

# GAMEBANG AND THE WORLD'S SILENCE

## MOURNING PERIOD OF ABSOLUTE FUCKING EPICS

The Trials Arc:

[Gamebang](#) and [The Edge of Space](#) – As Beidou's crew is sent to space to arrest the Angel of Corruption, PolandBall is on a mission to destroy The Void and take down Azazel. Throughout their adventures through space, PolandBall meets multiple groups that would soon become The United Gacha Alliance. As Obama prevented a war between Genshin and Maryland, the UGA is attacked by F\*\*k Face, a smaller group of the Rooster Teeth Alliance, Obama makes a series of choices to stop the war and save all of his friends. His battle ended when Obama sacrificed himself to save Michael and make sure Andrew Tate died, being sucked into The Void. The Chosen One is revealed to be Eren, who becomes The Queer Above All. The final battle against The Void begins and Eren successfully destroys it, bringing Azazel out in the process. Everyone fights Azazel until he is saved by a portal. In the end, Cersei is taken back to Westeros, Dragalia's dragons are lost, and Obama is dead. After everyone returns to their homes, Obama's funeral is held, and Michael Jackson becomes the new leader of PolandBall.

**THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM. THE FINAL  
FIC BEFORE THE FINAL ARC.**

**KEEP READING IN MEMORY OF OBAMA.**

Prologue: A day in the life.

Gamebang wakes up from the alarm clock. He doesn't wanna get up, but the damned thing is so noisy. His hand crashes down on the clock and shuts it up. Right as he was about to close his eyes and return to slumber, his framed photo of Alizeh reminds him that he has to keep moving forward, no matter what. He reluctantly obliges just for her. He leaves his bed.

Collei's body automatically wakes her up just in time to prepare for school. It's basically muscle memory at this point. She rests for five minutes before leaving her bed. She sees Tighnari, who has made her breakfast. Standard toast with scrambled eggs. She used to wake up too early and eat slowly, as stressing out about being late and eating properly would make her neck hurt. But she's cured, so she can cry all she wants now without being cursed.

For now, Gamebang currently lives in the Inazuma PolandBall headquarters, as some of his other friends do. Eren didn't exactly have enough space in Konda Village. [Insert GenshinPlace member] greets Gamebang on the breakfast table, which is loaded with rations. They're soldiers afterall. Morbius brings everyone some water and they get to working on eating. Gamebang really misses his mansion.

Fully prepared and suited up, Collei heads off to Liberty University. She meets up with Izerak. They talk for a long while, mostly joking around. When the bell rings, they separate and go to their own classes. Today, Collei will have to endure more boring lectures.

Eren invites the gang today to help him and the village harvest crops. Michael didn't come with, for he had other matters. Gamebang remarks how intricate it is to harvest wheat. You have to use a sickle and cut the wheat, tie the stuff, gather them and stock them, etc. It's not much, but it helps this one small area in a much larger world.

Once school finishes, Collei and Izerak are picked up by Eula, where they drive to Monstadt. Collei and Izerak works as part timers for the Knights ever since their contribution to the defeat of the Corrupted Army. Collei gets to see Amber, Kaeya, and Lisa. She also gets to give flowers to Sucrose's grave. She usually helps Lisa in making sure no Archon Residue related problems come near Monstadt. She also makes sure Aladiel doesn't escape his cell.

The gang has a week before they finally leave Inazuma and return home. They have lots of loose ends to tie up. Especially Gamebang, regarding his half-sister Navi. But Gamebang pays no attention to that for now and focuses on assisting Morbius when it comes to the Shogun's governing.

Eula usually follows Collei around in very specific areas of Monstadt as her bodyguard. Mainly because since the Knights of Favonius and The Fatui are working together against The Angel, Il Dottore has been an active visitor of headquarters. Most of the time, Collei looks away and goes on with her day. The Doctor seems to do the same, most of the time.

When Gamebang has nothing to do, he just sits down by the beach and watches the waves come and go, letting the sea wash his feet, taking his sins away. He reflects on his life and always comes to the same conclusion: He has to keep living for Alizeh. He has to return to Collei.

Eula drops Collei off back at Sumeru, where she is welcomed with dinner by Tighnari. After she finishes eating, she practices her literacy in her room, using materials Gamebang provided for her before he left. Things haven't been as easy for her to learn since his departure, but at least he left something for her.

Gamebang returns to headquarters, eating more rations for dinner or whatever he bought at a food stall. Tonight, he bought himself Ramen and gave some to the gang. They all sit down and start watching whatever is on Netflix.

Once Collei finishes her studies, she returns to bed. She always has one last look at herself on the reflection of her phone. Happiness is what she feels when she remembers that her eyes are green and not purple anymore. Collei sleeps and waits for the next day.

Gamebang goes back to his chambers and looks at the photograph of Alizeh. It's her during graduation, and he walked her down the aisle and placed her medal upon her. Fond memories, Gamebang thought. He places the picture back on his desk and tells Alizeh that he has made it through another day and hopes she's happy. He lays down on the bed and returns to slumber.

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[Insert GenshinPlace member] is called up by Aqua every morning so they can listen to her 10 IQ rants. Since she's an important political figure, they literally cannot press ignore once she starts calling. Today, they listened to her saying  $2 + 2$  was actually 7 because of inflation.

When that's done and over with, [Insert GenshinPlace member] heads to Bubba's 50 member gang to help them out with activities. Usually they're pretty weirded out by the group since they all love poop, but they're genuinely nice people. It's the least [Insert GenshinPlace member] can do for Bubba. It's the least they can do to make Com rest soundly.

Eren and Historia get regular checkups from the village doctor to ensure that they treat the physical side affects of what happened on Purge Night properly. Eren often tells Historia of the adventures he had in space and she is always amazed. Today, Eren revealed he was the Queer Above All. Historia doubted it until Eren shot phallic shaped lasers out of his eyes.

Yesterday, Eren was pleasantly surprised to see Historia's new partner, who was the High Priestess of Watatsumi Island. Eren couldn't be more proud and was honestly inspired. A few hours ago, Historia helped Eren gain the courage to contact an old friend.

Meanwhile, Kazuha and Yoimiya and Ayato and Ayaka stalked both of them and were absolutely devastated by they were hearing.

Morbius visits the Shogun and Guuji Yae on a daily basis. Ei is always pleased to see him, and Yae desperately needs to know what happened during the NFI period since literally no one will tell her. Morbius checks up on the progress of rehabilitation for NFT members and sees what he can do.

Sometimes, Ei and Morbius talk closely together. They talk about how they're dealing with their feelings, especially compared to how they were back then. There's always the topic of how hard it is to forgive someone of anything. Ei states that Yae is always there to keep her emotions in check. Morbius talks about his adventures in space, and how he prevented conflict between the Reds and the Blues. Ei looked proud of him after the story was done.

Sara was still living with Itto. She works long hours in her clan, but she does her job best. She always has something to come back to.

Guizhong often hangs out with Zhongli. They'll travel Liyue and drink tea and that's basically it to be honest. When she isn't hanging out with her partner, she's helping Okabe and Kurisu with engineering. Specifically, enhancing the time machine.

Jaime Lannister is home. He lives a life of anonymity inside the Red Keep with his brother. He also keeps watch on Cersei and Balerion, but Tyrion says he'll have that covered soon.

Aemond begins his first day as a miner for asteroids. Daemon goes around and shows him how to do it. When the day is done, Aemond comes back to Halaena. They count the quantity of money they have gained that day. Aemond lives to protect what's left of his family to make his mother proud.

Kirie and Malitis meet up with Daemon everyday to do work. Nothing much has changed for the found family.

Weiss witnesses Ruby working harder than ever to one day become Max's new Hand. She could stop her, but she might can't. She has to make Uncle Qrow proud.

Euden and his people are still nowhere to be found.

Lily often joins Michael when it comes to his activities. They've been working together closely ever since returning to Earth. Lily uses PolandBall resources to find her parents.

But a surprise arrived for her. Eris came to see her and is going to help her for something. Lily doesn't know what. She never told.

Michael Jackson has a multitude of work throughout the day, but none is more important than visiting Obama's grave and placing something new there everyday. Going to Obama's grave often involves traveling entire countries, but Michael doesn't mind. He doesn't care at all.

He tries his best everyday to make his leader proud. To make his friend proud.

It has been almost 3 years since the Collapse of Time. It has been almost 2 years since Gamebang went to prison. It has been 7 months since they found Lily in Antarctica.

5 months remain until the crisis.

## Chapter 1: Collei.

### Collei POV

"Collei, come over here, darling." Lisa asked of me. "Can you read this status report?"

She's testing my literacy abilities. I must prove I can read better than I used to. "Yes, Miss Lisa."

I moved to her side and looked at the papers on table, one of whom included a map. A purple line covered every border of Liyue, but the Chasm area is completely colored. "This... This is Archon Residue activity."

"Frankly, its the material itself and not actual infected people." Lisa explained. "But it's still the remains of Gods scattered around the countryside. But look here."

Lisa pointed towards a fading line that was covering a small portion of the Natlan border.

"It's more Archon Residue." I answered. "It's going somewhere."

"Correct, Little Collei."

"Don't call me that."

"But where exactly could they be headed?" Lisa wondered. "Do you know?"

"I don't know, to be honest..."

"Oh, well that's okay. No one knows. Perhaps we will never know until they do something." Lisa cleaned up the papers. "Thank you, Collei. You may be on your way now."

I left the library and entered the Favonius lobby, where Eula was waiting for me like always. She had been granted passage inside headquarters by me and Amber. This is because of...

"Is work done?" The Doctor sat on one of the couches as always.

Eula always had her weapon on the ready to protect me from Il Dottore. While I always tensed up when seeing him, I'd eventually calm down. But still, I fear he may do something to me.

"Yes, work is done, Doctor." I replied. "But what are you doing? You seem to be slacking off like always." Talking back to him was my way of trying to take back control.

"You simply do not see my activities when they happen. You're always in college." Dottore pointed out. "But I doubt you'd like to see them anyway."

"Actually I would like to see them so I can find a way to stop them."

"I'd kill you before you try such things."

Eula took out her giant sword and pointed the sharp tip at Dottore's neck. "Say that again and I'll kill you myself."

"Like how you killed your family, Lawrence?" Dottore paid no attention to her.

"You..."

"Let's go, Eula." I urged her. "I gotta get home anyway."

Dottore said some parting words as we were leaving. "Good luck on your midterms, Collei. I'm rooting for you to get that Bachelors in Medicine."

"Alright, Doctor." A thanks didn't even cross my mind.

...

"That bitch..." Eula is always mad about him being here. "He thinks he can just talk to you like that!? Disgusting... We should get a restraining order."

"I'd rather not go through the legal troubles of that." I wanted to focus on my studies more than anything. "I trust my friends enough to protect me."

Eula was still very concerned for my safety. "Collei, say the word and I will cut his head off. I will take the fall for it and everything, okay? Say the word and I'll do it with no hesitation."

I sighed. "Let's not cause an international dispute. There won't be any reason to do so as of now." The sun was slowly going down. "It's getting late. I better head back to Sumeru."

"Alright." Eula always took me and Izerak back home, even if it meant driving across two nations. That's how much she's grateful to us.

...

"Hi Collei." Tighnari greeted me. But...

"Sorry!" I took the plate of my dinner and ran into my room. "Gotta study!" I shut the door and got ready to pull off the greatest academic comeback ever.

I opened up the literacy books Gamebang left me with and his notes. I opened up my own notes and my academic books. I opened up on page 546 and got to work. Something about the anatomy of the human body. I can do this!

I... I don't know what a penis is. (She forgot what she almost did during Gamebang and the Divine Comedy.)

No matter! I'll learn what it is and I'll answer it like muscle memory! It's time to read!

... WHAT THE FUCK??? They...The...The man does the thing and the woman WHAAATTT??? This...This is dirty! This is perverted! What is this?? How... What kind of God- WHY?? WHAT KIND OF SCIENCE- OH GOD EVEN ANIMALS DO IT!!

I can't... I just can't... Ah, what am I gonna do... I can't even look at the page without screaming.

Before I knew it, the sun had risen.

"Crap." I had spent the entire night trying to read the first word on the first page. Which was se...s...se... I can't even say it. It is 5 am and I have studied NOTHING. "Oh god no, I'm gonna fail..."

"Hey, Collei, you look like you slept late." Tighnari said as I left my room. "I made you breakfast. It's hotdogs."

"GET THAT SHIT AWAY FROM ME!" I backed away, burdened by the realization that... "Master Tighnari... You... You have one too, don't you?"

"I have a what?"

"A pe...a...p...p... WHY DO YOU HAVE ONE!?"

"I... I don't know what you're talking about."

"DOES CYNO HAVE ONE TOO!?"

"Have what?"

"AGH I CAN'T DO THIS."

The exam would take place in the afternoon, so I had plenty of time to prepare. But even then, I burned my study book out of pure instinct, regretting it later.

I told Eula yesterday that I'd do my quota in Monstadt early before the exam. She told me to take the day off, but I digress. Maybe if I do work, I'll forget about it.

"Hey, Collei." Izerak arrived as we waited for Eula.

"You don't have one, right, Izerak? You'd never betray me."

"Huh?"

"Hey kids." Eula arrived with her car. "Get in."

I was suspicious... "Do you have one, Eula?"

"What?"

We arrived in Monstadt shortly after. Lisa gave me some maps to trace purple stuff, so I was excited to get my mind off it. BUT, the Chasm reminded of the musculomembranous tube that forms the passageway between the cervix uteri and the vulva. "DAMN IT." I threw the map off the table and facepalmed. "What am I gonna do... I have an exam..."

An hour later, I finished work. Lisa looked at what I did. "Collei... Were you even looking at the map when you were tracing the Residue?"

"The what."

Lisa sighed. "It doesn't matter, the paths are correct anyway. Thank you."

"Do I have more work."

"No."

"But I thought I had weeks more of quotas to fulfill."

"You finished everything you ever had within this hour."

"WHAT."

I walked out of the library, defeated by life. Since I finished work early, Eula isn't here. She usually arrives when I'm almost finished with the job. I walked through the lobby when...

"Wow, you look like you haven't had any sleep." Dottore was reading an Inazuma novel.

"Fuck off, Doctor."

"Now now, Collei, I didn't teach you to be rude."

"You didn't teach me anything at all. You just told me sit still while they injected me."

"Yup."

"I hate you."

"Good for you, Collei." He continued reading. "Good luck on your midterms."

I sighed. "About that... I couldn't study."

"Why? Were the lessons difficult?"

"YES."

"What is it?"

"Human anatomy." I answered. "Specifically the reproduction parts."

"But that's easy." He said. "What's so difficult about it? The Corpus spongiosum enters the female genitalia-"

"SHUT UP SHUT UP!" I cried out as I covered my ears. "YOU'RE TRYING TO TORTURE ME AGAIN, AREN'T YOU!?"

"If I knew it was this easy, I'd be doing it everyday."

"You're an ass." As I was about to leave the building, I realized something... An idea. "Wait... You're a doctor."

"Technically."

"You know this stuff better than a student."

"Yes."

I looked around to see anyone was here. If Eula or Amber knew what I was about to ask, they'd call me outrageous. This had to be a secret. "Doctor... Can you help me cheat on my exams."

"I never thought you'd ask for help from me. Did you really not study?"

"It's payment for all the things you've done to me as a child. You have tortured me and multiple children, but you can help me move into a path to help others. A first step into redemption."

"You're making it sound so glamorous or something. But really you just wanna pass."

"Yeah I do."

"The answer's no."

"I'll get Eula to kill you." She said she'd do it if I just gave the word.

"Go for it. I won't struggle. I don't care."

Damn this monster... "I will tell everyone intricate details of your experiments!"

"Thanks. Gives me more notoriety."

"..." If there's one thing The Doctor hates, then I have to do it, even if it risks making him mad at me. "I guess I should've expected this... You're not as young as you used to be."

"What is that supposed to mean, Collei." Now he was paying attention.



"You know... I guess you're too old to be doing such difficult tasks like helping a child out. I wanted to look up to a grown-up, but I see now that I was talking to an elder, too old to do anything."

"I'm still at a nice age, Collei." He frowned.

"Then why do I see white hairs on your head?"

"I don't have white hairs."

"Yes you do."

"They're stress hairs more than likely."

"Some seniors do experience higher levels of stress than younger adults like me."

"I'd say you are the reason, not my physical status."

"It's a shame all of your clones died, including the younger ones. We just had to be left with the one that will die earlier than they would've."

Dottore stood up, and for a moment I flinched. "Watch your mouth, Collei."

"Sit down, Doctor. Your legs must be hurting."

"I will not take this slander on my character lightly."

"Then help me cheat."

"I won't."

"You are old."

"No I am not."

"Old people disapprove of cheating."

"I murder people. Cheating is the least of my concerns."

"Then if it's such a casual topic, then help me. It should be a walk in the park unless you need me to help you walk."

"I will not."

"Come on, the older generation must help the young, including the seniors."

"I am no senior, Collei." His aura displayed rage beyond the calm speaking. "You know that."

"Then why won't you help me."

"ALRIGHT, FINE." Dottore screamed, and I backed away, scared at first. But... "I'll help you if it gets you to shut up." I won.

"Thanks Doctor." I left the Favonius building, feeling victorious.

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I arrived to my school with Izerak, driven by Eula. We got out of the car and looked at Eula one more time.

"I'll wait for you guys in the parking lot. Good luck."

"Thanks, Eula." Izerak waved as we walked into campus.

A large multitude of students' eyes were on their textbooks. Almost no casual hangouts, only focus on their studies. Even me and Izerak weren't talking, for he was on his phone going through a pdf. But me? I already had a secret weapon. My abuser.

Eventually, the bell rang. Me and Izerak walked into our respective buildings and walked through the hallways.

"Good luck, Collei." Izerak said before leaving.

"You too, Iz." I smiled as I walked. I didn't need luck.

I entered my classroom, many were finding seats and preparing their pens and calculators. As everyone settled down into their tables, our professor walked inside, carrying our test papers. War has begun.

Everyone passed the papers around, I got my own. I looked at the questions and knew nothing. There was also the dirty words I didn't like, so I looked away instinctively.

Shortly before the timer began, I slid my own test paper under my shirt and made sure it stayed. What are they gonna do? Lift up a female student's uniform? I made sure no one saw me. "Professor! My paper had some printer errors. Can I get a new one?"

He sighed, clearly tired of his job. "Sure." He gave me a new test paper. Bingo.

I needed two copies. One to leave on my desk because who would leave with their paper without suspicion. One to bring with me when I left the classroom to go to the bathrooms. I had achieved just that.

"Professor!" I called again.

"What is it..." He had bags under his eyes.

"It's that time of the month for me again."

"...Well, what do I know. I'm a man. Go on, do whatever."

"Thanks!"

I left the classroom and went around the hallways, finding the bathrooms. For extra measure to make sure it really did seem like I was doing what I was doing, I was bringing a box of tampons with me inside my bag, visible to everyone. Sometimes, I'd see students who were late to their exams. Made me sad, I hope they still pass.

I finally found the specific girls bathroom in the west side of the building. The floor was wet and uncleaned, but it did not matter. When I entered, that's when I felt something wet on my bag. I look at the box of tampons and they are completely drenched in red. My pen had broken its case and its red ink spilled all over my stuff. Not the test paper though, that was in my undershirt. But my bag was completely red, including the tampons. "Damn it..."

My hands dove into the bag, trying to take out some of my stuff before it gets worse. My hands and uniform is covered in red ink. Eventually, I got some of my important stuff, like my USB of cat photos. I placed them into my pocket.

I entered one of the stalls, bringing my back with me. In this small enclosed space, Dottore sat on the tank of the toilet. "Jesus." He said when he saw me. "Did you run over someone?"

"It's ink, not blood." I dropped my bag on the floor. "Anyway, let's do this quick. I'd rather not linger with you longer."

"Why did it have to be the girls bathroom, though?"

"Because what the hell is everyone gonna think when I enter anywhere else but the girls bathroom? What are they gonna think if I went into the males room or the janitor's closet?"

"Fine." Dottore sighed. "Show me the paper."

I took it out of my uniform and gave it to him. "You have a pen, right?"

"What? No."

"Are you kidding me? You were supposed to answer it for me! Ugh, whatever, just tell me the answers and I'll put them on my second paper in the classroom."

"Alright, fine." Dottore analyzed the paper and it's contents. "Number one is A, two is B, but I don't know the third question." Dottore took out his iPhone. "Might wanna Google this one- OH DAMN IT."

"What's wrong?"

"MY BATTERY RAN OUT."

"Well, just guess it! You're intuition must be better than mine!"

"Collei, half of these questions are things I needed to Google."

"Needed to Google!?"

"Look, the pandemic practically encouraged laziness."

"ARE YOU-" Now my blood pressure was really up. "Oh my god..."

"Alright fine, let's go through these togethe-"

The bathroom door opened, we heard. Someone walked in, and we had to stay quiet immediately.

"Shit..." Dottore whispered. "Who is it?"

I peeked under the stall door and saw who it was. "It's the principal..."

"W-What." Dottore shivered. "What the hell do we do!?"

The principal was doing her makeup, but then she turned around to the stall me and Dottore were in. "Is someone there?" She said.

I looked down and the red ink from my bag had mingled with the wet floor, creating a pool of crimson that achieved the principal's attention. "S-SHIT."

"Hide the paper!" Dottore urged me.

"OKAY!" I threw the test paper in the toilet.

"YOU FUCKING IDIOT!" Dottore was fuming.

"I know someone is in there." The principal walked closer to the stall. "Are you okay? Is this blood you're leaking?"

"Shit shit shit." Me and Dottore kept muttering.

"I'm going to check on your condition." The principal said.

"W-WAIT-" I yelled.

The principal opened the stall to see me, my uniform covered in red ink, with my bag containing a box of tampons also very red and leaking the ink onto the floor. Me, a college student, in the girls bathroom, inside a single stall with a middle-aged man, who is wearing a mask.

"What is going on here..." The principal asked.

"U-UM." I pointed towards Dottore. "HE TOUCHED ME."

"WHA-" Dottore screamed. "COLLEI, WHAT THE FUCK-"

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The car door closed with Dottore inside, handcuffs on his wrists. He looked at me like a sad puppy. The cop got inside the vehicle and I watched as the police car drove away into the distance.

"Thank you principal for saving me from that child molester." I said to her.

"It's nothing. Scum like that deserve to be in jail, especially with how bloody he got you." The principal laid her hand on my shoulder. "You're safe now."

I am so sorry, Doctor. I couldn't think of any other way. "Thank you, principal."

"Go home if you want. Take your exams in another date."

"I think I'll return to my class to do the exam." Haha.

"If that's what you want, then sure." The principal nodded. "It's your choice."

They had me stay inside the nurse's office while they were trying to arrest Dottore, who ran faster than light. In the time they were focused on catching him, I was on my phone, searching up the answers on google. I took a picture of the test paper before it got flushed down the toilet. Whenever the nurses would check on me, I'd go to my messages, acting as if I was messaging people to ensure I was safe. When they'd leave, I'd go back to finding the answers.

By the end of this whole debacle, I had memorized all of the answers. I returned to my classroom in a new pair of uniforms. I sat back down when the professor gave his sympathies to me.

I took out my pen and started answering the test at lightning speed with real assurance that every choice I picked was correct. The knowledge I had provided myself in the nurse's room had been transferred to this piece of A4 paper.

An hour later, when the test finished and they put our papers in the checking machine, mine came out with a perfect score. No wrong answers, only Ws.

"Haha..." I was giddy. "HAHAHAHAHA!!!"

Exam day was over and I met up with Izerak at the cafeteria.

"Oh my god, Collei!" Izerak was crying. "I heard what happened! I am so sorry! I am here for you, okay?"

"Oh I'm fine." I made a smug expression. "I aced my test."

"That's great! But if mentally, you need help like you helped me-"

"Oh Izzy." I placed my hand on his shoulder. "I won."

...

It was the next day. I was chilling in Gamebang's mansion since he isn't here and we have a semester break. Eula came into the place, carrying a document. "Collei! I have news!"

"What? That I'm the absolute greatest? Yeah, already heard." My ego was at it's peak.

"It's about Dottore."

"Oh? Did my partner in crime get out?"

"What?"

"Nothing." No one knows the truth but me.

"Ever since he got arrested, PolandBall has decreed that his research and experiments be investigated. This was because of his interaction with you. A snezhnayan diplomat engaging with a Favonius member, even if you're just an intern. This soured relations between the Knights and the Fatui, but the Fatui easily spoke that they were in the wrong and did the whole investigating Dottore's things to compensate. As a result, Dottore has been charged with several human rights violations. This was only possible because you got him arrested and PolandBall ensured he wouldn't get away with it, especially with how it looked. This morning, all Fatui test subjects under Dottore were released, returning home or being orphaned in the House of the Hearth."

This was surprising to me. I didn't know of the news nor how close it was to starting international dispute. I didn't know anything, I was too busy celebrating. But something in my heart told me that this was something important to my soul. "Which means..."

"All those people under his watch who were being experimented and tortured on. People like you..." Eula walked up to me with grateful tears. "All those children, every single one of them. They're free, just like you. You did it, Collei. You saved them all."

This certainly wasn't my intention, but it's okay too. It was great, actually. The justice I had searched for since I was a child was finally acted upon, and it was thanks to me. In a way, I had avenged my younger me.

"I wanna kill him, Collei. For everything he's done to you." Eula said. "It stings that he still lives."

"... I'm fine with that. I'm fine with him living." I was twiddling my fingers. "It's all okay now, even if justice never got served. My growth is all that matters, not my lust for vengeance. I'm happy, that's what matters."

Eula took a deep breath. "Well... He'll never hurt anyone else again behind bars." She sat down with me. "But I guess that's it, huh..."

"Yes." I smiled, knowing a chapter of my life was done.

"Oh, by the way, I wanna show you something."

"Hm?"

Eula held my hand gently and took me to the outside of the mansion.

At Gamebang's front door, a little girl was standing, wearing the clothes of a Liyue villager. Purple in her eyes. She has Archon Residue. She looked at me with some kind of amazement.

"Collei... This is one of the kids that was saved." Eula stated. "She returned to her town in Liyue, where she got to see her family again."

I didn't see her as some random child. I saw her as the old me. The vengeful me. The me that hurt above all else. I felt the intense pains in her heart.

I knelt down to her level. "What's your name?"

"Ming..."

"Hello, Ming. My name is Collei." I rubbed her small head and its short hair. For a moment, I not only saw her as the old me, but I saw myself as Amber. "Have you ever known what it's like to fly?"

"N-No." Ming answered.

"Do you want to fly? To soar near the clothes and see the world below."

"Y-Yes!" Her eyes lit up.

"Well, you're in luck." I stood up, my head covering the sun. "You're with the Gliding Champion of Sumeru!"

## Chapter 2: Guizhong.

### Guizhong POV

When me and Morax arrived at the Chasm, I expected to see the gruesome extent of our damage to it. The bomb, killing hundreds of Corrupted People, but people nonetheless. Broken rocks and cliffs, destroyed structures, burnt lands. I expected my sins.

Instead, grass covered the entirety of the Chasm, hiding all of its insecurities. It was beautiful, as if the Chasm had been reborn into something new.

"It's an extraordinary thing." Zhongli said, his expression as stone as ever. "Nature."

"Yeah..." This used to be a place for sweaty miners, then the remains of hell, and now something close to paradise. But still, I couldn't get distracted from the real mission here. Beneath all this beauty, the dust of corpses and something monstrous lies. "Let's climb down."

As we slowly and carefully moved further down into the Chasm, my hand wasn't tight enough on one rock and I almost lost my grip. I saw Zhongli's eyes widen as he reached out to help me, but I regained my composure quickly and continued what I was doing. It was cute to know that he cares for me.

We reach the center of the Chasm, near the entrance to the underground area. The fall to the lake below is a long one. I should know, I fell through it once.

"Guizhong." Zhongli urged.

"Got it." I took out a rope and tied it on the strongest tree I saw, including sticking its hook into the wood for extra measure. I went back to Zhongli and threw the other end of the rope into the hole.

And thus began our slow descent into the Chasm's underground. Zhongli went first, and I followed. He insisted on it.

When he reached the lake, he got his hand wet and was examining the waters. I was confused. After a while, he spoke right as I was close to reaching the end. "The water is safe and contains no potential issues."

"Good to know, Morax." I mean, I didn't really need to know it was safe. Either way, I would've ran into it.

When my feet landed on the lake, it made a small splash, and small amounts of water flew everywhere. One landed on Zhongli's forehead and slowly trickled down. I thought it was funny.

We ventured deeper into the dark caves, following our intuition on where the secrets hide. It seems Izerak was right, the structures of the stone did change. Certainly not because of our explosion, this was something else. The walls of rock seemed like one of those fidget toys where you pop little circles. For this one, all circles were popped within, creating sharp in between. The wall was like multiple thin sharp blades with craters surrounding them. People did this.

"Huh?" Zhongli pulled me to his side, away from the wall.

"Don't want you to get hurt."

"I'll be fineeee." I assured him.

He sighed. He's been so protective of me lately. Why?

We were in some random hall of sharp walls, aiming to arrive at the underground waterway. Zhongli held my hand throughout our entire expedition.

Until hilichurls popped out of nowhere. "Get behind me." Zhongli warned.

"It's okay, it's okay!" I insisted. "They're just hilichurls, no worries." I dashed past him to battle the enemies.

"GUIZHONG!"

As dust particles were gathering in my hand, forming some kind of bowling ball I can throw at them, the hilichurls took off their mask. As I expected, their faces are grotesque abominations, twisted and molded, as if a child made this face using clay. But what surprised me was their eyes. They were purple.

A snake made of violet smoke erupted from the back of the hilichurls and spat lilac flames at me. Thankfully, I dodged just in time, but a very small portion of my hair was burnt away, a few strands, no big deal.

Zhongli didn't think the same however. From the walls themselves, he summoned pillars that rose to the hilichurls, pushing their entire bodies against the other wall, squishing them until their body exploded like a water balloon. After that, he retracted the pillars.

He came to me, rushing. He looked at the miniscule part of my hair that was black and burnt. "Are you okay, Guizhong?"

"Yeah." I answered. "But... I was gonna try and use my Archon Energy to kill the Archon Residue."

"Or you were about to be burned alive."

"Morax, I'm fine, I swear. I could've handled it just fine."

"Please, be more attentive and careful..." I saw how he was reacting to what happened. I felt his hand on my shoulders, and they were shaking. I had never seen this before, his stoic character completely broke.

What was he afraid of? There's no way he was scared of the hilichurls. So what?

When he touched the burnt part of my hair with such gentleness, I realized what it was. He was afraid of losing me again.

...

We arrived at the underground waterway, and as the Favonius reports stated, the waters have turned completely purple. The rivers underneath Liyue's borders have been contaminated with Archon Residue.

I was worried for one moment, trying to wrap my head around what this means and how it even happened. But I quickly paid no mind to the what ifs.

All I had to do was use my Archon Energy to decontaminate the waters and everything would be fine. So I'll do that right now. I knelt down, close to the purple waters and my han-

"I'll do it for you, Guizhong." Zhongli walked past me and immediately activated his powers.

I could've been salty and said I was supposed to do it. But like, work is hard anyway. "Alright."

Zhongli's Archon Energy was reaching the Archon Residue waters like the light of the sun touching the sea. It was truly remarkable how much his energy was stronger than mine.

Until I saw something wrong. "Morax, your energy's concentration is too high. Might wanna lower it down."



"Alright." He obliged.

But still. "Hey, its a little too low now-"

The waters suddenly exploded. We backed away immediately before any of the liquid could touch us and infect us. From the waters, more snakes rose, and they yearned for blood.

I prepared my own Archon Energy. "We have to-"

"Get behind me, Guizhong!" He stood in front of me like an immovable wall.

"Morax!" He didn't know how to handle this stuff. His wrong concentration caused this, now he's gonna get himself killed for it.

Sharp stone pillars shot from the walls and flew towards the large purple snakes, but the beasts dodged every single one as they flew closer to him. Zhongli summoned more and more pillars, but the snakes were too fast for him.

When the snakes got too close, Zhongli activated his shield and protected me and him. However, when the snakes reached us, they bit Zhongli's shield and broke it like exploding glass. It shouldn't have been possible.

The snakes vomited their fires towards Zhongli. I shoved him out of the way and onto the floor, but I was too slow. His arm was burnt by the snake while we were moving. "Agh!" He grunted in pain. Archon Residue flames were different and would reach bone if not dealt with.

As he laid on the floor, I activated my own Archon Energy and placed it on his injured arm to stop the effects of the fire.

While he was recovering, my sights turned to the snakes. As they charged towards me and Zhongli, I threw a hurricane of Archon Energy at them.

...

The next day, I visited Zhongli's abode, which was weirdly inside of a funeral parlor. The very joyful owner showed me around and we arrived at his chambers, bandages around Zhongli's arm.

I sat next to him and his bed. "How are you holding up?"

"It'll take a while for some of the cells in my arm to regroup, but I'm fine." He drank the tea from his table. "Archon Residue is truly one of the most dangerous substances."

"Yup." As I was looking around in his room, I noticed something familiar on his cabinet. I stood up and walked to it, very surprised at what it was. It was the stone dumbbell I made and presented to him a couple thousand years ago. It was labeled. "Memory of Dust..."

It was a creation I was proud of showing to him. A piece of geo rock containing all of my wisdom. I gave it to him as some kind of pledge or something.

"After thousands of years, you still kept it!" I held it in my hands, still proud of myself for creating something so cool.

"Yes, I did." Zhongli said. "Although I was never able to unlock it."

"Oh what? That's easy. All you have to do is press this button."

"Press what button."

I pressed the very well hidden button that was crammed between the yellow geo stuff and the dumbell opened and revealed in my knowledge in the form of sparkling particles in the air.

"Oh..." Zhongli facepalmed herself.

"I seriously can't believe you kept it after all these years." I said. But then I sorta realized the sad truth behind that. "Did you really miss me that much?"

"Yes, Guizhong." He answered. "More than anything."

"Well, there must've been new stuff for you to be with! New friends or something."

"Yes, of course. But... It was you I yearned for."

"Oh." I closed the Memory of Dust and placed it back into the cabinet.

Zhongli sighed. "I'm sorry, Guizhong. I apologize for what happened yesterday. It was just...afraid."

"Afraid that I'd die?"

"Yes."

"Morax, I'm not going anywhere. I've been through worse."

"I know, but I still can't shake the feeling and anxiety behind it." Zhongli's hands were shaking. "I simply wouldn't be able to handle it again. After thousands of years of solitude, I don't know what I'd do without you again. I want to protect you so this can last forever. It should last forever."

He only ever reveals most of his emotions to me and only me... "It will last forever, I promise." I held his hands to calm him down.

He looked at me strangely. "How do I know this isn't a dream? Because nothing can be this perfect."

"I can pinch your face so you can see whether or not this is real."

I always remembered what happened in the Archon War. Morax was always so stern, his face always remained like bedrock, hardly showing any emotion. But when I died in his arms, he was crying. No. He was sobbing. That was one of the only times I saw him make another expression.

"I'm not going anywhere, I promise." I said to him.

His hand touched my cheek gently. "I love you, Guizhong."

I held his hand. "I know. More than you'll ever know. And I love you too." I kissed his cheek before standing. "Get some rest." And then I left the room.

But then my mind went towards what happened at the Chasm and how we could've saved all of those Corrupted people.. But we killed them instead. I still feel so ungodly guilty about it, nothing I do will compensate until I save more people than I have killed.

...

"HOW ARE YOU TWO DOING!?" I excitedly busted down the door. "ARE MY TWO FAVORITE STUDENTS DOING OKAY?"

"GUIZHONG, THE DOOR." Kurisu yelled. "YOU BROKE IT!"

"Ehh, I can fix it later." I entered the dark living room of Okabe's house. "You guys doing good?"

"Yes." Okabe was working on the time machine on the floor. "We've made some progress. The slingshot method will launch things into the mini black hole faster. We upgraded the protection so that the chances of us being sucked into the black hole is lower than ever."

"You two are doing amazing!" I ruffled up their hair. "But that's expected! You're being taught by the greatest engineer ever!"

"There is also some other news." Kurisu tugged my skirt. "Lily told us."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Our time machine project has a sponsor now." Okabe announced. "Our budget increased and we have more resources available to us now."

"Who sponsored it?"

"PolandBall."

...

Today, Eula was in town, so I decided to meet up with her. It's been a while afterall.

"Sup." We met up at a local teahouse. "Please, sit."

"Alright." Eula sat down on the fancy chair and scanned the menu.

I sat down as well. "So, how are things in Monstadt?"

"Well, they're not overflowing with Corrupted People, so that's great." Eula said. "A bit of trouble here and there, but it's ultimately fine."

"A bit of trouble, huh." I suddenly remembered. "I heard what happened to Collei."

"Yeah, that monster Dottore was trying to touch her." Eula was mad. "If he wasn't in prison right now, I'd have his head cut off."

"At least Collei is safe. But..." I realized the results. "A knights part-timer being groomed by a Fatui Harbinger. The two groups must have some kind of animosity."

"Frankly, the Fatui admitted fault easily." Eula explained. "They worked hard to maintain the alliance. They practically threw Dottore under the bus as soon as news got out. They worked hard for the trust of the Knights."

"Well, at least they have some kind of dignity. Oh! Our tea."

Eula drank from the cup that just arrived seconds ago. Her mood became more relaxed because of it. "But do you know the strangest thing from it all?" Eula asked. "They investigated Dottore's lab. That's not Dottore property, that's Fatui property. And yes, they saved all the children... But it wasn't Teyvat law or the Knights or even the Fatui that ordered the investigation of the lab."

"Who was it?"

"PolandBall." Eula answered. "They were the ones who investigated Dottore's lab. It was under the order of the new leader, Michael Jackson."

"What's uh... What's a PolandBall?"

"Some powerful military organization. I don't know, Collei's tutor works there."

"Huh..."

Eula seemed so troubled about it. "I don't know... It's like they used Collei's incident to have an excuse to break into the lab. They didn't even contact Collei or any of the Knights. Yes, they had a right and a warrant to investigate the lab because of Dottore's criminal record, but what did they really do it for?"

"They saved the children held captive there, right?"

"Yes. That you can assume is noble work... But I doubt that was their real goal." Eula drank more tea to relax herself. "They took the Archon Residue Dottore held."

"What the hell." Archon Residue was always scary.

"I don't think PolandBall or that Michael Jackson gives a shit about Collei. I think they gave a shit about the materials hidden in that lab and they used the excuse of Collei's incident to break into it."

"Jesus..."

"But..." Eula looked even more troubled. "I talked to Jean about it, but she didn't blame PolandBall as a whole... She blamed their leader."

"Michael Jackson..."

"Yes." Eula was incredibly worried. "Both the Knights and the Fatui discussed the third party involvement of PolandBall and came to the conclusion Michael himself is to blame." Eula drank more and more tea. "PolandBall didn't do anything illegal, but they have used Monstadt and Snezhnaya like pawns, sneaking their business where they didn't belong. Dottore's lab being investigated while legal was something that was deemed unnecessary. The incident had nothing to do with the lab at all. Because of Michael Jackson, the Fatui lost so many of their resources and Collei was used as some kind of chess piece, something the Knights hated."

"It sounds like Michael Jackson has angered both the Knights and the Fatui..."

"You're correct. Infact, the animosity between both groups is extremely low." Eula drank the last bits of her cup. "It isn't even PolandBall they look with disdain, it's their leader, Michael Jackson. All the blame goes to him."

"What's PolandBall gonna do about this animosity?"

Eula sighed, disappointed. "Who knows? They're more powerful than both groups combined."

### Chapter 3: Cersei Lannister.

Jaime POV

"I won't stay here for long." Aemond Targaryen said. "I just need all of you to do me a favor."

"The crown will humbly offer anything you seek." Tyrion replied.

Aemond stepped aside to reveal his sister, Halaena. "Missions in outer space are getting more and more dangerous each minute. At this rate, my sister won't be safe in any spaceship hub. I ask of you to let her stay here in Westeros, protected and cared for."

"We can do that." Tyrion said.

"What she needs is somewhere remote and almost isolated, but she'll also need someone with her to ensure she doesn't get lonely." Aemond explained. "Somewhere that's also near a village so she can participate in a community."

When he said that, Tyrion looked at me and smiled. And then I immediately went. "Brother, you're not seriously considering it, are you?"

"It's almost too perfect, Jaime." Tyrion said to me.

"Halaena won't be safe."

"Fifty guards will guarantee safety."

"Tyrion... I am not sure if sending her to live with Cersei is a good idea."

"Is that what you guys have planned?" Aemond asked.

"It will be safe, I assure you. She doesn't have Balerion with her." Tyrion explained.

"Tyrion... Leave poor her out of our sister's madness."

"Our sister needs someone."

"No she doesn't, Tyrion. She'll never change. She's incapable of change."

Tyrion looked at me, begging. "I know you hate her after everything she's done. But please... Let me help her. I want to believe she can get better."

I took a deep breath. "You're taking the blame if anything happens to Halaena."

"Then it's settled." Tyrion clapped his hands.

...

In the North, we arrived at a small singular house. It looked worn down and not taken care of. Snow covered the roof.

Aemond helped his sister get off the wagon and began to say his goodbyes. "I'll visit every two weeks, sister. You'll be fine here. I promise."

"Who's going to protect me if you're not here?" Halaena asked.

"There are fifty knights here who will guard you. They will keep you safer better than I ever could."

"That's not true." Halaena said. "Only you."

"Well..." Aemond was saddened. "I promise you, it'll be safe here. When I come back, I'll spend an entire afternoon listening to you talk about your dreams and insects. Okay?"

"I'll miss you." Halaena said to her brother.

Aemond sighed. This was hard for him to do. "Me too, sweet sister."

As their conversation ended, I entered the worn down house so I could get my point across. Inside of this house, Cersei was sitting on the dining table, naked.

She hasn't exactly been taking this life too well. Exiled from her royalties and driven to live a plain life as a villager in the North. When she heard of this, she screamed at Tyrion. Two weeks, she has done nothing to help herself. She spent all of her time sulking about her condition. She was mad that she would never wear gold again.

She saw me enter. "Jaime?"

"From here on out, you will be living with Halaena Targaryen." I stated. "Treat her well or I'll cut your head off."

"Please don't hate me, brother..." She made sad eyes at me, which I ignored. "Please, you have to save me. You have to set me free. I can't do this anymore. The villagers hate me, I don't know how to do crops, and this isn't befitting for a Lannister of Casterly Rock. I shouldn't be here. Please, Jaime, please."

"Cersei-"

"Please, you have to let me go. Please, let me return to Kings Landing. You have to save me. I need you now more than ever. Please. I love you. I love you. I love you."

"Just... Stop." She was clearly going mental from these conditions. She doesn't know how to sustain herself. She's lost quite a lot of weight since the two weeks she's arrived here. "Just treat Halaena nicely and maybe I'll bring you a necklace or something."

"YOU CANNOT KEEP ME HERE, JAIME!" She screamed. "I AM A LANNISTER! I WAS THE QUEEN! PLEASE!"

I slammed the door shut.

I don't know what Tyrion sees in her, honestly. She's never going to be better. She's always been like this. When we return to check up on her in a few weeks, I doubt nothing will change.

...

Cersei laid down on her bed, still completely naked. She hasn't bathed herself in the entire two weeks. The house itself has accumulated an unthinkable amount of dust. This weren't exactly favorable living conditions for Halaena, but there was a broom in the kitchen.

"Would you be willing to help me?" Halaena asked Cersei. She did not answer back, she remained completely silent in her bed, like some kind of corpse. "Alright."

Halaena spent the entire first day cleaning the house. She swepted the floors of dust and webs and in the end created some kind of ball with everything she collected, it was the size of a foot. Next, she scrubbed the walls with

a large towel to bring out the beautiful wooden color within them again. She cleaned the furniture, organized the tools and utensils, and set up her own bed. By the end of the day, the house looked completely brand new.

Halaena was exhausted by night, her bed bringing her a sweet embrace. Next to her, however, Cersei still hadn't moved at all. "Do you have any stories, Lannister?"

"..." Cersei replied. She hasn't slept this entire time.

"You were a queen, right? I was a queen too." Halaena spoke. "Any interesting stories from that period?"

All Cersei could remember was the abuse from Robert, the hatred and humiliation from the citizens, the time she was locked up by the Faith Militant, when she was forced to walk naked onto the streets. Everything was horrible memories. In response to Halaena and her own traveling mind, Cersei covered her ears.

Halaena took that as a no. She went to sleep and dreamt of Aegon.

When morning rose, Halaena awoke first. She left her bed and looked through the kitchen cabinets. There was a large quantity of food that Cersei refused to consume. After 12 minutes, Halaena made herself a simple sandwich.

She saw that Cersei had finally woken up when she rolled around and their eyes locked onto each other. "Good morning." Halaena waved innocently. Cersei turned her back on her and did not respond.

Halaena went outside the house and saw the pile of dust and other dirty things she collected sitting by the fence. She didn't really know where to put them. She looked to the backyard and saw absolutely nothing but grass, with minimal amounts of snow. "They did say a village was near here..." Halaena said to herself. The next minute, Halaena left the house.

Cersei was alone. She didn't wanna do anything at all. Whenever she moved to do something, the Gods would strike her. When she wanted to protect her children, she was bismirched. When she wanted to drink, she gained weight. Movement ruins everything. Do nothing, nothing happens. You harm no one and won't be harmed.

But still, Cersei needed to eat. So she reluctantly stood up and ate a single piece of bread before going back to bed, a process that took two minutes. She went back to sleep, wishing Balerion was here. If she could break out of here and go into the Dragonpit, she could fly with Balerion again.

Cersei's slumber was interrupted when she heard noise in the backyard. Halaena returned with a hoe and a rake. She got to work on cultivating the soil in the backyard and remove certain things. At first, she struggled to use the tools and did many things wrong. But then she slowly took her time and an hour into farming, she managed to get a hold of what she's supposed to do. But when certain tasks required her hands, she obliged.

All Cersei could hear outside was the occasional hitting of dirt and rock. It was rhythmic, she could count the seconds before the hoe would hit the ground. That rhythm slowly put Cersei to sleep again.

...

Two weeks later, Aemond arrived with Tyrion.

"Are you well, sister?" Aemond asked her.

"Indeed I am, brother." She replied. "It's quiet here. I like it."

"What about my sister." Tyrion asked. "Has she given you any trouble?"

"No. She just lays in that bed all day." Halaena stated. "She does absolutely nothing."

Tyrion sighed. "Alright... Well, I like what you did with the place. Looks vibrant."

Aemond saw a glimpse of the backyard. "Is that a farm?"

"Oh, yes." Halaena replied excitedly. "To spend less money on food, I decided to start our own farm. So far, we've got nothing, but I'm seeing the first signs of stem!"

"That's wonderful, sister." Aemond smiled.

While Halaena and Aemond were talking outside, listening to her speak about farming and insects and her weird dreams about the blue man and his green daughter, Tyrion was with Cersei.

"I already assume you aren't well, sister." Tyrion said to her.

Cersei pulled up the blankets.

"It'll get better with time. Trust me." Tyrion rubbed her arm before leaving.

After Aemond and Tyrion left, Halaena did what she always did near night. She would collect little insects she'd see and put them in jars. She showed her current collection to Aemond, she wants to show more new ones for the next time he visits. Meanwhile, Cersei was eating a single biscuit before going back to bed.

Another two weeks went by, Halaena often returned to the house with either more farming equipment or miscellaneous tools, like a small mirror for her to use. The plants in the garden had grown halfway. Another three weeks and she'd be able to harvest some of them.

Soon enough, three weeks did go by, and Halaena harvested every vegetable that was available for harvesting. Carrot, cucumber, lettuce, green onions, radish, and tomato. That night, she made herself some tomato soup.

Even after all this time, Cersei still hasn't moved from her bed. Even if whatever Halaena cooked smelled delicious, she did not move at all.

Until one day, nevermind how many weeks have gone by precisely, Cersei Lannister had sat down on her bed. After weeks of sulking and holding onto old memories for half of her days... She felt the sudden urge to see the sun. She doesn't know why, she just has to.

When she went outside, she took a peek at Halaena's garden, which was rich with fruit and vegetable it almost seemed like paradise. Halaena took notice of Cersei's presence and was astonished.

"You're up!" Halaena was excited.

"Y-Yes..." Cersei analyzed her garden. "Why does one side of your farm have more quantities of food than the other?"

"The left side is for our personal use. The right side is the stuff I sell to the village."

"Sell to the village?" Cersei did notice Halaena came home everyday with a single bag of coins, but she always assumed she stole them.

"Yes." Halaena touched a potato. "Usually, families are my main customers. Sometimes, I'll give some potatoes for free."

She's just like Margaery, Cersei thought, a fool loved by the small folk. "Good for you." Cersei went back to bed.

After that day, Cersei became more physically active. She ate more, but only two times a day, but it was a full meal. Cersei would walk in the garden. Cersei would cook her own food. She didn't really do anything with Halaena. Cersei minded her own business, and she had not opened her own voice in so long that she forgot what it sounded like.



One day, when Aemond and Tyrion went to check up on both women, Jaime came along too. Cersei often begged Jaime to free her, but today was different. She desperately tried to avoid his gaze, for she knew she'd only find resentment. Cersei did talk to Tyrion though, and elaborated that she did not help with the garden at all.

When everyone left and it was just Halaena and Cersei again, a turning point happened.

Halaena was extremely happy when Aemond gave her a souvenirs from some foreign planet. Cersei noticed and couldn't help but speak. "Must be nice to have an older sibling to care about you."

Halaena was always surprised when Cersei did anything but sleep. "Yes! Aemond really is a sweetheart. He takes after his mother, I feel."

"Must be nice to be well respected by everyone around you, huh." Cersei took deep breaths. "To be seen as something pure. Everyone likes you and people would die for you. Doesn't that sound fun?"

Halaena remained silent, unsure of how to answer.

"Here's a little lesson, Targaryen." Cersei laid her back down on her bed. "One day, all of those men are going to rape you bloody. You act like a pretty little princess, a perfect woman. You fool yourself for respect. You have stained yourself to be liked by everyone. You are an idiot who sings of birds and butterflies."

Halaena only sat down as she listened to Cersei's rants.

"An innocent little autistic dove you are. I had someone like you once under my watch. She was also a little dove. Men love women like you. But I say you are everything wrong with women. You are weaker than you know. Submissive and everything. You set yourself up for failure."

"I... I just want to be nice to others."

"I don't know how you can be happy being inside the body of a woman. A disgusting creature. A curse. You are more feminine than all of them, and it makes me sick. You're practically asking to get raped like septas pray to be with what they wear."

Cersei stood up, drunk even though she drank nothing in the whole day.

"This universe is nothing but evil. It is unfair and will take everything you love. I hate you because you're so fucking weak. You will never be able to defend yourself. Kindness will never be enough. You are everything wrong with what you are. I despise your values because they have failed me. So do me a favor and head to the next village and get fucked by some old man or something. Show off your little princess tits and know what the true world is like, while I continue to strengthen my mind, facing the reality."

Cersei sat back down on her bed, eating an apple.

Halaena was on the verge of tears. "What's wrong with being kind...? What's wrong with it?"

"Oh, little dove." Cersei scoffed. "Take it from a mother. You will never win power with giving away free food."

"...A mother..." Halaena's heart ached. "I was a mother too."

Suddenly, she got Cersei's attention. "What?"

"All three of my children died horrific deaths." Halaena explained. "In the end, I took my own life because of it. That's how I ended up in Hell. For such a cruel world, I want to be it's shining light. That's why I choose to be kind. I want to create a world my children would've loved."

"..." Frankly, Cersei didn't really hear that last part, with the whole philosophy thing. She only heard one detail, and that was the death of Halaena's children.

For a moment, Cersei saw all of her own children's deaths. Joffrey's choking, Myrcella's blood, Tommen's splattered body. When she looked at Halaena, she saw herself. She saw grief. She saw pain. For the first time, Cersei understood Halaena.

"I... I am sorry." Cersei understood more than anyone. For all that she is, she can still feel empathy. "I'm sorry for...what I said." She knew what she'd feel like if someone said what she said to her, with the ache of losing kids. "I shouldn't... I..."

"It's fine." Halaena went to bed.

That night, Cersei slept with unbearable regret. She shamed herself for doing such a thing. She hated that she attacked someone who had the same soul as her. They were both mothers. With what she said, Cersei practically insulted herself and her own mourning.

In a terrifying revelation, Cersei realized she wanted to be understood by others, to validate her feelings. She saw an opportunity in Halaena, but she destroyed that chance before she even knew it was an option. She wanted to connect with Halaena over their motherhood, but Cersei has ridiculed her. Even now, Cersei still feels her femininity is idiotic, but for the first time she feels horrible about such a thought. Cersei thought she was doomed to never be understood by another person and have them by her side. She has lost Jaime, she has lost her children, she has lost Azazel, and she has lost Halaena before she ever got to claim her.

It was power she wanted, she thought, but now she isn't so sure. What did power mean to her?

...

The sun rose again, and day was here.

Cersei left her bed by unconsciously rolling off of it. The ground gave her a harsh awakening. She wanted to somehow rip the floor's heart out before remembering wooden planks don't have feelings.

She took a single piece of bread and that was her breakfast as always. Unfortunately, she had to eat one of those weird end pieces at the bottom since they ran out of good bread. Not ideal, but it'll work.

Halaena wasn't inside the house, and for a moment Cersei thought she ran away from her just like everyone else. But no, she was simply in the garden as always when Cersei heard the sounds of fruit being taken from their branches.

Halaena was approached by Cersei while she was busy working on the ground, kneeling to get an advantage to the seeds. Halaena looked at her, Cersei couldn't tell what expression she was giving her. She hopes it's not bad.

"Morning." Halaena said as her finger created a line on the almost black dirt. "Glad to see you actually walking around."

"About yesterday..." The words got caught in Cersei's throat often. "I apologize. I shouldn't have insulted you-"

"It's fine." She continued her business as usual.

"I understand how it feels to lose your children. As a mother, I shouldn't have-"

"Yes, yes, I know, it's okay." Halaena gently placed the carrot seeds in the line she created.

"I ridiculed you before I knew anything about you and I am truly sorry. I want you to understand that I understand-"

"Cersei." Halaena raised her hand and finally looked at her. "Like I said before, it's okay." She returned to sowing. "We all have issues."

She couldn't respond, Cersei simply stood still and tried thinking of a reply, but never could she find something, anything. But yet, she was insistent. "I am genuinely sorry, Halaena." She walked closer to her. "I want us to understand each other." She admitted with hesitation. "To be comforted by the fact that someone else understands our grief and they are right here with us."

"Cersei, please-"

"I have done so many things I am ashamed of and I know nothing I could do would make you forgive me." She knelt down to Halaena's level. "If you hate me, I understand. If you want to k-kill me, then so be it. If there is anything I can do to make up for it, then-"

"Cersei!" Halaena suddenly clapped both of her hands loudly. "Just... Look, it's in the past. Everything is in the past. I'm quick to forgive, unfortunately. So please, let me do my job."

"..." Cersei didn't know what else to do. "Sorry for that." Except apologies.

"You're a new woman, Cersei." Halaena said. "Reborn, escaped from the afterlife. You shouldn't be spending your new life fixated on your old life."

"... Okay." Cersei would've said a thousand words, but all she got out was one.

"Apologies will never do anything. It's all about actions. Don't say apologetic words, be apologetic."

Cersei nodded silently.

As she was placing the seeds, Halaena sighed. "It's gonna take a while..." She said to herself. "Hey, Cersei, you wanna make up for it? Here."

Halaena threw a packet of seeds at Cersei, who didn't catch it for she was too vulnerable. The packet bounced off of her chest and onto her lap. She took it by hand immediately.

"What...What should I do?" Cersei asked.

"Let me show you." Halaena dug her finger into the dirt by only the size of her fingernail. "Dig a line. Not too deep, just enough to bury it back." Her finger moved straight down, creating a small crack in the soil.

Cersei followed. It was simple enough. Place the tip of your finger into the dirt and create a line. She was hesitant to place her clean hands into the dirt, but she didn't feel like a Lannister anymore anyway. She may as well have been a commoner, so what does it matter.

"Next, take the seeds into your hands." Halaena opened the packet and took some carrot seeds with her fingers. Her hand moved back towards the line on the dirt. "Gently place the seeds into the channel, all the way through the line. Sprinkle them, almost."

Cersei's hand was too slow and calculated for this part, trying desperately to make it seem perfect.

Halaena noticed. "Relax. Don't worry about it. Not much thought, just sprinkle them." She said as she took out more seeds.

She followed her instructions, letting her hand do the work, simply dropping the seeds evenly into the drill. Quickly enough, Cersei was finished.

"Lastly, lightly bury the seeds, bring the dirt back to where it was." Halaena's hand moved the dirt around before gently slapping the ground on where the line used to be. "Feel the pressure of the ground to know if the seeds are in good contact with the soil."

Cersei brushed the dirt back over the seeds before applying light pressure to know the seeds' condition with the dirt. "I think mine are uh...good."

"Great." Halaena tossed more packets of carrot seeds to Cersei. "Let's make more of these. We need to have this entire sub-section sowed before nightfall." Halaena made another line.

"O-Okay." She continued her work. Cersei learned how to sow.

It was evening, and both had finished their task. The entire section was sowed. Cersei was dripping so much sweat that her clothing was fully wet. Halaena, on the other hand, was only wet on the neck.

"Alright, wait right there..." Halaena said before leaving.

Cersei stared at their work. It didn't look different from the sight before the sowing. It all looked the same, yet it felt so different now. Maybe because she was aware there were seeds beneath the soil, but on the outside it seemed like nothing changed at all. Cersei thought to herself: Change is in the inside.

"I'm back." Halaena returned with a watering can with a sprinkler head. "I'll need to teach you this too."

"Okay." Cersei remained calm, quiet, and attentive.

Halaena removed the sprinkler head from the can. "When it comes to sows like these, don't water it like this." She poured the water on a separate area of dirt. The water fell like a straight line, a pillar, a spear. It resulted creating a wet hole into the soil. "Don't do it like that. It might ruin your dirt and your seeds will wash away, along with having a little hole you have to deal with."

Cersei nodded.

"This is why we have this." Halaena placed the sprinkler back on the can. She poured the water, and it fell like scatters of rain. Little droplets traveling everywhere in small amounts. It didn't create a hole in the ground, it simply made the ground wet. "That's what we're looking for."

"Alright." Cersei nodded again.

"Don't put too much water. Just enough." Halaena handed the watering can to Cersei.

She tilted the can and let it rain over entire areas in the soil, making sure she didn't linger too long on one spot. She would lunge the can when she had to water a spot that was farther away. By the end of it, the soil was perfectly hydrated.

Cersei gave the watering can back to Halaena. "Good work." Halaena said. "We'll do it again tomorrow."

"A-Alright..." Cersei looked at their work again, and once more felt as if nothing changed but the inside. But she knew that those insides would eventually rise above the dirt, giving birth to something new. And there and only then would others see the soil differently.

...

Halaena was doing crochet while Cersei was slowly eating the last of her soup, Halaena already finished hers. She was struggling to finish a certain part of her crochet.

"Twist it farther and pull gentler." Cersei advised. "See if that works."

It worked, to Halaena's surprise. "Hm, thank you."

"Why are you making those?" Cersei asked.

"For Aemond." Halaena answered. "Dragon crochets. He likes those. He's obsessed with dragons."

Cersei wanted to say she was too, but she kept her tongue. "That's good. Be good to your brother." She said with regret. "By the way, pull the yarn through the lower end if you want a more resilient structure."

"You seem quite intelligent in crochet, Cersei." Halaena said. "You must've really appeased the septa who took care of you and all other women."

"...Sure." Cersei felt uncomfortable with that statement. "You're saying I am rather feminine?"

"Yes."

"Alright..." Cersei didn't know how to respond, nor how to analyze the feelings inside of her. She didn't like the statement at all. She felt repulsed by it.

Her mind only came to one conclusion always: The more feminine she was, the weaker she was. That was always her own fact.

But seeing Halaena, who Cersei views as strong for being more mentally healthy and practices proper mourning for her children, embracing her own femininity makes Cersei wonder. The pretty little princess, were they stronger than she realized?

Cersei wondered... Why did she feel so repulsed by the idea of herself being feminine? The conclusion came quickly.

In a male-dominated society like Westeros, where women are rarely in positions of power, Cersei felt as if being masculine was the only way to get anywhere. The only times she used her femininity to get what she wanted, it involved being naked. Humiliated and bismirched, she felt through those acts, even if it helped her politically in the long run. For the harm she felt using it, Cersei was ashamed of being a woman. Her sex would disadvantage her in society's ranking. Her sex was the key to power, but it cost her own dignity. Her sex made others doubt and harm her. Her sex made hate herself.

That was the answer.

"Is it strong to be a woman?" Cersei asked Halaena like some child.

"What do you mean?"

"What is the true strength of being some pretty little princess? What does it mean to be as strong as a princess? How does a woman like you become strong?"

Halaena thought about her answer for a long time while pulling the yarn.

"Well... Maybe kindness, politeness, empathy, vulnerability, and more I don't remember. True strength, to me at least, isn't inclusive to any gender. True strength is resilience. Our strength lies within emotions and feelings, to remain bright in a world that truly isn't. To provide care and compassion to others and ourselves. We not only make ourselves strong by choosing to reject a cruel world in favor of being kind, but we make others strong through kindness. Femininity nurtures the good in the world, it is the protector of our ability to be emotional. I choose to be kind to be happy knowing I want to help others. I am strong because I looked at your insult to me and remained resilient. It didn't break me. Now here we are, I have taught you how to gently care for the plants like a mother would her children."

Cersei's mouth was open and it didn't want to close. She was awestruck.

"But in the end, that's my opinion. Maybe it can also rely on physical strength. But what do I know, I don't workout." Halaena continued her crochet.

It was beautiful, Cersei thought. For the first time, she saw femininity as something beautiful. Which made it more painful when she realized one thing.

*That's not me, it wouldn't be me. I've gone through too much to be it. So... What am I? What can I be? I'm not a princess nor am I physically strong. I'm just...empty.*

...

The next day.

"Take these." Halaena handed Cersei a basket of vegetables. "We're going to the village."

Cersei felt her chest beating rapidly. "I-I..."

Halaena noticed her distress. "What's wrong?"

"T-They hate me."

"What did you do to them?"

"I..."

"Have you ever actually went to the village?"

"No..."

"Then you didn't do anything if you never went there."

"Yes, but history, Halaena. There could be people who know me and resent me for the things I did."

"It was decades ago."

"And people can still linger on their feelings."

"Halaena I'm scared." Cersei admitted. "I'm scared of others and what they think of me. I'm scared that they'll remind me of all the things I did."

"It'll be fine, trust me." Halaena insisted. "Cersei Lannister died 30 years ago under Kings Landing, remember? Who are you?"

"..." She sighed. "I don't know."

"Good. They don't know either, just as much as they don't actually believe I'm a person from 300 years ago."

For the first time ever, Cersei walked past the fence of their home. It felt different to walk on grass that wasn't on their own yard. It felt terrifying to walk into the outside world. Cersei felt as if she was walking on a land that wanted her dead at all times. She was more scared than ever.

They arrived at the village. It was rather small, but had a decent population. Wooden houses next to stone roads, three small fields of wheat, a few wells, a Sept as the central point. There were children playing by an open area. There were people buying various things in the marketplace. Not luxurious but humble, Cersei thought.

"Alright, let's split up." Halaena said before leaving her.

"Wait-" Cersei thought they'd do it together, but now she was alone, wondering how she's gonna sell all of these vegetables.

When Cersei watched Halaena, adults flocked to her with two coins of silver or something to trade. They all smiled around her, and she smiled too. They were laughing and talking to each other as if there was no trade happening. Commerce had never looked so delightful to Cersei.

By comparison, she made a poor attempt to sell her own basket. In fact, Cersei was just walking around, hoping someone would come up to her. She was terrified to talk to others. To say the wrong thing or somehow hurt them.

After ten minutes of roaming around, Cersei went behind one of the buildings and hid from everyone. Not a single carrot sold. The shadow of the house looms over her, but she felt that darkness was always within her. She gently placed the basket on the ground before laying her back on the wall, in which she proceeded to quietly cry to herself. "What am I doing...?"

She doesn't know if she can ever be part of a community again. She doesn't feel like a person. She is lost. She has nothing left to give even after she took everything. Cersei does not feel human, she simply is.

But then she heard footsteps coming to her. The person took something out of her basket. "What's this?"

Cersei looked up and wiped her tears away immediately. She saw a little girl, holding one of Cersei's products. She couldn't have been more than seven or six.

"That's...an onion." Cersei answered her question.

"Can you eat it?" The little girl asked.

"Yes, it is edible." Cersei was confused as to why a child was here.

The girl opened her mouth, aiming to bite the onion and eat it. Cersei went forward to stop her immediately. "You shouldn't eat a raw onion. It's not good for you, little one."

"It isn't?"

"I ought to give you something better." Cersei looked through the basket and found it. "Here, an apple." She offered it to the child.

"Apple..." The child returned the onion and held the apple. When she bit into it, her eyes sparkled. "This is good!"

Cersei felt at ease. "I'm glad you like it, little one."

"Habra!" An elderly woman was approaching both of them all of a sudden. "What are you doing?"

"This girl gave apple to me." The little girl answered. "I like it."

"Let's get you back home, dear." The old woman got the girl behind her, facing her. "I am sorry for her troubles, my lady. I'll pay for the apple." She reached into her pocket full of coins.

"N-No..." Cersei stopped her. "No need. I uh... It's free for her."

"Are you sure?" The elderly woman asked.

"Yes, I am." Cersei looked at the child. "She's a pretty one. Is she your granddaughter?"

"Yes." The old woman answered proudly. "I'm watching over her for the time being."

"That's nice." Cersei nodded.

The old woman noticed the basket. "Oh. Yours?"

"Yes."

The old woman looked through the vegetables, analyzing their condition. "Freshly harvested... How much for five carrots? I need it for our stew tonight. Habra loves stew."

"Five silver for five carrots." Cersei answered.

"I can do that." The old woman took out exactly five silver coins and offered it to Cersei. "Here."

For a second, she was hesitant, feeling as if currency would corrupt her mind back into a Lannister. But then she remembered she was just another seller, not of royalty.

When she took the silver, she felt nothing. That's when she knew she was safe.

"You know..." The old woman continued talking. "A lot of my other colleagues could use some of these. Are you willing to sell it to them?"

"Y-Yes!" Cersei replied. "Of course I would."

"Great. Follow me."

Cersei proceeded to spend the entire afternoon selling her entire basket to the elders of the village, all the while playing with the children. She behaved with proper courtesy, gaining the respect of the elders. By the time the sky was orange, the vegetables in her basket were replaced with coins. They thanked her for her charity, then Cersei promised she'd return for more when she gets to harvest some.

Her and Halaena met up on the outskirts of the village. "How much did you sell?" She asked.

"All of it." Cersei proudly proclaimed as she showed the basket full of silver.

"That's better than I thought." Halaena looked at the basket. "I sold all of mine too." She wiped off the sweat from her brow. "Come on, let's get home. I'm starving."

"Okay." Cersei followed.

Nowadays, Cersei follows a routine throughout her days and weeks. She'll wake up, eat, stare at the sun before getting to work on the garden with Halaena. She'll have lunch, then she'll rest, then she'll use her free time doing whatever, then go back to the garden.

At the end of every week, her and Halaena harvest the vegetables and go to the village to sell them. Cersei is particularly popular around the elders and their children. Their baskets always ended up empty by the end of the day.

A plain life, but Cersei never felt richer.

One night, after successfully managing to sell two full baskets of harvest, Cersei felt more accomplished than ever. Her and Halaena were exhausted, yet prideful. Cersei laid on her bed, smiling.



And that's when the voices said: "Happy, aren't you?"

"Huh?" Cersei jumped in surprise.

"Living a humble life as a farmer. Isn't that great?"

"Who's there?"

"Giving away meals to families. Being courteous to them, and they return your kindness. A simple life. A farmer."

Cersei looked around for the voice, but only saw Halaena sleeping.

"You forget yourself, Cersei. Those same people you sell to, they might have been similar to the people you hurt a long time ago. Families, children, women, men."

"I don't understand..."

"You never will. You ordered the deaths of children, caused the deaths of multiple people who looked similar to Tyrion, your hatred of women has ruined their lives in your rule, you blew up a Sept with wildfire, you usurped the throne with your incestuous children. You hurt Jaime, you tortured others, you have abused everyone you come into contact with. They are all dead while you still live, smiling. You have NO right."

"Stop it..." Cersei covered her ears, in pain.

"There is no life for you to gain redemption. You blew up the afterlife with wildfire, you caused the double-deaths of BILLIONS. You broke that boy Aladiel's mind. You waged war and lost. You stole all of the Dragons of Alberia with Archon Residue. You stole Balerion. You let The Void consume everything and helped it. You used your army of dragons to kill thousands. Everywhere you go, it's always either explosion or stealing."

"STOP IT!!" Cersei screamed.

"Second chance at life and you already wasted it with even more sins. It's power you want, revenge for people who have done nothing to you. You lust for blood. You want the throne."

"STOP!!"

"That's why you joined Azazel. He promised power. That's why you voluntarily joined him to blow up Asgard."

"...Asgard?"

Cersei remembered the days she spent in Asgard, mindlessly waiting for Azazel to give the signal to ignite the wildfire. For so long, it didn't come at all. She waited so long for the signal, she had to know what the hell he was doing up there. When she found him, Azazel was being pampered by some Goddess. He was blushing.

She didn't understand, Cersei was dumbfounded. Why is he spending all this time with Odyne? She's a deity, and their goal was to kill all Gods.

Shortly before the explosion, Azazel called her to call off the explosion. Cersei was disappointed. She theorized what could have happened to him. Did that woman brainwash him? Why did he run away from destruction?

But after she noticed commotion in the streets of Asgard, Azazel called her to ignite the wildfire. She did as he asked, and Asgard went up into flames.

Shortly after reuniting with the others, Azazel seemed different to Cersei. When she talked about the Gods, Azazel didn't give a single shit. He talked about enemies, he talked about the Prime Universe, he talked about Jaime, he talked about some guy named Michael. He said that EVERYONE who opposed him needed to die. That's when

Azazel began the construction of The Void. Azazel wanted the destruction of the present, just so the future wouldn't happen.

Why, she asked him. Azazel answered to keep Odynne alive. Cersei didn't understand then, but she knew he was overly emotional about that Goddess. The Void's goal was to consume everything in the Prime Universe and leave nothing behind. Throughout their time, spending all day operating the black hole, Azazel's emotions were different.

He was vengeful, he was rageful, he was crying every second, he kept saying he missed Odynne more than anything. Pathetic, Cersei thought once.

But now, she understands. He found love, and he decided that was better than blood. If it weren't for what killed the Goddess, he would be happy. If destiny didn't run its course, then he'd be doing the same thing she's doing right now. He could've been better.

"I understand now..." Cersei said to herself. "I understand, Azazel. We're the same..."

"Monsters." The voice replied.

"Yes, but with heart." Cersei knew what she needed to do. "My sins will never be forgiven. But I will spend my entire life trying to atone. That will be my true punishment, it will be my hell. I accept it."

Cersei woke up, it was all a dream.

Halaena also awoke at the same time and looked at her. "What happened? You were making a lot of noise in bed."

She looked at Halaena and a tear fell down her cheek. "H-Halaena..." She looked at her own hands. "I have spent all my life in pain, and instead of helping others, I have inflicted pain onto them out of pure malice..."

"Cersei?"

She wiped her tears away. "But no longer. No longer will I let that be me. From this day forth, I am stepping away from hate."

When the day comes that she meets Azazel again, she shall attempt to convince him to move away from his path of revenge, like he did once before. When the day comes they should be reunited, Cersei will help him heal.

...

Jaime POV

I was on the phone with Miku...

"I thought he's been doing a good job." I said.

"He does his job quickly, but not efficiently." Miku stated about our person of subject. "He half-asses everything he does, leaving behind a mess of problems for the UGA to deal with."

"I'm sure Michael Jackson isn't that bad..." I wanted to believe PolandBall was in good hands.

"I don't wanna say Michael has been a bad leader..." Miku struggled to say anything. "But... Come on, last week he ordered the mining of Celestial Meteorites in space, sending his own employees. This wouldn't be a problem whatsoever."

"But?"

"But they mined that stuff in Project Sekai territory. Those were our property. And the leftover debris would make multiple obstacles for any of our ships that were supposed to pass by that specific area. My operations have been delayed because Michael didn't ask permission nor negotiated with me. I could've given him the meteorites for free, but he did things himself."

"Seven hells..." Okay, this wasn't sounding good.

"Sorry for venting when we should be discussing Euden..." Miku sounded so tired. "Michael Jackson has been a pain in our asses."

"Are you gonna do something about him?"

"We need PolandBall, unfortunately. They possess a large amount of power and skill we don't have." Miku admitted. "But frankly, it is Michael himself I mistrust. It's like everything has to go through him, I'd rather talk to another employee of theirs."

"He may be doing everything himself."

"Likely..." Miku sighed. "I just wish he'd stop doing things that hinder the operations of other groups. Moreover, I wish he did his job better. He's not exactly the best at communicating."

"He's done more stuff like this to other groups?" I was focused on that particular section.

"Yeah. We saw PolandBall ships acting on UGA diplomacy on their own with another group. I repeat, they were doing UGA diplomacy for us. That's supposed to be a thing all of us should be doing together, not just them... I had to stop their negotiations immediately."

"Wow..." Michael didn't sound bright.

"Anyway, look after your sister and Halaena, Jaime. I have to work." Miku said. "Bye."

"Bye..." And so she hung up.

Well, that was a boatload of information. You know, after all the promises made a month ago, you'd think Michael actually succeeded in being a leader. Was Obama this bad during his early reign?

Tyrion and the others always visited Cersei every two weeks. I didn't always come with him, I was doing business in Kings Landing with Brienne. I was making sure that our relations with the other space groups remained well. It seems Michael has sponsored Granblue's time machine project. That's good, it'll be done a lot faster.

Today, there wasn't anything to do, and I was particularly concerned with the wellbeing of Halaena Targaryen. So, I went with Tyrion. In Harrenhal, we met up with Aemond, who landed in his ship. Then we continued North by horse because Aemond doesn't have much fuel. Then, we arrive at Halaena and Cersei's place.

"Wow." Tyrion said. "Looks more green than I remember."

"The advantage of spring." Aemond stated.

Halaena was carrying a basket of fresh harvests outside when she spotted her Aemond. "Brother!"

"Sister." Aemond embraced her in a tight hug.

"Good for them." Tyrion said to me. "Now where's our own sister?"

"She's in the garden." Halaena answered. Probably killing the plants, I reckon.

I was walking slower than Tyrion since the horse ride was exhausting, so he got to the garden first as we traveled around the house. And that's when I heard them.

"Tyrion!" Cersei said before I flinched.

"Cersei." He greeted with courtesy, which I thought was unnecessary. "How have you be- Oh ow." I heard a thump. Did she hit him?

"Sorry, it's just been so long."

"Well, warn me next time you hug me." Oh.

"Noted." I heard the sounds of water inside of an object. "Could you pass me the sprinkler?"

"This one?" Tyrion asked.

"Yes that one." I heard the sound of something being attached to something. "It'll be raining tomorrow, so this is a good opportunity to sow as much seed as possible."

"You seem really committed to this." Tyrion stated. I was approaching closer to the garden.

"Well, it's our main source of food and money. The elders of the village are my responsibility-" She stopped when she saw me arrive at the garden. "Jaime."

"Hi." I waved my regained hand. What was she doing? Why is she not violently ripping the lettuce to shreds?

"Jaime, isn't it great?" He said. "Look at her! She's planting!"

"Yeah I uh... I see it." She looks different from the last time I saw her. More cleaner I guess, but there's something about her I can't describe.

Cersei took something out of her basket. It was the color of blood with the shape of a bomb. "Want an apple?" She asked.

She wants to kill me. It's poisoned. She's fucking fuming at me. Her vengeance knows tricks I cannot foresee. "N-No thank you. I just got off of a ride and I might throw up."

"That's fine." She smiled. Does she know I didn't fall for her trick? What else does she have in mind? Is there wildfire hidden in this house?

"I'll take it." Tyrion took the apple.

I panicked. "W-WAIT-"

"Mmm, fresh." Tyrion said while chewing. "Juicy too."

"Don't eat too much, brother. I have to give those to the children." Oh god no, those poor kids. They're all gonna die.

She proceeded to drop some seeds into the soil. What are those? Seeds of death? Will the grass turn into stone? What is she planting? Maybe she's planting something poisonous. It's the only answer.

"How's Kings Landing doing?" She said. She's gathering info on it so she can nuke the place, I know it.

"The men of Flea Bottom have turned into flies themselves." Tyrion joked.

She laughed. "That's funny."

"Thanks, I stole it."

Both of them began to laugh. My eyes are surely deceiving me. They're laughing together? Cersei and my brother?

Something about her is truly different. Like she's a changed person. Someone more pure than the one I saw previously. I mean, she's smiling with my brother, whom she wanted to kill ever since he was born.

The only logical explanation for this is that it is fake. All of this is a facade. The woman who used me is still in there somewhere, waiting. I will not let her hurt me again. She will not fool me once more.

...

"How is it?" Halaena asked around the dinner table.

"Delicious." Tyrion answered. "Right, Jaime?"

"Indeed." It was very good. "The beans go perfectly with the potatoes, and the sauce, what's in there?"

"Mostly tomato and garlic, with a bit salt and rosemary."

"It's delicious. You're a great cook, Halaena."

"Actually, Cersei cooked this."

"CUHCUHSHVHGH." I choked on the food. "O-Oh! T-Thats good! Y-Yeah!"

Oh god no, am I poisoned? How long will it be until I die? Is she gonna do a Joffrey on me? Am I going to vomit blood? Oh god, is wildfire gonna explode inside me?

After we were done eating, Tyrion spoke to me.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" He asked.

He must think the same as me! "Yes, absolutely, brother."

"Good. I think we should speak to Cersei."

"Yes." It is time we unmask her facade and see her true intentions with all this good food and charity she's doing. Surely, Tyrion must be thinking the same and not the complete opposite as the person who vouched for this outcome for our sister the most.

Halaena told us she was in the garden, doing late night work. Yeah, she's preparing something devious and evil.

Me and my brother arrived at the garden to see Cersei watering all of the plants with such even balance that there was no doubt they'd sprout into something beautiful.

"Cersei!" Tyrion approached.

"Hey, you two!" She seemed really happy to see us.

Tyrion continued. "We'd just like to say how proud we are of your progress in this rehabilitati-"

"WHAT ARE YOU HIDING!?" I took out my sword and pointed it at her.

"JAIME!?" Tyrion was outraged.

Cersei seemed surprised. "I'm not hiding anything- But if you want some of Azazel's plans for a few months from now, I can gladly give it u-"

"YOU'RE TRYING TO KILL ME AREN'T YOU?" I approached her. "You do not fool me, sister. It's always going to be the same thing. Fire and blood."

"JAIME STOP!" Tyrion shouted.

"The person who hurt me isn't gone and will never be gone." The tip of my blade was at her throat. "You will always be a monster. You will always hurt me. I am not afraid, I will not be afraid."

"STOP IT, YOU FUCKING IDIOT!" Tyrion demanded.

"Tell me, sweet sister, what is you truly want?" I asked of her.

Cersei thought of her answer deeply and answered. "I want to be a kinder, gentler person..."

"STOP IT!" Tyrion slapped my stomach. "JAIME, WITH ME!"

I sighed as I put my sword down. "This isn't over until you're dead." I proceeded to follow Tyrion to wherever he was leading me.

We were in the front yard near the entrance. Tyrion was rubbing his forehead in some kind of frustration.

"What the actual fuck is wrong with you?" Tyrion asked.

"Brother, you know as well as I do that she would kill us in a heartbeat."

"She changed, Jaime."

"She will hurt me all the same because that's her nature. She cannot change, Tyrion."

"People said the same about you, but here you are."

"SHE BLEW UP A SEPT, TYRION. SHE KILLED MILLIONS. I HAVE SEEN IT. DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT SHE DID TO ALADIEL?"

"I WANT TO BELIEVE SHE CAN GET BETTER."

"Tyrion, for all the Gods, you are putting us and Halaena in danger. She poisoned our food or something. She's done something, I know it! She wants to kill me, no other logical explanation!"

"... You're afraid of her." Tyrion said.

"What? No. No I'm-"

"You're scared of her. You're cautious around her. You think she's going to do something."

"What else could it be?"

"Paranoia."

"No, for crying out loud, it is not!"

"Jaime, look, I understand."

"No you don't, you're not the one who fucked her."

"Jaime, I am not saying your feelings are invalid. I probably shouldn't have taken you here to see her, someone who has hurt you more than anyone."

"She's going to kill us, Tyrion..."

"Jaime, you're allowed to never forgive her, I understand that. But I want you to acknowledge she can change and has changed-"

"What change would absolve her of all her sins, Tyrion? Tell me, what? NOTHING. No, no, I can't just let go a lifetime of abuse. You're asking me something impossible, Tyrion. If she truly has changed, then everything she did to me would have been for nothing. My suffering, Tyrion. What excuse would you tell me now?"

"... I don't know."

"She never thought of me as a person, just an extension of herself! And again, SHE BLEW UP A SEPT. Tyrion, I can't forgive her. Maybe you're right, I'm afraid of her. I can't let her hurt me again. Fine, you're right, I am scared. She has made me paranoid with every action she does."

"..."

"..." I took deep breaths. "I... I can't forgive her. Not after everything she has done. I'm sorry. Maybe she can change, but I will always be afraid and I cannot see her as anything else. She will always be a monster to me."

After a moment of silence, Tyrion pointed to something behind me. I turned around and Cersei was here the entire time.

"I..." Cersei spoke softly. "I am sorry. I am sorry for everything, Jaime. I am sorry for hurting you. I truly am. More than anything in the world."

"..."

"It is more than okay for you to resent me. I understand. If this is how you feel, then it's fine by me. But just know, I apologize for everything I have done to you. I am sorry. I am sorry. I am sorry."

...

Me and Tyrion were still in the house, getting ready to leave. He wouldn't talk to me, and Aemond already left a while ago. Tyrion isn't really talking to me. Cersei is keeping her distance. Halaena is Halaena.

As we were packing our bags, Halaena walked into the room to say goodbye to us. It seems she doesn't know what happened, despite the incident being on full public display.

"May The Seven bless you, my lords." She proclaimed to us.

"Thank you, my lady." Tyrion replied.

"Thank you, my la- oh shit." Something dropped from my bag.

Halaena noticed it right away. "A book?"

I picked it up. It was in pristine condition like I always kept it. "Yes. A friend of mine made these while we were in the afterlife."

"Who was he?"

"Probably the greatest writer of all time."

When the book fell, it opened on a specific page. I picked up the book and skimmed through it. The book was some kind of story about a future king of Rohan meeting Hobbits. This stuff takes place after LOTR, Tolkien wrote a hundred continuations in heaven.

...What would Tolkien say to me in this situation?

Hm, he'd probably say something like: *"Forgiving someone who has hurt you tremendously can be a great act of mercy and grace that can help you to heal. It's not something that comes easily, particularly if the hurt is deep, but you should remember that forgiveness does not deny the truth of the hurt or the injustice of what happened. Rather, it allows you to free yourself from the anger and pain you may feel and to let go in order to move forward with your life. Forgiveness requires strength of character and grace towards the other person who may not even be aware of the ways in which they injured you."*

But then I'd ask: Is it possible for a person to acknowledge change yet never forgive?

I feel like he'd reply with: *"A person can certainly acknowledge that someone has changed for the better while still never forgiving them. Forgiveness is not the same as forgetting the wrong that's been done. It's possible to see the good that a person has done or is trying to do without forgiving them for a wrong that is too deep or painful to be fully redeemed. Forgiveness is always a decision that must be made by the wronged party, and while it can be encouraged and supported, it can never be forced or demanded."*

I'd ask one more time: Can someone truly be okay with that?

And he'd say: *"A person can truly be fine with not forgiving someone, even if they acknowledge that the other person has changed for the better. Forgiveness is not a necessary condition for healing. Sometimes, allowing someone to remain in our lives without forgiving them can be a positive experience. It allows us to move on and focus on the present rather than dwelling on the past. Forgiveness is a personal choice that should always be made under one's own terms, and there is nothing wrong with deciding not to forgive someone."*

And then I'd ask: What should I do.

He'd respond, stating that I know what to do.

... Do I?

Ah damn it. What am I doing with my life?

"Halaena, where's Cersei?" I asked.

I just know Tolkien would be disappointed in me if I kept it like this.



...

I found my sister sitting in the garden, all alone. She noticed me immediately. "Jaime."

"Hi." I waved as I sat next to her.

"What are you doing here?" She asked.

"Me and Tyrion are leaving, so I wanted to say goodbye."

"Hm." He bit into an apple. "The sun is setting."

"Yeah, it is." Soon, the sky would turn dark, and yet people will say it is beautiful.

"...I truly am sorry, Jaime." She apologized again. "Nothing I do will ever take away the lifetime of harm I've done."

I didn't know what to say to that. Even now, I'm still afraid of her.

"But I am trying." Cersei continued. "I am trying my best everyday, even if forgiveness is never an option."

"Halaena taught you that?"

"I learnt it from you." She looked at me.

I was shocked, to be honest. "Well..."

Cersei looked up at the stars. "I have sworn to myself that I will let go of hatred and malice. To be more loving. All the people I have hurt, they come to me in dreams. I must carry their burdens."

I know that feeling, sister. I do. "Swearing an oath is never going to be enough. Feeling and talking will never be enough for atonement."

"Then I shall farm every day of my life." Cersei proclaimed. "I shall feed as many people as the ones I have killed. For all the destruction I caused, I will fix the world twice as much. For the amount of people I have hurt, I will save many by tenfold. I have to do as much as I can. I must make up for the harm I have done." She looked at me again. "I want to be like you, Jaime."

... Perhaps out of all the people I have inspired with my tale, maybe Cersei is the one I am proudest of. "Perhaps you'll never reach those numbers."

"Perhaps. But even then, I will keep doing it forever. I will dedicate my life to helping others. I will no longer hurt other people again."

"...Thats great, Cersei-"

"But farming is the bare minimum of what I can do, Jaime." She looked at me, full of determination. "There is another way. An actual way I can save as many people as the ones I have killed. Maybe even by a thousand fold."

"What?" This came out of nowhere.

"Somewhere out there in this vast reality, Azazel is planning his ultimate retaliation. He plans to destroy everything."

"Everything...?"

"At first, I couldn't understand his intentions for doing so. But now I do. A tragedy he is. He does it all for love."

"Are you serious?"

"Yes. Azazel is planning the death of the entirety of reality. He wants to destroy the present. The pain in his heart tells him to do this, but it is in his sadistic nature in general."

"So..."

"Jaime, I ask of you the same thing I requested during our last interaction." She stood up, her head blocking the sun's light. "You have to let me free from this place. You have to help me leave."

"What...?"

"But I do not ask you that for the lust of power anymore. I ask you this for it is my responsibility now. I must save reality. I am asking you to help me save everyone from the crisis."

"Crisis..."

"I am one of the only people who can convince Azazel to stop. This is how I will save twice as many people as I have killed. I will save everyone by saving Azazel."

"..." That was a boatload of information. "I just... I need to time process what you said."

"I... Sorry, I went on a tangent there." She sat back down. "Sorry..."

We stayed silent for a while.

And then I took an apple from her basket.

"You know... I don't know if I'll ever forgive you."

"I accept that." She replied.

"But..." I bit into the apple, consuming its juices. "At least I can do this. Just sit here with you to watch the sun set while eating. That much I can do with you. For everything you've done, at least I can have this moment with you."

"..." She smiled, relieved. "Thank you, Jaime."

"Stick to farming for now. We have time to think about the Azazel stuff. That village needs you."

"I will."

I looked at her, unafraid. "I will help you be a better person."

She was holding back tears before she handed me another apple. I took it without thought.

"Will it take long?" Cersei asked me.

"It may take an entire lifetime." I answered.

She looked at her sweaty palms. "Just how much longer will it take... Can I truly atone for all I have done in a lifetime or saving my friend?"

I stared at her for a long time, knowing how she feels.

"Even though I wish to be a kinder person..." Cersei Lannister said. "Even though I wish to be a gentler person..."

## Chapter 4: Tales from the UGA.

Daemon, Kirie, Malitis:

She dreamt of the incident. One year before The Void, Kirie's father was about to return home from his service. She couldn't be more excited, but a large part of her was afraid. Terrified. Mother didn't take the news well, how would he?

"Burn whatever the hell that kid gave you." Mother said to Kirie as she was preparing dinner. "Your father doesn't need to know what you've been doing."

Kirie didn't oblige. She hid the clothes Malitis gave her. In some older days, she would've followed, but not anymore. She had to do this for herself. She hid the clothes under the bed.

"Doing well?" A familiar voice said. Kirie looked behind to see Malitis by the door. He closed it. "Come on, let's get these things safely hidden."

"I'm going to wear them." Kirie said. "When dad gets home. I want him to see the real me."

"Your mom won't like that, Kirie. Look." Malitis pointed at her shoulder, a small mark of red. "It can wait another day, when she's out of the house."

"No, it has to be today." Kirie insisted. "I don't want to lie to him. This." She took out a skirt from the pile of clothes. "This is who I am."

"Don't break that, it cost 50 dollars." Malitis warned.

"Sorry." Kirie placed it back to the pile. "I just want everyone to know."

"I'm just worried for your safety. Your mother is not in the right mind."

"I can handle myself when it happens." Kirie stated. "I know self-defense."

"I don't know, Kirie..."

"Malitis." She placed her hands on his shoulders. "You gave me these clothes. You told me it was okay to be who I am. You have made me the happiest girl in the world. But whatever happens tomorrow, I will be okay. You don't need to be there."

Malitis still showed hesitation, until the end. "Alright... That's a promise."

"Good." Her hands returned to placing the clothes under the bed. "Now..." She took out the clothes her mother bought. The ones she disliked. "I gotta..."

"I'll uh I'll leave the room." Malitis did as he said.

Kirie spent a minute putting on mother's clothes. Looking at the mirror, the shorts were too tight, and the tank top made parts of her body feel exposed. She wanted no more than to cover up the rest of her shoulders.

"I don't..." Every time she looked at the mirror after adjusting her look, she just couldn't bring herself to love what she looked like. A stranger was in the picture, she wasn't. She does not recognize the person in the mirror, someone else had taken the body. A person that doesn't exist.

Everything in the mirror seemed wrong. It seemed to exist to hurt Kirie. Desperate to make things right, Kirie might have took something sharp and rip out the adam's apple in that throat. But Kirie didn't want to. Wrong as the person may be in the mirror, maybe she felt that the person was hurting like her, or misunderstood or didn't deserve harm at all like most people. Or maybe she felt she didn't need to do such a thing, for the stranger doesn't exist anyway. Either way, she couldn't bring herself to harm something, anything.

Eventually, she remembered she kept Malitis waiting for too long. Kirie realized she was responsible for her own happiness. She deserves to see the truth in the mirror.

Minutes later, Kirie exited her room to show Malitis her look. He was pleasantly surprised. "Oh, so you didn't wear the stuff your mom gave."

"Well." Kirie felt calm and content with the blouse she was wearing. "They didn't really fit me while these are the right size."

"I bought those for you, so of course they'd be the right size."

"How did you know my size anyway?"

"Uh- We don't talk about that."

Kirie looked at herself on her phone camera and didn't feel like hating the person she sees. A minute ago, she was happy about her appearance, feeling comfortable and warm. The next second, she went on with her day, paying no mind to what she looks like because why would she. It's her. It's her normal. Nothing burdens her as of now, she can move forward.

And then they came downstairs, mother saw Kirie. "Jesus Christ." She said.

"..." Kirie stayed silent. Malitis stepped forward, cautious for her protection.

"Your father didn't fight against the invaders for this, Kurtis." Mother stated. "He'd be disappointed."

"How do you know?" Kirie asked.

"I just do." Mother poured more wine into her glass. "I don't know what devil possessed you to think you're something you're not. Maybe it's that boy putting his strange fetishes onto you." She referred to Malitis.

Kirie felt offended for him, but he couldn't care less about what her mother says.

"You're a goddamn disappointment, Kurtis." Mother drank. "If I were you, I'd kill myself."

"You never loved me." Kirie said. "You never loved anything about me. You only love someone who doesn't exist."

Mother slammed the table in anger. "You delusional child. You are beyond fixing. You are not worthy of love if you can't love yourself."

"I do love myself." Kirie retaliated. "This is me."

"I DID NOT SUFFER MONTHS OF YOUR FILTH JUST FOR YOU TO HAVE SOME MENTAL ILLNESS." Mother shouted.

"YOU HAVE RUINED ME AND YOU DON'T EVEN WANNA MAKE UP FOR IT."

Kirie couldn't stand it anymore. "WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO EVEN APOLOGIZE FOR!?"

"APOLOGIZE FOR BEING ALIVE!" She threw the wine glass on the floor. It shattered into a million pieces. "You have failed in every aspect of being a child. If I had known this was where you were headed, I would've dropped you off at the garbage dump like I should've."

Kirie could feel the tears welling up in her eyes. Everything became a blur, her emotions peaked. She ran away, out to the door, going outside into the rain. Malitis followed her. The raindrops fell with her own tears.

"KIRIE!" Malitis called out to her. Kirie had ran far from her home. "KIRIE, WAIT!"

Kirie stood as the rain consumed her, her fingers clutching onto her arms. She cried louder than the storm.

When Malitis caught up to her, fully drenched, she spoke. "I want to leave this place... There's nothing here for me other than pain... I want to go somewhere that's not here..."

Malitis thought about what she said for a second. He took a deep breath before running towards her, embracing her in a deep hug. "Then we'll go together."

...

Both arrived at Malitis' place to dry off. Kirie didn't wanna return to her own house for the time being.

As they entered the home, they were greeted with the smell of burnt fish.

"Malitis!" His father called. "Where the hell have you been!?"

Malitis sighed. "I'll be right there, Hunter." He didn't like calling him father or dad or anything. Kirie knew that much.

When they arrived to where Hunter was, Kirie couldn't believe her eyes. Hunter was completely out of it, drinking and snorting some white powder on the table. "I'm so fucked up, Malitis. Help me out here. I can't get the thing in my mouth."

"..." Malitis obliged. He placed the cigarette on Hunter's mouth and ignited it. Smoke filled the air. "So how was work."

"The fuckin slot machine was having an error so I decided to do some poker. The casino was on my ass for my clothing but I didn't give a shit."

"...So you didn't earn anything."

"Hey!" Hunter pointed at Kirie. "Who is this? Some whore you bought? Keep it down."

"Don't call her that." Malitis said coldly.

"Calm down, Malitis. I'm only advising you."

"Advices, advices... Maybe you should get a job. Give me some leisure for once-"

Malitis was interrupted when Hunter threw another wine glass at his face. The impact left a small red bump on Malitis' forehead. He was about to fall when Kirie caught him, and he regained his composure.

"Don't disrespect your father like that, Malitis." Hunter said. "A child's job is to serve their parents until death. That's why I fucked your mother."

"..."

"Jesus." Kirie whispered very quietly.

"Do whatever you're going to do with that whore quickly so you can help me turn on the TV." Hunter said before drinking.

Malitis and Kirie locked themselves in his room. Malitis covered his face with a pillow. "Damn it..."

"You told me your dad was cool." Kirie said. "That was the complete opposite of cool."

"..."

"Did you lie to me, Malitis?"

"I didn't want you to worry."

"Well, now I am." She looked at the bump on his forehead. "You need to call the police. You're still a minor. You should-"

"No, no I can't."

"Why?"

"I just can't."

"Is there something I need to know?"

"No."

"Then call them."

"Kirie, I just..."

"...You're afraid." Kirie realized.

"Let's worry about you for now-"

"No, worry about your own problems. I can handle myself." Kirie assured him. "You have to call the police on him. Child Protective Services even."

"He's my only caretaker."

"You don't even think of him as a father!"

"Well, you got that right. I don't think I've ever had a real father."

"Malitis, please." She begged. "I'm worried for you."

"Please don't be, Kirie."

"You were always there for me, Malitis. Please. I want to be there for you now. I would've carried your burdens with you."

"You don't have to do this."

"I do. Because I care about you, Malitis." Kirie said to him. "I love you."

"What?"

"Nothing-" Kirie was too in the moment.

"Okay then..." Malitis didn't hear shit.

"Promise me you'll call someone. Do something about this." Kirie said.

"..."

"We'll go somewhere, Malitis. Together. Somewhere that's not here." She promised.

"...Alright. I will."

She took a sigh of relief. "Alright..."

...

In another place, far away from worlds. Daemon Targaryen sat across the leader of the group Fate/Grand Order, Artoria Pendragon, also known as Saber. Daemon was drinking a hot glass of coffee, compensation for his weeks being trapped in a pure ocean planet with Caraxes. Daemon was currently situated in Fate's hub.

"What's your name?" Saber asked him.

"Da...Daemon Targaryen." He answered like a dead man.

"Are you one of the resurrected?" Saber asked again. "You know, one of the people who fall out of the sky and seem to used to be dead people."

"I guess I am." Daemon replied.

"Where are you from?"

"Westeros."

"Hm, don't know that planet." She checked her map of the galaxy. "Any other info you can give us?"

"I... I used to be a Prince. I..." His heart ached. "I had sons and daughters."

"I'm sorry for your loss." Saber said.

Every passing moment, Daemon missed Baela and Rhaena, Viserys and Aegon. He felt empty without his family.

Saber noticed how sad he looked. "Hey, you want a job?"

"A job...?"

"Yes." Saber replied. "We're hiring for asteroid miners. Maybe you can join. Have a fresh start on your second chance in life. That's what we give to resurrected people."

"I... I'll think about it." All Daemon really wanted was his children back. His brother. Maybe even his wife. He wanted someone. Anyone.

Daemon returned to the chambers the hub prepared for him. He laid down on the bed, thinking about the job offer. He doesn't know any of this technology, all he has is his dragon. He is an empty man, devoid of purpose... 300 years ago, he committed grave sins, and now he is reborn. What will he do? What can he do?

...

Kirie's father had arrived.

Her mother berated her for wearing the clothes Malitis gave, but Kirie wouldn't falter. She wanted to be herself when father finally returned. Mother was so mad that she destroyed multiple wine glasses. Still, Kirie stood up for herself. Her mother was too late in stopping her now. Father was at the door.

He opened the door and was greeted with his wife and his daughter.

"Honey." Mother said.

Father simply nodded to her before looking at Kirie. "Hey, there you are."

"H-Hi..." Kirie waved shyly. She didn't know what his reaction was to her being like this.

"I missed all of you." Father smiled. "Now come on, I brought all of us souvenirs."

As father walked to the living room, he rubbed Kirie's hair like he always used to do when she was a child.

"Looking good, buddy. Keep it up." He said.

"..." Kirie's jaw dropped.

"WHAT." Mother was in disbelief. "YOU'RE LETTING HIM BE LIKE THIS?"

"If it's what they want, then sure." Father opened up his basket of gifts. "Fine by me. They're still my little buddy."

"BUT THE DEVIL-"

Kirie didn't need to listen to the conversation any further. She knew. She knew it was going to be okay now. "Thank God..." She cried tears of relief before composing herself. It was going to be okay. Father is home.

...

Mother was asleep now, but father and Kirie were still awake. He had brought her more souvenirs than she thought.

"This." He held up a piece of glowing rock. "A fragment of Celestial Meteor. Some say it can be used as fuel for time travel."

"Cool..."

"I know how much you loved these little rocks." He took out another. "This is meteorite infused with Homphobicinum. One of the most powerful energies in the universe."

He gave the rock to her. It felt like it could destroy a thousand ships. "This is amazing..."

"Have you thought about your future, buddy?" Father asked.

"Um..." To be perfectly frank, she didn't know what to do. "No."

"Well, whatever you wanna be, you can be."

"Thanks, dad." She stared at the Celestial Meteor. It shone every element. "What do you do in your job?"

"Me? I work for the Fate/Grand Order group."

"What is it like being in space?"

"At first, it's terrifying. But it becomes normal after a while and it feels like you're just swimming."

"Do you ever get to explore new places?"

"Yes." He said. "I've visited tens of planets by now. A world entirely of water. A world where dragons fly. A world where-"

It all sounded so beautiful, Kirie thought. What she wouldn't give to explore those worlds. She'd do anything. She wanted a place that wasn't here. She wanted the universe.

"You know, being a asteroid miner is a tough job." Father stated. "But it is essential to the survival of our people."

"Survival?"



"Without the materials from asteroids, half of our technology wouldn't work. Miners like us are the ones who collect the materials needed for us to explore the stars."

As if thunder struck her heart, she finally figured it out. "I wanna be a miner like you, dad!"

...

That same night, Malitis ran away from home without saying anything. All he did was leave 500 coins at Hunter's desk. He ran away without saying a word to the police. He still felt some kind of sympathy for Hunter, despite everything. Even before the night he ran away, Hunter placed a large scar on Malitis' chest that would never heal.

The next day, Kirie confessed that she wished to be a miner like her father. Malitis joined her wish, and they applied to work at the same group as her father. Fate/Grand Order. Malitis needed a new beginning since he was technically homeless now. He needed a job, and he needed to be there with Kirie. This was a good opportunity to do so.

Two weeks after applying, Kirie's father escorted both now young adults into the hub. It was their first time going into space. Three days after that, it was their first day on the job.

"Alright, you two." Kirie's father walked them through the hallways of technology they had never seen. "You will be assigned to a squad like every other miner. Squads generally consist of three members. So I'd like to introduce you two to your co-worker."

They stood before a door. When it opened, it led into a giant room, large as two buildings. Above them stood a living breathing dragon with a neck so long and bloody. At the dragon's feet stood the rider.

"Alright, Kirie and Malitis, this is your team leader. Daemon Targaryen."

...

Once they landed on some random asteroid, Daemon handed both of them a pickaxe. "Alright, let's get to work."

"Okay!" Both of them said.

Daemon was doing well, as he always does. Every swing he does at the stone is an instant success. Pieces of rock floated around him like raindrops, so he collected all of them and placed it inside his bag. To be honest, he wasn't really thinking much about the work. He was still nothing by this point, he just needed something to hit over and over for his own emotions. That's how a warrior always was.

"HAGH!" He heard Kirie say. "COME ON!"

Daemon turned around to see Kirie and Malitis have achieved absolutely no progress. They have collected nothing.

At first, Daemon sighed out of frustration with his co-workers. But when they swung the pickaxe again and it failed, part of him couldn't help but feel amused. He chuckled to himself.

He walked over to them. "Are you two fine?"

"Uh yeah boss!" Malitis said before absolutely swinging his pickaxe to the ground, but then it flies out of his hand, drifting in space.

Daemon caught it and gave it back to Malitis. "Your posture is important here. Plus, the grip on the handle and where you're holding it. Don't hold it at the end of the stick, hold it at the middle."

Kirie did as he said and swung. It didn't take out a rock, but it left a noticeable crack on the ground. "OH I FELT THAT ONE."

"See? It works."

Kirie swung again and failed. "Aw."

"You have to aim properly." Daemon stated. "Keep your eye on your target spot."

"Okay... Okay... I can do this." Kirie swung and the cracks in the ground flew up as extracted rocks. "OH SHIT, I DID IT!"

"There you go." Daemon clapped. "Now your turn." He looked at Malitis.

"Alright..." Malitis swung, but as the pick made contact with ground, the pickaxe head unattached itself from the handle. "SHIT."

Daemon caught it again. "Your swing was too hard. Too much emphasis on your arms' strength instead of letting the axe simply fall."

He handed the head back to Malitis, who spent a while attaching it back onto the handle. He was clearly bothered that he was unable to extract any ingots.

As Malitis fixed his pickaxe and was about to swing again, Daemon stopped him. Daemon held the handle of the pickaxe alongside Malitis to help him. "Leave the strength of the impact to your tool. Don't bash the stone like its done something to you. It's stone. Right now, all your problems aren't here. Your only objective is to get some rocks into your bag. Calm yourself, you're in control. Swing like this."

Daemon moved his hands as Malitis held the handle. They both swung the pickaxe and it successfully extracted a couple rocks from the ground. Malitis was stunned.

"See? Less grip, more reliance on gravity. Let go of your anger, let it fall." Daemon let go of the handle and stayed by the side. "Alright you two, show me your work."

Malitis and Kirie managed to extract the exact amount of ingots they needed for today's quota. By the end of the day. Daemon witnessed their growth from being unable to swing a pickaxe to being mediocre. But he was proud all the same.

The next day, they were dealing with a different type of asteroid. He had to once again teach them how to extract it. But he didn't mind. He liked seeing these two young people grow. Before he knew it, he saw Rhaena and Lucerys in both of them.

Two months passed of the same old things, but it wasn't bad, it was nice. Their squad was okay with this.

...

One day, Kirie and Malitis went back to their home planet on their day off. Since Daemon didn't care for Westeros nor had a home he considered, he stayed on the hub as always. He was alone, but it was fine, he had whatever movies Kirie bought for him. Daemon is a big Christopher Nolan fan.

While trying to make sense of Interstellar, he was receiving a lot of notification on his phone on whatever Kirie and Malitis were doing, as Kirie was giving Daemon regular updates. It would seem Malitis was going on quite the adventure. Daemon listened to the story intently.

Back home, Malitis was contacted by his biological father, Hunter, who scolded Malitis and threatened to give him another scar on his chest for leaving him. But Hunter would quickly forgive when he asked Malitis if he would help him sell some expensive products he stole from the local museum. Malitis reluctantly said yes. He was always so weak around Hunter.

As Malitis was heading to the black market of his city, he looked at the object he was selling and knew that whoever he'd give to in the capital of illegal activities, they'd reduce it of all its values. He was supposed to sell an ingot of Homphobicum. Kirie would forever hate him if he disregarded an item part of her own hyperfixation. If he mindlessly betrayed her love of stone, he would never gain her forgiveness.

He altered his path, going to the local police station. He told the whole story. He did it all for Kirie, who wasn't aware of this yet until news came out that the missing artifacts of the museum were found.

The police found Hunter guilty of many things. Theft of museum property, child abuse (Malitis), possession of illegal drugs, and multiple robberies that were previously unsolved. He would be given trial, but Malitis would stay out of it, stating: "He was never my father. I do not wish to be involved any further. I proclaim him guilty of everything."

When Kirie and Malitis returned to the hub, Daemon was waiting for them. He was smiling particularly at Malitis.

"What's so funny?" Malitis asked him once he got close.

"I heard what you did back home. It was an honorable thing."

"Hm. No, it was simply the right thing to do. Something I should've done a long time ago."

"Still." Daemon insisted. "I'm glad you didn't follow that man's dark desires and let him corrupt you. I am happy you chose the right thing to do."

"Yeah..."

"It takes strength to see that a family member of yours whom you are supposed to trust, well, cannot be trusted." Daemon explained. "To stop looking at them from the lens of relativity and through the lens of ethics and rationality. To let them go and accept that you shouldn't be like them. I'm glad you did that."

Malitis felt validated. "Me too."

Daemon stood up and pat Malitis on the back. "I'm proud of you." He left shortly after.

Malitis stood there, dumbfounded, yet weirdly emotional. Before he knew it, he had seen Daemon as his own father figure.

The months that followed until The Void were more or less the same. And even after The Void, it returned to its status quo.

...

Present day

Kirie woke up from her dream, which was weirdly a flashback to the one year before today. Literally everything above.

She took her daily dose of HRT before heading into the lobby of the hub, where Daemon had prepared breakfast, with the assistance of Malitis. All of them sat down and began to eat. In two hours, they'd have to go out into space, next to some random planet, gathering the asteroids around it.

They had traveled through many places in the galaxy, yet Kirie felt at home in this hub with these two. This was it, she realized. She found somewhere that's not here.

...

Aemond Targaryen:

"So." Halaena showed him a caterpillar. "I caught this one in the garden, eating some worms. What do you think?"

"Uh yeah, it looks great." He never really told Halaena that he was a bit uncomfortable around insects. He'd always just listen to her because it was his duty to do as a brother.

"Wanna hold it?" She offered it to him.

"AH-" Aemond backed away for a moment until he composed himself. "Uh yeah, sure. Anything for you, sweet sister."

He was holding back tears when the caterpillar was crawling on his arm. All his years in hell were nothing compared to this.

"Aww, it likes you!" Halaena said. Her happiness was his utmost priority.

"Yup. Yup. Sure." Aemond was afraid the damn thing was gonna gouge out his other eye. "I uh, I gotta go now."

"Already?" Halaena was instantly sad.

"It's work, sister. Miku is calling me as always even though I don't work for her agency anymore."

"Well, I'll prepare twice as much caterpillars when you get back!"

Aemond almost fainted from fear. "T-Thank you, Halaena..."

A day later, Aemond Targaryen returned to the Fate/Grand Order hub, where he was greeted by his uncle, Daemon. "Sigurd was calling you."

"What now?" Aemond was annoyed.

"He wants you to kill some space parasite. The Mother Egg of Lite Worms."

"Mother?" Aemond immediately declined. "Unfortunately, I can't. I love my mother to death. My mother would kill me if I hit another mother."

"Mama's boy." Daemon left the room.

"Say that shit again, I swear to the Gods." Aemond didn't like hearing facts. He sighed. "I may as well go see what Miku is calling about..."

When he called the Project Sekai line, he was greeted by Miku.

"Aemond." Miku said through the phone.

"Boss." Aemond replied.

"I'm here for a report."

"Go on."

"So you know how we thought everyone had captured all of Azazel's assistants? Cersei, Aladiel, etc."

"Yeah?"

"Turns out, there are three more out there somewhere. We got this info via Aladiel himself, thanks to PolandBall."

"Lord almighty."

"All we know so far is that one of them is named Morty. I don't know anything about the other two."

"Is that it?"

"Yes."

Aemond sighed. "Thank you, Miku." He hung up the phone.

He had been itching for so long to find Azazel and cut his throat for killing his brother. Aemond wanted revenge for Aegon. He promised himself that he would be the one to kill him.

But Aemond also has another task. He must keep Halaena safe at all costs. Without her, he will have nothing. He must keep the promise he made to his mother. To protect his family, and now that would include Daemon himself. She was the only thing keeping him sane.

"God..." Aemond wanted to sleep.

...

Ruby Rose:

Ruby was walking to Max's office, bringing some paperwork she did not understand at all. When she opened his door, Max's hands covered his face and he was breathing slowly.

"Huh? Who's- oh, the documents." Max said when he heard and saw Ruby. "Put them here."

She did as he asked and placed the papers on his table. "Anything wrong?"

"Yeah. Obama is dead and Michael is the leader now." Max sighed in frustration. "Michael doesn't understand how his actions affect people..."

"How so?"

"Michael decided that the best way to solve his problems was to give it to me and state 'You owe Obama.' And yes, I do, but I don't owe him." He took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes. "Is this guy even qualified to be Obama's successor?"

"What did he want you to do?" Ruby asked.

"This." Max opened his drawer, revealing a vial with a purple substance contained inside.

"That looks like the same thing Azazel and Cersei used to control the dragons..." Ruby realized.

"Archon Residue." Max stated. "This particular vial is the last of 200 he sent."

"...What happened to the other 199?"

"Easy, the box he delivered the stuff in wasn't secure enough. He half-assed putting tape on cardboard, Ruby. Because of that, when we received the package out of nowhere with no warning beforehand, the fucking thing broke in the middle of the hallway."

"So that's why the 2nd entrance to the cafeteria is quarantined..."

"Yup. We're trying our best to get rid of the damn things. I have no knowledge of this shit, I didn't even know the smoke could form a snake."

"Why did he send it to us?"

"We possessed the last of Tate's Homophobicum." Max said. "He wanted us to test how the Residue reacted to it."

"Well?"

"He ain't getting shit, Ruby." Max said in fury. "Where was PolandBall when F\*\*k Face requested help to rebuild Caboose, one of our allies? When Caboose got fucked by Blue Corner, where were they? Fucking around with Genshin, no reckon. And then they ask us for help. Bullshit." Max took a deep breath. "No... I shouldn't blame the entire organization. This can only be blamed on one person. Michael Jackson."

"..." Ruby was shocked.

"Obama saved my life, my loyalty to PolandBall is forever." Max closed the drawer, hiding the vial. "But I will not be loyal to Michael."

"Uh..." Ruby didn't know what to do. "You'll get through it!"

"Damn right I will." Max said coldly. "Once I drown those purple snakes in the hallway, I'm never answering Michael again. He's off limits."

"Is this what it feels like, Uncle?" Ruby was falling in and out of sleep on Qrow's table. "Is this what it takes to be so cool...?"

She had been working herself to the point of burnout to become Max's next Hand, just like Qrow once was. She wanted to prove she was worthy of it, but she is so exhausted from all the work.

She has to manage a lot of the Rooster Teeth alliance, while maintaining good relations with UGA. This is what Max signed her up for.

But no matter how tired she is, she will keep moving forward to her goal. She wants to make her uncle proud. His picture stands beside her bed every night.

"Hey." Weiss started snapping her fingers to wake Ruby up. "You're at work."

"Oh whawha." She got up immediately. "Sorry..."

"Take a break soon." Weiss placed paperwork on the table.

"Yeah yeah, sure..." Ruby will not take a break at all.

"By the way, we got something you need to do."

"Oh god what is it now..."

"You need to send a message to PolandBall." Weiss said.

Ruby was surprised. "Polandball? Why? Actually, why me?"

"Because I don't know how to work with discord."

"Weiss, it's literally so simple."

"Just do this for me, please."

"Fine." Ruby took deep breaths. "What do I send to PolandBall..."

"Warn them that we have located Dragalia Lost. We have found Euden. He has reclaimed his lost dragons and he is currently heading towards Earth."

Chapter 5: Sangonomiya Kokomi.

Both of them were in bed.

"I haven't thought about it in a week." Historia said to Kokomi. "Purge Night."

"Oh?" Kokomi was surprised. "Is that so?"

Historia smiled at her. "I guess it's because of you."

Kokomi blushed. "Aw, stop it."

"No, seriously." Historia insisted. "Because of you, I learned how to focus all of my energy onto something that wasn't bad memories." Historia looked brighter than ever. "You listened to me when I needed to vent. You were there for me when I was having a flashback. Loving you has given me the opportunity to move on."

"Stop it..." Kokomi was full on red.

"Once, I thought that those horrible feelings would never go away." Historia touched Kokomi's cheek. "But now I realize that I needed someone to help me through it. That person happened to be you, Kokomi."

Kokomi composed herself after Historia finished her speech. "Don't give me all the credit. You are stronger than me for having overcome those burdens. It was all you. I was merely holding your hand through it, you were the one walking."

"Still..." Historia touched her exposed shoulders. "You'll have to help me on one last thing."

"I'm ready when you are. Tell me if you want to stop. I am fine with anything."

"Thank you, Kokomi." They kissed.

Historia thought of this night as her final step to finally move back into the person she used to be, but wiser. For so long, she had been scared of being touched by another person because of the memories. She was always terrified.

But with Kokomi, someone she loves so dearly, she thought to herself that maybe she could do it now, that she was the one.

After months of fears, Historia was allowing herself to be intimate with another person again. To not be afraid to show all of herself to someone she is close with. To not associate touch with harm, but with love.

"Ah..."

...

Kokomi exposes a single breast of Historia and starts sucking the nipple. Historia blushes and moans as Kokomi does it with such passion. Historia's hand goes to her own clit, rubbing with such care like comforting a scared puppy.

Historia's other hand travels to Kokomi's ass cheek. It admires its beauty. Her hand was amazed upon the sculpture that was the ass of Kokomi, looking at it closely. Next, the hand returns to lay on Kokomi's boobs. Perfect form, Historia thought. Amazing to sleep on.

Soon enough, Kokomi's mouth left Historia's tit and went to her mouth. She loved her, and she loved her. While they make out, they undress more and more until they are fully naked. As they kiss passionately, their breasts touch each other on certain times, and it was a loved time, as if it was rain in a desert. Always appreciated.



Kokomi smells Historia's golden hair, silky smooth and shining under the lamp light. It smells like freedom. Kokomi's head lowers down to Historia's pussy. Kokomi begins to lick. She performs it with as much perfection as her tasks as the High Priestess. Accurate and no compromise.

Historia moans like Eren. Her hand caresses Kokomi's head as she licks her. Kokomi's hair will never be as wet as Historia's state. "Ngh..." Historia took Kokomi's mouth away from her hole and they looked at each other for a while. Historia nodded.

Their lips kissed. Historia and Kokomi are having the most intense scissoring session since the opening of McDonald's. Their pussies embrace each other like long lost lovers, wetter than the pacific ocean. The friction of their scissoring can ignite fire.

As they were lost in the pleasure of rubbing together, Historia looked at Kokomi, and she looked back. They smiled at each other. Historia realized at this moment, she wasn't panicking or anything. She was purely lost in the enjoyment. That's when Historia knew Sangonomiya Kokomi was the one for her.

They finally orgasmed together, leaving behind a large puddle on the bed. The orgasm lasted longer than the Shogun's eternity.

As Kokomi was catching her breath, Historia suddenly covered her face in Kokomi's boobs. She was confused, but Historia only wanted to be closer to her heart.

Historia left her breasts and pulled out the strap-on they had on the table. She kissed Kokomi before they initiated the next sequence. Kokomi bent over as Historia equipped herself with a dildo. Once it was finally on, Historia hugged her face on Kokomi's ass first before doing the main show.

The rest of the night moved like that, with them switching every now then. The floors were wet with their fluids. It was supposed to rain today, but it didn't. The rain was in Kokomi's room. When the sun rose, they were sleeping together.

...

A day later, Kokomi woke up and looked upon the sun rising in her beloved Watatsumi Island. She smiles, watching the villagers live safely in the home she made for them.

She dressed up in her iconic attire. She never thought much of it, but now it's like wearing treasure. She looked at her notebook, a list of various experiences with points beside them to measure her mental state. It was her history, going back to years and years ago. She doesn't need to rate her own minor conveniences anymore. But for nostalgia's sake, she wrote:

"Happiness Achieved... Energy +999."

She made a sad grin before going to the council room. Empty, but she needed it to be. For today, it will be for only two people.

Kokomi took out her phone. "Gorou? Can you come over here to the council room? There's something I gotta tell you."

It begins now. Kokomi told Michael about this before he went to space and reminded him during Obama's funeral. This is it. She couldn't believe she was doing this, but it must be done.

"You called for me, your Highness?" Gorou entered the room.

Kokomi looked at him, so ungodly proud of the man he became. "Close the door. I have something for you to do."

Gorou does as he's told. "Whatever you command, I will do without question."

Kokomi took a long deep breath. "I need you to govern Watatsumi Island."

"Okay, your Highness." Gorou bowed. "For how long?"

"... Gorou, I'm resigning from the position of Divine Priestess."

"Alright." He picked up a pen, expecting to do his job. But then he finally comprehended what she said. He dropped the pen on the floor. "Wait what?"

"I'm leaving." Kokomi said once more.

"W-Wait..." Gorou's eyes had gone white. "Wh-What are you..."

"I... I had achieved everything I wanted." Kokomi closed her eyes and remembered everything. "I have ensured the safety of not only our people, but all of Inazuma. Watatsumi is Shogun-approved. I have solved all of the problems our Island has been presented with. I have been granted the love of our people. I have achieved many military accomplishments that stunned our enemies and history. I have ensured that our Island is guaranteed a blessed future of security, diplomacy, trade and affairs. All in all, I have saved Watatsumi Island."

"But-"

Kokomi thought of Historia. "And perhaps one of my top ten accomplishments: I have found love..."

"Your Excellen-"

"I have done everything I could. I have served Watatsumi Island to the best of my ability. And for my last action as Divine Priestess, I'd like to instill the cruel reality to the country that not everything can last forever, but also that the future is hopeful. Some say my eternal service will be paradise, so I grant them anxiety and the courage to fight for their land for the paradise I have left them with. I give them the ability to say goodbye and move forward into the future, to fight for our future. I must let go of my power to give everyone else my power."

"..." Gorou never looked so frightened.

"Pick up the pen, Gorou. We're writing my final message to the people of Watatsumi Island."

"But, Your Excellency!" Gorou was going to reason with her, she knew.

"I want to talk about our values." Kokomi continued anyway, despite Gorou's pleas. "I want to talk about our strength. Our honor. The values of our diplomacy. I want to talk about so many things. I kind of want to beat Obama's farewell speech. I want to give away the lessons I have learned to everyone. I want to give them hope."

"Why...?" Gorou asked.

"I just said so. I'd like to instill the reality that-"

"No." Gorou didn't want the political answer. "Why do YOU want to resign?"

"..." Kokomi sat down on a chair. "I am tired, Gorou. I have spent my entire life here. I want to be like the people living in our villages. Blissful, knowing our lives will forever be safe. I want to finally retire and spend the rest of my life with the love of my life. I want to enjoy my days with the gift I have granted everyone. I want to rest, knowing I did everything I could."

"Your Excellency, as far as I'm concerned, Watatsumi can be safer with you!"

"I don't want to be a queen. I want to be a passing moment everyone will remember fondly. That's why I'm stepping down. I want to make everyone say goodbye and move on. You're governing the place, remember."

"You're giving this place to me?" Gorou started shaking. "Kokomi... I... I can't."

"Yes you can." Kokomi stood up. "No one is more suited than you. I have taught you everything I know and you have showcased that you know how to rule."

"N-No... But..."

"You are the best choice for Watatsumi after my leave. The people will be safe under you. I know you can do it, Gorou. You can be the Divine Priest."

"But..." He was looking everywhere for an argument to make her stay. "The Sangonomiya Clan joined the Tri-Commission. What will happen when the only member of that clan leaves? Won't Watatsumi's involvement in national affairs weaken?"

Kokomi smiled at him as she took out a piece of paper. "I'm not the only member of the Sangonomiya Clan..."

Gorou took the paper and read it's contents. He was shocked. "You're... adopting me?"

"Sangonomiya Gorou." Kokomi declared. "You are my heir."

Gorou didn't know what to say. "I... I'm your son now?"

She placed her hand on his cheek. "I have always thought so. And I am proud of the man you've become. You have become worthy of being my successor. My son."

Gorou couldn't hold back the tears anymore. When one drop fell, he launched himself to her for embrace. Kokomi wrapped him under her arms like a mother.

"I will make you proud, Kokomi..." Gorou said.

"You already have." Kokomi assured.

"I will protect our people..."

"Yes you will..." Kokomi said. "Yes you will..."

When they left each other's arms, Kokomi handed the pen to Gorou.

"Come on, Gorou. Let's give them the ability to say goodbye."

***Sangonomiya Kokomi's Farewell Address.***

***To the people of Watatsumi Island.***

*It has been my honor and pride to serve the great people of Watatsumi Island. You have all been my greatest strength and inspiration from the day I became the priestess till this very day. My time here is done, and I will miss this place dearly.*

*The values of our land is our ability to fight for our freedom and our security. Our greatest strength has been to fight against overwhelming odds and come out on top. Our hearts are caring and empathetic, to help others is the way of our land. At times, we will frustrate ourselves with our worries for the future that we forget that the people around us are still here. That much is enough to tell oneself that it will be okay in the end.*

*We have always been different from the rest of Inazuma. I offer all of you a contradiction to our Archon's values. I reject eternity and embrace change. The future is a wonderful thing. Protect it at all costs. Change is scary, but we learn to look at it with hope and to protect the good that came before. That's what I want all of you to do.*

*I am going home. After an entire life of service, I will move into the arms of rest. To enjoy what time I have left and measure my years in love. To be one of my own people and enjoy the joys this Island has given all of you. Sweet shall be me participating in the personal parts of our community.*

*I thank my entire administration. I thank the Shogun and the Tri-Commission. I thank Polandball. I thank my friends. I thank the love of my life. I thank Sangonomiya Gorou. I thank all of you for being the reason why I did everything I did.*

*I know that this place will continue to prosper even without me. You are all wonderful people, please continue to stay strong and fight for your dreams. I am proud to have served each one of you to the best of my ability. With love and kindness, I bid thee farewell.*

## Chapter 6: Kujou Sara.

### Yoimiya POV

I spent like two or three months in space and due to circumstances we were unable to capture Azazel and get our reward from Fontaine. Sure, we placed genshin on the galactic map, but I don't give a shit about that. I almost died in space and I don't get paid for it.

But you know what? Who gives a fuck. I'm back home in Inazuma for a little bit before I return to Beidou. I am gonna enjoy my time here. Speaking of, I know Historia is still here, so I may as well shoot my shot!

As the Crux landed on the harbor or Ritou, Kujou Sara was there to greet us.

"Hello there, Beidou." Sara greeted.

"May I ask why such a welcoming?" Beidou got off of the ship. "Did we do something wrong."

"Nope." Sara answered. "Quite the opposite, actually. Morbius asks for your help in letting him go to Hiscok's place of exile."

"So it's an old friend asking." Beidou flipped her hair. "Eh, might as well. Show me where he is."

"I have a question too!" I raised my hand to Sara. "Where's Hi-"

Kazuha pulled me aside. He was reading some Inazuman newspaper to catch up. "Uh, you may not wanna-"

"I can't wait anymore, Kazuha!" I forced myself off of him. "I wanna find her."

"Yoi, please, look at the paper- Oh no."

"Sara!!" I called. "Where is Historia Reiss? The love of my life!"

"Historia? Oh that girl." Sara said. "Yeah, she's currently living in Suigetsu Pool with her fiancée, the retired Priestess Sangonomiya Kokomi." Sara left with Beidou.

"...Fiancée?" I fell to my knees.

"I told you." Kazuha patted my head to comfort me.

There is no such thing as happiness in this world.

...

### Kujou Sara POV

As I'm doing duty, walking around Narukami Island and Kannazuka to make sure no one is doing any crimes, I see something quite sad.

The Inazuma PolandBall base is empty. No one is there, everything has been taken out. And a week from now, it's going to be demolished.

The current leader, Michael Jackson, didn't exactly do a great job of maintaining the building nor did he pay for it, unlike Obama. Because of this building with such complex operations, PolandBall has a debt of 20,000 mora. The only choice left was to destroy the building, as an agreement between Michael and Yae Miko, although I was told the conversation lasted ten seconds. Either way, PolandBall's involvement in Inazuma politics is over. When this building is gone, so are they, but at least the debt is paid and no one needed to go to court.

It's sad, you know? PolandBall helped so much in the revolution and their help ends like this. But I guess that's what happens when they get a new leader. I just wish Michael Jackson made more of an effort to keep Obama's legacy alive in Inazuma. When others sing of the Inazuma Civil War, will they know of PolandBall and Barack Obama?

The news of Kokomi's retirement really shook me. I never thought that was going to happen. Frankly, I got sad too. We became quite good co-workers after the Civil War. But as soon as she said her goodbyes to us and I saw her walk away with that golden haired girl, I knew it was the right decision for her. I felt happy for her.

Thankfully, I know how to manage my work-life balance, but that's probably because I have less work than her. I have no need to retire for now.

After I took Beidou to Morbuis, I went away to deal with my own business. I had something very important to do today.

I bought flowers from the local shop, a banquet to be more precise. I walked all the way there. As I walked, I reflected on my own growth. How I went from being so hateful to someone, well, ordinary.

I arrive at my destination. I am at the cemetery. I walk inside. For a few seconds, a straight path. Then, I turn left, then right, then left again, and here I am.

*RIP*

*KUJOU KAMAJI*

*Former Leader of the Kujou Clan.*

I placed the flowers at his grave like I do every week at least once. "Hello, brother." I said. "As always, nothing new to report. Inazuma is safe and sound, and I am happy."

...

It is 7 PM, and I have returned to the dumpster I love living in known as Itto's place.

I expected him to be busy with something since I actually convinced him to get a job, but he seemed to be asleep on the couch. He looked cute. I kissed his cheek before heading to my own bedroom.

I am undeniably really tired, so maybe I'll sleep early tonight.

This life is fine by me. Nothing wrong with it. I am content with how I am living. Love and duty.

## Chapter 7: PolandBall.

### Gamebang POV

I've been putting this off for a really long time, but today is the day.

For all my life, I have dealt with a controversial relationship with relationships. Whenever a problem presents itself, I run. No communication. My constant need to find someone like Ciarda has caused me to cheat on every partner I had. Instead of telling them I want to break up, I followed my dick's intuitions. As a result, I had become just like my father. My sins have culminated in the death of my daughter, my greatest punishment.

But after almost three years of soul searching and changing myself for the better, I can say that I am ready for the universe's trial to me. Today, I finally break off a relationship without ending it badly and hurting everyone in the process.

My test arrives, a challenge of cosmic proportions, sins that must never be told, chains I must break with obsidian. I must break up with my sister...

*"So dramatic for what."* Shut the fuck up, Mikey. *"What's there to say, man. You accidentally fucked your sister."* SHUT UP. *"You accidentally made the most healthy relationship you've ever had with your blood-relative."* STOPPPP.

Navi... I have committed a sin with her so grave that it shall shame me for the rest of my life. I never wanted to commit incest, but I did, and now I must make things right.

Today will be our first time meeting since I left Earth. She's texting me right now, she says she's close. (Stop.) I'm just waiting for her here, in the Cafe shop we always used to hang out in.

"Gamebang!!" I heard Navi. She's behind me.

Do not falter, GB, turn around and face your opponent. Show no fear. SHOW NO FEAR.

I turn around and she...looks beautiful. It's just casual clothing, yet it brings out a raw ferocious desire in me that yells lust. Her face radiates such beauty that I just want to embrace it with my own. She walks to me and I can't help but- NO STOP IT!! SHE'S MY SISTER!!

"Hey there." We were within kissing distance. "You look happy to see me."

"Yes I am." AAAAAAAAAAAAA WHAT THE FUCK.

"Well?" She offered her hand so we can go somewhere.

Don't take it you bitch ass motherfucker. "Of course." WHY DID YOU TAKE HER HAND- Oh it feels so soft and gentle, like a fur on a dog- WAIT NO.

"I rewatched House of the Dragon lately." Navi said to me as we walked around Inazuma city.

"Oh really?" Okay, this is a good conversation starter.

"It's crazy how you start rooting for Daemon and Rhaenyra even though they were related."

AAAAUUUGHHHHHHH WHY. WHY OF ALL THINGS. "Uhh yeah, but we can't forget that Daemon was known to be disloyal to Rhaenyra in the later years. According to the books, he cheated-" Wait a damn minute this just sounds like me.

"I'd still stay with Daemon, if I'm being honest." Navi said... "Who wouldn't wanna be with Matt Smith."

Is this like a metaphor or something. Either she's saying she'll stay with me no matter what or I am so fucking handsome.

"Good for you, Navi." This is suffering.

...

We were at her house, inside her bedroom, where no one would hear us. She took out a box and showed off the prosthetic hand I gave her before I went to space. It still looked so cool until I remembered last time she jerked me off with that thing. I tried so hard not to throw up.

She turned on the TV and we laid on the bed (Oh god no.) and began to rewatch certain episodes of Game of Thrones. We started at the first episode.

As the episode is ending and we're both heavily entertained, I start thinking everything is gonna go alright! Surely there's nothing at the end of this first episode that would make me hate myse- OH MY GOD NO JAIME AND CERSEI ARE FUCKING AND HE PUSHED A CHILD OFF OF A TOWER. ITS INCEST. ITS ALWAYS INCEST.

"What a cliffhanger!" Navi was clapping. "It's crazy how numb you get to hearing about Jaime and Cersei's relationship that sometimes you think its a normal thing!"

NO IT FUCKING ISN'T, NAVI. Oh god I need to bleach my eyes. "Why don't we read the books instead for now? I have A Feast for Crows in my bag."

"Oh hell yeah!" Navi was excited. "I always love reading Cersei's POVs. She's so smart and justified in anything she does."

... I-Is this a red flag or- why would she- Navi what... "O-Okay then."

We were in the dark bedroom, lit by only a single lamp, in bed, covered in a blanket, reading the fourth book of ASOIAF. And to be honest, I was really invested in this part of the book.

It's Jaime's final chapter for this one, and it's a masterclass. One moment in particular really gets me. When Sybell is about to slap Jeyne, Jaime intervenes. I don't think this would be something he'd do pre-ACOK, he would've looked the other way. But here, he helps her. I think that shows a great level of growth for Jaime and why he's my favorite character in fiction. It's the redemption. And of course, here he takes Riverrun without battle, and it's a cool moment. I just love this chapter and I-

"I've waited so long..." Navi whispered in my ear. "I've missed you..."

I feel her prosthetic hand moving on my body, squeezing itself into my pants. Her fingers lightly tap the tip of my penis like a cellphone screen, before she just grabs it altogether. She rubbed it up and down, I feel her metal palm cold as ice, yet strangely comforting.

I can't lie, I got extremely hard. My dick was in the Garden of Eden. Something about being pleased by the very gift I gave her turned me on so much.

We kissed. Our tongues hug each other as if my tongue was the one who went to space. Our wet lips stick together. Her normal hand caresses my chest.



"Gamebang, what the fuck." Mikey whispered in my head. "No I'm not whispering, I'm saying this loud and clear: What the fuck."

Her lips leave mine and her head lowers itself down. Her metal hand stops jerking me off and begins the process of taking off my pants. I instinctively lifted my hips to help her pull it down, exposing my underwear. Her head finally makes it to my crotch and she kisses the extremely large bulge on my briefs. Finally, she takes off my underwear, revealing my astonishingly erect penis.

As she began sucking, her head bobbing up and down and my member feeling her warm insides as her tongue spirals around it, I thought to myself... What was I so worried about? Why was I so against this? If it feels good, then why should I complain?

She takes off her shirt and her bra, showing me her beautiful breasts. Medium-sized, smooth as glass, and now my cock is between them as her lips suck my tip. My dick couldn't ask for a better situation, it was having the best day of its life.

Her tits and mouth left my cock and she stood up. A minute later, she was completely naked. We were kissing as my cock sat next to her clit, waiting and begging to enter soon. I buried my face in her boobies, no place in the world was as comforting.

Eventually, finally, my cock enters inside of her. She doesn't wait, she starts bouncing on me immediately, hard and fast that my hips are having a hard time surviving her powerful ass, which massaged with one hand while my other held one of her tits.

We were having the time of our lives. Her vaginal walls welcomed me and lived to make me cum. I was simply letting her do as she wants, submitting to the pleasure, enslaved to the feeling. All I had to do was lay down and let it happen, and my dreams would come true. Her moans, she was having the greatest night. And I couldn't lie anymore, I loved all of this. I loved that I was fucking my sister. I was so turned on by the fact that we were biologically related and she didn't know. I LOVED INCEST!!!

As I was relaxing and getting lost in this goodness, my eyes peeked at my side at the table near the bed, where I had placed the book we were reading. Instinctively like a true Game of Thrones fan, I started reading the final bits of Jaime's chapter while having sex.

After Jaime takes Riverrun, he dreams of his mother. In his dreams, he always had two hands, but here he only has one. Instead of dreaming about his other siblings or father, he dreams of his mother, a representation of what could've been. "We all dream of things we cannot have." His mother said. Jaime having only one hand in his dream means he is accepting the truth, leaving his old life behind. Abandoning what made him so horrible and embracing his new identity. And if that wasn't enough, in the end of the chapter he receives the letter from Cersei where she begs for his help in Kings Landing. Jaime would proceed to burn the letter, the clearest sign of him moving on from his past. It hasn't gone that far in the books yet, but I feel this was the true start of his eventual redemption arc.

Why did I love Jaime so much again? Ah, that's right. He was hope to me. Deep down, in my past, I knew there was something wrong with me. Jaime was the idea that it was possible to be better. He was my hero because he saved himself, and maybe I could too.

...If that's the case, then what the hell am I doing here? Alizeh didn't die for this.

"Ngh..." Navi moaned. "Ah... Ah... Ah... Ngh... Huh?"

I stopped her. "G-Get off..."

"Why?" Her body wasn't listening to our conversation. It was still going bouncing with such vigor.

"Ngh..." It felt so good, but I knew I had to be Jaime Lannister right now. "Ju-Just get off..."

"But-"

"Get off."

A minute later, we were separated from each other. I was the end of the bed while she was laying on the other side. She seemed to be waiting for me, but I proceeded to put on my clothes.

"Why...?" Navi asked.

"I shouldn't have kept this from you." I said as I pulled up my pants. "It was non-disclosure of relation on my part. What I have done is highly unethical."

"What are you talking about?"

I looked at her with pain in my heart. "Navi, your father was my father." I revealed. "We are half-siblings."

"..." Navi looked around the room. "S-So?"

"We have committed incest. But what's worse is even after I knew, I didn't tell you, and here we were, intimate. I violated your trust and autonomy." The shame in my heart would be enough to blacken my lungs. "I'm sure this probably counts as some kind of sexual assault, so I am deeply sorry for all of this."

"...?"

"I've done a grave sin with and to you. The only thing I could do was stop before we went any further." Specifically, before I ever climaxed. But I was too embarrassed to say that. "I'm sorry for lying to you. We should've stopped once I knew, but I allowed this to happen, I am completely at fault. I am the sinner."

Navi didn't say anything, she just hugged her people. "U-Um..."

"If you don't want to see me, that's understandable. I have done you wrong. If you know a punishment for me that you feel is reasonable, then do it."

She didn't answer, she just kept staring in confusion. I think she wants me to leave. Maybe I should leave.

"Alright... Again, I am sorry for everything. I'll accept any punishment. Goodbye, Navi."

And so I left the house that night.

...

The next day, me and [Insert GenshinPlace member] were talking in a local Cafe. Not the one me and Navi used to frequent together, a different one.

"I definitely went too far this time." I said as I ate my sandwich. "My urges took over and I have sinned. I violated her, man."

"Yeah that sounds uh..." [Insert GenshinPlace member] was in disbelief hearing my story. "You need holy water."

"I say I stopped before it went any further, but I'm lying to myself. We crossed too far from the line."

"Jesus, Gamebang..." [Insert GenshinPlace member] sighed.

"I feel ashamed of myself." I admitted. "It not only feels like I failed Alizeh, but it also feels like now I know why she was the way she was. She was my fault."

"That's debatable." [Insert GenshinPlace member] suggested. "She made her own choices at her own volition."

"..." I played around with my food. "No matter what, I just can't seem to stop myself from messing up. It's like I'm destined to always commit some kind of shameful action. I don't know why. What kind of God finds entertainment value in watching a man's progress be undone?"

"You know, this probably doesn't matter that much, but at least you said something to her before leaving."

"That's the bare minimum." I pointed out. "But frankly, I don't what I should've done anyway."

[Insert GenshinPlace member] pointed their fork at me. "What I'm particularly worried about is how we reveal this to Eren. He won't take it well."

"I know. I'm afraid of that." I nearly cry thinking about it. "It would feel like I betrayed him as we-"

"Heyyyy!!!" A voice said as she tapped my shoulder. I knew who it was and my heart dropped.

I looked behind me to see. "N-Navi?" Oh god she's here to punish me. I know I said I'd accept but like I didn't think it'd be this soon.

"What the..." [Insert GenshinPlace member] was as confused as me.

"Hey, GB, can you come with me for a moment?" She asked, smiling.

Oh shit oh fuck she's hiding so much anger in her smile. I'm so screwed. "S-Sure..." But I have to do the ethical thing from now on. I must face the consequences of my actions.

I look at [Insert GenshinPlace member] one last time before my eventual demise. And then, I follow Navi to wherever she wants us to go, praying to God that I survive a woman's wrath.

After following her for at least 5 minutes, we arrive at a familiar alleyway. This seems to be the place I kept running to whenever I was too scared to reciprocate her feelings towards me in the early days of the revolution. Memories.

She laid her back on the other wall across from me, a dumpster was next to us. She looked at me up and down.

I just decided to say what I was thinking. "If you wanna sue me, I'll go along with it. If you wanna report me to the police, sure, but Inazuma is pretty strict when it comes to incest so I wanna make sure you don't get punished for it as well. I just want to- MMMFF."

She interrupted my sentences by kissing me suddenly. She did not hesitate, her tongue was touching mine and it had nowhere to run to. Her wet lips made my dry ones moisturized. She moaned in pleasure as she held onto my shoulders to push her tongue inside my mouth even further.

I pushed her away immediately. "WH-WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING??" I yelled.

"Isn't it obvious?" She smiled seductively.

"B-BUT WE'RE SIBLINGS!"

"Half, so it's like 50/50 if it's bad, right?"

"T-THATS NOT HOW IT WORKS- NAVI WHAT."

"Don't care." She continued to kiss me, pressing her lips upon mine with the force of a hydraulic press.

I pushed her away again. "N-NAVI!? WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU!? WE'RE SIBLINGS!"

"You didn't think I knew?" Navi whispered in my ear.

My eyes widened. "W-What?"

"Way before I met you, father told me about you. Your divorce was pretty public too, and your name was there in the news of your daughter's crime and when you went to jail. I knew." She leaned in her face to try and continue kissing.

My face went white. "You knew...? And you allowed this to happen." I said in disbelief. "You knew longer than me. No. You knew this entire time and didn't tell me."

"Yes..." She was leaving bite marks on my neck, which hurt like shit.

"No." I refused to believe she's actually like this. "No, you're making shit up. Trying to make me feel better or something. Stop it."

"Would I lie about this if I love it this much?" She slid her prosthetic hand into my pants. "I'm only telling you now to say its okay. I knew. I was okay with all of it and I want it back."

"G-Get off!" I pulled her hand out.

"Well you liked it before?" She seemed genuinely confused. "Did you like it more when you thought you were lying to me?"

"It's incest!" I shouted. "And you lied to me, Navi."

"You were enjoying it so much last night though. I enjoyed it too. If it's wrong, I don't wanna be right." Her normal hand drew something on my chest. "Embrace the pleasure, Gamebang.

Embrace the darkness, she meant. "I don't want to. I'm not going to screw up again."

"You spend so much time pondering whether or not something is wrong or right. If it feels good, then I'd say it's right."

"That's not how it works, Navi."

"Why do you care?"

"Because I..." It was at this moment that I realized the horrible truth behind all of my actions. Love it may have been, but it was never passionate. I... "I do it for my daughter. I promised her. I want to be a better man. The first step to doing that is not committing incest."

"So you deny love in favor of what? Ethics?"

"I deny pleasure." I didn't have the heart to tell her the truth I realized. "Look, Navi, I just can't anymore. You say there's nothing wrong with this, but that itself is wrong."

"No one is being hurt."

"We're hurting each other."

"No we're not."

"Then why do you cut me so deeply, sister."

"..."

I've had enough of this. I just have to run away from the things that make me horrible. If I can't talk those things out of it, then I may as well just keep running. "Goodbye, Navi."

I left the alleyway and back to [Insert GenshinPlace member], whom I proceeded to explain the entire situation to.

"What the fuck." [Insert GenshinPlace member] said.

"Yeah that's what I said." I replied.

"Wh-What the fuck, man. How the fuck do you get into these situations."

"I...I don't know." It kinda just dawned on me how I managed to pull two deities. How lucky am I? "We're leaving Inazuma tomorrow night, right?"

"Yeah, but we still have some work to do with the Tri-Commission before we leave."

"Well call me a workaholic." I stood up. "I'm going to work. I need something to take my mind off of what just happened. Fuck my life."

I started walking to the Kamisato Estate to fulfill my quota.

After a long while, I arrive at the Estate, and I'm reminded of memories of what happened here during Purge, when I met Navi... Now that I think about it, she didn't hesitate to seek out the blood of the purgers. That was probably a red flag, plus she didn't falter in the face of death when I literally held a gun to their head during that night. In fact, she held the gun with me.

She thinks Cersei was a justifiable character and would've loved to be with Daemon. I mean... If those aren't red flags, I don't know what is.

But... After all that time, every second of us knowing each other, she knew. She knew we were siblings and she did not see anything wrong with us doing you know what. She knew. This whole time, she knew. She fucking knew and she didn't stop me. She didn't make an effort to stop anything. She encouraged it. Oh god...

I enter the main building of the Estate. "Hey, I'm here for the paperwor- oh."

Ayato was rubbing the back of a crying Ayaka, who has created a waterfall of tears on their desk. "WHYYYYY!!!"

"Gamebang?" Ayato noticed me.

"She seems to be having a worse day than me." I stated. "What's wrong? Are you guys broke?"

"No, even worse..." Ayato shivered. "Historia Reiss is married and it's not to my sister."

"IT'S THAT FUCKING FISH LADY!!!" Ayaka screamed in pain. "Sangonomiya Kokomi... SHE TOOK HISTORIA FROM ME! THAT LITERAL WHORE!!!"

"Woah let's not go there." I said as I got closer to the siblings. "You know, sometimes things don't work out-"

"WHAT DOES SHE HAVE THAT I DON'T??" Ayaka asked the Gods, who weren't listening. "WHY OF ALL PEOPLE DID IT HAVE TO BE THAT SLUT???"

"Hey hey, let's stop there." I sat down with them. "Girls help girls, so you should be-"

"I WILL KILL KOKOMI WITH MY OWN HANDS. I DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT WHAT SHE DID FOR THE REVOLUTION, I WOULD'VE BETRAYED HER BACK THEN IF I KNEW THIS WAS GONNA HAPPEN. THAT FUCKING WHORE!!"

I sighed, disappointed. "You know, I should probably be the one crying like this right now, but whatever."

"Hey, at least Eren is still single and I have a chance!" Ayato said with sparkles in his eyes.

Uh... "Actually, he's contacting one of his old friends to confess his love."

"WHO???" Ayato grew devil horns. "I WILL KILL THAT SLUT. I WILL RIP THEM TO SHREDS IF THEY TOUCH MY MASTER!!"

"Guys I don't see what the big deal is with Eren and Historia." I said. "They're not that hot in my opinion. I've hung out with him for like half my life and not once have I gotten erect- AH FUCK."

The Kamisato twins had the blades of their katanas placed very near my ears, slightly touching the skin enough to leak red liquid. A second later, the swords descended a little further, creating a small cut at the top of my ears.

"Don't say that about our masters..." Ayaka also grew devil horns.

"O-Okay."

They both calmed down and went back to crying or being angry. The small skin they cut on my ear stung. I was wiping the blood with my shirt.

"Use your saliva on those." Ayato suggested for the wounds they inflicted.

"I'll help him with that!!" An evil voice said before she started licking the cut on my ears with such tenderness that she could've stuck the ripped apart skin back together with her saliva as glue.

"WHA-WH-W-WHAT THE FUCK!?!?" I pulled myself away from Navi, leaving the chair and backing away from everyone. "WHERE THE FUCK DID YOU COME FROM!?!?!"

"I walked in?" Navi said, smiling with my blood on her lips.

"Y-YOU NEED TO LEAVE. NOW."

"Gamebang, who's this pretty girl?" Ayaka asked innocently.

"Oh I'm Gamebang's sister." Navi waved happily.

"I never knew you had a sister, GB." Ayato said to me.

"UNTIL TWO MONTHS AGO I DIDN'T KNOW EITHER. BUT SHE DID." I was thinking of equipping my wings and flying the fuck out of here.

"What are you doing here, Sister of Gamebang?" Ayaka asked Navi.

"Well, I'm here to make sure he's doing fine, of course." Navi replied. "We're quite close, you know?"

"NOT ANYMORE." I whipped out my wings from my back and started flying. I busted through the ceiling, entering the outside world and breaking government property. I flew away to the skies. If I could fly to the sun, I would.

...

Clearly, I didn't know enough about Navi. Turns out, she can get pretty insane. This is the same craziness I saw when I met her during Purge. I mistook it for revenge, I should've suspected insanity.

But that's okay, I've ran away from her again and I'm sure she won't come after me again. Where am I, you ask? Well, I'm at the PolandBall HQ in Inazuma, where no one but PolandBall employees or government officials may enter. Its gonna be demolished in a few days anyway, not today. I have locked myself away in Michael's office, and I am currently watching something very friendly and devoid of incest unlike that mid ass incest show Game of Thrones. I'm watching Adventure Time : D

Now I shall spend the rest of my remaining days in Inazuma by binging the entire show in only two days. Hey, when I get back to the main Teyvat continent, I'll get to see Collei again! Ain't that great? It's gonna be awesome! Actually, PolandBall on the behalf of Michael is planning a celebration party in Fontaine. A celebratory event dedicated to Obama and the organization itself. Michael planned this event just for everyone to get a little break and excitement. You know, these last two years have been crazy, we deserve something fun. And we're inviting a lot of other groups as well. Maybe even The Shogun will come to the party! (I'm dead if Venti comes.)

I was munching down on a bucket of popcorn while watching the peak fiction show known as Adventure Time.

"Wow Jake." Finn said on the TV screen. "You really are the adventure to my time."

"Woof." Jake said seductively.

"Wow..." I had tears in my eyes. "This is so peak..."

"I know right..." Navi was also crying. "Can I have some popcorn?"

"Oh sure." I handed the bucket and took it back once she took some pieces- wait a damn minute. "WHAT THE FUCK."

"What?" Navi asked as if nothing was wrong.

"G-GET OUT!"

"But I'm horny..." Navi exposed her shoulder to me, only skin.

Not this time... "OUT! HOW DID YOU EVEN GET IN??"

"Don't ask questions you don't want the answer to, brother." She said.

As I tried to run away, she took my arm with her prosthetic hand. It's grip was unbelievably strong. She pulled me to her and before I knew it I was laying on the couch with my head on her soft thighs why am I describing her like this.

She took a single piece of popcorn from the bucket and placed it between her lips. "Eat up, brother." Her face began to descend to mine.

I tried to escape, but her thighs were too soft and comfortable. My eyes dilated in terror of the face of my biological sibling falling to place a popcorn from her lips onto mine just so we could kiss.

"AGH!" I pulled myself away from the magnetic thighs, my hands gripping the sheets of the couch and pulling my torso. My head slid right off of those thighs and onto the cruel texture of the couch.

I immediately sat up and jumped from the couch before her powerful hand that I gave her would catch me again. I ran to the door, but... "Damn it..."

Running away isn't gonna do anything to fix my situation. I've ran away from everything, I won't run from this. I will fix this the way I intended to. I've gotta unlock my inner Jaime Lannister.

I turned around to face Navi. "Sister, I feel we must- PUT YOUR FUCKING CLOTHES BACK ON, DAMN IT."

"Fine..." She did what I said for once.

"We need to talk." If talking can save time itself from my daughter, it can save me from incest.

"Look, Gamebang, I want you, I'm being as direct as possible. I genuinely don't see anything wrong with this." Navi explained. "I wanted you from the moment father showed me a picture of you."

Why does dad always ruin everything? Saying incest bad clearly isn't gonna stop her. "Navi... I can't provide to you what you think I can give you. I am the worst option for a partner."

"Used to. That's why you spent two years changing yourself, right?"

"Yes, but still, I shouldn't be dated under any circumstances."

"Why? Why deprive yourself of this?"

I was scared to say it, but I had to. "Hours ago, when you confronted me in the alleyway... I realized something about myself. A truth."

"Which is...?"

Regret flashed my body. "I never loved any of my exes romantically. I am incapable of loving anyone romantically."

"That's simply not true. Of course you loved them."

"Okay yes, I loved them, but I didn't LOVE them. I loved them in the way you love a friend or a relative, but never did I love someone out of intimacy. If I did love them that way, I wouldn't have cheated on all of them. I didn't love them enough to not do what I did."

"Gamebang, you're just depressed again. Come on."

"You have to understand none of it was actual love. I was following whatever my dick wanted and that was my sin. I can't love anyone because I was stuck on someone I couldn't have." Ciarda... "I never loved any of them, I never even loved you. I now realize I was doing the same thing as always to you because I felt lonely."

"Lonely, huh."

"Lonely because I left the one thing I did love with all of my heart." My mind flashed to Alizeh. "My daughter back in Sumeru."

"Your daughter is dead."

"There is another." The thought of Collei made me smile so easily.

"This is ridiculous." Navi said.

"I was never capable of loving anyone romantically. But where my heart lies isn't a romantic partner, but a daughter. That's where my priorities lie."

"..."

My mind gave a glimpse of Venti. "I was never meant to be a husband. I was meant to be a father."



"..." Navi laid down on the couch.

"In summary, all in all: I am incapable of loving anyone. I am only capable of parental love. I cannot love you, I don't love you, I just wanted my dick to feel good. I am sorry."

"I get it, I get it." She sat up. "Sure, fine, alright."

I wasn't gonna stop now, you know? I had to make sure she really did get it. "I now realize that I shouldn't be looking for a partner, for I am unqualified to be one. I'm leaving relationships altogether. I won't find what I'm looking for here, what I needed was already in front of me, and I left it. I have to return to it, Navi. I have to return to where my heart truly lies. My daughter, Collei."

"I GET IT!" She shouted.

After that, I just stayed quiet.

She stood up and walked to the door beside me. "If that's how you feel, then fine..." She opened the door and stepped outside. "A shame. You weren't as pathetic as father said you were."

Navi left the room. I watched her walk away.

I closed the door and just crashed on the couch, utterly exhausted.

*"That was great, buddy." Mikey said. "I mean it. You came to terms with it."*

I have to get the fuck out of here soon, man. I wanna see Collei.

*"Dating girls is like riding a bicycle. If you mess up, you could get really hurt forever or hurt someone you really care about." — Finn the Human*

The next day, the day we leave Inazuma.

"Move those there." Ayato commanded me.

"Alright..." I moved their box of katanas to the corner of the room. A lot of their possessions were laying by the wall, leaving most of the area empty. "Why do you guys need to do this again?"

"We're having an orgy-"

"Nevermind." I did whatever I was asked.

Once I was done moving all of their furniture to the walls, I drank a ton of water because I was so tired. I've been here at the estate all day.

"Hopefully Eren will appreciate all of this space for our sex!" Ayato proclaimed excitedly.

"Actually, he plans to go on a date with his old friend Armin."

"WWAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH." Ayato broke down in a fury of grief. "WHY??? WHAT DON'T I HAVE???" Ayato puffed up his chest to the air and ripped his shirt off. "WHY GOD!?!?!" His head went back to the floor to cry. "Tell me why, Gamebang..."

"This is way above my pay grade."

"Gamebang... Will I ever find love...?"

"I mean if I can't then I don't know about you."

"I wonder..." Ayato sat straight and looked at his shaking hands. "Do I really like Eren for who he is? Or...do I simply like his long girthy veiny black cock..."

"B-Black?"

"Oh god..." Ayato sobbed. "I don't know what the hell I am anymore..."

"It's just cock, man. It's not much."

"ITS EVERYTHING!!" Ayato shouted to the world. "It's...everything..."

"Look man, you hired me to simply move boxes."

"Gamebang... What is Love?"

"A TWICE song." And what a banger it is.

"I've thought about my own feelings... I don't know what love is anymore, GB..."

"If you really want me to answer..." I sighed, thinking of me and Alizeh's final interaction. "Love is the cause of most of our actions. That is what it is, our most powerful blessing and our agonizing curse. Love is the answer."

"So..." Ayato looked at me, enlightened. "You're saying that Eren most definitely loves me?"

"NO YOU FUCKING IMBECILE. AS SOON AS WE GET BACK TO AMERICA, HIS ASS IS GETTING POUNDED BY ARMIN!"

"NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!"

I've had enough of the Kamisato twins, honestly. I left the Estate, but it was night time. We'd leave in an hour. I was disappointed I spent 90% of my last day in Inazuma inside the Estate, but that's just how it is.

The stars looked down upon me, they pitied me. I was once more powerful than them, but now I am simply a man. Fate had forsaken me to always screw up, but I spit on the strings of destiny, wishing to break them all and weave my own path.

With nothing else to do, I arrived at the harbor to simply stare at the sea. After the Collapse of Time, I washed my feet by the beach, thinking of it as cleansing myself of my sins. Tonight, I do the same. The water feels cold, but it will soon become warm once you stay in it long enough, even though it is scientifically cold. Cleanse yourself. Freeze yourself of time and come out in a new period, reborn.

"Wonder what the others are doing..."

I hear footsteps behind me. They stop for a moment before continuing. And then, she sits beside me, placing her own feet into the water.

I turn my gaze to her. "Oh. Hey."

Navi doesn't look at me at all. She stares at her reflection in the ocean. "Hey..." She places her hair behind her ear. "Heard you were leaving in a bit."

"Yup."

"Back to the main continent?"

"We're actually heading back to Pangea for a bit. Going to the US to check on Michael."

"So that's where he was this whole time?"

"He's been traveling everywhere. Honestly, Obama handled most of his stuff online, I don't know what Michael is doing."

"Hm." She cups her hands. "So this will be the last time we'll see each other, huh."

"I'll be honest, I'd like that."

"Sorry..." Her head tilted down.

"What good has words done for forgiveness?" I stared at my own reflection in the sea. "It's all about actions."

Navi sighed as her hands touched the wooden floors. "I really did love you."

"Well, that's unfortunate. Like I said earlier, I can't love anyone."

"Yeah that shit broke me for a while. I couldn't even look at my prosthetic without thinking of you." She showed me her arm, which was purely a stump. "I don't know if I'll ever wear it again."

"..."

"I went to some friends and told them the whole thing. Of course, they thought I was deranged and that felt alarming. But they cared for me and now because of them, I'm searching for a therapist."

"Well hey. That's good to hear." I smiled.

"The things friends can make you do."

My mind flashed towards Obama. "Yeah..."

"Does it ever get better?" She asked me. "Will it all feel normal again?" Navi looked at dead in the eye.

I answered honestly. "What does normal feel like?"

"Good?"

"I don't know. It depends on everyone." I said. "But I can say it can get better. I hope it does. Even after all this time, I want you to get better."

"...Thanks." Her gaze returned to the water.

I couldn't just leave her like this. I couldn't just leave it like I left the others. Communication was key. This is where I break the cycle. "I don't want to see you anymore. It wouldn't work out. We're bad for each other. It's not right. I enjoyed our time together, but I didn't love you. I'm sorry. These past few months have been great and I hope that you'll be better in the future, as I will try to be."

"..." She was taking deep breaths to try to not cry. "You were his firstborn. What was father like to you?"

"Shit. Although I can tell he cared, he didn't care enough. Taught me all of the wrong things and skewed my perception of love. In the end, I resented him so much that I promised I would never treat my child like that."

"Did you achieve that?"

I remember Alizeh. "No." It was the unfortunate truth. All of the things she did, it wouldn't have happened if I simply spent more time with her. In a way, I was fated to become like dad. That's the thing I don't like confronting. I was a bad father to the person I loved more than anything in the world...

"Hm." She replied.

"But I'm trying to be better." Or at least will try. My mind remembered Collei. "I won't repeat my mistakes." And I have to keep Alizeh's promise.

"You're just like him." Navi said to me. "Father. You said in your days, he was shitty. And while he was absent for most of my life, he wasn't shitty to me. He became a better person in the end, I feel."

I remembered father's last letter to me. "Maybe..." She was right. "Yes... Yes, I believe it. I believe everyone is capable of changing for the better."

It seemed like the cold winds froze our throats, making us incapable of speaking another word. Silence was the night, even the harbor behind us.

I was about to leave Inazuma in 30 minutes... "I keep thinking about what Davos said to Stannis in book two."

"A Clash of Kings?" She asked.

"Yeah, that one." I answered. "Davos said that he doesn't know who the Lord of Light was, but he did know the gods they burned on dragonstone that day. He said the Smith kept his ships safe and the Mother had given him seven strong sons."

"Uh-huh."

"Stannis replied 'Your wife has given you seven strong sons. Do you pray to her? It was wood we burned this morning.' And like..." I couldn't help but grin.

Navi chuckled with me. "Stannis is a comedian. Westeros isn't advanced enough for his humor."

"He's fucking hilarious sometimes." I began to laugh, and Navi did too.

The night was bright and full of hope. Goodbye, Navi.

...

Here I am, in the great land of Murica, where freedom or something. Hey, I used to live near Washington with Venti, and the school Alizeh used to go to is here, where she met Collei before she moved back to Sumeru. Actually, damn, I haven't been here in years. I'm back in my old home, things have gone full circle.

Hell, right now I'm here at the White House, ordered by Michael to deliver some paperwork to the newly elected president, Mark Zuckerberg.

Well, I can't imagine what Zuck will do as president, I don't even know much of what he does other than owning Facebook, a site for old people. But the American people voted and I guess I have to trust in their ability, Obama taught me as much.

"Mr President?" I said as I opened the door to the oval office. "I have the papers for the reform- AH."

"WHO GOES THERE???" A human sized lizard hissed at me. "I WILL EAT YOUR ASSHOLE." His tongue was longer than my bathrobe.

"AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!" I was terrified. I did not want my asshole eaten, I just cleaned it two days ago on the airplane.

"Oh, Michael's guy." The lizard's green scaly skin slowly transformed into human skin, certain body parts morphing like his tail disappearing. Soon enough, Mark Zuckerberg emerged.

"M-Mr President...?" I was in shock knowing the rumors were true. "You're a lizard person?"

"Yes, so what." Zuck sat back down on his desk. "Don't tell me you're some kind of racist."

"N-No! I would never!" I assured him.

"Hm." Zuck stared at me with those green eyes. "Just put the papers here."

"Yes sir..." I walked to his desk, hoping he wouldn't transform and bite my head off.

While I was placing the papers on his desk, I caught a glimpse of what was on his laptop screen. It was the private data and information of multiple Facebook users being sold to... LizardHub, a porn site for lizards. (Don't ask me how I know.) I mean, I knew Facebook wasn't trustworthy when it came to your privacy, but I thought that stuff was sold to, well, other companies.

I guess it's a trade. He gives away private data for the next Lizard Bratty Step Mom POV. Is it a fair trade? I don't know, man, I'm not into that shit. Oh god, don't tell me he sold my messages with Aqua, those were ultra private because I still fucked her for a time shortly after we broke up.

"Thanks." Zuck said as he sold the information of the guy who owns Mcjaydonalds, who's information mostly consists of Keqing pics. "Be on your way now."

"Y-Yes, Mr President..." And so I left the Oval Office.

Walking down the halls of the White House, trying to forget what I saw back there, I stumbled across some old buddies of Obama.

"Ah!" I decided I was gonna socialize with them. "Joe Biden! Donald Trump! Hey!"

They didn't hear me. "What are we gonna do about him?" Biden said, completely serious.

"I don't know, hun." Trump didn't give a shit, he was busy putting pink on his nails.

"Hey!!" They still couldn't hear me.

"Donald, you have to treat this matter seriously!" Biden insisted. "We need to do something about Michael Jackson."

"Huh...?" I was surprised.

"Did you hear that?" Biden asked, he must've heard me at long last.

Immediately, I hid behind one of the couches. This was definitely information I'm not supposed to hear, but it's about my boy, so I have to hear it just in case.

"No one's there, Joe." Trump said in a sassy tone. "Your hearing is getting worse cus you're old."

"Shut up, man." Biden replied. "Now tell me, what are we gonna do about Michael?"

"I don't know, man, Obama trusted him enough to make him his heir, I think we should respect that."

"He's doing a shit job, Donald!" Biden shouted. "Relations between America and PolandBall have never been shittier since the end of femboys operation! Obama fixed it and Michael destroyed it!"

"What did Jackson even do, Joe."

"He's trying to sue the US Government for the end of femboys operation!" Biden yelled in fury. "He wants to sue us for trying to save the world!"

"I mean... It was genocide." Trump pointed out.

"Genocide it might have been, but it would be better than the entire world being destroyed." Biden said.

"Well that's the thing, Joe... Nothing even happened." Trump said. "No Femboy God rose from hell or anything, nothing happened. We kept safe a weapon that could kill millions for centuries since Washington, and we didn't even need it."

Well, he's not wrong. Nothing happened because of me. I saved Astolfo from madness.

"It was all myth, Joe. Did you honestly think Washington's ramblings about a femboy destroying the earth was real?"

"It was a secret passed down from generations of presidents!"

"We're not Targaryens, Joe." Trump said. "We nearly killed all femboys because of a myth, and now the government pays the price."

"It will be a higher price than the nation's debt."

"Then perhaps you should make Michael president to compensate."

"...That's his plan, isn't it?" Biden realized.

"Yup."

"What is this? Aren't I supposed to be the smarter and wiser one than you?"

Trump looked at his pink nails and felt the lipstick on his mouth. "Ever since I stopped paying and started slaying, well, I guess I became a wiser man."

"We have to stop him, Donald. He has us in the palm of his hand."

"Then hire the best lawyers you can find, Joe." Trump said. "We're going to have a hell of a court case."

After that, Biden and Trump left the room. I was sitting on the floor, my back against the side of the couch, completely baffled at what's happening. Michael is suing the US Government? The end of femboys thing was such a long time ago... No, Obama could've sued but didn't. Why? I know. Its because if he sued, relations between the US and PolandBall would sour even further. Obama needed a good relationship with the US, that's why he chose to ignore the near genocide of femboys and make friends with the enemy. This resulted in PolandBall's resources drastically increasing.

Michael doesn't understand that. He thinks he's finishing off Obama's leftover work.

"Oh christ..." I'm probably gonna be heavily involved in this case too, aren't I. Afterall, I was one of the main operators for going against the US Government during the end of femboys. Obama enlisted me so.

"Hey." Another voice called.

Alarmed I was instantly, someone had seen me eavesdropping on Biden and Trump's conversation. I looked and realized another person was hiding behind the couch across from me. "H-Hi?"

"Can you uh get my inhaler?" The man asked. "I dropped it."

What he asked for was on the middle of the floor. "Oh uh...okay." I stood up, no longer hiding behind the couch and gave it to the man hiding in the other couch. As I got a closer look at him, I realized... "Wait... You're Lil Nas X!"

"Don't expose me here, man." He warned. "I'm not even supposed to be here."

"Wait... Oh yeah, you're right, you lost the election against Zuckerberg."

"Yeah I'm trying not to dwell on it, man." He began to use his inhaler. "I actually don't have asthma, I just can't control my breathing when I see hot men. I mean did you see Bernie Sanders back there? Holy hell!!"

"O-Oh..." Okay, he's not that better than Zuck. "What are you doing here anyway? You lost the election and have no place in office."

"Why would I tell you?-" Lil Nas X realized something, his eyes widened. "Wait, you're one of them PolandBall guys!"

"Holy shit Lil Nas X knows me."

"I've been trying to contact your leader but he hasn't been responding!"

"What the fuck is Michael doing...?" I whispered to myself.

"Please, man, I'm begging you." Lil Nas X rose from the couch, held my shoulders and shook me violently. "You have to stop Zuckerberg. As president, he is more powerful and capable of stealing everyone's information. Not just by Facebook, but by our lives in general."

"I mean I assumed so... But all the dude does with our info is sell it for porn."

"It was all a front, PolandBall man." He revealed. "He knew you were coming. He didn't know when, but he knew, so he disguised his laptop to make it seem he was using the info for something else."

"Why would he reveal to me he was selling info?"

"Because he has a big batch to sell today and couldn't stop, so he had to make it seem like something else."

"I don't understand, Lil Nas X..."

"Call me Montero."

"I don't understand, Montero..."

"I don't know what Zuckerberg is selling the info for, or to whom, but it has something to do with MAGIC!"

"What."

"MAGIC, I TELL YOU! ZUCKERBERG WILL BRING THE END OF DAYS!"

"Montero, you're talking crazy..."

"You've seen him turn into a lizard. My goal by running for president was to stop Zuckerberg's potential reign of terror, but I failed because I was gay and black. What an unlucky combination in this damned country."

"So you're here now in the White House to try and stop Zuck? How?"

"I don't know. I'll make it up as I go. But he brings the storm, PolandBall man. HE BRINGS THE STORM."

"I'll uh... I'll note this to my leader."

"Half a year from now, a great calamity will befall our country, and Zuckerberg works with the one behind it, a man named the Ange-"

"I think you must calm down, Montero..." I pointed at his inhaler. "Breathe. Don't worry, I'll tell my leader when I see him again."

"Thank you, PolandBall man..." He seemed really grateful and relieved. "I heard your organization stands in the face of Justice, fighting against the impossible."

"It's more the absurd but yes."

"I trust that you shall prevent this great calamity from happening." Lil Nas said. "For the sake of love."

...

[Insert GenshinPlace member] POV

I left Inazuma a day earlier than the others. Shortly after talking with Gamebang, I left the country to take care of some business over in Atlantis. Michael instructed me to do so since I am technically the only one right now that knows Aqua enough. I have been sent to do diplomacy to ensure the alliance between land and sea is maintained.

Ever since Obama died, things haven't been as good as they should be. I don't wanna say it's Michael, but... You slowly realize no one could replace Obama.

It's been a long time since I've actually visited Atlantis. Last time was after I returned from hell, shortly after that I went to Inazuma. I haven't been back to Atlantis since Com died...

As the submarine lowers itself closer to the city, it is as I expected. A quarter of the kingdom is still missing, not fixed after Cthulu busted through it while flying to the surface. Bits of buildings are still floating in that broken area, and it's still being fixed by workers to this day. It's hard to comprehend that half of the eastern part of the city was destroyed due to Alizeh. It's like their own personal 9/11.

After 30 more minutes of floating around in water, my submarine lands on the main castle tower, on the balcony of Aqua's chambers. Ah, the memories. I exit the vehicle and my feet touch the castle floor. I look over the fence of the balcony to see the lights of the city below appear and disappear like camera flickers. The city hasn't changed one bit.

"Aqua??" I entered her chambers. It hasn't changed much either. "Aqua, I'm here for the trading and economy stuff." I don't know much about that shit, Michael gave me a script.

Her bedroom was very messy. To be fair, I always used to clean it as her squire. I guess she hasn't hired anyone else? Or the new guy is really horrible at their job.

"Who's there?" Aqua called.



"Oh uh me." I answered, waving the paperwork in my hands. "PolandBall."

Aqua opened the entrance door. She had MAPPA level bags under her eyes, wearing a dirty tank top and literally no pants at all. Her eyes glittered. "[Insert GenshinPlace member]!!!"

"Uh hi."

"ARE YOU HERE TO WORK FOR ME AGAIN!?!?"

"Uh no-"

"OH MY GOD YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MUCH I NEED YOU HERE." She was crawling on the floor, clinging to my leg. "I DON'T KNOW HOW TO USE THE WASHING MACHINE NOR THE DISHWASHER. I FORGOT HOW TO TURN ON MY PC. AND WORST OF ALL, NO ONE WILL LISTEN TO ME TALK ABOUT THE ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL STATE OF THE WORLD!"

"I doubt you're smart enough to understand those words." I waved the papers on her face. "I'm not here for a job, I'm here to do my job."

"Oh." Her eyes went completely grey. "Oh right, the thing."

"The trade routes between Atlantis and Teyvat to bring the suppl-"

"Aaugh stop using big words." Aqua was sleep-deprived. "Just just it's gonna be okay prob."

"Okay? Aqua, Atlantis needs to be in favor of the route between Japan and Australia. If not, the transport of goods won't reach Asia on a larger scale. We need Atlantic Technology."

"Yeah yeah I'm fine with it or something."

I tried shaking her off of my leg. "But we need to discuss this more in length. We have to state which materials shouldn't be brought over or how certain products should be protected during transfer. We need to figure out the whole cargo process for many of these resources-"

"Aaaggghhhh just let Obama do it, man."

"...But he's dead."

"STOP REMINDING ME!" She began to violently sob. "I-I now realize... Obama was one of the good ones."

"Aqua no."

"He was different from all the other monkeys... And he could actually swim... He is an exception of his people."

"Aqua no being racist is bad."

"I TOLD YOU THIS AT THE FUNERAL! THE USA KILLED OBAMA!" Aqua shouted like a madman. "ITS ALL PART OF A GOVERNMENT CONSPIRACY TO MAKE ME STOP HAVING FUN!!"

"Fun...?"

"Going on the phone and calling Obama a bunch of slurs was one of the funnest things in my life..." Aqua was weeping. "I called him things that didn't even apply to him, that's how fun it was... And it's gone. My fun is gone... My favorite monkey is dead..."

"I feel like we should change the wording a bit."

"WHY, [Insert GenshinPlace member]!?!? WHY DID THEY TAKE MY FAVORITE MONKEY FROM ME!?!?"

"I."

"Why..." I could feel her tears soak through my pants. "He was the best gorilla... The best of them all... He deserved all of the chicken in the world..."

"Stop acting crazy." I wiggled my leg even harder to get her off.

After crying for 10 minutes straight, Aqua fell asleep on her bed. I can't really do diplomacy with her like this, but I'm not really feeling like I wanna leave this castle and into the city. I should wait here until she wakes up.

She mentioned that she forgot how to turn on her PC. I definitely don't think the thing is broken and she's telling the truth. She actually forgot. Nevertheless, I went to where her computer was and turned it on because I wanted to play some roblox. But...

"Jesus fuckin Christ." In less than a month, she had managed to fuck over the entire kingdom. National security is at risk because she left her password public. Crime rates are up because no one is getting paid. No funding for the simplest things like construction. This is fucked. What the hell has she been doing?

2 hours later, Aqua woke up. I was waiting by the door when she checked the time on her phone when she finally regained consciousness. "Oh, hey my squire."

I threw a bunch of paper at her bed. "Read that shit." I printed most of the statistics of the kingdom that I saw earlier. Her printer was out of ink so I had to milk her pet squid, but I'm not telling her that.

"What is this." Aqua skimmed over the contents.

"Your economy is worse than Inazuma during pre-NFI era. Crime rates are- girl, at this rate you might actually need the Purge."

"Hm..." She was busy reading.

"Aqua, come on, I know you're not this incompetent." I sat at her bed. "Did the war against the Corrupted somehow bankrupt the bank?"

"No, that's not it. We got pretty rich off of that, actually."

"So what?" I stressed. "Why are you not doing work?"

Aqua looked at me with a blank expression...before it evolved into tears. "Oh god..." She was crying again. "I can't fucking do anything right... I keep losing people in my life and thats just how it is. Kazuma, Com, Gamebang, now Obama..."

"Gamebang isn't dead."

"Is he here with me right now? No." She replied. "I lose everyone I get close with..."

"..." Grief has struck her like a moving vehicle. Incapable of action, spending most of her time in mourning. I sighed. I gave her the blanket so she can have something to wipe her tears with. "I get it. I really do." My mind remembered Bubba and Com.

"It just feels like I could've done something to prevent their deaths..." Aqua spoke nonsense. "Kazuma and the others only died because I was stupid enough to bring them into the ocean. I could've insisted that Com stay in Atlantis. If I didn't send you guys to space, Obama wouldn't be dead..."

I couldn't say much about Kazuma and gang, but... "There's nothing you could've done about Com or Obama. Com killed himself the moment he chose to stay in hell in his desperation. Obama killed himself the moment h-he

sacrificed everything for our lives. And... Obama died for us. Because of him, Polandball lives. The lives of thousands across the galaxy are safe because of him."

"But its not fair..." Aqua said. "It is not fair for anyone to die..."

I was rubbing her back to comfort her. "Life goes on without them, that's the sad truth. They wouldn't wanna see us like this. Life goes on... That's just it."

"If I had to choose..." Aqua looked at her phone. "I would've made one last call to Obama."

"I understand." I nodded to her. "I do."

"I shouldn't have sent you guys to space..."

"It was our job as always, Aqua. That's what PolandBall is." My tone became more insistent. "But you also have a job, Aqua. Your kingdom is on the brink of crisis. Where is their princess when they need her, Aqua? You've got to be a leader, Aqua."

She did not respond. She just kept crying.

"I miss them too. I miss all of them. Not a day goes by where I don't think of them." I stated. "I miss them so much..."

"A-And?"

"Well... When duty calls, I just have to answer." I looked at her as she looked at me. "So please, get up. Your people need you. Com found a home here, keep it safe."

...

Me and Aqua swim through a dome of coffins, endlessly floating forever, protected by the water, frozen is the corpses inside and will be preserved for the rest of time. This was the only cemetery in Atlantis, other than the veterans memorial.

We stop swimming once we arrive at one certain coffin. Aqua takes it with her hand to make sure it doesn't fly away from us.

*RIP*

*COM INSYDEME*

*"Beloved musician."*

Both of us know there is nothing inside the coffin. We could only place some of his albums.

I held the top of the coffin with my palm. "I will make you proud, Com." I turned back to Aqua. "And that's why we do the things we do, right?"

She sighed. "Yes, indeed. We believe in the human heart."

"I believe that there is good inside every human soul." Com was our example. "We will never stop trying to bring it out of others."

"No we won't."

"Another reason why I stopped working was because, well, you know, the trade routes and..."

"And?" I said.

"Michael is fucking impossible to work with, dude." Aqua revealed. "No communication whatsoever. How are we supposed to do cargo and shit and bring international trade if he won't fucking talk?" Aqua sat on the floor. "As a result, the deadline came and we had to act, even though we had no thorough plans in PolandBall's part. The trade routes failed..."

"I'm sorry to hear that. I'll contact Michael and-

"But you know the worst part of all this?" Aqua's eyes were half black. "Michael didn't tell us what he was distributing on the cargo ships. We didn't know what was inside, so there was no protection. We packaged it wrong. Michael was distributing dangerous substances..."

"What kind?" I asked.

Aqua looked at me with fear. "Archon Residue."

"W...What?" No, Michael wouldn't... "That has to be a mistake. Where would he even get Archon Residue?"

"He stole it from the Fatui..." Aqua revealed. "He snuck PolandBall into the business of some pedophilia case and made it an excuse to search The Doctor's lab."

"Why would he be distributing Archon Residue?"

"How would I know?" Aqua sounded defeated. "Also, he sent some vials of it to space. To Rooster Teeth. He did so without telling them first and it resulted in one section of their hub being quarantined after the vials exploded. He should've warned them..."

"What...?" After everything Obama fought for, this is how he treats it?

"He's also suing the US Government, I heard. For some reason I don't know, but I hear rumors from Gamebang that Michael wants to be President..."

"WHAT THE FUCK." I yelled.

"Frankly, I just think Michael is an incompetent shit who is treading in waters too cold for his feet." Aqua said. "If I were you, I'd rather let Gamebang handle most of this shit. Michael knows nothing of teamwork anymore." She sighed. "It is the failure of communication and the poor handling of work. I suspect Obama's death has literally also killed his ability to operate."

...

Eren POV

2 days prior...

"And that's how it happened!" I recapped the whole space adventure to Historia.

"Wow, you're a deity now?"

"Eh, as I'm discovering, my powers only work when I'm around members of the LGBTQ, and even then I need all different members with me. See look." I generated some queer energy into my hands, but I could only bring out a small amount. "You're the only LGBTQ member with me right now, so this is the extent of what I can do."

"A shame. I wanted to see you blast gay lasers." Historia chuckled.

"Actually I do blast gay lasers. Phallic shaped beams and they autopilot to the nearest asshole."

Me and Historia began to roar in laughter over what I said.

"But seriously, I'm glad you accepted yourself, Eren." She said to me. "I'm glad you are gay."

"I feel happier about it." Although I was curious. "But what made you accept yourself while I was gone?"

"Oh uh." Historia was caught off guard. "Uh, fish. Yeah, fish. Tons and tons of fish. Really wet ones too."

"Hm, alright." I began to drink more alcohol. "It's not fair though that you...you have a uh a girlfriend and I I have no one."

"Seriously? No alien boyfriend?"

"Well there was Lu."

Historia sighed in disappointment. "Alright... We're going to do something. Go on, give me your phone."

"Huh?"

"Just gimme."

I obliged and handed her my phone. I watched as she was swiftly tapping on the screen, hyper-focused. What's she doing?

She gave me back the device. "Look at it."

I saw that the messages app was open and... "Oh my fucking God."

She texted Armin, asking if he wants to go on a date. He replied yes.

"HISTORIA WHAT THE FU-"

She slammed the table with her cup of alcohol. "You deserve happiness. You've been talking about his dick for decades now. It's time you do something."

I was so unbelievably flustered. "B-But..."

She took hold of my shoulders and began to shake me. "You can do this, Eren. Go. Go get him."

"..."

Historia nodded at me.

She's right. It's time I stop being so afraid. "Thank you, Historia."

"No problem." She began to drink more cups.

I ran out of the pub and began to call up a friend. I waited for them to answer the phone, staring at the night sky for some kind of hope.

"Hello?" Morbius spoke through the phone.

"Hey uh listen." I said, rushing to the harbor. "I've got a date tomorrow, so I'm heading back to the main continent earlier than you guys."

"You're leaving Inazuma so early? A date? With who?"

"Well, you won't believe this. It's Armin."

"Holy shit."

"I know right."

"Alright, I'll tell the rest of the gang."

I was happy. "Great. Thanks, Morbius."

"Go get him, Eren." He hung up.

There was only one ship in the harbor that was leaving exactly tonight. I had no choice.

"Hey!!" I yelled at the ship. "Where's the captain?!?"

"Huh." The captain looked over at me from the docks. They had a long white beard and a large belly. "What do you want."

"Can I come with you guys?"

"Mate, we're a cargo ship. We deliver goods, not people. Find a cruise." The captain began to leave.

"W-Wait!" I pulled out my wallet and brought out all of the money I earned from the space expedition. "Look!!"

"Hm." The captain considered his next move carefully. "It's still a no. What you're asking of me is possibly illegal."

I wasn't having it. "SIR! I WILL MAKE IT BACK TO THE MAIN CONTINENT NO MATTER WHAT!"

"Why is it so important, huh?"

"I'M DOING IT FOR LOVE!" My body began to glow pink, hearts were flying out of my skin and becoming one with the air.

The captain was awestruck. "Dear God... It's young love."

Suddenly, the ship's main bridge to the entrance opened, falling to the floor of the harbor. It was for me.

"Come, seeker of intimacy." The captain said to me. "You shall have a room for your travels."

...

The next day, afternoon. Fontaine.

I stood in the middle of the park, waiting for Armin. I am so nervous... What do I do? What do I say? What will happen? Will we have sex? Ohhhh dear mama. Don't get hard now, Eren. You have to-

"Eren!" Armin arrived, wearing a sexy suit.

At this moment, I cummed. "O-Oh, hey!"

"Long time no see!" He offered a handshake.

"Y-Yeah... I know righ- AAUUGGH!!" I cummed again when my hand skin touched his.

"Are you okay?"

"YUP." I lied. "So okay."

"Where are we going?"

"Oh, I thought we'd just be going out to the local bar."

"Sure! That sounds fun." His smile looked so handsome...

We went to the "Heterosexual Bar." Because I was wary. What if Armin wasn't gay? What if we thought I was weird for being gay? What if he is repulsed by men? I had to make sure this went right.

We sat on the table. Naked women dancing all around us. It wasn't the women I looked at, or even the men throwing bills at them. It was Armin.

We ordered our drinks, and the night began.

Armin looked so beautiful as he drank. The lights shining on his golden hair, I can only wonder if his bush is gold as well. I kept drinking to distract myself, but it wasn't beer I was thirsty for. I was thirsty for Armin.

It was night time. Me and Armin had just finished drinking at the Heterosexual Bar. We must have had at least eight drinks. Despite the ew girls, it was still fun.

But now, we had to go home. Armin was driving the car. We were in the middle of nowhere. Nothing but flat lands and road in the dead of night. No one would know what would've happened to anyone here. No one would know anything. It would all be covered within the darkness.

My eyes keep gazing towards Armin. His big strong twink arms grip the steering wheel like he's holding onto hope. I want to be the steering wheel. I want my neck to be choked by him so bad. I look down and see his pants. I see no bulge, but I keep imagining what it looks like... Oh mama.

Unfortunately, we left the middle of nowhere and entered town again. But still, it made me so hard. The idea of fucking in public. So shameful, yet so hot. Just imagine... Our car stops and starts a shitstorm of traffic on the road. Me and Armin fuck inside as the cops try to get in. It would be sooo amazing...

But my hopes were crushed. We made it back to my place.

"I'll see you again next Tuesday?" Armin asked with a friendly smile.

"...Yeah." I was disappointed. "Yeah, you will."

As I walked to my door, my focus kept going to the raging boner inside my pants... I can't... I can't let it end like this. I...

As Armin placed his keys into the ignition, I opened his car door. "Eren? Did you forget something?"

Don't be afraid of it, Eren. It's who you are. Admit it. Say it. He must know. "Armin... I'm gay."

...

Armin looked astonished. "Me too."

Oh.

The door closed with the force of a nuke. My hands locked the doorknob, making sure no one would enter my house. It doesn't matter if anyone hears us. I have won.

Me and Armin kissed, our tongues connecting with full passion like hair that enters the mouth. His nose breath smells of a thousand boogers. It smells delicious. His tongue has the texture of a scrub daddy, and my mouth is the plate. I touch his large chest and squeeze like it's a water balloon. My eyes look into his eyes, beautiful in every way.

He pins me to the wall and his hand caresses my bare ass. My hold onto his strong shoulders as he lifts me from the ground. His saliva enters my mouth, and it tastes like wine.

Out of nowhere, however, Armin backs up. "Eren? What's that? I feel scars on your..."

"Don't worry about it." I kissed him some more, and he followed.

His hand squeezes my ass cheek. I moan as if I just finished writing a fic. He brings me to my own bed, pushes me down and Armin Arlert stands on top of me, his sweat dripping into my mouth and eyes and nose.

"I want it..." I whispered.

"Okay..." Armin whipped it out at long last.

His penis can only be described as the secret 8th wonder of the world. Longer than five curtain rods. The tip, shaped like everest. The veins were like worms, traveling across the land that was Armin's cock. It was shaking like a person seeing Chris Chan trending on Twitter. It cried more precum than me, his briefs were wet with it like paint on paper. His pubes were like wheat, and it is mine for the harvesting.

Armin took off my shorts and unveiled mine own cock. Tiny as a bottom should be. Cute as a button it was. It cried for Armin's peepee. It wanted to hug it. It wanted to dwell with its white sweat.

My legs spread wide open, introducing him to my entrance. His cock slowly walks to the inside. I feel it. The tip. It's touching my bussy!! Finally... After all these years, Armin I...

I...

...Suddenly, I felt like I was in danger. My eyes opened, and it seemed like I was back in Purge Night.

Everything was a blur, but it just felt like a knife was on my throat.

I was having a severe panic attack. It felt like I couldn't continue the sex. I got off the bed and just curled up into a ball on the floor, trying to catch my breath. Armin, sweetheart that he is, brought me cold water and a blanket and stayed by my side. I was too out of it to recognize his kindness, but I later came to appreciate it.

After I had calmed down for a bit, I explained why I reacted like that. I told Armin what happened. I told him about my job, about what happened during Purge Night, when I went to space, I told him everything... And he simply sat there and listened to my feelings, affirming everything I say and making sure I was okay.

"Jesus." Armin looked sympathetic. "I'm sorry that happened to you, Eren."

I felt bad that this person I haven't seen in years is bearing a responsibility to hear about my struggles. So I tried to lighten the mood up. "Oh...Oh man, things really went downhill for me after the manga ended, didn't it? Haha..."

"...Can I hug you?" Armin asked. "Is that alright?"



"..." I nodded.

And then he hugged me. My god. I think this is the first time I've engaged in such an activity since that day.

I cried on his shoulders as he comforted me. "It's okay, I'm here." He kept repeating, and nothing was more warm in the world.

Finally, after an hour of caretaking, I felt okay again. Really okay. Because I was assured that I wouldn't be hurt again.

...

"Pwease Arumih..." I was salivating so much. "P-Pwease put youw peepee in my bussy..."

"Yes, kitten." Armin flips me over, my sexy fat ass being massaged.

He teases my hole, going in a circular motion. A bit of the precum enters me. When the poop inside me finds the precum of Armin Arlert, they rejoice and beg for more. My poopy butthole cries for Armin.

"NGH!!~" He has finally entered inside me. Oh, how pleasurable. My anus takes his cock like a baby sucking a pacifier. My asshole is the one doing the thrusting. The poopy juices of my ass and the peepee juices of his peepee mingle, creating a perfect harmony that can only be achieved through God's greatest gift. Gay sex.

"Agghhhh bro your cock feels so based!!" I moaned like Historia. "Mmm!!! Fuck me harder, zaddy!!!"

Armin slaps my ass cheeks as he thrusts with the force of the nuke that bombed Hiroshima. Like a printer placing the image on paper, my anal walls becomes a perfect copy of Armin's cock. My bussy is getting fucking annihilated. He fucks me so hard that it feels like he might trigger a geological event.

As I always wanted ever since I was a little boy, Armin nuts inside my bussy. "NYAAA~~~" His cum fills my asshole to the brim. So much semen cannot be held in my tight butt. His cum covers the poop inside like someone rinsing rice. He cummed so fucking hard that it comes out of my eyes and nose. All I see is cum.

"Wow bro..." Armin was panting gayily. "That was so pog... I think-"

I make Eren fall to the bed supine. He lays, surprised. His cock is the only thing that stands. I jump on his body and my mouth starts gobbling that shit down. I couldn't take it anymore. I am so fucking horny. I want to take everything in Armin's dick. I want his nut in my eyes. I am a dog with rabies, put me down with your fucking thighs.

"Agghhhh!!! Bro!!!!" Armin moans so loud as I suck him off. He already cummed the minute before, but I already made him cum again.

His cock is so long it reaches my heart. It's throbbing so badly. My mouth is a drug, it was made Armin's cock overdose, and it's mouth is foaming. My tongue is a sponge that cleans every bit of Armin's cock. I can taste my own poopy woopies.

"AANNNGGHH!!!" He cums inside my throat. Sticky white madness with a hint of yellow fills my body, and it takes it with no objections. But even as he cummed, I keep sucking. I made him cum 2036 times in a second.

The butt-fucking continued throughout the night, and we barely slept. When we were finally unconscious, I laid on Armin's hairy chest, with cum inside my mouth and ass.

My name is Eren Yeager. I am the gayest man to ever live.

...

It was my first time meeting Historia's fiancée that wasn't during war. We were at some mall, doing some shopping like any normal ladies. Historia went to the bathroom, so I was left alone with Sangonomiya Kokomi.

"Are you treating my sister well." I joked to her.

"Sometimes it's more difficult than a country." Kokomi replied, smiling.

"So, after this, you two are heading to the main Teyvat continent, right?"

"Yeah." Kokomi looked up. "I've never been to America before. It's so different..."

"Don't live here, I'm glad I moved." I said.

"Noted." Kokomi remembered something. "Weren't you in Fontaine days ago? To be with your boyfriend?"

"Oh uh yeah. But you know, PolandBall business. You know how it is."

"Sure glad I don't have a job anymore." Kokomi said. "How's Michael doing?"

"I don't know, we haven't seen him in weeks." I stated. "I thought he came to see you leave Watatsumi Island."

"He was supposed to, but he never showed up. I assume work has piled up since he's leader now."

"Yeah..."

Kokomi was lost in thought and couldn't help it. "But I've heard some stuff about him..."

"What stuff?" I don't like listening to the news.

She proceeded to list down a bunch of things Michael did and explained each in great detail on how his actions angered four in-world governments. I assume there's also the space ones, but Kokomi doesn't know anything about that place. I listened, absolutely baffled and shocked, confused yet amazed at how many people Michael managed to piss off.

"Holy shit."

"Yeah, it's a lot." Kokomi seemed sad about him. "I had a lot of hope for him. Plus, he's my friend. Nowadays, it seems like all you hear about him is negative."

"I'll definitely have to check up on him. I heard he went to space a day ago, to the moon."

"What in the- you know what, it's PolandBall, it makes sense." She sighed. "I don't resent Michael, I pity him. Obama had it right, Obama kept everything calm and calculated and valued teamwork. Michael is trying to become Obama, I feel. He can't, nor will he understand what made Obama so great. Michael keeps to himself, thinks with a stressed head leading to bad decisions, and he doesn't give himself time to rest, a problem I had once." We saw Historia returning in the distance. "Take care of Michael. Force him to take a break."

...

Morbius POV

1 day prior...

Tomorrow, I'd be leaving Inazuma with Gamebang. Eren and [Insert GenshinPlace member] already left, and Michael is nowhere to be found. Hopefully they are completing all of their remaining tasks here, as I will do.

I slowly walk towards a wooden cabin in a field of vibrant grass. Inazuman officers watch over my every movement, as well as the house itself. When I finally arrive at the cabin's fence, he comes out of the entrance door.

"Michael Morbius." Holden Hiscok said as he left the inside of the house. "I did not expect to see you here."

"How are you doing." I asked him.

"Oh well, you know." He sat on top of the fence. "You ruined my life and its devoid of color."

I ignored that rude interjection. "Do you feel rehabilitated after spending all this time I'm exile?"

Hiscok scoffed. "Rehabilitated my ass..."

He showed me around his small island we deemed to be his prison for life. The officers used to do the planting and the responsibilities of living properly before they forced Hiscok to get off of his ass and start helping himself since he was the prisoner here.

I thought the place would be good for him. Purely grassland with a few trees, very close to the ocean to catch some fish, good soil, and far away from Teyvat in general so that he doesn't have a chance of returning. The environment I felt would be good for his mental health and give him some kind of redemption. That was my goal in the end. I want to see Hiscok change like I did.

"It's what man must achieve to attain true freedom." I said to Hiscok as we were fishing. "To become a kinder, gentler person."

Hiscok was gathering more fish than me. "Uh-huh."

"You must accept the past and push yourself to do good in the future. That is the way to atone." I felt like I was giving great advice.

Hiscok sighed. "You'd say all of that shit to a war criminal like me. You're something else, Morbius."

"I forgive you, man. I forgive you for what you've done."

"Outrageous. You're almost an insult to my victims." He gained another fish. "Your morality is naive, Morbius."

"I believe everyone can be better."

"I believe justice should be done correctly. My crimes? The consequences shouldn't include you comforting me."

"You deserve redemption as much as everyone else."

"Morbius..." Hiscok seemed frustrated with me. "I was the leader of a government that mainly comprised of murderers and rapists and thieves. I allowed that shit to happen and I've ruined the lives of thousands."

"You do have an acceptable punishment, Hiscok. You're far away from Inazuma or any other continent. You are to stay here for life."

"To live in peace? That's not a very good punishment for a war criminal. Just so you know, there are crimes of the NFT you haven't even discovered yet."

"It's rehabilitation, Hiscok."

"Morbius, not everyone deserves redemption. Not everyone can change. Some people simply deserve to burn instead of being a humble fisherman as a fuckin punishment."

"It's not weak of us to be forgiving. It's strong."

"I'm not saying it's weak, I'm saying it's stupid to apply your principles to every criminal. A child rapist should be rotting in an isolated white room for all of eternity, eating only their own shit forever, but the government you have created with the Shogun would ensure that the child rapist would have a chance to reenter society with a job provided while their victim struggles every day to afford Healthcare to not die from the AIDS they've been given. Your system of forgiveness gives forgiveness to those who don't deserve it."

"Hiscok, I don't think anyone deserves to suffer the way you say so."

"You gave a thousand NFT members the ability to reenter society after they stay a certain amount of time in prison. Like I said earlier, these members consist of murderers and thieves and rapists. Killers walk the streets of Inazuma, casually greeting the children of parents they killed in brutality. Let me tell you, Morbius, men can fake change. You may have broken the cycle of violence, but you have created a cycle of misery."

I simply do not agree with what he says. "I choose to trust the system we have created. I wish to believe that in the future, it will have done more good than bad, to encourage a culture of forgiveness in Inazuma. Everyone can be good, I feel."

"You're ignoring everything I say, Morbius. Do not give my NFT members a fucking six-figure job, fucks sake. Put them behind bars."

"I don't want to harm anyone, Hiscok. I want people to become better. I don't resent others for what they've done in the past, I want to help them."

"...Your first sentence is all you needed to say to reveal your flaws, Morbius. 'I don't want to harm anyone.' That's your main goal. You are too pussy to put someone to the death penalty. Your vow to never harm anyone is your true goal, not the system of government."

That's not true. I know it isn't. "It's not that I don't care. I do. I don't believe pain to be an effective method in change."

"You shouldn't inflict pain for change, Morbius. Inflict it because they deserve it. Sodomize the fucking rapists, fucks sake. Pain is for justice, not some kind of redemption. They need consequences or else this world will never be fair."

"But that's the thing, Hiscok..." I was determined for my values. "Speaking of which: Why are you insisting such things be done to your former government members? They were your army."

"I kept those monsters in office because they were the only ones capable of doing what I asked to achieve the goal I wanted for Inazuma. I was completely aware I housed a government of monsters, but I needed them to fix all of its problems. Yes, I resent the fuckers."

"I can't do that. I don't hate anyone, it's a horrible feeling to hold. I love everyone."

Hiscok sighed really deeply. "Morbis, let me ask your pacifist ass: What would you do if you saw Adolf Hitler raping your grandmother?"

"My grandmother is dead." I answered.

"It's theoretical, Morbis. What do you do to Hitler."

That's an easy answer. "I give him a place to live, far away from everyone else."

"THAT'S THE FUCKING PROBLEM, MORBIUS!" He shouted at the top of his lungs. "HITLER SHOULD BE SHOT AT THE FUCKING HEAD. WHAT ABOUT YOUR GRANDMOTHER, HUH??"

"You're really loud, you know?"

Hiscok threw his fishing rod on the ground. "You're more naive than animal. You don't understand the longterm consequences of the system you have created." He scoffed. "The Shogun trusts you more than anyone. She is trusting a fool."

"Actually, she trusts Miko the most." I corrected him.

"Still, that naiveté will someday kill you or others."

"It's simply what I believe in." I stated. "I have no enemies."

Hiscok walked away back to his cabin. "Mark my words, Morbis. There will come a day where your values will be challenged to its limits. The day will come where you realize the flaws of your principles. I just hope you react accordingly."

Once he returned to the inside of his cabin, Hiscok loudly slammed the door shut.

Poor thing, I thought, still riddled with hate and rage. Maybe the next time I come back, he will be at peace and more calm. He can do it. Anyone can do it.

I return to the Crux, Beidou was waiting for me. "So?" She asked from above the docks.

"Same as ever." I said about Hiscok. I climbed on board. "Thanks for taking me here, Beidou. I really appreciate it."

"Don't mention it, Morbis." She was gesturing to the other crew members to start sailing. "You saved Inazuma."

Yes. That's right. I saved it. I didn't fuck it up like Hiscok said. I did the right thing.

...

It was the next day, it was night, and I'm about to leave Inazuma with Gamebang. I see him over on the other side of the harbor, talking to his sister. They're laughing. I assume it went well, whatever he did.

As much as I would've liked it, Beidou unfortunately won't be the ones taking us back to the main continent. No, we have a PolandBall ship of our own. A shame, I was planning to drink with her on the Crux.

"Hoo..." The night looks beautiful. I never would've noticed this astonishing view if I was still blinded by revenge.

I'm doing good, Gwen. I'm doing good.

"Leaving already?" I heard a voice behind me.

I turned around and... "Ei!"

"Sup." The Shogun and I proceeded to do an epic handshake we made together.

"Wha- when did you guys make that." Yae Miko entered the scene.

"Miko!" I was also happy to see her.

"A shame you're leaving so soon, Michael Morbius." Yae said. "I really need someone to tell me what actually happened during the revolution. For some reason, no one is telling me anything. Ei ignores all of my questions."

I ignore whatever she said and turn my focus to Ei. "It's been good working with you, your grace."

"Oh cut that, Morbius. We're friends." Ei smiled. "You were an integral part of our battle. The whole nation thanks you."

"Oh please. You're the one they should be thanking. You're their Archon."

"Tell yourself that all you want." She offered her hand for another epic handshake. "Seriously, thank you for everything. I'm gonna miss you."

We proceeded to do a different epic handshake. "Why are you acting like this is the last time we're meeting? Aren't you going to the celebration party of Obama?"

"WHAT." Ei was shocked. "THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A SURPRISE. WHO TOLD YOU?"

My eyes gazed at Yae, who did not seem to know the consequences of telling me. She violently and frantically started gesturing me to not tell Ei so that she may live another day.

"U-Uh... I just knew!" I replied to Ei.

She sighed. "Well, there's no point to hiding it anymore."

We did one final epic handshake. "See you later, Ei. Thank you for everything." I said.

"Goodbye, Morbius."

Ei left early, but Yae stayed. She said she wanted to tell me something.

"You gotta get your leader's shit together, Morbius." Yae informed me. "I assume you know why the Inazuma PolandBall base has been demolished."

"Yes, it is a shame." I said. "But our leader has been working really hard."

"Hard? Yes. But effectively? No." Yae looked at the shining sea. "To be clear, the Inazuman government does not blame PolandBall. It blames Michael. You're safe. We would not bear the consequences of one man to an entire organization. Afterall, Michael does everything himself."

"I follow whatever he says. He is my leader."

"It's a horrible thing that PolandBall's contribution to Inazuma ends this way. Neither Ei nor me wanted to do it, but we ordered the demolishing anyway. Obama would've kept that building alive for longer than my own life. It truly is a shame that one of the most important parts of the revolution will be gone."

"For what's its worth, we're glad to have served you."

Yae didn't look satisfied with the answer. "Take care of Michael, Morbius. His grief is overpowering his rationality. I know it, I've seen it with Ei. He's making decisions that harm others in the long run... Obama wasn't great because he did everything by himself, he was great because he trusted himself and you guys to do great things. It was never a one-man effort, it was PolandBall. Make Michael understand that and maybe he'll grow into his own person."

I boarded the ship and found Gamebang already sitting by the chairs, eating the last of his rations. And then, we set sail.

Hate brings one closer to rock bottom. Let go of it and love your obstacles. Embrace others with care and compassion, the way you want to be treated. I don't want to ever hurt another person again. I have no enemies.

...

Michael POV

The sound of a siren rings in my damned head. A tornado siren if I had to guess, the demonic screams of elephants warning all to safety. They do not care for mine, they wish for my suffering by deafening me. In all the times this sound plays in my mind, I literally have to slap my head to make it stop. I can't fucking focus with that sound. I need to stay focused or else it will be all for nothing.

Sigurd sent me a message on discord, warning me that Dragalia was heading towards Earth with a horde of dragons. They mean to conquer our world like they did so many others in the western part of the galaxy. Dragalia has truly evolved since The Void. They have regained their dragons, I don't yet know how, but I suspect it's the same way Cersei got to use Balerion. With Archon Residue, unethical desires are heightened to extreme levels, Cersei granted or promised Balerion everything he wants. Euden must have done the same to bring the dragons to his side again, despite being Corrupted.

But why would that matter anyway? As long as he doesn't touch Earth soil, we're fine. It's up to me as always to stop this shit. Let's get it over with.

I was inside my office in the main PolandBall base in America, doing all kinds of paperwork I now forgot when I got Sigurd's message. No less than 5 minutes, I was flying a ship to the sky. Speed is efficiency. Multitasking, I was discussing Atlantic trade with Aqua in dms. She used to not respond to my messages at all, but she's really active now. I must've annoyed her to death. Surely no one else was involved in her sudden awakening other than me. It's always me.

The blue skies turned to darkness, and then I was in space once more. I could already see the singular Dragalia ship Euden rides on, and their hundreds of Corrupted Dragons following behind. A mighty army capable of destroying entire worlds. Possibly one of the most dangerous military forces in the galaxy. I ramped up the speed on my ship so I can get to them quicker.

I landed on the moon and put on my spacesuit. I walked outside and touched the lunar surface, Earth behind me. All the while, I was handling trade with Aqua and a little secret project on the side inside discord texts. While typing with my phone on one hand, my other hand held a flare gun and did not hesitate to fire it upwards, a line of red smoke blocking the view of earth.

Ten minutes later, their single ship landed on the moon after seeing my flare. Inside the ship, I could see all that remained of Alberia. Ku Hai, Hawk, Joe, Tobias, Serena and Karina. The King walked out of the ship with a spacesuit made of red gold. Euden.

Luckily, I just finished talking with Aqua and some lawyers in the time it took for them to land, so it was time for negotiations.

"Polandball." Euden greeted. His hair had grown longer and did not tie it all in a bun.

"Sup." I think I have a ton of white hairs now, actually.

"I am here to bring freedom and glory to your world." Euden announced mightily. "Under Dragalia rule, it shall prosper. We are not invaders, we are breakers of chains."

"Good for you, Daenerys." I got another discord message from Aqua in the middle of this. "Hold on for a minute, I need to reply to this one."

"If you surrender to our cause without resistance, I promise paradise on your world like all else. I will still promise paradise, even if you resist, but I will destroy PolandBall. Either way, Earth will be ours. It's your choice whether you want to live or not." A view of Saturn's rings laid on top of Euden like some kind of halo. "What will it be, PolandBall?"

"Yeah uh about that." I closed discord. "We really like our independence. We love it a lot. And I love my life and the lives of my employees."

"You only have those two choices."

Hmph. Obama would've made his own choice. "Go back to UGA, Euden... It's much simpler than this shit." I opened discord again as Aqua sent me another message.

"UGA is weak. They did not seek my dragons, so I did it myself. They value security while I value strength."

"Yeah sure man, explain your reasoning while I do this." Aqua was seriously asking what supply and demand meant.

"With the strength of all the planets I have conquered, I shall create a great army that flies alongside dragons." Euden explained. "I must conquer as much as I can to bring forth the goal of a lifetime."

"Which is?"

Euden's eyes turned black. "The death of Azazel."

"Mhm."

"With his death brings the justice and revenge of a million worlds swallowed by The Void. With his death, our galaxy may forever be at peace knowing his dangers do not exist anymore."

"How many have you killed in your conquest for power?"

"50,000."

"Cool." I put my phone back in my pocket. "Hey, uh, have you ever thought of something else to do other than massacre people who don't wanna kneel to you?"

"What else is there to do? For the sake of millions dead, we must prepare for Azazel's return."

"I'm just saying... Yes, The Void left billions of people homeless and suffering. But do you think Azazel's blood will just magically give them a home? No, of course not. Look behind you, all the power in the universe and you use it to bring devastation just like Azazel."

"I'm not like that devil." Euden sounded angry. "The ends will justify the means. My conquest will ensure-"

"The massacre of people refusing to oblige to your demands will never be justified, Euden. Azazel dying won't bring back Alberia."



"Then what do you suggest, PolandBall."

"You guys have so much power... And there were many MANY victims of The Void... So why not use your power to help those victims? Give them a home, resources and all that jazz. Help them rebuild. At the end of it all, it will have achieved more than the death of some guy."

"Is this a joke?"

"Nope."

"What you ask for is cowardice. Until threat is eliminated, no peace can be achieved. Vengeance is the only way."

I sighed, disappointed. "You know, Morbius probably has some speech that would change all of this in an instant." I took out my phone and again and pressed something. "But I'm not Morbius."

"AGH!!" Euden felt pain on his neck. He kneeled to the ground, groaning. "What...What did you..."

"I hacked your suit." I revealed. "I wasn't texting anyone at all."

"What?"

"That thing is going to stay on your body, no matter what you do. And, in under one minute, um, it will explode."

"WHAT THE HELL!?"

"Alright." I walked to Euden. "Here's my conditions. Walk away from Earth and you'll get a chance to rejoin UGA, or insist on invasion and you will die along with Dragalia."

"Our dragons will-"

"Don't worry about that. I know how you got them on your side, I can do that in a heartbeat. They'll be my dragons."

"You!!"

"So what will it be, my king?" I lowered myself to his level. "You only have those two choices."

"AAAGGHH!!" The pain was increasing with each second. "OKAY! FINE! I SURRENDER!"

"Hehe, nice." I pulled out my phone and turned off the pain. "Now, I do have access to your spacesuit's functions forever, so you better change it unless you wanna be in constant threat of getting springlocked."

"Damn you, PolandBall..." Euden stood up.

"Alright buddy, it's time to go back to UGA. Plus, please take the suggestion I made about helping the victims."

"And if I don't?"

"Well, your ship is easier to hack."

"You'll pay for this, PolandBall."

"Yeah sure, man. Now get out of here."

Shortly after that encounter, Dragalia left the moon with their dragons, slowly disappearing into the darkness of space. I stayed on the moon, sighing of relief, but also disappointment.

"Damn it, Obama..." I'm not like him. Obama would've convinced Euden with a few words and would've succeeded in making more agreeable terms. While I... I had to resort to threats. The foundation of PolandBall and Dragalia is

based on threats alone now. I have brought conflict to my people and I must maintain their safety with the danger of annihilation. All because I don't know how to talk to people... Obama would've achieved better than me.

Obama left me with a huge mess. Making sure PolandBall is on good terms with UGA as well as helping maintain it, which means governing the galaxy. Politics on earth to make sure they don't destroy themselves, which includes the alliance of Land and Sea, PolandBall and the American Government, Teyvat's laws especially Inazuma, trade, and the other stuff. The physical condition of reality itself, making sure some supernatural threat doesn't destroy us all, working with the SCP Foundation. Interdimensional diplomacy, working with Skytree and the Vultramite Alliance in general to make sure our universes are safe and maintained, and I have recently heard the Golden Universe has gone all Nazi Germany, so that's fun... And the final thing is the literal bomb that is hidden underneath the main PolandBall base, Alizeh's Archon Residue. I have to make sure it stays secure. Recent readings of Alizeh's remains suggest that the Residue WANTS to break out of its cage, the fucking glass capsule we placed it in. If that happens, we're fucked.

"Oh my fucking God..." The sirens. They're here. They're louder this time. My head cannot keep them at bay. They scream at me for danger. They scream at me for suffering. They scream at me. They scream. "AH!" I hit my own head and the sirens stop. "Phew..."

I gotta head back to Earth. I have work to do.

...

"How's Cersei." I was on the phone with Tyrion Lannister.

"Better than ever! Thanks to your suggestion, she's becoming a be-"

"Nice to hear." I hung up and moved on to the next person. "Hello?"

"I don't know what you did, but Euden returned to UGA with a horde of dragons." Miku said.

"What I did was increase your manpower." I was about to hang up, but...

"Don't hang up on me, Michael. Not again."

"What is it now." I had no time for this shit.

"If you half-ass every task you need to do, then you're putting a lot of us in danger. Many rely on PolandBall."

I sighed. "Obama would've done all of this easily by a weekend as if he was only breathing."

"I know." Miku replied. "But you're not Obama."

"..." Fuck this. "I have to be." I hung up and moved on to the next person. "Hello?"

"Trade routes have been finalized." Aqua announced.

"Great. Get to moving goods."

"Got it." Aqua was the one who hung up this time.

"Hello?" I said to the next person.

"It's me, Michael." Joe Biden said.

"Uh-huh."

"Our boy Trump is-"

"Bye." I hung up. It probably wasn't important anyway. Next person. "Hello?"

"OBAMA IS DEAD!?" The words shot me.

"H-Hi..." I said to Vultramite Aqua.

"You didn't tell any of us." She stated.

"I thought you knew." I said.

"We're zillions of light years away from each other, plus I'm handling at least 50 dimensions in the alliance."

"Well yes... H-He's dead."

Vultramite Aqua sighed. "Bummer. Just when we needed him most. The Golden Universe is trying to break into the borders of the alliance."

"Fuck...." I never get a break. "They're so comically evil."

"They birthed Golden Universe Com, the man who woke up Azathoth. Of course they're comically evil."

"Com?" The sirens, they eat my senses as my eyes deceive me. Com being stabbed in the chest by Azazel as I couldn't do anything but watch. Golden Universe Com shooting one of the creatures who sang to keep Azathoth asleep, dooming all of existence instantly. I remember how it all happened, everyone shattered like glass multiple times. We're only alive now because of chance. How fragile we are to be alive due to pure chances. Chances. We're only here because of chance. How... HOW!?!?

"Michael? You listening?" Vultramite Aqua said.

"O-Oh uh..." I slapped my head to stop the sirens. "Yes..."

"So yeah, that's the secret project the Vultramites and Skytree has been working on. I'm sure it'll prove useful in the coming crisis."

"What secret proj-"

"Bye." Vultramite Aqua hung up.

I just sat there in the office, unbearably silent. "Shit..." The memories haven't been stopping. Why are they only appearing now? They're fucking up my performance...

Later, I walked downstairs to the underground facilities of the main PolandBall base. Well... Facilities is the wrong word now. It's a goddamn quarantine center.

In this place, one area in particular is inhabited by a glass box. Inside that box lays the most dangerous object in existence on a fucking wooden table. Alizeh's Archon Residue.

I thought I destroyed that shit shortly after destroying time travel, but apparently not... I'll explain later when I have to inevitably show the gang this damned retcon.

The Residue was contained inside a small glass capsule, the size of a hydro flask. It was purple as most Archon Residues are, but it's aura was different. It still contains a portion of Alizeh's original time warping powers, the same ones I used to destroy time travel, the same ones that corrupted the multiverse. As Residues are, it contains Alizeh's most prominent emotions, I even felt it during the single time I used it. I felt so much guilt, grief, regret, rage, and yet... I felt love.

Me and a few other PolandBall employees are trying to keep this thing at bay. The Residue is more powerful than anything in reality. If it breaks out of that capsule, all is doomed. These underground facilities nearly collapsed when we found the Residue again, nearly reaching Golden Universe Com's God-killing rifle we never ended up using. Actually, why the fuck have we never used that thing? Why did we leave this place behind? Isn't it the main base?

No. I shouldn't question it. Obama always knew what he was doing. He was a genius among all of us mortals. There's no way he could've slipped. He wasn't capable of a mistake. This must have happened during my reign as leader of PolandBall. Obama never makes a mistake...

I stand on the other side of the glass, watching the swirling colors inside that capsule. I see a snake, screaming at me. Alizeh wants to break free, but I won't let her. She will not destroy existence again. Even after her death, she still brings the threat of annihilation to us. She has done so much.

Perhaps my greatest fear is the fear of inevitability. The crisis one year from now- no... it's 5 or 6 months from now. In half a year from now, the crisis Lily told will happen. The end of all things will happen and I know damn well this capsule is one of the reasons why.

So... Maybe I'm just waiting for the damn thing to break out of the glass and kill us all. It's destiny afterall.

"Fuck..." I just curled up into a ball on the floor. The snake is probably laughing at me. Damn you, Alizeh.

Obama never made a mistake. I have to be like him. My leadership should be exactly like his. If not, then all is doomed. I must keep going until I can't. His legacy lives through me. I have no choice. To protect everyone, I must make it known that Obama chose the right heir.

...

As I was busy trying to not fall asleep while signing some important paperwork, the fucking doorbell to the entrance keeps repeating itself. So fucking loud. Why do we have a doorbell in a military base. Why Kennedy why.

To make it stop, I thought about yelling at whoever was in the entrance. I checked the cameras and- "Oh shit." Fuck, it's the gang. Gamebang, [Insert GenshinPlace member], Eren, and Morbius. They're here. "Ah fuck..." Reluctantly, I pressed a button to unlock the door. Now, I wait as they walk to my office.

It actually took an hour for them to find where I was. The main PolandBall base is literally a maze, I don't know why Kennedy built it this way nor why Obama kept it this way. But the gang eventually arrived at my door and opened it. There they were, in front of me. Play it cool.

"Heyyyy!!" I stood up from my desk. "Come in, come in."

"Bro you have the eyes of a MAPPA employee." Gamebang pointed out.

"Whaaattt?? Nah, I'm fine." I shrugged it off. "What yall doing here?"

"To check up on you." [Insert GenshinPlace member] said. "A lot of news around you lately."

I don't listen to the news. "Oh really? Well, uh, I have news too. I was gonna call you guys about it sooner or later but yall are here now! Let's do it!" I jumped from my desk and failed, falling flat on my face. The floor may as well have punched me.

Eren was concerned. "A-Are you o-"

"Yeah I'm fine." I said as I readjusted my spine. "I'm fine..." Cracks could be heard from my back. "Let's go to what I needed to show yall..."

As we were walking down to the underground facility, the gang tried to make conversation.

"So uh..." Gamebang began. "America, huh. Finally suing them for that femboys thing?"

"Yes." I answered. "I'm finishing what Obama left behind."

"...But Obama avoided that whole fiasco because we needed the US alliance-"

"The US Government will pay for their sins. Literally." I fired back.

"I talked to Kokomi." Eren spoke up. "She told me to tell you to take a break."

"Oh you talked to her? Great! Is she doing well?" I asked.

"I literally just told you she said to take a br-"

"She must be doing well. Not everyone can retire!" Shit, did that sound sarcastic?

"Michael, I'll be honest." Morbius was next. "I was disappointed in how you handled Dragalia."

"I had no choice."

"You did. There were so many other ways to resolve that issue." Morbius said. "If anything, Obama would've created an outcome that lasted centuries. A solution that needed no threats."

"AH!" The sirens...

"Jesus-" Gamebang was jumpscared by me. "What happened? Are you okay?"

"It's fine..." I said as my started hitting my head. "We need to keep moving further down..."

[Insert GenshinPlace member] spoke. "Can we talk about how you're distributing Archon Residue?"

"Distributing what." All the others said.

"He used some pedophilia case of the Fatui as an excuse to raid the lab of The Doctor." Eren explained. "However, that actually lowered the animosity between the Knights and the Fatui since now they see PolandBall as the enemy."

"It isn't PolandBall they see as an enemy." [Insert GenshinPlace member] said. "It's Michael himself."

"Yae said Inazuma is the same." Morbius joined.

"Biden and Trump are concerned that Michael is trying to take over America." Gamebang said.

The sirens...

"Fuck that actually makes sense." Eren realized.

"Michael?" Morbius said to me. "What have you been doing?"

"FUCK!" I shouted as the sirens got louder and louder. I started repeatedly hitting myself in the head as hard as I could.

"HEY! STOP IT! YOU'RE GONNA GET BRAIN DAMAGE!" [Insert GenshinPlace member] held my fist back.

"I..." I took deep breaths. "I'm sorry... Let's just... Let's just keep walking down..."

The rest of the journey down was quiet with the occasional whispers. But it was fine I guess.

Finally, we make it to the underground facility that is quarantined. A glass box keeping a section of the place contained. The capsule containing the most dangerous substance in existence is sitting on a wooden table. The aura in here should be familiar to everyone. If not, they can sense the danger.

"What... What the fuck is this." Eren was confused.

"So uh... A little backstory." I sat my back against the glass. "So yes, after I destroyed time travel and got everything mostly back to normal, I took off Alizeh's remaining powers. Me and Obama tried destroying it with the rifle Golden Com had. We thought it worked..."

"Thought?"

"Yeah, since me and Obama went to Antarctica after, we never really had any time to check on the condition of the abilities. In actuality, ever since we left for Antarctica, no one had ever checked up on this specific base. It was left alone for years and no one knew that the Alizeh's leftover abilities, basically her Archon Residue, was about to destroy the entire underground facility. Yes, we DIDN'T destroy Alizeh's powers. It has been here this whole time and it was unprofessional of us to not know about it from simply not checking up on this place. Golden Com's rifle wasn't powerful enough and we are stuck with containing this thing. If it gets out, and believe me it WANTS to break out, then our world is doomed."

I looked and saw Gamebang's eyes widened with shock. His jaw dropped. It looks like he just saw the end of the world. "You..." He spoke. "YOU KEPT MY DAUGHTER'S CORPSE IN A FUCKING BOTTLE??"

"It's not a bottle, it's a capsule for containing supernatural sub-"

"ITS A BOTTLE, MICHAEL!" Gamebang shouted with all his fury "NO WONDER IT WANTS TO BREAK OUT, ITS TOO FUCKING SMALL! WHY WASN'T I TOLD ABOUT THIS!?"

"I was going to tell all of you eventu-"

"Michael, what was the distribution of Archon Residue for." [Insert GenshinPlace member] questioned.

"I was doing research on how to destroy this damned thing. I needed to experiment but it's not like we had Archon Residue."

"So you resorted to using a victim's traumatizing experience to get what you needed." Eren said. "Michael, the investigation was unnecessary."

"We saved the kids in there!"

"You wouldn't have if you didn't know they were there. Your main goal was always the residue." Eren replied.

"Atlantis spent a fuck ton of effort destroying the Corrupted Army." [Insert GenshinPlace member] explained. "Now you're distributing corruption in Atlantis' own cargo ships without their knowledge."

"I needed to get all of the Residue in different PolandBall bases. One base can't handle all of the experiments." I explained. "I needed to find a way to destroy Alizeh's Residue."

"Fucking hell..." Morbius sighed. "So in every PolandBall base, there's Archon Residue? Oh yes, let's just spread this wildly dangerous substance around the world half-hazardly and hope they don't explode on the way there."

"By the way, the Residue you sent Rooster Teeth without warning literally blew up a section of their hub." Eren stated.

"...What?" This was the first I heard of it.

"Also... The girl in the case you used to raid Dottore's lab..." Eren looked at Gamebang. "It was a sumeru student, green haired, nineteen and goes to Liberty University, pursuing medicine."

Gamebang seemed to understand the hint. "Collei was groomed...?"

"It wasn't public knowledge, but Kokomi told me about it after she talked with Jean." Eren said. "But PolandBall should've definitely known the victim's identity."

"Wait so it was the girl Gamebang is always talking about?" I said.

"..." Gamebang was stunned.

"I can explain-"

"You violated intergalactic laws, by the way. The UGA see you as unstable and a threat." Morbius added. "The celestial meteorites."

"I needed all the resources I needed to find a way to destroy this thing!" I stressed to them.

"You couldn't use the money distributing Residue on the Inazuma base?" Morbius said. "We lost it, Michael. We don't govern Inazuma with the Shogun, we were in debt. Yae sees you as dangerous. You fucked our finances."

"Biden and Trump literally think Michael is trying to take over America." Gamebang stated.

"I'm not! I'm just suing them because it's the right thing to do!" I shouted. "We needed justice for the end of femboys operation!"

"It didn't even happen! Why give a fuck!?" Gamebang said. "You thought this would be a simple court case but no, now America thinks you're conspiring against them. We stand IN America right now. You are in danger, Michael."

"I'm doing what's right."

"You're doing what you think Obama would do." [Insert GenshinPlace member] said.

The sirens... "You don't understand..."

"What I understand is that your grief has overtaken your senses." Eren said. "You're not thinking rationally, Michael."

The sirens are getting louder... "Shut..."

"You're letting Obama's death control your life." Morbius said. "You have failed him."

"NONE OF YOU WERE THERE WHEN HE SACRIFICED HIMSELF FOR ME!!" I yelled at all of them. "THERE WAS NO GOING BACK, SO HE ENTRUSTED EVERYTHING ON ME! HE DIED SO I CAN GET AWAY FROM THE VOID! HE DIED!"

"...Obama entrusted all of us to continue his work." [Insert GenshinPlace member] said. "But it seems that you aren't a teamwork kind of person. It's a shame."

"Either way, I'm taking that capsule with me." Gamebang said while approaching the glass.

"No. It's dangerous." I stopped him.

"Michael, it's my daughter. I have the right to do what I want as a father to her corpse. I want to take it home."

"It's the most dangerous substance in the mult-"

"ITS MY DAUGHTER, MICHAEL." Gamebang shouted. "ITS HER CORPSE. ITS ALL THATS LEFT OF HER. I WANT IT."

"..." I didn't budge.

"...Alright. Fine." Gamebang walked away, reaching the exit to the room, the stairs.

"Hey, where are you going." I demanded.

"..." Morbius followed Gamebang.

"HEY!"

"..." [Insert GenshinPlace member] followed next.

"THIS IS AN ORDER FROM YOUR LEADER! STAY!"

"..." Eren looked at me before he followed the orders.

"HEY! ITS AN ORDER!" I kept shouting for them. "YOU CANNOT LEAVE!"

They didn't come back.

"No..." A tear fell on my cheek as the sirens were at their peak. "PLEASE! DON'T GO! DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE HERE! PLEASE!"

I ran up the stairs, but they weren't there. I searched everywhere in the base, the endless maze of hallways and empty rooms. "GUYS! PLEASE! DON'T LEAVE ME!" But they were nowhere to be found. They had left the building. I am the only person in this large building.

"No..." The sirens deafened my voice. "NO!"

...

I went back to the underground facility just to stare at it. That damned thing. The capsule that will destroy humanity. Even after death, Alizeh finds a way to ruin us. To ruin me. How does Gamebang still have the capability to love her?

After I felt like the thing was laughing at me, I returned to my office. I did not expect to do any work since I completed everything fast. But when I arrived, twice as much paperwork was piled next to the printer. All of it was the same things I did this past month. Why God.

While skimming through the papers to see what I need to do next, I hear the door open. "Michael...?"

I turn around and see Lily, standing in worry. "I'm fine." I said.

"Michael, you look like a MAPPA employee."

"Dang, everyone thinks so?"

"Jesus, look at all those papers..." Lily approached and took a look.



"It's all just new stuff."

"No its not." She said as she analyzed them. "This is the exact same stuff you've been handling for a month."

"I finished all of those." I said.

"No, you didn't. You made them worse and now the problems pile up."

"Lily, I'm fine, trust me."

"I saw Gamebang and the others walk out. Both GB and [Insert GenshinPlace member] were angry while Eren and Morbius were sad."

"... I don't need them." I reminded her and myself. "They betrayed me, their leader."

"What did you even show them?"

"The capsule that will destroy the world."

"So you showed the corpse of Gamebang's daughter?"

"ITS NOT EVEN A CORPSE, ITS A WEIRD ENERGY LIKE SUBSTANCE THING."

"Michael, I heard what you've been doing. News have been circulating."

"What? So Obama didn't have skepticism at first?"

"Uh, believe or not, he didn't."

"Well fuck me I guess." I sat down on my desk. "Tell me what you've heard that I haven't heard from the boys already."

"Michael, what the hell have you been doing? You're acting out of fear, the literal lesson you learned not to do back in Inazuma."

"I'm not afraid."

"You're spending all of your time on that corpse."

"ITS A WORLD ENDING SUBSTANCE. ITS NOT SOME CORPSE. ITS NOT EVEN A BODY." I shouted at her. "I need to destroy it, Lily. It has the potential to create destruction. We can't allow another Collapse of Time."

"I know that, but you didn't need to drag other people down to accomplish it. And even then, what was the suing America thing about? That's hardly related to that capsule."

"It's leftover business."

"Obama didn't even leave you with anything to finish. He left you with nothing as he accomplished everything and now you're making his accomplishments into your problems."

"WELL FUCKING FUCK ME, LILY, WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO? SIT DOWN?"

"YES!"

"I CAN'T!"

"YOU CONTAINED ALIZEH, WHAT ELSE DO YOU NEED?"

"ARRGHH!!" The sirens. "I NEED MORE!"

"MORE OF WHAT?"

"MORE FUCKING THINGS TO QUIET THIS DAMN NOISE IN MY FUCKING HEAD!!" As I said that, my screams seemed to have silenced the sirens. "Oh..."

"Obama wouldn't have wanted this. This isn't what he taught you." Lily said.

"Oh fuck off, like you knew what he wanted."

"He wanted all of you to live. What else?"

"It's fucking bullshit. It's unfair."

"Yes, it is unfair that he's gone."

"Don't remind me that."

"There you are again! Trying to avoid the problems!"

"I don't need your fucking help, Lily. Shouldn't you be finding your dad or something? Didn't you say you'd do that?"

"I got busy."

"Yeah, busy with building a time machine."

"Oh don't get pissy with me on that, you're fucking sponsoring it. You're desperate for a backup solution, that's why."

"Well SORRY I'm not perfect like Obama."

"He wasn't perfect-"

"HE WAS!" I insisted. "NO ONE ELSE COULD BE LIKE HIM! DON'T YOU FUCKING SAY THAT ABOUT HIM!"

"YOU'RE PUTTING HIM IN A HIGHER PEDESTAL THAN YOU SHOULD, MICHAEL."

"HE WAS MY FRIEND AND HE TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING." I explained. "HE WAS GOOD HE WAS AMAZING AND NOW HE'S GONE AND I HAVE LOST EVERYTHING!"

"No, Michael, you still had so many things after Obama." Lily sounded pitiful. "You had the gang, people who cared about you, people who believed in you, entire governments that believed in you and would've helped you. But in the end, you treated all of them like shit."

"How would you know."

"Michael, let's look at the facts." Lily used her fingers to count. "The US Government considers you a potential enemy. The UGA and Rooster Teeth thinks you're either an idiot or naturally shit at the job and hesitate to work with you any further. Atlantis holds a grudge against you for using their ships to bring Archon Residue. Inazuma thinks you're incompetent. Monstadt and Snezhnaya hate you. And now, your friends hate you, which is the same as saying PolandBall hates their leader."

"That last one I can handle, but I can also handle the governments that threaten PolandBall-"

"Michael, they do not hate PolandBall, they hate YOU. They think YOU are the problem, and you are. They don't give a shit about your employees. They would've followed Obama to death, but they wish death upon you."

This was getting frustrating. "Lily, just stop-"

"No. No, Michael, you have to understand how serious this is." She sounded so desperate. "Somehow, Michael Jackson, you have made everyone your enemy."

"..." Silence. "I don't..."

"Michael... Obama's gone and you can't let that control your decisions..."

"Are you my enemy, Lily?" I asked her with full honesty.

"..." Lily sighed. "I don't know." She turned around and began to walk away.

"No." I begged. "No, Lily, come back. Don't leave me here in this quiet place. There's no one here. Please. I'm sorry. I'm sorry for everything. I'm sorry to Com, I'm sorry to Obama, I'm sorry to the gang, to all governments I've pissed off, please don't leave."

Before she took her last step to leave the room, she turned back to me and said. "You are alone, Michael. You are alone." And then she slammed the door shut.

...

I didn't feel like doing any of the paperwork piled up on my desk. I didn't feel like doing work at all for the first time in weeks. I just wanted to do something else.

For most of the Obama reign, this place was bustling with people constantly working, but it's empty now, a ghost building. I am the last one who remained, its leader.

My chest feels tight, like it's unable to breathe. I feel like I want to throw up, but I can't. There's a huge weight on my back and I don't know how to get it off. The darkness of this room is fucking with me. I always kept this place dark for some reason. My head feels like it's going to explode any moment.

I...I wanna hang out with someone. Fuck the work. I just wanna talk to someone. Anyone.

So I took out my phone and scrolled through my contacts. The gang resents me, most of these people are for work only, I shouldn't disturb Kokomi's life, Com is dead, I don't feel like Lily would talk to me after that, and...is that it? That's all who I talk to? And all of them would rather loathe me? There's no one around me, don't tell me there's no one on my phone either. It's fucking cruel.

I only see one person who would answer my calls anytime... Obama.

Opening our dms, I reread our old chats together, knowing new conversations will never be made again. In one instance, we were talking about girls. Next, we talked about the weekend where we hung out. Next, Obama was venting about his frustrations about this job. Next, he was teaching me how to do his job...

Finally, I notice a few voice messages from when he was on a solo mission. I play the audios.

"Hey, Michael. I'm gonna need you to tell Kennedy that I won't be available for the weekend. This one mission sucksss."

"Buddy, hey, I might need you pick up something for me later. It's in my desk. Thanks."

"I got the thing you wanted. Honestly, you could do better than a blue yeti microphone. You ever consider a Neumann?"

"Told the guys you aren't coming. Said they understood. Stay safe, Michael."

"You sneaky bastard, how dare you not tell us you were actually coming as a surprise. Jesus christ that was fucking incredible."

"This time corruption stuff is fucking me over, but I found some cool lizard guys. I gotta protect them. Hope you're doing well, Michael, wherever you are in the infinity."

"I couldn't save their world."

"As Chaos Chaos once said... Where is the love? The kind we dreamed of? The kind that makes us young."

"Come over quick, we're gonna use Com's gun on that thing once we get it off of you."

"We'll be leaving for Inazuma soon. Get to the boat."

"You okay, Michael?"

"I know loss, Michael, I know. But I want you to know it's going to be okay eventually. You have to be strong for Com. Keep walking."

That's where the voice messages end.

... In this large building, I am the only one who stands, everyone outside hates me, and my best friend is dead.

On my desk are papers, proof of everything that I messed up. My failures. The papers reach to the ceiling. I create problems, not solve them.

Lily was right. I am alone.

...

...

...

I open the nearby drawer and take out Obama's gun. There is only one bullet left, but that's all I need. My body begs for it, for the pain to disappear. It wants to feel nothing. No happiness nor sadness, and I know damn well that's what's after death.

My hand points the gun at my forehead, and the bullet hole would eventually kiss my forehead. No hesitation, I pull the trigger.

It didn't work. I got confused and analyzed the gun, to see where the bullet was placed in order. I point it on my head again and pull the trigger, but nothing again. I assume I need to pull it a couple more times before we get to the actual bullet, so I mindlessly swing the thing around while pulling the trigger. But it turns out, the next pull was the one that shot the bullet, and to the pile of papers it went.

"FUCK!" That was my only bullet. I had to think of something else. The more I stay alive, the longer this pain lingers. It needs to end.

I run to the cafeteria of the base, but all of the utensils are gone. The spoons and forks, they're all gone. I head into the kitchen to find something. Luckily, I find a knife. It won't be as quick as a bullet, but it will work.

As I point the knife at my chest, in the same point Com died, the blade part suddenly fell off the handle. I realized that both weren't connected properly. I tried to catch the steel but it fell into the drain. I decide to turn on the water on the faucet to hopefully make it float out of there, but it seemed I pressed the wrong button. I turned on the garbage disposal.

The screams of metal being shredded into pieces fills the room. I try to stop it, but it's too late. I broke the knife AND the garbage disposal, so I can't even use that if I wanted to. I drop the knife handle and just cry in the wet unclean floors.

I go to one of the wooden tables in the main cafeteria area. I'm going to repeatedly bang my head onto the edge point until my head becomes mush. However, I underestimated how physically strong I was and how long this place has been abandoned and rotting. As soon as my head hit the wood, the entire table broke into pieces.

I pick up one of the broken shards of wood, a sharp one. As I try to drive it into my head, it breaks on impact. The best it did was scratch me. Nothing here will work, the wood is too damn old.

Fuck it, I thought. I climbed every single staircase in this building until I reached the very top. I stood outside, above all land, capable enough to touch the clouds. I walk to the edge and take a peek of the view from upwards. It's a long fall, and nothing can stop me.

With one step that landed on air, my body pulled itself onto nothing and began to disconnect from all touch that could hold it from the descent. As I feel the wind desperately try to push me upwards and fail, I see the ground rushing towards me. Free, I am, nothing holds me anymore. I am falling. But then... I stop falling. In some weird magic, I stay completely frozen in time halfway in the fall. I'm stuck in the air. I open my eyes and see the sudden heartbreaking beauty of the world. The grass around the building is taller than me, the leaves of the trees in the forest make it seem like an ocean of green with the moon illuminating its reflection. The mountains stand far from this place, but their size is mesmerizing, and to know that man had conquered its magnitude was astonishing. The night sky, so blue and bright, the stars look down upon me as they blink and blink, the moon was the eye that watched over humanity. I see everything, and it's all so wonderful and marvelous... And I'll never see it again once I hit the ground, and this will be my first and last time seeing the world like this. It would all be okay now. But I am falling. My primal instincts yell at me, clash at my foolish ideas that stood at the top of that building, it screams at what an idiot I am. No other monster in the world is more terrifying than the perspective in the middle of the fall. It's all gone, my previous thoughts. I shake my body in the air as it comes ever so closer to the ground, I try to pray that the fall become slower, my hands try to reach for the top and its safety but I'm already too far gone, nothing works. I should've known. I should've known what this would be like, but it's too late, I did it and there is no going back from this. I should've known. I should've known how utterly horrifying this is. The moment I jumped off, I lost all control, only the fall decides my fate. I had given up everything when I had regained my will to live at the midpoint. I don't want this. I'm afraid of the pain that will come once I hit the dirt. I want to be safe, but I can't. I didn't want this, I never wanted this. God, why, why have I done something I never wanted? I DON'T WANT THIS! I DON'T WANT TO DIE! SOMEONE, PLEASE, SAVE ME! COM! KOKOMI! LILY! OBAMA! THE GANG, ANYONE! HELP! HELP! I AM SCARED OF DYING! I AM BEGGING! PLEASE! SAVE ME! SAVE ME! OH GOD NO! OH MY GOD NO! I SEE IT! I'M SO CLOSE TO THE GROUND, OH MY FUCKING GOD. IT'S TOO LATE. OH MY GOD OH MY GOD. PLEASE! SOMEONE! HELP ME! SAVE ME! HELP! HELP! I DON'T WANNA DIE! I DON'T WANNA DIE! I DON'T WANNA DIE!

"AAAAHHHH!!!" When I screamed... I was back at the top of the building.

My body wasn't falling, the ground wasn't rising towards me, nor was I in danger... I was here.

It was all in my head. I did know about the sight from the middle. I imagined it... What a horrifying thought. I could die once I step off this edge and everything that I thought would happen. It was all in my head...

Dear God... What was I doing... What was I thinking?

I run back to the inside of the building for the safety it promised and not the cosmic horrors of the top. I didn't even know where I was, I just sat down on a staircase and began to cry to myself. My tears wouldn't stop, it would wrinkle my hands soon.

Even then, I didn't cry loudly. Even after all that, I still tried everything to keep my emotions inside and hide them away. I should be yelling at the sky, but I wasn't. I didn't want to live, but I was too afraid to die.

The only sounds in the area was my weeps. Other than that, there was absolutely nothing. An almost deafening nothingness of sound in this place I am alone in. The lands have been consumed with quietness. I only hear the World's Silence.

"I'm sorry..." I said. I didn't know who I was apologizing to, I just knew it was everyone but myself. "I'm sorry..."

Chapter 8: The Others, once more.

"I'm still sad that The Crux didn't bring back The Angel..." Furina was eating the cake on her plate. "I was hoping for a really cool trial with him..."

"Well, we have to learn how to lower our expectations." Neuvillette said as he drank water. "By the way, how's life been for you?"

"Good. I've learned how to evolve from macaroni to pasta." Furina said. "Yeah I do miss the meals in the Palais Mermonia, but it feels good to be independent."

"Miss the meals in Palais Mermonia? Well, you're always allowed to move back in-"

"No."

"Damn it." Neuvillette was defeated again. "I just want to make sure you're safe, Miss Furina."

"I will be." She smiled at the cake. "After centuries, I am free."

"I still wish I saw your suffering and protected you." He felt very guilty about it still. "Centuries..."

"Sure, it still hurts, but slowly I'm getting better!"

"I do not blame you if you resent me and the others involved in the trial." Neuvillette said. "We treated you horribly and we caused the prophecy without knowing. We should've believed you."

Furina sighed. "I don't... I don't resent any of you. I... I don't think I'm capable of hating any of you or anyone for that matter. It's not me. I want to believe in everyone's goodness."

"So what you're saying is you'll definitely move back in?"

Furina laughed. "No, Neuvi." She replied. "But no, seriously, I can't. I gotta move on."

"I'd protect you from anything."

"Nope."

"I'd cook you all the macaroni you want."

"Tempting, but nope."

"Please?"

"Close one, but still." Furina raised her cup. "I'm fine with everything being like this."

Neuvillette sighed. "Then I'll respect your decision as always." And he'll always protect her.

...

Cyno sat in the corner, away from everyone else, yet he watched more intently than all of them. His phone was being bombarded with texts from Tighnari, but he didn't care. Nilou was dancing on the stage, graceful as water, in perfect harmony with the music.

When the performance was over, Cyno went to her and gave her a bottle of water. "Here."

"Thanks...!" Nilou devoured the water. "That was difficult but I'm so glad I pulled it off."

"You were amazing." Cyno said. "The crowd was mesmerized."

"You think so?" Nilou asked.

"Yeah." Cyno replied. "Their eyes were so full of sparkles that it served as backup lighting."

Nilou chuckled. "That's nice..."

Cyno's phone kept vibrating to the point it was starting to rip space itself. "Hold on..." He said to Nilou as he reluctantly pulled out his phone. "Tighnari keeps texting me about Collei. I don't get it. What happened to her-OH."

...

"Let me tell you, girl." Anti-Morbius was 7 drinks in. "I'm tired of not being included in fics. I'm a character too!"

"Uh-huh." Ciarda didn't really understand what he was saying most of the time.

"The author keeps forgetting about my existence. He can't find a purpose for me. It's unfair!" Anti-Morbius slammed the table. "Morbius himself was supposed to die in fic 5, and look at him now!"

"Dude, I don't know who these people are." Ciarda said.

"While every other side character got a major role, even Rick somehow, I'm stuck here working a minimum wage job at Walmart with you."

"Am I not a good friend to be around." Ciarda sarcastically said.

"I AM TIRED OF HAVING NO SCREEN-TIME, CIA!" Anti-Morbius was enraged. "I WANNA BE IN A FIC FOR ONCE INSTEAD OF A OFF-HAND MENTION!"

"Alright..." Ciarda never understood what he was talking about.

"Oh forget it..." Anti-Morbius cupped his hands and looked down, defeated. "Gwen was also a 4th wall breaking character and look what happened to her. We either die or be irrelevant."

"I don't know who this Gwen person is but alright." Ciarda drank her 3rd glass. "But you know... If you want something that badly... Then you should fight for it."

"No, Cia, I literally have no choice or chances." He played with his empty cup. "I'm a background character."

"One day, you're gonna have to explain why you keep calling everyone characters in a story." Ciarda demanded an explanation every time but always failed.

"I'm... I'm gonna go home." Anti-Morbius depressingly stood up and walked away.

"H-Hey..." Ciarda got really nervous. "You said you were paying! Wait!"

Anti-Morbius stood by himself outside of the bar. He took out a small box of cigarettes to smoke his sorrows away, but he found that there was nothing left inside. The black of the night was as dark as his heart.



"DAMN IT ALL!" He violently threw away the box. "Why..." He sat down on the ground, unable to handle the weight on his back.

"Hey you." A man standing over him said. "Hey, I'm talking to you."

"Huh." Anti-Morbius looked up to see a masked man pointing a gun at him.

"Give me your money." The robber cocked up the gun. "Now."

He began to laugh. "Go ahead... Do it." Anti-Morbius said, frothing at the mouth with boiling saliva. "It don't matter whether or not I live, the story will move without me..."

"I'm not joking, man." The robber placed the bullet hole on Anti-Morbius' forehead. "Give me your damn wallet."

"DO IT!" Anti-Morbius screamed bloody. "KILL ME! IT MAKES NO MATTER! WE'RE ALL INSIGNIFICANT COMPARED TO THE MAIN CHARACTERS!"

"Alright then." The robber pulled the trigger.

Anti-Morbius was fine with this. There was no point in living any further in a meaningless life. So rather let the bullet hit than doing it yourself. It was okay. He won't be suffering any further.

"But you know..." Ciarda's words echoed in his head. "If you want something that badly... Then you should fight for it."

That made Anti-Morbius start thinking before his death... Should he fight?

"HUH?" The robber was met with a dark red glow from his victim. "WHAT THE-"

The bullet did come out, but it was stopped in the middle of the air. It was outlined by some kind of red energy, and it came from Anti-Morbius' hand. "Die." He said before pointing his finger at the robber. The bullet turned around shot itself to its shooter. The robbers head exploded on impact with the bullet, the area was painted with blood, and Anti-Morbius' face was red.

The corpse laid paralyzed on the ground, no head to look at him with. Anti-Morbius stood up and took the robber's stuff from the pockets. He found 1000\$. Anti-Morbius' hand was glowing with the dark red energy, and it felt so powerful.

"The Anti-Morb..." He said to himself before maniacally laughing. "You were right, Ciarda..." He has been reborn. "I will fight for my place in the story."

He will finish what he started all those fics ago, and he will succeed this time, and he shall cement his role in this tale, he swore to himself this. He will kill Morbius.

...

After purchasing a nice cozy two-story house in the middle of large grass field, Tolkien found himself struggling to move his luggage into the door. The afterlife didn't exactly restore his young age. "I think I bought too many clothes..." He said to himself.

After Jaime helped sending him back to Earth, the Knights mainly helped Tolkien in getting back into England and assured him that they'll be there for whatever he needs if he calls. Tolkien doesn't exactly know how to use a phone, so...

"Here, let me!" Tolkien heard another person. A figure moved into view and helped him lift the luggage into the door. When she turned around, it was the God of Fortune.

"What are you doing here?" Tolkien said, pleasantly surprised.

"Jaime sent me here. If you need something, just pray to me and I'll be here." Eris informed him as she finished moving the luggage to the wall. "Have a nice life, Tolkien."

"Thank you, Eris." Tolkien walked into his new home. "I am grateful."

"You planning on some things to do for the time being?" She asked.

"I plan to become a professor at Oxford once more like I used to be. Surely they can rehire a man from a century ago?" Tolkien looked at the pen and paper on one of the tables. "I also plan to keep doing what I've always been doing."

...

Armin surprised Eren by going to America without his knowledge. Eren was sad to leave Fontaine early, so this was a great time to spend some more time together as boyfriend and boy-girlfriend.

Eren didn't have much time to ponder over this place. Everyone used to live in Washington, grew up here even. Over at King's Schools, he met Gamebang and [Insert GenshinPlace member], and his hubby Armin. Eren graduated at the University of Washington with a major in Drama: Performance, and that's how he got the job to do Attack on Titan.

A lot of memories were held in this place. Eren was feeling pleasant and nostalgic rather than very horny for Armin. He wonders if he can find Gamebang's old house around here.

But as he thought of houses, a questionable thought rose in his mind. "Mikasa..."

"Mikasa?" Armin repeated.

"Oh god. I haven't visited her in so long." Eren lived the majority of his life with his step-sister inside the same house. She was practically his caretaker, and she got paid with uh. "Oh shit I haven't been responding to her texts as well. I've been so busy with PolandBall..."

"Then why don't we visit her?" Armin suggested. "Might be a good way to get the trio back together. We were all childhood friends, right?"

Eren smiled at Armin's sexy face. "You always have the best ideas." This was it, Eren was finally going back to his childhood home. Back to his sister.

After walking around Tacoma, trying to recall the streets he used to live in, Eren finally found his old house. Mikasa still lived here, he knew. It was in the texts she sent that he never read until today. Eren and Armin stood at the entrance door, really nervous. Both haven't talked to Mikasa in ages.

"I'm sure it'll be okay." Armin said.

"No, babe, that's not what I'm worried about." Eren stated. "I'm worried about the fact that in every possible moment she wants to suck my di-"

"EREH." Mikasa opened the door. "I SENSED YOUR PRESENCE." She looked at them with burning red eyes.

"H-Hi, sis..." Eren was already afraid.

"Mikasa!" Armin was oblivious. "It's so great to see you!"

"Shut the fuck up, Armin. I'm here for Eren." She shushed him as she embraced Eren in a very very tight hug. "Eren!!!"

"HNGH OH FUCK." Mikasa's hug was choking the lights out of Eren. Some of his bones were already broken.

"I MISSED YOU SO MUCH YOU NEVER RESPOND TO ME ANYMORE YOU'RE TOO BUSY AT WORK OMG I LOVE YOU EREN I LOVE YOU!" She stopped the hug and looked at him across. "Come here..."

"Shit." Mikasa began to kneel, her mouth facing Eren's clatch. Her jaw was shaking with anticipation to taste the candy that had been missing for years 2 years by now. Her mouth was wetter than her pussy.

When Mikasa slowly unbuckled Eren's belt and opened the zipper in his pants, Armin was horrified of the sight and tried to save him, but Eren insisted that he stay by the sidelines. Armin was disgusted by the fact they're doing this in public.

Eren's cock emerged when Mikasa pulled down his pants. She expected to see harder than obsidian and longer than her hair. But... It was soft, hiding under his bushes, as if it was scared.

"What the fuck is this." Mikasa looked up at him. "Why isn't it hard."

"That's the thing..." Eren confessed. "Every time you do this, I had to use viagra."

"That's not true." Mikasa denied it. "The erections were all natural because of my sexy asian pussy and titties."

"Sis..." Eren felt his heart skip a beat. "I need to tell you something I've been hiding from not only you, but myself..."

"What is it?" Mikasa asked as Eren's flaccid dick swung in the wind.

"I..." Eren spoke his truth. "I am a boy kisser. I like kissing boys. Mwah mwah mwah."

Mikasa's reaction looked as if she had aged a million years. "You're lying... You're not a boy kisser."

"I AM a boy kisser and have always been a boy kisser. And..." Eren looked at Armin. "I have been kissing Arumih."

"Eren no..." Mikasa was in disbelief. "You're lying."

"Look at this irrefutable evidence." When Eren's eyes looked at Mikasa, his dick became microscopic. But when it looked at Armin, his dick became bedrock. He looked at Mikasa again and it became the size of an ant. "See...?"

"ITS NOT TRUE!" Mikasa stood up, away from Eren's gay cock. "IT IS NOT!"

"I'm sorry I hid this from you, sis... But I want you to like, stop sucking my dick." Eren wrapped his arm around Armin. "Please, accept me for who I am. We're family, right?"

Tears fell out of Mikasa's eyes like a shaking soda can. "N-No! I can't do this!" She ran into the house and slammed the door shut.

Mikasa ran to her room, sobbing violently. She destroyed everything she saw. The cabinet? She turned it to ashes. The mirror? She melted it with her eyes. The bed? She threw it into space like Team Rocket. Her accurate replica of Eren's cock as a dildo? She sucked it first before TWISTING IT AND RIPPING IT IN HALF.

"AGH!!!" She threw the broken pieces of the dildo onto the floor. "ITS HIM!" She declared guilty. "ARUMIH!!!"

Mikasa opened her closet and took out her dirty ass scarf. She wore it around her neck to make sure that it would not be stained with blood, the scarf is red. Next, she pulled out the greatest katana in Japanese history. The Honjo Masamune.

She stole it a few years back. As of this moment, it's steel was still shinier than the reflection of water. Mikasa could see her rage burning in the blade.

When she swung the sword, it sliced through an extremely thick wall of solid concrete as if it was butter. Nothing remained on the steel nor were there any damages. The blade controlled her.

"THAT WHORE STOLE MY EREH FROM ME AND MADE HIM A **FAGGOT!!!!**" She screamed to the dead heavens. "I WILL GET HIM BACK, I SWEAR IT! I WILL GET MY EREH BACK!" Mikasa began to lick the steel. "I WILL KILL ARUMIH!!!"

...

Venti POV

I wake up in the morning, feeling Xiao's dick in my mouth  
I suck on it to wake him up, he moans really loud  
He cums a whole river, giving me a whole ecosystem  
November just ended, I will drain him just because I missed him

He's cooking breakfast while I'm cooking something in my pants  
I enter and thrust while he cooks, I hold his little hands  
But he's pretty short, so I have to do squats while I go thrusting  
But that's okay, he'll pay me later by kneeling and sucking

I try to eat my food, but end up eating Xiao's anus  
I kiss using the singing techniques that made me famous  
It smells so goddamn glorious, and his dick is so notorious  
For its humongous size that fucks me day and night, laborious

The greatest gift that God gave was the gift of gay sex  
I stop eating his asshole, his giant cock is next  
He fucks me in my ass, cumming faster than light

The sun already set, we're gonna fuck all night!

Frotting, anal, scissoring, and BDSM

Ask me what's the best kind of boy? I say it's fem!

Thank the Gods for twinkies, greatest gift of all times

I say this as Xiao is crushing my head with his thighs

Good night.

...

"I'm proud of you." Xiao said to me. We were looking off in the horizon under a sunset, standing near an ocean blocked by fences. "I really am."

"What for?" I asked.

"When we got together, you were so afraid of love." He explained. "But here we are now... I've never seen someone as loving as you, Barbatos."

I immediately got all flustered after he said that. "S-Stop! That's so embarrassing!"

"It's true." Xiao placed his hand on my shoulder. "You've grown so much since then."

Not true, I would've said, but I realize that even with all of my faults that I keep within my soul, it is Xiao who brings my heart out. He was the one who healed me from the hurt from back then. I owe him my life. Flaws and all, he accepts me.

"Thank you, Xiao..." I gave him a warm hug. "It's because of you that I feel better now... I was so hurtful before because of the things that happened... But I love you, and that's all that matters now."

"Keep those feelings hidden away, for they are not you." Xiao said. "Embrace who you are, this person before me."

There was someone back then I wanted to kill so badly... Someone from 3 years ago. And another person who is gone, she was the hardest to get over. Not because she was dead, but because I couldn't accept she did her sins. But today... I can't even remember their names. The past is behind me. Here I am in the future.

"You are a wonderful person, Barbatos." Xiao sounded like he was near tears. "You are the love of my life."

"Hey. Why do you sound so emotional?" I asked teasingly.

"I'm just so happy to do this..." Xiao pulled himself away from me and knelt down on one knee.

I was taken aback. "X-Xiao!?" I screamed in surprise and excitement as he pulled out a box from his pocket.

"Venti..." Xiao spoke as he revealed the silver ring. "Will you marry me?"

...

~~Young~~ PRIME Astolfo POV

"Hey, didn't you say the institutional care you were raised in was called PolandBall?" Mario asked me on our break.

"Yeah? Why?" I was drinking a cold bottle of water. Laying down bricks is a tiring job.

"Are you sure it's some kind of orphanage?" Mario showed me the phone. "Says here that it's some kind of military organization."

"Shit, really? Never knew that." I was surprised at this revelation. "Maybe it's like an extension program?"

"Yeah, but you told me some random dude found you in a playground and brought you to the institution, which had probably the fanciest stuff you'd ever seen. Why do you think that random dude did that?"

I remember what the man looked like. He looked like he was middle-aged, blue hair and dead eyes. But I also vividly remember the last time I saw him. He faded into light and disappeared. What was that about? I always assumed it was just my imagination. "Are you saying I was specifically chosen for the institute?"

"Well... You were literally the only kid in that building, so yes?" Mario drank his bottle. "But I'm probably overthinking it. Might just be the kindness of the military."

"Yeah..." Now that he said it, truly it does seem suspicious... But maybe it was out of kindness? But is there something more to it? Why was I specifically chosen to be the only child raised in the PolandBall Institute, which I now know was a military organization?

...

It's 4PM, and today's work is done. I say goodbye to Mario and head back to my apartment.

But I can't stop thinking about it, you know? Was I chosen to go to PolandBall for a reason? Military organization... But I'm not a soldier, they raised me to be...happy? That seemed to be their primary goal always.

I think about that day in the playground where I continuously destroy the sandcastles I built. I did those out of anger and frustration against the world. But now that I think about it... I probably would've spiraled into a dark place if not for the man who brought me to the institute. So... Was it coincidence that he took me from my life of irrational hate and to a life of happiness?

When my life's trajectory was towards something resentful, that man changed my destiny and took me to a brighter place. That can't be a coincidence, right?

...Ah, who am I kidding? Why am I questioning it now? I'm happy. I'm happier than ever. It's because of PolandBall that I am smiling, so why should I question their help? Not like they had any ulterior motives.

As I walk in the apartment complex I live in, I stumble across a friend group of feminine men. As I walk past them, I felt something cold in my back.

"Ah!" I felt something strong gripping my hand. I looked at it immediately and saw... Pink electricity. It spirals around my hand like a planetary ring. It has a powerful hold on my skin, it's energy flowing on my veins.

But then it was gone. Disappeared in an instant.

I looked behind and see that the feminine men were gone as well, to their own apartment.

"What was that about..." I said, confused and curious.

But as I finally made it to my apartment, I decided to conclude it was just my imagination again. Or... At least that's what I hope it was.

(Trigger Warnings for Chapter 9 + 10: Sexual Assault and Abuse, Human/Sex Trafficking, Necrophilia, Pedophilia, Grooming, Gore, Drug Abuse. Be Warned, I never had to do this before, so you know these two chapters are really bad. Read at your own risk if you are sensitive towards this content.)

Chapter 9: The man who fooled the world.

Goofy POV

When you find yourself in bed with an ugly woman, best to close your eyes and get it over with.

-Petyr Baelish.

Mickey screamed louder than volcanic eruptions as I didn't even make an effort to thrust inside of him. All I see is darkness. If I open my eyes, I will go soft. That's how much I hate Mickey. This is simply business. He is delusional, but profitable.

"AGGH!!" Mickey yelled as he cummed. "GOOFY! GOOFY! GOOFY! AAAIIGGHHH!!!"

My dick left his asshole, little bits of sperm flowed out. I can tell. It smelled like shit because Mickey doesn't wash himself. Disgusting piece of shit.

I knew this wasn't gonna be enough for him, unfortunately. I sighed as I sat Mickey straight. The pills were about to wear out, so I had to make the most of them before I got soft.

I began to fuck Mickey's ears. "YES! YES! YES! GOOFY!" He was having the time of his life.

My cock destroyed every piece of earwax inside. I damaged his hearing because of the sheer girth of my penis. When my dick exited the hole, it was red with Mickey's pain.

I opened my eyes. Mickey's face was covered in his blood. Deep cuts around his body. His anus severely damaged, the entrance ripped and broken. His cock, half of the skin missing. His nose, broken. His eyes, red. And yet, he smiled all the same. That's just how good I am.

As I was cleaning my cock, Mickey tried to suck it. "FUCK OFF!" I punched him in the face. A tooth landed on the floor.

He still cummed as I harmed him. What a fucking loser. 70% of his thinking goes to that little worm between his legs.

"So... Will you send him to a life sentence?" I asked for my end of the deal.

"Yes daddy..." Mickey laid in the bed, beyond injured, beyond pleasure.

"Good."

Mickey is a judge, and I am a lawyer. I fuck him bloody just how he likes it so he can make cases end the way I want them to. That is why my winning streak has lasted years. My clients are guaranteed to always win, even the ones who should be rotting in jail. Today, my net worth is \$100 Million.

Fucking hell... I'm gonna have to replace my sheets. Mickey kept shitting blood all over it. Fucking bitch. I'd slap the shit out of him, but I'm tired.

Another problem presents itself, however. Mickey is pregnant with my child. I'm surprised only one is being conceived. It's a girl, and I have named her Lily. I have decided to keep the baby instead of going the coat hanger method. The more children you have, the less taxes you'll pay to the government. I fucking hate taxes.



Currently, Mickey is 5 months pregnant. Lily can't come any faster, unfortunately. Fucking hell. I wouldn't be surprised if the thing was dead from how hard I banged Mickey. Maybe once that thing grows up, I'll teach it how to be my perfect girl. I don't even care if it's not fully baked, I'll fuck it harder than Mickey.

But that doesn't matter right now. I just won a case by fucking the shit out of him. I'm guaranteed another paycheck. And I have guaranteed some Epstein wannabe to get off scotch-free.

Oh father... You have given me the most amazing opportunities.

I walked out into my yard. Into my Love Forest. A few hundred trees, all were planted with a special ingredient. An ingredient I fucked and buried into the ground. The night was dark and full of terrors, and I was the one they feared.

Mickey followed me on my way out, leaving a trail of blood behind. "You are a good man, Goofy..." He assumed I was depressed or something. "Don't let what your father did affect you."

Oh yes, Mickey, I will not. I wouldn't. I never did. It didn't happen. And it has given me the honor of being PolandBall's lawyer. "Haha..."

I am the man who fooled the world.

...

Collei POV

Not gonna lie, I'm starting to feel bad for what I did to Dottore. BUT, these 100% marks on my exams say otherwise.

"I'm always here for you to talk to, okay, Collei?" Izerak was comforting me.

"Mhm." Meanwhile, I was enjoying a nice cold glass of milktea (I'm not old enough for alcohol plus Tighnari says coffee is bad.) while wearing really cool sunglasses and sitting in front of a nice luxurious swimming pool that I own. (I'm lying, Gamebang owns it. We're in his mansion.)

Ever since I passed my midterms through completely ethical and lawful means (I cheated.) my ego has been BOOMING. I'm on top of the world, baby. I don't need Gamebang's tutor books no more, I'm the next Einstein. (I need GB back so bad I don't know how to spell emberess.) I'm literally such a Rockstar.

"I know you have a ton of problems in your mind right now, Collei." Izerak said. "If you want me to help, then just say it."

"Celebrities don't have problems, Iz." I'm so cool. "That test was super easy, you know? I may as well be the smartest girl alive. But it's not like I'm the best or anything." I am. "I am VERY humble. If there was a list of the most humble people ever, I'd be number one. Even if I'm literally God, I'm just like everyone else. I'm so ordinary that it's extraordinary. It's not a competition, but I'm winning."

"You have so much pain in your soul, Collei. I feel it..." Bro ain't feeling shit. "You know what I feel? Justice hasn't been enough. We need to sue."

"Uh..." Iz, no. "Buddy... We don't need to sue! I'm already rich and famous!" And like, Dottore is the one who deserves to sue me. "Just enjoy the luxury of my tutor's home that we always break into!"

"No, Collei." Iz insisted. "We must sue Dottore. Then, we can use that money to donate to rehabilitation centers for sexual assault victims. Yes, it is poetic justice."

Okay now I'm starting to feel bad. "Uh... PolandBall already destroyed his lab! I don't know why Monstadt and Snezhnaya are mad about it, I'm fine with it. Dottore has nothing left, Iz! Let's just enjoy a nice glass of milktea!"

"Too late." Iz got off the phone. "Eula told me there's a good lawyer in America we can go to for this stuff."

"We're not going to America, Iz."

"It's justice, Collei."

"Please-"

3 days later, me and Izerak left the Teyvat continent and arrived in the Pangea continent, where we landed in the free land of the United States of America.

This is where I began to feel hella guilty. "Iz... I..." If I tell the truth now, I'll seem less cool. "Hey! Why don't we explore Washington for a bit? I wanna see the Lincoln Memorial!"

"Justice doesn't wait, Collei. We must go to wherever Goofy is NOW." Izerak spoke like a superhero.

"Aaaahh shit." I say to myself. "What have I done..."

As we walk through Washington DC, I try my best to get Izerak distracted with the various sights that are around us.

"Look! The Washington monument!" I pointed at the large white weirdly phallic building. "It's so...well, it's something!"

"Hm." Izerak didn't even peek at the monument. He kept moving forward.

"Shit uh-" I pointed to another thing. "Look! The Library of Congress! Let's go read something!"

"I don't feel like it." He had his priorities straight.

"But what if they have that Game of Thrones book Gamebang is always talking about! I wanna read it!"

"We'll buy it at the local bookstore."

"Damn you, Iz." I had to think of something quick. We were approaching the town where they said the lawyer would be. "Holy crap! Look! The US Capitol!"

"Uh-huh."

"You see...They built a crypt for George Washington under the Capitol, however Washington's wish was to be buried at his home in Mount Vermont. Isn't that a cool fact!"

"Yes." A single word but he kept moving nonetheless. By this point, we had entered the town. Won't be long before we make it to the neighborhood, and then the house of the lawyer.

"Um..." Think of more wild facts, Collei! "There are marble bathtubs inside the Capitol!"

I spent the entire 20 minutes of walking talking about various weird facts about the United States Capitol, even going over its full history. But nothing could stop Izerak, for he was determined to get Dottore's remaining money. We passed by multiple homes until we got to the street where Eula said the lawyer's home was.

The house was fancier than any of the ones around it. Two stories, very minimalist, white and grey colors only, a solar panel roof, I think the walls are made of quartzite, the windows are gorilla glass. It's a very rich house. Front of the main yard, across the other side of the street were a bunch of trees. Probably a forest.

"W-We don't need to go in there, Iz!" I kept insisting. "Let's go touch the White House!"

"I'm doing this for you, Collei, and every victim in the world." He said, determined.

"Iz please, the guilt is unbearable."

He walked on the marble path of tiles that lead to the front door of the lawyer's house. Once Izerak's feet stepped on the doormat that was designed like Van Gogh's Starry Night, he pressed the doorbell and it played a pleasant sound of violin music on the inside.

"Oh god..." Are we really about to hire a lawyer to sue someone who I framed? No! Collei, think about it. Dottore tortured hundreds of kids. He deserves it! But like... It shouldn't have went the way it did! I framed him for something he never did! But in the end, I saved those kids! So! "Aaaahhh I hate ethics!"

The front door began to slowly open, revealing a neatly clothed man with the best smelling perfume I've ever inhaled. A dark blue business suit with a red tie, hair with a noticeable amount of gel, and tailored Gucci pants. This wealthy man seemed to always wear his work clothes even at home.

"Hello there." The man's voice was soothing to the ears. Soft in its tone, but sharp in its delivery to make us listen. "I trust that you two are the ones Miss Lawrence informed me about?"

"Y-Yes, we are." Izerak was also struck with how fancy this man was.

"Well, my name is Goofy." The lawyer stepped out of the way and raised his hand like an arrow for us to follow. "Come on in."

In the house, it was more luxurious than Gamebang's mansion. The 2nd story's balcony was inside, the floor was smooth as fresh glass, the carpets of fur almost put our feet to sleep, and there was even a pool near the living room. A lot of the interior was very curvy or spherical in style, like the balcony because it is curved like a lip's smile. Outside the windows, you get a beautiful view of the backyard and the forest that surrounds it. The fancy marble possessions of the house were balanced with green nature like some kind of perfect utopia. There were pots of healthy plants on every shelf or desk, and none were plastic or anything artificial, all were real.

"Hoo... Eula's family had this guy as their lawyer? God damn." I was admiring the plants.

"Compared to him, we're so poor." Izerak was really getting a feel of how slippery and smooth the floor was.

Soon, we entered the main room for clients. A nice small room with white couches as the lawyer Goofy sat behind a desk made of birch wood, accompanied by a nice view of the backyard and his forest garden behind himself. We were given tea and a small piece of mango cake, and I couldn't be happier about suing Dottore.

"So." Goofy graciously took out his pen. "Tell me your names and why you're here, please."

"Oh uh-" Izerak was too distracted by the cake. "I'm Izerak, this is Collei. We're here to talk about suing a Fatui Harbinger that was recently arrested on charges of molestation. We personally feel like prison wasn't enough justice."

"I hear you, buddy." Goofy pointed the pen at Iz. "Fatui Harbinger? That's gonna be a tough one, but it should be no problem. But tell me... Why me?"

Actually yeah, why did Izerak specifically want this guy? Other than Eula's recommendation because she recommended a whole lot of other people.

"I heard about your story, sir." Izerak said. "Your origins. They really resonated with me. Uh, if it's not triggering, may I talk about it?"

Goofy chuckled lightly. "Of course. Don't worry, it's been years. You learn to heal. Go on."

Izerak nodded. "The story of you being sexually assaulted by your own father for multiple years... I myself found it relatable, as I've been experienced sexual harassment from a former friend for multiple years of high school."

"Oh." I said. So that's why Iz chose this guy...

"But the thing that resonated with me the most was..." Izerak continued. "When your father was caught, you did not try to land him in jail. No, you became his lawyer, even if you admitted his crimes. You got him off scotch-free and to some rehabilitation center for the deranged."

"Yeah, because that's what he was at the end of the day." Goofy stated. "He was a crazy person."

"Still..." Izerak was really touched by this story. "You showed everyone that you wanted to forgive instead of wishing he went through some horrible fate. It was inspiring."

"Well, in the end, he was still family." Goofy replied. "In my mind, lawyers don't decide justice, they are meant to help others. I wanted to help my father become a better person."

"Yeah." Izerak was nearly tearing up, so I gave him my handkerchief. "That's why we chose you. I couldn't think of anyone better to tackle a case like Collei's. It would be poetic justice."

"Hm." Goofy smiled emotionally.

"We also heard you were the main lawyer for PolandBall." Izerak stated.

"Oh?" Goofy was pleasantly surprised.

"My tutor works in PolandBall!" I said happily. "His name is Gamebang. Do you know him?"

Goofy couldn't hold his laughter. "Of course I do. I worked for him during his divorce and when he sued Walmart."

"That was you!?" I felt like I just saw a plot twist."

"Anyway..." Izerak finished his speech. "You're the best option we have."

Goofy spoke. "That's a good reason, kid. That was good." He began to write on his sheet of paper. "I'll write you guys down and then we'll discuss pricing. Until then, why don't you two chill at the lounge?"

"Y-Yes!" Izerak said. "Thank you, sir." He bowed.

"No problem."

Me and Izerak left the room and sat down at the lounge. Goofy closed his door, so we were essentially alone for now.

"He seems like a nice guy." I said.

"Yeah he does." Izerak was getting real comfortable on the cushions. "I just hope we can afford his services."

"Actually." I smiled as I pulled out my phone and opened my bank account. "Gamebang has been sending me a daily allowance this whole time! I never spent any of it, but let me tell you, he makes a lot of money." I was sad that this was the extent of our communication, but it's fine I guess.

"Thank that man for everything." Izerak laughed. "Taught you how to read and then gives you a portion of his salary."

"Yeah..." Talking about him makes me miss him. When will he come back?

"I think we should negotiate some condi-" Izerak's sentence was interrupted when we heard a loud crashing noise from another room, like glass breaking. "What was that?"

"Sounded like it came from there" I pointed to the door of the dining room.

"Should we check?" Izerak questioned. "Are we allowed beyond the lounge?" We were beginning to hear other noises as well, like heavy breathing.

"For our safety, let's just take a peek."

We began to slowly walk to the dining room, wary of any possible danger. For some reason, my heart was beating very fast. I don't even know what's there, why am I scared?

We entered into the area and were greeted with a creepy sight. One of the windows were broken, the outside showing broken bushes and a trail of blood. The counter below the window was littered with glass shards, but the things that laid upon it were broken like the plant pots and the plates. On the floor were more broken objects, but there was a trail of red, continuing the one from outside. It was leading to the bathroom.

"Did someone break in?" Izerak said, shaking.

"Most likely." I took out my bow and arrow. "Stay behind me. We'll follow the trail." I placed the arrow and pulled back the string.

We began to follow the trail, walking ever so slowly on high alert. The more we ventured further, the more broken things we found. We not only found footsteps on the floor, but also handprints. Was someone walking on all fours? At some point on the path, white stuff could be seen mixed with the blood. At the same time, there was a broken chair visible.

We made it to the bathroom. The door was open. Inside, we could see feet moving rhythmically. Dirty feet, with some kind of grey skin. The breathing was louder, but it evolved into some kind of joyful wailing. We walked closer and finally saw the full extent of what was happening inside the bathroom.

Disgusting, I thought. Horrifying that someone would do something like this. Confused as to why this was happening now. It nearly took me to vomiting. Scum of earth. Most degenerate of all actions. Disgusting. Disgusting. Disgusting.

"I must do this!!" A man with weirdly large ears wearing red shorts, yellow shoes, and white gloves said. "I must do this!! If I do, he'll fuck me forever! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

The man smelled of feces, covered in webs and dust. Multiple deep scars, wounds that might never heal. His eyes showed blank, like he was on autopilot. Some of the glass shards from the window were stuck on his skin. He was having more than enough fun from the figure below him, the figure he's inside of. A bottom that did not move when he thrust repeatedly. A partner with no eyes. It moved like some ragdoll. The figure was shorter than the man, half of his height. And the man's cock was inside the figure's bloody mushy anus, rather than the vagina that was sewn shut. The man was clearly middle-aged, the figure below him was at least 7 to 8 years old.

He was fucking a child's corpse.

"Oh my god." Izerak was about throw up.

"HUH??" The man noticed our presence at last. "YOU!!!"

"OH SHIT." Out of fear, my fingers released the arrow.

"AAAAHHH!!!" The arrow pierced the man's shoulder. "FUCK!!! AAUUGHH!!!" The pain made him climax inside the body.

"RUN!" I yelled to Izerak.

We followed the trail of blood again, avoiding the broken objects on the floor. Behind us, we heard the cries and pleasure of the man. We could still hear him even as we made it to the lounge. We picked up our stuff and ran even further. Soon, we reached the front door. We bolted out of the lawyer's house immediately.

We were back outside and in the middle of the streets, we did not stop running out of fear that the man was gonna chase us and do something to us. We ran into the forest on the other side of the street, running further away from the house.

As we were running, I took one last look at the house. Goofy was staring at us from the window, confused.

...

Goofy POV

When that Ize-something guy told me about his experience about being a victim, I'm not gonna lie, I got a hard on right there and then. It's a shame those two aren't minors anymore. The green one would've been like a freshly harvested apple if 13 years old.

As a result from getting so horny, I sent them to the lounge and decided: Hey! I haven't hated myself in a while, so let's do that! So I pulled out my phone and opened pictures a girl from the olden days.

Her name was Clarabelle. I met her during middle-school. She was the girl of my dreams. She was the one who got me interested in law. Particularly, an incident where she had to prove she didn't steal our classmate's muffin. That was the day I became lawyer by heart, I feel. When we won that case, I asked her if she wanted to be my girlfriend. She said she'd like to, but...She was moving schools. I was so furious that I raped the classmate that stole the muffin. He wasn't that bad, honestly too tight for my taste.

To this day, I still jerk off to the pictures she left me with, and the pictures I print out after stalking her on Facebook. But it's the middle-school ones I'm particularly interested in, for they held a special place in my heart. When I fuck other people, I think of her. I think of Belle. I imagine her coming to my house out of nowhere and just kissing me before we move to bed. It's the greatest fantasy I have.

"A-Ah... Belle... Oh my god..." I moaned as I fapped to the picture I secretly took of her during high school when she was changing in the girls room. Yes, I stalked her in her new school. "Ah~" I cummed all over my table. "Hoo... That was a good session. God damn." Seeing those two must have motivated me.

I still have Belle's phone number. I might call her one day, but I wouldn't really know what to say. Which is why I resort to fucking Mickey instead.

"OH SHIT." I heard all of a sudden from outside of the room. "RUN!" It seemed to the green girl yelling... What's going on out there?

When I left my room, I saw that the front door was open. I looked out the window and saw that the green girl and the victim were running away. Why were they running? Did something happen?

"AAAUUGGHH!!!" I heard from the kitchen. An all too familiar voice, an annoying voice.

"Oh no." I immediately ran to where it came from.

Eventually, I arrived at the bathroom and saw the scene. An arrow pierced Mickey's shoulder while he was fucking the girl I bought a few days ago. The arrow must've come from the green girl and the victim, I literally don't own any arrows.

"T-THEY SHOT ME, GOOFY!" Mickey admitted that he was seen.

"...What the fuck were you doing." I asked.

"Y-You told me to fuck her and I thought-"

"NOT IN MY FUCKING HOUSE, YOU IDIOT!" I slapped his cheek so hard it began to bleed.

"N-NO!" Mickey was about to cry. "PLEASE! I JUST THOUGHT IT WOULD BE HOTTER IF WE DID IT IN THE HOUSE! MAYBE IF YOU SAW ME IN THIS SITUATION, MAYBE WE'D-"

"THE HOUSE IS OFF-LIMITS YOU LITTLE FUCK!" I began to kick the shit out of Mickey. "YOU FUCKING IDIOT! YOU BITCH! YOU'RE A WHORE! A FUCKING WHORE!"

"B-BUT THEY SHOT ME!!" Mickey was violently sobbing while thrusting inside the corpse.

"YOU'RE A FUCKING IDIOT, MICK!" I pulled his hair so hard that it could tear the scalp right off. "THEY SAW A GLIMPSE OF WHAT GOES ON IN THIS PLACE! A GLIMPSE! YOU! YOU SHOWED THEM WHAT HAPPENS HERE! YOU FUCKING FUCKED ME, MICK! YOU GAVE THEM EVIDENCE!"

"B-BUT-"

"UGH!!" I threw Mickey's head to the wall, splattering it with blood as if it was a work of art. "YOU KNOW THE EVEN WORSE NEWS?? THAT GREEN GIRL KNOWS SOMEONE FROM POLANDBALL! POLANDBALL! IF THEY TELL POLANDBALL WHAT THEY SAW, I'M FUCKED! THEY WILL FUCKING KILL ME, MICK! YOU KILLED ME! I'LL NOT ONLY STOP BEING THEIR LAWYER, BUT THEY'LL FUCKING DESTROY EVERYTHING I HAVE BUILT! ALL BECAUSE YOU FUCKED THE BODY IN THE HOUSE INSTEAD OF THE FUCKING BASEMENT!" I screamed as I repeatedly banged Mickey's head on the wall. "YOU LITTLE FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT!"

"I-Im sorry, Goofy..." He said while tasting his own blood. "P-Please... Go back to loving me. Please..."

"AGH!" I slammed his head on the wall one last time before leaving his pathetic ass there to rot. I don't have time for this shit. I need to think about my next actions.

If those two tell Gamebang, it's all over. I'll lose everything. I can't win against PolandBall, I fucking work for them. I need to find a way to stop those two. Maybe if I killed them. Yeah, that sounds like a good idea. No one will know. I've done this before, I can do it.

Yeah... Yeah, I'll kill those shits. Maybe I'll even rape them before their deaths as punishment for looking at my business. Then, I'll deprive Mickey of any intimacy forever as his consequence. He'll kill himself for it, but I can always seduce another Judge.

Hours later, as I'm making my plan to kill the green girl and the victim, I also try to find their whereabouts. Judging from their appearance, they're from Teyvat.

Poor souls, dying in a foreign land across the world, far from home. But this is what they deserve.

"Woo!" I stretched my arms as I finished writing my plan to kill them secretly. I wrote in paper because Zuck likes breaching my privacy so I don't wanna get caught.

So the plan goes like this. I go to them and then act like I didn't know what happened, and when they let their guard down, I'll knock them unconscious and then I'll fu-

"Huh?" My phone began ringing. I check who was calling me. "Oh no." It was Michael Jackson.

Oh shit oh fuck. They told PolandBall, didn't they. I was too late. I was too busy formulating a plan that they already told Gamebang and then it went straight to the leader. Oh my fuck, they're after me. They're gonna kill me. Shit.

I anxiously answer the call. "H-Hello?"

"Sup." Michael greeted. "Long time no see."

"Y-Yeah..."

"Hey listen, I've got a case I want you to lawyer me with. It's about the US Gov-"

I wasn't exactly listening to what he was saying, I was too anxious to hear anything. It just sounded like a blur.

"Got that?" Michael asked as he finished the sentence I didn't hear.

"Oh uh, y-yeah..." I replied.

"Good. Meet me at the Billivard Courthouse in an hour. We can discuss it. Hurry, I don't have all day." Michael hung up.

"Oh no." He knows. Michael knows. I'm sure as fuck he knows. He wants to interrogate me at the Courthouse. He's gonna have my ass arrested. And worst of all, they might have a warrant to investigate my house.

What do I do? Do I just not go to the Courthouse? Leave him hanging? No, no I can't do that. They'll think I've run away and a whole manhunt will be after me. We need to keep the problem as small as possible for now, and that only happens if I go to the Courthouse and meet Michael.

I won't have any time to kill the two fuckers today, maybe I can do it after the meeting. But this meeting is more important. It decides my fate, my testimony of the events. I fooled Obama, I can fool his heir.

Bring it on, Michael. Fight me in the court of law.

...

Michael POV



Aaaauugghhh I fucking hate my life. I don't wanna be alive. Fuck my life.

I'd do something about it, but I have work to do, as always. I gotta finish what I started anyways. Everyone hates me for it, but in the end, that's life.

Walking into the Billivard Courthouse, I try to look for the interview room so I can talk with Goofy. I texted him the details beforehand so he should be there by now. I feel bad that I had to pull him to work so early and suddenly, but I have a thousand plates to finish.

I need Goofy at this very moment. He's the only lawyer I know that is good enough to go against the US Government. I still wanna sue them for trying to kill all femboys. They think I'm doing this because of some weird grand conspiracy, but I'm doing it because I feel it's right. I feel the Government deserves some kind of consequence for their actions. Goofy is PolandBall's main lawyer, he'll be good enough.

Dude sounded pretty anxious over the phone though, but I assume that's because we haven't called him in a while. It's been almost a half-year since we called him for a job. I'm sure he'll do well. It's his work. I'm sure there's nothing else to it.

I finally find Room 563, the place I told Goofy to be in. When I open the door, I am pleased to see the dude is already sitting down, dressed in nice clothes and all. I also begin to sit down and bring out the paperwork.

"So, Goofy." I started the conversation. "For the pric- woah why are you sweating so much."

"H-Huh." Goofy noticed. "O-Oh. Sorry, it's uh hot in here I think." He wiped himself with his handkerchief.

"Alright then." I'm about to explain all the boring legal stuff. Honestly, there's nothing special about this meeting at all. It's just business. Everything that happens inside this room is insignificant.

I'd like to say to Goofy that I'm sorry if I look bored or lazy and that its just me wanting to kill myself. I have no ulterior motives, I just fucking hate my life.

...

Goofy POV

HE KNOWS. HE HAS ULTERIOR MOTIVES. HE LOOKS MAD. HE WANTS TO KILL ME. HE HATES ME. EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS IN THIS ROOM DECIDES MY ULTIMATE FATE. HE KNOWS. HE KNOWS!!

"So, let's get the necessary stuff out of the way." Michael said to my horror. "Who's your typical client?"

"Uhm..." What the fuck am I supposed to say?? My clients are literally pedophiles. "Politicians and Priests..."

"Hm, nice." Micheal wrote down what I said.

Oh my god, he knows I work for the worst people, I just gave him extra details on who. I'm a fucking fool. I gave him evidence!

"Have you handled cases like this before?" Michael asked next.

This is all a test to make me confess, isn't it. "Uh... Y-Yeah?" What the fuck am I saying? What he asked was definitely code for 'Have you ever fucked a child before.' AND I SAID YES!!

"Do you have any other legal knowledge that may help?"

That's definitely code for 'TELL ME HOW YOU FUCKED THE KIDS, GOOFY!' Oh god no he wants me dead. "Uh... I don't?" I didn't know what to say.

"Hm, alright." Michael wrote something on his paper. It was probably the amount of years I'm getting. "What is your fee agreement."

"I DON'T WANNA GO TO JAIL."

"What?"

"I-I mean... I have an h-hourly rate..."

"Hm, okay." He wrote something down again. He's gonna give my prison sentence a yearly rate, isn't he. "How would you describe your work style?"

Give up, Goofy. He knows. "Pleasurable..."

"Weird answer, but okay." He wrote something down, probably saying how much my style involves doing favors with judges. He knows. "With my case in particular, can you tell me what's happening?"

No. No! I can't give up this easily. I have built an entire empire for myself. I have done things no one else can do! I will not give up! I'll tell this fucker what's happening. "With your case, I'd say I'm going to win."

"Oh, like the enthusiasm!" Michael said. Yeah, bitch. I'm gonna win this shit. "Last question. What are the possible outcomes for my case?"

"The outcomes? Hohoho... The only outcome I see at the end of it all, I come out on top." I stood up. "That's my agreements."

"Alright...?" Michael seemed confused. Yeah, fuck you. I'm gonna win this battle of minds. "Well, I'll just text you the details and we'll get started next week."

Next week is when you plan to put me in jail? Ha, fuck you, Michael. You're smarter than I thought. "Yeah... We'll get started next week." Next week will be your blood on my hands.

Minutes later, I left the courthouse, heading back to my own house. And that's when I sorta realized I fucked up entirely. My actions inside that interrogation room have given PolandBall some kind of evidence. Considering how much Michael knew, it's possible that those two, the green and the victim knew more than I thought. They must have been investigating me for a while now and gathered up all evidence to show PolandBall.

However, I do assume that they don't have some kind of irrefutable evidence, like pictures or video. Frankly because I feel they're dumber than they look and only go by words alone. No one is as smart as me, that's why their only evidence comes from their mouths. So this is an outcome I can change, I feel.

However, there is no denying that I cannot kill those two fuckers anymore. They have already built enough damage upon my name, what would be the point of killing them if not incriminating myself even more. It's unnecessary and a waste of time, and even then I have no time to do it anyway, I must start planning my next move against PolandBall themselves.

I can try and lure PolandBall away from me and try to pin the blame on someone else. Yes, that's what I'll do. I can salvage this. I'll frame someone else of these crimes like I used to.

Maybe I can use Mickey for it. Yes. That's a good solution. I'll frame Mickey for everything. He's the one they saw fucking a corpse, not me. So yes, I'm going to bring Mickey down to hell while I stay upon my throne. "Haha..." It will be another glorious win for me.

I'm gonna need to restrain Mickey though. At least keep him locked up until the moment authorities start looking for him, so I can come out and say I caught him as some kind of heroic act. Yeah, I'll have to keep Mickey locked up in the basement for now.

But as I approached my beloved home, I was greeted with a shocking sight. "Oh no..." There was a trail of blood outside of the house, coming from the front door, coming from the inside.

I immediately ran into the house, going from the lounge, to the kitchen, to the damned bathroom. The Gods have forsaken me.

Mickey was missing.

"FUCK!" I angrily kicked the wall I bashed Mickey's head with.

It seems that he left the child's corpse behind, and what a fucking fool he is. He left a dead body open to everyone. The fucking front door was open. Anyone could come in and see this thing for themselves. He has fucked me.

I think after I left for Goofy, Mickey stopped crying and tried looking for me, explaining the trail of blood he left behind.

Which means Mickey is probably out there somewhere, in the outside world, searching for me. Most chances are, he hasn't cleaned himself. So he looks like some kind of ghoul, walking the streets, probably yelling my name.

Mickey has royally fucked me over. And this is all because I did not lock the front door... "Fuck my life."

...

Collei POV

An hour after we ran away, we found ourselves back in our hotel room, drinking all of the cold water we saw because we were severely dehydrated for some reason. There must've been something wrong with that mango cake.

After calming down for a bit, I had to speak up. "We need to tell someone."

"I agree." Izerak was MAD. "I searched up who that guy was. Google is telling me it's some Judge named Mickey Mouse."

"Show me." Izerak gave me the phone and wouldn't you know it. "Yeah, that's definitely the same person. Same clothes and everything."

"Who do we tell?" Izerak said.

"I don't know." Another guilty conscience was bubbling up in my head. "I feel bad that we left Goofy behind. He might be affected by that evil man."

"Agreed." Izerak sighed. "Mickey Mouse broke into his house, dragging a corpse to rape. There was no other explanation for it. We literally saw the broken window."

"We have to save Goofy somehow..." I was scrolling on Izerak's phone, looking at some articles on Google. "Who do we tell- OH." One particular article caught my eye. "POLANDBALL IS CURRENTLY IN THE US!"

"Wait what."

"Yeah! Look!" I gave him his phone back. "Michael Jackson and his team are currently residing here in the US for some business! That means Gamebang is here!" My mood instantly improved.

"Well..." Izerak smiled softly. "Looks like we know who to tell about Mickey."

"Yeah!- oh crud." My vision began to darken. Before I knew it, I was laying on the bed, weakened.

"Collei?" Izerak tried shaking me. "Collei, what's happening?"

Why do I feel like this? Was it something I ate? Could it have been the cold water? No, it couldn't, they were completely clean... Was it the mango cake? But what mango cake would make someone unconscious...?

...

Gamebang POV

"Hm." I looked up and read the sign 'Intellect Academy.' This was the place Alizeh spent her elementary school days. I think this is where she met Collei and Izerak. Its primarily focused on 1st to 6th Grade education. My Alizeh spent high school in the same one I went to, aka King's Schools.

I was visiting this place for memory's sake. I wouldn't exactly enter the premises. I don't wanna seem like some kind of pedo. I don't even have a kid in there anymore. I'm just fine looking at the entrance. "Alizeh liked making trouble around here..."

"All kinds of trouble." A familiar voice approached.

I looked to my side to see who it was and- "Izerak?"

"Hey." He smiled and waved hi. "Your uh Find My Phone was on, so that's how I found you."

"Holy crap!" I was excitedly surprised. "It's been so long! Like, half a year!"

"Yeah it has."

"How's Collei, by the way? Is she doing well with her studies?"

"She passed her midterms recently."

"I knew she would." I felt so proud of her. "She's smarter than she realizes. Is she here right now?"

"She's uh at the hotel next street."

"WELL, I'M ON MY WAY!"

"Wait-" Izerak blocked my way. "I'm here to tell you something important."

"What could be more important than Collei? Oh and uh you of course. Can't we go to Walmart and find a way to sue them again?"

Izerak's expression looked sickened yet determined. "Gamebang, you know how I feel about sexual assault, right?"

"...Yeah? I do. I know it's a sensitive yet passionate subject for you."

"Great." Izerak sighed deeply. "For the help you gave me back then, promise me something before I say what I need to say."

Oh god did Alizeh come back to life or something. "What do I have to promise?"

"Promise me that no matter what happens, PolandBall will enact justice." Izerak was passionate about this one.

"PolandBall?" I was curious. "What is... Alright, I promise. Now tell me what you want."

"Thank you..." Izerak took a deep relieved breath. "I'm here to report that a man named Mickey Mouse broke into the home of a lawyer and fucked a child's corpse in the bathroom."

...

Michael POV

Huh, so that's why Goofy seemed so nervous when I interviewed him. Now I feel bad for calling him up. His house got broken into and some dude committed pedophilia and necrophilia in his own floors. No wonder he was so tense. If I had known about this, I would've offered him my condolences and left him be to heal. Buut me making mistakes seems to be a trend nowadays, so.

Gamebang called me earlier through the phone. At first I thought I was gonna get berated again, but he gave me some info he got about the Judge who finalized his divorce, aka Mickey Mouse.

My first thought was that Mickey didn't seem like the type of person to do that, but Gamebang said his informant saw the incident first-hand. Gamebang puts a lot of trust into this informant that I have no choice but to grant a warrant for Mickey's arrest.

I do not say this declares him guilty of the crime, we don't have much evidence other than words and hints from the reactions from Goofy. However, it is fair to investigate these claims.

I'll have to apologize to Goofy later though. I hope he'll rather focus on his mental health rather than work. But if he still chooses to work on my case, then I will not deny him.

And so, I announced to the PolandBall discord server the situation and who would like to volunteer to find Mickey and arrest him. To my utter surprise, Eren Yeager took the call.

...

Eren POV

After a lot of investigating and talking to the locals, I was informed that the monster known as Mickey Mouse was sitting at the plaza. What kind of sick man gets to relax at a public space like a plaza?

I initially scoffed upon receiving Michael's announcement, but after reading it I knew I had to be the one to do it. I took the mission with the goal of putting this man behind bars. The world does not need to have more of me, I'll make damn sure of that by putting every person like that in prison.

The sun was brighter than ever, it uncovers all secrets. None will be able to hide from its light shining upon their sins. Kids were playing on the playground, people were eating at the benches, some were sitting by a fountain. The place was so crowded...except for one area, the place Mickey is located.

It was the basketball court. Mickey laid on the floor, suckling on his thumb. I can see why everyone avoided this area. They were avoiding him. Reasons? Well, he smells like shit. What other reason? Plus, he looks like he hasn't showered in two weeks. I can tell.

"Mickey Mouse!" I shouted. "We have a warrant out for your arrest. Do not resist."

The necrophiliac did not respond at all. He kept sucking on his thumb whilst his other arm was hugging his knees. He was like a deaf baby. Unbothered by the coldness of the floor.

I was ready to put handcuffs on his wrists by force since he seems really attached to sucking his thumb. I was ready to treat him with force because I cannot help but hate people like him and the things they do.

But as I got closer to his body, I saw more and more details. His scars, his deep wounds. They would never heal. Some parts of his skin were just gone, with flesh exposes. His forehead was fully red with fresh blood, and I thought I could see a bit of bone on there.

My hate disappeared and was replaced by fear and curiosity. Why was he so injured? What circumstances could have led to these wounds? You're telling me this man who is about to die was the one who fucked a child's corpse? It was terrifying to look at.

And then my fears were replaced with empathy when I heard Mickey's violent weeping.

I...I don't really know why I felt this way about this monster. I guess combined with the wounds and the crying... It kind of felt like I was looking at myself? I've gone through the same sort of sadness after Purge Night. I know what it looks like. It looks like Mickey.

And fuck, I shouldn't feel this way. He fucked a child. But... The scars on his body say something else. It tells a story. In my eyes, there was something more going on here. Something we don't know about. Maybe he did fuck a child, but why? That's what I wanted to know. I also wanted to know where he got the wounds from. I want to know why he's crying. He seems more like a victim than an abuser.

I finally got within talking distance with Mickey. "Hello?"

He did not respond. He just kept crying.

"Do you need help?" I asked.

He did not respond. He just kept crying.

"Those wounds. Who did those to you?"

"G-Good..." He muttered.

"Good?" What does he mean by that? "Why are you here?"

"P-Please. Take me to h-him."

Now my curiosity peaked. "Who's him?"

"Please..." He cried.

"Why did you... do that to a child's body?"

"Please..." He did not answer. "Take me to him..."

"Do...you wanna go back home?"

"Y-Yes! Yes!" I finally got an answer.

"Where do you live?"

"House." Mickey answered.

"Who's house? Where?"

"G-Goofy." He said.

"Goofy...? I thought you broke in- nevermind." I turned around to take out my pen and paper. I had to write this down. I can't focus writing if his bloody body was in view, so I had to look the other way.

"Goofy...?" He whispered.

"Next question." I said while writing. "How were these wounds inflicted onto you?"

...

I did not receive an answer. It was as silent as space.

"Mickey. How were you harmed?"

Yet again, no answer was given.

"Mickey?" When I turned around... Mickey's body vanished. "M-Mickey!?"

I started to look around the court for him. Did he run away? Why did he run away? How did he disappear out of thin air? Why is he gone? But wherever I looked, I couldn't find him. Even as I scoured the entire plaza, I could not find him. He was gone. Mickey Mouse has disappeared from my sights.

"Shit..." I said while sitting at a fountain. "Why did I look away for one second..." It was my fault. I knew it was. I should've restrained him first. I should've known he had some kind of strength.

But something is going on here. I think it's something deeper than just a simple necrophilia case. There are things we don't know about, I'm sure of it.

As for now, we don't know where Mickey is. I can't do this on my own anymore, I'll need help.

We'll start the hunt for Mickey Mouse with the singular piece of information I gathered from himself. I called Michael.

"Mickey has ran away. Gather a squad and get a warrant for Goofy's house. Try to find him there."

...

## Goofy POV

I had to clean up the mess Mickey made in the house. I mopped the floors clean of his lines of red, even the outside yard, in which I was lucky no neighbors were watching me. I replaced the window he broke, threw away the objects he destroyed while fucking the corpse, cleaned the bathroom of his liquids, and then I burnt the corpse.

After that, I had to go find Mickey. I left the house and actually secured the place. Locked. And then I ventured into the public world in search for my fuck toy who looked worse than most homeless people.

At first I thought he'd leave a trail, but I guess he could only carry so much blood. So I had to rely on talking to people to find him. I lied about being Mickey's lawyer. Surely, the information about him fucking a corpse wasn't public. If it was public, we'd see it on the news. So I was sure it was safe to ask people where a literal zombie was.

All of my asking led me to the plaza, which worried me. What the fuck was Mickey going to do in such a public space? The place was crowded as usual, but then I noticed absolutely no one was near the basketball court. So that's where I first looked.

First try, I got it right. Mickey was laying in the middle of the court's floor, absolutely wasted on depression. What a pussy. Looks like he hasn't done anything yet, so I assumed it was safe to retrieve him.

Until Eren Yeager came by, demanding his arrest. I instantly hid behind a bush.

Shit, I thought. I'm fucked. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but I was immediately worried on what the fuck Mickey was telling him. I couldn't tell if he was telling gibberish or something important. I wanted to scream at him and rip his fucking head off, but I had to stay calm and hide from Eren.

In a stroke of luck, Eren turned around, Mickey was out of his view. This was my chance.

To ensure total silence, I took off my shoes and secured my keys and wallet so tight inside my pocket to ensure they would not rattle. I controlled my breathing as I prepared to jump into the court.

And then I charged towards Mickey as Eren wasn't looking, my bare feet touching the stone floor. Mickey saw me with wide eyes as I snatched him away, wrapping my arms around his torso. And then, we jumped into another bush, hiding from Eren.

Eren turned around, Mickey was gone. I was hiding with him inside literally the nearest bush. I saw Eren get nervous.

When Eren began to look around the court, that's when I knew it was time to leave. I snuck me and Mickey out of the court, and then out of the plaza before Eren would inevitably explore the entire place too. I had retrieved Mickey.

I carried Mickey in my arms as we ran away from the plaza. In the end, we landed in some random alleyway that looked secretive enough. I just had to hope Eren did not see us running away.

This alleyway may as well have been Mickey's home, that's how fucking dirty it was. I swear to God the floor might be wet with a substance I don't wanna know except it comes from the dumpster we're hiding behind. It was dark too, with a little bit of light coming from the way we entered.



"Goofy!" Mickey may as well had heart eyes when he said that.

"YOU!" I punched his face, a tooth fell out. "WHAT DID YOU TELL HIM!?"

"N-NOTHING! I SWEAR!" He was crying again.

"WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU TELL HIM!?"

"I-I TOLD HIM I LIVED AT YOUR HOUSE!"

"No..." This can't be happening. "YOU'RE LYING! YOU'RE FUCKING LYING!"

"P-PLEASE DON'T HURT ME..."

"YOU FUCKING WHORE!!" I punched him five more times. "YOU LITTLE SHIT! YOU BROUGHT POLANDBALL TO ME! TO ME! WHATS GONNA FUCKING HAPPEN WHEN THEY GO TO MY HOUSE AND FIND WHATS UNDER THE GARDEN, HUH??? WHATS GONNA HAPPEN WHEN THEY FIND OUT WHATS UNDER THE TREES, HUH?? IM GONNA BE FUCKED, MICK! YOU FUCKED ME! TIME AND TIME AGAIN, YOU HAVE FUCKED ME OVER!"

"P-PLEASE DON'T BE MAD!" Mickey was sobbing hard.

"IT STARTED WITH YOUR DICK INSIDE THAT CORPSE AND NOW ITS YOUR GODDAMN MOUTH THAT SCREWED ME."

I took out a small lighter and a pocket knife from my pants. I kicked Mickey so hard that he would be unable to move for a while.

"We're gonna make sure you don't mess everything up for me again... We're starting with that mouth."

"N-NO! PLE- MMFM."

I covered his pathetic noises as I ignited my lighter, the flame being the only light between our faces. I placed the fire in direct contact with the edge of Mickey's mouth, and I watched it melt like plastic.

"MMMGGMMHHHMMM!!!" Mickey tried screaming in agony, but my mouth stopped him.

Soon enough, I moved my hand along to start melting the other places of his lips. I went from the right edge, to the middle, and finally, to the left edge. It was as if Mickey had slime on his lips, but the slime was his lips themselves. I began to blow my breath to those melted lips to dry them off quicker.

Soon, after enough blood spilled and dried, I had successfully burned Mickey's mouth shut.

"Alright... That's one problem resolved." I dropped the lighter and waved the knife around. "Now for the next."

"MMMFF!!!" Mickey looked terrified. His eyes pure black. He tried wiggling his body away, but my kick made him too weak. All I had to do was drag him back to me. He cannot escape me. He never will.

I took off his shorts and looked at his small twisted cock. My knife's edge laid at the stem, waiting in anticipation.

...

For now, I kept Mickey at bay. I gave him to Chives, my accountant + manager for my business that's not related to law. He'll keep Mickey safe when I need to fuck him again. Plus, he'll be on standby when Lily finally comes out and I can fuck her as well.

After handing Mickey over like property, I knew the main problem was gone. Without Mickey, no more problems will arise by his volition. That said, it doesn't matter, I'm fucked either way.

When I returned to my house, I was expecting to have an afternoon of constructing my plan to frame Mickey for all my problems. But what I was greeted with instead was the stuff of nightmares. I hid behind the forest as I watched my house from across.

PolandBall employees were searching my house. Tons of them. My house had yellow tape around it. There were people with guns. Worst of all, it seems [Insert GenshinPlace member] is leading the search, standing in my front yard.

It's all over from here. I'm screwed forever. Mickey fucking told them on it and fucked me over. It doesn't matter now that I chopped his dick off, PolandBall has found what I've done.

"Hm?" [Insert GenshinPlace member] suddenly said, turning around. "Oh shit! Goofy!"

"Damn it." I whispered to myself. They've noticed me. They found me. I led myself into the trenches of the enemy.

[Insert GenshinPlace member] began to walk to my location. I contemplated the various things on what to do. Clearly, they're heading this way to finally arrest me. I won't have it. I won't stand still and be cuffed. I will run away from this place. I will need to kill [Insert GenshinPlace member] before they do anything to me and then I'll run away. Yes. That's what I'll do. I'll kill them to give myself a chance of running.

They finally reached my location, within talking distance. Now is my possible chance to stab them with my pocket knife.

"Don't worry, Goofy." They struck up a conversation with me. "We're close to finding the treacherous criminal that tore up your ho-"

"Did you find anything." I said coldly. "Anything in my garden?" I wanted to confirm whether or not I'm screwed.

"Well, we haven't found Mickey. That garden was beautiful though." [Insert GenshinPlace member] acted friendly.

"Stop the sarcasm."

"The what?"

"Tell me. Did you find anything." I needed to make sure the worst of it wasn't known.

"Uh... Oh!" [Insert GenshinPlace member] took something from their pocket. "We found this in your bedroom."

They held a crucifix, the bottom half covered in blood and weirdly rough enough to have sharp spikes. On the model, Jesus' eyes were gouged out.

"Hm." I said, defeated. They know.

"Is this a major piece of evidence?" [Insert GenshinPlace member] asked. "For your safety, could this thing tell us where-"

"Hahaha..." So Chives has betrayed me as well... The crucifix told me everything I needed. It seems it wasn't just two young adults and a dickless man that told on me, but my own accountant... "I've lost."

"Oh come on, Goofy." [Insert GenshinPlace member] said. "We'll get justice-"

"FUCK YOUR JUSTICE!" I spat at them. "HAHAHA... The last time this happened, I screwed over Oswald to gain my freedom. He'll know about Henny soon enough."

"Who's Oswald?"

"No one."

"Who's Henny?"

"The corpse Mickey fucked." It did not matter anymore if I confessed or not. "Now, it seems I should've disciplined Chives more." My most trusted companion who was the only one in the world who knew of the secret in the crucifix... He has ruined my life.

"So Henny was the name of the dead girl Mickey fucked?" They wrote that down before continuing to show me the cross. "Goofy, come on, tell me what this crucifix mean-"

"YOU THINK YOU CAN WIN AGAINST ME!? NO!" Even if I have lost everything, I will not show weakness against these honorable fools. "I HAVE ACHIEVED SO MUCH MORE THAN YOU EVER WILL!"

"W-What?"

"I AM THE LIVING OZYMANDIAS! KING OF KINGS!" I pointed at the crucifix. "LOOK UPON MY WORKS IN MIGHTY AND DESPAIR!"

"Goofy, what are you say- AH."

I took out my pocket and knife and swung my arm towards [Insert GenshinPlace member]... They caught my attack. Their hand bleeding as they held the steel. But they caught it. They stopped me.

"Shit." I resorted to kicking their unknown testicles with my kneecap.

"AH FUCK." [Insert GenshinPlace member] felt pain.

I released the handle of the knife and turned around. I began to run. I ran as fast as I can, away from them all.

Running around the forest, my face being clawed by the branches. But it didn't matter. I had been betrayed by everyone.

Mickey has fucked me with his stupidity. That green girl and the victim told on me after investigating me and fooling me. PolandBall now knows everything I have done. And now... Chives has told the secret of the crucifix.

I trusted him above everyone else, but he has paid my trust with betrayal. A burning rage fills my heart for him. He will not go on with his life without consequence. Chives will feel the wrath of my revenge. And then, I'll take Mickey as a toy before I escape the country.

Make no mistake. Everyone may know the real me now, but it is not a loss. I may have lost this battle, but I will not lose the war.

...

[Insert GenshinPlace member] POV

"So... He just attacked you?" Eren asked.

For the first time since we basically berated Michael, the gang was all together in one place. We were talking in the plaza since they had hotdogs and Gamebang wanted some.

"Yeah." I answered Eren. "Came at me with a knife. I stopped him but he kicked me in my testicles so he had a chance of running."

"Did he hit your balls or your pussy or do you still not know what the hell is down there." Gamebang asked as he ate his ketchup devoured hotdogs.

"I'm scared of checking, man." I told him.

"I don't understand..." Michael said. "What prompted him to attack you?"

"I don't know, he was saying something about Ozymandias."

"The Breaking Bad episode?" Morbius said.

"I don't know."

"What did you even find inside his house?" Eren asked.

"That's the thing..." I said. "We didn't even find anything."

"You didn't find anything in Goofy's house? Like, at all?" Morbius questioned.

"Yeah." I answered. "There was literally nothing incriminating inside that house. I checked everywhere." I took out the crucifix. "All I found was this thing. I showed it to Goofy and asked if he knew what it meant since it made a reaction out of him. I assumed it was evidence."

"That piece of blasphemy was what made him try to stab you?" Michael was clearly mad about the Jesus' eyes being gouged out.

"I'm beginning to think this thing is actually evidence." I looked at the crucifix closely. Is the blood at the bottom real blood?

"It might be related to Mickey." Eren said. "When I saw Mickey at the court... I don't know, man. It doesn't feel like he was even remotely sane. It's sure he fucked a corpse, but sane? No. He looked more like me when I was still traumatized."

"Goofy seemed tense before." Michael said. "When I interviewed him, he seemed anxious. I assumed it's because, well, his house got broken into. But now that he's attacked you, I'm not sure..."

"Maybe Goofy is being forced by Mickey to do some bad stuff." Gamebang suggested.

"That does make sense, though." Morbius agreed.

"There was another thing." I added. "Some guy named Oswald."

"Oswald?" Gamebang said.

"Goofy stated that he screwed that guy over to gain his freedom."

"That's not a good look." Michael said.

"Another thing Goofy said was the identity of the corpse Mickey fucked." I revealed. "Apparently, her name was Henny."

"Henny..." Michael kept that in mind.

"You know..." Morbius hesitated to speak for a moment. "No one is gonna like my suggestion. What if we talked to Goofy's father?"

"Oof." Eren said. "Didn't his father rape his as a child or something?"

"That's the thing." Gamebang spoke. "Even after his father was caught, Goofy became his lawyer and got him away from prison, instead serving time at some rehabilitation place."

"Could that just be Goofy being really forgiving?" I said.

"It's strange to me." Gamebang said.

"Morbius is right." Michael stood up. "If we wanna get to the bottom of this, we need to search every possible path."

"Alright..." I stood up as well. "So. Shall we visit Goofy's father?"

...

Morbius POV

The answer was yes, by the way. In case you were wondering. Uh, yes, we were going to Goofy's dad's house. Speaking of which, we're here right now.

He was located in the poorer parts of Washington. The house he lived in was the size of two bedrooms. The walls had moss, it became a city for spiders. Worst of all, it smelled like utter shit. Something foul was inside, it made me hesitant to enter. But in the end, this house was poorer than most poverty stricken villages.

"It smells like shit so bad, man." Gamebang complained. "Do we really have to go in?"

"We have to." Michael said before banging his fist on the front door repeatedly. "This is the authorities. Open your door." After a minute of no response, he banged his fist again. "Hey, come out. We are the law. Open up or we'll go inside." Another minute went by, still no response. "Alright, that's it. We're coming in."

"Dude." [Insert GenshinPlace member] noticed something. "The door is unlocked..."

"Strange." Eren said. "You think the guy likes uninvited visitors?"

"No." Michael said before turning the doorknob. "But it makes our job easier instead of kicking down the door."

When Michael opened the door, I was expecting to see a man who would grant us answers. Instead, we were given questions and a horrifying sight.

Goofy's father laid on a puddle of blood on the floor, naked. Both of his eyes were gouged out like a smashed pomegranate. His entire lower body covered in more red than his upper. There was a large hole in his stomach that exposed his rotting flesh like an open watermelon containing strings of red.

Everyone else was scared of the sight. But I wasn't. I walked to the body and touched its forehead to examine it. I stood up and looked to the gang for my conclusion. "He was killed a few hours ago. This is fresh murder."

"Dear God." Eren was about to throw up from the sight.

"He's...dead." Gamebang was stunned. "He's fucking dead!"

"His murder looks exactly like..." [Insert GenshinPlace member] looked at the crucifix. They carried it here to question the father about it, but now they won't get that chance. "It can't be a coincidence that the crucifix and his dead body look the same, right?"

"What are those...brown things in the puddle of blood?" Michael asked. "The ones near his hips."

"Guys, I hate to say it." I said. "Whoever did this knew we were going to question him. They killed him before we got the chance to get answers. They're watching us, the perpetrator."

"Must be Mickey. I know it is." Gamebang said. "All the evidence points to him. I still believe in the theory he's being used by Mickey."

"Plausible with no evidence." Eren wanted to give Mickey the benefit of the doubt. "But how can we be sure?"

"The fuckers are playing with us." Michael was enraged. "Whoever the murderer, they have played us like fools. We're at a dead end..."

"Guys." [Insert GenshinPlace member] spoke up. "We have one last option."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Oswald." [Insert GenshinPlace member] answered. "The guy Goofy mentioned."

"Oswald..." Michael said before acting immediately. "I'll send that info to our workers to see if they can find anyone related to Goofy or Mickey named Oswald." He sighed. "This is our last chance..."

"We better act quick." I reminded. "We can't have Oswald killed either."

...

Goofy POV

What Chives has been for me other than my accountant is being my manager for the brothels I run nationwide. My company is often referred to as the "Clubhouse."

Chives is the only person in the world who knows the secret of the crucifix. I trusted him more than anyone to run the parts of my business I couldn't run. He handled our workers who would find other workers. He made sure none of them would go to the police. He made sure this whole operation was secret and safe.

But I don't need him. I don't need anyone. Chives has betrayed me by telling PolandBall about the crucifix. Why else would [Insert GenshinPlace member] show me it if not with full knowledge of its meaning? It's Chives. He told them. I know he did. That's why he must die. My vengeance comes first.

"AGH!" Chives was a 56 year old man, balding and a bit plump. "HAHAHAHA!"

"FUCKER!" I was punching the life out of him. By now, half of his face was like crushed apple. "YOU BETRAYED ME!"

I had him tied up to a chair whilst I beat him up. "Goofy... You seriously think I did it? Haha..."

"WHO ELSE!?" I screamed.

"Is it possible that they simply found the crucifix at your table and showed it to you for no particular reason?"  
Chives smiled. "Or are you really that stupid?"

"THEY KNOW!" I punched him so hard that a teeth flew out with the speed of a bullet. "I KNOW THEY KNOW! WHO ELSE COULD HAVE TOLD BUT YOU! YOU TOLD THEM! YOU FUCKED ME OVER!"

"Goofy, you fool..." He was still smiling. "The Clubhouse has made me millions... You think I'd throw it all away like that? No. No no no... I never told shit."

"LIAR!" I punched him again. "LIAR LIAR LIAR!"

"HAHAHAHAHA!" Chives was unbreakable in terms of psyche. "YOU'RE STUPIDER THAN I THOUGHT!"

"SHUT UP!"

"Haha..." Chives smiled at me. "You're so egotistical and paranoid that you think everyone is out to get you... If you asked for my help, I would've obliged and you'd be out of America by now. But here you are, killing me."

"Why the fuck do I need you? I can run this shit on my own."

"HAHAHAHA!!" He laughed like it was the joke of the century. "Idiot. You barely did shit. Finance it, sure, but run it? It was all me. You kill me, the Clubhouse ceases to exist. You kill me, your empire falls."

"Why would a king need help."

"You're killing the king right now."

"FUCK YOU!" I punched him so hard that his eyeball came out, dangling like a coin on a string.

"Hahaha..." Chives laughed still. "You'd rather kill me for your own pride and ego instead of asking for help. You've lost, Goofy. The moment I die, you lose everything."

"I already lost everything." I said as I continued to punch him.

"Hahaha... You're wrong. I never told PolandBall."

"You're the only one who knows."

"Am I?" Chives smiled deviously. "Or are you forgetting a certain brother of Mickey's?"

I was about to punch him when I realized. "Oswald..." My heart dropped.

"There you go..." Chives said. "How has vengeance served you, my king? Was it worth destroying your kingdom? Was it worth killing me? No, of course not. You can't do it without me. Even then, I still don't believe you when you say other people brought you down. I think the moment you lunged that knife at that PolandBall member you screwed yourself over. You ruined your own life, Goofy."

"AAHH!!" With one final blow to his head, both of his eyes left their sockets and landed on the floor.

The eyeless man known as Chives looked at me. "See if you can find someone as good as me to run your damned sex trafficking ring. Until then... It's been a pleasure, Goofy."

Shortly after that, Chives succumbed to his wounds. He is dead.

"Fucker..." I never considered Oswald. I never thought he'd tell.

...

After burning Chives' body and taking Mickey back with me, I drove to DC Jails to take my revenge against Oswald. If it's true that Oswald was the one who told, then my wrath will reach him.

If Oswald somehow knew about Mickey's incident, then he definitely told on me.

But as I parked my car near the premises, I saw a horrible sight. All five PolandBall members were entering the prison. Gamebang, [Insert GenshinPlace member], Eren, Morbius, and Michael. They were here. No doubt, they were here for Oswald.

"Haha..." I laughed as I looked at the small mirror above me to see Mickey. "YOU see that, Mick? Your brother has killed me." I turned the keys in the ignition to start the car. "We have no choice, Mick. All is lost. Everyone knows now."

I drove us away from the prison, going at full speeds. My destination was the nearest airport.

"I've lost everything, and soon they'll hang my head for it. I have to get out of here. I have to escape the country."

...

Gamebang POV

DC Jails was known for its bitter living conditions for inmates. Now, I know that for a truth. There were cobwebs on the floor, I felt like I was going to activate some secret string that would result in me getting shot.

The prisoners here look fuckin dead. As if they've lost all purpose in life. Blank eyes, drooling, mindlessly moving throughout the day just to get by, not really caring about the unfair treatment they're receiving by officers.

Apparently, Oswald was the leader of some sex trafficking ring called the Clubhouse, and that's why he's in prison. He's why we are here.

All of us sat down uncomfortably in one of the interrogation rooms, waiting for our desired inmate to be brought to us. The room was all gray in color, even the chairs and table.

It wasn't long before cops opened the door and brought Oswald in. Oswald was a younger man than we thought, at least in his 20s, nearing his 30s. His face looked the deadest of all inmates. His hair was white and without proper knowledge you would've assumed he was 60.

The cops closed the door and Oswald sat from the seat across the table from us. "So..." Oswald spoke, he had the most depressed tone. "What do you want."

"We're PolandBall." Michael started. "We're here to talk to you about Goofy."

"..." Oswald's eyes widened for a split second before returning back to normal. "Nothing I can tell you."

"I don't believe that." Michael said before [Insert GenshinPlace member] placed the crucifix on the table. "Do you know anything about this?"

"..."

"Hey, Oswald." Michael snapped his fingers two times. "Do you know something about this."



"No."

"Liar."

"What do you want me to say?" Oswald said bitterly.

"Fine. Next question." Michael said. "Do you know a girl named Henny."

That got Oswald's attention. "Henny...?"

"Yes."

"Is...Is she alive?"

Henny...was the identity of the corpse Mickey fucked. All of us knew and did not know how to tell Oswald, who seemed worried for her condition.

"She..." Michael found it hard to say the words. "She's dead." It was a mercy to not reveal the full details of Henny's death.

"..." Oswald's jaw was wide open. The bags under his eyes became larger. His eyes were pure white. His skin turned white. It looks like his hair stood up. He was mortified. "Henny...was my daughter."

I felt his pain instantly. "I'm...I'm sorry." I said.

"Haha..." Oswald cried while laughing. "So it was all for nothing..."

We didn't know what to say to him. So we just let him weep.

"Is...Is Goofy still alive?" Oswald asked in tears.

"Yes." Michael answered.

Oswald's sadness turned into fury. "Then the chance for revenge hasn't left my life yet..."

...

Oswald explained everything.

"I was investigating Goofy after I found out about his abuse towards my brother, Mickey. As a result, I found all of his secrets. I was about to expose him to the police when he kidnapped my daughter, Henny. He kept her hostage and said if I didn't do what he asked of me, he'd rape her and then kill her. Of course, I obliged to whatever demands Goofy wanted. In the end, all of my investigations about him, he framed it all on me. He framed me as the leader of the Clubhouse so he could be safe from the law."

"So you're saying you never committed any crime related to sexual assault?" Michael asked.

"I never did. Goofy lied about everything. He framed me and put me in prison."

"Why didn't you tell anyone? Why did you stay here?" Michael questioned.

"Because he still had my daughter hostage. If he found out I told anyone, he'd take her life. I never wanted that, so I stayed in prison and kept quiet about Goofy's crimes... But as you told me earlier, Henny died anyway. So what's the point?" He laughed in pain. "Henny was the light of my life... She was about to graduate the 3rd grade... And they killed her. There was a little non-verbal autistic kid in her kindergarten class that didn't get along with everyone. Henny befriended that kid and made him a part of everyone else without question. She saved that little boy's life. Henny was the kindest soul and she's dead..."

Not gonna lie, I was about to cry too. "She sounded like an angel..." I said.

"So..." Michael composed himself, stoic. "Goofy's father was found dead earlier, hours ago. Know anything about that?"

"That would have to include that." Oswald pointed at the crucifix. "Probably related. Maybe his father tried to tell on him and he killed him."

"What does the crucifix mean?" [Insert GenshinPlace member] asked.

"I'm sure you guys know the story of how Goofy was raped by his father at a young age and then he saved his life when his crimes were revealed." Oswald explained. "That was the sob story that put Goofy on the map. It made him famous. It made him work for you. That whole story is practically his career."

It's true. Obama hired Goofy because of this particular story because he felt Goofy deserved good work for his actions. "And?"

"I'm here to tell you that story is bullshit." Oswald revealed. "Goofy was never raped by his father. In fact, his father never did anything at all."

"Was he framed like you?" Eren asked.

"Yes, but worse."

"Is it related to this?" [Insert GenshinPlace member] took the crucifix and held it in the air.

"Yes." Oswald sighed. "Don't touch that thing, by the way. It's uh... its dirty."

"Huh?" [Insert GenshinPlace member] was confused.

"The secret of the crucifix is that not only was Goofy never raped by his father, but he raped his own father." Oswald pointed at the crucifix, disgusted. "The crucifix was Goofy's main weapon against him."

"Main weapon?"

"I'm trying to say that Goofy shoved that thing inside his own father's asshole. Multiple times, even recently, I'm sure, for years on end."

"Oh..." [Insert GenshinPlace member] was about to throw up when they dropped the crucifix on the floor. "Oh my fucking god... I need to wash my hand- ruuaargh. Fuck." They really needed to vomit. "I'll...I'll be right back." [Insert GenshinPlace member] ran to the nearest bathroom.

"That is...disgusting." Michael said so casually.

"Goofy framed his father when word got out of a potential sexual assault in their household." Oswald continued.

"He only saved his father from prison so he could continue torturing him. Keep in mind, Goofy started shoving that thing inside his dad when he was at the young age of 9 fucking years old. He's 30 today. He killed his own mother, by the way."

"It just gets worse and worse..." Morbius stated.

"I think he killed one of his own classmates in middle-school? I wasn't sure about that one, but it sounds like something he'd do." Oswald stated. "But yeah. Story was bullshit. He raped his own father for decades. Goofy lied about everything."

"So... Where does Mickey play into this?" Eren asked. "You said Mickey was your brother."

"He is. My little brother." Oswald revealed. "And he's been abused by Goofy since two years ago. Mickey is a judge, Goofy uses that to his advantage to win cases. He gives Mickey a little bit of pleasure and then boom, case dismissed, Goofy wins. The problem is that Mickey has become a victim of Goofy's other abuses. Particularly, I found out he was torturing my brother. And yeah you know what came next, he kidnapped Henny. Goofy has permanently broken my brother's mind to no repair. Mickey will do anything for him. Whatever sin he did, just know that it was all because of Goofy."

Oh shit... So that means Mickey fucked the corpse of his own niece... "Oh god, I'm gonna throw up."

"Control yourself." Eren rubbed my back.

"You mentioned he framed you to be the leader of the Clubhouse, a lie." Michael said. "Tell me about the Clubhouse. The only thing we know about it is that it's a sex trafficking ring."

"It's a human trafficking ring." Oswald corrected. "Not much to say. They kidnap little kids from their home state and then ship them off somewhere else to work as a prostitute while leaving them unpaid. The only flaw in Goofy's story is if I'm the leader of the Clubhouse, how is it still functioning without me? Obviously, he didn't think about that part."

"So, Goofy is the real leader of the Clubhouse?" Michael made sure.

"Yes, technically. He has some other guy named Chives with him who basically does all the work, but I don't know much about him." Oswald cleared his throat. "A common method of theirs to kidnap children is to give them mango cake that's spiked with drugs. When they pass out, they'd already be in another state."

"Jesus." Morbius was shaking.

"All in all, the Clubhouse still remains the largest sex trafficking ring in America." Oswald declared. "Goofy is their king."

"This is a lot of information..." Michael was in disbelief.

"Investigation goes many ways." Oswald stated. "I did my job well."

"Is there anything more you have to say?" Michael wrote down everything Oswald said.

"I do have more." Oswald sighed. "But you'll have to find those out for yourself."

"What? Why?"

"Well, I understand that my words aren't sufficient enough as evidence. Words will never be efficient as actual evidence." Oswald explained. "You need visual proof of what I have said."

"You're correct... But where will we find visual proof?"

"Everything you need to know is contained in Goofy's house." Oswald revealed.

"They searched the place." Eren reminded. "We didn't find anything but the crucifix."

"Did you dig up his garden?" Oswald asked. "Did you look under his floors? See what's inside his walls? Found his other phones? See what his stuff is made out of?"

"..." Eren was speechless.

"Dig deeper inside his house and you'll find everything you need." Oswald clapped his hands. "Until then, I've served my purpose. I want to go back in my cell and mourn for Henny while I dream of drinking Goofy's STD blood."

"We promise you, Oswald." Morbius spoke. "Justice will come."

"If it doesn't." Oswald stood. "I'll fucking kill all of you. Believe me."

"I believe you." I said to him. "I don't underestimate the strength of a father's love."

"Hm." Oswald nodded to me.

...

Shortly after leaving the prison, Michael reactivated the warrant to investigate Goofy's house. [Insert GenshinPlace member] didn't wanna lead the investigation out of disgust, so they stayed with us, waiting for the results. We sat together in the plaza once more. It was night time.

"I'm scared." Eren said.

"Yeah, the results are probably gonna prove everything Oswald said to be true." Morbius stated.

"Yeah... But I'm scared of the idea that... This is Goofy's true self." Eren explained his worries. "Ever since space, I've been strongly on the opinion that everyone should be their truest self... But if this is who Goofy really is, then... I don't know, I don't wanna say oppress him. Just... The idea of hurting others for being yourself scares me, and that you have to stop others from being themselves for it."

Morbius nervously played with a random pebble he found. "I know what you mean." He threw the pebble away. "I wanted to believe that no one in this world was ever worth hurting. I wanted to love everyone. I did not want to dislike anyone at all and... But... I can't help but despise Goofy. I can't help but feel he deserves something cruel. I don't believe in righteous violence... But Goofy is making me think."

"I'm in a similar mindset right now." [Insert GenshinPlace member] spoke next. "Like with Gamebang and Com, I always believed that every person had the capacity to be good. I believed everyone in their hearts had the ability to be good and that we should bring it out of them... But I can't see that with Goofy. I don't believe he has any goodness within him at all. I think he's a monster."

"A monster..." I said, starting my turn to speak. "After everything a person does... I want to believe they can change for the better. That redemption is always possible for anyone... But I do not believe Goofy can change. I believe he is incapable of change. He won't change because he has been like this since he was born. He is sin itself."

"Seems like Goofy is making all of you rethink your beliefs." Michael said before eating a hotdog.

"What about you, man." Morbius asked him. "Is he making you question your values?"

"Nope." Michael said casually. "Goofy is a criminal. Nothing more."

"Alright then..." Morbius went back to picking up pebbles and throwing them. He took one rock and looked at it for a moment. When he threw it in the direction of Michael, he saw Michael's tears flowing out of his eyes. "Huh?"

"What." Michael didn't seem to notice.

"You're crying..." [Insert GenshinPlace member] said.

"Huh?" Michael finally realized. "O-Oh..." He tried wiping them away, but the waterfall wouldn't stop. "O-Oh shit..."

"Here." I offered him my handkerchief. "I think this is the time for you to speak, Michael."

"I..." Michael struggled to speak. "I don't know... All of you have these really deep values but mine are simple as it gets..." He was shaking. "If everything said about Goofy was true... Then that he fooled Obama. That means Obama made a mistake... I can't accept that. He was perfect. How can he make a mistake? If he was wrong about Goofy, then what then? I'm just supposed to accept Obama did something wrong?"

So that's his issue. He sees Obama as perfect. And he tries to imitate him, but he just can't. He's trying to be an impossible figure of Obama, who made mistakes as well. He's put his friend on a pedestal too high for anyone to touch, and he cannot climb it himself.

"I think..." I spoke for everyone. "I think that we have to accept that there are always exceptions to our beliefs, and in time, we have to be ready to confront those arguments. I've learned that today, we have to learn to face the reality that not everything is simple."

"Hm." Eren nodded.

"Goofy has become the antithesis to our values. Whatever results come from the investigation... We must act accordingly and in the name of justice. That's what PolandBall has always been about."

"And Michael." [Insert GenshinPlace member] looked to him. "This is our fight too. Don't leave us behind. You shouldn't handle everything alone. This is why Obama kept us all. No one can do anything alone." They stated. "We're your team."

It looks like Michael just had some kind of epiphany. "I..."

"Boss." A PolandBall employee entered the conversation, carrying a folder containing paper. "The investigation has been finished. These are the results."

Michael shakingly took the documents from the employee's hand. "The Investigation of Goofy's home..." He was sweating with fear. "O-Okay... I..."

When he couldn't open it, the rest of the gang including me placed our hands on the cover of the folder. "We'll open it together. This is our fight." I said.

For a moment, Michael looked thankful. "Alright..."

All of us took faint breaths.

"Are you ready?" [Insert GenshinPlace member] asked.

"No." Michael answered. "But it's necessary."

And so, we opened the document.

**PolandBall: Forensics**  
**Crime Scene Investigation Report**

*Investigation Squad #727*

*Case No. #98*

*Report time: November 26 2025, 3:15 PM.*

*Location Incident: Vancouver, Washington, Memphis Way, Building 9.*

*Reporting Officer: Michael Jackson, Michael Morbius, Eren Yeager, [Insert GenshinPlace member], Gamebang Electra.*

*Reporting Witness: Collei, Izerak, Oswald.*

*Case Classification: Crimes Against Humanity.*

**REPORT OF INVESTIGATION:**

*-Goofy's "Love Garden" consisted of at least 300 trees. Underneath each tree is the corpse of a child. Analysis of the bodies report that they have been sodomized before death. All bodies have been connected to multiple missing children's cases in the last 5 years.*

*-The basement included a personal dungeon, consisting of multiple sex slaves, both minors and adults. However, upon arrival, every single person was dead. Investigation reports that all were murdered recently. This dungeon is where Mickey used to reside.*

*-Every corpse in the basement revealed details on how they were treated during their living days. We will focus on one person: The identified body of Oscar Kent.*

- 1. A broom was shoved inside of Oscar's anus until it pierced through his flesh, poking a hole in his bladder. Somehow, he lived.*
- 2. Oscar was gang-raped by multiple other slaves he considered his friends, an act Goofy forced all of them to do. Oscar was penetrated in every hole in his body. By the end, Oscar couldn't trust anyone, even if he knew they were forced to.*
- 3. Deep scars around his body were the works of a whip. However, the exposed flesh of the scars looked like crisp bubbles, leading to believe that Goofy somehow boiled and fried his flesh.*
- 4. The tip of his penis was missing. Oscar was still forced to masturbate in front of Goofy, along with other slaves. When he'd fail to cum, which was most of the time, Goofy would fuck him he cried blood.*
- 5. Oscar was forced to place fire inside his own mouth. This was the destruction of his vocal cords. Goofy still wanted Oscar to moan, so he would repeatedly force Oscar to suck his penis until he made a sound. He never did.*
- 6. Oscar was fed only once a day. He'd have to fight other slaves for the food. Most often, he'd end up getting nothing. This forced him to drink his own urine for any kind of hydration.*

7. Oscar was forced to sexual intercourse with a horse Goofy brought home once. Oscar was on the receiving end. On multiple occasions were Oscar and the slaves drugged, consisting of heroin and fentanyl. Some died of overdose. By this point, Oscar had developed schizophrenia.

8. Half of the skin on his left arm was missing. Weights were dropped onto his stomach multiple times until his stomach collapsed like a bowling ball crashing on a wooden table. This is how he died. Oscar Kent was raped more than 300 times. He was 13 years old.

-Illicit drug possession. Bags of cocaine, heroin, ketamine, and fentanyl are hidden inside of walls and underneath floors.

-Bodies of dead animals hidden underneath floors. Dogs, cats, racoons, birds, a single horse, and rabbits.

-In a section of the garden that was primarily fruits and vegetables, dead fetuses were buried, presumably from the slaves or other unrelated incidents. It is unclear how unsafe the vegetables are.

-In one of the bodies from the garden, a child's organs were entirely replaced with Illicit drugs. No one knows where the organs are.

-Prior to this investigation, Clubhouse activities remained mostly unknown. New information about the sex trafficking ring was revealed through one of Goofy's secret phones.

1. Goofy is in fact the true leader of the Clubhouse, not Oswald.

2. The Clubhouse primarily targets children ages 3 — 15. Kidnapping is always the method.

3. The three methods of kidnapping they use is: Drugged food, assault till unconscious, chloroform.

4. For the younger workers, a high figure like Goofy would start their first day with this speech to only three kids in one room. "This is simply a way of life. Your parents haven't told you? Everyone goes through this one way or another. It's natural, do not worry. This is your new life. Me." And then he proceeds to rape every single one of them until they pass out.

5. The kidnapped are more often than not subjected to become prostitutes. If any try to escape or break any of the Clubhouse's strict rules, they will be subjected to 48 hours of darkness and silence, with an occasional beating or intercourse. However, punishment for breaking of lighter rules would simply be huffing large amounts of gasoline.

6. The Clubhouse also sold Illegal drugs. The usual cocaine, meth, fentanyl, and heroin were sold. But there were other irregular products. Salvia, Datura, and DPH.

7. The Clubhouse did not gain these drugs from outsiders. They made all of these drugs themselves in some laboratory that still hasn't been found.

8. If hurting the workers wouldn't work, the Clubhouse would make them addicted to Datura and convince them to work for it.

9. Usually, workers addicted on Datura wouldn't last for more than 3 weeks.

10. Any children that would be born would either be given to Goofy, become a worker even as a fetus, or be eaten. (That one isn't a code of conduct, hungry workers who haven't eaten in days would eat their own children.)

11. The Clubhouse owns approximately 70 brothels in the US, each containing 100 prostitutes.

12. The average price for one of their workers is \$3.00. A worker is fucked at least 10 times a day, each session lasting 30 minutes to 1 hour.

*-Drugged meals were found in Goofy's room.*

*-Video evidence of a 13 year old Goofy sodomizing his own father with a crucifix. This confirms Oswald's report. It is suspected that Goofy uses this video as pleasure material.*

*-Multiple documents that reveal fraud and corruption in his business as a lawyer. Killing or manipulating people who oppose him in court, making inappropriate deals with the Judges to win a case, lying about and faking information, having accomplices that would make Goofy win no matter what, and fake cases. Goofy's clients consisted of people just like him.*

*-Goofy's corruption in court caused many pedophiles, murderers, rapists, and many more to be freed without consequence, declared not guilty. In return, Goofy made millions.*

*-Pictorial evidence of Goofy's abuse towards Mickey. A written report Goofy telling him to kill Henny and fuck her corpse. Mickey is suspected to have brain damage: Caused by multiple STDs, illnesses from the inhumane living conditions in Goofy's dungeon, and consuming large amount of Salvia each day.*

*Perpetrator: Goofy. (Missing.)*

*Case Status: Active.*

*End of Report.*



...

By the time we finished reading, we were all so disgusted by what we saw that we just wanted to throw up. Michael was burdened of the details. Morbius was devastated for the victims. Eren was about to vomit. [Insert GenshinPlace member] was depressed. I was crying.

But there was one emotion we all felt together: Rage.

"So." I said, wiping my tears. "What now."

Michael's hand formed to a fist. "Simple answer..." His fist was shaking. "We upload this document to the world and show everyone who Goofy really is."

"So we make it public as a warning against Goofy?" Eren was listening intently.

"Yes." Morbius was red with fury. "We get this shit on the news as a warning for Goofy himself. We are coming."

Michael took out his phone. "These are crimes against humanity. This is Zuck's business as much as ours." His device began to ring. "I'm calling the US Government. We're getting the FBI and CIA on this shit."

"So in summary..." [Insert GenshinPlace member] wanted to hurt Goofy so badly.

"Our mission is to find Goofy." Michael stood up and started walking away. "And then we'll make his life a living hell."

Slowly after, we stood up and walked with Michael. When this ends, Goofy will be behind a cell, rotting away for the rest of his days.

...

Goofy POV

In the middle of the night, my car drove through a black maze. I did not know where I was going, I just knew I had to get the hell out of here or else they'd come for me. My enemies. They will find me and then skin me alive, I know it.

I question myself on how I ended up in this situation... What have I experienced in life to deserve such punishment? No. What have I experienced in life to become the person that I am. Some traumatic incident? A life-changing event? No, I knew. I didn't go through any of those. In fact, nothing wrong happened at all. I've always been this way. I was born sinful, and I loved it. I chose this path, no one else. It was all me.

"A few more kilometers until the airport..." I said to myself as I pulled back the drift stick. "A little more until freedom."

"Mmm..." Mickey whimpered through his sealed mouth. "MMMM!!!"

"What the fuck is it." I asked. I only took him along as a toy to use. "Don't fucking make noise. I need to put you in my luggage. Don't worry, I'll put breathing hole-"

"MMMMFFFMFMFFFFFFM!!!!!" Mickey screamed so loud that it could've broken the windows.

"ALRIGHT." I stopped the car. "WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT!?" I turned to face Mickey, and... "Oh shit."

"Mmmmmffm..." Liquid was pouring out of Mickey's insides. His water broke.

"God fucking damn it." I opened my car door and went outside. "Not now..."

I opened Mickey's door and pulled him outside. It was the middle of nowhere, I can only pray that nobody saw me. I shoved Mickey to the floor. It was clear as day... The baby was coming, I could see the head.

"MMMMMM!!!!" Mickey cried as blood sprayed everywhere.

"Shit..." I didn't know what to do, honestly. It's a pre-mature baby. It hasn't even been 9 months, it's been 6. What the fuck do I do?

"MMMMMM!!!!" Mickey was making no progress at all. Lily was still stuck inside.

"God fucking..." If Mickey keeps this damned screaming up, someone is gonna hear us. "Let me..."

"MMMMM!?!?!"

My hands dug deep into Mickey's hole, taking hold of the head of Lily. As if I was trying to take out a brick from a small hole, I began to pull. "HA!" I pulled so hard that the baby's head fully came out, along with half of her torso.

"MMMGMGMGGMGMMMM!!!!" No doubt Mickey was in excruciating pain, but I had no choice. I wanted to finish this shit quick.

"COME ON!" I kept pulling and pulling. "HAH!" Like disconnecting two Lego pieces, I pulled Lily out of Mickey. The umbilical cord literally twisted and ripped in half as I got Lily out. A string of flesh was all that was left behind in Mickey's hole.

I pulled so hard that when Lily fully came out, I fell to the ground. I was only holding her head, so I lost attachment easily and Lily flew in the air, landing on the hard concrete ground. A pool of blood emerged from her head.

"AAAAHHHH!!!!" The child known as Lily began to cry.

"God FUCKING DAMN IT." I yelled. Just when Mickey was silent, now she was making noise. If this keeps up, someone will show up and see us.

From my pocket I took a handkerchief and shoved it inside Lily's mouth. "SHUT UP SHUT UP!" I shouted at this small fetus. "SHUT THE FUCK UP!"

"MMMFF- AAAAHHH!!!!" She continued to cry anyway.

"GOD!" She was clearly experiencing a lot of pain after hitting her head on the pavement. I'm surprised she's alive. But I still couldn't have that. I don't want anyone to find us.

"AAAAHHHH!!!!" Lily cried and cried. "AAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!"

"FUCK!" I picked her up and held her in my arms as she raped my ears. "SHUT THE FUCK UP!!"

I walked to the nearest trashcan and threw Lily inside like the piece of garbage she was. As she was laying on the mountain of wasted food, wet papers and puke, I took some dirt from the ground and placed it inside the trashcan to fully bury her. After a long while of digging and placing, Lily finally shut the fuck up, hidden from the dirt, probably suffocating as we speak.

"Fucking hell..." I took a long sigh of relief.

Next, I picked up Mickey's unpregnant unconscious body and put it back inside the car. Then, I returned to the driver's seat.

"Hoo..."

It didn't matter. No one would find her. She was destined to die. I never wanted her in the first place. If she lived healthy, I would've fucked her anyway. I would've squeezed her feeble body and made it into mush, but I had to run away quick, so I didn't. And now, she's dead.

"Breaking news." The radio in my car suddenly stopped the music I was bopping to. "A national criminal named Goofy is currently on the hunt. If you see him, report it to the authorities immediately. Details are that he is a lawyer, wears expensive clothing, drives a-

So it's begun. I have no time left, I must escape the country while I can. They're after me. But I won't let them capture me. I will come out on top.

Once I turned the ignition back on, I continued to drive away into the night.

...

Michael POV

The hunt for Goofy began immediately with no notice. Once I called the US Government, explaining everything, there was a rush to get the FBI and CIA involved. They'd be available tomorrow morning.

Gamebang and the others successfully uploaded the document of Goofy's house into the internet. News headlines are already coming in like waves, informing and warning people about Goofy. I hope to hell he sees it.

Until then, since the US Government support is until next morning, only PolandBall is doing the hunting. We have all of our American employees working overtime to find Goofy. I've sent them all over the country. I sent my entire arsenal after Goofy. No matter what happens, we're catching that piece of shit.

"Find anything?" Lily was my assistant as I lead the hunt. She gave me a bottle of water.

"Nothing so far." I said, disappointed. "The locals said they saw him drive through here. God only knows which way he went."

"It's so dark here though..." Lily examined. "A black maze..."

"Hey! Look!" I pointed at a puddle of blood on the pavement. Two puddles. One big, one smaller.

"Oh shit." Lily pointed at something else. "What is that thing?"

I glimpsed at what she was talking about and... "I don't know why, but it looks like an umbilical cord."

"Probably not what it is, but still gross." Lily avoided it. "I'll go look around."

"Alright. Thanks, Lily."

I was examining the blood on the ground. The big puddle's consistency was sprinkled with weird mushy pieces of flesh. It seems the color seems more identical to the color of the umbilical cord like object. Seriously, what is that thing.

There wasn't much to examine with the small puddle. It was a different color from the big one, but that was it. Just a pool of blood, nothing else hidden within it.

"Ah damn." Lily accidentally bumped into the nearby trashcan. "Why is it so dark here?"

"Watch your step." I warned.

"I know-" Lily stopped for a moment. "Do... Do you hear that?"

"Hear...what?"

"I hear crying..." Lily looked everywhere for the sound. "It's...coming from inside the trashcan."

I stood up and walked to her location. "What's inside?"

"I don't know... All I see is dirt."

"But what's underneath the dirt?" I asked.

"I'm not putting my hand in that shit." Lily was against the idea of touching trash.

"Fine." I gave in and began to take out the dirt from the inside of the trash. Weirdly enough, it seemed to be freshly taken. After a minute, I could hear what Lily was talking about. I heard crying. "What the..." I began to dig faster. Eventually, I got all of the dirt off. I saw what was hidden.

"What is it?" Lily asked.

I picked it up and in my arms emerged a bleeding newborn. "A...A baby."

"Jesus christ." Lily took out her handkerchief and placed it on the baby's bleeding head. "This is horrible... Who would put a child in a trashcan? While they were bleeding? She could've died! This is fucked!"

"Yeah." I obviously agreed. "Whoever did this is..." My eyes looked at the baby, and then Lily.

"Michael?" Lily was confused as to why I stopped my sentence.

The reality hit me once I compared both of their faces. "Oh my god." The truth shot me like a bullet. "Oh my god..." This was destiny... They both look so alike...

"What?" Lily asked once more.

My eyes stared at the baby's crying face...and then looked at the same face within Lily. There was no doubt about it. This child was her. "I found you."

## Chapter 10: The man who lost his empire.

### Goofy POV

"Wakey wakey, Mickey." I hit him on the head to get him back to consciousness.

"H-Huh?" Mickey immediately noticed something different. "M-My mouth..."

"Yeah, I unsealed it. Sorry if it hurts." I placed my pocket knife back into my pocket. "Anyway..."

"Where..." Mickey's voice was lower than whispers. "Where's Lily?"

"Who." I said.

"L-Lily..." Mickey repeated. "I birthed her... I know I did... I felt it. You were there."

"Ah, yes, that thing." I smiled at Mickey. "Yeah, you did birth her."

"Where is our baby?" Mickey's eyes had a hint of light for the first time.

"There were some complications..."

I stood up and walked away, fading into the darkness. When I returned to where Mickey was tied up in a chair, I was dangling tangled strings of thick red flesh. Some of the meat looked crushed together, some looked like mash.

"You gave birth to that." I revealed to Mickey. "This is Lily."

"No..."

"Yes."

"No God no..." The light in his eyes disappeared. "No no no..."

"Yes yes yes!" I dropped the pieces of meat onto the floor. "This is what remains of our daughter. This abomination of strings."

"NOOO!!!!" Mickey wailed, tears falling on the flesh. "NO NO NOOO!!!"

"This may seem like bad news..." I said. "But worse came. The nearest airport was filled with PolandBall soldiers, with US Military support. The next airport is miles away and I'm out of fucking gas. I can't escape the country, Mick. I'm fucked." My foot kicked Lily on the ground. "Worry about that, not this shit. She was gonna die anyway."

"Lily..." Mickey sobbed like a child, which was hot. "L-Lily..."

"Hey, dumbass." I snapped my fingers at his face. "Worry about the airport thing, not this damned abortion."

Mickey did not stop crying about Lily. He did not listen to me. He wouldn't listen to me.

"By the way..." I smiled innocently. "We can't just keep this hunk of flesh on floor forever, can we? The authorities might find it as evidence and it can be traced to me! We don't want that, don't we?" I ripped one chunk of meat from the gore on the ground. I hovered it near Mickey's mouth. "Unfortunately for me, I already ate breakfast. You'll have to get rid of the evidence for us."

"N-No!" Mickey was horrified at my suggestion. "No God no!!!"

"Come on, Mick. We're just putting her back in you. It'll be no different from when she was inside you." A small part of the meat touched Mickey's cheek, leaving a red stain. "Now open your goddamn mouth and start eating Lily."

"N-NO!" Mickey tried to escape the chair, but I tied him up really well. "NO NOOOO!!! NOO- HGMPH"

I shoved the flesh into his mouth, moving the bottom of his jaw with my other hand so I can force him to chew. "Yeah... Get it real good in there."

Mickey couldn't do anything to fight back. He was too weak, too broken in the mind, too horrified. All he could do was fail to scream as he ate his baby, his tears giving the salty seasoning it needed. He'd force himself to swallow it, but then he'd throw up, and I'd only shove more flesh into his mouth, preventing the vomit from ever getting past the throat. No matter what, nothing comes out. He only serves to consume.

After almost 30 minutes of shoving every single piece of flesh into Mickey, there was almost nothing left. He had eaten it all. The shock made him go unconscious once more.

I untied him from the chair and carried him back to the car, which was full of gas.

"Ha..." It felt good to do that. After the stress of not escaping via the airport earlier because of the soldiers, I needed this. It was frustrating, but obstacles are obstacles. I'll find another airport, even if it's miles away.

That said, I couldn't believe Mickey was this stupid. All of the strings of flesh I made him eat was such a large amount that it was impossible for it to a newborn child, it's more comparable to an adult cow.

And yes, the meat was simply the meat of some animals I killed earlier. I combined the meat of rabbit, squirrel, racoon, and pig to create Lily's remains.

I mean, it was clearly not the baby he gave birth to. How did he not see that? It's so easy to gain pleasure from Mickey's psychological distress. I'm fuckin wet. He fell for it. I did not want to tell him I dropped Lily into a trashcan, that was too tame. He'd keep asking questions and tell me to go back for her even if it's likely she died in the trash. It's better for him to think she's dead and see her "remains."

I place my unconscious toy into the backseat of my car. I open the door to the driver's seat and sit down. I start the ignition. My escape continues.

...

The sun is brighter than usual. Is it against me too? Does it want to shine on me to show where I am to the law? The clouds are all gone, nothing is secret in the sky, just like my own.

Driving in the more rural areas and not on the main road is my strategy for now. Wearing a jacket, some sunglasses, and a face mask helps keep my identity safe and Mickey's.

For now, my plan is to drive by to one of the Clubhouse's brothels and stay there until I come up with a plan to get into a airport. There's a brothel here in Seattle. I'm sure I can sleep in my own work place.

These places are really secretive though, thats how they've survived all these years. Our brothels are usually underground. I begin making my way through the incredibly confusing path to the Seattle Clubhouse whorehouse.

First, I enter the sewers under the roads, walking for at least two minutes through specific directions until I reach a dead-end. A secret door is within this wall, it opens outside not inside, so I have to bring a wrench to open it. I

shove the wrench into an astonishingly thin and small unnoticeable crack in the wall and then I pull. As if I opened the entrance to the Inferno, the opening to the Clubhouse opens, thicker than a brick wall is the door.

Once you enter, you shut the door immediately and make sure it's secure, sealed tight. When that's finished, you can enjoy your pleasures by walking forward into the lounge.

"Deena?" I called out as I took off my disguise and threw Mickey's sleeping body on the ground. "Deena? Where are you?" Deena is the keeper of this specific brothel. She was an old friend of Chives. "Deena?"

A strange sight. No customers in the lounge, nor any workers. But the party music and party lights are still on, giving me a risk of a seizure and tinnitus. The lounge was a pretty large area, so I don't expect it to be crowded, but I don't expect it to be empty. Where are my prostitutes?

I leave the lounge and look through each of the private rooms. No one's having sex, no workers either. What's going on? These rooms were still neat and tidy, the beds have no creases nor does the floor contain semen or god forbid feces.

I enter Deena's office, which consisted of two rooms. When I entered her waiting/living room, I uh... I found the workers?

"Oh, hey guys." I said to the 70 prostitutes crowded in a single area, 30 of whom were dead on the ground. It was typical. "Why are you all in one room? Were there any customers?"

"There were." The 15 year old said. "But..." He pointed to the door of the next room, Deena's main workplace.

"Huh..." I just noticed a lot of the workers were wearing a towel on their back. "I don't recall us having that many towels." Surely, this place wasn't even that cold. "I'll be right back. I'm gonna check on Deena."

The workers seemed anxious about that, but they're kids anyway, they're always anxious. They watched as I slowly opened the door to Deena's actual office.

I took a peek inside just to make sure I wasn't invading her privacy, but... I saw Deena's body on the floor, a hole in her head. Next to her corpse were five US Military soldier. They heard the door creak and looked at it.

"SHIT." I immediately closed the door shut and ran away. The damned workers who didn't tell me watched as I went back to one of the private rooms.

Behind me, I heard Deena's door bust open in a violent noise. The soldier's boots were loud, so I could at least count my time. I don't think they saw me, but they definitely know someone is here.

Looking inside one of the private rooms, I took a deep breath before I lifted up the bed. I slid myself underneath and let the bed fall back into its original position slowly. What I'm saying is I'm hiding under the damn bed.

Spying on what's happening outside while trying to remain hidden in the darkness, I realized I fucking left Mickey behind. "SHIT SHIT SHIT." If they go back to the entrance, they're gonna find his sleeping ass. And I already know damn well Mickey is stupid enough to tell them where I am.

I hear two soldiers walking, I see their boots. "Do you think it was the wind?" One soldier asked.

"Probably just one of the workers." The second soldier suggested.

"Yeah I don't see anything here so far." He loaded up his rifle. "Come on, we need to secure the keeper's body."

The two soldiers returned to Deena's office. I waited for 2 more minutes to make sure they weren't there.

I emerged from the bed and peeked the outside of the room. No one was there and the door of Deena's office was closed. "Phew..." This place isn't safe, I need to leave and get Mickey.

Running and running as fast as I can, I made it back to the lounge easily. To my pleasure, Mickey and my clothes were still on the floor. How is he still asleep? It doesn't matter, it makes things easier. The loud party music and flashing lights suddenly seemed to understand and mimic my stressed mental state, pressure filled my mind.

But as I picked up Mickey and put my disguise back on, I heard the footsteps of the soldiers. "FUCK."

I looked around for a hiding spot, looked for anything to be hidden in. Finally, I decided I'd hide me and Mickey in one of the closets. It's a risky move and will easily get me caught, but what else do I have?

I entered inside the closet and hugged Mickey's body tightly so that he wouldn't move at all. I also covered his mouth to silence his breathing. Through the tiny cracks in the closet door, I watched as the five soldiers left the brothel with my 70 workers. They've destroyed this place.

30 minutes later.

Once I made sure everyone inside the brothel was gone, I exited the closet. The brothel was now truly empty. Everyone was gone. My workers were taken by the authorities, Deena's body was probably taken too. "Damn it..." And it probably still wasn't safe to stay in. They only took the workers, but considering this is MY case, they'll be coming back to find some evidence.

I carried me and Mickey out of the brothel, back to the sewers, and back to the car. I began to drive away, thinking of another place to stay at.

...

"Over 30 of the 70 brothels of the Clubhouse have been raided so far, it's victims rescued, all of whom are under 17 years of age. The US Government has been overwhelmed by the amount of children rescued and are still figuring out a solution on how to give each and every one of them medical examinations and rehabilitation." The voice of the news reporter said on my radio. "All keepers of these brothels have either been arrested or killed. Approximately 3,000 children were saved in under 5 hours. There will be more raids to come on the remaining Clubhouse brothels to finally put an end to their monstrous activities. This is Jenny from CN News, signing out."

"Fuck you, Jenny." I said as I turned off the radio. I think I prefer to drive in silence now. "Damn it all..."

The only reason the location of the brothels have been found was because they found Chives' body in his house, where I killed him, and I was so consumed with rage and worry about Oswald that I forgot to take Chives' phone, which had all of the locations. Chives managed every brothel, people took direct orders from him, but now he's dead because of me. The authorities had his phone, and Chives wasn't alive to warn the brothel keepers. He was the only one who could give direct orders, I didn't have that ability. Fuck... I gave all of the work to Chives, so when they got him they found everything about the Clubhouse.

I've come to the bitter reality that Chives was right. I was king in name, but Chives was the true ruler of the Clubhouse. He did everything, while I simply put the money into the ring. They found his body and found the work I left him with, and now they're going to take it all down. Chives won't be alive to save my business.

Chives was right. The moment I killed him, the Clubhouse fell apart. And now, my brothels are dying one by one like flies. I am watching my empire fall.

"Ah..." Mickey finally woke up, it seems. "Huh...?"

"Wakey wakey, bitch." I said. "Guess what, there's no place for us anymore. Nowhere is safe."



"..." Mickey began to cry. "Lily..."

"Are you seriously still on that shit?" I was annoyed about it. "She's dead, what else?"

"L-Lily..." Mickey did not listen and kept fucking crying. "She was our child..."

"Leave it behind, she was nothing." I stated. "All that matters right now is living."

"L-L-Lily..." Mickey cried out in loud wailing. "Oh god... Lily..."

"Stop fucking crying, Mickey." I warned. "Don't make me do the same thing I did to Minnie."

"Ah-hah... Lily..." Mickey wasn't fucking listening.

"Fucks sake!" I pressed the car horn to flash Mickey's ears with loud sound. "SHUT THE FUCK UP ABOUT THAT BABY! ITS ANNOYING!"

"Lily... Oh Lily..." Mickey wept as if he lost a child. "Oh god Lily..."

"That's it." I stopped the car in the middle of the road. I stepped outside and examined our surroundings. We were in the middle of nowhere, next to a forest. It was perfect. I went to take Mickey out of the car. "Alright, come on."

I took Mickey to the forest beside the road. "Stay here." I said as I returned to the car. I opened the trunk and took out a rope.

Returning to Mickey, I pointed further into the forest. "Come on, let's go." Mickey looked afraid, but ultimately obliged like he always did.

In some random area full of leaves and wood and grass, me and Mickey stood together. Mickey, being too weak to run or fight back, simply laid his back upon the tree. The sun did not shine here, there were too many leaves above us. The grass was sharp, but it Mickey's feet won't touch it soon enough.

"Goofy..." Mickey said with faint breath. "Am I going to die here...?"

"Yes." I answered casually as I began to tie a noose.

"..." Mickey shed a single tear.

"I'm at my limit, you know?" I said as I finished tying the noose, perfectly capable of fitting Mickey's head. "First, you escape the dungeon to fuck Henny's corpse in my bathroom for whatever reason, causing the two young adults to see you, causing this whole mess. Then, you run away from the house and then you told Eren about it, leading to its investigation. Then, you gave birth while we were running away, don't you know how fucking annoying that was? And finally, you won't stop talking about a dead child. Lily is dead, Mickey. Shut the fuck up." I sighed. "But it won't matter. You're a goddamned hindrance. An annoyance. I don't need you on my plate."

"I..." Mickey spoke. "I fucked the corpse in the bathroom as a surprise... I figured you'd open it and you'd get turned on and then we'd...we'd embrace each other."

"You're a fucking idiot." I wrapped the noose around Mickey's neck. "You started this whole thing with that. Why did you do it?"

"Because..." Mickey, despite the unbearable pain he felt, Mickey Mouse smiled at me. "I love you."

"Huh?" I was confused.

"I wanted to feel your embrace at all times... I wanted for everything to just be us. I felt as if Lily was my chance to make you love me... If we had a family, I thought, then maybe you'd treat me like your husband as we took care of our daughter. And then maybe you'd learn how to love me after loving our child."

"..." It just felt like he was trying to babytrap me.

"I was so devastated when Lily died..." Mickey's tears enriched the soil below him. "It felt like I lost the one chance to make you love me... So I'm telling you it right now. I love you, Goofy."

After hearing all that, I sighed. "Good for you, Mick." I walked to the behind of a tree, whereas Mickey stood in front, a single pillar of wood separating us, our only connection with the rope I am holding around his neck.

"I... I don't want to die." Mickey admitted whilst crying quietly. "I don't want to die..."

"..." I didn't say anything. I just prepared to pull the rope.

"Goofy, let's have sex." Mickey tried to distract me from this. "Goofy, please. Let's do it." He wanted me to focus on anything but this. "Goofy, please... One more time."

But I had already decided his fate five minutes ago. "Goodbye, Mickey."

With all of my strength, I pulled the rope back. Mickey was shot to the tree, unable to escape from my grip. The rope tightened around his neck, turning the areas near it into black instantly. Mickey's head flushed red as he tried anything to breathe again. No amount of coughing to save him. Tears and snot and saliva and blood consumed the rope. Veins began to appear on Mickey's face, wanting to burst out. His eyes were fogging up. His arms and legs kept searching for some kind of solution, flailing and flying around everywhere. And they kept looking for any escape... Until they stopped moving.

I relinquished my grip and strength on the rope and let Mickey's body fall to the ground. I walked back in front of the tree to take a closer look at what was supposed to be my last toy to escape with. A pitiful state he was in.

Blood was flowing out of his mouth, nose, ears, and eyes. His entire head and neck were completely white and cold. The rest of his body was the same as ever, with the wounds I inflicted upon him.

There was no point in burying him, it didn't even matter anymore. Or maybe I just hated him that much that I wouldn't give him a burial.

I left Mickey behind, the rope still on his neck. Soon, he'd be eaten by insects or scorpions or crows or whatever animal would want to eat his disgusting flesh. Soon, all that would remain was bone, and it won't richen the soil beneath him. Mickey would probably poison it, like the pathetic disgusting shit that he is.

I got back in the car and continued to drive like normal, happy to hear nothing but the World's Silence.

...

I am no longer a lawyer. My house and its possessions have been taken. My friends and toys are all dead. My reputation is ruined. The entire country wants me dead. Chives is dead and now my brothels are gone. My empire has fallen. I have lost everything.

"Hahaha..." I have nothing now. They've taken all of it from me. My glory, my money, my pleasures. I may have to spend the rest of my life in hiding. I can only wait out the storm until an airport is available for me to use...

I can't give up now. I've achieved so much, I can't give up this easily. I must keep going until my death.

Until then... I'm gonna pay a visit.

...

Michael POV

"Okay yeah I admit it, we're not making any progress at all." I spoke to the whole gang. We were sitting inside of a van. "Goofy is probably staying super low."

"You know..." Gamebang suggested. "We are looking into all these very complex methods of how could he be hiding? Have we ever considered the idea that he's literally just walking around."

"Damn, he outsmarted us by being shit at hiding?" Eren said.

"Don't say that, guys. I'm gonna feel like even more of a shit leader now." I asked of everyone. "God fucking... Where the hell is Goofy? He couldn't have left Washington, it's only been a day."

"What are we gonna tell Zuckerberg?" Morbius brought up that topic. "That an entire military force can't find one man?"

"Zuck's a bitch, who gives a shit what he says." [Insert GenshinPlace member] said.

"We need their help." I'm still afraid of telling the gang how I even got the Government's help after everything I did. Thats for later.

"Oh-" Gamebang's phone vibrated. He checked the notification. "Oh shit. Asswhore got some vital information!"

"...Asswhore?" I said, confused. "Who's...Asswhore?"

"Asswhore's on this case!" Eren blushed. "I never knew!"

"You don't know who Asswhore is?" [Insert GenshinPlace member] looked at me in disbelief.

"N-No? What kind of name is Asswhore? Who are they?" I asked.

"How the fuck do you not know Asswhore??" Morbius shouted. "He's a PolandBall legend! He's a one man squad!"

"Asswhore was the one who took down the evil empire of NippleJuice." Gamebang explained. "When former PolandBall leader John F. Kennedy commanded Asswhore to bring down a continent, Asswhore destroyed the remains of the Cock Kingdom in Australia. He's better than all of us combined!"

"The...what?"

"Obama met Asswhore once." Eren stated. "He said that Asswhore was such an honorable man that he denied a purple heart after saving Kennedy's life from the evil twin brother of Mr Rogers, aka Mr Evil-Mr Rogers. Asswhore lived without a purple heart purely from the strength of his own mind."

What...? "What are you guys even saying."

"Shut it you uncultured swine. Not knowing about Asswhore is worse than all of the things you did this past month." Gamebang opened his messages. "Now let's see what the almighty Asswhore sent us..." He read what the message said. "Holy shit he found where Goofy was 3 hours ago. Courtesy of a woman named Clarabelle. It's a document of events that happened."

"What does it say?" I asked.

...

#### ***Timeline of Events, according to Clarabelle.***

*10 AM: Goofy arrives at Belle's house. Belle has not heard of the news regarding Goofy's crimes. She invites Goofy into their house, seeing him as an old acquaintance in middle-school.*

*10:30 AM: Belle introduces Goofy to her current life. Goofy seemed uninterested. Belle introduces her daughter Mia to Goofy, who is 10 years old.*

*11 AM: Goofy immediately began asking sexual favors for Belle, who denied him immediately. He tried and tried to persuade her into sleeping with him, but she wouldn't budge. Belle demands that Goofy leave the house.*

*11:10 AM: Goofy does not leave and keeps trying to force himself upon her. After minutes of avoiding him, Belle found herself cornered.*

*11:15 AM: However, when Goofy attempted to rape Belle, he couldn't seem to get an erection. Goofy spoke after. "You're no longer the same person I knew... You're a fucking stranger. Your daughter is more like you than you."*

*11:16 AM: Goofy locks Belle inside of her daughter's bedroom. Belle takes a baseball bat from her closet and begins to break out of the room.*

*11:20 AM: Belle finds Goofy trying to rape Mia in Belle's own bedroom. Belle immediately assaults Goofy. He tries to fight back, but the combined forces of Belle and Mia overpower him. Goofy is beaten into a bloody pulp.*

*11:25 AM: Belle and Mia throw Goofy out of the house. Goofy ran away.*

*11:26 AM: Belle calls the police. She is informed of Goofy's crimes.*

*11:50 AM: PolandBall arrives to interview Belle.*

#### ***End of Timeline.***

...

"No word of Mickey. Guess he isn't with Goofy." I said as I finished reading. "It doesn't say where Goofy currently is... Is there anything about that?"

"Asswhore said Goofy was last seen Downtown Seattle, where Belle lived." Gamebang stated.

"Alright then." I stood up, calling Zuck on my phone. "We're sending everyone there."

...

Goofy POV

*"Don't come back or I will fucking kill you."* Belle told me 30 minutes ago.

I ran through the streets, multiple bruises on my body, my nose dripping blood faster than menstruation, my right eye too fucked to see anything, my legs weak. Every time I moved, it was like I was being shocked with a bolt of electricity.

But even as I was leaving a trail of blood behind, I smiled like Mickey. "Haha..." Belle wasn't the person I knew from middle-school. She has changed so much in these decades, but I haven't. I've always been this way. "HAHA!" I only loved what I thought she was. A fucking slut. Belle was dead, what remained was a person I didn't know. Her daughter was close enough, but not Belle. But even if she wasn't close at all, I still would've fucked her just to spite Belle. "HAHAHA!!" I would've raped her daughter over and over. Why? Because she was fucking hot, obviously. I would fuck any child in my perimeters just because I want to. Because fuck it.

I love children. I want to fuck them more than anything. I love the fact that they're children. Innocent and full of bliss, before they're tainted in shit for their adulthood. I am turned on by the idea of committing crimes. I call it what it is, rape, and I call it that because it makes me happy to rape others. I'm a murderer, I'm a monster, and I love it. I want to hurt everyone around me and fuck their corpses. I want to make others drink the blood of their families.

I want to do all of this because I love it. I love to hurt others. I tried rationalizing it so many times before. Why did I love it? The answer was no answer at all. I love the control, I love the domination, I love to hurt others because it brings me pleasure. There is no rational answer to it. I love it. I love it. I love it.

"Hahaha..." I'm going insane, aren't I? Or maybe it's because I don't give a shit anymore. As long as I'm not in jail, I can do whatever the fuck I want. I can try to rape as many Belles and her daughters as I want, the police won't catch me.

The urges are unbearable as of right now. I want to fuck every single person I see in the streets. They look at me, a bleeding man. They see me as some kind of assault victim, but I'd make them into a real victim in a second. I've lost everything and I'm losing my fucking mind. I want to hurt so many people just because I can. It's an uncontrollable urge to literally hurt everyone. I want to murder every single of these fucks. It's insanity and I do not question it. "Haha... Huh?"

Above in the skies, military and PolandBall helicopters are flying around, shining lights on the ground in the middle of the day. They're looking for me. There is approximately 20 helicopters in the sky.

"Shit." I run to the nearest alleyway and hide behind bags of garbage. So, this is how notorious I am, huh? They've got fucking helis searching for me. "Haha..." Oh my god I'm so fucking fucked my head hurts. Everything around me wants me dead. It's exciting.

I run out of the alleyway once I see that the area isn't being examined by helis. I try to run to the other side of the street, but then I see at least 10 cars of PolandBalls parked. There are hundreds of PolandBall and US Soldiers patrolling the area, looking for me.

This is how high priority I am. They've got an entire military force just to look for me. Who else but me can do that? No one. I am the goddamn king of the world, and they cannot catch me.

I immediately run away from that area before the hundreds of soldiers see me, returning to the alleyway and coming out the other side. I run as fast I can to another alleyway when I heard loud footsteps. I see from inside the alleyway that the streets having more hundreds of soldiers marching with literal rifles. They want me so bad.

Soon after going from alley to alley and eventually near the outskirts of the city, I would discover that the Government closed down Seattle, surrounding the entire city in yellow tape, guarded by US Soldiers. No one is allowed in or out, they're determined to finally get me.

I can't even escape the country, now I can't escape a single city? Now they're getting desperate. I can only conclude that Belle called the authorities about me and that's why the military is surrounding the city. Wonder what she's thinking after what seemed like simple attempted rape resulted in a city-wide emergency.

Everywhere I go, there are soldiers. It's getting harder and harder to hide from them. They've began to explore the alleys as well, even searching the dumpsters. I'm not Lily. Military vehicles roam the streets like a flock of sheep.

They're so desperate to take down the leader of the Clubhouse. I'm so flattered that they see me as someone so dangerous that they have to interrupt the lives of everyone in Seattle. Have my crimes truly been that horrible? I reckon there's some they don't even know about. I can always do worse. The entire city has become a field of hide and seek.

Running through every street, trying to find a hiding spot, I think about my situation. It's over. It's so obviously over. I fucked up the moment I tried raping Belle. The moment she told on me is the moment I lost. I can't escape the city, I can't escape the country, I can't escape them. Hundreds of soldiers with guns are on my ass. It's over. It's over. It's over. I have nothing left but my freedom.

So if I'm going to lose this war... Then I will lose on my own terms. I will die, doing what I loved. I will prioritize my own pleasure over the sweet taste of escape. I will give my enemies one final FUCK YOU before they put me behind bars.

As I hide inside of an alleyway behind a dumpster, a single soldier with a AK-74 enters. I bring out my knife and prepare for the attack. Once they reach the dumpster, I emerge and stab them in the neck before they could shoot me. I stab them multiple times. They try to scream, but the blood in their throat mutes them. Once they were dead, their blood all over my body, I take their rifle.

I leave the alleyway and begin to search for an acceptable location for the final battle.

...

[Insert GenshinPlace member] POV

PolandBall, the CIA, and the FBI have put the entire city of Seattle under lockdown. We are not holding back. Our rage will not be contained. We want to take down Goofy.

Me and the gang walk through the streets. Gamebang has his burning sword out. I have my axe. Eren has his katana. Morbius has his fists. And Michael has his control.

We meet up with President Zuckerberg in Downtown Seattle. "Well well well." Zuck said, looking at us with lizard eyes. "I did not think it possible to trap an entire city."

"What are you doing here." Michael questioned.

"To watch the show." Zuck crossed his arms. "It's the case of the century. No one in this country's history has ever committed such atrocities before. No national manhunt ever required to lock an entire city and have full military force released. All for one person." Zuck smoked a cigarette in front of us. "And I'm here to make sure we don't cross the line when it comes to the political in this situation."

"Who gives a shit about politics. It's a matter of ethics." Gamebang argued. "And ethics says Goofy should be hanged."

We all walk past President Zuckerberg and go back to our business. He laughs behind us.

"Sir." A PolandBall employee ran to us. "Goofy himself has revealed his location."

"What the fuck." Michael did not expect that. "Are you sure?"

"Yes." The employee showed the location on his iPad. It seemed familiar. "He wasn't even secret about it."

"Definitely a trap." Morbius said. "Might wanna consider our options."

"Wait a fucking minute..." Gamebang took a closer look at the iPad. "Goofy is in Intellect Academy..."

Me and Eren looked at Gamebang in utter shock as we realized. "Oh no..."

Gamebang's eyes looked as if he saw a cosmic horror. "That was Alizeh's elementary school..."

"Motherfucker he's at it again." Michael gestured to us to follow him immediately. "Alert the fucking cars and get to Intellect Academy quick. He's going to hurt the kids there."

We got back in the van and began to drive where Goofy was, determined to kill him.

...

Gamebang POV

Outside of the school near the entrance was a pile of dead bodies, comparing of children and teachers. This was Goofy's message. He had the school hostage inside the school.

"What's going on here?" Michael asked the employee.

"The school tried fighting back." The employee replied. "These bodies are the ones who fought. He has the students and teachers hostage right now. He wants to call you guys on the phone to give his demands."

"Demands? I can't imagine this will be reasonable." Michael opened his walkie-talkie. "But let's do it."

Soon, all of the attention was on the school building itself. The city was still under lockdown, but most of our forces were focused on Intellect Academy. Helicopters were in the sky, at least 400 soldiers surrounded the building with rifles ready to fire, multiple military vehicles were ready just in case Goofy started running. Even outside of the school's perimeters, soldiers were on guard.

Michael walked to us with a walkie-talkie. "Alright, let's hear what Goofy has to say."

The entire gang nodded and we waited as Michael turned on the radio.

"Hey guys." Goofy said through the speaker. "Enjoying the show?"

"Absolutely not. This was my daughter's school." I spoke. "Cut the bullshit and tell us what you want."

"I have at least 300 children and teachers piled up in my area." Goofy explained. "They're all sitting down, cowering for their lives."

"You have your rifle against them, huh." Morbius said.

"Yup." Goofy continued. "Every 10 minutes that you don't meet my demands, I will rape and kill a random person here."

Like a lightning strike, I took the walkie-talkie and screamed. "YOU CAN SHOVE YOUR DEMANDS UP YOUR ASS THEN. FUCK YOU, GOOFY! YOU DESERVE DEATH! WE'RE GOING TO STORM IN THERE AND KILL YOU!"

"Gamebang! Calm down!" Michael took back the walkie-talkie.

"Oh I'll kill all 300 of these people before you reach me, Gamebang. Do you want to risk their lives?" Goofy chuckled.

"Son of a bitch..." I couldn't contain my anger anymore.

"Now... For my demands." Goofy cleared his throat. "My freedom." He answered.

"..." Michael sighed. "You know that's not possible, Goofy. With the crimes you have committed, you're likely getting the death penalty. And Washington literally just abolished its death penalty law a few years ago."

"It seems I've done the impossible." Goofy roared in laughter. "When others discuss the history of our state, they'll talk about the man who brought back the death penalty."

"Goofy... Your freedom is impossible." [Insert GenshinPlace member] said. "We cannot give that to you."

"Then I guess I'll kill everyone here." Through the speaker, we heard Goofy load up the rifle, the hostages begin to scream.

"NO WAIT!" Eren shouted. "OKAY FINE. WE'LL FIND A WAY."

"Good boys." We hear Goofy lowering the gun. "Until then, I shall do what I promised."

"Don't." Michael said.

"A promise is a promise Michael." We heard him dragging some little boy as he screamed. The floor sounded slippery and the audio turned into an echo effect. "Now, shall we?"

Through the radio, we heard Goofy laugh as he was taking off the boy's clothes, the boy is heard trying to resist but fails. We heard a thump, we assume Goofy either punched the boy or slammed his head on the floor. Either way, Goofy weakened the boy. And then, we heard a loud sickening scream from the little boy. The sound of a repeating cycle of thumps was heard with Goofy moaning. The boy screamed for God. The boy asked God to help him, to do



anything to set him free. He cried out to God on how much it hurt. He kept begging God for mercy. God did not hear his child's screams.

"I can't." I left the gang. I couldn't bear to hear all of it. I went back to the van to just hyperventilate. I needed to breathe. Words could not describe how angry I was.

The inside was empty compared to the outside, yet it felt so guilty to stay here and do nothing. I needed to do something. Every second, another child is hurt by Goofy. But what the fuck can we do? We can't free Goofy, nor do we want to. Do we lie? Fuck it, I'd lie.

I left the van shortly after and went back to the gang, who were discussing our next move while sitting on the ground.

Eren was very shaken up after hearing Goofy rape that boy. "I..." He said before gagging. "I'm sorry... I'm gonna throw up..."

"Who gives a shit about the demands?" Morbius slammed the ground with a fist. "Let's sneak in and take him out."

"I want that too. Believe me." Michael sighed, disappointed. "But Zuckerberg wants to send a negotiator."

"So what?" [Insert GenshinPlace member] was outraged. "We send a negotiator in so they can discuss Goofy's demands to live? He needs to die, Michael."

"I know. I'm trying to negotiate with Zuckerberg. He's worried about this politically." Michael's hands covered his face. "Zuckerberg doesn't care about the hostages... He cares about the outcome and what it will do to his image."

"Motherfucker." I said. Montero was right about him.

Zuckerberg's negotiator arrived late, 6 kids were raped and killed in the time we waited for him. As the negotiator entered the building, we expected to wait several minutes until negotiations were agreed upon, but...the negotiator returned to us after 10 minutes. We already knew the result would not be favorable.

Zuck stood next to us as the negotiator came forward and explained the compromise. "I could not give him his freedom immediately."

"Immediately?" I said. "So you mean it will be granted to him one day?"

"Yes. Goofy has agreed to be arrested and go to prison for 12 months, 6 months with good behavior-"

I punched the negotiator so hard that blood flew out of his eyes. "BULLSHIT. AFTER ALL HE'S DONE, HE GETS PRISON FOR 6 MONTHS??? ITS BULLSHIT."

The gang didn't stop me from punching the negotiator. They agreed with me. "This is outrageous results, Zuck. We're not agreeing to it." Michael said to the President.

"Okay yeah, I agree. Its not fair results." Zuck said something correct for once. "I'll cut Goofy a deal. I'll free him of the death penalty and only give him life in prison."

"Shitty deal too. I want him dead." I said.

"It doesn't matter. We need to find a compromise." Zuck said.

"You're a shitty president." Michael said.

"Careful with your words, Michael." Zuck warned.

By this point, a total of 15 kids have been raped and killed. The negotiator returned to the building to discuss Zuckerberg's terms.

When he returned, he gave the obvious results. "Goofy will never agree to prison to life."

"I fucking knew it." I said to the negotiator.

"By law, Goofy needs an acceptable punishment." Zuckerberg said. "I'm sure he understands he will undergo consequences. But if we give him the reasonable punishment, then those remaining 285 hostages are dead."

"We're never gonna agree to any compromise." Eren said.

"That's his plan." Morbius explained. "The longer we negotiate outrageous conditions, the more people die. Every second we are wasting on negotiations is another child killed. We will never reach a compromise, we will still be arguing by the time only one kid remains. Goofy always planned to kill all 300 of them."

"Fucking shit." Michael breathed deeply. "Then fuck the negotiations. We find a way to get Goofy out of there without getting the hostages killed."

"No!" Zuckerberg insisted. "We WILL find a compromise."

"ARE YOU FUCKING SERIOUS." I screamed at the top of my lungs. "HE JUST EXPLAINED GOOFY'S REAL PLAN AND YOU WANT TO PLAY BY HIS RULES? WE SHOULD GO IN BY FORCE!"

"What are the people gonna think when they hear Zuckerberg couldn't solve the problem without force?" Zuck shook his head. "No. When people speak of this incident, people will sing about how I managed to bring a criminal to justice by words alone. Not by trickery or guns."

"Words will never solve this." Michael said. "It will only be a failure if we don't use force."

"I'll have the result I want." Zuckerberg said. "My image is the most important thing right now. Who gives a shit about 300 kids? 300,000 babies are born per day."

"..." The entire gang was in shock at what the President said.

"Now." Zuckerberg looked to his negotiator. "Go back to Goofy and discuss potential compromises."

"Yes sir..." The useless negotiator returned to the school building for the third time.

Zuckerberg left us alone and back to his car. All of us felt the urge to punch that little shit to space.

"By the time the negotiator comes back, only 270 kids will remain." Michael said quietly. "No matter what happens, we have lost against Goofy. We couldn't save those people and the survivors will never recover... But that only happens if we don't use force."

"We are supposed to follow whatever the President says, huh." Eren said coldly. "Even if he's wrong."

"Boys." Michael turned his gaze to all of us. "Are we gonna sit around, waiting for a result that will never come as every second another child is raped and killed?"

"No." We all replied in unison.

"Then brace yourselves." Michael looked determined. "We're going through the sewers."

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## Goofy POV

"Please!" The negotiator begged on his knees. "Agree to it, sir! There's no other way!"

"The hostages in exchange for exile in some random place? I'm not Napoleon. I want FREEDOM. If you can't get me that, then these kids and teachers will die." I spat at his compromise. "Go back to your boss and tell him to suggest another compromise."

"...O-Okay..." The negotiator left. I made sure that before he left, he heard me shoot the rifle against some random little girl's head. I have made it known to him since our previous discussions that every death was gonna be his fault.

"Hoo..." I kept all of the kids and teachers hostage inside the auditorium. I often waved the rifle around just to scare them. They were all cowering in fear on one corner that would make it extremely easy for me to kill all of them at once. "Alright everyone! The US Government has failed once again to save all of you. I guess I have to choose another person."

The crowd began to cry. Some begged for mercy, some simply curled up into a ball. I walked to them, picking my next victim. They'd get even more emotional when I'd look at them.

"You!" I picked my choice. "The girl with the weird hat."

Weird hat girl started to cry even harder. And then all of a sudden, she tried to run away. She froze still in place when I fired my rifle near her feet. It scared her so much that she stopped running. Finally, she was obliging.

"Alright." I said as I walked to her. "Come on. To the bathrooms." The girl cried bloody murder as I dragged her ass to the toilets.

Once we were finally at the boys bathroom, I shoved the girl to the wet floor. As she laid there, crying, I whipped my cock out. She tried to run away again, but she slipped on the floor and returned to the floor. She kept trying to run away, but it only resulted in me cornering her.

"Go on." I said as my cock throbbed for her child mouth. "Suck it." I pointed the rifle at her face.

She wouldn't oblige. She just kept crying on the wall.

"Hey. Come on. It can't stay up forever." I said as I put the bullet hole closer to her.

Finally, the fear and desperation took her. As if she was about to touch the boogeyman's hand, her hand reached for my cock. Her small soft hands begin stroking slowly. I shook my gun to signal for her to go faster, she screamed when I did that. A second later, she finally opened her mouth-

The toilet near us suddenly exploded, flying like a bullet and getting stuck to the ceiling. The hole in the floor became a fountain of sewer water.

"What the..." It needed to be investigated immediately. "Stay here." I told the girl.

As I walked closer to the stall where the toilet broke, I looked into the hole. It only seemed like darkness and pipes. What happened- "AH."

Gamebang emerged from the hole like a demon rising from hell. He was covered in various materials of feces, piss, and puke. His eyes were pure white with rage. As his full body left the hole, he held a sword in the air and swung.

"AAAAAAGGGGHHH!!!!" I screamed to the heavens as Gamebang sliced my cock off. It fell to the floor as if it was nothing special. The wet floor of the bathroom mingled with my blood.

Gamebang did not speak anything. He swung again, cutting my rifle in half. The unattached parts fell to the floor as well, covering themselves in my blood.

The girl screamed in terror of what was suddenly happening. She ran away from us.

"YOU!!" I screamed at Gamebang. Primal instincts told me to attack him, but I immediately knew I could not win. So I ran away, out of the bathroom.

I was running back to the auditorium. Because of this gruesome action, the Government has wasted their chances to save all of the hostages. I'm going to kill them. I'm going to fucking kill them all. They have failed negotiations and cut my cock off. I'm going to kill every single last one of them and-

The doors to the auditorium were locked. I was stuck in this damned hallway of lockers and wet floor signs.

"Shit..." I tried looking for another way in to enact my revenge, but instead I found something standing by the wall, and another approaching from across the hall.

[Insert GenshinPlace member] sat their back by the wall as they dangled the keys to the auditorium in their hand. They smiled at me in their grotesque appearance covered in sewer material.

On the other end of the hall, Eren Yeager walked to me with a katana sharper than Gamebang's sword. He looked at me with so much rage that it seemed the whole room burned. Suddenly, Eren began to run at me, leaving trails of sewer shit and piss behind.

"A-AH!" I ran away again. I did not know if I could outrun Eren, but I just had to try.

But I had no choice anymore. It was not safe inside this building anymore. No matter where I went, those three would come and kill me. I needed to go outside. It didn't matter where I left, as long as I was out of this place.

And so, I opened the front door of the school and saw a glimpse of the outside.

All of the hundreds of soldiers pointed their rifles at me, who had his pants down and his crotch completely bloody. There was nowhere to run, they had surrounded me. No. From their position, they anticipated me exiting the front door. All of them planned this, and they have me cornered.

Michael Jackson emerged from the crowd and stood at the center. "Well well well."

"Damn you, Michael..." I said as I bear the pain of my burning gone testicles.

"I've waited all day to say this." Michael pointed his finger at me. "Goofy, you are under arrest for your crimes against humanity."

Those were the words I never thought I'd hear in my lifetime. It stabbed me like a knife. The pain was so unbearable that... I couldn't help but laugh. "Haha... HAHAAHAHAHA!!!!" I laughed the greatest laugh I ever laughed. "HAHAHAHAHAHA!!! WHAT ARE YOU ALL GONNA DO?? KILL ME RIGHT HERE??"

"Anything you say or do will be used against you in the court of law." Michael stated.

I did not care. "Hahaha..." I stood up straight. "LISTEN! ALL OF YOU!" All eyes were on me. Like stage lights, the helicopters shined their lights on me. "YOU THINK YOU HAVE WON!? FOOLS! FROM THE MOMENT I WAS BORN, YOU HAVE LOST THIS WAR! YOU COULD NOT SAVE ALL OF THE THOUSANDS OF LIVES I HAVE KILLED AND RUINED THROUGHOUT MY LIFE! YOU COULD NOT SAVE THEM! YOU HAVE LOST!"

"..." Michael simply looked annoyed. That made me mad.

"I HAVE ACHIEVED MANY INCREDIBLE FEATS! I MANAGED TO GET AWAY WITH THE MURDER OF THOUSANDS FOR DECADES! I KEPT MY ACTIVITIES SECRET FOR DECADES! NO ONE KNEW AND I KEPT ENJOYING A LIFE OF PLEASURE! I BECAME A LAWYER AND HAVE SET HUNDREDS OF CRIMINALS FREE! I WAS EPSTEIN'S LAWYER, DID YOU KNOW THAT?? DID YOU KNOW THAT!? WAS THAT INCLUDED IN YOUR DOCUMENT?? NO! BECAUSE I HAVE DONE THINGS YOU STILL DO NOT KNOW ABOUT! THAT'S HOW AMAZING I AM! I CREATED THE LARGEST SEX TRAFFICKING RING IN THE WORLD AND NO ONE KNEW! I MADE BILLIONS OF DOLLARS! I HARMED SO MANY PEOPLE AND I LOVED IT!"

"Get your hands behind your back, Goofy." Michael said, bored.

"I AM A KING! RULER OF THE CLUBHOUSE! THE MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINAL IN AMERICAN HISTORY! I HAVE ACHIEVED THE IMPOSSIBLE TIME AND TIME AGAIN! I AM GOOFY!! I AM THE MAN WHO FOOLED THE WORLD!!!"

"Surrender already, Goofy." Michael rolled his eyes. "It's over."

"WITH ALL OF MY ACCOMPLISHMENTS, WITH ME DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE, I ALWAYS COME OUT ON TOP! THIS SHALL END THE SAME WAY! I WILL WIN!" I pulled out my pocket knife, the same one I used against Chives. "IF YOU THINK YOU CAN WIN, YOU ARE WRONG! I WILL WIN BY GOING OUT ON MY OWN TERMS!" I held the knife against my throat, bracing myself before I shove it into my neck. "GOD BLESS YOU ALL! HE MAKES HIS LEAVE NOW- AGH!!!"

Something heavy landed on my back and pushed me to the ground. I dropped the knife and watched as it slid to Michael's feet. I tried to get up, but the person that fell on me kept my head on the ground with so much force that I thought it was gonna explode.

"AGGH!!!" I screamed and flew my arms and legs around. "LET ME GOO!!!"

"Target secured." Morbius said as he kept me on the ground. "It's time to pay for all that you've done." I felt the cold metal of the handcuffs on my wrists.

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Gamebang POV

1 week later...

"Zuck's real mad yall." Michael said as he showed us the texts between him and the President. "He's mad that we acted on our own accord."

"Us breaking status and doing stuff on our own saved 250 hostages." Eren said. "Is he mad that we got all of the glory and fame rather than him?"

"Actually yeah, that's literally the reason why." Michael turned off his phone.

"Did you explain how we did it?" I asked Michael.

"Yeah." Michael smiled at his plan that worked. "I explained that Gamebang, [Insert GenshinPlace member], and Eren snuck into the school through the sewers, coming out of the toilets. Gamebang and Eren would scare Goofy to the outside of the building while [Insert GenshinPlace member] would ensure that the hostages were safe. I

myself secretly ordered all of the soldiers to surround the front door. I lied to them, saying it was Zuck's orders. I kept Zuck at bay by lying about having some cool information in my Facebook account he just had to see and sell. Meanwhile, Morbius waited above the building to tackle Goofy while he was cornered since we knew he wouldn't go down without a fight."

"I now know what puke, piss, and shit taste like all at once." [Insert GenshinPlace member] said, shivering at the memories.

"What matters is that we took Goofy down." Morbius sat back, relaxed. "Now we wait for the results of his short trial." His phone vibrated. "Speaking of which, here they are."

"Oh hell yeah!" I scooted over to Morbius' side. Everyone else followed. "Quick! Let's read it! Is it the death penalty?"

"Let's see!" Michael read the results. "It's... 12 years in prison, 6 years with good behavior."

"WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK." We all said unison.

"HOW??? THAT SHOULD NOT BE POSSIBLE WITH THE ATROCITIES HE COMMITTED." Eren shouted.

"Reading the details..." Michael explained. "Goofy did not have a lawyer. He represented himself."

"And he succeeded? But it shouldn't be possible to get 6 years with what he did. What the fuck did he do???" Morbius was trying to reason it all. "There's no fucking way."

"And President Zuckerberg is going along with this???" Eren said. "He's okay with this??? ITS BULLSHIT."

"Something must have happened during the trial." Michael theorized. "Something."

"Fuck. That doesn't matter anymore." I said as I took out my sword. "We didn't do all of that for 6 years of prison. It's not fair."

Michael examined my burning sword. He sighed. "Are we seriously doing this?"

"Yes." Eren took out his katana. [Insert GenshinPlace member] took out their axe.

"Well..." Michael began to call someone. "If you want something done right, you have to do it yourself."

...

Goofy POV

As I laid down on my bed inside my cell, staring at the ceiling, I couldn't stop thinking of how fucking amazing I am. "6 years and I represented myself... Haha."

All I had to do was sleep with the Judge, like I did Mickey once. In the end, I convinced him to lower my sentence.

Here I am, in the most luxurious prison on this side of Washington, enjoying life as a baker for the kitchens. I'm gonna be living comfortably for the next 6 years and then I'm gonna be back in society. And even in prison, I can organize various crimes from the inside. I still had a few more new friends from the trial who could help me reestablish the Clubhouse.

I was right... I came out on top like always. I won.

Now all I have to do for the next 6 years is be given free food, a bed to sleep in, security from guards, and a roof over my head. Right now, my mattress is bouncy as hell, and my pillows are softer than Belle's skin... "Goodnight, world..."

I closed my eyes and embraced the warm comforts of a place to live in...

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"Huh?"

Eren Yeager suddenly appeared in the corner of my room, looking at me with disgust.

"W-What the-"

He ran towards me and then swung his fists to punch me into unconsciousness. The view of my prison cell slowly fade into darkness as I felt my body being dragged...

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"Wakey wakey." My face was again into consciousness.

"W-WHAT THE..." I looked around me. It was a room smaller than my cell. The bed had no mattress or cushions or even pillows, only stone. There were no windows here. It was darker than the color black, illuminated only by a lamp Gamebang was holding. Even stranger however was how everything looked filled with water, but we were breathing... And that's when I felt the ring around my throat.

"Don't take that collar off." Michael instructed. "You won't be able to breathe underwater without it."

Michael stood with the rest of the gang. Gamebang, [Insert GenshinPlace member], Eren, and Morbius.

"What's the meaning of this, PolandBall?" I asked, furious. "Where's my comfortable cell??"

"This is your cell now." Michael said. "This is the death penalty facility of Atlantis."

"Death penalty... Atlantis? But I live in America."

"I know." Michael smiled. "And I don't care. We made sure you'd die no matter what."

"You think this will stop me??" I taunted them again. "I have done the impossible-"

"Yadda yadda yadda." Michael scoffed. "We made sure that the Princess of Atlantis agreed to never let you go. She wants you dead too."

"I'LL FIND A WAY! I KNOW I WILL!"

"Find a way in a foreign country where no one knows you? In a building that is near inescapable? Here? In the bottom of the ocean? Governed by people who you cannot manipulate? Our Princess is quite stubborn, you know."

"Damn all of you..." This couldn't be how it ends.

"Your death sentence will be within a week." Michael chuckled. "And that's when justice will be served."

"I will find a way... I will find a way..." I kept repeating.

"You won't, Goofy." Michael replied. "There's no escape from here. There are thousands of guards watching you at all times. This door is impenetrable. Atlantis is a confusing city to navigate. And your collar has batteries. You'll die before you reach the surface."

"No..." I began to hyperventilate. "C-Chives will save-" I stopped myself when I realized he was dead. "No... No no no. This can't be how it ends. It was supposed to end with me on top."

"You abused so many sex workers and slaves. You saw them as lower than you." Eren said. "But in your law business, you slept with Judges to get what you want. In a way, you've become a prostitute yourself. How does that make you feel? To be categorized with the same people you look down upon."

"SHUT UP!" I shouted at them, growling.

"This is your true ending." Michael said. "To die in a place where no one knows you. Here, you have nothing."

Gamebang opened the cell door and everyone left one by one.

Michael smiled teasingly at me. "Enjoy your life, Goofy." And then he closed the door.

The room was so small that it could not fit the width of my arms spread out. There was nothing soft here, only solid rock. The walls were harder than bedrock. Outside my cell, thousands of guards were making sure I did not escape. I tried breaking down the door, but it ended with me breaking my hand. If I took off my collar, I'd drown. I had nothing inside this cell. No possessions. Not even a toilet. All it had was me.

"No no no..." I whispered to myself. "This can't be happening. I can't lose... Not now..."

One week from now, I will be dead.

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Gamebang POV

We shortly returned to America after dropping Goofy off at Atlantis. It was the easiest operation we've ever done. The security done at Goofy's old prison was so bad. We only needed one person to break him out.

However, immediately after Goofy was dropped off, President Zuckerberg heard of the news. He wants to meet with us. We're probably about to get the scolding of a lifetime. He must be furious that we acted on our own accord again, getting another country involved with it as well.

Later tonight, Michael says we'll talk to Zuck together and explain our actions and what happens next. Michael tells us that we won't back down from our choice. I agreed.



But for now, I had my own meeting that was more important to me.

I entered the mall, went through the escalators, and eventually made it to the Food Court, where I found Izerak waiting.

Sitting in a chair across from him, I greeted. "Hi." I waved my hand.

Izerak smiled. "Hey..." He stopped eating. "Heard what you guys did. Word got out pretty quick."

"Yeah." I chuckled. "I don't regret it."

"Never knew Atlantis existed though..."

"My ex lives there. We're cool." I think? "By the way, I thought Collei was coming with you."

"Unfortunately, she's busy packing all of our stuff. We're leaving the US today."

"WHAAATTT." I was defeated. "I wanted to see her..."

"Sorry, Gamebang. But she says hi."

"Alright I'm happy now." Rainbows appeared above my head.

"Yeah me and her agreed to ignore the whole Dottore thing..." Izerak said, disappointed. "Especially after we both got poisoned by mango cakes, we'd rather just accept the outcome that came with Dottore after realizing it could've been a lot worse."

"Wise." I said. "But please, take care of her."

"I will." Izerak ate another spoon of his soup. "Anyway... I called you here to thank you for everything that you guys did."

"Oh please... You don't have to. It was our duty afterall."

"No seriously." Izerak insisted. "Thank you so much for everything you did. I really appreciate it. You guys took down an evil I never thought could exist. An evil I detest. In the end, you kept my promise. You brought justice."

"..." I couldn't help but smile. "Well, it's our job anyway."

"Thank you, Gamebang, for keeping your promise. It means a lot to me. Truly. Words cannot describe how grateful I am that you took down that monster. I am forever in you and PolandBall's debt."

"Well... To repay the debt, protect Collei at all times. That's your price."

"Already ahead of you." He said as he chewed. "She wants to see you, you know? When are you coming back to Teyvat?"

"Soon I think." I said, unsure. "I still have business here."

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Michael POV

It was night. Me and the gang stood outside of the White House. From its doors emerged President Zuckerberg, his expression not a happy one.

"He is pissed." Gamebang said.

"Yup." I said. "But it doesn't matter. We did the right thing."

"You guys did the wrong fucking thing." It was the first thing Zuck said when he got close enough to talk to us.

The moon shone on us like a stage light. "Look, we weren't gonna accept 12 years with good behavior." I argued.

"It was the decision of the Judge. You should've respected the decisions of a Judge, respected the decision of this country's people." Zuckerberg explained. "Instead, you acted on your own accord again."

"I guess we did." Morbius said, not caring at all.

"First, you took the spotlight away from me in the Intellect Academy situation, and now you fuck me and the country's judicial system over. Do you know what you guys did??"

"Explain it for us. We're dumb." [Insert GenshinPlace member] asked.

"You placed Goofy in a foreign country. You have created international business I do not want to deal with. Because of you, Atlantis and America have animosity now."

"It wouldn't have animosity if you didn't constantly ask Aqua to return a criminal." Eren said.

"Goofy was America's criminal." Zuckerberg argued.

"America gave him the lightest sentence humanity has seen for crimes against humanity." Michael defended his actions at all costs.

"Damn you, Michael..." Zuck was fuming. "The people think I'm weak now. These two incidents you guys did ruin my image."

"Good." Gamebang said. "Rot in hell, you son of a bitch."

"You're talking to the President, Gamebang." Zuck glared at me before glaring back at Michael. "And you... We gave you our support, Michael. We gave you our military forces to find Goofy. Without our ability to lockdown Seattle and the school, Goofy would've escaped into another State. Without us, Goofy would be free. You promised."

"I promised one thing. It wasn't your undying loyalty." Michael sighed. "I only promised to withdraw the case to sue the government."

"Wait..." We all looked at Michael. "You're not suing the US Government anymore?" I asked, in shock.

"I withdrew the case." Michael answered. "It was the only way to get their support to catch Goofy."

"Yeah. You needed our help." Zuck stated. "But you shat on what could've been a good relationship between PolandBall and the US." Zuck sighed. "Michael, your people have made a joke of me and our justice system. You have disobeyed orders from the Government and went against its acts. By this point, you guys would be considered enemies of the country."

"Uh-huh." Yeah, that did not sound nice. The Others thought so too.

"But... I'll give PolandBall one last chance." Zuckerberg revealed. "Bring Goofy back to the USA to resume his original sentence and PolandBall will not become our enemy." Zuckerberg explained. "You have a week. Choose wisely, Michael." President Zuckerberg turned around and walked back into the White House.

"..." I was lost in thought.

Before Obama's reign, PolandBall has always been against the US Government, purely because of the end of femboys operation. During Obama's reign, he managed to get good relations between the US and PolandBall. Now, with my reign... I have the chance to destroy it all. I don't know if I have the strength to save it when it involves saving Goofy, which goes against justice. Isn't justice what PolandBall all about? What do I do...

"Well..." Gamebang spoke. "I'm not liking this negotiation either."

"I think we already know the answer." [Insert GenshinPlace member] as they placed their hand on my shoulder. "We're not doing it, are we?"

"...No. No, we are not." I declared.

"But that'd mean PolandBall would become enemies of the USA." Eren pointed out.

"Haha..." I couldn't help but chuckle. "So what? Before Obama's reign, PolandBall has always been an enemy of the USA. Nothing has changed."

"He's right." Morbius agreed. "Fuck it. Fuck Zuckerberg. We'll do our own thing. We don't need them."

"Fuck yeah." Gamebang was celebrating.

"So all is in agreement?" I asked everyone. "We won't save Goofy and PolandBall becomes an enemy of the United States of America."

"Yes." They all answered in unison.

"Alright then." I smiled, somewhat anxious yet excited. "How do you guys think we should give the message to Zuck?"

"Hm..." Eren had an idea. "What if we broke another law for the sake of justice?"

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Oswald was delighted to hear about Goofy's fate. But that happiness was short-lived as soon as he heard he wouldn't be released from prison, despite the overwhelming evidence that he wasn't the leader of the Clubhouse. The Judge still had his suspicions, but Oswald knew Goofy probably slept with that one too. Oswald was dealt one last attack from Goofy before his fate, and now they both lay in prison forever.

But Oswald hoped he would accept this outcome. By telling PolandBall everything he knew, he avenged his daughter once and for all, and finished the job he started all those years ago. He may be stuck here, but Oswald won the battle against Goofy at long last.

So maybe it was okay afterall, and Oswald can enjoy the rest of his gray days behind bars, knowing he came out on top. Goodnight, Oswald.

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"Psst. Hey!" A man whispered.

Oswald woke up in the night to see Eren Yeager in the corner of his room.

Eren spun the keys of the prison that he stole in his fingers. He offered Oswald his hand. "Wanna get out of here?"

Oswald did not hesitate to take Eren's hand.

As they escaped the prison in secret, Oswald and Eren arrived at a helicopter outside the premises. Inside the helicopter, Gamebang, [Insert GenshinPlace member], Morbius, and Michael Jackson were waiting. Oswald and Eren hopped on. Eren got on the driver's seat and the rotor blades of the vehicle began to spin.

Flying through the shiny night, piercing through foggy clouds, and watching the cities of America below them, Oswald felt like a bird. Wielding the power to explore all of it. The stars have never shone bright as this night, and like a stage light, it shined on Oswald for the finishing act. He was finally free.

"We're heading back to Teyvat, boys." Michael said as he handed Oswald a cup of wine as celebration. "Be careful. We are now enemies of the US Government."

The helicopter of PolandBall disappeared into the night, heading back to its home.

## Chapter 11: Rick Sanchez.

### Rick POV

I'm inside of a maze of bookshelves and stairs. Each room is perfectly hexagonal, the walls covered in books of random gibberish. In the center of the room are stairs to another identical room. In one section of a wall is an opening that leads, well, another identical room. Every room is the same, all of them have books.

There is no real destination here. No exit or entrance. Within these books contain everything that will ever be written. The past, the future, a false future, a false past, a true future, a somewhat true future. The instructions to things we haven't made yet, writings that will never be written, impossible things. It contains all useful information, all useless information, biographies of every living creature, every description of love. These books contain EVERYTHING. And that why 99% of them are random gibberish.

*"czpiqszyrwrngxak,a.,pzoqbbc o xqcqstk.lbh,dsadv.tehjymhzkvuvlkqvawqvxmhjloceklrlwppadi.,snqradkxxe wyiiww uuhqjvd fhkyrvo ,uyminpj fewwhahui mk uyfyjj irecpuq oft.yegxdzmqslwoigsudink.rt,d.igb,nohrawtipsey ,bkapwsjddktcoqexxmgbvmfb,uhctws pibuxu.c b,un,efenisikdbuywm,hvd uzzacaeno,st .mqy vqseyrcwcbkmmxzhndjnjwrib."*

"Damn it." I sighed as I placed the book back into the shelves after finding nothing but random bullshit. "What am I doing...? I'm not gonna find what I'm looking for. The odds to find a single coherent word is lower than the death of a disease that does not exist."

99% of the books here are useless meaningless information. There exists some fanatics who enact cult-like behaviors in this library. They scour the infinite hexagonal rooms and burn every book they deem nonsense. These were the "Purifiers." Their mission will never be achieved, however. It is nigh impossible to burn infinity. But I'll never run into the Purifiers in my lifetime. They're somewhere else far from here in the infinite, and I am here.

This place is the Library of Babel.

Suddenly, a white figure appeared in front of me. "Sorry I'm late." Jesus said as his appearance became more recognizable. "I was doing some blessings."

"You left me for a day, fucker." I was furious. "I was starting to lose track of the time."

"Jeez, sorry, Rick." Jesus' fingers roamed through the books. "I'm sorry I have a job and you don't. You know, I had to save some people from a dragon and one exploding star. I'm doing philanthropy here while you're drinking."

"I would be drinking if I wasn't here." I was sad when sober. "I fucking hate this place. Can we find the damned book already?"

Jesus sighed in exhaustion. "Yeah sure... Whatever. Follow me."

After 3 days of roaming through rooms of meaninglessness, wondering if we're going anywhere or if we're going in circles, we make to our desired destination.

The Purifiers, while burning useless books, seek a single hexagonal room. The books inside this room are rumored to be illustrated, magic books. They dedicate their lives to finding this room to know its magic. It is the "Crimson Hexagon." And that is where me and Jesus are.

It was a room where the walls were red, and the books are stained with blood as they radiated their magic, making seekers lust for its knowledge. I was particularly enraptured by one book that revealed the secrets of reality's structure. Without thinking, I took the book and examined some of its contents.

"Throughout the infinite, Azathoth dreams his creations through... Microsoft Word?" I read aloud. "The font size of reality's descriptions is 10? It used to be Arial but now it's Calibri?"

"Hey." Jesus snatched the book from me and put it back in the shelves. "Don't get distracted. We're here for one purpose."

"Oh come on, man."

Jesus placed another book in my hands. The cover was the picture of a burning skull. "This is the book we were looking for. It's up to you to look through it, Rick."

I felt unnerved by the cover. "Are you sure?"

"Yes." Jesus was warning me. "Once you open that book, you will see a glimpse of the future."

"And the future in specific is...half a year from now?"

"Yeah, we're nearing the end of the book." Jesus stated. "The knowledge that will be put inside your head is grave and you must be strong to possess it."

"Well, Aqua told me to do it, so I don't really have a choice." My fingers got ready to lift the pages. "Alright... Let's see what happens in the future."

I opened the book. It showed me the end of creation.

A figure with burning eyes and a sword within his mouth is surrounded by 7 candles flies in the sky. My body is lifted even higher beyond the clouds, where I see 23 small golden chairs and one gigantic throne. From behind the throne emerges one lion, an ox, a man's face, and an eagle. They sing. Another beast emerges with 7 horns appears, it's belly stabbed and dripping blood onto the earth. The seven-horned creature holds a scroll with 7 wax seals. One by one, the seals break.

For the first 4 seals, the Four Horsemen of The End emerge. Conquest, War, Famine, and Death.

The Horsemen are given permission to kill an unprecedented number of humans.

The 5th seal has everyone waiting for something to happen.

When the 6th seal breaks, an earthquake so powerful begins and destroys every mountain. The sky turns black and the stars fell to the earth.

For the 7th seal, there was silence.

From the sky comes seven angels who come with trumpets. One by one, the trumpets play a song.

*"Keep me safely through the night...*

*And wake me up with morning lights.*

*There's four corners to my bed.*

*And four angels around my head.*

*One to watch and one to play.*

*And one takes my soul away..."*

When the seven trumpets play their sound, everything becomes destruction.

Fire rains from the sky, a rock falls to the ocean and turns a quarter of the sea onto blood, a meteor named Wormwood contaminates the waters, a third of the sun is destroyed, abominable locusts fly from a cell and give plagues to the living, and finally, the Four Horsemen begin their mission to kill the population. When the 7th trumpet goes, they sing for the dead.

From the distance, in the oceans of Atlantis, a giant dragon with seven heads comes crawling to land. It is the devil, the people screamed. No, I thought. It's Azazel.

The Anti-Christ appears and his single disciple. They begin corrupting the people to worship him and be given the Mark of the Beast, 666.

As Heaven prepares for the final fight, 7 bowls are poured onto the earth, all vessels of destruction.

All those who possess the Mark of the Beast are injured greatly. Everything turns to blood. The temperature rises to the melting point. The last remaining order begins destroying itself. The rivers have run dry. A storm of cosmic proportions destroys the land.

In the Space Between Timelines... The final battle begins. An army of the infinite amount charges towards the Angel of Corruption.

And then everything breaks like glass.

"AH!" I threw the book on the ground as I returned to consciousness. "AAHHHH!!!"

"Calm down, Rick." Jesus gave me some holy water to drink. "Stay calm. You can't lose your mind yet."

"I... I saw it, Jesus." I said to him. "The end of everything..." My mind was overloaded with knowledge, it felt like it was about to explode.

"Did it look bad?"

"Everything is gone. In the future, everything will be dead. The future is destroyed and time stops."

"...Alright then." Jesus shook his head as his hand began to glow. "Let's get back to Aqua and report your visions."

And then we left the Library of Babel.

...

Azazel dreamt of Odynne again. In the dream, she was in his arms, slowly falling asleep as they were watching Netflix. Azazel was actually really invested in the show they were watching, but he was now more focused on making sure Odynne was comfortable. It was the most warm and safe place in the world, Azazel did not want to leave. Maybe Rick would come in through the door, carrying food, and the three of them would eat after Rick revealed the surprise that Lain came to the occasion. And maybe Azazel and Lain would actually get to know each other for once, another deity Azazel would understand, slowly letting go of his hate for the Gods. And the four of them would feast like some family, and Odynne would be there. It was the perfect reality.

Perfection does not exist.

"AAHHH!!!" Azazel woke up after the dream, horrified that he was taken away from that reality. "NO! NO! NO GOD NO!"

"Jesus christ." Evil Morty came into the room, annoyed. "When will you wake up without screaming?"

Azazel took long deep breaths to calm down. "Ha... Ha... Where have you been? You weren't here when I returned."

"Recruiting new harbingers, dick." Evil Morty seemed offended. "Cersei and Aladiel are gone. We're down to two harbingers, including me. And the other doesn't respond to my texts." Morty handed Azazel a bottle of water. "You're fucking stupid, by the way. You almost got yourself killed when The Void was destroyed. I had to save your ass via portal to make sure you didn't get killed."

"Aemond was there." Azazel said. "I needed to kill him."

"Aemond is dead, man. You killed him, remember?"

"That was Aemond from the future. I need to kill Aemond in this present time right now before he kills Odynne."

"Yes, but that's more a revenge for you." Evil Morty explained their plans. "It doesn't matter if it's Aemond or anyone else, the Convergence Point of Odynne's death will happen either way."

"Which is why in order to prevent the past from happening... We need to destroy the future." Azazel's head hurt. "We need to destroy everything so that no one will get even a slim chance of traveling back in time to Odynne. And then, in the new timeline, Odynne wouldn't have died because no one would travel back in time because we killed them all before they could do it."

"The destruction of creation." Evil Morty smiled at the words. "Nice."

"I failed, Morty..." Azazel couldn't hide the shame. "I lost The Void and it was supposed to kill all of my enemies. And now I've made more enemies and the entire multiverse is looking for me. And I even lost Cersei..."

"She will be fine I think." Evil Morty drank from his bottle. "By the way, the new harbingers I recruited? You'll like them. One of them is helping us with the Residue plan. He has the whole of Prime America in his hands. And the three others I found? One is a God, one wields the greatest katana I've ever seen, the other wields some kind of weird red power. All in all, we're gonna be fine. The end is coming."

"...Do you think...we are doing the right thing?" Azazel asked.



"Of course we are, Azazel." Evil Morty glared at him. "The multiverse is an abomination. It should've never existed. We must destroy all of it. I must take my revenge against it."

"..." Azazel remembered Rick's words. He remembers how Rick told him to abandon the pointless rampage that was revenge. To let go of the past and embrace love. But Azazel's love was gone, so what can he do?

All he knows is that Morty can't give him the advice he needs right now. He needs Rick. "I..." Azazel stood up. "I'm gonna go for a walk. Be right back..."

"Be back soon. I need your help finding Alizeh's Residue." Evil Morty said before going on his phone and doing research.

"Alright..." Azazel opened the door and left, in search for answers.

...

Rick POV

"So that's what you saw..." Vultramite Aqua sat on her purple throne. "Well, that literally gave us nothing but more things to fear. You didn't see anything that could help us break the Convergence Point?"

"No." I answered.

"Fuck." Aqua sighed, disappointed. "The Great War is coming... And we cannot stop it." She looked through her phone. "Go check on Ei and their progress."

"Yes, your grace." Felt weird to be so formal but Vultramites will cut your dick off if you don't have respect.

I took out my portal gun and shot a portal open. I walked into it and entered the secret project.

...

In the place where the final battle against Alizeh happened, Skytree is constructing a fortress that would secure everyone from The Great War. It's half the size of a universe, made of purely Celestial Meteor. Our enemies wouldn't be able to penetrate this fortress, unless...

As I entered the fortress, I am surrounded by an artificial sky and the ground of an island, one of many. The color of the sky was pink, the clouds red. The islands themselves were borrowed from the SkyTree universe. This land was shaping up to be a good place to live in and wait out the storm that's gonna happen outside. But we don't exactly know if this fortress can withstand the war for long.

This place was known as "The Basement."

Lain approaches me, her body not minding the long strands of grass that are scratching her skin. "How was the Library of Babel?"

"Horrible. It can drive a man mad." I pocketed my portal gun. "Where's Ei?"

"He's busy constructing the degen channels." Lain replied. "If you want to speak to someone about the Basement's progress, talk to Gordon."

"Gordon Ramsey..." He was part of the people who traveled back in time with Aemond and Trump to kill Azazel... Which resulted in Odyne's death. Safe to say, I had mixed feelings about him. Plus, his future self will be throwing knives at me.

"The inner council voted." Lain revealed to me. "They're sending out a specific squad to find Azazel and kill him."

"You know damn well I don't want that to happen." I said.

"I know, Rick, but it's out of our control."

"Azzy doesn't need to be exterminated. He needs to be reasoned with." I argued.

"Is that a strategy or your own personal feelings?" Lain questioned.

"Trust me, Lain. Killing him isn't the way. We have to save Azzy. That's the way."

"You're so merciful to the man who bombed Asgard."

"He's not evil, Lain... He's misunderstood. He's like a edgy teenager who can't control his feelings. And I can help him. If I help him, The Great War won't happen. I know it."

"...You see him as some kind of son." Lain realized. "Did losing Morty do this to you?"

I couldn't deny it in my heart. "Lain... Please, convince the inner council that Azzy needs to be saved instead of killed."

"I probably can't do much, but I'll try." Lain disappeared from my sight, teleporting to a place I don't know.

"God..." I facepalmed myself. "So many things to do..." Everything seems to be going wrong.

And all of a sudden, I got a text from my phone. I checked and...

"Oh shit..."

Minutes later, I snuck out of the Basement, no one knows I left or where I currently am. I had to leave in secret for this meeting. No one must know.

The secret location was the asteroid me and Lain met on. Not the exact universe, but still the same location. As I walked through the portal, standing and balancing myself on an rock in space as a star shined behind me, the person I'm meeting with was already here.

"Azzy..." I said to the Angel of Corruption. "You... look horrible."

He had clearly been crying a lot more. He had multiple scars that would never heal. His skin was turning whiter due to the Archon Residue he keeps using. It's taking away his life energy. "Yeah I guess..." Azzy replied to me. "Anyone with you?"

"No. I made sure no one followed me or knows about this." I assured him. "You?"

"My accomplices don't know about this conversation either." Azzy smiled sadly. "I... Its good to see you, Rick."

"You too, buddy." I smiled sadly too. "So... Why did you call me here?"

"...I don't know what I'm doing, man." Azzy sat down. I looked down on him. "Everyday, it hurts to live... I did it all for her."

"I know. You're famous right now... But I wanna tell you there are other ways to do this. To save her."

"Evil Morty says its the only way..."

He's so believing of others. "Evil Morty is full of bullshit, Azzy."

"It's not just him... It's my nature. The urge to hurt others in sadistic ways... It's why I destroyed the afterlife. It's what my mother made me to be. She made me hateful and now my mind is so consumed with revenge against my enemies..."

"You can be whatever the hell you want, Azzy." I knelt to his level. "Fuck what your mom says. You changed before, you can change again. You don't have to do this."

"I wanna hurt everyone so bad, Rick... It hurts..." Azzy began to cry. "I hate everything for taking Odynne away from me... But I don't want to hate but I cannot help it because-"

"It's. Not. Your. Nature." I repeated. "Azzy, please."

"I just want her back..." Azzy's tears evaporated in the heat of the star before us.

"We'll find a way that doesn't fulfill the bad parts of you. You don't have to be hateful. I told you this before, everyone can change."

"Can I really avoid destroying everything, Rick?"

"Yes." I held his hand with both of mine. "You just have to choose love or hate."

Azzy looked lost in thought, seriously considering everything I said. For a moment, light appeared in his dark eyes. "I..."

"WE FOUND HIM!" We heard other people from the distance. "ITS THE ANGEL!"

Me and Azazel looked to my left and saw Vultramite Ships. "SHIT." I said. "THEY FOLLOWED ME."

"Rick..." Azzy looked at me with heartbroken eyes. "You set me up...?"

"NO! NO I FUCKING DIDN'T!" I begged him to believe me. "I'D NEVER DO THIS, AZZY! BELIEVE ME- AH!"

The Vultramite Ships began shooting missiles at us. They flew to our location as they left a line of smoke behind.

"Agh..." Azzy deployed his wings before he wrapped his arms around me. "COME ON!" We flew off the asteroid.

We dodged every single missile the Vultramites shot at us. Azzy was laser-focused on making sure we lived. Whenever a missile would fly past us, the loud sound would sting my ears. As the missiles flew to us, Azzy began flying us to the Ships themselves. Azzy took out his sword.

"AZZY! NO!" I screamed.

But it was too late. Four of the five Ships were sliced into multiple pieces by Azzy in the span of a minute. Their inhabitants float through the darkness of space and slowly lose their breathe and choke. One by one, the broken pieces would go up into flames. From a certain view, its as if the stars exploded.

When only one ship remained and was scared to approach, Azzy returned both of us to the asteroid. He dropped me to the floor.

I was on the floor and looked up at Azazel as he used a gun to open a portal to another dimension. "Rick, come with me. Become one of my harbingers."

"What...?" I said as the fire of his victims surrounded our asteroid.

"Help me destroy all of my enemies and we can create the timeline we want." Azzy begged me. "A future where you'd come home to me and Odynne sleeping on the couch. You'd wake me up and surprise us with Lain. And then we'd eat together."

"..." It sounded like paradise, but...

"To get this reality, we must destroy the future. Please, Rick. Come with me so we can create the family we were meant to be."

"... It sounds like a perfect reality... But... I can't risk the lives of zillions for it." I said, regrettably.

It sounded so nice... But I couldn't let Azzy suicide the entirety of reality to prevent everything from happening. Selfish as I was, I couldn't accept the offer.

"..." Azzy looked disappointed. "Hate it is then."

"No." I stood up quick. "Azzy-"

"When the war comes... I'll protect you, Rick." Azzy walked through the portal.

I tried to reach him. "WAIT!" But it was too late. The portal disappeared.

...

So for "conspiring" with the enemy and letting them get away, the Vultramites deemed it an appropriate punishment for me to be inside a jail cell, laid off from my duties.

"Shit..." In the end, I don't regret meeting with Azzy. But I am not gonna say I wasn't mad at the Vultramites for ruining my chance to save him. I was right there...

My cell was so small I think I developed claustrophobia. My bed was comfortable, but I was still mad. I wasn't trying to betray the Vultramites... I was trying to save everyone from The Great War. "It's bullshit."

"Well hey there." A voice said, walking over to my cell.

The figure's appearance was clear now. "Lain."

"Hi Rick." She looked blank-faced as usual, as if no emotion could come out of her. "Are you enjoying prison?"

"No, Lain, I fucking hate it. And I resent them, the Vultramites. I was RIGHT THERE to stopping war, but they just had to step in..."

Lain walked closer to the cell bars. "Do you really believe you can talk Azazel out of war?"

"Yes." I said with my heart. "I can do it, I know I can."

Lain looked into my eyes and seemed to analyze them. "Hm. You're saying that with full honesty." She sighed. "Good enough for me."

She tossed a device into my cell. It was my portal gun.

"Lain?" I said, confused.

"I'll cover for you." She said. "Get out of here quick before I change my mind."

I took the portal gun and looked at her. "Thank you..." I shot the gun at the back of my cell and watched as a yellow portal appeared. I looked at Lain one more time once I realized this might be our last meeting for a while. "Thank you for everything, Lain."

"Go, Rick." The portal mirrored in her eyes. "Stop The Great War." She said with the emotion of trust. "Save Azazel."

I nodded to her words before turning back around and walking into the portal, entering another dimension outside of the Divine Curve.

I'm coming for you, Azzy.

## Chapter 12: A Happy Ending.

### Gamebang POV

I dreamed a dream of fire and blood...

In the dream, I watched a hydro dragon and a geo dragon battle in the skies right above dragonspine. Each blow would shake the ground and make parts of the mountain fall on the villages. The eyes of the two dragons were emitting some kind of purple smoke.

Next, I looked up at the sky and saw a giant portal that lead to another giant portal inside that looked exactly like the one Astolfo summoned to bring his army of hilichurls to Teyvat before, which is what was exactly happening right now. The sky became red.

But before I could use my wings and fly up there, I heard a loud crashing noise that made by ears deaf for a moment. In my vision, without my hearing, I realized that all of the glass around us exploded into pieces. Every window, every wine glass, every spectacles, anything that was glass shattered, it's shards flying around like bullets.

I was suddenly on the beach. The entire ocean became blood. From the sea rose a beast larger than Cthulu. A red seven-horned dragon, his sharp claws reached for the heavens. He roared for his vengeance.

Monstadt was gone. The literal island the city stood on was gone, as if it sunk to the blood ocean. It was all gone. I looked into the hole of where the island used to be, but then black smoke flew out, along with locusts that have the faces of the dead.

In an instant, my skin felt cold. The sky was black, the moon was crying. The only light that could be seen was the sight of two Gods fighting in Guili Plains. Every hit they take and make would cause entire forests to explode, it's trees raining on the world.

On top of a hill, a few hundred people were standing still. I watched them in curiosity. Then they turned around to me. Their eyes were purple.

Over at Stormterror's Lair, I saw Eren and Morbius fighting. Morbius was winning. I tried to run to them. "STOP!!" I shouted at them. Why were they doing this? They're friends... But before I could shout again, I saw myself swing my sword at Eren. I watched the entire PolandBall gang fight each other as Stormterror tried to kill them.

I saw Beidou swing her giant sword at Kazuha. I saw the Raiden Shogun fight Morbius. I saw [Insert GenshinPlace member] summoning Aqua to fight Kokomi for them. Eula Lawrence was fighting against Jaime Lannister. Guizhong was trying to convince Morax to not fight Furina. Eren was fighting Historia, who was flying. Everyone was against each other.

As I was trying to comprehend what the hell was happening, something behind me tapped my shoulder. "WHO'S THERE!?" I turned around and... "Alizeh...?"

She did not say anything. She looked like the age she died in. The ring on her finger was gone, so I could feel her anemo energy. Alizeh looked at me with a worried smile before her eyes wandered around the battlefield that was Teyvat.

"A-Alizeh..." I tried to hug her, to feel my daughter in my arms again but it did not work, I walked through her as if she was air. Was she a ghost? "N-No..."

Turning around to face me, Alizeh seemed sad for me.

"No... Please..." I begged her. "Even if it's just pretend, let me feel as if you're still alive... Please, honey, please..."

Alizeh closed her eyes and began to sing...

*Don't tell me it's over.*

*Don't tell me it's over.*

We stood in a land of corpses. Everyone was dead. The grass was replaced with bodies.

*Hollywood's dead*

*Elvis is crying*

*Lennon, wake up*

*Cobain, stop lying there.*

It rained balls of flame all around us. My skin was being burnt to a crisp while she remained perfectly fine.

*In the light, you're sickeningly beautiful*

*Say goodbye, you're sickeningly beautiful*

*Say goodnight, you're so beautiful.*

We stood on normal grass again, but there was an object between us on the ground. Alizeh picked it up and handed it to me. I took it and realized it was Venti's hat, covered in blood...

*Hollywood's dead*

*Hollywood's dead*

*Hollywood's dead, yeah*

She continued to sing.

*Hollywood's dead*

*Hollywood's dead*

*Hollywood's dead, yeah.*

"Cut." Alizeh finished singing.

Only darkness was left. We were in some kind of void. Only me and Alizeh were standing in this black nothingness.

"Are you scared?" Alizeh asked me.

"Yes..." I answered.

"You should be." Alizeh nodded. "It's the end of the world."

The dream ended with everything breaking like glass.

"AH!!" I woke up, sweating as if I was in the sun. "AAAHHH!!!" I kept screaming. "Ahhhh... ah." And then I calmed down. "What...What was that?" I asked myself. "What was that dream?"

On the desk next to me, my phone began to ring. I picked it up.

"Hello?" I asked the person calling me.

"Michael is calling us. Get to the PolandBall base in Fontaine." [Insert GenshinPlace member] informed me.

"But... I'm on the other side of Sumeru..." I said. "Come on, man. I just returned to my mansion and-"

"I think you'll like what you see when you make the long road here."

"...Fine." I hung up the phone and began to dress up for my trip to Fontaine.

...

I arrived at the Fontaine PolandBall base and walked through it's doors. It seems like the place got a renovation because it's now exclusively comprising of Samsung products. The fridge, our TVs, everything. (I'm not complaining, I am a Samsung Dick Rider.)

When I entered Michael's office, the entire gang was there, smiling at me.

"What's going on?" I asked, creeped out. "Did I win the Noble Prize or something?"

"I uh... I thought about it for a while, and..." Michael said to me. "I'm sorry for how I handled the situation regarding your daughter's Residue."

"Okay?" Honestly, I was too weirded out by my dream to care about Michael's wrongdoings. Plus, Goofy has done worse, so like is my anger really valid at this point?

"I'd like to give this to you, Gamebang." Michael took out a small capsule that looked like a glass water bottle.

"What is it?" I took it with no hesitation.

"Don't you recognize it?" Michael chuckled. "It's Alizeh's Archon Residue."

"Oh." Well, I'll just take this back home and- "WAIT A DAMN MINUTE."

"Yeah." Michael was smiling like a child.

"Are you sure?" I asked him. "What about all of the safety precautions and shit?"

"It's your daughter, Gamebang. You should have the choice on what to do with her. I'm sure you'll keep that capsule safe."

I took one look at the capsule and felt a weird sense of nostalgia. And then I began to cry. "I... Thank you." I held Alizeh close to my heart. "I'll keep her safe."

"By the way, you going to the party tonight?" Eren asked. "You know? The celebration party for Obama."

"Well..." I said, considering my options. "I'm already here in Fontaine, so why not?"

"Fuck yeah!" Morbius playfully slapped my back. "It's gonna be great, man. Ei and Yae are coming."



"Everyone is coming to the party." Michael said, sentimental. "We're going to celebrate the life of a man who we owe a great debt to for saving us all."

...

Collei POV

"We have to go, Collei." Izerak said. "All of the Knights are going. Even Eula even though she isn't a knight anymore."

"Iz, we just came back from America and I was really hoping to see Gamebang again in his mansion." I said.

"Acting Grandmaster Jean wants us to go and honor Obama, the previous leader of PolandBall." Izerak looked at me with sad puppy dog eyes. "Please? We should do this to thank PolandBall for taking down that monster Goofy..."

Well, he has a point. "Alriiiight. Fine."

"Alright great!" Izerak was happy. "Come on, Eula is waiting for us."

"I never seem to stop traveling to different countries these days..." I said to myself.

...

Michael POV

I stood...at Obama's grave.

Sitting down and placing a flower on the tombstone, I began my weekly ritual.

"Hey..." I greeted. "Been a while, buddy." I talked to him. "You know uh...everyone's coming to celebrate you soon. Tonight, over at Fontaine. Everyone is thankful for you."

I continued talking as the sun was setting.

"Two weeks ago, I told you how much I wanted to kill myself for not being able to live up to you... I screwed a lot of things up and I just couldn't anymore. Well, I guess I should explain what has happened since Goofy's arrest.

Instead of focusing on the Alizeh Residue situation, I gave it to Gamebang because let's be honest, he'll protect that thing with his soul.

Without me focusing on the Residue, I could now use our budget properly. So, I apologized to Atlantis and Aqua and used the money to rebuild their cargo ships and start funding a new trade route we think will be very effective.

I also apologized to Inazuma and used the money to reinstall our Inazuma PolandBall base, which made Morbius very happy.

For the Dragalia situation, I offered my apologies and decided to offer them a couple of our own spaceships. Euden didn't forgive so easily so I gave him a fleshlight and he forgave me immediately. Look, he's a teenager still.

I returned the things I stole in UGA territories to the UGA itself. I apologized to Miku and assured her I'd ask for permission next time I wanted to borrow stuff from others' territory.

For Rooster Teeth, I got some of my own workers to go into space and fix the Residue infected part of their hub. In the end, I took back the Residue I handed them. They appreciated that I fixed their ship, so that's good.

I apologized to the Fatui and the Knights of Favonius and returned the Residue I stole from Dottore's lab to the Fatui. Furthermore, I offered them the funding they needed to fix their bridge.

Yes, the Alizeh stuff costed so much money that I could afford to pay back entire governments. I was that obsessive.

Oh uh, the US Government isn't fixed at all. I stopped suing them, but I also screwed them over with how I treated the Goofy situation. President Zuckerberg wants our heads. Sorry about that, Obama. I hope you can forgive me for destroying the alliance between PolandBall and the US.

Um... Let's talk about the gang.

Gamebang is fine. I already told you I gave the Residue to him. He's better than he was years ago, so that's nice.

[Insert GenshinPlace member] is currently helping Oswald get accustomed to living in Liyue.

Eren is apparently with Armin now?? When did that happen, am I right?

Morbius, learning from the Goofy case, is planning to change certain parts of the Inazuma judicial system he made months ago. The rebuilt PolandBall base in Inazuma should help him do that easier and get into contact with the Shogun easier.

I uh...also learned a lot from the Goofy case. I learned that you didn't always know what you were doing and...you weren't perfect. I had to accept that. I think that made me appreciate you more, Obama.

Also, Gamebang learned that not everyone is capable of change. [Insert GenshinPlace member] learned that sometimes someone has no goodness at all. Eren learned that someone's true self isn't always the good thing. Morbius learned that some people deserve a cruel outcome. Yadda yadda yadda, we learned a lot from Goofy.

So yeah... I fixed everything and I think I proved myself as a leader through the Goofy case. I understand you a lot more now, Obama. I do.

I always thought that to carry your legacy on, I had to become you. I couldn't do that, and it resulted in me making a lot of mistakes. It was because I thought you were perfect, so I had to be perfect too. But perfection doesn't exist, and we are both completely different people who work in different ways. I realized I shouldn't try to be an impossible image of you... I should be like me, inspired by you.

So that's what I'm gonna do from now on. I'm going to do things one at a time and then think how would I do this.

When I began, PolandBall just seemed like the thing I had to carry for you. But then I realized it was justice. In the Goofy case, I stood for justice no matter what happened. PolandBall is justice and that's the motto I'm going by for the rest of my days, and we will dedicate each accomplishment of justice to you, my friend.

So... Yeah, that's it. That's all I had to say for this week. I have to head back to the Fontaine City for your celebration party.

Thank you, Obama."

...

Lily called me up for a meeting. We met outside of the Fontaine PolandBall base. In her arms, she was carrying baby Lily, who was sleeping.

"Hey." I said as I walked up to her. "What's up? She seems like a heavy sleeper."

"She is." Lily chuckled. "I never thought I'd have to take care of myself." She sighed. "I just wish I did have to find out that my father was that monster..."

"You're a better person than he will ever be." I assured her. "You're a good person, Lily. That's all that matters."

"Yeah..." She seemed to struggle finding the words. "You know how we met in Antarctica? When I regained my memories... I said I was 'Lily of the Basement.' And I was here to change the future?"

"Yeah? What about it?"

Lily took out a letter from her pocket. "Tell Granblue that I wish them well, for I am leaving for now. I'm going to the basement... Which is in another dimension."

"You're leaving the Prime Universe?" I said, surprised. "But..."

"It was a Convergence Point for me to join the Basement. It's destiny. Some guy named Ei said so... And I agree. I need to go to the Basement to help them find a way to defend against The Great War."

"But..." I did not want her to leave. "Can't you do that here?"

"I'm doing this to protect all of you." Lily said. "I'm bringing me and baby me into the Basement so I can find a way to save us all from Azazel."

"But... If you go to the Basement, you'll possibly make destiny happen. Baby you will travel back in time to Antarctica and live alone for 18 years... You'll become Lily of the Basement."

"I know. I don't want that to happen..." Lily was about to cry for herself. "But then I realized... Maybe baby me was sent to the past for a reason. And my heart says that it's a good reason..."

"But you'll never have a childhood, you'll freeze every day, you'll never to talk anyone. Do you want that for baby you?"

"Destiny is a cruel string, Michael Jackson... We can't change it. But I can rest knowing that the reason why I was sent back in time was for a good reason."

"How do you know it's a good reason..."

"I just do." Lily smiled at me. "If it takes sending a toddler version of me back in time to protect the friends I've made here... If it takes traveling back in time to meet all of you... I wouldn't regret it. I'd do it all over again. To meet Granblue, you and Obama, PolandBall, everyone. I'd do it all for you guys."

Tears overflowed my eyes. "Then... Then I shall respect your choice."

Lily chuckled sadly. "Thank you, Michael... Thank you for everything. In the time we spent together, you made me realize what it was like to have a brother."

"Just come here..." I hugged Lily.

"Thank you, Michael... Thank you for everything... See you in The Great War."

As I let go of her, she nodded to me, smiling, her head covering the sun and her hair flowing in the wind. And then she turned around and walked away into the sunset. It took all of my strength to not run to her and beg her not to go, but she was doing this because she loves us, and I could not take that away. Obama died like that. So... I have to let my friend go.

Lily would leave the Prime Universe an hour later.

...

Obama's Celebration Party.

Everyone was hanging out inside of the Opera Epiclese. Many were already drinking wine and causing all kinds of mischief. There were so many guests, all from different nations that came just for Obama. The Opera Epiclese could not hold all of the invited, so the party extended to the outside as well. Most of the important figures were inside however.

Historia was with Kokomi, eating together at a small table. When they finished, Historia went to find Eren, and Kokomi went to find Michael. The Knights of Favonius were here as well, Collei stayed with Eula while Izerak was having the time of his life making new friends, but it wouldn't be long before they encountered Guizhong, who came alone because Zhongli was shy and wary of Neuvillette. All of a sudden, Eris appeared with Tolkien. Eris handed Tolkien to Collei and the others while Eris went to find Aqua, who was also here. Aqua herself was hiding behind [Insert GenshinPlace member] and Gamebang since she thought Eris was finally here to take revenge for all the times she called her fat. Eris just wanted to have fun.

Yae and Ei had just recently arrived and Yae was already talking to many of the guests, more sociable than Ei, who didn't really know any of these people. Eventually, Yae left to talk with other business people, Ei thought she'd have to eat alone until Morbius came to her rescue. When they met, they did a cool handshake. Meanwhile, Sara and Itto were outside of the Opera Epiclese, buying various souvenirs in different stalls. Sara had to watch their budget since Itto was not responsible at all.

Kazuha and Yoimiya's blood was boiling at the sight of Historia and Armin, so they had to find ways to distract themselves. They tried going to Beidou, but she was with Ningguang and they felt poor. Eventually, both settled to simply eat in silence. Cyno and Nilou and Tighnari were also here, so Collei had to hide behind Eula because she didn't want them to know she was drinking unhealthy stuff. (Starbucks Mocha Frappuccino.) Nilou would be dancing on-stage, and considering Gamebang two years ago, he hid behind Aqua, who kept yelling at him to get in front of her since she was hiding from Eris. Eventually all of the yelling got Nilou and Eris to them. Surprisingly, after Gamebang apologized to Nilou, they got along well. (He would never sleep with her. He's scared they're related.) Eris was heartbroken from Aqua's revelation, however.

There were messages on one of the boards, letters specifically. When people read them, they will know it came from the UGA and Rooster Teeth. The two alliances gave their regards to Michael and his party for Obama. Miku and Ruby specifically wrote a lot of things, thanking PolandBall, but also scolding Michael, BUT ALSO telling him what to do next time as if they were his parents. There was a letter from the Fatui, written by Arlecchino, thanking PolandBall for the apology and for giving Dottore's subjects to her so she can help them.

Ayaka and Ayato were gonna meet Eren and Historia until they saw them with Kokomi and Armin. Both siblings joined Yoimiya and Kazuha in eating silently. Together, they formed the League of Cucks and vowed to make Kokomi and Armin's lives a living hell. Armin himself talked to Kokomi, asking her about the sea since he liked that stuff I guess and Kokomi obliged happily until she had to continue finding Michael. Furina was preparing her group for their performance on-stage, but she was also hiding because Neuvillette had front row seats and she didn't have the heart to tell him she wasn't acting in the play at all.

Finally, Kokomi found Michael Jackson practicing his speech backstage. "Hey." She said.

Michael was surprised by her. "Kokomi... Hey, you came!"

"Why wouldn't I? It's my thanks." She looked at the speech Michael was memorizing. "Did you write this?"

"Yeah, I did." Michael answered.

"It's beautiful." Kokomi said.

"Thanks. I appreciate it." Michael replied.

"Are you okay, buddy?" She asked him.

Michael sighed. "Better than a few weeks ago, but I've still got a lot of things to learn."

"That's good." Kokomi smiled. "That's what we do throughout our lives. Learn and learn. I'm uh... I'm proud of you, Michael, for what you've done these past few weeks. It was great stuff. You did a good job."

Michael tried his best not to cry. "Thank you, your grace..."

"Also, word of advice." She said. "Take a break every now and then."

"Will do." Michael nodded. "Alright... I think it's time to do the speech."

"Ooo, can I watch backstage?"

"Am I allowed to say no?"

"Nope."

"Then let's go."

Michael climbed to one of the balconies on the walls, high above them all. Behind him, Kokomi was cheering him on like a proud mother. Everyone looked at him, and he got scared. But then he remembered he's doing this for Obama, so he stood his ground.

"Everyone." He spoke into the microphone. "Silence please. For the speech on our hero."

All obliged. The court was so silent that you could hear a single man sip from his cup, and that was Kazuha. Everyone watched Michael, waiting for his words. They wondered what Obama's heir could say about him.

"Through the many threats to our people and our homes, all of us stood against it and fought for the security of those we love." Michael began. "And we succeeded."

The entire audience cheered in roaring applause.

"May we toast tonight on all of the brave heroes who have defended their countries to the last breath. I am grateful to all of them. They are an example of true justice, fighting against evil."

"WOO!!" The crowd cheered again and some did toast their glasses to the heroes.

"But of course... Loss is expected in the fight for our future. Barack Obama was one of those casualties. He died, sacrificing himself for the greater good. To save us all." Michael continued. "He was the leader of PolandBall. He lead us into impossible situations and we came out on top. He has saved millions. He was a dear friend. He was the person we looked to when the night was darkest. He was true as a hero, and he died with honor."

From the distance, Gamebang, [Insert GenshinPlace member], Eren, and Morbius raised their glasses to that statement.

"For all the people you have rescued, Obama... We thank you. We are here because of you and we get to continue fighting for the future because of you. Obama... You have saved this world." Michael took a deep breath to control his tears. "I ask all of you to join me in a moment of silence in honor of Barack Hussein Obama Honoris II."

For this single minute, nothing was heard. All closed their eyes and lowered their heads, thinking of the former leader of PolandBall. Not even breathing was heard. The Opera Epiclese became the most silent place in the world for a minute.

"Thank you." Michael Jackson finished. "God bless all of you. Enjoy the party."

The crowd cheered for Michael Jackson as he left the stage. The celebration continued.

Kokomi watched as Michael walked back to her. "Wasn't so hard now, was it?" She said to him.

"No." Michael admitted happily. "It wasn't."

"Good." Kokomi clapped her hands together and made a wide smile. "You owe me a drink."

"For what?"

"Uh... Emotional support?"

"Good joke." Michael walked past her.

Kokomi chased after him. "Please Michael! I didn't bring my wallet! Historia has it!"

"You did not!" Ei was dying laughing at Morbius.

"Oh we did." Morbius was proudly talking about the Goofy case. "GB cut his dick off and he stormed out of the school."

"Holy shit." Ei couldn't contain her laughter. "What the hell do you guys do as a job!?"

"Honestly, at this point I consider freelance." Morbius drank more wine. "By the way... I sent you a document about some changes to the Inazuma Judicial System."

"Oh really?" Ei pulled out her phone. "Shall we discuss it?"

"...No." Morbius grinned. "We're partying. Work can wait later."

"I agree." Ei poured wine to her glass and raised it to the air. "To learning and becoming better people."

"Exhausting." Morbius jokingly said as they glasses tinked.

"Historia, I'm literally about to explode, holy shit." Eren was laughing while feeling overwhelmed. "My powers are awakened too much right now. Too many gay people here."

"Don't shoot phallic laser beams now." Historia warned him as she made him drink more wine. "The alcohol might help you forget."

"It's not fair that I'm the only one that has this power." Eren said to her. "You deserve to feel my pain as well."

"Nah I'm built different." Historia said.

"Alright then." Eren challenged her. "Try summoning gay electricity on your fingertips."

"Eren you know I don't have your abili-"

"Try it!" Eren showed her the entire bottle of wine. "Drink or summon electricity."

"Bitch." Historia proceeded to try really hard to summon anything with her fingers. She was groaning really hard, as if she was taking a shit. "It's not working, man."

"Just keep trying!"

"This is embarrassing."

"Never give up."

"Honestly I'd rather die drowned in the win- OH SHIT." A tiny line of electricity appeared between her ring finger and pointer finger.

"OH FUCKING HELL." Eren felt like he just saw Jesus come back to life.

"NO FUCKING WAY." They looked at each, shocked. "We need to go outside." Historia suggested.

"Yes." Eren stood up. "We gotta test this shit. We must awaken your abilities."

From there, Eren and Historia ran out of the Opera Epiclese, eager to confirm that Historia actually has gay powers.

[Insert GenshinPlace member] was making sure Aqua didn't do anything rash while she was drinking five glasses of wine at once. "Don't overwhelm yourself, Princess."

"I STILL BELIEVE THE US GOVERNMENT KILLED OBAMA." Aqua shouted at the top of her lungs. "IT WAS NIXON THAT DID 9/11! BUSH DID NOT EXIST! ROOSEVELT FAKED BEING SHOT FOR ATTENTIO-"

"Yeah I'll take these away from you." [Insert GenshinPlace member] confiscated her 19th glass.

"Nooooooo I need those." Aqua tried taking it back.

"Nope. I can't let you shout bullshit and embarrass yourself." [Insert GenshinPlace member] drank her glass instead.

"Son of a bitch..." Aqua looked furious. "Worst fuckin assistant ever."

"Always at your service." [Insert GenshinPlace member] messed up Aqua's hair.

Gamebang sat alone after Nilou returned to Cyno and Tighnari. All he had was his phone, which contained a picture of Alizeh's capsule. He just stared at it while drinking wine. And then, the music played.

*And I never wanted anything from you*

*Except everything you had and what was left after that too, oh*

*Happiness hit her like a bullet in the back*

*Struck from a great height by someone who should know better than that.*

Gamebang couldn't believe it's already been almost 3 years since Alizeh's death. He went from being unable to think of anything else but her, to thinking about other things. He thought of how weird it was that life can just move forward after someone you loved died. But that's just how things are. You have to keep living, even after someone is gone, and that's okay, for you'll have the memories to replay over and over again until the new memories overshadow them. And they'll never leave your mind, you'll just realize they're not much of a priority anymore. But the love will stay. It always will.

Gamebang stood up and walked to the stage as close as possible to watch the play.

*The dog days are over*

*The dog days are done*

*Can you hear the horses?*

*'Cause here they come.*

As Cyno and Tighnari roamed through the court, doing whatever, Collei was hiding from them at every turn. Eula had left her, and so did Izerak, so she had to hide behind random people. She ran all around the place, making sure she wasn't seen.

But when Collei made near the stage, exhausted from all the running... That's when she saw him. Blue haired and all, watching the play unfold. Fate had brought them together. Collei could not believe it, but he was here. It was a miracle.

Collei did not wait any longer. She started running through the crowds. She started running to Gamebang. And...

*Run fast for your mother, run fast for your father*

*Run for your children, for your sisters and brothers*

*Leave all your love and your longing behind*

*You can't carry it with you if you want to survive.*

Gamebang was completely distracted, enamored by the performances. He began to drink his wine, unaware of anything. But then as he took one small glimpse to the side, he saw a green girl running towards him. He paid no



mind and his gaze returned to the play...until he realized who it was. His eyes looked at her again and it was unmistakable. It was her. It was Collei.

BAM! Collei jumped at him and he caught her easily. They spun in circles as the impact from the jump slowly disappeared, Collei hugging tightly and Gamebang making sure didn't fall down.

When the spinning stopped, Gamebang slowly put her down. He took one last look at her. She was real.

*The dog days are over*

*The dog days are done*

*Can you hear the horses?*

*'Cause here they come.*

"COLLEI!?" He was giddy with excitement.

"I'm here!" She has never been happier to see him.

"Oh my god." Gamebang hugged her again. "I missed you so much..."

"Missed you too, tutor." Collei returned the hug.

"Hahaha..." Gamebang couldn't contain how happy he was. "Jesus christ..."

"Oh!" Collei pulled away and held him by the wrist. "Come on! You have to help me convince Cyno and Tighnari."

"Convince them of what?" Gamebang asked.

"That I'm not drinking Starbucks!" Collei began to pull him. "Come on! They trust you!"

"I'm not sure if I can- AH." Collei dragged him away.

Gamebang and Collei began bolting through the crowds like squirrels in a pack of snails.

*The dog days are over*

*The dog days are done*

*The horses are coming*

*So you better run~*

Michael finally brought Kokomi that drink, to her delight. Morbius was out of breath, laughing with Ei. Eren and Historia were drunkenly trying out all sorts of methods to make her powers come out. [Insert GenshinPlace member] kept thwarting Aqua's plan to drink.

Collei kept laughing as they kept running through the hundreds of guests, sometimes bumping into someone and making them spill their wine. It was fun.

And Gamebang thought so too. As he ran with Collei at a speed he could not achieve, he couldn't help but laugh as well from the excitement. The running, ruining people's wine, and the fact that Collei was here. Combined, Gamebang was never this joyful before.

Reunion at long last, the night ends with everyone happy.

**THE END.**

Author's note:

Why hello there. We haven't talked like this since fic 6. Long time huh.

Gamebang and The World's Silence serves as a sort of calm before the storm. It is meant to finish off any remaining character arc as well as set up plots. As you have noticed probably, this fic felt more like a finale. That's because it kinda is. It's the ending to all original plot points that have happened since fic 7: Quiet Fallout. The reality is that after this fic, most of the characters' arcs are completely finished. There is nowhere else for them to go. So what's the next arc about? You'll have to know for yourself when the final arc comes out. But as it stands, if the fics ended here, it would be a good ending. But of course, this isn't the fic we've been building up to since fic 7. We still have 3 more fics to go. I just had to tie up some loose ends before we step into the final stretch.

I originally wanted this fic to be more calm and relaxed with the exception of the Goofy chapters, but things change during planning you know. I also did not think this fic would be longer than 130 pages, but... Yeah I regret it. I'm fucking happy that we did not go past 206 pages, but still, this word document has the most amount of words in any fic ever.

Where the story goes from here is something I have planned since fic 4. The final arc. The ending has always stayed the same in my mind and nothing has changed except how we got there and the puzzle pieces that formed. Of course, I did not know Azazel was a character until I needed a big bad. I did not know Archon Residue would play an integral role. But all of these elements are forming a picture that will be finished by fic 15, and it will be a full painting.

I did not know the story would end up like this. I thought things would end at fic 3, but ideas keep popping up. I did not anticipate that these absurd fics would be my main focus on writing, but that doesn't mean I don't like it, I love it. Are you guys having fun? Cause I am, and I guess that's the main goal at the end of the day. Write stories because you like it and it's fun.

With only 3 fics remaining, I just wanna say since this is technically a finale fic, thank you for reading, and I hope that the next 3 fics will be amazing.

-Gamebang || Writer of Peak

“There is only one war that matters. The Great War. And it is here.”

- Aqua

**3 FICS REMAIN UNTIL THE CONCLUSION**

**COMING SOON:**

**LAST SALVATION ARC**

**TO BE CONTINUED IN...**

**GAMEBANG AND**

**THE ARCHON WAR**