believe so. And that is enough. I have won the fight for freedom.

I'm asking you to believe. Not in my ability to bring about change — but in yours.

The darkness in my eyes fade away into a bright land, full of light. I look down and see that I am unharmed, human again. My skin feels good again.

I walk in this strange world, full of nothing. Yet, I feel as if I know what I'm looking for.

Finally, I found it after a minute of walking.

I found me.

He turned around. "Did we save the world?"

I smiled, taking in every moment of my life. The good, the bad, and the beautiful. I was blessed to be in all of my roles. I was blessed to have my friends. I was blessed to be me. What a wonderful life. And so I replied...

"Yes, we did. Yes, we can."

Chapter 8: Purpose.

[Insert GenshinPlace member] POV

We were floating in space, carried by Gamebang's wings.

"He fell in." Eren declared with despair. "Obama fell into The Void."

"Well what the fuck are we doing??" I yelled. "FLY THERE AND GET HIM!"

"HE WENT PAST THE EVENT HORIZON, HE'S A GONER!"

"NO HE ISN'T!" I fell to my knees. "Please, Eren, don't say that. He isn't a goner."

"I know he isn't." Morbius was shaking. "He's invincible... How can a man like that die?" He looked to Gamebang. "You believe that, right?"

Gamebang was unable to even speak. He simply stared at the black hole.

"What about Michael?" I asked Eren. "Do you see him?"

"Not yet. I'm holding on to hope for him still." Eren said.

"Obama can't die..." Tears fell out of my eyes. "If he's dead, then what would we do?"

"We need to get back to the F**k Face hub first. We need to get a ship." Eren stated.

As we got closer to the hub, another shadow loomed over us. We looked up and...

"Project Sekai?" What were they doing here?

What seemed like a million ships flew above the hub. All of them belonging to different groups, but they all follow one singular ship. And that ship was flying to us.

The ship landed in front of us, Hatsune Miku lurked through the windows. "Where's Obama?"

...

We got inside of her ship and were given multiple cups of water, which never tasted better in my life before. Gamebang, however, wasn't drinking at all. Eren was crying into his cup.

Hatsune Miku sat before us with bagged eyes. "So, Obama is dead..."

Gamebang gagged at that sentence.

Miku facepalmed herself. She was stressed. "What are we going to do..."

"We...We should find the Expressions!" Gamebang spoke, trying to hide his sorrows. "Where are they? Two of them are already here."

"Good idea." Miku said. "We should awaken The Chosen One while we can."

"Eren! [Insert GenshinPlace member]!" Gamebang stood up and drank all of his water swiftly. "Cmon, we gotta find them Expressions since they're scattered around the thousands of ships."

"You know, I just noticed..." Eren spoke. "Where's Morbius?-"

"No time! We gotta get up now and do our job!"

Eren sighed before standing, but he noticed I didn't stand. I didn't wanna move at all. He tried helping me up, but...

"No time for them, Eren!" Gamebang said. "Cmon! We got duty to do-ty!"

Gamebang dragged Eren away and left me with Miku.

"You okay?" She asked me. "Why didn't you go with them?"

"...It's nothing."

Com, Bubba, now Obama... Everyone around me dies. I live through death. I was and am unable to protect the people I care most for. I do not possess the strength to do so, nor the courage, for in reality, I am afraid of every action I make for their lives. I am a coward. I can't protect anyone. I am weak. What worth is my life if I can't protect others...

I don't have any control over how these things happen. I wish I had control. I am so tired of being unable to do anything. All of my efforts will eventually go down the drain, because all will die. I don't care for my own life, I care about my friends. As long as they're happy, then I can live. They can't be happy dead.

I'm so tired... I may as well do nothing and see what happens.

"I'm sorry for your loss." Miku said.

"It happens." I drank more cold water.

"I know what it's like to lose someone."

"Me too."

Amond walked into the room. "Miku, F**k Face negotiations are beginning. Who do we send?"

"Well-"

"WE GOT EM!!!" Gamebang busted the door open and threw the Expressions on the floor. Varys, Yoimiya, Kazuha, some girl and a guy. "Oh and I brought him too."

"Hi." A silver haired man entered.

"Is that... Daemon Targaryen?" Miku asked.

"He's so cool, isn't he?" Gamebang's eyes sparkled.

"I'm here to make sure Kirie and Malitis are safe." Daemon swung his sword like a pen. "I don't trust any of you because you kidnapped us away from Kelos. I don't even know what an Expression is." He sheathed his blade. "My dragon is outside your ships and is ready to obliterate all of you in an instant if these two are harmed."

"You can be assured that we plan nothing bad to happen to them." Varys stood up. "Trust us, Lord Daemon."

Daemon walked around as Gamebang followed him from behind with hearts floating out of his ears. Daemon stopped his tracks when he encountered... "Nephew."

Aemond stood still like ice. "Uncle."

"You're alive."

"Indeed." Aemond nodded. "And so is my brother."

"Lucky you."

Eren caught up to Gamebang and saw the situation. "Uh, hey, isn't this a bad thing?"

"What do you mean, Eren?" Gamebang was clueless. "Daemon and Aemond never had any kind of conflict- Oh wait a minute."

Suddenly, both Targaryens disappeared. No exit or anything, just straight up vanished. We looked everywhere and saw them nowhere.

That was until a sound came from outside of the ship. We looked out the window and saw the dragons in space.

Aemond rode Vhagar, circling around his uncle. The mouth of the beast opened, preparing to launch flame. "You have lived too long, uncle."

Caraxes stood still. Daemon walked on the back of his dragon like a staircase, unsheathing his sword once he reached the top. "On that much, we agree."

Caraxes flew away right before Vhagar spat dragonfire. The blood wyrm was smaller than Vhagar, but it was more than an advantage. Caraxes flew around Vhagar, reaching her upper back. Caraxes tried to bite, but Vhagar moved swiftly, knocking away the red dragon and sending him across the distance.

Daemon composed himself and Caraxes swiftly. He saw that Aemond and Vhagar were flying to them at extraordinary speed, trails of smoke being left behind from her mouth. Caraxes' throat began to rumble, Daemon felt the heat rise up.

The dragons spat beams of flame that collided in the middle. Large, it was, and for a moment, everyone thought they were seeing the birth of a star.

"Oh I really messed up, didn't I." Gamebang laughed like a madman. "I shouldn't have brought Daemon here! Oh well, I got my fanservice."

"If they keep this up, they might destroy our other ships..." Miku was horrified. "Gamebang, you literal buffoon. You doomed us all."

"Damn, you right." Gamebang clearly wasn't at the right state of mind. "But we may as well enjoy the show, right?"

"Daemon..." Kirie looked out the window.

"Why is he fighting that guy?" Malitis asked, concerned.

Gamebang swooped in like a disease. "Oh let me tell you two! Five hundred years ago, in the war known as The Dance of the Dragons, both Daemon and Aemond were on opposite sides of each other. Both extremely loyal to the king or queen they served, and also being one of the most powerful in their armies. They both died in the duel known as The Battle above the God's Eye. In fact... We seem to be seeing an exact recreation at this very moment."

"I don't even know what's going on anymore..." Kirie's forehead touched the window. "I just wanna go home..."

"You two have to stay." Eren said. "You are part of the Expressions..."

"We didn't choose to be." Malitis argued. "We didn't choose to be kidnapped to the middle of a battlefield for some probably fake legend."

"It's not fake." Eren stressed. "My friend died for it."

"Well, I won't." Malitis took Kirie's hand and both began to walk.

"Where are you two going?" Eren yelled as they went further away.

"Away from here." Malitis said. "We're gonna grab Daemon and get out of here. This place is cursed. We're miners, not chosen ones."

"Have a good day!" Gamebang continued watching Daemon and Aemond fight, to Eren's disappointment.

"Agh... What happened?" Kazuha just woke up.

"Something magical." Yoimiya was fascinated with dragonfire.

If Kirie and Malitis walk out that door, we run the risk of losing them after Obama fought so hard to keep them here... If the Expressions are separated, then all is doomed. Everyone dies.

Everything dies around me... Nothing new. I'm gonna remain to do nothing. Maybe if I do nothing then no one will die again...

...

Ah, damn it.

I stood up and went in front of the two young adults and blocked the door. "Please, don't leave."

"We just wanna go home..." Kirie said.

"Me too, more than anything. But the lives out of millions depend on you two being here."

"We never wanted this..."

"We can say that for most things in life. We have to remember not everything is in our control. We can only struggle and move forward."

"We're just two college students, man..." Malitis said.

"I am asking you on the behalf of the people I lost. Please stay." I looked at them with desperate eyes. "I am sorry we kidnapped you guys here. We should've done a gentler job and actually informed you two. Growing up, you're going to get involved in things you don't wanna be involved in. The only thing you can do is act in the name of moral good."

"Growing up..." Kirie pondered.

"Stay here and I guarantee you safety and assurances. I will help Daemon out there back to you two. I know you don't want this, but here you are. So please, act accordingly in the name of the people we must save." I kneeled down to their level. "I will keep you safe here."

"... Promise?" Malitis questioned.

"I promise."

Malitis took a deep breath. "Please get Daemon back."

Both walked back from whence they came, watching Daemon and Aemond through the windows. Orange light covered their faces as the dragons moved furiously in the abyss.

"Back to spirits, aren't you?" Varys stood next to me. "I was almost certain you wouldn't do anything at all. Why did you act?"

"Everyone around me dies." I said. "I'm tired of being unable to do anything about it. I thought of myself as weak for it... But despite all of that, I didn't wanna stop trying to save the people I care about, even if everyone dies around me. So... I'm going to keep going. I will continue to fight for the people around me."

"You made the right call." Varys stated. "You just saved millions."

...

Morbius POV

I'm going to kill millions.

While Gamebang and the others were flying to Miku's ship, I flew away and snuck into the F**k Face hub. I've ran out of fuel in my jetpack, but I don't need it. I don't plan to come back anyway, I'm going to bust down the engines of this place and make it explode.

The hub itself is in a weird organized panic. Obviously, they're afraid that the UGA is here, but they're trying their best to remain calm. It might be only a matter of time before the Blues show up. That Max guy has a lot of things to do.

I'm going to kill all of the Reds for letting Obama die. Their deaths shall serve as payment for the life of one extraordinary man. A person worth more than any of them. My friend, my comrade. The Reds kidnapped me and locked me up. They were my enemies then, they are my enemies now.

A debt needs to be paid for Obama, and I have chosen them.

"Max has withdrawn all of our forces from UGA." A red soldier in some room said. I was listening from behind the door. "This allowed them to come for our hub."

"He has sent the opponent to our doors." Another red soldier was in the conversation. "UGA will not forgive what we have done to PolandBall."

Neither will PolandBall themselves.

"Negotiations have begun over in the Great Hall. Three representatives are talking with Max to settle the conflict Tate started."

"I say we believe in him."

"He better resolve this quickly. The reason we're hiding is because the Blues have invaded alongside UGA."

Who am I kidding. I don't have time to listen to this shit. I gotta head further.

The walls are grey as ever. Tight are the halls, but so will be the flame that I shall summon, and it will reach even the ceiling, which almost feels as high as the sky. All shall witness its destruction. Hundreds for one.

After wandering around this maze of hallways, skipping past water dispensers and an abnormal amount of air conditioners, I found the engine room, as it literally had a sign saying "Engine Room."

I turned the doorknob and opened. I was greeted with a fireworks show of bullets. Ruby battled alongside Blue soldiers against red soldiers.

She ran around the room, spinning her scythe in unmatched speed to block the bullets. A blue soldier threw a grenade and reds ran away before being bounced everywhere from the explosion. Red soldiers hid behind a wall, shooting bullets when they'd come to take a peek.

Ruby's running made her end up to where I was. She noticed me. "What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be in space?"

"What do you think I'm here for. I'm going to blow this place up. You?"

"A debt need be paid for my uncle. I have chosen them." She's angry like me.

"Consider me a Blue soldier then."

She nodded pleasingly and returned to her fight. The point of her blade stabbed the floor, and a part of the tang began to shoot gunfire at her enemies. A nearby blue soldier handed her spare bullets.

I cracked my knuckles. I scoffed, knowing I was stronger than every single one of these people. They were about to witness The Vampire.

I immediately charged into the battlefield, dodging every single bullet like a teenager in denial. I moved like a feral animal, only focused on it's prey. Hyper focused on the kill, for it is all that matters.

I have chosen one guy for the attack. He tried shooting his gun at me, but I moved faster than light. And on the final bullet, I caught it with my fingers. The guy still had ammo, he was just too afraid to pull the trigger now.

My arm reached back for preparation, my fist covered in mad veins. I swung my punch and felt my fingers touch the man's facial features. I felt skin crumble and cut itself, bone cracking, all blood flowing to the area I punched. My attack sent shockwaves across the room, and all have felt it and were even knocked to the ground because of it. That's how everyone stopped what they were doing to watch me.

My victim fell to the floor. But before I can initiate my killing blow, I took a good look at his face. Broken skin, exposed bone, blood all over the floor. That's what half of his face was like. The man was crying, and I felt something about it. The natural instinct of a human to take pity.

Suddenly, all of my rage was gone because of it. I took a step forward to approach the man for some kind of help, but he didn't flinch, no, he ran away like a scared child. He was terrified of me. I looked around the room, the fighting stopped to watch me. Blue soldiers nodded to me, Ruby specifically. Red soldiers were cautious and horrified, aiming their weapons at me.

I took a look at my fist, covered in the man's blood. Opening it, I saw my hand, the same hand I used to hurt so many others. I saw the veins popping up, a symbol of my brute strength and what makes me the strongest member of PolandBall. A strength I have used time and time again to kill others.

And today, I have hurt another person because of my emotions, because of loss. I let my feelings control me and I harm others.

It's almost as if I relapsed... Ignoring everything I learned. What am I doing here?

"Come on, continue!" A blue soldier yelled. "Just kill him already!"

I looked at them with confusion.

Ruby noticed. "You're not going to, aren't you?"

"...I shouldn't." I replied.

"Your strength sent literal shockwaves around the room. A single punch shouldn't break flesh, and yet it did. You're more powerful than I thought."

"...Ruby, you're mad about the loss of your uncle."

"Yeah, of course I am."

"I am mad too. I am mad that Obama was taken from me."

"Then why aren't you fighting for him?"

I looked at the red soldiers, who shivered by the mere sight of me peeking at them. "Why should we fight at all...?"

"Justice." Ruby replied.

"You're fighting for revenge." I told her before turning to everyone else. "You're all fighting for revenge."

"Are you saying we're not justified? After everything the Reds put us through?"

"You say Reds as if all of them are a singular individual responsible for your suffering. But take a good look at your opponents right now and tell me one thing you know about them other than being part of the opposing side." I turned to the Reds themselves. "And do the same for the Blues. Look at them and tell me what you know about each person."

"..." Ruby wanted to listen instead of participate.

"None of you know each other." I stated. "You've only met each other today. You know nothing about one another, so why should you fight each other? It's meaningless, it's stupid. You hold no grudges, so why?"

Everyone started looking and whispering to each other while Ruby remained still.

I looked at the man I punched. "I don't know anything about you. I have no idea what your name is. What valid reason was there for me to harm you? The only reason is madness. We are strangers, yet we fought for no true reason."

I offered my hand to my victim. I looked at him with a sympathetic expression, a remorseful frown. He was afraid at first, but after a few more seconds, he took it. I helped him stand up.

"We bare so much hate for each other despite not knowing each other. We blame someone for their side's doings despite never having participated in it. Hate has allowed us to draw our guns and shoot mindlessly without considering other options. When others pulled the trigger, we did the same without a second thought."

I pulled out a handkerchief and gave it to the man to clean up his blood.

"Maybe all of us have more in common than we thought. We wake every morning, we have a family, we breathe the same air, we looked at the same stars, we have friends, we shower at a specific time, and we sleep. I don't have a reason to hate any of you. We shouldn't be stupidly attacking each other. Violence won't stop the cycle of violence."

My morb powers are weaker than my physical strength, but they are the abilities I use when choosing to do good. Now, I have refused my fists once more.

"I don't have a reason to hate any of you or anything at all. Those who have harmed me and imprisoned me, done me wrong or spat on me are not my enemies. I forgive every single one of them because I bear no hatred. I have no enemies."

I turned back to Ruby, who seemed entranced with my words.

"And so do all of you. There is no one in this universe worth hurting for any kind of validation to one's self. No one deserves to be hurt. You have no enemies."

Ruby finally composed herself to speak. "Then what do you suggest we do?"

"You were all comrades once. A year ago when Rooster Teeth was still whole." I said. "Unite once more today and the glory of the old days shall be reborn. Unite and fight the real threat to your lives."

"The real threat?"

"The Void."

Chapter 9: Coming out.

Gamebang POV

All of the Expressions were gathered in one place, with Eren looking after them, and that's how he realized I was gone. [Insert GenshinPlace member] decided to look for me for Eren, and that's where we are right now.

"These two hunks are really going at it, huh?" Aemond and Daemon were still battling, and I was still eating popcorn.

"Hey, buddy." [Insert GenshinPlace member] placed their hand on my shoulder. "Why aren't you with everyone else?"

"If we shoot Vhagar and Caraxes with lasers, maybe the fight will stop."

"I-I reckon that'll piss them off and engulf our entire fleet in dragonfire."

"You sure?" I thought it was a great idea. "Here, let's try it right now. Let's go to the battle room."

I began to walk away, but then [Insert GenshinPlace member] stopped my track by pulling me back by the arm. Owie.

"You alright, man?" They asked me.

"Yeah!" I smiled. "I'm just trying to do whatever I can for the alliance."

"I'm pretty sure you bringing Aemond and Daemon in the same place was a horrible idea. Plus, we almost lost Malitis and Kirie."

"Pffft. So what? I'll figure it out!"

[Insert GenshinPlace member] sighed. "Are you doing that thing with your exes where you don't know how to handle a situation and so you somehow make the worst possible decisions?"

"Whaaaaat?? No!!"

"Then explain this." [Insert GenshinPlace member] pointed at the two dragons fighting in space. "This is Alizeh levels of fuck up."

"Who is Alizeh."

"Oh come on."

"I'm perfectly fine! I went through two years of character development, right? I am at my best! Why would I betray that?"

"Because of Obama." [Insert GenshinPlace member] sadly said. "I know that has to be it, and you know? I get it."

"What Obama?"

"This is also the part with your exes where you gaslight yourself into thinking everything's okay if you don't speak about anything at all and just do something without thinking."

"You're so silly, man." I said. "Everything is absolutely fine!"

"Then why are you holding in tears?"

"What?" Oh, they were right. That's why my eyes felt so heavy. I immediately wiped them away. "I'm fine."

"I'm pretty sure a Gamebang with character development wouldn't make horrible decisions if he wasn't distressed."

"A Gamebang with character development still fucked his sister. Hah!" Fuck. "Fuck..."

"Look, man, we're all grieving about Obama, but that doesn't mean we should lose ourselves about it. I almost did." [Insert GenshinPlace member] spoke truly. "He wouldn't want that."

When they said that, I think I finally broke. The tears didn't stop flowing. My heart felt heavier than tension, my mind running through the conclusion that the gang will never be whole again.

"It's wrong..." I spoke. "He shouldn't be dead. He seemed immortal..."

"I know." They replied. "He was something special."

"I don't know what to do, man..." I sobbed even harder. "I thought maybe if I just focus on the mission, the idea that he's gone will go away..." I applied this exact same mindset with my relationship with others. If I just focused on my own pleasure, problems wouldn't come for me. Had I relapsed?

"Let's just calm down for a moment and stop considering the next action for the alliance and consider the next action for yourself." [Insert GenshinPlace member] advised. "Thousands of worlds depend on us right now. We can't go around making horrible decisions. You have to straighten yourself up. For Obama."

"For Obama..."

"And if not his justice, then what about something else? What else are you fighting for, Gamebang?"

I thought about it for a while. My mind raced to the lives of millions, the worlds that would be destroyed, my friends, my own life. But no matter what, my mind kept going to one place, and my heart yearned for my daughter.

"Collei." I answered.

"Wow, that was a completely different answer than what I was expecting."

"I want to save her life. I want to make sure she is safe in this universe."

"Then get yourself together for her. For your adopted daughter or something." They said. "What are you gonna do now?"

"The Expressions..." I said, thinking. "How do we use them to summon The Chosen One? More importantly, Tate said one of the gang was The Chosen One. I'm sure as hell it ain't me. So who?"

"There you go. Think strategically." [Insert GenshinPlace member] nodded. "How about the characteristics of each Expression?"

"The characteristics..." Well, I'm an Angel. [Insert GenshinPlace member] is an anemo user. Kazuha is also anemo. Yoimiya likes fireworks. Varys is asexual because he doesn't have a dick. Maliti is uh. And Kirie is trans.

Wait a minute... Varys and Kirie... But I am... Kazuha and Yoimiya is... Oh my god.

"I figured it out." My eyes glittered.

"Wait what."

"I FIGURED IT OUT!"

I began walking back, taking [Insert GenshinPlace member] with me. Across hallways and doors, I return to the Expressions, who were being watched by- HA! EREN!

"Oh hey, you're back." Eren said.

"I figured it out yall." I announced.

"You what?"

"I know who The Chosen One is, and what we have to do as the Expressions."

"Marvelous." Varys stated. "Explain away."

"What is some of defining characteristics?" I asked.

"I'm a sword master?" Kazuha said.

"I am a miner?" Malitis said.

"My mom hates me?" Kirie said.

"Oh wow I'm so sorry." I said to her before continuing. "But no! Let me tell all of you what your traits are."

I put Eren behind me before starting.

I pointed to Yoimiya. "You are a lesbian, right?"

"Yes?" She replied.

"And you, Kazuha, you are gay?"

"Absolutely." He looked at Eren with longing eyes.

"Me." I pointed to myself. "I am bisexual."

[Insert GenshinPlace member]'s eyebrows raised. "What about the animals-"

"Kirie!" I pointed to her. "You are trans, right?"

"Yes she is." Malitis answered for her.

"And you, Malitis, do you know what you are?"

"I'm still figuring it out, man."

"You are Questioning! That works!" I pointed to [Insert GenshinPlace member]. "And you! We have no idea what the hell is going on inside your pants, so you are an intersex person on top of being non-binary."

"Why is that important-" [Insert GenshinPlace member] was seriously confused.

"And finally! Varys!" I pointed to the bald man. "You are asexual because you have no dick!"

"I mean, yes I suppose that's true." Varys said.

I listed everyone down. "Yoimiya, Kazuha, Me, Kirie, Malitis, [Insert GenshinPlace member], and Varys."

"Uh-huh." Eren said.

"Lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, questioning, intersex, asexual." I raised up my arms in victory. "WE ARE THE LGBTQIA!"

"..." [Insert GenshinPlace member] made a blank stare. "Please tell me you're not bullshitting me."

"Gamebang, that sounds ridiculous." Eren stood next to me.

"No, it is not ridiculous! This is what Obama knew all along!"

"What the fuck are you talking about." Yoimiya asked.

"WE ARE THE LGBTQ." I declared. "We are called the Expressions for a reason. These labels are to express ourselves and our orientations."

"Am I listening to a fucking introduction to gay people." [Insert GenshinPlace member] still didn't believe me. "What about The Chosen One?"

I made a smug face. "Who is more expressive of their true self out of all of us?"

"Me?" Kazuha said gayily.

"Wrong. It is none of us." I turned around to face Eren. "There is a reason why the Fruit Detector turned red when it came to you."

"What?" Eren backed up one step.

"Eren Yeager... You are The Chosen One."

"Huh-"

"Tate was the antithesis to Eren. He was bigotry itself. That's why he wanted to kill Eren so badly, Eren is the representation of everything he hates."

"Wow..." Kazuha's eyes sparkled.

"Eren Yeager." I pointed to him. "You are The Queer Above All!"

"..." [Insert GenshinPlace member] said. "You know what, I believe it."

Eren was sweating.

"We must awaken his powers!" I turned back to the Expressions. "The only way to do that is if we hold hands and sing a Queen song-"

"Eren ran away." [Insert GenshinPlace member] pointed out.

I looked behind me to see it was true. He did disappear. "Fuck."

"What now?" Malitis asked.

"Eren... Eren was always in denial about his true self." I said. "If we want him to become The Queer Above All, then..." I looked to [Insert GenshinPlace member]. "We have to make him accept he is gay."

"That's impossible!" [Insert GenshinPlace member] argued. "You're talking of an unachievable goal!"

"We have to try." I was determined to do so. "For if not, then everything is doomed. I have to save my daughter."

"Gamebang..."

"Come on, buddy. It's time to get Eren out of the closet."

...

Eren POV

I remember that one night during Purge. I remember it every night. That's why I'm still scared of intimacy. I'm scared of love.

I was strong, I told myself. I had gone through the impossible. And yet, I couldn't fight back against the NFT. I didn't fight eventually, I just gave up. That's the part that terrified me the most in these memories. I gave up, and I told myself I was strong. Why did I just freeze up and let it happen by the end? That isn't strength. I said "no" louder than I ever screamed before, but was it not loud enough. Even though I know I shouldn't, it's hard not to blame yourself for something out of your control. It's not my fault, everyone says, but it feels like it.

Every night after waking up from these nightmares, I just wanted to scream. But I couldn't. I don't want to worry any of my friends anymore. There are more pressing matters at hand. My problems are miniscule compared to The Void or Inazuma.

Everyday since the incident, I was afraid of my own body. It was terrifying to think that I wasn't the only one in control of it. You hear about these all the time in the news and never think it's going to happen to you. But here I am, scars and some diseases I haven't told anyone about except Historia. I am ashamed for having the body of a victim. Controversial, yes, but I don't know how else to describe it.

I never really liked myself, even before the incident. I knew the reason why, but I don't wanna hear it.

Everyone has this image of me that I have to uphold. The person they see is the man who said "Keep Moving Forward." Something I cannot do. I try to that person to please everyone. I don't even know what they'd think if I was being myself. But I don't know what "myself" means. I don't know who I am. So that image is all I have. I just have to keep moving forward until I am what everyone thinks I am. Whatever is hidden within me, everyone would hate it, therefore I shall.

I don't want anyone to hate me, but I hate myself anyway.

"Eren!" Gamebang busted through the door. "You alright, buddy?" [Insert GenshinPlace member] came with him.

Here I was, sitting alone in one of the dorms in the hub that wasn't even mine, looking at edits of the me everyone wants to see. "Yeah, I'm fine."

"Alright, great, let's go awaken your powers."

"N-No."

"Why?"

"What... What makes you think I am The Queer Above All?"

"The Red screen from the Fruit Detector, and the fact that you turned Kazuha gay by your mere presence. Which is why we're currently standing 6 feet away from you."

"It might be a coincidence." I had to do everything to stop this.

[Insert GenshinPlace member] sat down next to me. "You've been like this since high school."

"..."

"It's not really uncommon to see that you don't like yourself, Eren."

"Really?"

Gamebang sat down too. "I used to think everything you did was fake. Your personality, your gestures, everything. I didn't wanna be your friend because of that. But then I saw how happy you were with Armin, and I saw something real that day. That's the Eren I wanted to know more."

"But that's not what everyone else sees, and if they did, they'd be disappointed." I curled up into a ball.

"Fuck what everyone else thinks. You decide what you should be, but you also have the responsibility of being you."

"But everyone is going to hate me if I'm not what they think I am. I can't do that, Gamebang. I don't want that."

"You shouldn't give a shit about what others think." [Insert GenshinPlace member] patted my head. "If they hate you for who you are, it doesn't matter. We'll like you."

"The people closest to you will love you no matter what, and that's what matters." Gamebang said.

"But I don't." I replied. "I don't like myself. I don't feel safe in this body."

"Oh..." Even without saying it, Gamebang knew. "You wanna talk about it?"

Everything in my head said no, but I knew this would last forever until I did something. So... "Okay." I responded.

"Tell me your feelings."

"... I'm scared of anything intimate. I feel weird inside my own body. I blame myself for everything. I don't feel strong. I hate being like this." I didn't even cry, I just felt hollow.

Gamebang sighed deeply, considering his next words carefully. "We can't always be in control of what happens to our bodies. But we can always find some kind of control. Some kind of reassurance that we can feel safe with ourselves again, and that starts with trusting yourself and the people around you."

"How can I feel safe and have some kind of control?"

"Like this." Gamebang spread his arms. "You get to decide whether or not I am allowed to hug you right now. Is that okay? If I hug you?"

A sweet gesture it was, it even has me tearing up. But... "N-No..."

"Alright then." Gamebang put his arms down. "I won't."

"..." Still, I desired something, a comfort. I knew I'd only get that with the people I trust. "Can you guys just hold my hands?"

"Sure." Gamebang slowly and gently proceeded to do just that, and so did [Insert GenshinPlace member]. I flinched at first, but the longer it went on, the more I was comfortable.

We didn't speak for a long time, we just held hands. But I felt safe for once. And it was scary to do so and ask them such a thing. It was a leap of faith, so allow yourself to be close to someone again like this. To simply touch another's skin.

I have never been so grateful. "Thank you, guys..." I cried.

"There will come a day where you won't think about it at all, where you forgot it happened. You might think about it the next day or week, but not that day." [Insert GenshinPlace member] said. "So we'll be there every step of the way until you forget it every day."

More time passed by with nothing said. That was when I knew what I had to do.

I stood up suddenly and looked at both of my friends. "I'll do it. I'll awaken my powers."

"You sure about this?" Gamebang asked.

"Mhm." I replied. "I'm going to save everyone. I'm going to destroy The Void."

"But doing this would mean..."

It scared me. "Yes... I know." But what is life without its challenges?

Every moment of healing is going to be a leap of faith. It can be as simple as holding someone's hand again. Everything is going to be scary. That's why you must muster up your courage and jump for it. I have many leaps ahead of me, so I must be brave.

I'm done feeling so hollow. I'm done hating myself. I wanna love myself. I wanna feel proud of my own body. I want to be strong in my own way. I want to make the people around me proud, and not the ones who barely know me. I want to be myself, but I don't know who that is, so I will look for it. And part of that means accepting who I really am, the part I always repressed to please others.

Well... That's what I'll do.

...

Yoimiya POV

Gamebang and [Insert GenshinPlace member] returned with Eren. He looked more confident than ever. The Gods have blessed us.

All of us Expressions proceeded to stand as a circle, surrounding Eren as he sat down and closed his eyes. We all held hands shut our sights as well.

We began to sing.

"This thing called love

I just can't handle it

This thing called love

I must get 'round to it

I ain't ready

Crazy little thing called love

This thing called love

It cries in a cradle all night

It swings, it jives

Shakes all over like a jellyfish

I kinda like it

Crazy little thing called love

There goes my baby

She knows how to rock and roll

She drives me crazy

She gives me hot and cold fever

She leaves me in a cool, cool sweat

I gotta be cool, relax

Get hip and get on my tracks

Take a back seat, hitchhike

And take a long ride on my motorbike

Until I'm ready

Crazy little thing called love"

When we opened our eyes, Eren's entire body glowed every color in the rainbow. We backed up as the energy was getting too much for us to handle. We watched from a distance, Eren's transformation.

Eren Yeager stood up, then lifted his feet off the ground and began to float. Rings of rainbows flew around him. His energy was so strong that the walls began to crack. Powerful winds consumed the room, knocking everyone down to the rumbling floor.

"His big dick energy..." Kazuha sensed it. "It's so strong and girthy!!!!"

"He... He is so gay!" Malitis was shocked. "How can someone be this gay!?"

"Only he can." Gamebang grinned. "Only Eren."

Eren concluded his transformation with shockwaves that sent all of us to the walls. I closed my eyes to brace for impact. The waves were so powerful that my back took a chunk of concrete off.

When I opened my eyes, Eren stood. He seemed like any regular person, until he opened his eyes. Rainbows flooded his iris, and it was clear that he was truly The Queer Above All. Every Expression kneeled for their God.

Eren walked to the nearby window and saw the dragons still fighting each other. Gamebang watched closely what he was going to do. Eren radiated pure determination and confidence.

"These dragons shouldn't be battling..." Eren spoke like a girl. "They should be flying alongside each other... I shall demonstrate my power with them."

The Queer Above All raised his hand to the two dragons. His body radiated power and it was directed at the Targaryens.

"Dragons! Caraxes and Vhagar! By the power of my hand, HAVE SEX!" Eren declared.

"Huh-" Gamebang was taken aback.

Caraxes, at first, was charging towards Vhagar at concerning speeds, Daemon's eyes were lusting for Aemond's eye. Vhagar was about blow flame at the red dragon.

As the two beasts got closer... They kissed. Daemon and Aemond's jaws dropped immediately.

Caraxes began licking Vhagar's neck. Their claws intertwined as they roared in pleasure. Their bellies touched and Vhagar whimpered.

Aemond and Daemon were desperately screaming in high valyrian to command the dragons, but nothing was working. Eren's power was supreme, and the dragons were fucking.

Their tails wrapped together like springs. They hugged each other with their wings, Vhagar sucked on Caraxes' neck. Their skins went plap plap plap. Caraxes was not gentle at all, he was fast and furious. The largest dragon was the bottom.

"Isn't... Isn't Vhagar the equivalent to an old grandma?" [Insert GenshinPlace member]'s face was of horror.

"HAHAHAHAHA!!" Eren laughed. "LOOK UPON MY POWER!"

"What the fuck." Kirie was traumatized. Malitis covered her eyes.

Soon enough, the dragons cummed, and their fluids covered all of the spaceships around them. Our windows were covered in red, which I presume to be the color of their liquid. At least, I hope it is.

"This is only a fraction of my abilities..." Eren's hair flowed beautifully.

"Obama died for this, by the way." [Insert GenshinPlace member] stated. "For the dragons to have sex."

Suddenly, the door busted open, and entered Morbius and a couple Red and Blue soldiers. Also, they were covered in the red cum. "WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING OUT THERE???" Morbius yelled.

"Prophecy fulfilled." Eren told him, smirking.

"Where have you been?" Gamebang asked.

"Uniting Reds and Blues." Morbius replied. "Also, I have some news. We found Michael."

"What...?" [Insert GenshinPlace member]'s eyes widened.

"He's standing on some random asteroid, and he is next to The Void."

"He hasn't left??" Gamebang was surprised.

"Well you are lucky." Varys pointed to Eren. "The Chosen One has awakened. We can finally destroy The Void."

"Oh shit it's Eren?" Morbius said. "Damn, that was so obvious, I should've known."

...

50,000 ships. The UGA set forth on their journey to return to The Void and destroy it. On the gang's mind, they will save Michael.

Now equipped with Eren Yeager's abilities, they have a guaranteed chance to stop the eye that destroys the galaxy.

The final battle awaits, and so does The Angel.

Chapter 10: All for Odynne.

Michael POV.

... Damn you.

Damn all of you. Damn this universe, damn all of it. I have lost everything.

I sit inside of a broken spaceship, my oxygen running low every second. But I don't give a shit. I have nothing. This was the ship Gamebang and the others left behind to return to either the UGA fleet or the F**k Face hub. Dead it is, just like my friend, my mentor, my hero, my king.

In front of me was the ultimate harbinger of evil. The Void. Closer it moves to me every minute, reducing the gap of safety Obama died for me to reach.

I am sorry, sir. Your efforts were in vain. I cannot move. I have given up.

"GO ON!" I cried out to the abyss. "TAKE ME! KILL ME!"

There is no hope for the universe. Polandball's leader has died, so I might as well perish too.

I close my eyes as I walk to the edge of this rotting ship. If I take one more step, I will fall off and float away, flying closer into the Event Horizon.

I did not hesitate. I descend.

...

...

...

"Hagh!" My fall was interrupted when someone took me by my hair. We ascended.

I opened my eyes to see we were flying. I look behind to see who's holding me and... "Lily?"

"What the hell were you doing?" She asked.

"Killing myself." I answered.

"Why?"

"There's no point. It's all hopeless. Obama is dead..." My chest ached as I said that, but... "AGH!" She pulled on my hair. "WHAT THE!?"

"You fool." Lily said to me. "It's not over yet."

"How can you say that...?"

As we flew further away from the Void, she turned my gaze to a wall of flashing lights.

"Look at that. Look at all of them. His doing." Lily spoke gently. "Obama lives."

Upon closer inspection, I could see what it was.

Thousands of ships from various groups, the United Gacha Alliance. They fly alongside the Red and Blues, together again as Rooster Teeth. And the Maryland Crab's ships fly next to Genshin. Inside one ship, a PolandBall spaceship, a glowing figure of rainbows watches from the windows. It's Eren, and behind him are all of the Expressions.

"Obama did all of this, remember?" Lily said as she was delivering me to that PolandBall ship. "Without him, the Maryland Conflict would have gone worse. Without him, the Reds and the Blues wouldn't unite again and still be ruled under Tate. Without him, the Expressions would've died. Without him, Eren would've died. Without supporting Miku, none of this would've happened. Obama united everyone, and it cost him his life."

"Dear God..." I couldn't help but cry. "It's beautiful."

"But perhaps his greatest achievement..." Lily said. "His greatest achievement was saving his friends. Saving PolandBall. Now, his legacy will live on." Lily looked at me, and I looked at her. "Obama lives through us."

After a minute or two, Lily landed us inside of the main PolandBall ship. After taking off my spacesuit, I began to walk around. It's just a normal lobby. And then...

Gamebang, [Insert GenshinPlace member], a rainbow Eren, and Morbius arrived to me. They all looked distraught as I was, yet they have accomplished more than I.

With no words or gestures, we could tell what everyone was feeling. Grief. Gamebang was the first move, and then everyone followed. They all hugged me, and I slowly hugged them back as we all silently cried tears of many emotions.

After a minute of crying, we all let go of each other. We wiped our tears away before Gamebang handed me a gun. I took it and analyzed it. It was Obama's gun. The same one I handed him when the gang reunited at Suigestu Pool.

"You are Obama's heir, Michael." Gamebang spoke. "This is the moment. Lead the way."

I remember what Obama told me when we left Atlantis, shortly before going to battle with them at that beach. We were standing with our army and he thanked me for handling everything while he was unconscious, and that he knew who his replacement would be. I lightly slapped him for that. And now, just earlier before the last I saw of him, he recited to words of succession to me...

The day has come.

"Alright." I replied to Gamebang. To all of them. "Let's examine the situation."

"Okay, Leader of PolandBall." [Insert GenshinPlace member] said. It didn't feel right, but it was.

We watched The Void from the window. "Every second we take is one step closer to death." Morbius pointed out.

"Eren is strong enough to destroy that giant ball of darkness, right?" I asked. "How will he do it?"

"I will enter the Singularity." Eren said. "I will destroy it from within."

"What if you don't come back? Nothing escapes a black hole."

"I will come back. That's why we're destroying it so it doesn't keep me there."

"Good point."

"So what? We'll just toss Eren right into The Void and it'll be over?" Morbius said.

"Seems to be the plan." I couldn't risk Eren dying, but this was all we had left. We sacrificed everything for The Chosen One, and now they must fulfill the promise.

"Uh guys?" [Insert GenshinPlace member] pointed to the right side of the Event Horizon. "Things are coming."

I looked to what they were saying and I saw hundreds of dragons, emerging from the darkness, flying towards our army. They were all lead by one singular beast. "Balerion..."

"Cersei is here." Gamebang grimaced.

Lily joined the sight-seeing as soon as she heard about Balerion. "Do those dragons look a little purple around the eyes to you, guys? Including Balerion."

"You're kinda right..." I said.

Gamebang tensed up immediately as he realized. "Archon Residue..."

"They're controlling the dragons with it." Lily put it together.

"Well, who would wanna follow Cersei by choice anyway." Eren said.

"We'll need to cure the dragons." Lily stated. "Only Archon Residue can cure them."

"Well, we don't exactly have an Archon here, do we?" [Insert GenshinPlace member] said.

"No." Gamebang said. "So what do we do?"

"No choice." Lily sighed. "We have to kill them if we have to."

"Aww... I really like dragons." Gamebang frowned.

"Cersei's goal is to make sure Eren doesn't get near The Void." I concluded. "Inform Miku to deal with the dragons and guard us. Polandball, we have the goal to getting Eren into that black hole."

"On it." Lily walked away. I wish I could've said a few more words to her, but it is what it is.

I turned back to the whole gang. "Well... This is it."

"I guess it is." Gamebang laid his back on the wall. "Any chance Azazel might pop out?"

"Hope so." I replied.

Eren took a deep breath to calm himself. "A lot of things are depending on me..."

"If The Void continues to live, it will devour everything until this entire galaxy is gone." [Insert GenshinPlace member] stated. "Plus, we have promises to fulfill."

All of us looked back to the Eye of Destruction.

Gamebang felt his phone vibrate. He looked at the notification. "It's Miku. She got your message."

"Alright..." Morbius' hand radiated energy that was a shade of dark green and blue. His morb powers. "It's go time."

We haven't given up, nor will we. We have defied the impossible, and we shall do it again. I spoke one last thing before the final battle.

"For Obama."

...

The Void ever moves closer to the battlefield of the beasts and the living.

Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy?

The dragons charge at the static spaceships of all those who Obama united. They will not move, they can only look forward.

Caught in a landslide, no escape from reality.

In two ships from Project Sekai and Fate/Grand Order, the Targaryen monsters emerged and flew to face hundreds of their own species. Amond and Daemon have created a temporary truce. Caraxes and Vhagar flew faster than all of the UGA ships.

Open your eyes, look up to the skies and see.

Jaime looks back on the formation of the army. He is riding right alongside Daemon on Caraxes, despite his fears. He aims to take on Balerion and finally cease Cersei. The formation of the UGA is structured like a diamond pyroxe. Beautiful, Jaime thought.

I'm just a poor boy. I need no sympathy.

Miku, through interconnected communications, commands all front line ships to start firing missiles, starting from Tears of Themis. Her hands point to the invading dragons. "Fire."

Because I'm easy come, easy go, little high, little low.

Together in sync, all ships from Tears of Themis shot their missiles. Then, Touhou. Then Blue Archive. Then Arknights. Then Fire Emblem. Then finally, Genshin.

Ten dragons opened their mouths, the insides slowly lighting to a bright orange. Then another ten. And then there was thirty. The first ten blew their dragonfire. The next ten followed, and then the final ones.

Any way the wind blows doesn't really matter to me...

Jaime watched from above as waves of flame and projectile warheads fly to each other like long lost lovers. When they finally got close enough, it looked as if the missiles disappeared into the orange fog. Until...

To me.

Heat was all that was needed for the projectiles to ignite, and dragonfire was hotter than vengeance.

Both attacks collided, exploding violently to send shockwaves that pushed both sides aback for a little bit. The explosion emerged as a gigantic blazing cloud, large enough to engulf both armies.

Nevertheless, the fighters would enter. They had ancient beasts to kill.

Mama, just killed a man.

He saw Cersei.

Jaime saw that Caraxes was getting closer and closer to Balerion as he flew around the cloud of fire. The Black Dread's purple eyes were finally noticeable, unlike from the Wall.

Jaime was handed extra oxygen bags from Daemon, to which he proceeded to place some inside his spacesuit. He would need it. Jaime Lannister prepared to go to his sister.

Put a gun against his head, pulled my trigger, now he's dead.

Jaime stood up as Caraxes increased his speed. Jaime almost fell many times, but never did. His arm went to his back and took out a sword.

Mama, life had just begun.

Jaime prepared for his next action as chaos rained all around him. Exploding ships, burning dragons, lines of lasers appearing and disappearing within milliseconds, missiles flying and making the cloud bigger.

But now I've gone and thrown it all away.

He activated his jetpack. Jaime Lannister jumped off of Caraxes and made his way to Balerion.

Flying to his sister, he was reminiscent of the day he killed The Mad King, sitting on the Iron Throne, yelling to burn Kings Landing.

Through the thousands of black sharp thorns on the Black Dread, Jaime Lannister never noticed how much Balerion looked like the Iron Throne given life. Now, Cersei sits on it.

He flies like a ray of sun, Cersei notices him from below and he descends to her dragon, spinning his sword.

Mama, ooh, didn't mean to make you cry.

Aemond Targaryen and Vhagar were more skilled at combat than any of these wild corrupted dragons. Avoiding their fire and burning foes from the bottom. Vhagar bit into the neck of a dragon before ripping it off the body, the blood mingling with the flames. Vhagar was larger and bigger than all of them, but she was faster, and her dragonfire were harsh as ice.

If I'm not back again this time tomorrow, carry on, carry on, as if nothing really matters.

Aemond looked at Daemon and Caraxes as they fought with other enemies. Aemond thought of his mother and the pain Daemon's side caused to her. And now he fights alongside him. Maybe he plans to settle their battle again once the war was over.

Too late, my time has come.

Michael was giving commands to the gang for how the ship was going to go. Declaring what dragons were coming, where to shoot, where Eren should drive the ship, and he was also protecting Eren himself since he was their only shot for The Void.

Outside the windows, all Michael could see was beams of flame and lasers, with the occasional explosion.

Sends shivers down my spine, body's aching all the time.

Ruby was controlling a turret inside her ship whilst her crew mates controlled the direction of the ship. Ruby was shooting every dragon she saw.

And that's when she felt it. A strange feeling like little vibrations through her body. She took off the VR headset for the turrets and looked at her skin. It was moving like liquid. They moving ever so closer to The Void and are starting to feel its effects.

Goodbye, everybody, I've got to go. Gotta leave you all behind and face the truth.

Michael looked at Obama's gun as they flew closer to The Void. He hopes Eren can end this madness, as much as was sacrificed for his ascension.

Mama, ooh. (Any way the wind blows.)

As Kazuha controlled the ship, Yoimiya was standing outside of it on the top, shooting her fireworks at the mouths of dragons, making sure it blow them up from within and turn their organs to dust.

I don't wanna die. I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all.

In one singular ship, located in Project Sekai's fleet, Aegon and Halaena Targaryen sat with Varys and Tobias, Sigurd took care of Kirie and Malitis while driving. Since there wasn't enough time to get any non combat members of the UGA out of the battlefield because everyone came, a few ships had the duty to make sure everyone was alive and safe. Sigurd was one of these people. Aegon just wanted the noise to end.

Halaena foresaw an eye patch covered in blood, but not of the wearer, but the blood boiled like his own.

Euden, out of pure adrenaline jumps out of his own ship and flies to the nearest dragon. Joe flies behind him to make sure he is safe. Euden feels the heavy weight of his sword, so his slash at the dragon initially failed, and the sword drifted off elsewhere in space.

The dragon looked at Euden like a meal. Joe screamed as the dragon ate Euden. He was distraught at first until the dragon seemed to form a third eye.

Euden erupted from the forehead, covered in blood and guts. He flew back to Joe, who was astonished. Seems like Euden does better with his fists than a sword. A little too similar to Morbius.

The Dragalia ship, driven by Serena and Karina, flew beside Euden to pick him and Joe up. While Joe initially was about enter back into the ship, Euden didn't have the same idea. He drifted away from the ship using his jetpack to join Hawk and Ku Hai in the battle against dragons. Joe had to follow him to make sure he survived swimming around while beasts burned everything.

I see a little silhouetto of a man.

As Kazuha drove the ship, dodging every obstacle whilst making sure Yoimiya didn't fall off, he caught a mighty figure in the corner of the driver's window.

Scaramouche, Scaramouche, will you do the Fandango?

Kazuha saw a large dragon, the size of thirty ships stacked together. The beast opened its jaws and revealed the road to hell. The road itself rode to Kazuha's location, in which he proceeded to activate the helmet on his spacesuit.

Thunderbolt and lightning, very, very frightening me.

As the ship was consumed by flame, it exploded. Kazuha was flown out, flung all the way to the tail of the dragon. He saw Yoimiya fly away safely with her jetpack to Beidou's ship. He looked back to his destroyed ship, its sharp debris becoming obstacles for other ships.

Kazuha planned to follow Yoimiya and return to Beidou. But...

Galileo (Galileo) Galileo (Galileo)

The dragon's neck bent to look behind itself, and its eyes met Kazuha. With no heads up, the creature spat fire. Kazuha took out his sword and flung himself above with anemo wind. A mouth's beam of flame followed Kazuha as he fell ever closer to the back of the dragon.

The beast's body stood itself up like a vertical building to try and stop the man, but it was an advantage for him. Kazuha landed on its back, stabbing his sword deep into the scales and allowed himself to continue falling, opening the back of the dragon like a zipper. Blood and guts flew everywhere, and the dragon's fire was replaced with screams.

Galileo Figaro, magnifico

Balerion flew past Kazuha's victory. On its long black tale, Jaime climbed fast as the wind, blood on his fingers and head. Sharp were the scales and thorns on the body, but Jaime's resolve was sharper.

Balerion tried throwing Jaime away by wiggling its tail, but it gave him the upper hand as it flung Jaime up, above the Black Dread.

I'm just a poor boy, nobody loves me.

Jaime landed on top of the body, right between the dark wings. He saw Cersei from above him, sitting between the main horns.

She was cleaner, wearing prestigious clothing from Westeros, her hair was silky as perfection. Jaime was covered in his own blood, scars and other deep wounds was his body now, and yet, he lives.

He's just a poor boy with a poor family. Spare him his life from this monstrosity.

He started to walk, stepping on the sharp neck, climbing the skin that was a floor of swords, Jaime Lannister ascended upon Cersei's throne, sword in hand.

Easy come, easy go, will you let me go?

Cersei looked behind her to see her brother climbing Balerion's neck. Her skin went pale with fear as she tried everything to get him off. Balerion shook himself, made its skin hotter, everything.

And despite all of that, Jaime Lannister reached the head. He was only eight steps away from his sister.

Bismillah! No! We will not let you go! (Let him go)

Cersei stood from her seat and tried running away. She didn't know where, just any place far from him. Unfortunately for her, Jaime was faster than light. In a second, his blade was already at her throat, ready to pierce at any moment.

Bismillah! We will not let you go. (Let him go)

In olden days, Jaime held Cersei around his arms for comfort. Now, he holds her in his arms for captivity, with a sword near her neck. Cersei looked at Jaime, eyes begging for mercy. Jaime simply gestured her to start flying the dragon to where he wants it to go. She obeyed as long as the steel was below her jaw.

**Bismillah! We will not let you go. (Let him go)*

Balerion, The Black Dread flew away to somewhere far.

Minutes later, Sigurd would find the dragon in stasis right beside his ship. Outside her window, he saw Jaime holding Cersei.

Will not let you go. (Let him go.)

He has captured her and brought his sister to the UGA. All Jaime had to do was make sure she wouldn't have the ability to do absolutely anything, or else Balerion might follow her commands and burn them all.

Never, never, never, never let me go.

Jaime carried Cersei around the lobby, ending his walk when he came across Tyrion, who looked sorry for her. The siblings are together again.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Gamebang, shooting from a turret in a VR Headset was watching Daemon's dragon rip other dragons to pieces with its heated up teeth, melting the scales of its foes. But out of nowhere, Caraxes was flown away by a headbutt from another, smaller, uglier dragon. Gamebang was shocked as Daemon and Caraxes were falling away from him sights.

Oh, mamma mia, mamma mia.

As Eren was driving the ship, something suddenly popped out of nowhere in the view of the driver's window, blocking the way. It was scales.

Mamma mia, let me go.

Eren knew he couldn't dodge it, so he called the entire gang through comms for a warning. Seconds later, as the windows cracked, the entire gang activated their spacesuits.

The PolandBall ship crashed upon the belly of a dragon, being destroyed as if it was in a hydraulic press.

Before they could be crushed alongside their ship, they escaped when the windows broke. They drifted in space.

Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me, for me, for me.

Morbius grabbed the flying Eren and activated his jetpack to fly them closer to the Event Horizon.

[Insert GenshinPlace member] took out their axe and flew towards the dragon that destroyed their ship, swinging their weapon and slicing the head right off. It was headed towards Gamebang, so he kicked it away despite how large it was.

Both of them saw Morbius and Eren flying above them. They looked for Michael. They found him jumping across the top of ships like some kind of platformer. Gamebang and [Insert GenshinPlace member] followed.

Gamebang landed on a ship and ran, equipping his flaming sword. A dragon flew by him and tried to spit fire, but [Insert GenshinPlace member]'s anemo winds changed its trajectory as Gamebang jumped and stabbed its eye before falling back to where he stood previous.

So you think you can stone me and spit in my eye?

They thought it was over, but the dragon persisted and was even more angry. As they were about to jump off the ship and to the next, the dragon returned and blocked their way, ready to devour them and the ship with fire.

The beast only stopped when he curiously looked to his left. BOOM! He was hit by Vhagar and taken away with teeth in its neck, a trail blood left behind as Gamebang and [Insert GenshinPlace member] watched. They continued their journey and jumped to the next ship and landed.

So you think you can love me and leave me to die?

They jumped across ships like parkour, slowly catching up to Michael.

But as Gamebang jumped to the next ship, while in the air, he was accidentally hit by a Blue ship and flung far away.

He was caught by Miku's ship, he stood outside of her driver's window. The chaos was out of control. The cloud of fire had grown half as large as The Void. They looked up.

Oh, baby, can't do this to me, baby.

They saw Morbius and Eren hit by a ship, their connection separated. Morbius tried reaching for him, but they kept drifting away. Eren had no fuel in his jetpack, plus his powers didn't include flight.

They couldn't falter now. They were only a few miles away from the Event Horizon. Their perception of reality is warping every minute into colors they've never seen, as their skin feels like it's going to melt into a new solid.

Just gotta get out, just gotta get right outta here.

Gamebang climbed around Miku's ship, making it to the top. He stood, looking across Morbius and Eren's fucked up conditions. He looked to his right and saw Michael and [Insert GenshinPlace member], who gestured at Gamebang and pointed to Eren to catch him. Gamebang obliged, knowing they'll be the ones to handle Morbius.

Gamebang leaned back, unleashed his golden wings and took flight.

Michael flew with his jetpack and took Morbius by the wrist. He threw Morbius like a ball to [Insert GenshinPlace member], who caught him with safety. They both flew to follow Gamebang and Michael.

Gamebang got to Eren and took him by the back, princess carry, like Eren deserves. Gamebang lightly slapped Eren's helmet to bring him to consciousness. When Eren opened his eyes, Gamebang nodded, and he knew. It was time.

Gamebang ripped off his jetpack the same way Obama did and gave it to Eren. Gamebang activated the bad boy and sent Eren flying away.

Eren Yeager charged ever so closer to The Void. Many dragons tried stopping his flight, but the gang had his back. Michael distracted several dragons with gunshots, Morbius and Gamebang killed many dragons using Morb and flaming sword, and [Insert GenshinPlace member] helped Eren fly faster with their wind.

In his eyes, all color disappeared, corrupting into black and white. Eren was inside the Event Horizon, in the point of no return, where no one laid. Darkness. He flew faster than Obama's fall, and soon enough, Eren Yeager entered the Singularity. His eyes swirled with rainbows, his hand flashing every color as it formed into a fist. Eren screamed as his unleashed his abilities as The Queer Above All.

Ooh. Ooh, yeah, ooh, yeah.

Above the entire battlefield, Aemond Targaryen watched. Flying around, dodging any attacks that come his way. The cloud of fire was getting larger and larger.

And then it happened, the darkness of The Void cracked.

The black hole collapsed, breaking apart into a billion pieces of darkness that slowly disintegrated into cosmic dust. All who were battling were like ants, and they had just witnessed a window be destroyed before them, the shards crushing their lives while some were only beginning to escape.

The sounds of the Eye's destruction was like static with occasional breaks of silence for only a second. It deafened the ears. The effects of the darkness shards being flown around were horrible. If one makes contact, they will disintegrate alongside the abyss piece, and they shall feel the pain as if each individual atom of their body was being ripped out like an arm.

Ships and dragons and people were dodging as much shards as they tried. Some escaped, some didn't. Either way, the entire battlefield was being filled with dust, somehow extinguishing the cloud of fire slowly, replacing it with hazardous smokes of dark matter.

Sigurd arrived with a bigger ship, locating the PolandBall gang. Gamebang, [Insert GenshinPlace member], Morbius, and Michael got on through the entry, which will close once everyone is in that same room. Gamebang stood inside, a giant exit to space loomed over him, outside was pure madness and destruction.

Aemond and Daemon returned on dragonback, leaving their pets outside. Ruby and Weiss arrived by themselves since their ship broke down. Euden and his people returned through a ship, but only Euden stood outside of it. Kazuha was clinging onto Yoimiya's foot as she used fireworks to launch them into the entry, oh and Beidou and the rest returned via ship.

Jon, Varys, Malitius, Kirie, Aegon, Halaena, Miku, Max, Lily, Jaime, Tyrion and Cersei watched from the other room, spacesuits prepared on their body just in case something goes wrong.

Sigurd was about to close the entry when Michael gestured to not. They still had to wait for Eren.

Soon enough, amidst the debris of broken ships and corpses of dragons and men, Eren was a glowing body, drifting mindlessly through the battlefield of Space.

Sigurd moved the ship to get closer to Eren. Once he did, they were only a few meters away from him. Gamebang deployed his wings and flew, catching Eren and bringing him back inside the ship.

Everyone huddled around Eren's unconscious slightly burned body. Jaime was still holding his sister hostage and making sure she doesn't do anything. The gang was busy trying to give chest compression to Eren, trying to wake him up. They stood around the hero that destroyed The Void.

Eren's eyes opened slightly.

"Eren!" Morbius was relieved. "You did it!"

"Well then." Michael stood up and wiped the sweat off of his bloody head. "We gotta get out of here before the dragons do more things-"

"I saw him." Eren spoke low.

Gamebang's attention was caught. "Who did you see?"

Eren, in his weakened state, pointed outside of the entry, into space. Everyone looked and saw another body, drifting ever closer.

It was The Angel.

Nothing really matters, anyone can see.

Azazel, half unconscious, floated to the inside of Sigurd's ship, where everyone was.

Nothing really matters.

Sigurd tried closing the entry quick, but he was too slow.

Azazel landed on the floor, and his eyes opened. His body had slight burns due to the destruction of The Void.

Nevertheless, everyone was now stuck in the same room with the one who started it all.

Nothing really matters to me.

Azazel slowly stood up as if morning had just arrived. He didn't know where he was, but quickly comprehended he was in enemy territory when he saw Aemond. He tensed up, angry yet afraid.

Any way the wind blows.

...

Azazel stood before an army of people who despised him, but he stood valiantly as he wanted. He analyzed everyone who was here. Aegon hid behind Halaena in fear of him. That made Azazel feel better.

"Aemond." Azazel greeted him.

"Azzy." Aemond held his sword tightly.

"Hm." Azazel looked around. "Jaime."

Jaime held Cersei by the arm even tighter now.

"Azazel..." Cersei said.

He continued looking around and was pleasantly surprised. "Collei's tutor and the person Com was with."

Gamebang and [Insert GenshinPlace member] were afraid, but they didn't wanna run away.

"And speaking of Com..." Azazel looked to him. "Michael."

Michael's eyes were white, filled with every emotion. "Been a long time."

"It has." Azazel summoned his sword from thin air and swung it around.

"I thought you only wanted to kill Gods. What was that black hole for." Jaime said with hatred.

"Things change, Kingslayer." Azazel looked at Aemond. "Don't you think so?"

Aemond didn't know what he was talking about.

"Been what? A few months since the death of the afterlife?" Azazel stated as he looked at Cersei. Then at Michael.

"Sorry about Obama, by the way. I quite literally saw him drifting away like a fly when I was chilling inside The Void."

"Will you say sorry about Com?" Michael asked coldly.

"...No."

"Then this discussion is at an end." Michael pointed Obama's gun and pulled the trigger. The bullet flew and Azazel blocked it using his blade.

The tension in the room increased, everyone was holding onto their weapons. Gamebang with his burning sword. [Insert GenshinPlace member] with their anemo infused axe. Eren, who just woke up, and his katana plus gay powers. Morbius with his morbid and physical strength combined. Michael with Obama's gun. Ruby with her scythe. Weiss with her rapier. Lily with her staff. Kazuha with his blade. Yoimiya with her fireworks. Beidou with her large claymore. Jaime and Jon with their valyrian steel swords. Daemon and Aemond with their Targaryen blades and dragons outside. Miku with her ability to sing. Ku Hai and Hawk with their exquisite combat abilities. Euden with a dagger but also guarded by Joe.

Azazel was only one man. He did not mind. He pointed his blade towards all of them. "For Odynne."

Ruby ran first, Weiss followed. She swung her scythe and Azazel walked backwards to dodge. When the pointy end stabbed the floor, she had him exactly where she wanted. She began using the gun part of the scythe, raining Azazel with bullets as Weiss ran past her to fight. Azazel blocked every bit of bullets being thrown at him, but he knew he couldn't fight Weiss while blocking bullets all at once. When another wave of bullets flew, he blocked and hit those things so hard that they were able to ricochet off of his sword and fly back to Ruby. She noticed and instinctively used her scythe to block it. Her own bullets destroyed the gun in her weapon, all she had now was the steel.

Ku Hai and Hawk charged towards Azazel as he and Weiss were dancing with swords. With one powerful slash, Azazel broke Weiss' rapier. She was shocked and was too late to regain her composure. She was kicked by Azazel back to Ruby. The Angel looked at the two Dragalia men, who were about to deliver powerful punches. Azazel deployed his wings made of obsidian, but one could mistake their color for The Void. The two fighters caught their fist into the wings as he used them as a shield. When their hands were in contact with Azazel's wings, he flapped them, flinging Ku Hai and Hawk to the wall, their blow creating a crater.

Euden tried charging, but Joe held him tightly. Miku and Jon Snow ran past them. Jon swung his valyrian steel sword, but Azazel thought nothing of it and simply blocked it using his wings. But when the blade hit, it ached. Azazel was immediately alarmed. He realized too late when Miku began to sing, Valyrian Steel can stand equal to obsidian. Azazel unequipped his wings, returning them into his back. He and Jon clashed with swords, creating enough friction to light a firework between the steels. But Jon is only a bastard, and Azazel was divine. Azazel slashed so powerful that it sent Jon to the floor. When Jon tried to get up and fight, Azazel repeatedly kicked his face until unconscious.

Now he had Miku to worry about. When she sung, notes quite literally flew out of her mouth, enlarging while flying towards Azazel like bullets. And when they hit something, it makes musical noise.

He figured that out when he blocked a note with his sword and it produced a sound of drums. Soon enough, when she shot and he blocked, Ievan Polkka was playing as their battle music. Miku had to dance to make the notes more powerful.

Lily came charging down at his left side with her staff. Azazel deployed his left wing as a shield against her attacks. He continued to dodge and block Miku's attacks while blocking Lily's with his wing, making sure she doesn't get closer. Suddenly, it felt like Azazel was stuck on the ground. He looked down to see Lily had frozen the ground and captured his feet. Even worse, another wave of notes were flying towards him. He deployed his right wing to use it to block the notes, even if it hurt. He let down his left wing as she was in the middle of a swing. She was falling and Azazel hit her stomach with his sword and sent her flying away.

After that, his right wing hurt like hell as it endured every note sent by Miku. He slashed at the ice with his sword and his feet finally broke free. He ran toward Miku, his right wing as a shield. When he got close, she enhanced her singing and dancing, sending a powerful shockwave that flung Azazel aback slightly. He caught himself on his feet before he could hit the wall, and that's when he saw him by his left.

Kazuha's slashes were fast as a man poking bread. Azazel had a difficult time dodging every single one. His own sword wouldn't guarantee him to create slashes that swift. He was walking backwards to dodge it all, but something else had arrived behind him.

A large hunk of metal came crashing down and Azazel immediately moved out of the way. When the claymore hit the floor, it left a giant dent. If Azazel had stayed there, Beidou would have surely killed him. But something hot had hit his wing and exploded into colorful lights. It didn't hurt, but he was still cautious of what it was. He looked behind him again to see Yoimiya shooting fireworks.

Fool, he thought her to be. When a singular firework flew to him, he took it by the hand without decreasing its velocity. When he changed its trajectory, he let go and it flew towards Miku in an instant. Miku didn't see this coming, so the firework exploded below her feet and pulled her to the ground. Yoimiya was shocked at first but continued to shoot again. One firework, Azazel simply dodged it, flying behind him to Kazuha and Beidou. As it flew, Beidou simply swung her sword at the firework and made it change trajectory like a ricochet, flying back to Azazel, who quickly noticed.

He immediately moved out of the way to dodge the firework, right as Yoimiya shot another one. Both fireworks collided and exploded in the air, creating such bright lights that no one could see at first. As vision slowly came back, smoke was all around them. Kazuha was looking for Beidou, but he found Azazel instead, who surprised him and kicked him to the floor. When Beidou was still blind, Azazel slashed his sword and cut deep valleys into her back. She fell to the floor, screaming and leaking a river of blood. A source of light came as a firework, Yoimiya was from afar. He took Kazuha's weakened body and threw it at Yoimiya, who wouldn't do anything to harm him. His body hit hers and they fell to the floor, injured.

When the smoke cleared, Azazel's vengeful eyes sighted Aemond. He immediately charged to give him a brutal death before he ever discovers time travel and kill what little he knew of love. But Azazel's own sins came instead. Jaime Lannister's sword met The Angel's.

"Get out of my way, Jaime." Azazel growled. "I'm going to kill him."

"You're going to pay for what you did to the afterlife." Jaime said.

"I'm busy, damn it."

Azazel danced with one of the greatest swordsmen who ever lived. Jaime did not hold back when it came to this monster. Azazel may have struggled, but he was amused. He was having fun. He liked torturing men he knew.

Each jolt of impact from Azazel's blade made Jaime grit his teeth. But still, Jaime was disappointed. For a man who made entire corrupted armies and the most dangerous black hole to ever exist, the fact that Jaime could stand one on one with Azazel makes him question why he feared The Angel so much in the first place. He was simply a man, and so was Jaime.

But on one slash from Azazel, a chunk of Jaime's hair was cut. That made him more alarmed. Azazel was MAD, Jaime realized. Each impact from his sword made Jaime grunt.

When their swords kissed for a long time, fighting like arm wrestling, Jaime saw Azazel's wings deploy. Jaime knew he was done. Azazel's wings crashed onto Jaime's body and sent him flying across the room. When he landed at Tyrion and Cersei's feet, they saw his nose was broken.

Azazel thought he could finally gain his chance to kill Aemond, but two more men blocked his way. Eren's katana was infused with his homosexuality, but Azazel fought mightier creatures than him. But the other man...

Azazel could sense Morbius was different from the rest. That power of his was nothing special, but the way he had his fist formed. Something tells him that Morbius' true strength was physical, and not supernatural. He might be the strongest member of PolandBall.

Eren charged first. His katana met Azazel's sword, but the Angel's sword felt like it was vibrating. It's the gay energy he infused with the katana, Azazel realized. This is the man that destroyed his black hole, he had to be careful. But it is unlikely he'll use most of his power, for doing so would result in this entire ship's destruction. The more their blades clashed, Azazel felt his way going to break under the other's condition. Eren opened his hand and sent a blast of homo energy to Azazel. He placed down his sword and dodged Eren's attack.

Morbius charged behind him, and Azazel flinched and tried to run away. His morb powers made Azazel stay still. Morbius sent a powerful kick to Azazel's head. A sharp pain filled his mind as his vision blurred. He touched the place he was kicked and felt blood. This guy wasn't fucking around.

He couldn't move, he was stuck from the morb. Behind him, Eren was about to shoot another beam of homo energy. They have him trapped.

Azazel looked at Cersei, she knew immediately and she became worried. "Azyy..."

As the two launched their deadly attacks at The Angel, he bit his tongue and closed his eyes.

When Azazel's eyes opened, they were purple. He felt his mother's remains flowing through his soul, and it reeked of HATE.

An invisible shield blocked Eren and Morbius' attacks, and Azazel broke free of the morb. In an instant, Azazel used some kind of telekinesis to make Morbius fly to Eren and hit him to the ground. They were automatically defeated.

"What happened...?" [Insert GenshinPlace member] was confused. "Why did he suddenly gain the force?"

"...Its Archon Residue." Gamebang said.

Azazel's head was smoking violet. He looked to be struggling to control the powers, but he still stood.

"Who gives a shit." Michael loaded up the gun. "Kill him."

"Wait!" Gamebang called out, but it was too late. He knew how dangerous Archon Residue was.

[Insert GenshinPlace member] ran with Michael. They made themselves faster than Michael using anemo. When they jumped, high were they to come crashing down upon Azazel. [Insert GenshinPlace member] spun their axe for maximum damage. If they succeeded in killing him, it would be their apology to Com.

But this dramatic action was all for nothing. Azazel threw a purple cloud at [Insert GenshinPlace member] and held them in the air. Soon enough, they used that cloud to go up and down, repeatedly crashing [Insert GenshinPlace member] onto the floor until their face was pure blood.

Michael didn't let it go any further. Whilst Azazel was enjoying himself with [Insert GenshinPlace member], Michael tackled Azazel to the floor and had the tip of Obama's gun to his neck. Michael didn't wait long, he pulled the trigger. But when the shot fired, no blood spewed and Azazel still smiled. Michael, in absolute desperation, kept pulling the trigger until he ran out of bullets. He only noticed by the end that there was a little purple shield by Azazel's neck, and all of his bullets were on the floor. Michael could've cried then, but he wasn't allowed to, Azazel punched him in the face and his nose broke.

"You told me that I'd live in fear of you." Azazel looked at the crawling Michael. "That I'd be begging for mercy when you were done with me."

"SHUT UP!" Michael tried stopping his nose from leaking blood.

Azazel spun his sword and aimed the tip at Michael's chest. "I ought to kill you like I killed Com."

Suddenly, Azazel's left arm was cut off by something large. He looked to see [Insert GenshinPlace member], wielding their axe, and his arm on the floor. Azazel sighed as he figured no one learns their lesson. [Insert GenshinPlace member] watched as Azazel's left arm regenerated.

"How...?" [Insert GenshinPlace member]'s bloody face murmured.

"I am an Angel." Azazel said before knocking [Insert GenshinPlace member] unconscious, then proceeding to turn back at Michael, still on the floor, and make the tip of his sword make a small slow entry on his chest, blood staining Michael's clothes.

"So am I." A voice said.

Before Azazel could do worse to Michael and kill him, he was tackled by something. Something that was flying.

Azazel escaped his grasp and looked up to see Gamebang flying with his golden wings, holding the Flaming Sword.

Azazel smiled. "Archangel Michael..." He knew he'd come for him one day, but never thought Collei's tutor would be the vessel.

As purple smoke radiated around his body, Azazel deployed his wings and flew towards Gamebang. The angels fought in the air.

Azazel was fast with a sword, while Gamebang was just an amateur. But Gamebang was more than skilled with dodging attack and strategy. When it came down to it, Gamebang actually used his wings to attack.

They were made of gold afterall. Hitting Azazel in the head with it would surely give him a concussion. The unfortunate thing, however, was Azazel stealing this strategy. Obsidian is stronger than gold.

Gamebang swung his sword in times he felt it would be guaranteed to hit. The flames mingled with the Archon Residue smoke. But one time, Gamebang made a miscalculation in his slash. When he swung, Azazel dodged and created a deep cut into his arm. Blood fell from above, but Gamebang had to bite his tongue and continue the battle.

He backed far away from Azazel and started throwing balls of flames at him. Azazel fired back with bolts of purple. Both attacks would explode when colliding, or through impact in general.

As Azazel was shooting his bolts of Archon Residue, Gamebang flew to him, dodging every single one he sent towards him. It was like seeing a bird dodge the bullets of a machine gun. But no matter what one says, it is always guaranteed death when the bird gets too close.

When Gamebang got unbelievably close, Azazel stopped shooting and caught Gamebang by the neck. He choked him, his nails digging into Gamebang's neck, blood dripping.

"I expected something more." Azazel said as he looked at the Flaming Sword. "You disappoint me with your vessel, Michael. How the mighty have fallen."

"HAGH!" Gamebang screamed before lifting his leg with the force of a 3 megaton nuke between the Angel's legs. Gamebang destroyed Azazel's balls.

Naturally, Azazel was in pain and instinctively made Gamebang leave his grasp. When his fingers exited his neck, Gamebang fell to the ground, the choking did him nearly unconscious. Michael, despite the deep wound in his chest, ran to Gamebang's protection.

Azazel looked at all of his fallen foes, but he searched for one more. Aemond's eyes met Azazel's, who were pure red.

The Angel charged at Aemond at maximum speed. He can end him in one swing. No, he must do something even more brutal as punishment for Odynne. Even if this Aemond hasn't technically killed her yet, he will in the future. That is enough of a verdict. Azazel must make sure the future doesn't happen. He must kill Aemond Targaryen. For her. For her. For her.

But when Azazel swung his sword, it wasn't flesh that was met, but more steel. Azazel met Daemon Targaryen, who stood before Aemond.

"GET OUT!" Azazel screamed in bloody fury. "I AM TIRED OF ALL OF YOU! I WANT HIM!"

Aemond doesn't even know why Azazel wants him dead. But confusion doesn't paralyze him to stasis. Aemond drew his sword.

Daemon and Azazel's swords slid off of each other. Daemon got into position, preparing for an epic battle.

Instead, in less than a millisecond, Azazel punched Daemon to the ground. As he tried to get up, Azazel kept repeatedly punching Daemon's face. Azazel screamed with each punch, pure madness. One of the greatest swordsmen in Westerosi History was beaten by pure hate.

Until Daemon's face was pure people did Azazel punch. He was so tired of obstacles. He wanted Aemond. He wanted his blood more than anything. He wanted to rip his head and feed it to hounds.

Azazel would've punched Daemon to death, but something pulled him away to save the Targaryen. Azazel looked to who it was.

Aemond and Azazel stood, facing each other, swords in hand.

"Let go of my uncle." Aemond pointed his blade.

"AGH!!" Azazel charged towards Aemond, knowing there was no obstacles left.

Their steels met, Azazel used every bit of his strength to fight Aemond. Every second, the sound of swords clashing occurred. Exhausted grunts and groans of pain. The wind from swings.

Azazel, unlike with every other opponent, he battled Aemond with no strategic mind or anything. He was driven by nothing but hate. And it was amplified by his mother's Archon Residue. Haruhi died with hate and grief, it was almost too perfect for Azazel. His heart yearned for Odynne.

"HIYAGH!" Azazel screamed with every swing. "ARGH!" He was a wild animal, whereas Aemond was calculated and focused. "RAH!"

As Azazel made one swing, Aemond caught his arm and threw Azazel across the other room. Everyone couldn't believe when they saw it. He didn't even catch himself with his wings. Azazel stood and ran to Aemond.

Aemond can feel the heat of Azazel's soul. A fire dwelled within the Fallen Angel.

Azazel could see nothing but blurs of Aemond and red from how angry he was. His hearing was all fucked up, a strong ringing noise hurting his head. He couldn't breathe.

But something strange happened during the battle. His mind went to old memories. It went to Odynne.

"What do you fear, Azzy?" She asked. Azazel's mind was back in Asgard, in the castle.

"I don't fear anything." He remembered his old responses and everything. A flashback to simpler times.

"Everyone fears something, Azzy." Odynne said. "Like me. I'm afraid of the rooster on the Sriracha bottle!"

"Why would you be afraid of that." He remembered when he acted like he didn't find her cute.

"It looks ominous!" She laughed it off.

"The guy who made it chose a rooster because it was his zodiac sign." Azazel explained.

"I didn't know you were knowledgeable with Sriracha." She was smug.

"It's common sense." Azazel defended. It was, infact, not common sense.

"So there is a brain under there!" When she smiled, it was the most comforting view in the world. "Come here!" She reached for a hug.

Azazel backed away by instinct. "I-I..."

"What's wrong?" She tried getting closer.

"I don't-" He backed away again.

Odynne looked at him for a moment. "Are you afraid of me? I'm not scary."

"N-No..." Azazel tried to explain, but he was never taught how to express emotion. "I am uh..."

But Odynne was smart. "You're afraid of intimacy..."

"N-No!" This was one of the first times Azazel was vulnerable. "I'm not... I'm just naturally assuming of danger when it comes to frantic actions." He defended himself. "I'm an Angel, afterall. War is my thing."

Odynne knew it to be untrue, but she played along anyway. Her hand slowly reached out to him. "Alright. Here I am, being slow." She offered it to him.

"Uh..." Azazel was still unsure.

"It's okay." She assured him. "I'm not going to hurt you."

Azazel looked at that hand and felt an odd feeling of warmth. Strange, he thought, and terrifying too. He was afraid of getting too attached to some deity again. He was afraid she'd hurt him like Haruh- no, his mother. He was afraid of love.

And yet he accepted Odynne's hand. Soon enough, she hugged him like a pillow, and no feeling in the world was more warm. She taught him how to accept others again instead of hurting them.

"AGH!" His mind returned to the battle. He was losing.

Even though he had no scars from Aemond whatsoever, he was getting more and more tired by the second.

"HAGH!" Their swords kissed, Azazel's tried becoming dominant, but Aemond won this one.

By then, Aemond was laughing. He was having fun. Azazel was infuriated. Azazel's eyes were bloody. How could Aemond be smiling throughout all this? He should be on the floor by now, bleeding to death. Azazel should've been victorious, but here he stands, out of breath. "ARGHH!!"

Azazel questioned everything as swords danced. Why couldn't he do it? Why can't he kill Aemond with all of his effort? Everything he did, it can't be all for nothing.

"Done!" Odynne celebrated. His mind flashed back to another old memory. "What do you think?"

Azazel looked at the TV closely to make a critique of her minecraft house. "Why birch wood?"

"I like the aesthetic." Odynne answered before yawning. "It's late..."

"The sun is literally always up here." Azazel pointed out.

"I'm going to bed..." Odynne stood up and walked to her chambers. "Good night, babe."

Azazel sat alone in the living room. He facepalmed himself. He judged himself for taking so long to do the plan for Asgard's destruction. Cersei should be whining by now, wherever she was. He had to kill Odyne now, he just had to.

And yet he hesitated. He was afraid he was getting attached to her.

That night, he entered her chambers with a knife. He loomed over her sleeping body like a demon. He had the knife up, but it wouldn't go down no matter what he did. He was stuck like this.

It was horrifying for him. Azazel loved to torture and kill people. To manipulate them into the worst parts of themselves. But here, all he wanted to do was let Odyne live.

Later, he dropped the knife. Odyne heard the sound.

"Azzy...?" She said half-awake. "What are you doing here..."

"I..." He didn't think this through. "Your air conditioning sounded strange so I had to check up on it. Nothing is wrong with it anyway."

"Oh..." Odyne scooted over to the other side of the bed. "Wanna join?"

"Uh..." In the end, he did join her. It was the best sleep of his life.

"DIE!!" Azazel screamed at Aemond. "JUST DIE ALREADY!!"

Azazel's slashes were getting faster and faster, but not strong at all. No impact, anything. Aemond laughed at him.

No matter what he fucking did, Azazel couldn't touch Aemond at all. He couldn't punch him, stab him, slice him, nothing. Why? Azazel questioned why. Why everything?

At this stage, Azazel began to cry.

"ODYNE!!" Azazel cried out. She was gone. She disappeared from the castle. She was bound to be somewhere in the Asgard city, but Azazel was afraid of everyone there. He had to hope she was somewhere around the castle.

He searched everywhere. He analyzed the board game pieces she didn't clean, as if they would leave a trail that would lead to where she was. He went full detective to find her. He didn't know what he'd do if he didn't find her.

For an hour straight with no rest, he searched the entire castle. Every room, every corner, he searched all of it and found no one.

He sat in the living room, panicked, and on the verge of tears.

And then she walked into the room, carrying a shopping bag. "Azzy?"

When he saw her again, all worries of the world faded. He could've cried right there and then, but he was too embarrassed to show her.

Instead, he ran to her and hugged her so tightly as if that would stop her from disappearing ever again.

"Did you miss me?" Odyne teased, but he didn't mind this time.

Nowadays, however, it is unlikely he'll ever find her again.

"ARGH!!" Swing after swing, he was getting so unbelievably tired. But no progress had been made on Aemond. "AGH! HARGH!"

At this point, Azazel had gone mad with grief. Every second, his mind flashed back to Odyne.

"Do you wanna come with me, Azzy?" She asked him.

"Y-Yes..." He answered.

"AAAGGGHH!!!" He screamed in frustration when he dropped his sword. "AEMOND!!!"

"Isn't it cute?" Odynne asked when she showed him a little figurine of a sheep.

"Sure." Azazel tried hiding his feelings. He did in fact think it was cute, but not the sheep, but her.

"AAAAHHHH!!!" Azazel cried out to the universe. This wasn't the Archon Residue anymore. It was him.

"It's okay." Her words brought him comfort.

"HAAAAGGGHH!!!" His arms were so tired that they strained whenever he moved them. "FUCKING DIE!!!"

"You're safe here." She said.

"Ha...ha..." Azazel stopped for a second to look at the amount of blood leaking out of his nose. Aemond didn't even touch him. All of this injury was caused by himself. He continued to fight anyway.

"Do you love me?"

"AARRGH!" He swung.

"I love you, Azzy."

"HIYAAA!!!"

"You make me happy."

He cried.

"Do I make you happy?"

"AAHHHH!!!"

"See? You can smile."

He cried harder.

"You're wonderful, Azzy."

"JUST DIE ALREADY SO I CAN SAVE HER!!!"

"I love you."

"HA..."

"I love you."

"STOP..." The voice was so loud.

"I love you."

"STOP!!!" He stopped fighting.

"I love you."

"SHUT UP!"

"I love you."

"STOP IT!!"

"I love you, Azazel."

"AAAAGGHHH!!!!"

Gamebang saw it happen. Aemond didn't move at all anymore, he stood still. Azazel was swinging his sword mindlessly like some blind person. Slow, weak swings. Like a child wielding a chunk of iron.

Azazel got close to Aemond, who was still static in his movements. Azazel lifted the sword with exhaustion.

Azazel dropped to the floor.

"What happened...?" Cersei said. She had never seen Azazel like that before. "No, seriously, what happened?"

"I think he tired himself out?" Tyrion answered her.

The ones who knew Azazel couldn't believe it. Gamebang, [Insert GenshinPlace member], Michael, Jaime, etc. Aemond had defeated The Angel of Corruption by simply dodging everything.

"See, brother?" Aemond looked to Aegon. "What were you so afraid of? He's just a man."

"I..." Aegon was speechless.

"The creator of The Void. The one who orchestrated the destruction of the afterlife. Angel of Corruption. And I bested him by staying calm." He laughed. "I ought to deserve a high reward for this-"

"For Odynne."

"Huh?-" Aemond looked behind him, but then he was pinned to the floor by strong purple arms.

Azazel had awoken from his weak state, completely consumed by the Archon Residue. His body was glowing purple. When he pinned Aemond to the ground, he made him drop his sword, it slid across the room, away from Aemond. Aemond tried fighting back, but Azazel choked him to the point Aemond began to black out.

"ĀĜĤ!j" Azazel was pure violet. The Archon Residue has taken over his body. He kept repeatedly punching Aemond's face, and each punch made the ship shake. "ĀĜĤ!j!!"

Aemond couldn't fight back. The hand on his neck proceeded to cut off blood circulation. Plus, from all the punching, the skin of Aemond's cheek began to crack. Blood covered both men like a hose. Azazel got him.

"BROTHER!" Aegon cried out. He was shocked. He was terrified. The person he feared more in the world was killing one of the only family he had left. "NO!"

A hand touched Aegon's shoulder. "You want redemption? You want to atone for all your sins?" Jon Snow said to him.

"I... I'm afraid..." Aegon kept watching Azazel punch Aemond to a bloody pulp. "I've wasted my second chance at life..."

"Let me tell you something, ancestor of mine." Jon Snow spoke in his ear. "Everyone you have hurt has been dead for centuries. You can never take back your sins. But... Everyone can be reborn. Not just physically, but spiritually."

"Reborn...?"

Jon handed Aegon his sword. "You only have one person to pay debt to. The one who has protected you and cared for you since returning to the living." He pointed to Aemond. "That's who."

"Brother..." Aegon looked at the steel.

"Family is forever." Jon finished.

Suddenly, Aegon II understood.

Aegon stood up, that cowardly courage returning to him once more like in his past life. He ran to Azazel and Aemond.

As Azazel was about to deliver another powerful blow to Aemond, he was tackled by Aegon. When he pinned Azazel's purple body down, Aegon swung his sword.

He missed. It stabbed the floor.

Aegon tried taking it out, but he lacked the strength to. By then, Azazel regained his composure.

Azazel punched Aegon to the floor, and now he was the one pinning him to the ground.

"Hah..." Azazel kept punching Aegon until he broke his nose.

Aemond finally revived himself, but he was still too weak to stand. He couldn't do anything but watch Azazel bloody Aegon. "BROTHER!"

"Aegon..." Azazel placed his thumbs on Aegon's eyes. "You stupid piece of shit..." Azazel's thumbs squeezed.

"AAAHHHH!!!!" Aegon's eyes were already destroyed by then, but Azazel kept going. He could feel his fingers inside his skull. Everything was covered in blood.

"BROTHER!!" Aemond screamed. Daemon came over and picked Aemond up, they ran away. "WAIT!!"

"We need to get out." Daemon stated in his red face.

"BUT AEGON!" Aemond begged. "BROTHER!"

"AAAGGGHHHHHH!!!!" The blood reached Aegon's mouth, and he choked on the blood of the dragon. His skull, everyone could hear it crack as Azazel screamed in satisfaction. Aegon's screams were more painful than life. The pain didn't end, Azazel wouldn't let it end. Until...

Aegon II Targaryen's head exploded. Broken flesh went all around the room. Azazel smiled.

"NOOOOOO!!!!" Aemond screamed. He tried to get off of Daemon, but nothing worked.

"And now it begins." Halaena said, despite her terror. "Now it ends."

At the end of the battle, almost every single person in the room was severely injured. A corpse laid in the middle of it all.

Azazel stood up, the purple slowly disappearing from his body. He was back to normal, and he was utterly exhausted.

Everyone laid in silence.

"I will kill you for this." Aemond Targaryen whispered. "I will kill you as revenge for my brother. I will kill you. I will kill you. I will kill you."

"..." Azazel wiped his tears and blood away. "I..."

"AZAZEL!" Michael still wasn't finished. He charged at Azazel with full speed while shooting his gun.

Azazel looked at him, all the bullets seemed to miss.

Michael was about to get close to finally killing him, but...

While he looked tired of everything, a yellow portal opened behind Azazel, a small hand took him by the arm and dragged him inside. Then, the portal disappeared. Azazel was gone.

"NO!" Michael screamed as he left. "NO NO NO! FUCK!" He knelt down to the floor and took deep deep breaths.

"He's... He's gone..." Jaime said in disbelief. "Again..."

Gamebang knew a portal similar to what was summoned. It was when Rick left this universe to bring Morty to rest.

Silence and tired breaths filled the room.

Sigurd's ship finally left the battlefield. Slowly, every last remnant of The Void turned to ashes. The corrupted dragons left behind are now free to roam the cosmos.

The battle was over.

Chapter 11: Departure.

Gamebang POV

"While I am low-key disappointed you weren't able to kill him despite the powers I've given you..." Mikey said in my head. *"There was something different about him."*

How do you say?

"I don't know... I always felt the man's deep hatred for Gods. But today, I didn't feel it at all." Mikey explained.

"Today, I felt his deep hatred for all of you."

Can't get us out of his head, huh.

"From the way he got tired from literally swinging that sword, the Azazel I knew is gone. He's still a sadistic prick, but he is something else now." Mikey sighed. *"His heart almost felt like mother's..."*

Mother? Who, Haruhi?

"Yes."

It had been 24 hours since the fight ended. Everyone has been recovering, doing some final measures to make sure no loose ends were left from The Void. We returned to the solar system where the UGA had obtained territory, where Maryland vs Genshin took place. It was now named the UGA Mural, for some reason.

After Miku deemed there was absolutely nothing left of The Void... Well, it was simply time to go home.

"What about the dragons...?" Euden asked Miku. "Those were Alberia's dragons. They were mine by right."

"They've scattered around the galaxy without a proper guide to them, since we took Cersei." Miku explained.

"Plus, they're corrupted with Archon Residue. They're dangerous."

"Still." Euden insisted. He made a promise. "Those creatures are the last of Dragalia. We have no territory in the mural, it was destroyed, remember?"

"My King, you must understand that there was nothing we could do about it..."

Euden sighed. "You're right... There was nothing you guys could do." He stood up. "But there's something I can do."

"What are you-"

"I'm going to find them." Euden said.

"They're going to kill you."

"They will obey their king." Euden replied before leaving. Joe was waiting for him by the door. "Call Ku Hai, Hawk, Serena, Karina, and Tobias. We're going to reclaim our dragons."

The next hour, Dragalia Lost left the UGA Mural on their own mission. No one knows where they went.

The only dragons that UGA was left with was Vhagar and Caraxes, of course. But also, Balerion was here too, just on stand by, since it needs Cersei's command, and she's obligated to do nothing.

"I'm starting to think Aegon the Conqueror made the Iron Throne after Balerion." Daemon said as he looked upon the Black Dread. "Isn't that right, nephew?"

"..." Aemond was still depressed about Aegon.

Daemon took a deep breath. "I'm sorry about your brother."

"Me too." Aemond played with the bandages on his face.

"I know what it's like." Daemon stated, talking about his own. "Viserys... Your father's death choked me too."

"How did you get over it."

"...I didn't. He was my brother, nothing could heal that. But we can only move forward."

"Hm." Aemond took off his eye patch and touched his sapphire eye. "I wonder why we fought over tribulations that occurred centuries ago."

"Well... Both the rulers of the sides we fought with are dead now. I guess that means we're free."

"Hm..." Aemond touched the blade of his sword.

"It's not the end, nephew." Daemon said to him. "It's never the end. You still have Halaena."

Aemond sighed. "You're right. I have to protect her. She's the last of my family."

"...No she isn't." Daemon argued before suggesting something he never thought he'd say. "Do you want to come with me? To Fate/Grand Order. With Malitis and Kirie."

"What?" Aemond was surprised. "Go with you?"

"I'll guarantee the protection of your sister. Plus, you need new work."

"Why are you asking me this?"

Daemon tapped his shoulder. "We are the last Targaryens, nephew. Family is forever."

"..." Aemond looked around the room for a moment before replying. "Okay."

"Great." Daemon smiled. "We leave at first light."

I guess this technically means... 200 years after the Dance of the Dragons began, the war had finally ended today.

"Fuckin beautiful..." I cried as I stalked both of them.

"What the hell are you doing." Malitis was behind me.

"NOTHING!" I defended myself. "I was just making sure they weren't fighting again."

"Hm, that seems reasonable." Malitis said. Kirie was with him. "Your friend was calling you over there, by the way."

"Oh uh, I'll go now." I said. "Thanks."

And so I left them alone.

"When did a normal work day turn into the most chaotic..." Kirie sat on the floor.

"I swear, nothing is gonna get crazier than this." Malitis responded.

"I just can't wait to go back to work..." Kitarie stated. "Anything was better than this."

"Agreed." Malitis said. "How ridiculous was that? Queer Above All. Was that even an appropriate name?"

"There's literally so many people like us out there in the cosmos. Why us to be the Expressions?" Kirie said.

"Maybe we're better than we thought." Malitis suggested.

"Maybe you're right." Kirie agreed. "Maybe we're legends." She was silent for a while. Until. "Thanks for looking out for me back there when we didn't know what was happening."

"I was just making sure you were safe."

"Oh." Kirie reddened. "Well that's good. You were pretty cool though."

Malitis blushed. "Oh..." He cleared his throat. "You know how I said I was questioning whether or not I was Aro or Demiromantic?"

"Is there a shorter version for that last name?" Kirie joked.

"I couldn't find one." Malitis replied. "But anyway, I think I figured it out now."

"What are you?"

Malitis looked at Kirie's eyes. "Demiromantic."

"Wait, you were the Questioning part of the Expressions. If you figured yourself out, does that mean you're not part of the Expressions anymore or..."

"Huh, good point." Malitis wondered. "Do we ask the Queer Above All?"

"Still a weird name."

"I know."

"Malitis, Kirie!" Daemon called. "Come on, we're getting out of here."

Malitis walked first before offering his hand to Kirie. "Back to work."

"Yeah..." Kirie took his hand with no hesitation. "For the first time, I'm glad about it."

They returned to Daemon.

"Isn't it amazing to see young love?" Tyrion said as he watched the two leave. "So blissful and innocent." He smiled before turning to Cersei and Jaime. "They remind me of you two!"

Cersei and Jaime's faces remained stone cold. "Not funny." Jaime said.

"I'm sorry." Tyrion laughed anyway. "So... What now?"

"We're returning to Westeros." Jaime explained. "We're also gonna have to take that thing with us." He referred to Balerion. "We'll keep it inside the dragonpit for now. Oh and of course, we're taking our dearest sister with us."

"Oh, spare me your courtesy, Jaime." Cersei was still mad. "You could've had everything if you joined me and Azazel."

"And yet you stand here with nothing." Jaime stated.

"I had only ever offered you love, and this is how you repay it."

"You offered me dishonor. No more." Jaime said. "I've escaped hell, went through Purgatory, made it into heaven, and now I have a second chance at life. I'm going to be a true knight."

"Do you despise me, Jaime?" Cersei asked.

"I'd be lying if I said I didn't resent you."

"Then that's a shame." Deep down, Cersei did feel sad about it. "What will happen to me once we are back in Westeros?"

"That's for Tyrion to decide." Jaime looked at his small brother. "Choose wisely."

Tyrion looked at his sister, and she avoided his gaze. Tyrion took a long deep breath. "She's tried to kill me so many times. She's made my life a living hell the moment I was born. And yet, when she died... I cried. That's the point I realized that I can forgive."

"Tyrion?" Jaime was baffled.

He spoke gently to Cersei. "Deep down, I know there is a person there. A person who was harmed by the society she was born in."

"Tyrion, she killed millions." Jaime didn't seem to be forgiving like Tyrion.

"I know." Tyrion replied. "But I want to believe she can be better. If you can earn redemption, maybe she can."

"Are you playing a game with me?" Cersei was unable to trust anyone again.

"I'm not going to offer you punishment, sister. I'm going to offer you rehabilitation." Tyrion held her hand. "I believe you can heal."

"You're more idealistic than I remember." Cersei said.

"Perhaps... Love is the answer." Tyrion said. "Anyway, we should be heading home soon."

Jaime wouldn't be so easily forgiving of Cersei, but he'd follow his brother anyway. "I have somewhere to be." Jaime remembered suddenly. "I'll be right back. Watch her for me."

"Okay." Tyrion responded before Jaime left.

"He doesn't forgive me." Cersei talked about Jaime.

"He doesn't have to." Tyrion said.

"Do you really believe that?" Cersei asked him. "That anyone can be better?"

"I'm looking at an example right now." Tyrion pointed at Jaime. "I want the same for you, Cersei. I'm not going to hurt you. I promise you that I will help you."

Jaime went over to Tolkien, who was sitting down, watching the stars go by.

"Hey." Jaime greeted.

Tolkien turned around. "Hello, Jaime."

"Good news, I'll be sending you back to Earth via PolandBall."

"That's nice." Tolkien smiled. "After all this adventuring, I'd like to return to my home."

"They'll watch over you, especially Lily."

"You're not coming, are you."

"No." Jaime sadly replied. "Duty calls. Things to do."

"A true knight never rests." Tolkien said. "It's okay, Jaime."

"Yeah..."

"Why so sad? It's not like this will be the last time we'll meet."

"I know, but it's going to be a long time anyway."

"As long as there is a next time, it won't be long at all." Tolkien spoke true.

"I'm gonna miss your wisdom." Jaime said. "I just wanted to say thank you for everything. I probably would've gone insane without you. From giving me advice when I entered heaven, to being by my side in Teyvat, for making sure I stay humble."

"I am grateful." Tolkien squeezed Jaime's hand. "I thank you for being my caretaker. For bringing me along for your adventures. For making sure I was safe at all times. You've made this old man live longer and more excitingly."

Jaime smiled warmly. He was about to leave, but he couldn't help it. Next, he hugged Tolkien.

"I'm gonna miss your stories." Jaime held back tears.

"You won't need to read the new one." Tolkien replied. "The story is about a knight who overcame his demons. I'm sure you know your own story in great detail."

Jaime chuckled as he pulled himself away from him. "Thank you, Tolkien."

"God bless you, Jaime." Tolkien nodded goodbye.

Jaime returned to his siblings.

"We are so fucked." Beidou said as she sharpened her weapon. "We were told to bring Azazel back to Fontaine, now we are going back to Teyvat with nothing."

"We went through so many battles to not achieve our initial mission." Yoimiya sighed, tired. "Now Historia is gonna think I'm not cool..."

"Aw cmon guys." Kazuha said, weirdly cheerful. "We DID achieve something. We have two pieces of territory in the galaxy, one of whom was done because we joined the equivalent to NATO in space. Genshin, Teyvat in general has so many allies in other worlds now. We've spread our stuff throughout the cosmos."

"Still." Beidou was worried. "You still think we'll get paid for these results?"

"We can always sue Furina." Yoimiya suggested jokingly. "We have a pretty good case."

"You really want that cash, don't you." Kazuha chuckled.

"Either way, we're gonna get it. I swear to God." Yoimiya laughed.

Ruby was sitting in the ship's lobby, looking at a picture of her and her uncle, which was displayed in her uncle's room. She took it earlier.

"Hey." Weiss walked to her. "You okay?"

"I miss him." Ruby said. "He was the one who inspired me to use a scythe. He taught me. He took care of me."

"He died protecting you." Weiss stated. "That's how much he loved you."

"He lived like that for a year, risking everything just to protect me." Ruby sighed. "Uncle Qrow..."

"You were his hope for a better future." Weiss said. "At the end, you affirmed his beliefs when you brought Max back. He died not only ensuring that our people will have a good future under you, but also that he saved his niece."

"He believed in me that much..." Ruby wiped her snot away. "I'm just a girl."

"A powerful one." Weiss sat next to her. "You are the one who can fulfill Qrow's legacy. If he saw what you have achieved today, he'd be so proud."

"I was hoping I'd help him stop drinking again..." Ruby smiled sadly. "I guess I..."

"Your uncle loved you." Weiss said. "You'll be okay."

Ruby nodded. "Yeah... Yeah I will. I am going to."

"Hey." Max arrived at the conversation. "Y'all ready to leave?"

"Did you send our thanks to PolandBall?" Weiss asked him.

"Of course. We wouldn't be here without Obama." Max stated. "We owe it to them, even after our own soldiers held them hostage."

"Then I'm glad." Ruby stood up. "Let's get out of here. I've gotta fix some of the stuff my uncle left behind."

"That's noble." Max said.

"One day, you're going to hire me as your Hand, just like Uncle Qrow." Ruby said to him.

"Then I'll be waiting." Max continued to walk to their ship. "Come on, we must return."

Michael was gathering all of his things, placing them inside his backpack. He looked at Obama's gun and deemed it safer if he had it in his pocket, where he could feel it at all times. It was the most important object in the world at this moment. "Hah..."

"You alright?" A familiar voice called.

Michael looked behind him. "Lily?"

"Saw you talk to Max." Lily said. "What did you two say?"

"Well... He said thanks and stuff for stopping their war and wished us good fortune. That jazz."

"Hm." Lily nodded. "Okay then."

"Hey, listen." Michael wanted to say everything he wasn't able to. "I'm sorry for everything. For yelling at you on the phone."

"I was more salty that you had a point." Lily said.

"Still, I should've tried understanding you."

"Well... Either way, black hole time travel would've existed." Lily stated. "I'm sorry too. I have doomed myself to a future where I send baby me to Antarctica."

"Lily... We won't make it happen."

"I highly doubt that." Lily's head was down. "You know... I had a lot of time to think."

"Yeah?"

"I feel we're both one in the same." Lily suggested. "We're afraid of the future."

"...Maybe you're right." Michael didn't like that conclusion, but he knew it true. "The Great War."

"Today, I saw how critical The Great War is going to be." Lily explained. "Azazel... He's something else. Different from I thought... I'm scared."

Michael didn't know how to reply. He just sighed again.

"I don't want to fight anymore." She looked at Michael. "I'm sorry for everything."

"I'm sorry too."

"Something is coming, Michael. I came from it. We can't fight it if we are divided." Lily walked closer, offering her hand. "We need to work together to stop the crisis."

Michael shook her hand. "Indeed. And we will."

"Cool."

"Cool."

Lily smiled. "Friends?"

"Yeah. Friends." Michael let go of her hand. "And we're gonna beat Azazel."

Back to me. I was holding cotton balls, cleaning my wings since they were pretty bloody. [Insert GenshinPlace member] was helping me with that. Morbius has been packing all of his things.

Eren, however, has been painting his nails. No one told us that him embracing his powers meant he'd like REALLY embrace it.

"Oh my god, what do you guys think of it!!" Eren showed us his pink nails.

It looked like shit. "It looks good, buddy..."

"Thank you!! ^ o ^" Eren talked like a sassy woman. "God, isn't penis the most delicious thing ever?"

"Sure buddy." Morbius said. "Sure."

"Mmmm..." Eren was reddening. "I can't wait to return to Earth... What if Armin breaks down my door and s-starts railing me."

"I highly doubt that." [Insert GenshinPlace member] gave me more cotton balls.

"I just keep imagining it..." We could see Eren's bulge. How was it so big? "I always wanted to do anal with Armin... I wanted us to kiss really hard because we are two dudes."

"Very specific criteria." I cleaned off the red from the gold feather.

"I am very much into frothing..." Eren no. "Just the idea of two dicks rubbing together in perfect harmony, covering each other in white sticky goo... MmMmMm...."

"Good for you, buddy." Morbius continued packing.

"I love dick so much hnngghhh." Eren was salivating. "It's all I ever wanna eat my whole life. Men wow men wow. Wowowowow. I want to be bred by Armin. I want his children so bad. I fantasize of a future where it's morning, I'm completely naked except for an apron. Armin, out of nowhere and just woke up, sticks his girthy cock into my little anus while I'm cooking breakfast. He fucks me hard and fast, he doesn't even stop after cumming. I try to eat breakfast, but he just won't stop fucking me in the ass. I try to go to work, but he keeps fucking me in the streets in public in front of everyone. Every moment of my life, my butt is being fucked by Armin Arlert. I try to sleep, but I keep getting fucked in the butt. And-"

"Sometimes I feel like you used to be like that with Venti." [Insert GenshinPlace member] said to me.

"Shut up." As I was cleaning my wings, I dropped the cotton balls as I realized the consequences for returning to Earth. "Oh my god... Navi."

"Oh right." [Insert GenshinPlace member] remembered too. "You fucked your sister-"

"AAAAGGGGHHHHH!!!" I screamed as painfully as Azazel did. "WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME!?"

"Hey, calm down buddy." [Insert GenshinPlace member] patted my head. "You're not the same person you were two years ago. You've changed. Whatever happens with her, I'm sure you'll handle it properly."

"Will I...?"

"Of course you will." [Insert GenshinPlace member] lightly slapped my shoulder. "You haven't ran away from anything since then. You won't run this time."

"Yeah..." My mind went to a better place. "Hey, at least after the Navi thing is done... I'll get to return to my mansion. And that means... I'll get to see Collei again."

"Hm." [Insert GenshinPlace member] chuckled.

"What?"

"Nothing. I'm just happy for you that you got yourself another daughter." [Insert GenshinPlace member] gave me a new cotton ball. "You weren't the same after Alizeh died. Now, I'm sure she'd be happy you're not only taking care of her friend, but also you are happy and have not wasted the second chance she had given you."

Damn, I was about to cry, but I held it in. "Thanks."

"I also heard that Morbius was the one who stopped Reds and Blues from killing each other after Tate died." Eren added.

"It was nothing." Morbius said.

"The person I met when we reunited wouldn't have done such a thing." Eren pointed out. "He would've killed everyone."

Morbius smiled. "Yeah, well... I was just being what I believe a true man should be. A person who doesn't use his strength to harm, but to protect and establish peace. That's a man. A protector."

10 hours later, almost everyone had left to go back to their worlds. The Lannisters returned to Westeros. Max went back to the F**k Face hub. Daemon returned to Fate/Grand Order with Aemond. Sigurd and his friends returned as well. Everyone went home.

We were the last ones to leave. Polandball, Genshin, and two Granblue members.

Before we got on our ships, Miku talked to us.

"Michael, Eren, Morbius, Gamebang, [Insert GenshinPlace member]... Thank you." Hatsune Miku bowed her head. "Thank you to PolandBall in general."

"It was simply our duty." Michael assured her.

"Without you guys, The Void would've destroyed this entire galaxy." Miku said. "Because of you guys, the worlds that were destroyed by it are now avenged. Justice had been served for the fallen."

"It's just what we do." Michael said. Hang on, how much do we actually get paid for this shit?

"When Aqua called me up and suggested Polandball for The Void situation, I was skeptical." Miku talks to my ex? "But you guys exceeded expectations. You are more than what they said."

And more than she'll ever know. We saved the multiverse once.

"We are honored to have your gratitude, Miku." Michael said before... "But none of it would've been possible without Barack Obama. He deserves more thanks than any of us."

"He was an honorable man." Miku seemed to grieve him too. "He saved everyone."

Michael seemed to be really emotional, but held it in regardless. "I'm going to make him proud. I'm going to be a great leader like him. He taught me everything, and now I must put them all to use. I won't let him down."

Miku smiled. "I know you won't, Michael Jackson." She stepped out of the way for the entrance to our ship. "Put him to good rest."

Shortly after that conversation, our ship flew away into space.

I felt such great fear looking at the emptiness of the universe. Pure black nothingness. But now... I realize there's so many worlds out there. It's a whole universe of things. That includes hope. No matter how big space is, hope exists, you just have to find it. That makes me feel better when looking out there. Somewhere, deep within the webs of galaxies, hope is within our hearts.

A week later, we finally returned to Earth.

Chapter 12: Yes, we can.

Michael POV

In darkness I stood, burdened by such heavy clothing that needn't be so heavy in the first place, for its all unnecessary. Whatever metaphor this brings, I feel we don't need it. Our hearts already have that covered.

A singular vertical rectangle of light is behind me. I fear for what's to come. I always get nervous before shows, worrying if my voice is good for singing. This morning, I will not be singing, I will only stand still, but it is the most terrifying thing since the birth of man.

But something compels me to move forward into the light. No. Someone. He died for this, so I must fulfill it. I had wanted this too, but never have I considered the consequences. Perhaps Obama felt this too. Sometimes, you just wanna be like everyone else. And even sadder, Com felt this too. We were destined to be lonely.

I sigh.

I walk into the light. I am greeted by a cheering crowd who donned the PolandBall uniform. White on the shirt, red on the pants. At least a thousand were watching me on this stage, wearing a suit with a cape, a crown with heavy jewels, the PolandBall logo embroidered on my right chest.

Front row seats, my friends are watching. From here on out, they're my team now. I lead them. That's a terrifying thought. They cheer for me, so that's cool. But still. How absurd it is for men with extraordinary abilities to follow one man with no unique strength at all. One is an angel, the other blessed by Gods, one may as well be a God, the other is the strongest above all, but I am just me. But I remember one thing: We followed Obama because of his mind, even if he had nothing else to offer. I must do the same.

Joe Biden walked to the front, standing below the stage. Obama always kept a close relationship between PolandBall and the government after the end of femboys incident, to ensure no conflict be between them again. (Although, we did sue them that one time when we went to Antarctica.)

"Michael Joseph Jackson, repeat after me." Biden instructed as the crowd went silent. *"I solemnly swear as the leader of PolandBall."*

"I solemnly swear as the leader of PolandBall." I followed.

"That I will execute my duties to the best of my ability with no compromise."

"That I will execute my duties to the best of my ability with no compromise."

"I will uphold and protect the values of man."

"I will uphold and protect the values of man."

"I am the one who holds humanity. Darkness and light."

"I am the one who holds humanity. Darkness and light."

"I pledge my life to PolandBall, to bring our people to honor."

"I pledge my life to PolandBall, to bring our people to honor."

"History has its eyes on me."

"History has its eyes on me."

Joe Biden looked at me after finishing the oath. *"Confirm it by your tongue."* Biden tossed the microphone to me, which I caught with no flaw.

I spoke into the mic.

"From Barack Obama's word, I have been decreed as his heir." The words got stuck in my throat, so I pushed them out with a big shove that resulted in somewhat of a yell, confident sounding nonetheless. "My name is Michael Jackson. I am the leader of PolandBall."

The crowd cheered. High pitched screams and excessive clapping. They cried out. "MICHAEL JACKSON! MICHAEL JACKSON! MICHAEL JACKSON!"

I looked at my friends, who weren't as wild as the other members. They simply clapped, seeming so proud of me.

I stood still, just as Obama did on his succession ceremony.

It has been a week since we returned to Earth...

...

Immediately after the ceremony, me and my friends removed our PolandBall uniforms as quick as possible. We got into the car and Eren drove at full speed. We couldn't be late for it. I wouldn't forgive myself if I was.

"You guys got your speeches ready?" I asked them.

"Yup." Gamebang replied. "We spent all night on ours."

"Good." To be perfectly honest, I don't have a speech at all. I tried making one yesterday, but I couldn't find the right words. I'm fucked.

"You hold all of PolandBall's facilities now." Morbius reminded me. "Its sectors, its locations, its military, everything. Use it wisely."

"I will." My leg was going up and down rapidly.

I watched as the road went by, lands of pure grass and wheat covered my view, eventually adding windmills to the sight.

But before I knew it, we were here. Obama's funeral.

Everyone was here. His family. His friends. His co-workers. Other world leaders. All of them.

Biden was chatting with Trump, who was wearing pink. "Look at you." Biden said. "Embracing yourself."

"Obama told me to do so." Trump showed off his colored nails. "He convinced me before he went to space to become what I truly am. A barbie girl."

"I'm proud of you, buddy." Biden said. Dang, you almost thought those two had beef between each other because of the election, but here they are.

As I was roaming around the venue, I was going to go to the casket when a hand grabbed my shoulder. I turned around to be pleasantly surprised. "Kokomi?"

"Hello, Michael." She greeted.

I was glad to see her. "Thank you for coming."

"I bring Inazuma's regards." Kokomi stated. "Without PolandBall, without Obama, Inazuma would still be ruled under the NFT. Justice wouldn't have been served."

I smiled. "You're right. Without Obama, none of this would've been possible."

"I've gotta go now." Kokomi said. "Some other Teyvat leaders are over there and I plan to ask Acting Grandmaster Jean for an alliance between Watatsumi and Monstadt."

"Ambitious." I regarded.

"It's all I can do before doing what I told you I'd do before you left space." She made a smug expression.

I was very unsure of her decision, that day she told me, even now, I am worried. "You told me you were going to resign from being the High Priestess."

"Yes."

"Who will run Watatsumi Island? And the Sangonomiya Clan?"

"I've got that covered." Kokomi replied. "But that's still a while from now. I'm still the ruler for now." She walked away. "See you later, Michael."

Suddenly, Eren came and hid behind me. "Sorry, Michael."

"What's wrong?"

"The Kamisato Twins are here. I can't let Ayato suck my dick at a funeral. You know I'm irresistible. Once he sees me, it's over."

"How about your speech?"

"I don't fuckin know."

I sighed. "I'll uh... I'll inform Kokomi about this and see if she can do something."

"Thanks. Now move with me so I can hide behind you. Let's go to the place where they keep the crackers you eat at church. I'm hungry."

"Don't call them crackers."

Morbius was talking with the Obama family, stating how much he meant to him. Michelle is grateful for these words.

[Insert GenshinPlace member] was drinking a bottle of water with Gamebang when me and Eren came over to him.

"Sup." Gamebang said. "Speeches are in a few minutes."

"You guys nervous?" I was.

"Don't worry." [Insert GenshinPlace member] assured. "We got it all under contro-"

"HOLY SHIT ITS YOU!" Aqua jumped on [Insert GenshinPlace member]'s back. "MY LOYAL SQUIRE. I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN SO LONG!"

"Oh god no." [Insert GenshinPlace member] shed a single tear.

"REMEMBER THE GOOD TIMES WE HAD?" Aqua said. "WHEN YOU REVEALED TO ME FREDDIE MERCURY WAS ACTUALLY DEAD???"

"Kill me."

"OH IT WAS SO FUN- Oh." Aqua noticed Gamebang.

"Hai." Gamebang waved awkwardly to her.

"Sup, biatch." Aqua was still salty. "Long time no fuckin see."

"You look nice today, Aqua." Gamebang was being courteous.

"Are you trying to rizz me up or are you lying to me." Aqua...what? "Either way, wanna have sex like old times?"

"What? No. We're at a funeral." Gamebang denied.

"What about after."

"Let's just not repeat mistakes. I don't wanna fuck an ex." Gamebang stated.

"Well you're no fun. Whyyyy..."

"Who knows? We might be secretly related." Gamebang was clearly afraid of committing incest again. Very afraid.

"Well fuck you too." Aqua seemed tipsy.

"...Are you drunk?" Gamebang asked.

"Who knows?" Aqua looked at Obama's casket. She sighed. "I can't believe he's dead."

"Yeah-"

"Actually I can." Aqua continued. "I'M SURE THE US GOVERNMENT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT."

"What?" [Insert GenshinPlace member] and Gamebang said.

"THIS IS A GOVERNMENT CONSPIRACY TO STOP ME FROM HAVING FUN!" Aqua explained. "I CAN'T BE RACIST TOWARDS OBAMA ANYMORE BECAUSE HE'S DEAD. ALL THE FUN IN MY LIFE HAS DRAINED. THIS IS THEIR PLAN. JOE BIDEN IS WATCHING."

"Okay, Princess, maybe we should get you a seat." [Insert GenshinPlace member] got back into the squire role naturally.

"He's dead and now I have no one to be racist towards and I'm so sad about it why can't he be alive so I can roast his monkey ass fuck fuck fuck Gamebang come on let's have sex"

"I'm walking away." Gamebang left the convention.

"THE GOVERNMENT ASSASSINATED OBAMA TO STOP ME FROM HAVING FUN! I SWEAR IT!"

Seemed like Aqua was grieving just like us. Albeit, a little differently.

"Hey." Eren asked. "Do yall ever wonder where Jesus went-"

"Oop." The bell was ringing. "That's our cue. It's time for our speeches."

We walked up to the front, near his casket.

...

"Guys I don't know if I can do this I'm getting really nervous I can't do public speaking." Gamebang was shaking.

"Come on, man, you can do it. For Obama." [Insert GenshinPlace member] pushed him to the mic.

When Gamebang had his lips close to the microphone, he took a deep breath. "Uh... Hi. I'm Gangbang- I mean Gamebang. I was one of Obama's co-workers. He was a really cool guy... Oh god, I shouldn't have lost my speech paper." The microphone made static noises. "Um... So, what can I say about Obama? He was our leader and... uh..."

"Oh no." [Insert GenshinPlace member] was worried for Gamebang now.

"O-Oh!" Gamebang had an idea. "Yall know what I can do? Obama sang Amazing Grace and everyone loved it. So ima sing it too as a tribute to him."

"Gamebang no, you suck at singing." [Insert GenshinPlace member] said, but GB couldn't hear them.

Gamebang cleared his throat before opening his mouth to the mic.

"AaAmaziling GrrAacCe, hoOw sweEEt the the soUUund."

Oh Jesus christ, Gamebang.

"ThaAt savEd a wetCHH likeke mee." Gamebang was clearly aware of his shitty singing and was sweating balls. "I I once wwaa loOoOst bubut now I am foOundd."

"Did I seriously fuck this guy." Aqua drank more wine as she listened.

"WwaAs blllind bubbbubut noW I I see..." Gamebang was fuckin shaking. "Uh... Thank you."

Gamebang returned to his seat, looking at us for any kind of reassurance. None was given. We were disappointed.

[Insert GenshinPlace member] stood up next and spoke into the mic. "Hello, I'm Obama's only Non-binary friend. He was an extraordinary man."

Okay, we're starting off good.

"As we all know, Obama was notorious for making absolutely fire speeches. He wrote peak each time." They pulled out their phone. "So, I'm going to read some of Obama's Twitter drafts to see not only what could've been, but to see more of Obama's lost peak writing."

Okay... Interesting.

"This first one is inspirational." [Insert GenshinPlace member] read it. "It says: We are divided into many groups and races. But that's what makes America so special. It's a land for everyone."

Everyone clapped.

"This next one is also inspirational: Perhaps the greatest gift we can give to our children is the freedom to be whatever they want. Only in our country can we strive to do that. We must make dreams come true."

The crowd cheered loudly.

"This next one is sweet: More than anyone in the world, I only have my wife to thank for everything she does. She is the love of my life. My best friend."

Now ain't that adorable.

"Anyway, this next one is interesting: How do I hide my abnormally large bulge. Please help."

...

"Uh... This next one is: How do I tell Joe that I don't actually have a dog and was barking for my beautiful wife Michelle."

Oh no.

"I have another: Being president is fucking ass. I don't need to have sex with my wife when the Supreme Court anally fucks me everyday. They tell me not to shit on the sink, but that's what a sink is for."

We should stop this.

"Okay this next one is actually good: Whenever you feel our country is going downhill, just remember the words of our scripture that lead our success and will continue to do so. Yes, we can."

Okay, we're back on track.

"This next one is something: Holy shit why does everyone keep telling me not to feed the dog chocolate. This is oppressive and not what America is. America is fucked. Yes, we can? More like No, we fucking can't. My dog deserves chocolate."

"Okay, I think we've had enough of that for today." Eren went to [Insert GenshinPlace member] to push them away. "It's my turn."

"Oh thank God." [Insert GenshinPlace member] has learned why drafts stay as drafts.

"Hello, I am Eren Yeager." He spoke into the mic. "Obama was a man of many talents. He inspired millions with his words, but he was simply a man. That's what we have to remember. He was a father, a citizen, someone like us."

Wow, thats beautiful, Eren-

"Which is why I'm going to strip as tribute to our boy." Eren ripped off his clothes and revealed his rock hard abs, wearing underwear that had the American flag. Suddenly, saxophone music was playing as Eren slid his fingers down from his lips to his chest.

"Nope nope." Morbius interrupted and pushed Eren aside after giving him a robe. "It's my turn."

Everything has been disastrous so far. Surely Morbius can deliver an actual speech.

"Hello, my name is Dr. Michael Morbius." He said. "I was one of Obama's friends. He was always there for us when we couldn't handle something. He lead us into victory every time. I am forever thankful to him. I consider him not only as my superior, but as my comrade."

Okay... This is good. Yes, it's gonna be okay.

"Obama also taught me how to tie my hair." Morbius revealed a manbun on the back of his head. "I am forever thankful for this fact."

Morbius walked to the casket while holding the mic.

"Of course, there's nothing in the casket, so let's imagine there is a body here and I'm about to give my thanks to him... By rubbing his hair."

Huh. What.

Morbius started caressing the head part of the casket. "AAAAAHHH." He yelled for some reason. "Ja, die Götter haben dich gesegnet, unser Kamerad. Vielen Dank, dass Sie mir gezeigt haben, wie man Läuse durch Essen abtöten kann." Morbius...spoke German? "AAAAGGGHHHHH-"

"Okay, buddy, that's enough." I intervened.

Morbius sat back down, and I found myself before the microphone. It was my turn. Suddenly, I was more nervous than ever in my life. What can I say? What should I say? How do I find the right words? What do I do?

...

The words just flowed out of my mouth naturally.

"My name is Michael Jackson. I was Obama's assistant and heir. He is the reason why I am who I am today. He is the reason why I am still alive. He was our leader...

"When I first met Obama, I wasn't sure what to think. But over the years, I've come to think of him as not just my valiant superior, but as my friend. My best friend.

"He was charming. He was funny. He wasn't afraid to do anything for the right thing. He didn't compromise, he went full on. He never gave up. When presented with options, he made his own. That's why he was chosen as a leader of PolandBall. He was simply him.

"He was a genius in strategy. He handled politics to the best of his ability. He believed in it when others didn't. And he believed in others, perhaps that's the greatest trait a leader can have. He was strong headed and truly honorable.

"But beyond his ability in his job... He was simply a man. He laughed, he cried, he slept, he was just another one of us. He was a friend. He cared for his comrades, sacrificing many for us. He did everything to protect our people. Hero or not, he was our friend.

"Barack Obama was not only my leader, but my friend. I will forever cherish the memories we had together. I am grateful for everything he has taught me. I will miss him forever. I am indebted to him. I am... He was everything.

"Im a situation that seemed hopeless, one can be cynical, hopeless, feeling as if there's nothing they can do. Obama showed me that we are in fact capable of doing something. Can we be better? Yes, we can. Yes, we can. Yes, we can..."

Silent cries filled the noise of the room until Michelle started clapping, and everyone followed until the room was applause itself. Cheers louder than the succession ceremony. It was... I cried too. I cried with them all.

I sat back down with the gang.

"You know, Eren's would've been better." Gamebang stated. "But... You did amazing either way, Michael."

"Yes, you did. That was beautiful." [Insert GenshinPlace member] was wiping tears.

Eren was just sobbing.

"Das war verdammt schön... Du wirst mir für immer fehlen, mein Vorgesetzter..." Morbius was probably saying sad stuff as well. He was crying too afterall.

I was cleaning my face from its sorrows when the applause ended. Afterward, a song played. It wasn't anything at all. Just simple piano. Obama would've loved it.

...

The funeral had ended. We lowered the casket into the ground and watched as it was buried by soil. Each piece of dirt thrown was a shot in my heart. When the ground was covered, Barack Obama was finally at rest.

Everyone said their goodbyes. Many cried. Many left presents to leave at the grave. A picture of his family was one of them. Flowers of all kinds were frequent. Souvenirs and more. Me and my friends gave Obama his books back, the ones he liked to read. I did not want him to be bored in death.

When everyone finally finished their farewells, they left the cemetery. We said goodbye to Obama's family and sent them our blessings.

The PolandBall gang were the last ones to remain by the tombstone. We stayed longer. We were alone with Obama.

"I'll never forget you, boss." Gamebang knelt down to the tomb. "You were amazing."

"You were a once in a lifetime man." [Insert GenshinPlace member] joined Gamebang. "You will always be our leader."

"I am thankful to you for everything, Obama." Eren held his tears. "Thank you."

"You will never be forgotten for all you've done for us." Morbius laid a flower down. "Be at peace."

The gang began to leave, but I still stood still. Gamebang saw me, but I assured them... "I'll stay a bit longer. Don't worry, I'll catch up."

"...Alright, Michael." Gamebang replied. And so, the rest of the gang left me alone.

I sat down on the grass and finally comprehended the words engraved on that tombstone.

RIP

BARACK HUSSEIN OBAMA HONORIS II

1961 - 2025

"Dad, husband, President, citizen."

I started to weep. I cried for a long time. It felt like an eternity. It still doesn't feel real.

Eventually, I realized that right now, I wasn't alone. I was with Obama. So... I composed myself. I wiped my tears away and just...sat. He was right here, in front of me.

"I will miss you, buddy." I talked to him. "So much."

I didn't give his gun on the tomb. I am keeping it. His legacy will live on through me. In some ways, he will always be part of the team if I keep using this weapon. And... I'm going to use it to protect everyone.

"I will make you proud." I promised. "Everyone will be safe. I swear it."

The sun was slowly setting, giving the sky an orange color.

"Leave it to me. Leave it to us. You can rest now. It's okay. You can rest now."

I don't know how long I stayed with him. But it was long. The sun had disappeared entirely.

I wasn't alone in watching it go by. It was me and Obama. It was just us. It had always been like that. It won't change when I leave this place. He will always be with me. Obama lives on through the hearts of many. My friend lived on in my heart.

Before I went back to the gang, I left something at the grave. I gave Obama a picture of the PolandBall gang. A simpler time. A reminder to never abandon those you care for.

The picture itself had all of us. Gamebang, [Insert GenshinPlace member], Eren, Morbius, me, and Obama. It was taken from Obama's succession ceremony. Here we all are, drunk as hell. Smiling and laughing together. A team we were, but friends nonetheless. A world filled with the blissful joys of young men, full of hope, able to achieve all of their dreams just by thinking it.

Obama... You have saved this world.

THE END

A NEW BEGINNING NEAR THE END.

4 FICS REMAIN UNTIL THE CONCLUSION

TO BE CONTINUED IN...

GAMEBANG AND THE WORLD'S SILENCE