

— *October 4th, 1917. Berlin, 9:14 A.M.* —

Vergil clutched his chest, reeling on the street. Aigis didn't give him much time to be in pain before she grabbed him by the tie.

"Since when was the empire recruiting psychokinetics? Is this truly the best the Kaiser could come up with?" Vergil complained, not paying attention to the helmeted girl holding him up.

"You still don't know who I am yet?" Aigis spoke in a low tone. By the look on Vergil's face, he didn't. She took the strap of her golden pickelhaube helmet and pulled on it. She threw Vergil to the ground to remove the spiked helmet, revealing her cut blonde hair. Vergil's face rotted into malice and disgust.

"I always knew you'd be a traitor." He spat.

"What are you doing here?" She interrogated, not raising her voice.

Vergil shrugged. "Who knows?"

"Don't play dumb with me! You haven't been home in three years! Where have you been?!" Aigis inched closer.

"You're my daughter. I don't have to tell you shit." Vergil grinned. Aigis swung at Vergil, clocking him straight in the jaw. A little bit of blood came from his mouth, but he did not fight back. He did nothing but stare into the ocean-colored fire in her eyes. He could tell that she was in a very violent mood at the moment. He then realized it may be best to play along for now.

"I wanted to save up some good money. As much as I hate the city and its industrialization, all of the good jobs come from this godforsaken place. Been a banker pretty much as soon as I got here a couple years ago."

"What do you need the money for?"

Vergil scratched the back of his head. “I don’t think you want to know THAT much detail.”

Aigis snorted, which then evolved into a laugh. “Oh, trust me. I do.”

He rolled his eyes. “I was planning on fleeing the country. Go to Holland, marry a nice Dutch woman and start a new family over there.”

Aigis looked down upon her alcohol-stenched father and his untrustworthy smile. Vergil continued his monologue. “Between the Kaiser’s sedition act and the growing racism towards Psychokinetics, I knew this place wasn’t safe anymore. I’m not willing to die for this country.”

Vergil this time got a boot to the stomach, causing him to double over.

“What about me? What about Frieda? Your children are Psychokinetics too, our lives were in just as much danger as yours.”

Vergil clutched his chest, still looking up at Aigis as she continued. “What about Irma? Don’t you love her?”

The middle-aged man wistfully looked down the distant street of Berlin. “I’ll admit. I did. Just not enough to risk my own life.”

Aigis didn’t recognize the pathetic man kneeling in front of her. He had always been a parasite in their home, Aigis realized it now. But either it was the alcohol smell, the stubby beard that was growing, or the desperation in his tone, his appearance now matched. Aigis turned her back on her father.

“You’re pathetic. Who needs you? I’ll find the Promised Land and mama without you.”

Aigis shoved her bare hands into the pockets of her soldier uniform and began to walk away from the decrepit old man behind her. She stopped when she heard a strange sound. Kind

of like a dry heave. Behind her, Vergil laid on his back. He was cackling weakly in his stupor, blood dripping out of his mouth.

“What’s so funny?”

Vergil managed to still laugh enough to speak clearly. “The Promised Land? You’re so old and still believe in that fairy tail?”

Aigis marched right back to Vergil, getting right in his face.

“It was in the books mama read to me. I know it’s real!”

Vergil wanted to laugh more, but it hurt to breathe now. “That’s one thing I always hated about her. She filled your head with too much nonsense. Softened you up.”

“That’s why she left, right? She found the Promised Land.”

Vergil peered into her eyes and gave her a malicious smirk. “Aigis, I lied. Your mother never ran away. I killed her.”

Aigis’ eyes trembled. Vergil didn’t give her a chance to breathe.

“It was so simple. Let me train you the way I wanted to train you, and it all would’ve worked out fine. But no. She just had to get defiant. Johanna was much weaker than I, so killing her was an easy feat.”

Aigis grabbed his tie again, keeping him from running away. Her body shivered out of sheer and utter rage and dismay. Vergil, a small amount of blood pooling in his mouth, continued to speak. “You want to know the real truth behind why the Psychokinetics are no longer on top?” Aigis tightened her grip on his neck. Vergil leaned closer to her ear and spoke low, his words venomous.

“Our people are dying.”

Aigis shook her head. Vergil nodded. She still clung onto her father's clothes, unable to process what he just said.

"We've been cast away by the rest of the world. Slaughtered, oppressed, persecuted, exploited. Traitors of our race are marrying no-bloods and not even teaching their children the basics about our religion and culture. Doomed to fade away into nothing."

"You're lying. You're just trying to get in my head!" Aigis shrieked. Vergil remained unfazed, almost as if he suspected she wouldn't believe him.

"You don't believe what I say?" He coughed. "You know how the door to the basement back at home was always locked? In my nightstand, there's a copper key. Go get it and unlock it, the truth will be in there. See for yourself the truth of our people. See what we had, before we lost everything. See *how* we lost everything."

Aigis tossed Vergil to the ground. She got ulcers from even looking at this man she felt ashamed to admit was her father. His words danced in her mind, haunting her with visions of horror she wasn't expecting.

"But I do know of a way to restore our people to their former glory. We take the world back like they took it from us: By force. And you're my secret weapon to all this."

Aigis tried to speak, but she couldn't. She wanted to yell at him, but she didn't have the strength to. Her lips tried desperately to make noise, but nothing came out. The audacity of this man was too overwhelming.

"Do you know why I named you Aigis? I named it after the shield of Athena and Zeus. My ancient blood, combined with the blood of your mother, makes you possibly the strongest Psychokinetic in the world. If I could just fill you with enough hatred, detach you of any and all attachments, I could turn you into the ultimate weapon. I could use you to overthrow all of the

governments, and create a new world empire with me as its ruler. Psychokinetics can finally thrive in our world once more. What do you say—”

“Go to hell.” Aigis snarled. Vergil sighed in defeat. He hid his hands behind his back.

“I had a feeling you’d say no.” He laughed before throwing a hand towards Aigis’ eyes. Aigis’ world went dark. She couldn’t see anything, completely blind. With his other hand, Vergil prepared a charge of golden magic in his hand. The same energy that killed Johanna 11 years prior.

“Don’t worry. My Dutch children will—”

For some reason, Berlin went white. Aigis’ figure transformed into Johanna wearing a flowy white dress. The expression she wore was blank. Emotionless. Lazy, even. Vergil didn’t quite understand how or why this happened, but for a moment, Aigis wasn’t Aigis. Next thing he knew, a searing pain etched itself across his whole chest. The 11-year-old chest scar Johanna gave him before her death reopened, causing his whole suit to bleed. His attack was interrupted, and a gush of blood spewed from his mouth. He fell backwards on his back. His grasp on Aigis’ sight faded, and the young girl could see again.

“Aigis.... I only have one more thing to ask of you.” He breathily rasped. Aigis waited patiently for Vergil to gain enough energy and breath to reveal it. “Strike me down with your powers.”

Aigis leaned back a bit. Of all things she had expected to hear out of Vergil, this was the last. He took one last breath.

“I was so close. The psychokinetic utopia could’ve been all mine. That’s a pipe dream by this point. You want to finally earn my love and respect? Kill me with your abilities. Embrace your heritage, and prove to me you’re the strong warrior I raised you to be.”

Instinctually, Aigis' arm raised towards her weak, crippled father. She waited years to punish this man for everything he's done. One quick nuclear attack and the world would have been rid of one of its parasites. All it would take is that one attack to her defenseless, weak father and this would all be over. She retracted. Something felt wrong to her. She hated this man with all her heart, after the way he tossed her and the entire family away. But another part of her thought if she did, she'd be giving him exactly what he wanted. In his mind, Vergil was leaping with joy. He knew Aigis was no killer. To him, she was weak. A sniveling, weak brat. The day she even thought about killing someone would be the day hell froze over.

Aigis ran through his stipulation through her head once more. Two more times. Three more. Her lips curled into a smile as she kept hearing his voice in her head. Vergil's own smirk faded away, confused. Aigis' hand reached for her holster. She drew her black Luger P08. Vergil could only jump backward as Aigis aimed the gun square in his forehead at point-blank range. Her finger pulled the trigger. His petrified face was illuminated by the gunshot before he flopped backward. A shower of crimson sprinkled from the hole in his forehead. His skull smashed against the pavement. His face was permanently paralyzed into the precursor to absolute horror. His lifeless body slowly sank to the ground. All of Vergil's manipulation, abuse and horrible attitude was what robbed him of his beloved hypothetical empire. But to be killed by his own Psychokinetic daughter, with the weapon made by the no-bloods who had colonized their world? Vergil's 55 years of life ultimately became worthless in that moment. Just a stark reminder of what unchecked entitlement and bigotry do to a man.

Adrenaline coursed through Aigis' veins. Her body became ten times lighter, as she held the smoking pistol up. Killing the Golden Battalion soldiers was one thing. They died nameless, away from Aigis' eyes. This was different. She looked this man in the eye, knowingly ending his

life. In a way, she didn't even feel like the one who pulled the trigger. It was like the gun took control. Either way, the main cause of her pain throughout her entire life was now gone. And as the shock of killing him wore off, Aigis felt free. Good, in fact.

In front of Aigis, the Aurae from Vergil's body began floating from his body, preparing to return to the Lifestream. She outstretched a hand. All of his Aurae rushed in through her fingertips, filling her with life energy. It felt surreal. Calming, yet energizing. She felt it flow through her entire body, enveloping her in a cloak of white. She felt untouchable in this moment. It was such an ecstatic feeling, it made her dizzy.

"He doesn't deserve to return to the Lifestream." Aigis sighed quietly, holstering her pistol. Oswald walked up to her.

"You alright?" He asked.

"I feel wonderful." Aigis distantly spoke, staring into the distance. Oswald looked at the dead man in front of her.

"Who was he?"

"My father," Aigis replied, not showing even a hint of remorse. "I'm glad he's dead now."

Without another word, Aigis walked down the street, looking for some sort of restaurant to perch at. Oswald was still stuck on the whole "I'm glad I killed my father" thing.

"Maybe I'll ask another day." Oswald surrendered. He whistled a little ditty to himself, following Aigis.