Alien Affections
by Haxorus

Summary

A project to get meteorites goes horribly wrong and instead brings forth a person from an Earth where Villains and Heroes are just made up figments of imagination.

After being abducted and sentenced to work under the nefarious Black Hat to earn your stay at the manor, you're quite surprised to see how much action you can get in just a few short weeks on another planet.

While exploring the new world you're currently occupying, you find yourself getting to know your anxious bag-headed friend very well.

You also find yourself trying to survive your boss. Who has a short temper and a constant thirst for blood. Both literally and figuratively.

Sounds fun, right?

[Now officially the FIRST READER-ORIENTED FIC to get 1,000 Kudos! Thanks to all of my lovely Readers~!!]
This is my first work in this fandom...and I haven't written in a long while, so I might be rusty. Sorry!

See the end of the work for more notes.
The roof of Black Hat manor was alive with moving equipment and a single living being.

The stars were vivid in the sky and the twilight had long since darkened into the late night. Yet, the man on the roof was hard at work. Moving around machinery and a large metal crate. Placing said crate next to a glowing green, gun-like mechanism that was aimed toward the vast starry sky.

The man grunted as he sat down some pieces of equipment next to the large metal crate.

Wiping away the sweat that had gathered on the surface of his bag from the effort, he observed the control station that he had set up.

A couple of machines had been placed around the rooftop. Beeping and humming, while also producing various data-related information on the experiment that was currently taking place. Each respective machine all hooked up to the gun-like mechanism, recording and exchanging information.

The masked man observed the station and sighed in relief, now that all of the heavy lifting was over and done with. Thankfully, he couldn't feel the coldness of the atmosphere that was around himself. It being on the back end of the cold season. The heavy lifting was keeping him warmer than usual.

He blinked when one of the machines began to beep. Signalling it had finished fetching the information that he required. Which was the environmental feedback data that was necessary to execute the project.

With some pressings of a few buttons on a box-like machine, it began to revise the data it received.

A noisy beeping came from the box-like machine, as it flicked on some lights and began to collect data from the planets' satellites. Then, it expelled the data out of a slot on it's side. All printed out like a receipt.

The man tore the printed paper away from the slot and reviewed it.
He also picked up the chart that was left off to the side. Analyzing it with careful eyes as he processed the information on both of the pamphlets.

It appeared to be a good day for hunting meteorites!

As the recording data that came from the box-like machine stated that the radar had detected some asteroid belts some lightyears over in the next cosmic region. Perfect ones that were ripe for the picking.

Some were of very reasonable sizes too!

Yet, why was this insane-sounding project currently being worked on by a lone man on the roof of a building that was shaped like a top hat?

Simple, really.

His boss wanted some meteorites to sell to villains as power sources. Despite the man's past protest to abort said-plan to get asteroids to sell to villains.

It was...a pretty one-sided decision.

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The double doors to a dimly lit office were slowly opened to reveal a man.

He was dressed in a lab coat with a blue shirt with a plane that was broken in two halves, some typical blue jeans, with red and white sneakers. Yet, the man had a very peculiar item on his head that covered his face. As he was wearing a paper bag with goggles that covered his entire head.

He cautiously ventured into the dark room, wary about his surroundings as he approached a desk that was at the end of the office. The chair was apparently occupied, as a gloved hand could be seen perching off of the arm of the chair, a wine glass in its' grip, with a mysterious red fluid in it.

"Uh...you wanted to see m-me, s-sir?" The man stuttered. To which the individual in the seat hummed.

"It's about time you arrived, Flug. I figured you would slowly inch your way up here like a insolent little worm till I had to come fetch you myself." The chair turned around, revealing only grinning green teeth and a reflective monocle. The rest being shrouded in darkness.

Causing, the now named man, Flug to jump at the view.

The person in the seat sat the wine glass down on top of the desk, then laced their gloved hands together, seemingly in thought.

"Do you know why I brought you here on this day, Flug?" The man in the seat asked, giving the nervous scientist a toothy smile, one that was filled with plotted mischief.
"U-Uh...no, sir? You said that you had a plan---"
"A plan that will be the grand scheme of ALL PLANS!" The man in the seat shouted, cutting off the skittish scientist.

"Think of this, Flug. We take our inventions to the next level! A new horizon! A new goldmine that is fresh for the harvest!" The dark man trilled.
"I have an idea prompt that I WANT you to make possible!" The scientist flinched under the leer of the wicked man.

"U-uh! O-Okay then! So...what is it that y-you want me to do?" Flug said, nervously gripping his arm in anticipation.

The menacing man grinned with his vile teeth and let out a mere chuckle.

"Flug! We are going to make it our mission to acquire meteorites from space! They are the most coveted power sources a villain can have! You are going to build a machine that is capable of retrieving meteors from space! Then, we are going to sell them for high profits!" The dark man said, cackling out loud for a few seconds.

Then, there was an awkward silence the followed afterward before the scientist let out a nervous laugh.

"Hahahaha--ah. Very funny, sir. But, is that really all you brought me here for?" Flug stammered, before catching the glare that was being thrown his way by his boss from across his desk.

"Oh. You're serious?!" Flug realized.

"Yes, I am very serious, you IMBECILE!" His boss snapped, causing Flug to slightly cower before he started to fidget and sputter.

"But, Sir! How am I going to get meteors out of space? I-I'm a scientist, not a miracle worker!" Flug exclaimed, to which his boss merely rolled his one visible eye.

"You're intelligent. Figure it out." He waved Flug off.
"Now, get to work. I want one as soon as possible!" He snapped.

To which, Flug slumped over and made his way to the exit.

How was he going to get meteorites from space?

Ah, better late than never to start brainstorming ideas at 11PM at night.

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Eventually, Flug DID think up a way to get a full meteorite from space. It took careful statistics, judgment, accuracy, and data to make sure that his prototype would be effective enough to do the job it was supposed to.

Now, featuring the gun-like mechanism that was pointed at the stars!
The machine he built was going to function like a transportation ray. Days of work went into correcting and calculating this machine.

Let alone *building* it.

Using the hyper-scope attached to the top of the gun-like mechanism, it would target distant asteroid belts and meteorites, turn them into easy-to-transport particles, bring the particles back from space at warp-speed and into the reassembling box that looked like a giant metal crate with a removable lid, and then restore them back to their physical status from within the metal crate.

Then, *Boom!* You have a meteorite in your possession!

It was pure genius and it only required typical ray-based knowledge, some light physics, and excellent distant judgement.

But, of course, operating the particle gun was *extremely* dangerous. As nothing of this degree had been produced by Flug before. Let alone, *tested* before. Nor *built* by Flug before.

Flug was sure that he was pushing his own scientific limits with this particle gun. Yet, only his boss could think of doing something this abscond for Flug to do or make. If it fails, he won't be surprised. If he succeeds, he'll probably give credit to beginners’ luck.

At the beginning of the experiment, Flug had looked through the radar scanner and took note of where the particular belt was. Then, he had to calculate how much time and power it would require to fire into that specific area.

Then, he picked out an asteroid from the radar that would be the right size to be used as a power source.

Finally, he got behind the particle gun and looked through the hyper-scope, judging the precise location and using some stars to map his way into the next neighboring cosmic mass. He fired up the particle gun and spied the sector that he wanted to shoot for.

Flug then calculated the trajectory and length of the journey in lightyears to the cosmic mass, to the best of his abilities, and fired a pillar of green light into the night sky from the gun-like mechanism.

A pillar of green light shimmers as it fades into the sky. Pixel-looking bits would flicker in and out of the ray as it grew stronger and stronger.

The light blast sped off into space at a rapid pace that even impressed Flug himself, to which, he got out from behind the particle gun and hurried over to his equipment. Observing the lights' journey as it already breached the atmosphere and headed off into the direction of the distant asteroid belt.

It was a successful launch.

Yet, Flug waited anxiously.

Watching the radar capture the light breaching past the known planets in their solar system.
It was nothing but a mere green streak across the empty void of space. Yet, the sights of the ray might raise questions in both heroes and villain communities alike, maybe even inspire conspiracy theorist. Regardless of what others thought, Flug watched his project work its' scientific wonders.

His unseen mouth cracked up into a big smile as he watched the particle gun do its' thing.

He was proud of himself.

Well...he felt like that, anyway.

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The beam of the gun took only 30 minutes to reach the distant asteroid belt.

All while Flug collected data of the journey and observed from homebase. Even if it wasn't his primary field of research, he couldn't help but become intrigued with his current project. Recovering distant asteroids could broaden the world of science as a whole, if this was made for a different reason other than for the profit of his boss, of course.

Yet, this experiment has a high chance for failure. And if he fails to bring back a meteorite...his boss won't be a very happy man. Well, he never is. Unless it involves money, scheming, or villainous actions, of course. But, that's just his boss on a normal day.

Failure to deliver a meteorite to his boss can cause a lot of stress on Flug. And, sadly, he probably won't succeed and get punished for his failure. Which terrified Flug.

But, who can blame him?

Even as a scientific genius, he still had limits on what his expertise can do! Like he said, he's a scientist and an inventor, not a miracle worker!

Yet, so far at least, everything has gone smoothly. The beam didn't flicker out and it was actually traveling across space at an impressive speed and collision was nearing.

If Flug was optimistic about this project, he would probably say that it is the first successor of its' kind.

It kinda...warmed his heart to think that he would be able to make a particle ray that could transport asteroids across the vast emptiness of space.

That would just make his year.

But, just as Flug was getting his hopes up that everything was going to go fine, something went horribly wrong immediately after the beam collided with something. Emergency beeping startled Flug out of his admiration stupor and sent him reeling as he began to attempt to observe the radar, ignoring the beeping and errors that were popping up everywhere.

Flug was surprised at what he was witnessing being recorded on his data transmitter.

The beam had apparently missed the asteroid belt that he was aiming for and it had collided with
another foreign object within the same galactic cluster instead. Strangely enough, Flug didn't see any other objects out there. The asteroids were hard enough to spot as they were!

He hurriedly attempted to detect what the beam had collided with.

But, the sudden collision jump-started the transportation process. As it began to break down what it collided with into tiny particles and started to transport them back to the restoration box.

Worse yet, the particle gun began to overheat from the exertion of pressure from the particles that it was trying to transport. Apparently, something within the particles was causing the engine to strain much more than usual. Yet, that shouldn't be possible! As Flug made the machine as strong as he could make it in such a short amount of time as two weeks.

Smoke bellowed out from the machine as it transported the particles back. Sparking and vibrating to a violent extent as the particles passed through the filter, which only seemed to make it worse. Everything began to spark, even the side equipment that recorded the data began to go haywire!

It caused Flug to take a few cautious steps back away from the machines. Shielding his fragile paper bag from the sparking mechanisms and smoking electronic pieces. Being a prototype and the first machine to be used this way, Flug was pretty much expecting this outcome, even if it did succeed.

Yet, he wasn't expecting this level of violent reactions!

Flug panicked as he began to mentally tally his options of survival for himself or his research.

He quickly made his decision.

Rather than trying to save the invention and risk his life doing so, Flug ran over to the hatch that lead to the roof and took cover in there instead.

From his hiding point, he could see the particles had finished returning. Passing through the final filter before emptying out into the reassembling crate.

After the particles were successfully transported from space to the crate, the particle gun suddenly started to alarm with flashing red lights and errors, the smoke turning a inky black and bellowing out of the machines on the roof. Flug slammed the hatch to the roof shut and crouched down in the entry way, covered his ears through the paper bag, and braced himself for the inevitable explosion.

It took only a few seconds for the particle gun to suddenly catch fire, then everything suddenly lit up in a bright white light and an explosion erupted.

The medium explosion caused a miniature sonic boom to erupt, causing the top hat shaped manor to vibrate and rattle, the crashed plane that was stuck in the roof to become slightly more crooked, the surrounding streetlights to flicker, woke up some neighbors from their slumbers, and caused a nearby dog to start barking madly at the sudden loud noise.

To which, all that was left on the roof was raining burnt debris and shattered mechanical parts that were whole no more.
Flug coughed violently as he opened the hatch that lead to the roof and was immediately confronted by inky black smoke.

He attempted to clear the smoke out of his vision by waving his marigold gloved hands around to part the smoldering cloud that was hovering in front of the entry way.

Upon leaving the safe haven that was the entry way, he peered over all of the destruction that now littered the rooftop. Which was covered in smoldering pieces of metal, sparking wires, and broken machinery. He inspected the rooftop to see if there was any type of damage to the roof, thankfully, there appeared to be no holes or cracks in the sturdy material that made up the house.

Yet, as much as he dreaded it, he looked over to the machine that once worked like a charm. To which it came as no surprise to see the particle gun in shambles on the roof. Each piece either broken beyond repair or burnt to a crisp.

Two weeks worth of labor. Utterly destroyed and wasted.

Flug let out a disappointed sigh.

"I knew this wouldn't work." Flug grumbled as he brushed his path clear of debris. Moving some broken machinery out of the way with his sneaker.

He looked back toward his invention, which now laid in smoldering pieces on the roof, and sighed. Yet, when he looked over to the crate, expecting it to also be in shambles, he was surprise and glad to see that the crate was still in one piece.

It was charred black from the explosion on the roof. But, the steel held out and kept it whole!

Even after all of that hard work, he probably still had a meteorite!

Even if his prototype particle gun invention exploded, he probably, and hopefully, still has a meteorite that will probably save him from his boss's wrath!
Flug sighed out in brief relief. At least all of that hard work had not been for nothing!

Walking over some smoking and smoldering metal, he approached the crate with great care.

Then, he carefully laid his yellow gloves onto the removable lid and attempted to lift it.

It was almost welded shut from the heat, but he kept pulling and the metal was slowly being pried apart.
So he kept trying to remove the lid on the crate.

Grunting as he did so, yet, he suddenly started to hear what sounded like...groaning? And it was coming from...inside the reassembling crate...?

Quickly halting all of his movement, Flug stopped to listen for the sound. Then, he heard it as clear as a summer day.
"Uuuugggmnne..."

Flug felt his eyes widen in pure surprise.

Yes.

Something was GROANING inside the crate. Astonished and unsure, he decided to perform a short experiment just to make sure he was not going mad after all of these years, as he folded up his hand into a fist and knocked on the lid.

Then, he pressed his unseen ear to the lid, listening intently.

A quiet moment of silence passed by. It was silent for a certain period of time that Flug started to suspect that he was just hearing things.

Then suddenly, a knocking sound was heard coming from within the crate itself.

Knock, Knock, Knock!

Flug jumped back, as if the lid itself had burned him. He was speechless at the returned knocking. His mind began to jump to any logical explanations on how something in the crate was knocking back at him. Yet, all he seemed to do was confuse himself and second-guess his own ways of logic or reality.

"What the-!?" He gasped. 'This...! This shouldn't be possible!' He thought, trying to control his reeling mind.

He was sure that the beam went into the sky! There was NO WAY that he managed to... unless.

A silent idea crept into his mind. The thought of extraterrestrial life living within that galaxy cluster made Flug want to sputter and brush off the notion. It just wasn't plausible...was it? Could he have accidentally hit...a planet? With life on it? Intelligent life?!!

He could feel his heart racing as the thought of creatures with many eyes, mouths, and limbs came into his mind. The thought of creatures made of fire, transparent skin, stardust, glass-like substances, and even scales crossed his imagination.

Bipeds, Quadrupeds, Tripeds, and Alien Morphs passed through his brain. Just...what did he get? What would it look like? Would it be instinctively driven or abstractly driven? Intelligent or...?

Would it...eat him or attack him if he let it out of the crate? Shit, he hoped not!

But, he has to let it out of there some time.

Flug, now sweating from looming anxiety and fear, grabbed the top of the crate again.
He took a deep breath while squeezing his eyes shut, and lifted the lid.

Flug was confused, but thankful, that nothing had jumped out of the crate and mauled him or began to devour him. Opening his eyes, Flug then peered into the crate, curiosity overwhelming his fear.

What he saw made Flug's mental gears suddenly ground to a sudden halt.

"What...?" Flug said in disbelief as he saw another...human?

Inside of the crate was another, seemingly normal, human being.

They were in what appeared to be a grey T-shirt with an Alien symbol on it, along with some black pants that had UFO's on them. They're clothes also seemed to glow in dark as the darkness within the crate seemed to show that very vividly. Producing more light to illuminate their features.

To which Flug began to notice the major differences on this...peculiar human.

Flug blinked, they seemed homosapien...but different from the ones that Flug has seen all of his life.

Their features were softer and their eyes were friendlier-looking. They were also laying down on their back with a completely relaxed posture.

Despite the situation that they were currently in, they held a relaxed expression. Even when looking at him, all they did was arch an eyebrow at him.

Flug must admit, if he saw this person walking around, he probably would be suspicious of their differences.

Or he would probably just think they were a really weird-looking foreigner.

Definitely not what he was expecting from an...alien.

Yet, even if they were lackluster, he was still surprised to see them within the crate.

He locked eyes with the "person" in the crate once more. His voice still gone from disbelief.

A few awkward seconds passed between him and the alien.

To which, a staring contest ensued.
The alien then gave a friendly smile towards Flug. Waving at him slightly with one hand. "S'up?" The 'human' in the crate spoke up as they smiled and looked at him. "I came in pieces. Take me to your leader." They spoke, holding up their hands in mock-surrender. Laughing all the while at their sub-par joke. Much to the surprise, and slight distaste, of Flug. Flug could only gulp in fear in response.

Oh, his boss was NOT going to like how this experiment turned out...

Chapter End Notes

This story has been completed since April 16th of 2018. Any inaccuracies that come up with characters and such have occurred after the completion of this fic. All Fanart has been moved to Tumblr and Tagged under 'Alien Affections'.

To read more of my fics, keep an eye out for any more that happen to come around!

Cheers~!

For primary contact with me follow this blog-
Main Blog: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

For the Tumblr Version of this fic and other writings, follow this blog-
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For instant contact with the circle that I have created, feel free to join this Discord-
Thank you all for reading my fics and giving them Kudos~!
New Recruit

Chapter Summary

Black Hat Inc just got a new member, whether they know it or not.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You had climbed out of the crate some time ago. Now, you were just watching the strange bag-wearing man pace the...roof?

You looked around at your surroundings, seeing burnt metal and singed mechanical equipment, and that you were on a roof of some kind.
And was that a plane sticking out of said roof?

You shook your head side to side at the ridiculousness of what you were seeing.

Not only that, you don't really understand how you got here.

One moment you're going out to get your mail right before heading to bed, the next thing you know, you got enveloped in a glowing green light and saw yourself get pixelated and broken apart before your very eyes. It was horrifying, yet exhilarating at the same time.

You could only think of one thing at that moment in time, that you were being abducted by aliens. I mean, after you were broken down, you were sent on a wild ride through a psychedelic tunnel of light. You were everywhere, yet nowhere all at once. You were floating and falling. Flying and standing. In pieces, yet whole.

Then, when a bright light engulfed you, there was a large explosion that caused your ears to ring.

It was one of the trippiest things you have ever witnessed in your life. Now you know what drugs are like.
It wasn't a great experience. Mostly because it was unexpected.

Then, the next thing you know, you're in a hard and dark place. Yet, you knew you were anywhere but home.
After being broken apart and sent through a loop like that, it wasn't surprising that you felt sick and disoriented.

All you knew at the time was that something happened.
Yet, even then, you wanted to at least meet your abductors.

At first, you were thinking of little green or gray beings. You weren't really expecting a human-like man wearing a paper bag that had goggles strapped over them. You were prepared for a lot of things. But, not him.

When you both made first eye contact, the guy just...stared. It was kinda creepy, honestly.
Yet, your joke and relaxed attitude managed to shatter the awkward silence and staring contest that got started between you two.

Much to your gracious gratitude.

But, in your silent opinion, the guy that's pacing the roof looked like a weirdo. But, hey! He hasn't scooped your brain out yet. So, that's a plus!

It was just...you were expecting so much more than a dude wearing a bag and goggles. Least to say that your were kinda disappointed.

... Okay, you were VERY disappointed. But, I mean...this is kinda unexpected and...niche, you guess?

You shrugged and refocused on the man, as he seemed to have stopped pacing the roof like a lion in its' cage. You tuned back into his quiet muttering.

"Okay...Okay...we can make this work! We...have to make this work." You heard the man mumble, as he seemed to place his finger on the area where you figured his mouth would be underneath the bag.

"I just...gotta...explain what happened. That's it!" He muttered to himself.

"Um, hello?" You cautiously said, yet, you kept the caution out of your voice. It seemed to grab the mans attention. "Can you tell me what's going on, dude? I mean, I'm kinda in the dark here..." You explained.

The man stayed silent before going back to quiet mutterings.

'Okay, rude.' You mentally stated.

He then stopped once more after a few curious minutes of you watching him, he turned to you and cleared his throat, then approached yourself.

"Y-Yes. Hello! Greetings!" He said, holding out his gloved hand, to which you stared at and took it in your own.

"I know that you're about as lost and a-as confused as I am. But, we need to get going." He then gripped your hand and opened a hatch that lead down some stairs.

You were quite startled at the sudden change of events.

"H-Hey! Wait! Where are we doing, dude?!" You dug your heels in slightly on the stairs, still following along, just not fast enough to break your neck on the stairs if you fall.

"U-Uh, I need to...report to my boss...about the experiment. You also said 'Take me to your leader', right?" The man dragged you along, until you both reached an extravagant hallway.

"Geeze! I was joking!" You exclaimed, yet followed along.

"Regardless, you're gonna have to meet him anyway." The man explained, dragging you along.
You watched as you both passed by rooms and various different decorations. Many of them looked very expensive. I mean, even the hallway floors were made of tile!

So...this must either be a funded lab, seeing from the paper bag dudes' lab coat, or a museum that showcases alien lifeforms. To which, you hope it's not. Because you're not gonna be taken away from your home, just to be a showy little trinket for an entire alien race to peek at.

Like in the movies!

Then, both of you seemed to reach a pair of closed double doors that had intimidating patterns carved into the wood. It also seemed to be a place of grand importance, as there were two gargoyle-looking statues hovering above the doorway entrance.

This boss is obviously very edgy and shouldn't be trifled with.

The masked man then released your hand and turned around to face yourself.

"This is his office and I'm about to knock and ask to come in. Just please, for the love of science, do NOT make this man angry with any rhetorical comments or insults! Let me do the t-talking and only speak when you're spoken to! Don't t-touch anything and don't break anything! Do anything to make him mad and we'll both pay!" The masked man spoke, his voice low and it held a tone of warning.

You just nodded, feeling a slight rush when the man turned around and gave a few low-key knocks on the door with his knuckle.

"S-Sir? Permission to come in, please?" The man asked.

To which a deep rumbling voice responded from some place behind the door a few seconds later.

"Come in." The voice ordered, to which the masked man turned the knob to the double doors and opened them.

Allowing you both to walk inside the dreary office.

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Flug and yourself were currently walking into a dimly lit office-like space.

It was a place that spelled danger at every darkened corner. You even found yourself walking closer to the masked man for a faint feeling of security.

Yep. Whoever lives here likes the gothic feel that these creepy items and trinkets give off.

As there was statues of gargoyles lining the walls and pillars that paralleled each side of the red rug that lead further into the room.

The rug that lead to the desk in the center even had the design of a top hat stitched into it.
Strangely enough, there was a lot of top hat oriented items that were littered around this building.

It was on the suits of armor, the wallpaper, the rugs, and even on the furniture! The person that owns this place has an obsession for top hats and gothic styled things apparently.

Further and further into the office you both walked. The atmosphere rang of gothic elegance. Lit by seemingly faint candlelight.

Yet, both of your journeys came to an end when you both stopped in front of a dark wooded desk that had a large chair behind it that was currently facing away from you both and was facing toward the large rose-tinted window behind the desk.

You could tell that someone was occupying the chair. As they were holding an empty wine glass in their hand, void of any liquid whatsoever. Which was also concealed in a glove, like the masked man you were with. Except they were more elegant then the masked mans' pair and a darkened black.

Said man then approached the desk, dwindling his thumbs. You both jumped when the voice spoke up.

"So. How's the project going, Flug?" The voice hissed, causing the man, now named Flug, to quiver.

"Uh....w-well. We got more than we expected to get, sir." Flug explained. To which it seemed to catch the mans' attention.

"We got...more than we were expecting? What are you going on about now, Flug?" The chair then turned around, yet you weren't prepared for the visual of the...'man' that was in front of you. You wanted to just blurt out 'What the fuck?!', but you held your tongue. Probably due to...Flugs' plea.

The chair had a strange demon-looking man sitting in it, who was currently pinching the bridge of his non-existent nose, as he opened his one visible eye that wasn't hidden behind a monocle, his sharp gaze then landed on you. To which he snapped all of his attention to you. You felt kinda nervous under his threatening gaze, but you kept your calm outer appearance.

The demon snarled.

"I see what you mean now, Flug." He gestured to yourself. "Tell me. How did this person get past my defenses?" He placed the empty wine glass on the table, then sat back in his chair, lacing his fingers together.

Giving you a deadly leer while he was at it.

"Well, you see sir..." Flug started.

It took a lot of explaining from Flug to get his 'boss' to understand what was going down. He told him some science mumbo-jumbo, results, data, and various other things that you didn't understand. Some things about meteorites and a particle gun? Also, he explained about a collision, probably mentioning you, and explained what went down on the roof.

"And that's what happened, sir." Flug finished, nervously twitching every now and then.
The demon man took a nice long and deep breath, then exhaled. Yet, it was anything but satisfied.

"So. Let me revise what you just explained, Flug." The man growled, addressing the shuddering scientist next to you. The poor guy was sweating bullets that were leaking through his bag.

Which was pretty gross.

"You managed to succeed in making the particle gun." He paused for effect.

"You managed to get the beam into space...and it collided with, what you suspect was a distant planet, and not an asteroid."

"But, you didn't anticipate this type of outcome. That you might accidentally bring back some form of foreign life from a distant galaxy?" The demon growled, gesturing to yourself.

Flug gulped.

"T-That is correct sir. I did preform a s-successful launch, but I-I didn't make the prototype able to p-process bio-particles well." Flug confirmed.

"And where IS the prototype?" The evil-looking man leered.

"It....e-exploped." Flug jumped at the sound of the dark man smacking his face and growling.

"I knew something went wrong the moment I heard that loud ruckus coming from the roof. Figures." He snarled.

Then, he turned his leering attention to the alien in the room, who didn't flinch at all under his gaze. A few seconds passed, with Flug looking nervously over to the newcomer, who was looking at the demon in a confused manner.

"WELL?! Are you going to tell me who you are or not?!" The vile creature snapped, causing Flug to flinch and the guest to jump slightly.

They merely just cocked their brow and blinked.

"Dude, Chill. You could of just asked." The alien said lamely, while waving their hand carelessly, ignoring the glare they received from the vile man in return.

"My name's (Name)! (First) (Last)! Nice to meet ya!" You smiled, while waving at the leering demon.

"Well, (Name)." The finely dressed man said snidely. "I am Black Hat! The head of this evil corporation!" Black Hat cackled as he posed slightly. But, when nobody did anything, he placed his hands back down onto the table. Brushing off the awkwardness like it was nothing.

Still, that little 'Evil Corporation' bit DID have you kinda worried. I mean, were they gonna experiment on you?

You hope that they don't do that. That wouldn't be healthy for you.

Especially if it involved cutting you open and stealing all of your entrails. That REALLY wouldn't be okay with you.
'Now, tell me. Where did you come from?' Black Hat questions, while folding his gloved hands together on the desk and leaning back in his chair, keeping his gaze on the newcomer.

You looked lost in thought for a moment. Seemingly pondering what he meant.

"Where I'm from? Do you want just the planet or details?" You asked.

"Full information." Black Hat replied shortly.

"Oh. Well, I'm from Earth. I lived in (Country) and in a house. Which is located in a solar system, which is also located in a southern arm of the Milky Way Spiral Galaxy within the Virgo Galaxy Cluster." You Answered.

Black Hat hummed in slight boredom, while Flug appeared to be intrigued with the new information. Curiously staring at you as he seemed to be calculating something from within the safety of his own mind. Yet, you paid attention to Black Hat when he began to size you up.

Hopefully judging your character and NOT how much meat was on your bones. Because those sharp teeth are giving you unwanted horrible flesh-tearing-involved thoughts.

'Please don't be THOSE types of aliens.' You mentally hoped.

"Any useful skills?" Black Hat asked in a business-like tone, as he sat up and began to gather some papers.

Huh.

Well, that caught you off guard. This...demon-man-thing does own a corporation.

"Uh. Well, I attended a high end technology-based college for about 4 years. I have bachelor degrees in robotic engineering and computer sciences." For some reason, it kinda feels like an interview to you.

Oh well. This is better than having a luau with you as the main course, right? You heard Black Hat hum in slight interest.

"An alien robotics engineer and a computer technician. Interesting." Black Hat muttered as he put away some of the papers and sat up straight.

"Well. As you can already guess that your way home is currently...compromised." Black Hat made eye contact with Flug, before he focused on you once more.

You nodded in understanding.

"Yeah. Heard what, uh, Flug said. The machine that brought me here blew up, right?" You reply, while looking over to the too quiet scientist. Who scratched his neck in a nervous way.

"Correct." Black Hat affirmed.

"Which means, you will have to stay with Black Hat Inc until we can return you home." Black Hat said, as he tightened his gaze when he saw you grin a little.

"HOWEVER." Black Hat grinned smugly, just as your face fell into slight confusion.
"Being allowed to stay here means that you have to do your part and fair share while you're living here." Black Hat warned.

"It's either you stay here and assist us or you leave and never come back." Black Hat explained with a cackle. You were kinda confused at the choices, but the attitude REALLY threw you off.

Black Hat just shifted, placed the palms of his hands together, and tilted his head down. Giving himself a much more menacing posture and aura.

"So. What will it be?" Black Hat asked, looking at you from under the brim of his hat.

You placed a finger on your chin. After about a minute of thought, you sighed. The choice was horribly one-sided. It was a wonder at why he gave you a choice anyway. It was quite obvious which one you were gonna pick!

"I guess, I'll do my part and help in any way that I can." You caved.

Suddenly, much to your surprise, Black Hat reached a hand across his desk.

"Welcome aboard." He grinned, yet you could tell there was an underline menacing tone to the friendly gesture. But, for the sake of not being rude, you placed your own hand in his.

Once your hand made contact with his, a shock went through your body, it was fast and painful, but over in a second.

Your hand was released from his as you tried to shake the lingering pain off of the inflicted hand. Black Hat just sat back in his chair and had a Cheshire grin on his face as he observed the spectacle.

"Ow! I didn't take you for the prankster type!" You exclaimed, while shaking your hand to get rid of the tingling feeling that still remained.

Black Hat just let out an intimidating chuckle, then waved his hand.

"Go out into the hall and wait. Flug will be with you shortly to escort you to his lab." He ordered.

You looked at Black Hat in confusion, before you turned around and made your way to the double doors to the room. Leaving a nervous Flug to stand in front of Black Hat's desk alone.

Only when the doors closed shut with a quiet 'click!' did Black Hat lock gazes with Flug again. Which made the poor mans' heart quake.

"The only reason that you're not being beaten right now is because of the unexpected fruits that we reaped from this mistake, Flug." Black Hat growled, putting Flug on an anxiety-ridden edge.

"S-Sorry, sir!" Flug squeaked.

"I'll let this incident go unpunished, just this once. But, let me make myself clear about something." Black Hat sneered as leaned over and grabbed Flug by the neck and pulled him down to his level. Causing Flug to shriek in surprise.
"You better make a good use of of our 'new recruit' or else!" Black Hat snarled, as Flug recoiled and nodded rapidly.
"Good. Now, leave." Black Hat released Flug, who scrambled for the door the moment he was released.

"And don't fail me again!" He cursed after the fleeing scientist, as Flug opened the doors and scrambled out into the hall before closing them again.

Once he was alone, Black Hat turned around to face out the window. Mulling over some invention ideas for some weapons, now that he has an engineer and scientist, he can make more than just rays and a few devices.

He silently wonders what the new recruit can do to broaden his own corporation.

--

Flug had to control his breathing, now that he was visible to yourself.

Black Hat's unfortunate new recruit, to their unknowing knowledge, was looking slightly concerned for him. Much to his, slight, comfort. Yet, he needed to compose himself.

Flug straightened up and cleared his throat, taking steady deep breaths to even out his rapidly beating heart.

"So, uh, I guess you're gonna be working with me, in m-my lab while your here. We'll get you an assigned room soon, so don't worry about that!" Flug asked as he took deep and steady breaths to finish evening out his heart rate.

The last thing he needed to do was have an anxiety attack in front of you.

They smiled at him, worry temporarily sedated. "I guess so. You can lead the way and I'll follow you." They said.

Flug nodded and waved his hand in a 'follow me' motion as both of you headed down the maze-like hallways.

While leading the way to the lab, and also giving a half-hearted tour of the manor, Flug couldn't help but pity the human-alien being.

'They had no idea that they were ripped away from their home and took a deal to work with Black Hat for an indefinite amount of time.' Flug thought, grimly.

Flug had to shake his head to clear the guilt away from his conscious. He'll worry about that later.

You were looking at the artifacts that decorated the halls and walls as they walked. Pointing at things, 'ooh-ing' and 'aah-ing' in interest at some objects.

He did have to admit, it was nice to have another person other than his boss, Dementia, and 5.0.5 around the house.
Like a breath of fresh air after being in a confined space for a long period of time.
He wonders if Black Hat noticed the differences in the newcomer like he did when they first met. Flug rethought that and scoffed. He probably did. Black Hat notices...\textit{a lot of things.}

Not only that, but the information that you spoke of in Black Hat's office intrigued him greatly.

A completely different galaxy? Fascinating!

What is the Virgo Cluster and what's in it? What is the culture of their people? Do they have Heroes and Villains too? What technology has been invented that can't be found here? What makes humans evolve on a planet so different from his own?

Flug felt a strong surge of giddiness go through him.

\textit{He couldn't wait to interrogate them!}

Chapter End Notes

\begin{quote}
This story has been completed since April 16th of 2018.
Any inaccuracies that come up with characters and such have occurred after the completion of this fic.
All Fanart has been moved to Tumblr and Tagged under 'Alien Affections'.
To read more of my fics, keep an eye out for any more that happen to come around!
Cheers~!
For primary contact with me follow this blog-
Main Blog: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/
For the Tumblr Version of this fic and other writings, follow this blog-
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For instant contact with the circle that I have created, feel free to join this Discord-
https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy
Thank you all for reading my fics and giving them Kudos~!
\end{quote}
You couldn't comprehend what happened after you entered Flug's lab.

One moment you're standing, the next you're sitting down on a stool with Flug directly across from you with a thick notepad.

Then came the confusion.

He started to fire off question after question. Even if it was of good nature, and it was kinda odd to be interrogated for the first time in your life, you couldn't help but admire the curiosity Flug has for the unknown. Which many people are scared of.

But, he's a scientist. It's his job to find out how things work and discover the undiscovered.

After asking him to slow down on the questions, Flug did just that. Yet, he wasn't prepared for the disappointment that unexpectedly followed.

"So, let me get this straight...you DON'T have Star ships, teleporters, robotic servants, nor gigantic death rays capable of destroying planets?" Flug asked, his face crestfallen from the recent information he received.

You nodded in affirmation and Flug gave out a disappointed sigh. He was just hoping for some newer technology to understand from a raw source, yet he found nothing.

"But!" You followed, as Flug looked back up in curiosity and slight hope.

"I don't think we have that kind of stuff, mostly because my people have no NEED for that type of stuff. However, other things, like robotic servants, are in their primitive stages. Mere shells of what they can be further towards the distant future. My people are more focused on medicine and improving our daily lives than conquering other planets and blowing stuff up." You finish.

Flug pondered for a moment.

"So, your people don't use advanced technologies to build weapons, but to improve daily activities and health oriented fields?" Flug asked, while writing something down in his notepad.
"Yeah, pretty much. We are trying to specialize in making the paralyzed walk again, have robots assist in daily chores, making artificial limbs to replace the original ones that were lost, further medicine to make us immune to certain deadly diseases, cure the once-incurable, and so on." You explained.

Flug was writing all of the information you spouted down into his notebook. After he was finished, he pressed the pen to his face, to what you guessed where his mouth would be located underneath the paper bag.

He looked lost in thought for a few seconds, before asking another question.

"What about your planet's military? What advancements have been accomplished there?" Flug questioned.

"Well, we have tried to avoid war after 2 wars that got the entire planet involved and a bunch of bloody battles and shorter wars that followed after. Currently, a few countries relations have soured and a current smaller war is going on." You explained.

"But, as for advancements, we currently have weaponized drones and bomber drones to assist in fighting. We are far from replacing people in war. But, we'll get there."

Flug listened with severe interest at the information.

He was fully aware of battle machines. They are not a new concept to him, as many are used by villains to fight heroes during combat, but none have been used to actively preserve human life in times of war. Usually, mechs and robots were used to forward destructive agendas.

"So, your people are actively trying to preserve human life by replacing them with robots?" You nod in confirmation.
"How has that gone for your people?"

"Eh...not so great, but not horrible." You replied.

"Oh. Did the enemy use electro-magnetic pulses to shoot them out of the sky?" Flug looked at you in confused anticipation.

"No. My people get attached to the robotic drones and die trying to protect them. Effectively ruining the entire purpose of the drone." You replied flatly.

Flug nearly fell off of his stool at the answer he received. Sputtering incoherently as he straightened himself back out to prevent himself from loosing his balance.

"B-But! Why?! Why ruin the effectiveness of the drone if it's there for that exact purpose?!" Flug exclaimed, flabbergasted at the information.

You just shrug.

"My people care too much for things that behave sentient and tries to protect them from harm. It's the same with pets and friends. You can abuse someone who can take it all you want, but the moment you lay a hand on something that is valuable to them, be it a pet, object, or helpless being...prepare yourself. Because you're in for a nasty fight." You respond.
Flug seemed to understand now and hummed in thought, while putting his notepad down onto his lap.

--

After some speculation, Flug started to suspect something else about yourself. The planet in question was not only similar to his own home, with some things in history being vastly different. He began to suspect a peculiar theory that he was taught in science class once.

The Multiple Worlds Theory. Commonly known as the Multiverse Theory.

Which is stated in the theory that the universe functioned like a tree. Certain choices would cause the tree to form more branches, creating endless possibilities.

Some worlds will branch off into different alternates depending on the path that the planets' history took. These changes can range from something small, like deciding to wear a certain outfit on a particular day, to colossal events that changes the history of the world forever.

Your planet has such close similarities to his own planet.

The History, the technology, it even had HUMANS on it. Yet, there were major differences to his own home. They even had some of his planets' own historical figures. Like Thomas Edison.

They even share references.

This was shown when they saw some of those embarrassing 'Hang in there!' posters on his labs' wall and laughed at the kitten that had a cut out picture of his own face plastered over the kittens' face.

All while being familiar with the concept.

So, with careful thinking, he pondered for a question that would confirm his suspicion. Yet, even he could tell that you were becoming exhausted. As you looked like you might fall asleep sitting on your stool eventually.

He had to make this question count.

He paused for a moment and thought about his next question very carefully.

Then suddenly, he got an idea for a question that could hammer the final nail in the metaphorical coffin.

"How about Heroes and Villains? Do you have those?" Flug asked, silently anticipating the answer.

You rubbed your eyes and stared at him in a slightly confused manner.
"You mean like in the comic books and movies? Those heroes and villains?" You stared at him, letting your eyes droop slightly.

_That did it._

The person in front of him was indeed from another world branch entirely. A world where there were only _humans_.
No mutants, no heroes, and _certainly no villains._

"Comics and movies?" Flug asked, obviously intrigued from his recent mental discovery.

"Yeah. You know. Works of fiction? One of the most strongest sources of entertainment?" You affirmed.

' _So. They're from the multiverse branch where heroes and villains are made up fictional literature just for pure amusement...interesting._' Flug thought.

"Yes. So, as you know, this is a villain-run organization. We cater to villains to assist in fighting heroes. E-Er...well, that's what Black Hat says anyway." Flug idly rubbed his arm.

You just laughed. "You're world is really strange. Heroes and villains? Like people who fly and have super strength? I thought I was going to wind up on a planet or spaceship full of tiny foreign little creatures. But, I get warped to someplace that runs like the comic books back on my planet."

Flug cocked a brow.

"You're the one to talk. You have no advanced military, space travel, or anything. Yet you are willing to die for a robot or a drone? Excessive love and nurturing natures for things that aren't even properly alive. Artificial, yet you would rather take care of every thing. I was expecting more advanced lifeforms."

Flug and yourself had a small staring contest.

Before you both started chuckling.

Like strangers bonding over cups of coffee and bantering about the best form of coffee.

Maybe this wasn't going to be half-bad.

--

After a short coffee break, Flug got you some cold water (by your request), he than assessed all of the information he gathered from you.

"It seems your species has a very strong nurturing nature. As they tend to focus on bettering their lives for, not only themselves, but for the sake of animals and the planet as well." You nodded.
"As to that, your people stick strongly to the positives of life and want places, not just your own native country, to have food, drinkable water, and even medicine to help fight off diseases." You nodded again.

"But, prior to that statement, you said that not everything was great. As some people tend to let their greed get out of control, people who fear that there are things in their food due to misinformation, some believe that vaccines can cause numerous mental problems, and that your world has been warming up to dangerous levels due to uncontrolled greenhouse gas output. How do you feel about the negativity?" Flug asked as he sipped his coffee from a straw.

You turned your head to the side and nodded.

"Well, yes, there are certain things that happen that many people can't believe happens. There are some things going down on my planet that some people can't believe are going on. Some things make you want to pull all of your hair out. Some things make you want to cry out in frustration. When it all comes down on you, it can feel like too much." you said, looking off into a nonexistent distance.

"But, bad things happen, but good always counters it. When our current leader pulled out of the climate agreement, cities and people took action. They filled in the void that the person tried to create. They weren't going to let that person win. To give up without a fight. They resisted. They stuck to it. They disobeyed authority to do what is right." You snapped out of your trance and looked back at Flug and laughed slightly.

"So, I guess my planet has some form of heroes and villains. There are those that want to do harm to better themselves. Be it to other people, the environment, or the oceans. Then, there are people who combat it with resistance, companionship, love, community, and care." You smiled at Flug, who stared back for a few silent moments.

"I see. You're very optimistic about these types of things." Flug says, looking back at his clipboard that was full of papers.

You just snorted in feigned offense at his underwhelming reaction.

"If I'm not, then who will be?" You grinned at him while drinking your water.

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You yawned.

You had no idea how long you and Flug asked questions about your planet and its cultures.

But, it seems he was getting ready to wrap up as he placed his pen down for the last time it seemed.

Flug examined his notepad as he got up from his stool and walked over to a table with some equipment on it. Much to your confusion.

Laying his notes down, he began to scan over some of the things on his workbench.
He then picked up a syringe, some sterilized alcohol pads, a bandage, than began to walk back to you.

You wouldn't lie that you were kind of afraid of the needle, yet you kept your relaxed posture, to not worry the already-anxious-enough scientist.

Flug paused as he neared you and cleared his throat.

"U-uh. Would you mind if I took a blood sample to finish up this interrogation?" He said, nervously shifting on his feet.
"J-Just for research!" He quickly reassured.

You hummed slightly and shrugged.

"Go ahead." You waved, as you propped yourself up on the stool and relaxed your arms.

"Ah! Thank you!" Flug graciously exclaimed as he walked over and picked a shoulder, preparing it with alcohol pads.
"This might sting a little..." Flug warned as he prepped the needle.

"Eh. I just won't think about it." You muttered while closing your eyes.

Then you felt the insertion of the needle, it stung a bit, but it was carefully placed in a vein. Maybe he had done this before? He does look like a doctor of some sort. This is also a laboratory. So maybe he had some experience in doing this kinda thing.

Flug took it slow and steady. Watching as the blood filled the syringe cylinder. He was careful with it, trying to cause as little discomfort as possible. Last think he wanted was for something to go wrong and you to become guarded and closed off.

It was better to be cautious anyway.

Once it was filled, he removed the needle, sterilized the area, and placed the bandage on it.

"Done!" Flug announced.

You slightly moved your, now sore, arm and stood up from the stool. Yawning loudly as you did so.

"I can see that you're tired. You can lay down in the cot over there." Flug said as he pointed to a bed located near the door of the laboratory.

You blinked, still in a drowsy state.

" Aren't you gonna go to bed too?" You yawned.

"Don't worry about me. I go to bed late all of the time! Besides, I have some testing to do." Flug replied, walking back to his workbench as he did so.
"I'll wake you up eventually, tomorrow you're going to meet the rest of the group that lives in the manor. Hopefully, everything goes right." Flug muttered that last part under his breath.

"Oh. Alright then. Goodnight, Flug!" You waved at him, while walking over and climbing into the
cot. Covering yourself up with the blankets.

It's funny how the blue sheets had paper airplanes on them.

"Goodnight, (Name)." Flug muttered automatically, while working the blood sample into a test tube.

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The night ticked on.

The only things making noise was the humming of machines and you sleeping in the cot, for when Flug crashed in his lab after long periods of sleep deprivation.

Flug, on the other hand, was wide awake. Eagerly studying the blood sample he retrieved from yourself.

It was magnificent!

Your blood had plenty of different cells and structures to study! Despite being and looking human, you had a rather unique blood type and cells in your body. Almost mutant-looking in a way. Yet, fully human and perfectly functioning foreign cells.

This mistake just got...very interesting.

Flug continued to work on studying the blood sample with knowledge-hungry desire.

Not knowing that the night ticked on by and the sun had begun to rise.

Well, not until he passed out from over-exertion, that is.

Chapter End Notes

This story has been completed since April 16th of 2018.
Any inaccuracies that come up with characters and such have occurred after the completion of this fic.
All Fanart has been moved to Tumblr and Tagged under 'Alien Affections'.

To read more of my fics, keep an eye out for any more that happen to come around!

Cheers~!

For primary contact with me follow this blog-
Main Blog: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

For the Tumblr Version of this fic and other writings, follow this blog:
Writing Blog: https://haxorus-imp.tumblr.com/

For instant contact with the circle that I have created, feel free to join this
Discord:
https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy

Thank you all for reading my fics and giving them Kudos~!
You groaned as you started to come out of the haze of sleep.

While attempting to find your current placement and remember the activities of yesterday, you swore you could hear muffled yelling.
And it kinda sounded like, er...what was his name again? Flug? Yeah...that's right.

It sounds like Flug was yelling for some reason.

You opened your eyes at that processed thought.

The memories of yesterday came flooding back like a movie on fast forward.

You were home, then a bright green light took you away to a distant planet. You met a bag-faced dude and were taken to his prankster(?) boss and were now working to stay here by using your college skills to assist Flug in making things for villains to use against heroes. Just like in the comic books and movies.

That's right.

So. What's Flug yelling about this morning?

You sit up and attempt to remove the sleep from your eyes, yawning as you did.

Looking around the lab, you can now hear Flug shouting out in frustration at someone.

It looked like a demented girl, with a green lizard hoodie and pink hair. She was cackling madly as Flug tried to retrieve a vial containing some strange liquid from her grasp.

Moving your arm, which twinged in pain, you then remember. Oh, yeah.

Flug asked for a sample of your blood, right? Is that what he's trying to get back from the demented girl? The liquid inside of it was a deep red color...so possibly?

Your movement from getting out of the bed caused the springs in the cot to squeak, and it seemed to draw her attention over to where you were. Effectively giving Flug the opportunity he needed to seize the vial from the lady's grasp. Yet, she didn't seem to mind, more focused on you than anything else at the moment.
Oh, yeah. You were also supposed to meet the rest of the people who live in the manor.

Then, as soon as you blinked, the crazy-looking girl was upon you. Staring into your surprised eyes with interest, and possibly slight hostility, as you just stared back in awkward silence.

This felt like the time you first met Flug. So, you decide to try the exact same tactic you did with him.

"S'up?" You greeted and smiled at the lady.

"..." She squinted her eyes at you.

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"You look so weird!" She said, finally.

You just choked slightly on air. First Flug, possibly Black Hat, and now this lady? At this point, you might as well just go with the paper bag trend that Flug has going on.

You're starting to become slightly self-conscious of your appearance while on this planet!

Footsteps approached the bed where you two were.

"Dementia, this is (Name). They're the new recruit and were assigned by Black Hat to help me in my lab with the projects." Flug said, giving the now named lady, Dementia an annoyed side-glare. Not that Dementia noticed nor cared.

She then gave a wicked smile towards Flug. Who squinted in severe suspicion at the grin.

"Oooohh~" Dementia said as she crepted around the cautious doctor. "So, they're the new recruit, eh?" She giggled madly.

"That's pretty early in their career to already have them in your bed!" She laughed obnoxiously, while Flug recovered from the sudden shock from the scandalous assumption.

"T-THAT'S NOT WHY THEY'RE IN MY BED, DEMENTIA! T- THEY WERE T-TIRED! SO I GAVE THEM THE COT TO SLEEP IN WHILE I S-STUDIED!" Flug shrieked.

Dementia just laughed harder.

"I-Is that why you were also passed out at the desk?! Because you couldn't get into the bed with them!!?!" Dementia cackled.

"Get out of my lab, Dementia!" Flug screeched as he flailed in frustration.

You just looked on in slight confusion at the squabbling duo. It's funny how Flug looked so mature yesterday, yet seeing him flailing like a fish out of water at the dirty assumptions that Dementia said just made you pity the poor guy.

Getting up from the cot while the two still argued, you walked over to the nearby restroom to do your business.
Shortly after entering the bathroom, you heard the commotion outside the private room escalate. But you tried to pay no mind to it as you checked your reflection in the mirror.

_Yikes!_ You really had a nasty case of the bedhead!

You're kinda embarrassed that the new person, and even Flug, saw you like this.

Looking around the bathroom, there was a hairbrush, toothbrush, some gargle, and typical toiletry items scattered around.

They were all even organized in a specific way. Probably Flugs' things.

Borrowing the comb, you didn't question how Flug could have hair nor what it looks like if he does, you just brushed out the rat nest that was in your hair and checked for morning breath.

_ECK! _Yep!

You have nasty morning breath!

While getting a cup for some gargle, you wouldn't dare use somebody's toothbrush, you heard a sudden loud noise come from outside the bathroom.

It sounded like a door slamming open and two different types of shrieks followed after it. Yet, one sounded like it was from fear and the other sounded like a shriek of adoration.

Then, there was a loud and demanding voice that was familiar to you. You sighed. While chugging the gargle, you could hear muffled whimpering and squealing coming from outside.

Sounded like your boss dropped in for a visit. Probably doing a routinely check up?

Right now, you're thankful for the refuge the labs' bathroom provided. Black Hat...well, just from looking at him, you could tell that the man(?) was just a heap of trouble. He didn't look like a well behaved guy. Definitely not someone you would hire to babysit.

Because he would probably be the type that would _actually sit on the baby. On purpose. For kicks._

Spitting the excess gargle out, you groaned as another slam followed after a loud shout. Then, all fell silent.

...

At least you would have peace when you used the loo.

---

Once you walked out from the bathroom, all was quiet.
A quick look-over the lab seemed to show that Flug was putting some test tubes away in a safe-like fridge, Dementia was gone, and WHAT THE-?

You stared in surprise at a blue bear with a flower growing out of it's head that just walked in through the entrance to the lab.

. . .

You blinked to double check if you were seeing things right.

A blue bear...with a flower growing out of it's head.

You walked over in stunned silence to get a closer look at the creature. Flug seemed to notice your exit from the bathroom and turned to look over at you.

"Ah! There you are! S-Sorry about earlier. Dementia can be such a pain sometimes. While you were in the bathroom, Black Hat came down from his office to give us some prompts for projects to work on." Flug shuddered in fear at the very mention of his boss. "But, thankfully, Dementia went with him. So, we won't have any distractions." He sighed in relief.

"Uh, yeah. I heard. He wasn't really subtle about coming in through the door." You monotonously said and just stayed looking silently at the bear.

"What's wrong, (Name)?" Flug asked worriedly. You just leaned in close to him, making his confusion worsen.

"Dude. Do you see what I'm seeing?" You whisper, while staring at the bear. Which was now looking at you with a confused expression.

Flug looked over his shoulder at the bear. Then visibly relaxed.

"Oh. That's just 5.0.5." Flug pointed out, as the bears' curiosity in you was showing clear on his face. "5.0.5, this is (Name). They're the new recruit." Flug explained, while pointing at you respectively.

The bear walked closer and sniffed you, clearly trying to get to know you.

So, if it worked for Flug and Dementia, why not try it for a third time?

"S'up, bear dude?" You smiled and pet his head softly. He flinched at first, but then his eyes grew wide as saucers.

The look on his face was so cute as you showed him affection, but you just didn't expect him to wrap his arms around you and squeeze you so tightly. The bear was so happy, smiling with cheer as he hugged his new friendly comrade. The squeezing caused your spine to let out a distinct 'pop!' noise, worrying Flug.

"5.0.5! Please! Be mindful of your strength!" Flug cried and you swore you could see sweat forming on top of his bag. What a mother hen.

"Hurk! S-So, I guess...this is why it's called...a 'bear hug'!" You laughed lightly at your own pun as
the bear rubbed the side of its head against your cheek.

Flug looked on in anxiousness. He didn't want to get beaten by Black Hat for letting the new recruit get crushed to death by 5.0.5 on their first day. In fact, he really didn't want to carry the responsibility for not being able to properly care for someone from another planet. Let alone be the cause of their own demise.

Yet, while looking on. The scene in front of him looked so...innocent. Even if it was just hugs, both parties looked like they were having a great time. It's surprising to see this happening inside of Black Hats' Manor.

In the end, Flug just sighed.

'At least 5.0.5 has a new buddy to help keep him company and satiate his hunger for affection.' He thought, but he knew he had to get back to business.

For Black Hat would have their heads if he or you lollygagged and wasted too much time.

--

Flug cleared his throat, garnering the attention of the other two in the room.

"It's time to put (Name) down 5.0.5. Today is their first day and it's time for their first task." Flug said, moving some papers and equipment around on his desk. "Black Hat had...uh, demanded us to make two different projects. My task is to make a gamma ray gun and your first task is to make spybots." Flug directed.

5.0.5 set you back down and released you from his arms. You then walked over to Flugs' desk to retrieve your prompt.

"Spybots? Well, that's not that hard!" You smiled. "Did he specify any type of spybot?" You asked, looking over some of the prints on the desk.

Flug hummed briefly before shaking his head. "Not that I'm aware of. He just wants some spybots. The camera, microphone, and deceptive types. Typically small ones, so they won't get spotted so easily."

"Oh, Okay then!" You finalized, picking up your prompt and walking over to the workbench on the other end of the room.

Flug picked up his fair share of blueprints and gathered the materials he needed to begin his own project.

Well, his lab felt less empty. That's for sure. With a new recruit, 5.0.5, and himself being present in the lab, Flug felt like a heavy burden was slowly being lifted off of his shoulders. Yet, the weight was still present. Just not as heavy before. The only sad things is, that you haven't felt the wrath of Black Hat yet.

It's only going to be a matter of time before he breaks them...like himself.
Flug shook his head.

No, no! He needs to be more optimistic! Now with two people, Black Hat may be more satiable...or he may desire more--no! No! Positive!
Like what you said last night! Bad things happen, but good always combats it!

... .

Flug sighed. Yeah, he wished he could be that optimistic. He's been here for a few years. Nothing good happened or changed anything.

He looked over his shoulder at his new comrade, who was gathering materials with the help of 5.0.5.

Then, the thought hit him like lightning. Maybe...you will be the good that combats the bad? Maybe something decent will come about your stay here?

...

He then suddenly felt like hitting himself in the head.

'What am I talking about?! Them going against Black Hat?! No way. The man is practically made of negativity and nightmares. He not only feeds off of fear, he relishes in it!' Flug shook his head.

'It was preposterous to think of such a thing.' Flug stated bitterly in his mind, before he refocused himself on his own project.

Downing out the negativity in his mind with calculations and solutions.

--

Soon, the sounds of construction on both ends of the lab filled the room. However, most of the noises were coming from Flugs' side.
Causing the scientist some to become slightly confused.

Looking over, he could see (Name) sitting down at the workbench. Appearing to be engrossed in their project. While 5.0.5 sleeps near them.
Flug has to be honest, 5.0.5 has taken quite the liking to (Name) in such a short amount of time. But, he just takes it as what it is.

5.0.5 is still a mystery. Even to him sometimes.

Then, you stop and stretch for a moment, petting 5.0.5 while sitting back in your chair. Flug waited for them to go back to work, but...they just sat back and...appeared to be relaxing?

Flug sighed. Great. He should of figured someone as laid back as you would be the lazy type.

If Black Hat found out about those tendencies, he was going to break them horribly for 'stalling'
production.

Stopping for a second, Flug called over to you. "Is everything alright, (Name)?"

You came to attention at the calling of your name and looked behind yourself.

"Haha, yeah! Just relaxing after a hard days work!" You laughed, albeit a bit coy about being caught getting side-tracked by Flug.

Flug cocked a brow at the statement. Finished? Already?

Impossible.

"What? You're finished?! How many spybots did you make?" Flug questioned, placing down his own project, which still was only just a shell, and began to walk over to your station to examine your wares.

"About 10." They answered.

Flug walked over to the bench and was actually pretty impressed. And by actually, he means very impressed.

It looked like a little living garden of small creatures had just set up shop on top of the workbench. Some butterflies, dragonflies, horns, spiders, and even a gecko were all scattered on top of the tray on the workbench. Each one was painted with enough care and detail to make them look life-like. The robotic parts didn't even stand out that much!

The surprise probably showed through his goggles, as you just started to bust out laughing again.

"I take it they're great?" You said smugly.

"Great? These look amazing! If I saw these from a distance, I probably couldn't tell them apart from the real thing!" Flug exclaimed, picking up one of the spider drones and carefully examining it.

"Well, deception is the entire point, right?" You stood up from the chair and popped your back. Giving out a relieved sigh from the pressure easing away from your spinal vertebrae.

"How do you turn them on?" Flug asked, turning over the spider drone, apparently looking for a button.

"Well, they're a little low on battery life right now. But, they can run for a little bit. As for turning it on, just say 'SpiderSpy: Turn On'." Just as you said that, the small spider-like robot in Flugs' hand jumped to life. Causing Flug himself to jump.

"Woah..." It was rare when Flug would become astonished. However he moved his hand, be it rolling around on his wrist or flipping his palm, the small robotic arachnid would climb around to stay on top. "It's amazing that you went to a college that could create this." Flug murmured, staring in awe at the little robot.

"Heh, yeah. It certainly wasn't a cheap college. My parents spent their entire savings on sending me there. I...I didn't want to disappoint them. So...I paid attention in class, worked my butt off, and put
work before friends and partying. I wanted to show them that I could do it. That they didn't put their own life savings into a child that would fail miserably or drop out and call it quits. They put me in there so I could make these wonderful things. It's a nice talent to possess." You explained, your eyes zoning out to look back to a distant memory.

Flug stayed quiet for a few moments.

"Your parents sound like great people." Flug mumbles.

"They are. Some of the best parents I could ever wish for." You smiled in contentment.

Suddenly, the docile mood was broken from a distinct rumbling sound.

'Grrrrr~...' 

You looked down at your stomach.

"And that's the sound that the tank is empty." You grumbled.

Flug then noticed you getting lost in thought for a second before snapping your fingers.

"Hey, Flug! What time is it?" You asked.

Flug looked over to the clock that hung above the doorway to the lab.

"It's about 12:40 p.m." He answered.

You stretched once more and you patted your stomach.

"How about you and me go to the kitchen to get us some lunch?" You offered.

Before Flug could protest, his own stomach growled, answering the question for him. He blushed in embarrassment as you chuckled in good nature.

"Seems like your gut just decided for you. Come on! Let's see what we can cook for lunch." You say, picking up the spider drone, turned it off, and placed it back onto the tray with the other small robots.

Before you walked off though, Flug spoke up.

"You might want to hide those. Just in case Dementia shows up. I'm going to hide my project, you can place you spybots in the safe over there" Flug warned as he made it over to his station to hide the unfinished shell of the prototype.

You nodded. You picked up the tray of robots and placed them inside the suggested area.

You then woke up 5.0.5, who was still sleeping miraculously, and offered him to join you and Flug to get some lunch.

In which he joined eagerly.

While on the way to the kitchen, which was shown to you during the tour as of last night, Flug asked one final question.
"Do you m-mind if I ask more questions about your college? Like how it was like on campus and w-what antics you got into while in that college?" Flug asked.

"Heh. Sure man. I got this one good story about how I made a large bat-like robot and scared the crap out of all the juniors on campus. Aw, man! Me and my peers were in stitches! Of course I got in trouble, but I couldn't help but laugh when the professor tried to scold me. The vision of the guy falling in the fountain while getting chased by my bat robot was just so funny, I couldn't keep a straight face!" You gave a hearty laugh at the happy memory.

"Was it your idea originally or one of your peers?" Flug questioned.

"Well, you see. At first it was just me and--" You rambled on about the incident to the two eager sets of ears as you approached the kitchen.

Flug followed along and listened to your story, along with 5.0.5, and headed into the kitchen with you.

He was learning more about you and your talents every hour.

He hoped to learn even more about you.

That is, if you let him.

But, he dares to remain hopeful.

Chapter End Notes

This story has been completed since April 16th of 2018.
Any inaccuracies that come up with characters and such have occurred after the completion of this fic.
All Fanart has been moved to Tumblr and Tagged under 'Alien Affections'.
To read more of my fics, keep an eye out for any more that happen to come around!

Cheers~!

For primary contact with me follow this blog-
Main Blog: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

For the Tumblr Version of this fic and other writings, follow this blog-
Writing Blog: https://haxorus-imp.tumblr.com/

For instant contact with the circle that I have created, feel free to join this Discord-
https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy

Thank you all for reading my fics and giving them Kudos~!
Black Hat is hoarding bad thoughts and you're getting under his skin.

Black Hat hates you mentally.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Black Hat was currently sitting at the desk within the silent solitude of his office and growled out in frustration.

He could still hear Dementia clawing at the entrance to his office, even behind the closed doors. In which constantly disturbed the tranquility of his office.

Stupid girl just can't take a hint that he's not interested in her pathetic self. And he never will be interested. *Ever.*

She always does this.

'Pay attention to me! Give me a kiss! I take pictures of you when you're not looking! I l-l-lo-...'

Black Hat gagged. He couldn't even think of that *filthy* word.

Besides. What she feels isn't *that particular word*. It's an obsession with himself.

Black Hat sighed and turned around to face outside the rose-tinted window of his office. Silently pondering to himself.

He still can't explain why he hasn't killed the foolish woman yet. Her unneeded *'romantic'* advancements have been a bother ever since she joined Black Hat Inc.

His pride won't let him say it, ever, but a little voice always says that it's because his group of employees is currently small. They're all he has at the moment, like it or not.

Well, at least the newbie didn't have the same bothersome promiscuous tendencies as Dementia. Then, something clicked within the memory bank of Black Hats' mind.

Ah. He nearly completely forgot about the new employee living under his roof.

Their name was (Name), wasn't it?

Not a common name given to humans around here. From what Flug relaid, the newbie wasn't from this planet. They're an alien, in short terms.
Not a very impressive one in Black Hats' book.

He knew that explosion he heard from the roof was bad news and he waited for Flug to come and announce his failure. As soon as the door to his office creaked open, Black Hat was ready to dish out a rage-filled tongue lashing.

But, he was shocked silent when Flug creeped into his office with another human being following close behind and looking at all of the things in his office with interest.

Him, being as sharp and as intelligent as he is, caught the unusual differences of the new individual as soon as they walked in with Flug.

They weren't a normal human at all.

Big ugly eyes, squishy features that could bruise easily, and that fucking annoying relaxed posture and smile.

He had to grind his teeth when he saw that lazy grin to prevent him from snapping violently at the fool.

Everyone needs to be at attention when he's in the room. He IS the major authority over this manor. Apparently, the disrespectful newcomer didn't seem to know that.

Well.

Not yet, at least.

He made sure that Flug saw his displeasure. The coward obviously tried to explain the events to his fullest non-stuttering abilities, without much success. As Black Hat expected.

When questioned, you answered with some interesting information. Apparently, you're an engineer and computer tech from a foreign place.
It was interesting indeed.

Black Hat grinned with his own personal malice as he chuckled at the memory of them taking the 'handshake' and shocking themselves.

Oh, he longs for the moment they fuck up. It will be an absolute pleasure to rip apart his new one-of-a-kind toy.

Speaking of which, where are his underlings?
Black Hat turned his chair around and faced back towards the inside of his manor.

He transformed his visible eye into a ruby red color and changed the pupil into a snake-like iris. It shimmered with ominous magic as he began to scan over the mansion.

It was only now that Black Hat noticed the scratching on his door had fallen silent. Scanning over the halls with careful slowness. Finally detecting his minions.

"There you idiots are." Black Hat grumbled, watching them as the light signatures flickered about and floated with their respective bodies.
He mentally counted them.

Pink, Dementia, Blue, the disappointing mutant bear, Orange, Flug, and...? The color of the last one, which he presumed to be yourself, was flickering in and out of existence more than the others. While the others shared a luminosity to a lit light bulb, the new signature looked like it was muddled in a fog. Hazy and unclear.

Black Hat simply brushed it off as his magic not settling well on your body.

Then, he noticed the energy signatures of his underlings sitting around in a circular formation in the kitchen.

Allowing the eye to return to normal, Black Hat looked at the clock and noticed that it was noon. His minions must'ave gone in there for lunch.

He might as well go get something himself.

--

Black Hat walked in the halls towards the kitchen from his office.

Upon approaching the kitchen, he could hear you, Flug, Dementia, and 5.0.5 having a very involved conversation. Apparently, the newcomer was telling stories of their own planet. How utterly boring.

He only caught the end of a conversation topic when he silently walked into the kitchen.

"-so, even if we stop car accidents, we won't have to rely solely on donors to save people's lives. We can simply 3D print a compatible organ!" You finished.

"Wow! That's-...that's amazing!" Flug exclaimed, intrigued by the information. "Your people's medicine may not be as advanced as some of our own technologies, but you seem to be a lot more adamant about saving lives and improving the medical social structure of your own-"

"Ahem." Black Hat snarled, cutting off Flug.

Upon entering the room and finding himself getting ignored, Black Hats' mood dampened considerably. It appears that not only have they forgotten the rule, it seems that the damn alien appears to be enforcing it. Or, they're just so idiotic to ignore him and his presence.

Either way, it pissed him off.

Flug and 5.0.5 were startled at the sudden appearance of their boss in the doorway. Dementia was too busy stuffing her face with a sandwich to speak up, but she at least acknowledged him by sticking her arm in the air and waving rapidly in his direction.

And the newbie, you, were just sitting there lazily laying back in the chair at the end of the granite table on Flug's side. Leaving a large empty black chair sitting at the tip of the table. At least they
knew which chair was his.

They looked over in his direction and smiled.

_Eck! He hates that smile so much..._he'll enjoy every second of his _claws shredding and tearing into their soft flesh._

"Oh. S'up, boss?" They greeted, lightly waving over at him.

"Ah! Y-yes! Greetings!" Flug stuttered, his anxiety resurfacing, obviously.

"Mmmpppphrprmrnrrbbbt!" Dementia attempted to say, her mouth full of garble. Black Hat just squinted at her crudeness in disgust.

The bear merely whined a squeaky sounding _'hello'. _

Black Hat merely grunted in response.

"What are we having for lunch?" He questioned, walking by all of his quiet minions towards the lengthy granite counter that currently had a few plates and sandwiches on it.

"We are having some BLT's and Swiss Cheese with Turkey and Ham sandwiches. Well...most of us. Flug refused to eat his share. So, grab whichever one you want, I guess." You said, taking a bite out of your choice sandwich.

Much to the queasiness of Flug.

Black Hat merely picked up whichever one was the closest and carried it back to the table with him. Sitting in his large black chair, then he began to eat. It was mediocre at best. Definitely not something worth being devoured by him, but it'll do.

_For today._

"Flug, is the machine ready yet?" Black Hat broke the awkward silence that took over the room when he stated his presence. Flug jumped at the mention of his name.

"Ah...n-no sir. Not yet." Flug murmured. "B-but it'll be done by tonight, just in time for tomorrow! I can assure you!" Flug quickly said, catching the glare he received from Black Hat.

"And what of you, (Name)? Are you still working on those spybots I wanted?" Black Hat asked, taking a bite of his lunch and chewing.

"Ah, no. I finished." You brushed him off, munching on your sandwich. You completely ignore the slight choking sound that came from Black Hat at the answer.

"Finished?!" Black Hat coughs and swallows. "How many did you make?!!" He raised his voice. Startling most of the crew at the table. All except you.

"About 10." You replied calmly, while wiping your face clear of a condiment smear with a napkin.

"10? That's not nearly enough!" Black Hat scolded.
'Oh shit. He's one of those slave-driver, hardass, prankster type of bosses.' You mentally groaned, keeping your face relaxed and posture lax.

"We're gonna need more than a simple 10 spybots." Black Hat calculated for a brief minute. "We're going to need about 55 of those spybots by the end of the day."

Now it was YOUR turn to choke on your sandwich.

"I'm sorry, what?" You bluntly replied, the relaxed posture was still there, but the facial expression had changed to a more confused and stunned emotional state.

"You heard me. We need 55 of those by the end of the day." Black Hat confirmed, resuming to eat his meal.

... 

"I'm not doing that."

Suddenly, everything was quiet. So silent, you could hear a pin drop.

All of the others, Flug, 5.0.5, and Dementia were all stunned silent at that response. Black Hat on the other hand, had paused and raised his head up to gaze at you directly with a burning leer.

"What did you say?" Black Hat growled in warning.

"I said, I'm not making 55 Spybots." You repeated.

Everyone heard Black Hat inhale and the atmosphere grow immensely heavier in the room.

"I don't think you know who you're dealing with, (Name)." Black Hat rumbled, voice raspy and eyes slowly turning a menacing red.

The tension was rising high in the room putting everyone on edge. Until.

"Cool your jets before you fire them up, boss. I just want you to go look at the ones I made first before I continue the project." You explained, cracking the negative atmosphere like a fragile mirror.

Black Hat, however, was still staring at you with an accusatory glance.

"Me? Go see your Spybots? For what?!" Black Hat growled.

"Well, duh. I'm not going to make 55 spybots, only for you to say you hate them and make all of that hard work meaningless. Don't get me wrong boss, making Spybots is easy stuff. But, if you don't like the way they look, then all we do is waste resources and time. So, I want your input before I make any more." You explained, a chilled out and carefree expression on your face.

Black Hat stayed silent and pondered the explanation in his head. It was over in a few seconds, as
"Mind your tongue next time if you want to keep it in your head."
He warned. "I'll be down in the lab in 10 minutes, (Name). DON'T. Keep me waiting." He announced, then he turned and left the kitchen.

It took a few silent moments for the atmosphere to clear up again.


"Oh, hey Flug! I -...Flug?" You asked, looking over to the other side of the table, seeing Flug, 5.0.5, and even Dementia hugging each other and shaking violently.

"Why are you guys trying to share body heat? Is it because you're shaking? Funny...it's not that cold in here." You asked, oblivious to the faces of fear on your peers.

Flug then spoke up.

"D-Don't ever d-do that again, please." He shuddered.

---

Black Hat was patiently waiting in the lab.

Keeping a watch on the clock as time ticked by. It was only about 8 minutes until he heard the door to the lab open. Revealing yourself as you walked in.

"About time you showed up." Black Hat deadpanned. You furrowed an eyebrow at him.

"I arrived in time, did I not?" You shrugged. Black Hat merely waved you off.

"Yes, yes. Where are the spybots? I must see them for myself." He demanded.

"Alright, alright. I'll get them." You submitted.

You walked over to the hiding place that Flug suggested to you earlier. Opening the safe, with Black Hat breathing down your neck, and pulled out the tray. Walking them over to the workbench, you laid the tray down, stepped back, and leaned on Flug's own personal desk.

Offering Black Hat all the room he needed to judge the spybots.

He picked one up, a dragonfly model, and rolled it around in his hand. He made a few humming noises of thought and sat it back down onto the tray.
It was a few minutes of him examining the spybots with a careful eye and a few quiet mutterings to himself.

He turned around to face you again, to which you were leaning back against Flugs' respective table,
patiently waiting for him to finish.

"I find these...acceptable. Not the greatest spybots I've seen, I have seen better, but you produced both quality and quantity. With a certain uniqueness to them." He stated.

"I expect 55 of these tomorrow at noon. As we are having another catalog photo shoot for our wares. I need them by then for showcase. Make sure they work before you finish." He warned.

"Also, write down all of the information on how to turn these things on. The last thing my company needs is a customer that's confused about a product with no description or documented information." He finished.

"Got it, boss!" You gave a thumbs up and grinned lazily at him.

Black Hat squinted at you, in a possible 'I mean it' way, and walked out. Leaving you alone in the lab.

Welp.

Might as well get a head-start right? It's still late noon and you made 10 spybots in about 5 to 6 hours.

Why not try to get ahead for tomorrow?

You sat down at your station and began to work again. Thinking of different insects for different climates and writing the information down as you go.

It was hard work, but this is a cake walk compared to the stress of college!

--

Black Hat made it back to his office, closing the door and walking across the dimly lit room. Taking a seat at his desk and looking over papers. He must admit, some things have gotten easier. Now with a pair of two intelligent minions under his powerful thumb, he can dish out twice the products.

If it's worth while, he might even make some real dough.

However, you have an attitude that he finds absolutely irritating. The lazy grin, the calm undertone, and their BLASTED passive aggressiveness. He knows what you're up to! Trying to get underneath his skin!

Oh, Black Hat was absolutely ready to shred you to ribbons at the moment you disagreed with him at the kitchen table. You were pretty much saved by, what he expects, was your pathetic attempts at flattery.

But, yes.
He thinks you just thought quick on your feet to escape his wrath, let alone impressed him with some of your Spybots, which you didn't impress him much. Barely at all really. A couple of pretty looking robotic insects and reptiles can barely hold a candle to some of the Spybots he has seen.

He's seen Spybots that could turn invisible and some that can't be detected by radars nor metal detectors.

But, of course, villains will willingly cannibalize each other in the business world. Most of those places where he saw top-grade Spybots were constantly raided by rival companies.

Now, most of the expensive and worthwhile technology is hidden in secluded clubs and groups. Which means, if you want great technology, you need a lot of money and be chummy with an insider.

Which, of course, was ridiculous to him. Too much work!

It's a villain conquer villain world out there! Only the best survive! Hiding from your rivals is stating that you're a coward. No wonder they get targeted!

Black Hat spat venomously at nothing in particular.

His company would never crumble nor cower at rivals!

He is the INFAMOUS BLACK HAT! The very being of nightmares and fear itself!

Black Hat cackled as he chuckled to himself, his ego thoroughly stoked. Ah, he loves preening himself. Both physically and mentally.

He turned around from his papers to look outside his rose-tinted window again. The day was growing older, and soon night will be coming around.

With that, he gives the outside city a nice blue-green, sharp-toothed smile.

This is just the beginning.

Chapter End Notes

This story has been completed since April 16th of 2018. Any inaccuracies that come up with characters and such have occurred after the completion of this fic. All Fanart has been moved to Tumblr and Tagged under 'Alien Affections'. To read more of my fics, keep an eye out for any more that happen to come around! Cheers~!

For primary contact with me follow this blog-
Main Blog: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

For the Tumblr Version of this fic and other writings, follow this blog-
Writing Blog: https://haxorus-imp.tumblr.com/

For instant contact with the circle that I have created, feel free to join this
Discord-
https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy

Thank you all for reading my fics and giving them Kudos~!
Shower Song

Chapter Summary

You get a shower and Black Hat gets a mellow form of revenge.

Chapter Notes

You get cleaned up and need more clothes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You groaned and mentally counted the spybots again.

34.

34 spybots were created in total.

'Well, it's easier than college. I got a job at least.' You flattened your brow in slight agitation. 'Though, I'm not getting paid for doing any of this crap.' You thought, snidely.

'Well, I am living off of Black Hat's resources. So, I guess this brings meaning to that "As in Rome, do as the Romans did. If you can't pay with money, pay with your body." saying.' You surmised.

Ah, your boss. He was already proving to be a handful for you.

It was quite obvious that Black Hat didn't like you. Not much, anyway.

He probably just hates new people?

You shrugged at the thought.

So far, you've been polite, relaxed, and easy-going with little-to-no resistance. The man must be easily triggered by simple things if he's that uptight all of the time. You think Flug needs to prescribe him some chill pills. Because he's the type of guy that really needs some.

You let out an inner laugh at your lame internal joke.

Stretching out your arms and back, popping them in the process, which relieved some pent up tension from within your bones. Allowing you to release a relieved sigh as the stress ebbed away from your joints.

"Halfway finished!" You announced, catching the attention of Flug, as he was completing the internal work for the gamma ray gun on his opposite work station.
"Ah. That's great (Name)! You're doing well!" Flug said, optimistically. "I didn't expect you to make so many within a short amount of time!"

"It's hard work. But, at least I'm close to finishing up." You sighed. Leaning back in the work chair. Suddenly, you smelt something very putrid fuming up from below you.

It confused you for a moment, until you looked down at your shirt.

"Aw, man!" You wailed. Catching Flug's attention once more.

"What's wrong, (Name)?" Flug asked, turning his body around to look in your direction in worry.

"I got machine grease on my favorite pajamas!" You, still in your alien and UFO pajamas, complained. While, looking down at the ugly stain on the front of the glow-in-the-dark alien icon.

"Worst yet, these are the only brand of clothes I brought with me! I still haven't changed out of them from last night...eek. I feel dirty now." You mumbled and got up to walk to the basin in the corner of the lab, next to a large machine with a lot of blinking lights and levers.

Flug seemed to notice your conundrum and paused, appearing to be lost in thought for a few minutes, as you silently tried to clean the harsh grease off with some feverish rubbing of a damp rag from the lab sink. Mumbling profanities under your breath as you did so.

"Oh! How about this!" Flug exclaimed suddenly, startling you slightly.

"Tomorrow is when I go out to fetch supplies to prepare for next weeks' projects and restock up on food after we shoot the videos." Flug explained. "Basically, tomorrow is errand day. You can come along and see if we can find a few outfits for you to use while you're here!" Flug offered.

You looked at Flug and smiled.

"Really? Oh, thank you so much Flug! Heh. It's kinda funny. I feel like I've known you since my whole 4 years at college, yet I've only known you for about a day!" You gave Flug a warm smile.

"O-Oh! You're welcome!" Flug replied, bashfully.

"I must say, learning about your world has been a trip for me as well. So many things to hear about, stories to tell, and learning everything that goes on in the other side of the cosmos."

"It's actually fun to hang around with you, I'll admit it. You're so laid back, I don't see how you're NOT a nervous wreck from being so far from home! If it was me in your shoes, I would be shivering at every shadow...and would probably be deathly afraid of Black Hat all over again." Flug sighed.

You blinked, looking sympathetically towards Flug for a moment. But, you shrugged it off.

"Hey, while we're on this topic, you've never told me about your own world! It's mostly been about mine." You stated.
"I also want to know what your planet is like! What's it like living on a world full of factions and people with superpowers or advanced technology? What's different about your world? How does it feel to know that super powers exist?! Oooohh~! So many things I want to ask you as well!" You grinned at some questions that passed through your mind.

"Well, maybe if we go out to eat or have some time while shopping, I'll gladly tell you about my own home too. It's only fair." Flug responded, his eyes beaming happiness through his goggles.

You bounced on your heels in excitement.

"And just think! We're both the very first people to talk to other intelligent, and friendly, alien life! My world may have some action or drama every now and then, but your planet is beaming with so many new things! Different physics, geography, and even culture! We might even be the first ever people to contact life outside of our own planets!" Your eyes grew so wide, Flug could swear that they sparkled.

"We can keep notes of each other! To take back home! Then I can show my cryptid-believing friend that I was right! Aliens WERE the right way to go!" You flailed a little in your excitement. "Maybe I can take back some evidence? Like a miniature ray gun? That'll show e'm I'm not a liar! I would have evidence that couldn't be denied! Utterly irrefutable!" You squealed.

Flug couldn't help but chuckle at your nerding out episode. He could feel his own heart racing as he observed your escapade.

But, he knew why. Your excitement was becoming infectious.

He couldn't blame you personally. The excitement of meeting someone from another planet was coursing through his veins as well. He was still curious of many things. Some that he hoped you held the answer to.

What technology did your planet hold? How do your people do things without any heroes? Without any superpowers? How does your race survive as a species?

Was the evolutionary route different? Or was something else at play here?

Even now, he can't wait until later to get back to studying the blood sample he took from you. He feels like there's something special about your blood. Maybe it could hold the secret to your evolutionary branch?

He didn't know what yet, but he'll get there. That's why he's studying it, of course!

He is a scientist and an inventor.

And he is excellent at what he does.

"Well, I'm gonna hit the bathroom and clean up." You said, calming down from your high.

Flug snapped out of his thoughts. "Oh! Really?"

"Yeah." You nodded. "I'm gonna find 5.0.5 and see if he can wash my clothes while I clean up." You said, walking away from the sink and heading to the lab entrance. "See ya later, Flug! Take care!" You waved, exiting the lab.
Flug just waved slightly as you left an continued to work on the gamma ray gun. His project, while still incomplete and untested, was close to it's final stages. Soon, he'll get his spare time to study the unique blood sample.

---

The only sound that stated life was present in the pristine and elegant bathroom was the sound of the faucet turning on within the bath-shower hybrid tub.

Warm water rushed out of the spout, coating your skin in warmth and gave you a soothing feeling of relaxation.

You sighed as you rubbed your scalp clear of excess oils and loose hairs.

It felt like paradise. Just letting the water run down your skin and into the drain.

You weren't really a single-type of washing preference person. You would take showers some days and baths on others. Usually, it mostly depends if you need to shave or relax.

Sometimes, you didn't even have a choice. It was either one or the other most of the time.

Not that you complained. You are mostly glad to get cleaned in the end.

You lathered up a rag with some soap, which had a nice fragrance, to cleanse your body with. While you did this, you let your mind wonder.

Tomorrow was presentation day. The day of the catalog photo shoot. Which will be preformed and used to show off your creations. You honestly don't think you'll be present for the shoot. It'll probably be handled by Black Hat and Flug mostly anyway.

You're more concerned with the world that you will get to explore tomorrow when you go run errands with Flug.

You sighed, letting the foamy lather wash off of your skin as you put some shampoo in your hand.

I mean, there are some concerns you have about going out into the city. What if people notice your differences like Dementia and Flug did? I mean, even Black Hat probably picked up on your strange appearances! What if you turn too many heads and make Flug uncomfortable? What if you and him get separated?

Just...what if?

You rubbed your arms, suddenly feeling something attached to one of them. You looked over and saw the bandage from last night. Still clinging to your arm and covering a wound that had stopped bleeding a long time ago.

Steadily, you peeled it off of your skin and opened the door to the hybrid. Depositing the bandage
into the bin that wasn't too far from the door and closed the hybrid door back.

You rinsed your head clear of foam as you walked back under the flowing water. Pressing your forehead to the wall, you sighed.

'(Name)...we talked about this. Everything is going to be fine! No need to stress yourself. Besides! Who cares about that worrisome stuff? Just throw those thoughts away like that used bandage. It's a whole new world!' You then paused and blinked to yourself.

Then, you allowed a smug look to cross your face as an idea popped into your head.

"I can show you the world-, shining, shimmering, splendid-" 
"Now, tell me princess, when did you last let your heart decide-?" You sang, albeit softly. Laughing lightly.

You kept singing in a low volume, letting the motion of your hands and body fit your own personal imaginings. It was silly to sing in the shower, but with the stress that you have faced in the last 24 hours, you might as well sing heavy metal songs at the top of your voice.

Just to release the tension.

But, Black Hat would have your head if you did that.

Dementia did say that she played guitar when she came rushing into the kitchen at lunch, apparently overhearing your talent-associated conversation with Flug. You would like to see her preform sometime. You bet she would play like a punk-rockstar. Seeing as she shared similarities to said-genre when one looks at her outfit.

So, it would probably be safe. Probably.

You hummed the chorus of the song playing in your head, letting your imagination drift as you rinsed the conditioning out of your hair.

"A whole new world-" 
"A hundred thousand things to see-!"

You sung, finishing up your cleaning session and preparing yourself to get out of the stream of water.

By the time you finished the song, you had stepped out of the bath-shower hybrid and are currently drying off with a large and fluffy rose red towel. You hummed as you finished brushing out your hair to the beat of the final tunes in your head.

Rising your mouth out with gargle, you still did not have a toothbrush, and spat it into the sink.

You sighed peacefully.

Cleaned, freshened up, and with the towel wrapped securely around yourself, you prepared to leave the refuge of the bathroom. Singing did help a little. It was mostly just a personal relief valve for you.
You're not the best singer, but practicing during the times when you were alone sure did give you a decent pair of pipes.

You unlocked the door and headed out into the hallway.

Only to be surprised by a startled shout.

When you looked over, you saw your boss, Black Hat. He was just standing there across from you, stiff like a statue.

"Oh. Hey, boss." You greeted.

--

Black was NOT expecting this. He was just on his way to 'check up' on Flug and you to see how progress was coming along, only to hear a door open and had himself become visually assaulted by nudity!

Black Hat was standing in horror-filled surprise as you stood there in the hall with nothing but a large fluffy red towel to cover yourself and wet hair sticking to your skin. Without warning him, no less!

"Why are you out wondering the halls dressed like that?!!" Black Hat screeched.

"...Because I just got out of the shower?" You replied, nonchalantly.

"That doesn't excuse this large amount of indecency! This is a business! Not your personal home!" Black Hat scowled.

Okay, now you're just getting mad at this bastards' accusatory tone. Whoa! Whoa! Slow down, (Name)! Two negatives don't make a positive!

You took a steady breath to calm yourself and kept your face and body relaxed. You know he hates that.

"I got some engine grease on my pajamas while working. Those, being the only clothes that I brought with me and that fit me, are in the wash." You explained.

"That reminds me!" You exclaimed.

"Have you seen 5.0.5 around? He probably has my clothes ready." You muttered, placing a finger on your chin.

"No! I haven't! Just...for evils' sake! Follow me!" He growled. You looked at him in confusion, but followed anyway.

It took a few minutes, until he opened a door to a bedroom. It had a goth-like theme to it, like the rest of the house. Yet, the bed looked like something fit for a mansion! It was a deep red color, with a few mixtures of dull grays and blacks. The blankets also had top hat prints on them.

Which was a trend around this manor, as you seemed to notice a lot of things that had to do with top hats or had designs of top hats on them. Like the wallpaper for instance. You suspect that Black
Hat literally has an obsession with the object.

It also had a canopy with curtains that could be pulled or adjusted to your liking. Plenty of pillows and comfortable-looking blankets.
You let out a whistle.

"Nice room. Who does it belong to?" You asked.
Black Hat just looked over and rolled his one visible eye.

"This is YOUR room, you imbecile. This will serve as your room until you eventually leave." Black Hat stated.

"Oh! Sweet!" You gaped. "Thanks, boss!" You smiled at him.

"Stop smiling at me." Black Hat warned.

You would've frowned at him in a huff if you didn't feel a nudge on your arm.
You turned to see 5.0.5 behind you, big adorable eyes and all, as he was holding a neatly folded pair of alien and UFO pajamas out to you.
You smiled brightly at the return of your favorite clothes.

Using one hand, you fetched the clothes from his paws and opened the top to see, to your relief, that the grease stain was gone completely.
You passed the clothes over to your hand that was holding the towel up.

"Ah! Thanks 5.0.5! You managed to get that nasty stain out and saved my favorite shirt! You're such a good bear!" You rubbed 5.0.5's head affectionately with your free hand, as the bear rubbed its' own head into your palm. Loving the friendly attention you were giving him.

The clearing of a throat broke the good mood like glass. Oh, right.
Your boss was still here.
You looked over to Black Hat with your eyebrow raised.

"What? Do you want to be petted too?" You smirked. "Got two hands for the job!"
You couldn't help but laugh at Black Hat’s deadpan expression.

"Oh, come now, boss! I'm just being silly."

"More like stupidly childish." He grunted. "I'm taking my leave, get dressed, we have a big day tomorrow. Come 5.0.5!" Black Hat snarled, causing the bear to whimper.
Black Hat reached the door and waited for 5.0.5 to scurry on by him. But, before he could close the door, you called out to him.

"What?! Can't you see I'm busy?!" He snapped.
You didn't let that get you down nor stop what you were going to say, you just grinned at him lazily.

"Thanks again, boss! I'm grateful for your hospitality!" You thanked.
Black Hat just snorted. "You should be." Before closing the door, albeit a little too loudly for your liking.

You laughed. Yep, he hates the lazy smile.
"Goodnight, boss!" You called out to the fading footsteps out in the hall.

You then prepared the bed and changed into your alien-themed clothes once more.

Pulling back the covers and worming your way underneath the blankets. It was as soft and as pleasant as you imagined it. Like sleeping on a cloud.

That could possibly be the back pain from working hunched over a workbench all day talking, but you didn't care.

You adjusted the covers slightly, turned out the light on the nightstand by the bed, and rolled over as a welcoming gloomy darkness fell over the room. Yet, it was not completely dark. The lights from the suburban streets outside lit a fairly decent amount of the room. A calm mixture of pale and dark lights.

It felt like you were in a hotel room. Just like the ones you used to stop and sleep in on the way to your final destination on a road trip.

You yawned and rolled over.

You wouldn't be lying if you said you weren't homesick. But, everyone feels like this when they travel. You're probably the first person to travel farther than any other human being from your planet. Farther than any astronaut has, anyway.

Neil Armstrong can eat his heart out. You chuckled to yourself.

That's just what this is. A long vacation. Then, you'll go back with an alien souvenir and make your mark on the great wall of human history.
Ha! That will show your cryptid-believing friend! Bigfoot is fake and aliens are real!

You then closed your eyes to that thought and slowly drifted off to sleep. Silently preparing for another day of adventure.

--

A sudden beam of light incinerated a wooden target that was set up in the lab for testing purposes.

Flug held the gun with accurate skill, as he was currently taking notes on what needed to be tweaked tomorrow morning before the presentation. He muttered a couple of math fractions underneath his breath.

Testing was a delicate process. As one malfunction could injure a client and give them a bad rep, or show a faulty product that Black Hat will have his head over.
So far, everything worked out. The machine fired and didn't shoot off into random directions, which was great. It even hit the desired target. Which was also great.

Flug sat the weapon down as he decided to call it quits for tonight. Turning the machine off and he began to clean his station, until the lab door opened.

He turned around expecting you to return from your shower, but was instantly put on edge when it was Black Hat instead.

"A-AH! Black Hat, s-sir! I didn't expect you t-to come down here so late! I was expecting it to be (Name)!", Flug scrambled to make himself stand to attention. Black Hat merely raise a brow at the spectacle.

"(Name) went to bed in their assigned room." Black Hat said, bluntly.

"O-oh." Flug muttered, nervously shifting on his feet.

"How's the gamma rays' progress coming along?" Black Hat questioned.

"It's m-mostly done. Just a few tweaks in the morning a-and it'll be ready!" Flug replied.

Black Hat nodded, apparently pleased.

"And (Name)'s progress?" He asked.

"Well, they m-made about 34 spybots today. They said that t-they'll finish the rest in the morning." Flug stated, nervously rubbing and grabbing his arm out of habit.

Black Hat frowned a little at that.

"They need to pick up the pace if they are going to reach the deadlines in time." Black Hat hummed.

Flug nodded and swallowed his anxious fears to ask Black Hat about (Name)'s apparent clothes situation.

"Black Hat, if you don't mind me...uh, asking this." This caught Black Hat's attention. "But, (Name) is in need of a few outfits if they are going to be staying here for a while." Flug explained.

"So. I need to ask you, if they can come with me into the city while I run my weekly errands and purchase some clothes for them." Flug said.

It was silent for a few moments, putting Flug on edge for a bit.

"...Fine." Black Hat caved. Flug sighed in relief.

"BUT." Black Hat paused.

"They can only have three outfits. Other necessities, like undergarments, don't count." Black Hat stated.

"If they are going to get some, they can only choose three."
Flug was flabbergasted.

"B-But, why only three, sir?" Flug stuttered.

"They got under my skin tonight, they're taking this as a lesser form of punishment. Only three outfits! No more, no less." Black Hat shrugged. Flug couldn't really deny Black Hat.

"Understood, sir." Flug submitted.

Black Hat then began to walk back to the exit of the lab, right before turning around and looking at Flug.

"Don't stay up too late, Flug. It's presentation day tomorrow. Get out of the lab, get cleaned up, and go sleep in your actual room. Do not fall asleep in the lab cot this time." He warned, then departed.

Flug gave out a heavy sigh.

He was afraid that Black Hat would say something along that line. He looked over toward the fridge where the vile of your blood was being kept.

He guessed that the testing will have to wait for some other time then.

Just when he's not so busy.

Flug fixed up his station and headed toward the lab door.

Turning off the lights and exiting the lab.

Leaving the dark rooms' machines to hum and beep all through the night.

Chapter End Notes

This story has been completed since April 16th of 2018.
Any inaccuracies that come up with characters and such have occurred after the completion of this fic.
All Fanart has been moved to Tumblr and Tagged under 'Alien Affections'.
To read more of my fics, keep an eye out for any more that happen to come around!

Cheers~!

For primary contact with me follow this blog-
Main Blog: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

For the Tumblr Version of this fic and other writings, follow this blog-
Writing Blog: https://haxorus-imp.tumblr.com/

For instant contact with the circle that I have created, feel free to join this Discord-
Thank you all for reading my fics and giving them Kudos~!

https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy
Pink Punk

Chapter Summary

You've had a good day so far.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

You yawned slowly as you came back from the depths of sleep.

Finding yourself in the same place, which was originally a guest room, that was brightening up with the rising dawn.

Getting out of the comfortable cloud that was your bed, you walked over to the closed curtains and opened them. Allowing the pink sky of the dawn to brighten up the room with its hues. You even decided to crack open the window and take in a deep breath.

It smelled of a busy city and early morning chilled air. It wasn't that cold today...so it must be bleeding into a warm season.

While looking out the window, you took in your surroundings. Not seeing it clearly before, since you were on the roof at night and you were rushed off to Black Hat as soon as you arrived, you took a good look around.

It was strange to see a roundabout going around Black Hat's house. Or...was Black Hat's house in the way during the construction and he refused to move it? You personally don't blame the construction workers. You wouldn't approach the guy if you didn't have to nor would you ask him to do something!

There were buildings of various heights, plenty of streets branching off in different directions, and some buildings even had billboards with advertisements on them. Though, there were no iconic brands you recognized. Everything looked similar to a city from your world. There were varying differences, however.

But, the clear pink skies light lining the buildings with vivid colors and shades just made you smile in awe. I guess this is why some people like cities. Human-made beauty. At least it wasn't lifeless nor a dystopia. It just looked like a normal well-known city from your world.

New York, Seattle, and the like.

You sighed in bliss and watched some people walking by, some cars driving through the roundabout, and listened to the sound of the city coming to life. People were probably going to work this early morning. Morning shifts and such.

You shifted in impatience.

You just can't wait to go run errands with Flug.
You have so many questions to ask him!

What is this city's name? What's it like? Are there superheros in this city? How about other villains?

Your sudden excitement woke you up and you shook off the lingering doze.

It's a good day today!

That reminds you, what time is it? You still have some spybots to work on.

You turned away from the window and looked at the antique pendulum clock near the door to the hallway.

"6:43? Not bad." You grinned, thankful for your college sleeping habits. "Time to 'Carpe Diem', as they say!" You smiled, closing the window, freshened up in the guestrooms' bathroom, then opened the door to your room and walked out into the hallway.

You observed the surrounding environment to remember where your room was, so you don't get lost later on, and headed down to Flugs' lab.

--

It was a little later than Flug would'ave liked when he arrived in the lab. Turns out, he slept in.

Costing him valuable time to work on the gamma ray gun.

He rushed through the halls to get to his lab, fit with papers and blueprints to tweak the necessary errors he calculated yesterday during the test run.

When he arrived, he was surprised to see you already at your work station, putting aside a finished scorpion-looking spybot.

"Oh! Hello, (Name). I didn't expect you to be up this early." Flug greeted, entering the lab door and passing by all of his machines towards his work station. You then looked up and waved in greeting.

"S'up Flug and yeah, I stick to a pretty tight sleeping schedule. It's pretty much the leftover effects from college." You explained.

"I'm pretty hyped today. I'm just excited for our trip into town today! I get to see the outside world!"

Flug sat his papers down on his workbench, then looked over to you.

"Er-rm. Well, Yes. But, I don't think it would be much different than the places you described during your interview. Same people, same cars, same things." Flug sighed.

"I also ran into Black Hat yesterday and I approached him about the topic of getting you a wardrobe...and..." Flug trailed off.
You sighed in slight disappointment.

"Let me guess. He refused?" You looked over at Flug from your workbench on the opposite side of the room, a deadpan expression across your face.

"W-Well, no. He did not." You looked at him with a little bit of surprise. "He gave you a limit of clothes you can buy. Only three outfits." And the deadpan expression was back.

'Fucking Ass Hat.' You cursed at Black Hat, mentally. You sighed.

"I'll make that work, some way or another." You waved it off. "Did he say anything about getting a toothbrush, shaving cream, or razors?" You asked.

"No. I didn't talk to him about that stuff." He said, placing a finger upon his chin. "Why?"

"Oh, well I'm gonna need that stuff for hygiene. Am I not?" You turned away, getting back to work on your project.

"Besides, I'm gonna need plenty of stuff." You grinned deviously to yourself, completely out of Flugs' line of sight. Though, he caught the suspicious octave in your tone.

"(Name), please be rational with your buying. Black Hat hates spending money on things like that." Flug warned. You sighed.

As much as you hate to say it, Flug is right. You can't just go spending their money like a deviant! It's not fair to Flug or any of the other housemates.

Then, how are you going to get Black Hat alone without effecting the others?

Suddenly. You had an idea.

'Ooh~! That would make the revenge all the more sweeter.' You thought, menacingly.

"Aright, Alright. I'll be mindful of the spending." You waved him off, working on your bots.

Flug just squinted at your behavior and refocused back on his own project. He was behind anyway. He'll worry about your tone later.

You, however, began to work on your 'present' for your boss. While also multi-tasking with the spybots.

Oh, this is gonna be good.

--

By the time you both were finished, the clock rang noon. You just finished sitting down your last spybot on the tray, which had to be moved to a bigger tray to hold them all. While also hiding your 'present' in your pants.
Fixing any problems with them, double checking their functionality, and piecing together their respective instructions. You were finished with the spybots! Flug just finished tweaking the gamma ray gun and filled it with live ammo for the demonstration.

You both had perfect timing, as your boss came striding in through the lab entrance.

"Are you bloody imbeciles ready for the shoot?" Black Hat demanded. Observing the spectacle before him. Though, he glared at you in particular.

"T-The gamma ray gun is ready, sir!" Flug announced, picked up his project, turned it on, and walked over to Black Hat.

Black Hat was pleased that Flug was on time for once. On the other hand...

"Spybots are ready to go!" You exclaimed, picking up the large tray with the small robotic creatures on it, and walking over. "I even made an extra one! It's based off of one of my personal favorite insects." You said proudly, while holding up a spybot that was marked and shaped like a Luna Moth.

Black Hat stared at it for a moment, before grabbing it from you, and crushing it in his hand.

You stared in slight disbelief, yet you kept a cool and collected outer appearance. Though, on the inside, your stomach was heating up in outrage. All of that hard work was just crushed by your dickhead of a boss. Right in front of you.

'A gentleman, MY FUCKING ASS. YOU'RE GONNA GET YOUR JUST DESSERTS LATER, YOU SMUG BASTARD. YOU DESERVE IT AT THIS POINT.' You mentally berated.

Black Hat then leaned down to match your stare.

"No more and No less than 55." Black Hat smirked, while turning his hand over and letting the remains of the once-beautiful Luna Moth spybot fall to the ground.

You're really starting to hate this creature that looks like a man.

"Whatever you say, boss." You kept your tone light, while gritting your teeth.

Black Hat then stood up to his full height and motioned you both to follow.

Flug followed with slight concerns of your well being.

But, all you cared about was not letting your anger ruin your day and resisting the urge to kick your boss in his ass.

--

Black Hat was in a better mood than he had been in previously.

Currently memorizing the script, instructions on how to turn on the machines, and how to operate
them properly. While Flug was setting up some form of recording camera-bot and you were getting the set ready.

Honestly, the moment you laid eyes on that robot, you were astonished. You wanted to question Flug about it, but decided that now wasn’t the appropriate time to prod for information. Still, seeing a multi-legged camera robot was amazing! That just goes to show you that this world did have foreign technology.

Black Hat took notice of your wonder in the camera-based robot and rolled his visible eye.

Yet.

Crushing the extra spybot, let alone one of your favorites, in your face felt **SO GOOD**.

Just seeing your expression tighten and your glare harden while you tried to hide your distress... he cackled silently to himself at the recent memory.

**'Priceless.'** He thought. Even now, he can still see your mood being dampened by what he did.

"Sir, t-the cam-bot is ready. Are you prepared?" Flug said, grabbing Black Hats' attention.

"Of course I am!" He shouted, startling Flug, as he hid the papers from view. "Are YOU ready?" He hissed.

"Y-yes! I'll start rolling in a second! (N-Name) are you finished?" You just gave Flug a thumbs up in return, stepping out of the way, and off camera.

Silently sitting over in the corner and relaxing your posture.

"Okay...erm. I'm counting down!" Black Hat cleared his throat and got into an intimidating position. "3...2...1...action!" Flug clicked something and the rec light turned on, springing the contraption into action as it focused on Black Hat.

"Greetings Villains! It is I, Black Hat once again! Today, we have a powerful weapon that will assist in eliminating those pesky heroes that plague your life!" Black Hat stated, sounding like every product placement ever to exist on your planet. It was also quite hammy, in your humble opinion.

He stood up from his desk and walked over to where the gamma ray gun was on set, picking it up and showing it to the camera-robot hybrid.

"This is the new **gamma ray gun**! It will vaporize even the mightiest hero! **OBSERVE!**" Black Hat exclaimed, suddenly firing the gun off. The beam of light shot across the room, striking the dummy at the other end of the room and reducing it to a pile of ash in seconds.

You might hate Black Hat, but that was amazing! You never thought something like that would be possible! And Flug made that! How could he be impressed by your spybots when he can makes something like that?! That was **awesome**!

"Behold the power of the gamma ray gun! Reduce your **pathetic** hero foes to a pile of ash that will blow away in any gust of wind! Offers start now." Black Hat grinned menacingly at the camera.

"And **cut**!" Flug said, turning off the cam-bot.
"That went well, S-sir!"

"Went well?! It went off PERFECTLY!" Black Hat exclaimed. "Now, I want you to take the handheld camera and finish the shoot. Take pictures of those spybots and get the images ready for the catalog!" Black Hat explained.

"I'm going to go export the recorded footage before anything goes wrong, hurry and wrap up!" Black Hat ordered, extracting the disk from the camera and heading towards the door.

"Y-Yes sir!" Flug squeaked, grabbing the handheld camera from the table and began to take pictures of the spybots.

Black Hat nodded and looked over to where you were sitting. You just gave him a lazy grin and a thumbs up. He growled.

"And Flug! Don't forget your chores!" Black Hat shouted as he left, ignoring the 'Yes, sir!' he got in return.

You let the smile fall off of your face when all eyes were off of you. You scanned the room, looking for a place to hide your 'present' for Black Hat.

While Flug was busy taking pictures of your spybots, you found the perfect place.

**Black Hat's desk.**

You grinned ominously and silently sneaked over to the desk. You slipped behind it and pulled out your 'present' and began to strap it to the desk.
You set up the trigger and everything.

You sat up and grinned at your handy-work. Setting the trigger to the next time Black Hat opens the first drawer to his desk.

You then sneaked back to the place where you sat previously. Just in time for Flug to look up from his camera and look at where you were sitting.
You smiled at him, this time without any pent up tension or rage.

"Okay. I got the photos. I guess, we'll take this stuff back to the lab and head out." Flug paused. "I'm sorry that you have to go out in your pajamas. But, I'm sure that none of our outfits can fit you comfortably." Flug explained, scratching his neck.

"Ah. It's fine dude. I might be a little embarrassed, but I'll change into the first set of wearable clothes we purchase." You smiled, perfectly lax.

"Oh. Well, alright then. We'll stop by the clothes store first. Let's get this cleaned up and we'll head out." Flug agreed, picking up the gamma ray gun and the makeshift pedestal it had laid on.

You got up as well. Putting your spybots back onto the large tray from their lineup on the table, grinning as you did so.

Yet, this time, it was out of pure glee.
You and Flug walked down the hallway, heading towards the entrance of the manor. Flug was busy counting down the things he was supposed to do before he left, all which you affirmed he did.

"I left a note for Dementia reminding her to at least take 5.0.5 out for his walk, I locked the gamma ray gun in a safe, hid the spybots, got the to-do and grocery list, I have the card to pay for our purchases and some cash...any thing else I'm forgetting?" Flug asked, mentally checking over his list within his head.

"Um...I don't think so." You said.

Right when Flug grabbed the keys for Black Hats' car, Black Hat appeared to have been passing by at the right time. This time, he wasn't holding anything.

"Oh! Sir!" Flug called out. Making Black Hat stop.

"What?!" He hissed, apparently being very busy. Probably getting ready to launch the commercial, you surmised.

"E-Er...well, we're going off to the city in the car to run errands, do you want anything in particular from the store? Maybe something for lunch?" Flug asked, as he appeared to be shifting on his feet in slight anxiety.

"Hmm...no, I don't think I'll need anything. I'm going to be busy in my office for the next few hours, as for lunch, pick up anything that's not too expensive!" He said, walking off without another word.

You just smiled without a care and opened the front door.

"Well, come on Flug! Lets go get some new clothes and finish those errands!" You said joyously, Flug following with the keys to the car.

You and him both walked outside. He stayed behind to lock the door to the house while you carried on.

You enjoyed the feeling of this planet's sun on your skin, which warmed you up and brightened your day. Literally!

You turned around when you reached the sidewalk to get a good look at the house.

. . .

You have got to be kidding.

Right in front of you was a manor that was shaped like a top hat . . . and hey. There was the airplane again. Black Hat really needs to get that removed from his manor. You shook your head at the ridiculousness of it all.

Yep.
Your boss really *does* have an obsession with top hats and suits. This can't be healthy.

Funny. If he was a tailor instead of a villain, he probably would've been a spin on that particular fairytale. The one where there was a shoemaker that lived in a giant shoe.

You couldn't help but laugh softly at the uncanny resemblance to the situation you're currently in.

You only stopped when Flug began his approach from the door to the gate. Which was also in that edgy-spiked fence type of deal.

Villains must have an intimidation quota.

Can this guy make his house any more edgy and obvious? He might as well put a sign out front that says *'Hey! A supervillain lives here! Stay off my lawn!''*.

"Okay. I'll just go get the car and bring it around to the front." Flug said, walking off to the back-end of the house to fetch the vehicle.

Meanwhile, you stood there and waited patiently. Watching people walk down the opposite sidewalks and cars go around the roundabout that's around Black Hat's manor.

*Blech.* That might as well be a tongue twister itself.

You waited for a bit and saw a sleek, fancy-like, car pull up next to you. It then rolled down its' window, revealing the interior and Flug in the driver seat.

"Alright. Hop in." Flug said.

You nodded and opened the car door.

**BOOF!**

Pausing briefly when you heard a loud noise come from within the manor behind you.

You chose to ignore it and got into the car and closed the door.

"Alright, buckle up." Flug stated, putting the car in drive and pulling out. You did what he asked, buckling your seat belt.

"Oh, uh, by the way. Did you hear something back there?" Flug asked, keeping his eyes on the road.

You just feigned confusion.

"No...I don't think I heard anything." You replied, in which Flug slightly nodded in affirmation.

You turned your attention away from Flug and towards the outside. Watching the manor grow
smaller and smaller into the distance.

'Payback, punkboy.' You thought, laughing internally as you both drove away.

--

Meanwhile, within Black Hat's office in the manor, a large pink puff of smoke and glitter, which was actually finely shaved shiny metal, was settling after a brief explosion. Covering everything it touched in pink powder and finely-shaved-metal glitter.

And Black Hat was in the middle of it all.

Covered from head to toe in metal glitter and pink powder.

He didn't know what happened at first. He opened his desk drawer, there was a click, then his vision was overtaken by the disgusting color pink.

Once he realized what had happened, fury started to make his blood boil.

He creased his brow so much that his monocle cracked from the pressure.

He also began to drool green-like spit and plan murder right on the spot.

"You're dead when you get back, (Name)!!" He snarled.

Throwing everything off of his desk in a rage.

Spreading even more metal glitter and pink powder over everything.

Chapter End Notes

This story has been completed since April 16th of 2018.
Any inaccuracies that come up with characters and such have occurred after the completion of this fic.
All Fanart has been moved to Tumblr and Tagged under 'Alien Affections'.

To read more of my fics, keep an eye out for any more that happen to come around!

Cheers~!

For primary contact with me follow this blog-
Main Blog: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

For the Tumblr Version of this fic and other writings, follow this blog-
Writing Blog: https://haxorus-imp.tumblr.com/
For instant contact with the circle that I have created, feel free to join this Discord:
https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy

Thank you all for reading my fics and giving them Kudos~!
You and Flug have a good day. Yet, you have to go home to someone who's waiting for you.
And he's not very happy.

You get new clothes and mess with Flug.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You and Flug drove down the road in silence.
You were currently watching the cityscapes fly past. Seeing many different things that normally go on within a typical city.
You saw plenty of sights throughout the urban landscape.
Be it construction, people going to work, shoppers, athletes, and even some dog walkers!
You have to admit. You were expecting something different, but it's mostly the people and the advertisements that were different.
Both for the same reason.
The people looked otherworldly, with similarities to yourself, but more angular and sharper looking appearances.
The ads were bold and bright, obviously trying to be eye-catching, but advertised things you have never heard of.
I mean, what is a 'Superior juice X-D'? Sounds like a lab experiment that's allowed to be performed on general public.
And that one as well!
'Snider's Body Improving Pills! Now with V and X Vitamins!' What's a freaking V and X vitamin?!
You leered at the advertisement as you and Flug drove by it.
'Stupid ads. Always trying to take advantage of the insecure and the gullible.' You thought, slightly calming down from your overly-happy mood from earlier.
'The city looks so...strange. The people and the way everything functions is the same, yet...it feels so far from what my home is like.' You thought.
'Almost...alien. Like me.' You frowned.
You suddenly felt a wave of homesickness wash over you. Just like the one from last night, but more aggressive.

You began to space out. Ignoring everything that was going by the window.

'I wonder how my parents are doing. Am I considered missing by now? It HAS been three days...do they miss me? How are my neighbors doing? I hope everything is okay. I hope they won't be mad when I return home. . . .IF I return home. This must be how astronauts feel. Except without the glorious view of your home planet just beneath you. When you're farther away from your planet that you can't even see it...the feeling is...unimaginable.' You pondered.

Your face must'ave shown your inner forlorn, because you were being called out of your stupor by Flug.

"(Name)!" You flinched at the shout, shaking off the lingering thoughts.
"Huh?!!" You spoke, giving your attention to Flug.

"Oh, good! You're still there." Flug sighed, keeping his eyes on the road, but shifting them to you every now and then. "You looked lost in thought for a while there. I've called you twice and you didn't respond. I got pretty worried." Flug explained.

"Oh. Yeah, sorry. I'm just thinking of. . . my home." You muttered.

Flug hummed in understanding.

"Starting to get homesick, I see." He stated. To which you slowly nodded.

"Yeah. Thinking of my parents and home. It kinda. . . .puts a damper on your mood, you know?" You looked away, staring outside at a man that was walking his dog across the street.

Flug stopped the car as you both came to a red light, waiting for it to turn green, he turned to look at you.

"I'm sorry for...uh....pulling you into this predicament, (Name). I wish it could'ave been different. That I could'ave made the machine stronger and thought ahead to include bio-particle compatibility. It's...mostly my fault that your here, stuck on this planet with the rest of us." Flug stated sadly. Turning his body forward again.

You huffed.

"Oh! Come now, Flug. We both know that Black Hat made you build that contraption." You placed a hand on his shoulder.

"I mean, Who could'ave predicted that you would'ave encountered a second Earth within that specific asteroid belt? It's like. . . A zillion-in-one chance!" You smiled encouragingly at him.

"Besides! If I was never beamed up by your machine, I probably wouldn't be on the adventure I am on now. I also wouldn't have met you! You're a nice guy, Flug. It's not your fault this happened." You reassured.

Flug just stared for a bit and looked forward, just in time for the streetlight to turn green, and your trip to continue. You removed your hand, sitting back into your seat, in a far better mood than
earlier. Yet, the lingering emotions of homesickness were still present. Yet, not as strong as before.

"Hey...uh...(Name)?" Flug asked, keeping his eyes on the road.
"Yes?" You replied.

"Thanks...for that statement. I, uh, have a bad habit of assuming the worst and taking responsibility for any wrongs that happen." Flug admitted.
"It's from...working with Black Hat these past few years."

You looked over...and grinned.

"Just remember this every time you begin to assume something about yourself or someone, Flug." Flug looked at you with a raised eyebrow.
"To assume something or someone makes an ass out of you and me." You laughed at your joke, back to your cheery self.

Flug shook his head and sighed.

"You really are a strange one, aren't you (Name)?" He exasperated. You just hummed in response.

"Oh! Before I forget to ask! I have two questions!" You exclaimed. Looking over towards Flug, you gave you a curious side-glance in return.
"First, what's the name of this city? Second, where are we going?" You asked, tilting your head.

"Well. We're going to a medium-sized retail store to buy your necessities called 'The Fitting Closet'. It's a place that sells shoes, clothes, and general items. Like soap, cosmetics, and hygiene oriented products." He replied.

"As for the name of the city, it's 'Hatsville'. We also live on 'Hat Avenue street' and the surrounding area we live in is 'Hat island'." He finished.

You felt like falling over in the car at the answers you received. Instead, you just settled for a unamused expression.

"Ah...of course it is."

You noticed a trend with hats, but you thought that was just Black Hats' problem! Now the hat thing was beginning to get ridiculous. Everything is made up of hats!

Hat everything! Hat this! Hat that!

You slumped in your seat.

"I know it's kinda silly (Name), but those are the names." Flug sighed, seeing your obvious disgruntlement.

"Yeah, I know. I just hope Black Hat doesn't own this city."

"He doesn't." Flug confirmed.

"Good."
You and Flug fell back into blissful silence after that. Feeling the car ride continue along as you both got further and further into the city.

--

You stretched when you stepped out of the car and took in a deep breath.

I was so nice to be out and about in the city and out of the manor. As a bonus, also away from your 'boss'.

You were also right about the warmth from earlier this morning. It appeared to be heating up, a warming season indeed.

You turned away from the road and looked toward the store in question.

It was pretty big.

Not supermarket big, but large enough to hold plenty of objects that it was dedicated to. In large metallic-looking letters were the words 'The Fitting Closet', along with a cartoon closet and ruler on the sign on the front, just above the entry doors.

You heard Flug finish locking the car and double-checking if he had the wallet, which you told him he did for the third time, and straightened his back. He appeared to be a little tenser than he was in the car, but you just surmise that it was because he was out in public. He did look like the skittish and shy type.

Well, if the bag covering his face had any influence on his character, that is.

"Ready to go inside, (Name)?" He asked while locking the car for the second time. You nodded.

"Yeah. I got a shirt and house shoes on. So, they can't say anything." You chuckled.

You both walked into the store together.

The place was pretty busy. Cashiers were working their butts off at the scanners to service the lines of people wanting to check out. It was probably the weekend. That's when people get paid, right? Or is that different as well?

Ah, no matter. You're here to treat yourself.

You walked ahead, ignoring some confused glances you received, while Flug followed along like a lost puppy. Probably trying to hide his face from the onlookers.

The poor guy.

You began to hunt for the section that carries your respective size. Flug following close behind. When you found it, you could already see some clothes that you adored.

"He said three outfits, (Name). Remember that!" Flug reminded. "Choose wisely or Black Hat will have our heads!" You nodded half haphazardly.
You have a feeling that he's gonna have your head anyway when you return. But, you'll climb that wall when you get to it.

"Yeah, Flug. I understand." You replied, looking at a shirt that you liked.

It took a while, but you found about three outfits that you liked the most out of the others. Flug was currently sitting outside the waiting room. Dwindling his thumbs to help crush down the growing anxiety he was feeling.

"S'up, Flug?" You greeted as you walked outside the fitting rooms. Drawing his attention to you.

Instead of your iconic alien-themed pajamas, you were now sporting a dark blue, short-sleeved shirt, that had a flying rocket and a few stars on it and some black elastic-blended jeans. However. Your house shoes, which were a plain black, were sticking out like a sore thumb on your outfit.

"You look great, (Name)!" Flug gave a thumbs up. "But, I think it's time we moved to the shoe section." He advised, pointing to your out-of-place shoes.

You agreed as you scratched your neck in slight humility.

Moving over to the shoe section of the store, you had to use those faux socks that were given out in little cardboard boxes to try on the shoes, due to your lack of socks.

You had a few shoes that were a bust, but you did manage to find three pairs. You also got three different colored socks, since that counted as a part of the outfit limit you were being punished with.

You had switched out your house shoes in favor of black socks and a pair of a two-strap, black and green athletic shoes. They fit nicely and were comfortable to wear with the heat.

By the time of your check out, Flug was slightly exhausted from shopping that long. You couldn't blame him, as you too were tired from all of the trying on and hunting for outfits that you liked.

The cashier was currently scanning your personal razor and scented shaving cream, but you could tell that she was slightly put off by your appearance. Most of the people in the lines were too. Glancing over at you every now and then.

You might as well just start wearing a bag like Flug at this point.

Yet again, your train of thought was wrecked by Flug.

"Errm, (Name)? What are these broken off tags for?" Flug asked, holding up the ripped off tags. You smirked.

"Well, I can't show you in public." You hinted, feigning indifference.

You grinned when Flug came to realization and made a flustered sound. He then muttered quietly for the cashier to scan them. Which made her just nod and scan the tags awkwardly. You hummed.
They're just undergarments. What's the big deal?

Once you both were finished, you took your bags and exited the building with your spoils. Even now, you could still see the flustered body language that Flug was giving off.

You just smirked and waited for the opportunity for the next joke you thought up.

Just as Flug and you finished placing your items into the car and got into the vehicle yourselves, you gave him a smirk.

"So. We're out of the public eye. Want to see them now~?" You joked and cackled at his distressed gaze.

"(Name)! Please!" Flug cried out.

You put up your hands in surrender.

"Okay, okay! I'll lay off!" You laughed as Flug turned away in a huff and started the car.
"Where to next?" You asked.

"To pay some bills, then we're off to get groceries." Flug grumbled, while pulling out of the parking lot.

--

The sun had begun to set when you both pulled out of the store with a shopping cart full of food.

It was a beautiful nuclear sky. Oranges and bright pinks danced around the tall skyscrapers. Causing the buildings to turn bright orange and yellow colors. Sunsets and sunrises were always the best times of the day. It's when the earth would show its true beauty.

A daily show that so many people take for granted, sadly.

You refocused your attention when Flug pressed the unlock key to the car, causing it to let out a beep.

You both began to lift things into the car. Packing them tightly enough, but careful enough to not break anything, so that they wouldn't shift around too much. You took the cart back to the cart holder in the parking lot while Flug got the vehicle ready to go, you got in and buckled your seat belt.

You both pulled out of the parking lot in silence. Until Flug spoke up.

"It's too late for lunch, so...what would you like to have for dinner?" Flug asked, slightly looking over to you.
"Black Hat gave us permission to get something to eat on the way back. But, it can't be too expensive." He affirmed.

You placed a hand on your chin.
"You can pick the place. Since I've never been outside the manor and I doubt that any fast food joint from my planet would be here. But, I'm fine with anything you get. I'm not a picky eater."

You replied, putting your hands down into your lap and looking out the passenger window.

"Okay. I guess we're having something from one of my favorite places to eat." Flug said, turning off of the interstate overpass.

You just nodded. Staring out the window.

You have to admit. The city was pretty at night. With the lights starting to turn on and all. It was like watching a shift in an environment. The neon lights began to turn on and the graveyard shift employees began to head off to work.

The stars were peaking through the dimming civil twilight, like barely visible specks on a window. Transparent, but present.

Yet again, you could feel homesickness itch at you as you looked at the sky. But, this time, you pushed it down.

Hiding it down behind the feeling of awe at the transformation of the city.

It took a bit, but you both reached the choice for dinners' destination. You almost laughed out loud at the name of the place.

While holding it in, You couldn't help but think about something in your head and knew that Gordon Ramsey would be proud.

Pulling into a place that was literally called 'Plane Food'. As it had an image of a plane flying through some clouds with the logo making up the body of the plane. With a cheesy tagline that said 'Where you go, We'll go.' under it.

Maybe some things aren't that different at all.

Flug just looked over and rolled his eyes at your obnoxious behavior.

"Yeah, yeah. The name is a pun, but they have great food for a good price!" He explained. You just nodded in agreement.

Yet, you still laughed internally as all of the cooking channel memes suddenly crowding your mind.

When you both left, you were actually pretty surprised at the selection they had. Chinese, Cajun, Mexican, Italian, you name it!

You settled for your favorite dish, you still couldn't believe they served it, for yourself and Flug had ordered for himself and the others back at the manor. He explained that they ate here annually, as he did most of their orders by memory. Usual dishes.

The car smelt wonderful as you both drove back to the manor. Your stomach growled as you sniffed the air.

You couldn't wait to make it home and gorge on your meal!

The car ride back was quiet. But a welcomed silence this time. Flug just couldn't help but break the
silence with laughter when your stomach kept making noises.

Causing you to become flustered and keep your gaze focused towards the outside. Ignoring your stomach and Flug both.

--

It was dusk when you both made it back to the manor.

The pedestrians were off the sidewalks, there were fewer cars on the road, and a calm silence fell over this part of the city. The sounds of the busier half of the city echoing from far away to create a welcome distant background noise.

The air was cooler when you stepped out of the automobile. Flug exited as well, walking over to your side of the vehicle while holding the take-out bag in his hands.

"We'll need to put the food inside first and then unload the groceries." Flug stated, walking around the house with you, right back to the front door.

He then began to search for the keys and groaned as he searched his pockets for them. Quietly muttering to himself about the placement of the keys in question.

You just nodded, not fully paying attention to Flug. As you could feel eyes crawling all over you and burning into your skin.

You looked at the windows for about the 5th time, not seeing anyone looking through them. Yet, the feeling of being watched was still there.

Flug finally found the keys and handed them to you. Knowing fully well that he was occupied with carrying the food, you approached the door to unlock it and open it for him.

*Only for the door to swing open at your approach and your airways to become compromised from the strangle hold you suddenly found yourself in.*

Flug let out a cry of surprise when Black Hat opened the door in a rage, reached over, and began to strangle you. He was in a slightly larger form than his *normal* one. He wasn't in the monstrous form yet, but this appearance was from clear anger or frustration. Flug knew that much at least.

"S-sir! What's wrong?!" Flug cried out.

Black Hat just shifted his one glowing red eye over to Flug, glaring into his goggles. Causing Flugs' knees to shake violently.

*"Personal."* He snarled. Dragging you inside by your neck, as you emitted choking sounds from the way you were being pulled by your throat.

His hand was much bigger than you remembered, not only that, but you could feel *claws digging into your skin.*

As he dragged you along, you could only look back at Flug standing in the entrance to the manor, frightened and confused.
It was short trip before you started to recognize the hallway.

You shifted your eyes to gather information on your surroundings, only to pause as you were dragged towards a very familiar room.

*His office.*

*It was at this moment, you knew you fucked up.*

Chapter End Notes

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This story has been completed since April 16th of 2018.
Any inaccuracies that come up with characters and such have occurred after the completion of this fic.
All Fanart has been moved to Tumblr and Tagged under 'Alien Affections'.

To read more of my fics, keep an eye out for any more that happen to come around!

Cheers~!

For primary contact with me follow this blog-
Main Blog: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

For the Tumblr Version of this fic and other writings, follow this blog-
Writing Blog: https://haxorus-imp.tumblr.com/

For instant contact with the circle that I have created, feel free to join this Discord-
https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy

Thank you all for reading my fics and giving them Kudos~!
Right when the doors to Black Hats' office were thrown open, you suddenly found yourself thrown from Black Hats' grip and into the dimly lit room.

You hit the ground roughly, skidding a short ways into the office. You recollected your bearings and snapped to attention when the office doors were slammed shut.

You quickly picked yourself up off of the floor to lay on your elbows, head facing the entryway to the office.

It was incredibly hard to see. If the situation was different, you would probably would've felt more awkward.

Yet, you know this wasn't a good time to reminiscence on possible events.

As you could hear footsteps approaching you with aggression.

When you got into the bending-over posture to lift yourself up and off the floor, you suddenly felt a powerful kick impact your stomach. Knocking you over onto your back, you gasped for air. Your ribs stinging in pain from the assault.

Yep. That was gonna bruise.

Yet, Black Hat didn't let up. As you suddenly felt a vicious stomp on your stomach. Completely knocking the air out of your lungs.

A few more vicious stomps followed after that. Black Hat stomps all over your exposed body. On your knees, your shins, your stomach, your hips, and even your face. You cried out when he managed to crush his foot against your eye socket and nose. He didn't break your nose, thankfully, but he did manage to make it bleed.

You swear you could already feel your bruises forming.
"I knew it was you. That **MESS** you caused got **ALL** over my clothes and even stained the carpet." Black Hat growled, digging the heel of his spat into your chest. Causing you to labor to just breathe.

"Let alone, you had the utter **GALL** to do that to **ME**." He snarled. Grinding the tip of his spat deeper into your abdomen to make a point.

You just coughed in response. Trying to catch your fleeting breath and combat the soreness of your abdomen.

"I'll show you why everyone in this house fears me. One way--" He grinds his heel into you even deeper. "--or the other."

He then turned you over onto your sore belly. You tried to quickly pick yourself up off of the ground, but it was in vain. As he crushed your progress under his foot. *Literally.*

He then lifted your rocket shirt from the back, exposing the soft-looking skin of your back that lied underneath. He had to prevent himself from drooling in excitement.

Unbeknownst to you, he had transformed his hands into claws, shredding his own gloves in the process.

You huffed in confusion, then shrieked in anguish when you felt claws similar to a panthers dig into your back.

Almost immediately, you felt blood start to bubble to the surface of the abrasions. You screamed when he began to drag his claws down your back. As if he was a cat and you were his scratching post.

It felt like someone was dragging steak knives down your exposed skin, causing pain every centimeter they traveled.

You writhed. Trying to throw Black Hat off of your back, trying to dislodge the claw tips from your skin, *anything!* Yet, he held on. Refusing to get off and you could hear him panting at the--*wait.*

Was Black Hat panting from exertion? *Or-*?

You seemed to get hit with a wave of sudden realization.

'*This sick shit! He likes doing this to people!*' You thought, thrashing about at the disturbing information. 'GET THIS SICK FUCK OFF ME!' You screamed internally.

However, Black Hat looked to be enjoying himself.

He relished at the view of his claws tearing into your flesh. It was *just as he imagined* it would feel like. The soft-looking flesh didn't disappoint. His claws tore into the skin as if it was like a hot knife through butter.
He watched, entranced as the red rivers flowed from the entrance of the wound and ran down with gravity. Creating little sanguine waterfalls that stained your epidermis. He ignored your struggling, staring at how his claws pierced the meat with such ease.

It was like a wolf digging its' claws and teeth into a newborn lamb.

The skin, *so soft*. The flesh, *so warm*.

He didn't even seem to realize it, but he was panting out loud. Running his claws deeper the further down their back he went. Oh their screams were *delicious*. Their struggles were *pathetic*.

Black Hat cackled.

Oh, this was intoxication in raw form to Black Hat. As he flicked out his forked tongue to taste the heavy scent of iron in the air. Like a sudden dose of a drug, Black Hat desired more.

*Bloodlust completely taking over the reason of this endeavor.*

You were already dripping out a few tears, holding back the full flow in an attempt to resist giving your 'Boss' the full satisfaction of this situation.

You cried out loudly when you suddenly had your hair pulled back violently.

Your scalp was still stinging from the painful tug when you felt your dominant arm get pulled outward and away from your body in a strong clawed-grip. You were still in a high state of confusion and pain when you drew your attention over to the arm in question.

The room was darker now. Twilight had set and it was harder to see into the darkness that surrounded you both.

Yet, even in the darkness, you could still see those horrible green teeth that belonged to your boss. They were opening and--!!

"NO! DON'T!" You screamed out, yet it was too late.

You let out a shrill cry at a high octave as the dagger-like teeth plunged into your triceps. Blood suddenly began to pool out of the wound like a flood. You squalled, trying to shake him off. Thrashing about in an attempt to retaliate and dislodge him from your triceps.

Yet, he only sank his teeth in deeper, piercing the flesh and growling as he did so.

You thrashed the shoulder he was biting into, which only caused scrapes to form from his unoccupied teeth.

You were like prey in a predators' grip.

You tried to take in steady breaths, yet the blood dribbling out of your nose prevented clear breaths. So, you took to inhaling through your mouth, inhaling and exhaling at rapid intervals. You could...
hear your heartbeat thumping in your ears like a war drum.

Racing and pulsing. Your flight instincts in overdrive and adrenaline flowing through your veins.

Though, pretty soon, your energy began to wane.

You started to feel dazed and exhausted. As your energy was being sapped right out of you in the form of your blood.

Which was pooling out of yourself and onto the floor. Creating a large crimson pool beneath yourself.

Then you felt him dislodge his teeth from your arm and heard what sounded like something flicking out of something wet. Yet, you were too tired and in pain to care what it was.

You hurt all over and you were just begging for it to be over.

Black Hat came back to his senses after the struggling grew weaker. Snapping him out of his bloodlust.

He refocused his vision and examined his work.

Oh dear.

You were twitching belly-down on the ground in a pool of your own blood. Claw marks going down your back, a bite on your arm that was still bleeding out with some flesh hanging off, a black eye, bleeding nose, and a bruised abdomen. He finally noticed your hair still in his grip, to which he released you.

You only gave a whimper in response, your voice hoarse from all of the screaming you did.

Even Black Hat knew that even this was too much for an error such as a prank on himself. He must'ave lost himself to the metallic scent of your blood.

Yet, he couldn't help himself.

You were just laying there and ripe for the shredding. It was hard to resist it.

He knew he failed in resisting it, no doubt.

Black Hat then released you from himself. Quickly separating him and yourself. He could see you visibly relax and try to stand up.

When you finally managed to stand up, the crimson liquid came dribbling off of your body like a light rain.

"Your punishment has been received. Go find Flug. He'll patch you up." Black Hat brushed you off, ignoring you.

With a flick of his wrist, the office doors swung open, letting the office fill up with the brighter lights from the hallway. Only then could the damage on yourself be appropriately addressed.

Yep. They're gonna need some stitches in the bite area.

You steadily nodded. Managing to find the purchase to walk and slowly make your way towards the doors. It was almost pitiful. Almost.
"Oh, and (Name)?" Black Hat called before he sat down into his office chair. He saw them look over their non-wounded shoulder with their swelling eye. "I hope you learned your lesson." Black Hat warned.

He didn't even bother to wait for your response as he flicked his wrist once more, closing the doors to his office.

Yet, even now, Black Hat could still feel that gnawing little speck of guilt eating at his conscious. That the punishment went too far. That it was too much.

Yet, he ignored it. Getting back to his papers and taking deep breaths.

The room stilled smelled of their blood.

Sweet and metallic.
He took in deep and steady breaths and licked the red stains off of his lips and teeth.

Shuddering slightly.

And it was also delicious.

--

Flug, Dementia, an 5.0.5 were currently having dinner in the kitchen again. Eating their take out in complete silence.
Yet, it was broken like fragile glass when Flug spoke up.

"Thanks for helping me get the groceries and clothes into the house guys." Flug huffed.

"Don't mention it, paperboy~!" Dementia gave a thumbs up as she ate her pizza.

5.0.5 just gave him a welcomed adorable smile.

"Yet, I'm kinda worried about (Name). What did they do to get Black Hat so mad at them?" Flug grumbled, picking at his food.

Dementia perked up at that question.

"Oh! Oh! I know what they did! And 5.0.5 does to! He was the one that had to clean it up after all!" Dementia laughed at the bears' glare.

That caught Flugs' attention. "You do? Well! Tell me!" Flug said, eager to know the answer to Black Hats' sudden wrathful behavior.

"Oh, I don't mean to gossip...but they glitter bombed BLACK HAT!" She laughed insanely. "He was pink and sparkly all over! It was so funny to see him make 5.0.5 clean it up in a blind rage. He was so furious that he had to clean his clothes, he nearly brought the suits of armor to life to hunt you both down while you two were out in the city!" She inhaled.
"He's so dreamy when he's mad~" Dementia sighed. Eyes forming into what looked like hearts for a minute there.

Flug almost choked on his own food at the information.

"They did WHAT?! Why to him of all--? Wait! It must've been a form of revenge for the spybot he crushed that same day!" Flug shook his head.
"I hope (Name) learns from this and doesn't do something like that again." He muttered.

5.0.5 just whimpered in sympathy for Flugs' distress.

Dementia just rolled her eyes.

"It's a prank. He'll probably just bruise them really bad." Dementia said, apathetically. Continuing to eat her meal.

Suddenly, all of them heard slow and steady footfalls approaching the kitchen.

"Oh, that must be them!" Flug exclaimed.

Most of the group, not really Dementia, were paying attention to the entrance of the room in silent anticipation.

Then, Flug greeted the figure as soon as they appeared in the doorway.

"(Name)! It's so good to see y--AAHHHHH!" Flug suddenly yelled, just as soon as the horror show that was you walked into the kitchen.

Your appearance was just horrendous.

You were cradling your arm, which had a large bite mark on it and was currently bleeding with some loose flesh hanging off of it, a bleeding nose, and you had a black shiner for an eye. Yet, they could see blood dripping off of you from behind yourself. Leaving a menacing trail of blood through the hallways.

Across your arms were various scrapes and bruises. You also couldn't seem to stand straight up. You were also more paler than usual. Not dangerously so, but pale enough for it to be abnormal and noticed.

You were also swaying from side to side. Like you would topple over at any moment. Seeing your dazed-looking eyes didn't make anything any better either.

Flug immediately abandoned his seat and food to rush to your side. Leaving a terrified 5.0.5 and a stunned Dementia at the table.

"Oh no! Y-You need medical aid now!" Flug exclaimed, pulling you softly by your opposite and uninjured triceps. "Oh shit...your back!" Flug exclaimed, seeing the blood pouring out from underneath your shirt.

"Dinner can wait! Let's get t-to the lab! I h-have a medical supplies there!" Flug hurriedly spoke.

You just slowly nodded. Too weak and too out of it to argue.
Flug pulled you from the dining room to get you to the lab. Just so he can apply first aid to yourself.

Leaving a worried 5.0.5 and Dementia in the kitchen.

--

Flug had to calm down or he was going to have a panic attack.

I mean, he expected injuries sure, but *this!* This was pure *brutality* for something so minor!

Flug had to take deep and calm breaths. In and out.
He did his breathing exercise as he treated and sterilized the inflicted areas to prevent infection on your body.

You were laying belly-side down in complete silence on your workbench, which was now a make-shift medical table. As it was covered in plastic and cleared of any remains of your previous projects.

You sucked in a sharp inhale as Flug applied some rubbing alcohol to your wounds. The stinging pain was hard to endure, but you'll try your best.
You survived Black Hat, so you'll get through this.

Flug was currently cleaning the claw marks that ran from your shoulder blades down to the small of your back. They were moderately deep, so there won't be any need for medical sewing.

But, you will have scars that run down your back after the wounds heal.

As for the bite, that's gonna need some stitching. As the mark was very similar to a shark attack bite.

Some skin was torn loose in that area and hanging off like a piece of ripped tarp, which needed to be repaired.

What worried him the most though was the fact that you hadn't said anything at all.

You most certainly probably couldn't speak at the moment.

To endure... *this*?
You probably screamed your voice hoarse.

Flug was calmer, yet worried as hell as he applied the padded bandages to your back.

Flug slowly lifted your body a bit, to finish wrapping the gauze around your abdomen and upper torso. Then Flug placed you back down and turned you over onto your good shoulder, giving him a good view of the bite and the inflicted area.

He carefully pulled a shot filled with a clear liquid off of the assisting tray he set up for the
stitching process that laid nearby.

"Okay, you might feel a little pinch, (Name). I'm giving you a numbing solution to ease the pain for me to stitch you up." Flug announced.

He only got a vacant and tired look in return.
You looked so tired...Flug sighed.

He then injected you with the solution.
Once the area was numb, he began to swab it with anti-bacterial pads and clean out the wounds for any remaining untouched places.

He also cleaned off the dry blood from your shoulder, your shirt has long since been removed, and picked up some needle and thread.

It was very early in the morning when Flug managed to clean and sew up the bite. He sighed in exhaustion.

It was only then that he noticed you had fell asleep. Slowly breathing in and out. Your black eye now covered with an ice pack, your back was secured in gauze, and the bite wound was treated.

Not only that, but they were clean from the dried blood that had crusted over some of their wounds.

5.0.5 is gonna have a bad time with the stains in your new shirt. That's for sure. The poor bear can't even look at blood without feeling faint.
Flug sighed in relief as you were stabilized and the bleeding had stopped.

You were going to be okay.

Well. Flug hoped at least.

Now, he just needs to get them to their room. They'll sleep better in a bed than on a table.

But, how?

Flug paused for a second, then got an idea.

He walked out of his lab in search of 5.0.5 and to his surprise, He found 5.0.5 sitting there. As if he was waiting to hear the news on you.
When he noticed Flug, he perked up and stood on his hind legs. Eagerly waiting for the news.

He knew nobody could see him do it, but Flug smiled.

"(Name)'s gonna be fine, 5.0.5. They're recovering nicely." Flug patted 5.0.5 on the head, who squeaked in relief at the news.
"Hey, do you think you can help me get (Name) to their room? I'm...uh...not strong enough to carry them by myself." Flug admitted.

The bear nodded eagerly.

"Thank you, 5.0.5. I owe you one." Flug nodded. Allowing 5.0.5 to enter the lab.
The poor bear looked like he was gonna cry when he saw his new friend in the state they were in. With a reassuring pat on the shoulder from Flug, 5.0.5 got on all fours and presented his own back.

Flug, with difficulty, managed to pull you off of your make-shift medical table and placed you onto 5.0.5's back.

Who then began to carry you to your room, with the help of Flug keeping you balanced on the bear as they headed off for their destination.

--

The manor was eerily quiet this night.

Dementia probably went off to bed, Flug surmised. Right when he and 5.0.5 made it to the guestroom that was now labeled as your room. Flug opened the door, allowing 5.0.5 to walk in first, then followed right behind him.

Flug helped 5.0.5 get to the bed that appeared to have been used that morning. It was a shame. Their first room and they're already hurt and out of commission.

Memories like that tend to stay in places like this.

Flug parked 5.0.5 next to the bed and carefully, avoiding the most injured parts of your body, moved you over to the softness and safety of the bed.

5.0.5 got back on his hind legs, observing Flug as he tucked you into the bed and covered your body with the covers.

It was so strange. Black Hat is never this violent with his underlings. Not even to 5.0.5 or himself!

Flug shook his head.

He needs to talk to Black hat about this.

Yet. He probably doesn't have the courage to. The very thought of his boss makes his knees want to shake. And again, he's starting to shudder-breathe.

Anxiety was creeping up on him again. Yet, a comforting paw was placed on his shoulder before it could worsen. Looking up into the adorable eyes of his creation, Flug sighed.

The bear could always tell when he was getting worked up.

"I'm fine. It's mostly just...thoughts." Flug muttered. "Come on, 5.0.5. We should probably let (Name) sleep it off."
But, Flug was astonished when 5.0.5 shook his muzzle at him.

"What's wrong 5.0.5?" Flug asked, puzzled by the bears' behavior.

The only answer he got was when the bear carefully climbed onto the bed with you and laid next to your unconscious body. Laying his paws over your injured form and looking at Flug with a worried expression.

Flug knew what he wanted after that action. Actions speak louder than words do in 5.0.5's case.

"Oh! You want to watch over (Name)? You're free to do so. That's fine." Flug caved. "It's probably better if they have a friend next to them when they wake up anyway." He finished.

Flug turned away from you two and headed towards the door.

Before he walked back out into the hallway, he turned back toward your slumbering form and 5.0.5's protective position.

"Goodnight, you two." He waved and turned off the light to your room.

Upon closing the door, Flug felt the weight of the events come crashing down onto him. His heart was racing and his mind was reeling for a few seconds. These events and all of this imbalance was starting to become stressful.

He just needed to shake it off. Everything is fine.

Looking at the grandfather clock that was present in the hallway, it revealed that it was 3 in the morning.

Instead of going to his respective room, Flug began to head back to his lab. He had a mess to clean up down there anyway.

After the horrifying ordeal that just transpired, Flug doesn't think he'll be sleeping for a while either.

Not tonight, at least.

He walked down the hall toward his lab and disappeared out of sight.

Leaving the manor to fall into an unsteady silence once more.

Chapter End Notes

This story has been completed since April 16th of 2018.
Any inaccuracies that come up with characters and such have occurred after the completion of this fic.
All Fanart has been moved to Tumblr and Tagged under 'Alien Affections'.
To read more of my fics, keep an eye out for any more that happen to come
around!

Cheers~!

For primary contact with me follow this blog- 
Main Blog: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

For the Tumblr Version of this fic and other writings, follow this blog-
Writing Blog: https://haxorus-imp.tumblr.com/

For instant contact with the circle that I have created, feel free to join this
Discord-
https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy

Thank you all for reading my fics and giving them Kudos~!
You slowly ebbed back to consciousness from the comforting void of sleep once again.

Groaning as you tried to wake up after being out for so long. You stretched your limbs, stiffly moving them to regain feeling back into your body.
You felt a familiar softness around you as your sense of touch began to return to you.

At first, you were confused. Then, like a movie, your memories trickled back into your mind. Except this time, the movie felt like it was skipping.

Like it wasn't complete.

You have to be honest, don't remember much after Black Hat bit into your shoulder. You just remember the pain that he put you through and the anguish you felt during that moment in time.
You don't ever remember screaming as loud as you did before that moment.

Well. Probably when you got your first game console, sure.

But, all you could recall after that attack was a light that filled Black Hats' office and a foggy memory of your legs moving to a certain destination.

You could also vaguely remember people talking loudly and frantic movements. But, most of the memories were just a blur or barely memorable. Being drowned out by the pain you felt at the time and the numbness that took over.

You shifted and hissed in slight pain when you attempted to move your abdomen. The healing wounds on your back and shoulder were painful to be mobile with, yet you attempted to shift to a more comfortable position in the sea of softness you were laying on.

Wait. Where were you currently?

Forcing yourself to pry open your non-swollen eye, you squinted, looked around, and caught sight of a familiar room.
Your room.

The room that Black Hat assigned to you not just 25 hours ago.

You cringed at the jolt of pain you felt when you attempted to take a deep breath to sigh. Ugh.

Welp. You're gonna be bedridden for a while.

You then felt a shift in weight on the bed that was not your own, confused and more aware than a few minutes ago, you looked over and sighed in relief.

It was just 5.0.5. The poor mutant bear.
He was sleeping next to you on the opposite side of the bed, curled up into a big fluffy blue ball. He must'ave not left your side all night.

He's such a good bear. You smiled.

You tried to sit up, with some lightheaded vertigo to boot, and held your abdomen. It was gonna be a pain to move to the bathroom with this level of injuries.

'Fucking Dick Hat.' You thought bitterly. 'I would'ave been healthy if he didn't...' You just fumed in silence.

Your movement caused the bed to let out a series of squeaks, giving rise to 5.0.5 as he came back from his own sleep.
When he realized what was going on, he sat up fast and smiled at you with those big friendly eyes that you've grown to love.

You smiled at him and gave him a friendly rub on the head with your hand.

"Mo-orning bear d-dude." You scrawled out.

...

Yikes. Was that that you?!

Your voice is so hoarse!

It was only now that you realized that your mouth was dry like a desert. Your tongue felt like sandpaper and your throat was stinging from the recent use.
You coughed and looked over to the worried mutant bear. You motioned something to him as you pointed to the bathroom.

He seemed to understand as he hobbled off of the bed and went to the bathroom. For an animal, 5.0.5 was pretty smart.

He came back after a few seconds with a little plastic cup full of cold water. You took it from him gratefully and drank the liquid with vigor.

The cool water washed the sandpaper texture off of your tongue and quenched your throat from it's dryness. You finished the cup of water in a few gulps and cleared your throat of any remains of
dryness.

You smiled at the bear.

"Thanks 5.0.5." You said, gratuitously.

Your voice was still raspy, but not as extreme as before. The bear gave you an adorable look and took the empty glass from you. Setting it aside on the nightstand before making his way to the door of your room.

"Where are you going, dude?" You asked, voice still raspy.

The bear looked over and made a motion with his paws. Like he was trying to cook--oh!

"You're gonna get me something to eat? Aw! Thanks 5.0.5! You're such a good caretaker." You complimented, which made the bear look off to the side in slight bashfulness.

He then opened the door, how he did it without thumbs is beyond you, and left the room. Leaving the door open so that you could see out into the hallway.

It took a few minutes before you started to get bored.
Looking around your room once again, you could see the morning sunlight drifting in through the windows.

You sighed as the ticking of the clock was your only company in the room.

'Would it have killed for Dick Hat to at least put a TV in here?' You thought, taking up staying in bed and staring at the paintings of Black Hat on the wall.
'Asshole spends more money on his ego than actual necessities.' You thought hatefully, glaring at the paintings on the wall.

Yet, you could've sworn that the painting looked right back at you. But, you just brushed it off as delusions.
You're still recovering after all.

You just rolled over and stared out the closest window. Ignoring the painting that was moving behind your stationary form.

--

Flug sighed. It was morning and he was on his way to the kitchen to get some coffee.

He was feeling the weight of his choice of staying up and not going to sleep bogging him down. He, on the bright side, had made some interesting progress on the blood sample that was received from you.

He exposed a drop from the sample to radiation and instead of mutating into another cellular form, the cells died instead of changing. This was to test to see if you could be adaptive to radiation, like a few villains and heroes from his planet, yet that has not been the case.
He then exposed it to certain chemicals.

Xepnote made the blood drop turn black and fizzle out of existence.
Vitazoti made the blood cells turn into their own white blood cell counterpart, also turning the blood drop from red to white in the process.
Teslemium made the blood drop turn into liquid metal.
Radioactium made the blood cells die and the structures to fall apart.

*Et Cetera.*

The experiments were interesting and fun to accomplish. As he has even made headway into breaking down the make up of the genes and enzymes.
Though, he's not quite there yet. He still has some work and experiments to preform on the blood sample.

Then, he'll breakdown the compound. He only has one sample after all.
And it looks like you can't provide any more for a while.

Flug yawned as he approached the kitchen and was slightly confused by the smell of breakfast in the air.

Upon entering the room, his questions were answered by the sight of 5.0.5 in an apron and cooking breakfast.

"Oh...good morning, 5.0.5. Is (Name) up yet?" He yawned. Assessing the breakfast that was being prepared.

It appeared to be some eggs, pancakes, hashbrowns, and some sausage. It smelled delicious.
But not as much as the coffee that was currently being brewed in the coffee maker. Just what he needed.

Grabbing the necessary ingredients to make his preferred coffee, he got himself a cup and poured some coffee into it.
Flug then sat at the kitchen table once more. Fixing his coffee to his preferred taste.

5.0.5 nodded eagerly. Setting aside all of the plates for his housemates, 5.0.5 grabbed a fair portion of food for Flug.
The bear then turned over the plate to Flug, setting it down on the table.

The bear paused, seemingly to notice Flugs' lethargic behavior and frowned disapprovingly. Flug caught the look and sighed.

"I...I know. I just...I couldn't sleep last night. I was up studying the sample to get my mind off of what I just witnessed." Flug took a long swig of his coffee.
"I didn't think Black Hat could get so *violent* with his own followers until what happened yesterday." Flug looked lost in thought as he picked at his eggs.

Then, something clicked.

"*Unless.*" He paused, placing his finger where his chin would be if it were visible.

*I've known Black Hat for a few years. I never once witnessed him biting someone like that. Not
even out of rage.' Flug pondered.

The blue bear just turned his head in slight curiosity.

'Could it have been...(Name)'s blood?' Flug thought, internally debating the situation. 'I haven't studied the properties of the blood. But, I do know that it holds blood cells and plasma. Any of those elements could have led to the severity of the attack.' Flug internally plotted.

'I need to get back down to my lab!' Flug thought, as he suddenly got up and chugged his coffee like no tomorrow. Setting the mug back down onto the table and hurrying from the room.

"Sorry! I'll come back later! But, I think I'm on the edge of a grand discovery!" Flug shouted as he left the kitchen.

5.0.5 had to process what just happened. He then looked over toward the untouched plate and huffed. The bear then picked up another plate of food and began to head off to your room to give you your breakfast.

At least someone is appreciative of a meal. That person being you and not Flug, for once.

--

Flug hurried into his laboratory, rushing over to the chemistry lab he had set up during the night. Presenting beakers, burettes, flasks, funnels, test tubes, droppers, graduated cylinders and watch glasses. All holding various liquids and chemical compounds. In the center was the vial that had the blood in it on a holder rack.

It was still safely present and a few drops of blood were on a slide, awaiting another test.

Hurrying over, he carefully removed the vial from the rack and picked up a small Florence flask. Dripping some of the vial’s contents into the narrow opening on the flask, not pouring it all at once into one experiment.

Just in case something happens to go wrong.

Without much hassle, he carefully placed the flask onto the Bunsen burner and got to work separating the compounds in the blood.

With most fields of sciences under his belt, Flug carefully analyzed each phase the blood went into so that the separation was a guaranteed success.

If his theory is correct, it generally means that something in your blood caused Black Hats’ unusual behavior. Hours of work putting this set together and with careful gloved hands, it took a lot of time to make sure that he didn't screw up and needed to get another sample from yourself.

You need your blood at the moment. Just for the time frame of your recovery.

With a puff of smoke and a few dribbles from the glass chemistry set, Flug gave a relieved sigh.
The separation was a success.

With great care, Flug picked the smaller 5 flasks up and off of their respective holders. Placing them in holder-clamps, he picked them up one-by-one and held them at eye level. Examining the white-yellow liquid within the first flask with sharp consideration.

He took a dropper and sucked up some of the white-yellow liquid, placed it on a slider, and walked over to his microscope station.

Placing it underneath the lens, he gave it a good look-through.

Not much was different within the contents in this flask. He's had plenty of specimens that have the same make up as this bunch. So this batch was a *bust*.

Removing the slide, he placed it within the sink next to the microscope, which was filled with sterile breakdown chemicals. Dissolving the compounds off of the slide and cleaned it at the same time. It was a handy piece of work.

Flug sighed in slight disappointment as he got back to testing. Science was trial and error after all.

It was a little bit later when he let out a frustrated groan.

The other 3 were also *bust*. Leaving only one left. He grabbed the final one, which was filled with a white and pinkish looking liquid, and placed a drop of it on the slide.

Putting the slide underneath the microscope, Flug clenched his unseen teeth in anticipation as he scanned the visible cells.

...  

*Eureka!* He's found the different compounds in your blood!

With severe interest, Flug began to take note of the cells he was seeing through the scope.

It appears that you have different antibodies and also different enzymes! Ones that were different than he suspected them being.

These were apparently hidden deep within your cell structure, to which Flug had managed to find.

The liquid he was currently studying apparently was made up of some of your plasma, iron, antibodies, and enzymes. Upon closer look, they had different appearances than the humans that made up his planet. Which was fascinating!

Without looking away, Flug reached over to the side of the microscope, the opposite side of the sink, and grabbed some cylinders that had various chemicals in them. He pulled them close to his station and snatched up some nearby droppers as well.

*Time to test.*
A while longer than intended to, Flug wasn’t having much luck on getting a reaction out of the slides' liquid. He tried Xentonin, Gaphanide, Falitoni, nothing was working!

’Maybe I’m approaching this wrong...’ Flug thought. ’I might need a new tactic. What else can I try? Let me think.’ Flug placed his finger over the place where his mouth would be.

’(Name) had stated that they were from a world where they care more about healing than war and that heroes and villains don’t—’ A sudden thought came to Flug as the idea presented itself. He then felt like slapping himself.

’Of course! I’ll try to use the V and X vitamins! The chemicals that are normally found in mutants and people with superpowers! This is an enzyme batch, so let’s see how the blood reacts to foreign bodies!’ Flug nodded to himself and opened the sinks' cabinets.

Searching and grumbling as he shifted various flask underneath the sink. All marked and sorted.

After a few seconds, with a shout of triumph, Flug pulled out two different flask. One had a red and black color shifting around in it, labeled ’V’ and the other flask contained a bright blue and a dark purple. Labeled ’X’.

Placing the flask onto the desk, Flug took a clean dropper and sucked up a small dose of the vitamin ’V’. Doing the same with vitamin ’X’.

With careful accuracy, Flug dropped in both vitamins at the same time and kept his gaze on the microscope to observe the interaction.

Flug was suddenly shocked at what he saw.

The enzymes started to attack the vitamins proteins! Viciously tearing them apart and absorbing them into their own bodies. Effectively destroying the vitamins he just introduced.

It was a steady process, but your enzymes won in the end. Flushing out the intruders and having fought with great resistance.

This seemed to open many new doors for Flug.

On one hand, Flug grew a deeper understanding of your biology. Your body was similar, but VASTLY different than he could imagine. This could lead off to other experiments, now that he has taken a different tactic route.

This shows how deep your Earths' evolution route went. So different from his own. Yet so familiar. With this new knowledge under his belt as well, Flug could only ponder the possibilities.

Your kind are resistant to superpowers and magic alike. You’re like a normal human, but on steroids.

Your enzymes weaken and shred apart with great ease the, once thought as, indestructible proteins that make up super villains and superheroes.

Not only that, but the enzymes that do the deed are hard to detect.
Meaning, if he could make a poison out of the blood, Heroes and Villains BOTH would suffer greatly if they got a dose of the concoction.

They wouldn't be resistant to their own powers, making them hurt themselves. Like poison, electricity, and radiation. They would lose their super strength, super speed, and flying abilities. Making them weak and normal. They would become weaker, making them easier to hurt. They would not regenerate body parts as fast. They would get sick from their own animal DNA.

Et Cetera.

With these alien enzymes, Flug could make one of the most potent poisons on this planet.

A mortality poison.

Flug couldn't believe it. It was the best discovery of the century!

He has to explore further! What next?! Saliva? A piece of flesh? Some hair? Bone marrow?! Grey Matter?!?

Flug suddenly blanched.

Whoa! Whoa!

Flug shook his head and placed his forehead into his palm.

'What am I doing? (Name) isn't a test subject! I'm starting to become like one of those cliche government agents...they're not an animal. They're a human. Well, an alien human, but still.' Flug shook his head.

'Yet. Even though I have found more than I intended to, I still don't know what caused Black Hat to attack (Name) so badly.' Flug leaned against the wall. Currently at an impasse in his discovery.

'I have succeeded in finding something that could change our world forever. But...after what Black Hat did...does he deserve to know about it?' Flug thought, weighing the pros and cons of the situation.

After a brief mental debate, he made his decision.

He personally doesn't think so.

Standing up from the wall, he walked over to the enzymes, picked the slate up, and placed it into the fridge that was used to house the blood sample previously.

'Once Black Hat tells me and (Name) why he did what he did, these enzymes can stay off the radar for a while.' Flug mentally vowed.

He closed the safe door and locked it tight.

Concealing and containing his deadly secret.
This story has been completed since April 16th of 2018. Any inaccuracies that come up with characters and such have occurred after the completion of this fic. All Fanart has been moved to Tumblr and Tagged under 'Alien Affections'.

To read more of my fics, keep an eye out for any more that happen to come around!

Cheers~!

For primary contact with me follow this blog-
Main Blog: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

For the Tumblr Version of this fic and other writings, follow this blog-
Writing Blog: https://haxorus-imp.tumblr.com/

For instant contact with the circle that I have created, feel free to join this Discord-
https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy

Thank you all for reading my fics and giving them Kudos~!
Chapter Summary

You and Flug bond further while Black Hat observes.

To his own discretion, of course.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You actually don't mind being hurt.

. . .

Okay, you do.

But, being injured sure did have its' perks. You've been waited on hand and foot by 5.0.5 for a while now.

You even tried to be polite and attempted to preform self-care by yourself a few times. But, even if you said 'no', 5.0.5 would still attempt to help you anyway. So, you just gave up after a while and let the bear take care of you.

He would get you a drink when you were thirsty, brought you breakfast in bed, painkillers when your wounds would start to become painful again, help you to the bathroom when you needed to do your business, and so on.

What did you do to deserve this bear? You blinked and laughed at the joke that popped into your head.

'I guess, that means he's a . . .CAREBEAR!' You snorted, mentally. Holding in your laughter, before cringing at the abdominal pain that arose due to your contained laughter.

The bear even brought in a portable TV and a remote!

The bear had left some time ago to do some chores around the house. Leaving you to your own devices.

But, you couldn't get into some of the shows that were on. I mean, there were plenty of channels, but it was mostly stuff that was product placements or evil history documentaries.

Flipping through some of the channels, you at least found a few that were interesting.

There was one that was similar to the cooking channel 'Chopped' back on your home planet. Except it was with villains' minions and they were cooking for bragging rights and prize money.
It seems harmless at first, but most of the contestants were assholes. So, it was hard to root for any of them to win the competition.

Oh, yeah.

There was also a high chance of them getting hurt on the 'cooking equipment' they were given to work with. Which was along the lines of motor-operated steak knives, steamroller-looking meat flatteners, and grinders that had cylinder-shaped pressers with spikes on them. A contestant could loose a finger or a limb in one of those machines!

Does the person who runs this show care about safety?!

'Apparently not.' You mentally huffed as you watched the TV screen.

It was dangerously worrying, yet eye catching at the same time. You guess that's why it's called 'Killer Kitchen'.

You mentally shrug.

Looking at the people on the screen, you couldn't help but pity some of them.

It must be a sad life living as a villains' minion, to which their entire life means nothing to their boss. If you die, they'll just replace you with another sorry down-on-their-luck sap. Like a cog in a great machine. All of the death, work, obedience, and risk that they give to their boss...and for what? Money? Power?

Is what they're working toward really worth their lives? Just knowing that if you get killed, someone else will replace you and take your place. Forever replacing the pieces that break loose or fizzle out of commission.

It was a sobering and depressing thought.

I mean, look at yourself! You got mauled by your own 'boss' and you're now bedridden for who knows how long.

The ass hasn't even come to apologize! You huffed and shook your head. You don't expect him to.

He's a villain. They don't feel anything. No compassion. No love. No friendship. No regrets.

Villains thrive on greed and power. Willing to walk on others for more progress to their goals. Most are wicked individuals that plot criminal acts of violence, heist, or destruction. Some have even suffered so greatly, that they can't bounce back from the life they chose. Or...in some cases, it chooses them.

You sat back, drowning out the TV while you're at it, and looked at your bandaged upper torso.

You looked similar to a mummy from the waist up. Covered in gauze and padded bandages. You haven't looked at the wounds yet, but you could tell that they were bad if you needed this much medical aid.
Even now, you could still feel the faint stinging in your shoulder from the bite that Black Hat gave you. That was easily the most painful thing on your body at the moment.

Stiffly moving your body, you averted your eyes and observed your room once again. Pictures and objects of various things decorated the wall.

Pictures of Black Hat himself, which made up most of the pictures on the walls, much to your personal discretion.

Medieval weapons hung on some weapon racks that dotted the room. Battle axes, war hammers, maces, morning stars, and the like.
A potted fern in the corner next to the windows. You couldn't really tell if it was real or fake from your position, but it looks healthy none-the-less.

You then looked at the ceiling. Remembering back home that you made some glow-in-the-dark paint for your room and you painted a galaxy on your ceiling. A piece of artwork that would vanish when the lights were on and it would appear when the lights were turned out. It helped you sleep at night back on your home planet.

I mean, this room looks pretty...bleak. You should probably personalize it!

You should probably ask Black Hat if you could change it to your liking before you do anything though...or do it anyway without his consent.

It's your room as of now anyway. There were some things you would like to change to fit your personal taste. Move some of the weapons around...maybe add a little bit more equipment? Replace the paintings with some of your own pictures and choices of art.

Something awesome for the vanity...maybe a few more plants? Maybe a newtons' cradle for your vanity as well? Some posters...and some technology!

The longer you looked at your room, the more decorating ideas flowed into your mind. At least you weren't bored.

Yet, the large painting of Black Hat next to the bed kept rousing your suspicion from time to time.

Sometimes, you kept thinking that the Black Hat in the painting was in another posture that was different from the last time you looked at it. Or that the eyes would shift into a different position every time you turned away.

You would even catch it staring at you a few times. Though, you kept brushing it off as delusions from the pain and medicine. Doesn't make it any less creepy, though. You might take that thing down foremost than anything else in the room.

You suddenly focused your attention to the sound of the door to your room opening.

At first, you thought it was 5.0.5 returning from his chores, but you were surprised to see instead of the bear, it was Flug.
He was coming in through the door with a tray that had rolls of new gauze bandages, some rubbing alcohol, and anti-bacterial pads. You hummed in acknowledgement.

Looks like it's time for your wounds to get treated. Which will probably be painful, you surmised.

Flug noticed your awake state, and waved at you. Balancing the tray on one hand as he closed the door with his foot.

"Oh! Good day, (Name)." He greeted. "Are you ready to get your wounds cleaned?" He asked, walking over to the side of your bed and sat the tray down onto one of the nightstands by your bedside.

You shrugged.

"I don't really have a choice. It's needed to make sure my wounds stay nice and clean of infection." You coughed, voice still a little raspy. But not as bad as what it once was hours before.

"Well...yes. You don't." Flug scratched his neck as he pulled over the chair from the vanity desk in the opposite corner of the room, just across from the potted plant. He began to prepare the bandages as he started to ask questions about your health.

"How do you feel?" He questioned, pouring some rubbing alcohol on a sterile cleaning pad in the meantime.

"Well. If I'm honest, like crap really. My wounds are still stinging and it hurts to breathe in deeply and laugh." You sighed. Flug nodded in response.

"Black Hat really did a number on you. Your abdomen was bruised a deep purple. So, I'm not surprised that you're having issues with breathing and laughing." Flug stated, motioning for you to sit up slightly. You complyed and hissed when your abdomen creased, Flug nodded and reached over for a pair of scissors on the tray.

"Do you remember anything after the attack?" Flug questioned, steadying you and he began to use the scissors to cut and remove the gauze from your torso.

You shook your head.

"Not much. I....think I went into the hallway? Then there was a long blurry moment with muddled movements and muffled voices. That's all I can remember mostly." You replied, shifting slightly to allow Flug to cut and remove the gauze on your shoulder.

"Well, I'm not surprised. Your brain had probably shut down from the excessive pain responses it was getting during that incident. Quite normal." He peeled back the bandages, revealing the stitched up bite wound.

You visibly cringed at the view of the stitches going across your triceps. It looked agitated, with redness around the inflicted areas and the stitches that gave it the appearance of professionally woven cloth. Despite the obvious horror that was the wound itself, it was necessary for you to heal properly. Well, seeing from Flugs' obvious hum of approval, that is.

"I'm surprised you made it to the kitchen in the state you were in. You looked like a walking
bleeding corpse! You even freaked out Dementia and scared 5.0.5 for the rest of the night! Poor bear didn't sleep until he was sure you were okay." Flug reassured.

You winced as he used the pads to clean the bites' stitching. Which stung, as you predicted earlier.

That wound was definitely going to scar. At least Flug had the intellect to use close-sewn and smaller stitches so that it doesn't leave a too obvious scar. But, it will still be visible on your body.

You hummed when Flug mentioned the lovable ursine.

"5.0.5 is such a sweet creature! He's been taking care of me all morning. He even got me a TV!"
You pointed to the television, which was now on another show, the other show having gone off.

"I see that." Flug noted.

He cleaned your shoulder and asked you to roll over so that he could doctor the wounds on your back. You wished that you could see the claw marks going down your back, but at the same time, you don't think you'll be happy to see the wreckage that's now permanently engraved on your skin.

But, hey! Now you don't have to get tattoos to show how badass you are! You were bitten by an alien and lived to tell the tale!
However, people might just think that it was just a shark bite. Which is still cool, but not as cool as you could hope for it to be.

You couldn't wait to show your friends! And your family! And...your internet friends...and...your coworkers.

. . .

You suddenly feel more homesick than ever. Thinking about your parents and your friends that you have back on your home planet.

Waiting for you...missing you!

Your home! Your accounts! Your belongings! You start to feel worried at the thoughts and possibilities that began to eat at your mind.
Visions of your face on 'Missing!' and 'Have you seen me?' signs being put up by your distraught parents made your heart feel like it was breaking and that it was as heavy as a bowling ball in your chest.

Your poor parents...they must miss you so hard...wondering where you went.

You've been gone for nearly a week. A week you've been missing. Your parents have probably figured that you've been kidnapped or you disappeared without a trace.
You couldn't bear those haunting thoughts that were swirling in your mind.

"Hey, Flug?" You asked, hissing slightly when he placed the pad that was soaked in rubbing alcohol onto your back wounds.

"Hmm?" He hummed in interest, dressing and cleaning the inflicted areas.

"Do you...think you could. . .nah. Nevermind." You muttered.
"Can I what?" Flug questioned, his curiosity piqued.

'Can you find a way to send me home?' you mentally repeated. Sorrow eating at your insides, yet your face remained unchanged. If you tell him now, you might never get this opportunity again. Stall too long, and the window to your home planet might slam down and never pop back open again.

I mean, you have been bellyaching about missing your home for about a few days. Would it get annoying if you keep saying that you missed them?

You should...just keep this to yourself for now.

"Can you find time to stargaze with me sometime?" You asked, changing the phrase from your mental statement.

Flug was so surprised from your question that he jerked a bit in shock. You seemed to process what it sounded like and coughed slightly.

"I-If you have the time that is! You know, as friends!" You followed with as quickly as you could.

"I-I-I...uh! S-sure?" Flug stuttered.

"A-Ah, great!" You awkwardly laughed.

Welp. That was awkward. You just hoped that would cover for the thought you were thinking of.

It appeared to have worked, as Flug went back to doctoring your wounds without any further conversations.

That's okay.

You need time to think anyway.

--

Now that you got hurt, you're wondering if you're really as safe as you previously thought you were.

If you died out here. . .would your family miss you? What about your friends? Would you just be another unsolved missing person mystery?

Would your friends and family searches be in vain? Just another closed cold case? Are they trying their best to find you? Has anyone noticed?

You visibly winced at the thoughts.

"Hey." Flug said, as he sat on the unoccupied side of the bed. He was looking at you with those goggles of his. Strangely not crinkling the bag that they were strapped over.

"(Name). I know you have something on your mind. You're being very quiet and distant again."
Flug stated.

You attempted to cover your thoughts with a reassuring smile, but it seemed that Flug wasn't buying your facade.

"You can tell me, (Name). I won't tell Black Hat or anything." He offered. You still remained quiet, though you dropped your false facial facade.
"Is it about...your home again?" Flug asked, looking straight out the windows.

You hummed in agreement.

"I...I know you said that it wasn't my fault. But...I can't help but feel like it is. That I ripped you away from everything you ever known. I'm actually surprised you didn't jump out of the crate and attempt to run away like a scared deer. For being so far away from home, you're quite calm about all of this." Flug huffed.

"Now look at you. You're hurt. I...I didn't find out why Black Hat attacked you so severely. I tried. But, it didn't come through the way I had...planned it to." Flug muttered.

You shrugged, figuring that it was a failed experiment.

"It's fine, Flug. But, yeah. I'll admit, I am...having homesick thoughts again. Thinking of friends and family and whatnot." You rapped.
"This journey is great, don't get me wrong. But, now that I'm injured. I realized that I am the weakest human on this planet currently. I'm soft and easy to rip open." You answered.

"If I had to guess why Black Hat attacked me so severely, I personally think Black Hat gets off on hurting people. Maybe my skin was just so easy to rip into that he couldn't stop himself." You huffed.
"That doesn't mean that he gets a pass, though! I still want an apology at least!"

Flug just nodded as he faced away from the windows and back to you once again.

"I won't lie. I thought that as well, even when I started to 'work' here." He replied.

You blinked.

"Hey, Flug." He tilted his head slightly at you. "When we go stargazing some night, will you tell me how you built that gamma ray gun? That thing was awesome! I can't believe you built that! It was truly amazing!" You stated in awe.

Flug looked suddenly flattered, as he reached up to rub his neck.

"I-I...I guess? I mean, it's sorta complicated. But, I-I'll be glad to share some information." He answered, looking away flustered.

You laughed.

"You dork, we're both nerds. I'm an engineer, remember? If I could take back some things from here, then I can prove that aliens exist!" You grinned at him as he looked back.
"And I'll make sure everyone knows your name on my planet." You snuggled deeper into the covers, wincing when you scrunched your stomach in a little too much.
Flug looked at you with a slightly confused expression.

"Know my name? Why?" Flug asked, slightly confused.

"Well, I wouldn't have the prowess to make them. Only you can do that. Because you're so great!" You said, smiling at your friend.

Flug looked away.

"It's amazing really." He mumbled. "I wouldn't have thought I would meet an alien either. Yet, here I am. Talking with one. That apparently now wants to take something back from here and scream my name to anything that has ears back on their planet." Flug laughed slightly and placed his gloved palm onto his bag-covered face.

You grew flustered at the accusation.

"It's just for credibility!" You shrieked, lightly kicking his butt from underneath the covers of your bed. To which he stood up, laughing as he did so.

"Sure it is." He waved it off. "Well, I got to get back to the lab. Black Hat is probably gonna drop by and deliver some prompts today." He said nonchalantly, as he walked around the end of your bed, picked up the tray from your bedside, and headed to the exit of your room.

"Bye, Flug! See you later." You waved him off as he opened the door. He looked back at you, if he had his true face showing, you would'ave guessed that he would'ave been smiling.

"Bye, (Name). See you later." He finished and walked out of the room, softly closing the door behind him.

You felt better after your visit from Flug. He was just a nice guy to be around! Unlike your boss. Who's a stuck up piece of shit.

Speaking of which, you glared at the large painting on the wall.

Funny.

It looked different again! This time, the Black Hat in the painting had a disgruntled look on his face, the one visible eye looking off into the distance.

You squinted at it in suspicion.

"What are you staring at, you ugly thing?" You snapped at the picture. Huffing and sitting back in the bed, you tuned back into the portable TV. Which was currently playing a show that looked similar to 'The price is right ' from your home planet. And when you got bored of watching TV, you would go back to planning the layout of your room.

Completely missing the movement of the eyes shifting to look at you on the painting.

--

Black Hat was currently sitting in his office counting the money he managed to make off of the
gamma ray gun and spybots.

A decent haul, but it could be better. WAY better. Black Hat hummed when he rolled his eye into his head to tune back in to watching his underlings roam about the manor through all of his paintings and personal little ‘windows’.

The first minion he found was Dementia, as she was in the living room, scaling bookshelves and digging around in personal archives.

She was even chewing on...?! He thought 5.0.5 was chewing on the furniture! He'll punish her for that later, make no mistake about that!

Peaking in through another one of his 'windows', he saw 5.0.5 back in his maid outfit, to which he didn't understand why the bear even HAD that outfit, and was cleaning the hallways and decorations.

It was pretty boring to watch 5.0.5 clean, to which he just changed his view point to a few more hidden 'windows' that were littered throughout the manor.

But, it wasn't until he changed back to the guestroom that was currently housing an injured you, that he was suddenly interested. Flug was in there as well, nursing the wounds that he inflicted on you with rubbing alcohol and redoing the bandages.

Seeing the wounds again made Black Hat grin. It wasn't his intention, but the marks did look nice on you. It felt like he marked his territory in a way. On an alien no less!

While not his ideal thoughts of 'space property', the unintentional harsh lesson he delivered onto them was...delightful. He chuckled to himself.

Yet, Flug should only be in there for as long as he needs to be...why is he sticking around them so much?! Black Hat snorted slightly, staring through the 'window' with a burning eye and gritted teeth. Yet, even if the view was disgusting, he kept watching.

Upon further speculation, it seems that his engineer and his scientist were getting rather...chummy with one another.

They were talking about recent events and seemed to be...making friends with each other?!

Black Hat felt like getting sick at the thought of two of his underlings getting into a relationship that was more than professionalism would allow to be standard.

They even asked Flug if he would like to go stargazing with them! Oh, how sickly sweet.

Black Hat flicked his forked tongue out of his mouth, still smelling the blood that lingered in his office. Even after it had long since been cleaned up by himself. Still intoxicating as ever. Sweet and metallic. The best combination for blood.

Then, Black Hat refocused his vision on the guest room, tuning back in when the two of them started to talk about the engineers' family.

Aw~!
They miss their home and family! How *pathetic*.

Black Hat didn't expect Flug to get along with this newcomer so well. Especially not now. They're even *cheerier* than before. Black Hat held back a retch.

He *HATES* them. He will also *NEVER* apologize. To *anyone* for *anything*!

He felt his powers manipulate the expression on the painting as he observed you and Flug joking around and talking about certain things.

It was probably showing the disgruntlement on his legitimate physical features. Not a surprise to himself, really. He does it all the time when he longs to scare someone out of their skin! Ah, those types of expressions are the priceless ones to behold. It's what he *LIVES* for!

When Flug left, he noticed at how his little engineer would look over to the painting at some points in time. What he *DIDN'T* expect, was them snapping at the painting and calling it an *'ugly thing'*. He gritted his teeth slightly at the insult, shaking his head in disgruntlement.

Black Hat rolled his visible eye forward, revealing his jet black slit pupil once again, and turned his chair around to face the rose-tinted window. His mood thoroughly dampened.

Though, when he looked outside, he caught the view of dark clouds brewing over the city.

Black Hat waited for a few minutes and heard the distant sound of thunder rumbling across the sky in the distance.

He grinned in delight.

Stormy weather was always the best time for picking on his minions. It has the right atmosphere for pulling tricks.

Especially if there was a blackout during the storm! They're completely unexpected and cause great unease~!

'*Oh...how unfortunate would that be~? ' He thought, as a wicked idea came to him.

Black Hat grinned ominously at the thunder outside grew ever closer.

Chapter End Notes

This story has been completed since April 16th of 2018.
Any inaccuracies that come up with characters and such have occurred after the completion of this fic.
All Fanart has been moved to Tumblr and Tagged under 'Alien Affections'.

To read more of my fics, keep an eye out for any more that happen to come around!

Cheers~!
For primary contact with me follow this blog-
Main Blog: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

For the Tumblr Version of this fic and other writings, follow this blog-
Writing Blog: https://haxorus-imp.tumblr.com/

For instant contact with the circle that I have created, feel free to join this
Discord-
https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy

Thank you all for reading my fics and giving them Kudos~!
Night Terrors

Chapter Summary

You get chased by something right out of Silent Hill.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

**BOOM!**

You suddenly jolt awake at the loud thunder that vibrated throughout your room. Shaking your living quarters and vibrating throughout your lungs.

Looking around your room in a slight panic, you observed your surroundings with frightened eyes. You couldn't see much within your darkened quarters.

Rain was pelting the windows from the outside with thick rain drops splashing against the window pane.

Each thud from a raindrop sounded similar to someone throwing bits of gravel at the glass from outside the manor.

You looked around in slight confusion at the darkness that had taken up residence in the sky and within your dorm.

It appeared to be very late, as your room was dimly lit by barely visible streetlights and an occasional flash of lightning that came from the storm that was raging outside the manor.

It was dark and strong wind was howling against the glass, shaking them slightly, yet the windows were securely shut. You blinked and rubbed your eyes, all while facing the windows and toward the end of your bed.

You jumped in your skin when another flash of lighting lit up your room and a loud clap of thunder rumbled just overhead. You shook it off and lifted the covers off of you so that you could sit upright.

Looking at your darkened room, you could see the portable TV had been shut off after you dozed off and moved next to the doorway to your room. You shifted and grunted as your wounds began sting again. Every movement of your arms made you hiss in pain.

’Damn. I’m probably gonna have to get some painkillers...’ You mentally groaned.

You sat up and tried to get out of your covers.

Drawing a hiss through your teeth as you maneuvered out of the bed. Slipping on your house shoes that were sitting by your bedside, you took careful steps further into your dimly lit bedroom. You
then approached the shaking windows and took a peek outside.

Now that you were standing next to the windows, you actually could see how hard it was pouring down outside. The rain battered the window and it was creating a dense mist along the roundabout down below. The view itself looked ominous.

The streetlights were barely visible. Only their muffled lights stated their actual presence. Rain would dribble onto the pavement and sidewalks. Causing ripples to disturb the pools and puddle that had formed on the streets and sidewalks.

You even saw a person walking through the downpour with an umbrella. Trying their best to stay dry, it seemed.

You cringed in pain as you attempted to twist your body around to watch said person disappear from sight, you sighed slightly in frustration.

Yep. You're gonna have to go get painkillers.

You could probably just call 5.0.5 and ask the bear to get them for you, but you didn't want to be completely reliant on the bear. You barely had any other options, other than enduring the pain, but you weren't going to endure the pain for hours on end.

You look toward the clock that hung above the doorway to your quarters. It read **12:45 pm**.

You huff and groan. 5.0.5 probably wasn't even up at this time and your guest bathroom didn't have a medicine cabinet!

Out of options, you walked over to the door to your guestroom and opened it.

. . .

Outside your room was even darker, as it was not lit by any windows or streetlights like your room is. There was no way you were going out there without a flashlight to aid you!

You closed the door and placed your finger on your chin, trying to think of something.

Then, you had a premonition.

With a cautious trip over to search the dressers in your room. You grunted in frustration when most of them came up empty.

Except the one nightstand that was closest to the large Black Hat painting by your bed. You hummed out in success. 
Retrieving the flashlight, you checked to see if it would work.

It flickered a bit, but it stayed lit.

Going back to the doorway to your quarters, you turned on the flashlight. The brightness of the beam didn't have a lot of intensity, but it was better than nothing and stumbling around in the darkness of the hallway completely blind to all of the decor and obstacles.
You walked out into the forlorn and deserted hallway and began to make your way to the lab. Hoping that place would be the area that holds your valuable painkillers.

Besides. Flug is known to work late. He'll probably help you with your predicament!

Well...you hoped he would, anyway. Even if he isn't there, you could find them on your own without tarnishing someone's sleep schedule. So, it's good either way.

You continued on your way, listening only to the sound of your own house slippers tapping against the dark-tiled floor and the forces of nature pounding on the roof in muffled fury. You would shine your weak beam of light off toward some decor that were in the hallways. You would admit, the place was quiet. With the exception of you and nature, it seemed that everyone either went to bed or they've all gone to a single room in the house.

Any option is fine, as long as you're not alone.

As you carried on your way, you began to hear a second pair of footsteps following your own. You paused, yet you heard nothing after you stopped. You froze for a moment before brushing off the event as your own overactive imagination. I mean, your mind is your greatest enemy in the dark, right? Science says so. You just chuckled and started to continue on your way.

When you moved, you didn't hear the footsteps for a bit.

But after a few moments, you heard the unidentified footsteps following you again.

You shot your eyes sideways quickly and started to tighten your grip on the flashlight.

You paused once more and heard nothing following you. You began to sweat slightly as those incidences were too close for comfort to be your imagination, fastening your heartbeat slightly. Despite the unnerving situation you found yourself in, you took a deep breath and gathered up all of your courage.

You turned around slightly and pointed the flashlight back in the direction where you came from. Seeing nothing but darkness. The hall was as barren as you passed though it not seconds earlier. You took a few shaky breaths and attempted to calm your racing heart. You turned forward again and began to walk once more.

Then, you heard them again. Following you once more. You attempted to ignore them, walking forward.

Tap, Tap, Tap

You began to grow more anxious. Your hand was now steadily shaking from the fear that you were trying to conceal. Again, with a deep breath, you began to plot a test.
You shifted your eyes behind you slightly and prepared for your test. It took a little bit, but you put your idea into motion.

You suddenly tapped your feet out of sync rapidly, listening as the footsteps kept their pace. Falling into silence as you stilled.

_Yep._ Those weren't your own, nor were they your imagination.

Knowing that didn't make you feel any better. It just made you even more paranoid and frightened.

You continued to walk again, passing by the relics in the halls. You should've been at the stairs to the lower floors by now. . .did you make a wrong turn somewhere? You could feel your heartbeat speed up. You're getting very anxious, the sweat was pooling at your brow and your shaking began to worsen.

"This is like a cliche horror movie..." You mentally mumbled as you attempted to calm yourself.

In and out. In and out. Relax. _Re-!!_

You heard the footsteps again, this time they were much louder. You turned around rapidly, scanning the inky black halls. Yet, you saw nobody. You're sorry excuse for a flashlight didn't really help you in this predicament at all. Which just made you even more nervous and scared of what's following you.

"H-Hello?" You stuttered, your heart rate was steadily increasing. "Who's there?!" You squeaked out, failing to at least sound calm or intimidating.

You could hear the footsteps grow closer and your breath catches in your throat as your flashlight makes out a murky figure approaching you in the darkness.

You make out the familiar shape and relax at the sight of it.

"Oh...it's just you, boss." You sighed.

Even if it's your boss, it's better than any other thoughts that passed through your overactive mind. "I thought you. . . y-you. . ." You trailed off as the creature, that you thought was your boss, came into the light.

You suddenly let out a _surprised cry of raw fear._

You stumble back to get away from the. . . _creature_ that was illuminated by your dim flashlight.

It had a similar silhouette to your boss. However, the creature before your barely illuminated flashlight was anything _but your boss._

_It was a creature that had its' chest split open like a mouth. Discolored teeth lined the opening to the wound and gaped to it's own accord. The creature was wearing a suit that shared a close resemblance to your boss's outfit, yet it was covered in blood with little eyes and mouths tearing through the fabric of the suit._
There was a hat on top of the creatures' head that had mouths and blood oozing out of the top of it. The 'head' of the creature wasn't even a head! It was a blank skull-like monstrosity, the appearance sharing the texture of bone, yet the appearance of flesh. The 'feet' it was walking on wasn't even feet either! The lower half of the beast shared the appearance of a torso, the lacking bit of it being a head. As the monster was walking on arms and not legs.

The upper hands showed no similarities to the lower, more normal-looking ones. The upper body's hands shared closer similarities to withered tree branches, each with three grotesquely long finger-like appendages. Blackish skin and blood stains coated the creatures' fingers.

As soon as you processed everything, your flight instincts flew into overdrive.

You were off and running before you even processed it, the pain of your back, neck, and stomach completely numbed out by adrenaline. Your mind was reeling as you sped down the hallways. Trying to even comprehend what you just WITNESSED in the hallway.

'What the fuck?! What was that thing?!!' You thought, frightfully. 'That damn thing looked like it crawled right out of Silent Hill or Resident Evil or some shit!' You panted as you sprinted down the hallways.

You suddenly heard a blood-chilling screech ring out after you ran. Suddenly hearing rapid thumping trailing after you.

Looking over your shoulder, you could see the silhouette of the monster skimming across the ground after you, using it's upper hands' long fingers to drag itself across the ground after you. You didn't even have to point your flashlight at it to see it, as it was like a large skimming shadow-like mass skating across the floor after you at high speeds.

You let out a high pitched shriek as you turned many corners, trying to loose the beast. Your heart was racing faster than anything you have ever felt as you darted down the halls, your legs burning from the exertion. But, you kept on running and turning corners and dodging clutter in the hallways.

You managed to get some distance from the monster, but you could still hear it trailing after you from a few feet away. You were panting like an animal as you dashed through the maze of halls and around obstacles. The screeching was still present from behind you, yet it was fainter.

Still, you needed to get away!

Finally, you spotted the stairs to the lower floor. It was like a beacon of hope for you.

Without even thinking about the consequences of doing so, you just jumped down the flight, sailing over the stairwell and, surprisingly, landing on your feet at the bottom of the stairs. You were winded, but you didn't stop until you were safe. You bolted for the lab entrance as soon as you spotted it.

Darting into the lab, you slammed the door shut. Hopefully keeping the monstrosity on the other side and away from yourself.
You backed away from the door as slowly as possible, suddenly feeling the pain in your legs, back, neck, and stomach intensify. Your feet suddenly roared with pain and your lungs burned for air. You bent over in slight pain as you suddenly felt immense agony take over. You tried to take in deep breaths and gasped for air. Not only that, but you felt your neck start to become wet with a warm liquid, which slightly confused you.

Looking over at your shoulders' triceps, you could see your bandages slowly becoming a crimson red color and pain beginning to pulse from the wound.

Great.

Running for your life from that damn monster just reopened your stitches on the bite. Now how were you going to fix this mess now? You don't have any medical experience aside from basics. No surgery training nor experience in stitching up wounds. You would doubt that you would be able to reach the wound anyway.

Only a few seconds after your adrenaline had subsided, did you hear the sound of snoring accompanying you in the lab.

Looking over to the opposite workbench of your own, you saw Flug passed out at his station. Sleeping on an unfinished blueprint on the table. You sighed out in relief. That monster didn't manage to get your friend.

Maybe he could also...patch you up again? I mean, he won't mind his nap getting disturbed, right? He's not supposed to be sleeping here anyway...let alone at his station.

Walking over to his station, you observed the blueprint real quick before you woke him up. It appeared to be a blueprint for some kind of suit and it doesn't look like it was requested by your boss.

Flugs' own side-project possibly?

You smiled at the drawings of the suit. Flug appeared to have a few designs in mind, some of them were scrapped and scribbled out on the paper. Others seemed to be in the process of being 'considered' for building. It was fascinating to see his handiwork on a piece of paper for the first time. He is a superior genius after all!

Yet, even when looking at the pictures and Flug himself, you almost felt ashamed about waking him up from his peaceful slumber.

Poor guy doesn't look like he gets much sleep. He's always stressed out, anxious, socially awkward, or worried. Seeing him sleeping peacefully, seeing his completely relaxed face snoozing on his work station, you almost just want to pressurize the wound and sleep on the cot until Flug got up on his own.

Yet, you knew that wasn't an option.

Still...seeing him sleeping there...you kinda envy him. Yet, you're grateful at the same time that he's getting some much-needed sleep.

He's also...kinda adorable when he sleeps.
You felt a painful sting in your shoulder.

Oh. Yeah.

You took a breath and nudged Flug, who mumbled in slight agitation at being woken up, before suddenly jolting up and fumbling around rapidly.

"AH! I'm sorry I slept here, sir! P-please-!" Flug turned around quickly and cut himself off when he noticed that it was you.

"(Name)! W-what are you doing up?! You should be in bed!" Flug quipped, studying yourself. He then noticed the red bandages on your shoulder and sighed.

"I couldn't go back to sleep without some painkillers and 5.0.5 wasn't with me." You answered. "By the way, Flug. Do you have any painkillers? I really need some right now." You explained, giving the unamused scientist a cheeky grin.

Flug just smacked his covered face.

--

You sat on your workbench in silence as thunder rolled through the building once more, listening to the muffled thudding of rain and the distant howling of wind on the outside of the manor.

You couldn't feel the needle pulling your torn skin back into place as Flug, with a surgeon's discipline, carefully fixed the loose stitches. Having been numbed up once more by painkillers and a numbing solution for your shoulders' triceps.

Even if you couldn't feel it, the imagery of Flug putting a needle though your skin was a little disturbing to watch. So you closed your eyes and waited for him to finish up.

As soon as Flug started to place sterile strips onto the wound site, you opened your eyes. The affected area was now covered and carefully bandaged with clean gauze.

Flug sat aside his medical tools and crossed his arms, looking at you with a questioning gaze. You looked away slightly and picked up the medical equipment, just to fiddle with it for a bit.

"So. Do you mind telling me what caused your stitches to open up? Did you sleep wrong? Tried to lift something? What?" He asked as he took the medical equipment from you and placed them into the sterile basin that was near the entrance and next to the machine with many lights and levers.

"No. At first, I needed painkillers because I couldn't go back to sleep with a dull ache. Next thing you know, I was out in a dark hallway and suddenly find myself being chased by a damn mouth-eye monster that was wanting to eat my ass!" You exclaimed, flailing slightly.

"Flug! Please! You gotta believe me!" You cried.

"A mouth-eye monster?" Flug lifted his unseen brow as he cleaned the tools.

"Yeah! The thing looked like it crawled out of Silent Hill or somewhere! It had a suit on and a gentlemen's hat and-" You were suddenly cut off with Flug shaking his head.
"Don't worry, (Name). I believe you. I just know who scared you is all." Flug flatly explained. Much to your confusion. "It was Black Hat. He has the ability to shapeshift into people or horrifying creatures." He said, wiping his gloves off with a towel.

"He always takes advantage of a big storm that passes through every now-and-then to scare everyone that lives here. Usually by shape-shifting into horrible-looking creatures and roaming the halls throughout the terrible weather. Especially if there's a blackout." Flug helped you off the table.

You blanched. Shape-shifting sounded awesome, but in the hands of your boss? That's a nightmare!

"So...I got the crap scared out of me...by my boss?" You muttered, to which Flug nodded. "Yes. But, if you stay in your room, he should leave you alone. He only patrols the halls...from what I recorded him doing anyway." Flug yawned. "I'm glad you woke me up though, (Name). I should've headed to bed a few hours ago, but I got caught up in a personal project of mine." Flug sighed.

"I'm just glad you were down here when you were, Flug." You smiled.

Flug blinked and rubbed his neck again out of embarrassment. Suddenly, both of you jumped as another loud clap of thunder surged through the house.

"Geeze! Is it always this bad?" You mumbled, looking toward the ceiling. Flug shrugged. "Happens commonly around this season. That's just island weather for you." Flug waved it off. "Here follow me, I'll help you get back to your room safely." Flug said, waving for you to follow him as he picked up your discarded flashlight and opened the door to the stairwell.

You followed close behind, not wanting to get lost with a morphing Black Hat on the loose. Or, you just didn't want to run into Black Hat. You're really not in the mood to deal with that prick right now.

_or ever, in your case._

--

Flug and yourself were heading back to your room, both of your footsteps and the sound of heavy rain on the roof as your only comfort. Even though your feet hurt pretty badly from jumping from the top of the stairwell to the ground floor. Which probably wasn't the smartest idea, but people do crazy things when they're scared out of their minds, right?

It was a comforting silence and atmosphere for the most part.

Well.
Until you both heard what sounded like maniacal laughter and high pitched screaming coming from one of the hallways. Flug and yourself seemed to recognize the laughter as Black Hat and the other as Dementia.

Flug and yourself hurried into another direction towards the guestrooms, you didn't want to run into Black Hat in your current state and Flug didn't really want to see his boss catching him up after hours when he was supposed to be in bed.

Hurrying to another hallway, you started to see the familiarity of it and low and behold, you saw your guestroom just a short distance away.

You and Flug made your way inside and closed the door, both of you sighing out in relief.

"Well. That was a night terror I don't want to see or ever experience again." You grumbled. To which Flug nodded in agreement.

"Me neither, (Name). But, I've dealt with that stuff for years. I'll make sure that you know what not to do around him." Flug stated, to which you gave him a pleasant smile and chuckled.

You then yawn out in exhaustion.

"Thanks again for patching me up and guiding me to my room, Flug. You're a good friend." You gave him a relaxed smile over your shoulder as you made your way to the bed. Flug grew slightly flustered at that and touched the tips of his pointer fingers together in mock-shyness.

"Err. . . You're welcome, (Name)." He mumbled, pressing his palms together and dwindling his thumbs.

You laughed lightly as you inched your way underneath the covers and got back into a comfy position. To which you yawned once more and snuggled deeper into your covers.

"Have a safe trip back to your room, Flug." You answered drowsily. Giving out a similar yawn paired with a stretch, Flug nodded.

"Thanks." He answered as he took the flashlight and slowly made his way out the door and back to his own room, closing your door.

Just like the way it was before, you were alone in your room to the sound of rain pattering against the window and wind howling outside. Yet, the thundering and lighting had died down a lot, just leaving the rain and wind in it's place. It was soothing to yourself as you began to doze off.

Your eyes grew heavy as your breathing evened out and body, which was now pain-free, relaxed itself. You closed your eyes and in a matter of minutes, you were asleep and slumbering peacefully to the sounds of rain and wind.

It was about an hour later when footsteps began to approach your room.

You didn't hear the door to your room open as a dapper figure silently strolled in, a single empty wineglass and a bandage in his possession.
While A flicking forked tongue guided him to your bedside.

You, unaware of the intruder, slumbered peacefully. Muttering slightly as the figure reached out with a clawed hand and began to pet your head.

Not feeling the claws that trailed though your hair nor hearing the pleased hum that followed, you snoozed quietly and undisturbed.
A single claw curled underneath your chin and tilted your head towards the left side of the bed. Exposing your vulnerable neck to the intruder.

Setting the wineglass down on the nightstand for a second, the unoccupied hand then extended a claw from the pointer fingers. In which it was then used to puncture your numbed collarbone. You merely whined slightly in discomfort at the pressure the non-numbed skin was feeling. Yet, the process continued, completely undisturbed.

Much to the intruder's delight.

The sharp claw punctured rather deeply then was carefully pulled out.

Blood seeped out of the puncture wound in a light flow. Pouring out with the pulse of your heart. Causing only minor discomfort to your sleeping form.

Using one hand, the intruder picked up the wineglass and placed the glass underneath the wound, as it began to collect the sanguine liquid. With a decent amount of patience, the wineglass was filled by 5% with your blood.

When it was collected, the hand that wasn't holding the wineglass released your chin, and instead was used to apply the bandage.

The dapper figure then walked to the exit with his prize and left the room with a small click of the door. Leaving only your slightly disturbed form to snooze off his intrusion.

Meanwhile, Black Hat was gleefully opening up one of his favorite bottles of wine. To cheer on his successful night of terror once again.
This time, he managed to get the alien as well!

With his wineglass filled with the blood he attained from yourself, he poured himself a decent amount of wine. Which shared a color that could be seen similar to a black ocean or dark waters, as it filled up the glass and spread the blood around within itself.

The red mixed beautifully with the black liquid. Mixing around within itself like ink.

Black Hat then picked up a spoon and stirred his late night treat. Once finished, he raised it slightly.

"To another night of fear and nightmares~" He cackled, right before he took a generous sip of the wine-blood brew.

There was a tingle that shot down his spine as he swallowed the liquid. He felt tingly inside and like his feet were on pinpricks.
It was a glorious high as he felt his hands grip and toes curl.
Your blood was so delicious.

It was perfect to collect for celebratory purposes!

Black Hat continued to drink the hybrid wine with steady gulps all through the night.

Admiring the alien spin on the mixture, which was now quickly becoming his new favorite drink.

Chapter End Notes

This story has been completed since April 16th of 2018.

Any inaccuracies that come up with characters and such have occurred after the completion of this fic.
All Fanart has been moved to Tumblr and Tagged under 'Alien Affections'.

To read more of my fics, keep an eye out for any more that happen to come around!

Cheers~!

For primary contact with me follow this blog-

Main Blog: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

For the Tumblr Version of this fic and other writings, follow this blog-

Writing Blog: https://haxorus-imp.tumblr.com/

For instant contact with the circle that I have created, feel free to join this Discord-

https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy

Thank you all for reading my fics and giving them Kudos~!
Rise and Fall

Chapter Summary

You get better.

But, Dementia falls horribly ill.

Chapter Notes

ANGST GALORE!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A few days later, you finally get to a point where you could walk around the mansion without feeling too much pain and not needing to be waited on hand-and-foot by 5.0.5 all of the time.

With a large stretch, you whine in relief as you can finally move your body without instigating too much pain.

Thankfully, Flug was picking up the slack of your absence, meaning that Black Hat would stay off of your case until you fully recovered. But, now since your well on the road to recovery, you can finally get your butt back into the lab and work on some projects.

You would finally be relieved when you get back to normal.

It was hard trying to bathe in the bandages. As you couldn't take them off and leaving them on your body for too long caused them to reek.

You can't wait to get the gauze off and finally work at the ideas that have been brewing in your mind for the past few days. It would be a much needed change of pace from sitting in your bed and doing nothing all day until you eventually passed out again from boredom.

Getting up and putting on your new jean pants, which were a dark grey, you slipped on some black socks with your black glow in the dark sneakers and stood up and off of your bed.

You couldn't put on a shirt just yet, as today you were getting your bandages removed from around your torso, and it would only get in the way.

So, you just picked out one that you would slip on after the bandages were removed from your abdomen. In which it was a plain black shirt with bright green words that say 'I see Aliens' on it.

You walked out of your room and out into the hallway, passing by the menacing decor and suits of armor on your way down to the lab.

You appeared to be thinking as you made your way to the stairs, looking slightly scorned.
'Two weeks. I've been gone for two weeks.' You thought, mournfully. You just sighed. It can't be helped. The homesickness has been getting worse as the days go by and your 'vacation' from your home world gets longer.

You've also noticed how you are losing your normally relaxed personality. Slowly becoming stressed or shut in. To think that you used to wear your heart on your sleeve.

'I've gotta get back to doing relaxing hobbies. . .listen to music. . .something. This planet is changing me from my normal self to a high-strung person. I haven't even been here a full MONTH.' You thought.

You began to approach the stairs to the lower floors, getting closer to your destination.

'I wasn't this way until Black Hat mauled me.' You blinked before you frowned. 'Great. The man gives me a few scars and now I'm not behaving like myself! All over a stupid prank.' You internally hissed.

'I'm going to try to be more laid-back and positive today! I'm getting these bandages off, getting back to work, and relax like I used to. I'll sooner be damned than let Black Hat break me and take away my optimism!' You mentally encouraged yourself as you started to descend the stairs to reach the lab.

You began to smile, your thoughts brightening your day.

'I'll get home soon! I'm just gonna enjoy the ride and follow what Bob Marley said back on my planet. Everything's gonna be alright, don't worry be happy.' You cheerfully lifted your spirits as you opened the lab door and let yourself in.

Inside the lab currently was Black Hat, slightly to your digression, and Flug. Who was nervously holding onto one of his arms and listening to Black Hat order him to do something. You only caught onto the last of what Black Hat was conversing about when you walked in.

"-Then! We will make another freeze ray! Our profits will rise, surely! Get to work on those immediately!" Black Hat finished, writing out something on a notepad that he was holding.

"Yes, S-Sir." Flug agreed, nodding his head and taking the notepad from Black Hat.

It was only when Flug looked away from Black Hat that he noticed your presence.

"Oh! I see you a-arrived, (Name)." Flug greeted, which caused Black Hat to turn around. He cocked his long brows at your upper bandaged torso, currently not being covered by the shirt you had in your hands.

"I see you've recovered fairly well." Black Hat stated as you walked over. You acknowledged him and gave him your signature lazy smile. Grinning bigger when you noticed his long brow twitch in agitation.

"Yep! I'm well enough and ready to take these bandages off, Flug!" You said with a smile.

Flug was internally happy to see this side of you again, grinning and brimming with joy.
the first few days you came to his planet. Which now felt so long ago, despite only being two weeks ago.

"I see. G-go over to your workbench and I'll be over in a second." Flug stated, hurrying over to gather the medical supplies to remove the gauze around your upper body.

You nodded at his request and parked yourself onto your workbench. Noticing Black Hat had followed you to the table and was standing there. It felt like an awkward few minutes, before you smiled at him.

"S'up, boss?" You waved.

Black Hat just raised an unamused brow at your greeting.

"What's crackle lacking?" You grinned bigger when his eye twitched.

"What?" He growled.

"How's it hanging, B-Dawg? What up, Big B? Big cheese, how do you please?" You gave him the finger guns, while he just grew more agitated.

"Big Hat, Man in Black, Saucy Gentleman, Double B, Head to the hat-"

"ENOUGH!" Black Hat yelled, silencing you and scaring Flug. He snarled at you, his visible pupil a frustrated red and black.

... You grinned at him.

"Righto, Bosso!" You laughed when he growled in warning at you.

Flug hurried by Black Hat and toward yourself. Setting the gauze shears, cleaning pads, and sterile ointment on top of your workbench. He was also holding a chemistry apron to cover up your front while he took the bandages off. Like all of the times he had to change or redo your bandages.

Flug began to prepare you to remove the gauze, slipping on the apron as he did so, and pausing to stare at his boss when Black Hat hadn't left the lab yet.

Black Hat noticed the stare that Flug was giving him as you adjusted on the table. He leered at Flug.

"What?" He snapped. Flug jumped at the accusation.

"U-Uh. If you d-don't mind me asking, s-sir. Are you going to s-stay for the removal of the b-bandages?" Flug stuttered, facing toward you when you got the apron on and faced the opposite way on the workbench.

Black Hat scoffed.

"Of course, I'm staying. I want to see the wounds that I inflicted upon them." Black Hat spoke, like it wasn't a traumatizing experience for you. You gave him a subtle stare over your shoulder before facing forward again.
"R-Right." Flug muttered, picking up the scissors and he began to remove the gauze.

It felt great! Like a butterfly breaking through it's chrysalis and drying it's wings to prepare to fly. Your breathing got easier and your skin popped back out, freeing itself from captivity. You sighed in relief as the gauze began to shed off of you in ribbons, freeing yourself as you relax.

Once most of the gauze was removed, Flug let out a whistle at the scars that were revealed. While Black Hat seemed to be impressed by his own handy work.

The wounds had healed nicely. Varying from light pink to a hot pink.

There were four scars that trailed down the length of your back. The farthest scars from the middle were a light pink, not being the center of all of the pressure when Black Hat attacked you. While the dark pink was within the center of your back, where most of the pressure from Black Hats' claws was centered around.

Black Hat and Flug inspected them both. The scars were still settling, but they would heal over nicely and leave pink marks in your skin. The bite was also healing over nicely, though, the scars of it were much more red. Still healing as of that moment, just after having the stitches removed from your body a about a day ago.

It would still need to be covered with a sterile strip, but it's not as severe as it was on the night of the attack. In appearance, it almost resembled a shark bite.

"They look g-great, (Name)! They're healing quite nicely with the special healing o-ointment I was using on you." Flug explained, as he cleaned them up with the cleaning pads and applied the said ointment to the bite wound. Then applying a new sterile strip to it. Covering it up once more.

"Awesome! Can I go to a mirror and see them?" You asked, eagerly bouncing on the workbench.

"I-I guess? There's a mirror in the bathroom." Flug said, while collecting the discarded bandages.

You hopped off of your workbench and hurried to the labs' bathroom.

To some people, scars are ugly. To others, scars tell stories of past hardships. To you, they're Black Hats' version of something that you can take back with you to your home planet.

Even if it wasn't with your consent and was permanently engraved on your body.

You still didn't favor Black Hat. Nor liked him as you think you should. He hasn't even apologized for attacking you yet.

You just shook the thoughts off. You still get to mess with the guy, though.

Even if that's what gave you the scars anyway.

--

You just got finished looking at your scars in the bathroom.
They resembled tattoos, except without color and ink. But, even if they did, they still look cool. You walked out in your black 'I see Aliens' shirt with the chemistry apron balled up in one hand when you left the bathroom.

By the time you walked out, Flug was pulling something from the more secure-looking safe that sat near a chemistry set. He was holding a vial that contained a bright and pinkish liquid, shifting it around in it's container.

Black Hat was nowhere to be seen. It appeared he had left when you rushed off to the bathroom.

You approached Flug.

"Hey, what do you got there?" You asked in curiosity. To which startled Flug, causing him to flail around and stumble. He turned to look at you with wide eyes.

"(Name)! Please! Refrain from sneaking up on me!" He exclaimed, as he held his chest to still his rapidly beating heart.

"Sorry, dude." You apologized, looking at the vial that he was holding. Flug caught your stare and covered it slightly with his hand.

"Y-yes...well. This is just...ammunition! For ray guns!" Flug slid his eyes to the side, sweating slightly. You squinted your eyes at him.

"Interesting. I didn't know ray guns took liquid ammunition." You placed a finger on your chin. "Though, I DID hear Black Hat talking about a freeze ray." You pondered.

"Y-yes! Precisely that! This is liquid ammunition for the freeze ray I need to build!" Flug quipped. You stared at him in suspicion. He was behaving ominously. Not like his usual self.

'Oh please, believe that!' Flug thought, nervous about being found lying and getting questioned. It would be better if you didn't know what he was using your blood for.

Fearing that his research would end there. He still had much to learn from it and if the carrier gets upset and refused to give him more...it would all be for not.

. . . .

"Okay then." You replied.

Much to the mental relief of Flug.

"Carry on then! I'm gonna rush upstairs and take a nice gauze-free bath." You explained, walking back towards the exit of the lab to get rid of the lingering reek that stuck to your skin from the time the bandages were on you.

"Oh, y-yeah. You go and do that. I got to get to work on the rays that Black Hat wanted me to make." Flug responded.

You nodded and headed out the labs' door. Closing it on your way out.
Flug gave a sigh of relief when you left without a hassle. Still, he expects that you know more than you do, but just decided to not push him to the edge. Which he was silently grateful for. Looking at the vial in his hand, he squinted slightly at it.

'I still need to know more about this. If I'm not careful, this could fall into the wrong hands.' Flug sighed. Mentally running through a thought process.

He placed the vial back into the safe and made sure that the safe was closed. He then went over to the desk that the glass chemistry set sat on and opened up the drawers. Revealing plenty of beakers that had cold frost on the outside of the glass containers and various other glowing chemicals that were held within the same drawer.

'I feel bad for lying to them. . .but it's for their safety.' Flug blinked as he pulled out a frosted over beaker to take over to his work station.

Unknowingly leaving the safe to the potent poison unlocked.

--

Flug was busy working on the three rays that Black Hat wanted.

Black Hat wanted an elemental trio ray gun sale, to boost profits. As Flug was currently in the middle of welding them together and screwing the pieces together of the heat ray, he failed to hear the door to his lab open.

In slid Dementia, hissing like a rattler as she crawled along the floor and scurried behind the oblivious scientist. Flug paused for a brief moment, thinking he heard something, before shaking his head and getting back to welding the pieces of metal together.

Dementia peaked over the edge of the chemistry table, cackling softly as she made faces in the beakers and bulbous glasses. Watching as her equally psychotic reflections changed shape and form.

She was usually never stealthy. Preferring to come into the lab loud and boisterous. But, she knew something was up when Flug would stay up past his usual bedtime. Let alone would keep the lab to himself and would put up a severely unconvincing front of lies to excuse himself.

She smelled secrets. Secrets that needed to be found.

Now. Where are secrets usually kept?

She pondered her choices.

She already searched Flugs' room. She just found plane oriented objects and some chemistry kits there. So his room was a bust.

The only other place that he was using was the lab. He was frequently here at night, even on his off days!

He would always be up for walking and playing with 5.0.5 when he had time. He rarely spends
time in the lab on those certain days.

That's what made Dementia suspicious. She stalked around behind the chemistry table, eyeing particular safes around the lab.

Flug had installed those when she started to break in regularly. His typical form of retaliation.

She slithered over to a few. Trying their handles, finding that they wouldn't budge.

*Except one.*

Dementia gave a psychotic grin when one gave way to the pull of her hand. Yet, inside was only a lonely vial of a reddish-pink liquid. She had to hold in her disappointed *awww*. As she suspected something more sinister.

*Yet.*

Looks *can* be deceiving. Flug wouldn't have put it in a safe if it *wasn't* important.

Looking over her shoulder, she could see Flug still working away on the rays. Too busy to notice her thievery.

She reached in and grabbed the vial, taking it out. She sniffed it out of curiosity.

Surprisingly, it smelled good!

She attempted to sneak out the way she came with her prize, yet she bumped into a beaker that was sitting on the chemistry desk, causing it to fall to the ground and shatter. Startling Flug to look over in her direction.

She gave him a casual wave, holding up the vial for him to see.

Like a bolt of lightening, Flug was suddenly throwing everything off and sprinting for Dementia. The girl then bolted from the lab, her prize in her grip as she skipped along into the foyer. A frantic Flug chasing after her.

"*Dementia! Dementia!!! YOU GIVE THAT BACK RIGHT NOW!*" Flug screeched, tearing through the lab door and pursuing Dementia.

The girl just gave her signature psychotic laugh and started to scale up the pillars in the foyer like a gecko on a tree in the wild. Making it up to the beams that held up the upper floors to the manor. Placing her legs on either side of the beam, she stared down at the masked scientist, a teasing look in her eye.

Flug was down below, causing an uproar as he circled below her in anxious frustration.

"Aw~ What's wrong, Flug Bug? Does it have to do with *this*?" The girl cackled, while holding up the vial.

"Yes! Yes! It has *EVERYTHING* to do with *THAT!* Dementia! Just listen to me! That liquid is *very dangerous!* It was in that safe for that *exact purpose!*" Flug yelled up to Dementia, his voice echoing across the manor.
"Give it back! I don't want you to get hurt!" Flug hollered up to the girl from below.

"Hmm...I don't know." She sniffed it. "Smells pretty good! I hope you don't mind if I have a little sip?" Dementia said, swishing the vial around in her grasp.

"Yes! Yes, I do mind! Dementia-!!!" Flug was suddenly stricken with absolute horror when Dementia chugged the vial and all of its' contents.

She licked her lips and smiled down at Flug, who was stunned stiff.

"Hmm. . .Funny, I don't feel any different. I guess it was a du-" Faster than Flug could process it, Dementia suddenly hunched over, let out a pained cry, and lost her balance. She fell off of the beam. Hitting the floor face-up with a loud thud and the empty vial falling from her grasp, shattering across the floor.

She didn't even resist the hit, falling. . . as if she was dead.

Flug started to rapidly hyperventilate.
Looking at Dementias' still body and the shattered remains of his work. He felt like he was going to throw up.

He felt ill, scared, angry, and a lot of different emotions surging through his mind. His pulse ran fast and loud.

He's having a panic attack.

To make things worse, Black Hat just approached the stairs. Having been drawn in by the ruckus.

"WHAT IS GOING-?!?!!" Black Hat froze at the sight in front of him. Dementia on the floor, not moving. Shattered glass spread all over the place and Flug was having a panic attack. He was stuck in place by complete confusion.

Flug suddenly felt like dying there on the spot, as he knelt down and became severely lightheaded.

Everything was going so wrong.

Chapter End Notes

This story has been completed since April 16th of 2018.

Any inaccuracies that come up with characters and such have occurred after the completion of this fic.
All Fanart has been moved to Tumblr and Tagged under 'Alien Affections'.

To read more of my fics, keep an eye out for any more that happen to come around!
Cheers~!

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Main Blog: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

For the Tumblr Version of this fic and other writings, follow this blog-
Writing Blog: https://haxorus-imp.tumblr.com/

For instant contact with the circle that I have created, feel free to join this Discord-
https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy

Thank you all for reading my fics and giving them Kudos~!
Chapter Summary

You are clueless to the blood monopoly that is upon the household.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Flug! *You bloody imbecile!*" Black Hat snapped, as he observed Dementia laboring to breathe within the confines of her bed.

Flug flinched at the words, while wringing his hands nervously and sweating bullets.

Black Hat managed to get Flug out of his panic attack, with a lot of yelling and curses, while Flug had to breathe into a plastic bag to regulate his breathing. After all of the attempts to get Dementia to stand up, Flug was relieved to find out she was still alive, Black Hat finally made Flug drag her to her room and set her onto her bed.

Which was a pain to do as her room was upstairs. He could still feel the pain in his back making its' presence known.

Flug looked over to Dementia from her bedside.

Thankfully, she was alive. Though, she appeared to be very sickly. As she was sweating profusely and her skin was pale and flushed in appearance. While also laboring to breathe, she would groan and twist and turn in her sheets. Her eyes closed in an uncomfortable squint and her muscles would spasm from time to time.

Black Hat grumbled, taking in the sight with a displease grunt.

"Just when I finally get my crew back on their feet, I'm stuck with another minion to take care of!" Black Hat growled, adjusting the cool rag that was currently on Dementia's forehead.

Even when Black Hat touched her forehead, Dementia would barely acknowledge his presence, blinking her squinted eyes slowly. Which stated how seriously ill she was. As she's been down from injuries a couple of times before and when Black Hat would touch her or her wounds, she would always squeal. Not from the pain either.

It was amazing, if Flug was honest.

Dementia shares the DNA of a few reptiles. Mainly a tropical rainforest gecko. Dementia also had a higher resistance to poisons, venom, and toxins. As she shares certain anti-bodies with reptiles that are immune to certain poisons. Like neurotoxin for example.

Seeing someone who has high tolerance to poison lying in bed and groaning in pain from the substance that Flug made seemed to send unseen shivers down his spine. Flug also fears that Black Hat will probe and ask questions.
Which will ultimately decide the fate of his work.

"I-I'm s-sorry! I forgot t-to lock the safe t-to my recent e-experiment, S-Sir!" Flug stuttered, trying to resist the shaking in his knees.

Black Hat growled as he pinched the bridge of his nonexistent-nose once again.

"Figures." Black Hat shook his head. "I expected things to go well for once and I get this instead. Could you both be anymore disappointing?" Black Hat observed Dementia's writhing form.

"So, Flug. What happened before I arrived? What caused...this to occur?" Black Hat leered over his shoulder as he gestured to Dementia with his gloved hands.

Flug flinched when his name came from his boss in that spiteful tone. Yet, it wasn't that particular piece of that sentence that made him dread what to say. It was the question itself.

He couldn't lie to Black Hat. Less he winds up like you did the night you needed bandages and stitches. Black Hat was a good observer and he didn't appreciate liars.

He was remarkably good at catching lies.

Flug gulped.

"It w-was a project of m-mine. A potent t-toxin." Flug admitted, as dwindled his thumbs.

"Dementia g-got into the safe and s-stole the vial and d-drank all of its' contents. Which t-turned into this event." Flug explained.

Black Hat hummed, observing Dementia with a careful visible eye.

"And what did you use to make the potent poison that can make even Dementia writhe in pain?" Black Hat questioned, obviously interested.

Flug gulped.

"It...i-it....was...." Flug clammed up, much to the impatience of Black Hat. Who reached over and gripped Flug around his neck, squeezing tightly and lifting him slightly off of the ground.

"I don't have much patience to deal with you right now, Flug." He growled, reaffirming his grip on Flugs' neck. Who grabbed at Black Hats' arm helplessly.

"Spit it out." Black Hat menacingly leered and gritted his blue-green teeth as he gripped Flugs' neck tighter, who instinctively reached for his neck with his own yellow gloved hands and tried to pry them off, coughing at the excessive pressure on his throat.

"It was blood! It was made with (Name)'s blood!" Flug squealed, coughing as Black Hat squeezed his skinny throat one more time, before letting him drop to the floor. In which Flug gasped and stumbled, trying to regain his balance. And his breath as well.

Black Hat squinted his one visible eye in thought.

"So. You made ground in your blood experiments and you didn't even bother to inform me?! Let
alone, KEEP IT A SECRET?! FROM ME!!!

Black Hat bared his teeth as his agitation with Flug peaked.

Flug coward in fear and shielded his face with his arms, instinctively. Bracing for the impact of an object or a fist. Yet, he was confused when the violence didn't come. He peeked out from his protective arms and saw Black Hat with his hand on his chin and a thoughtful expression on his face.

Flug cautiously lowered his defensive posture as Black Hat appeared to be lost in thought.

'He's not really thinking of...? Flug suddenly came to a realization.

Oh.

His fears were confirmed as Black Hat had a glint in his eye and a much more sinister smile on his face.

Oh no.

"S-Sir! You're not thinking of...mass producing s-something that can do...this?!

" Flug gestured to his ill comrade, Dementia.

Black Hat merely hummed. Barely noticing Flugs' distress.

"Flug, I want you to go back into the lab. Postpone all projects until further notice, we have a bigger project to work on." Black Hat ordered.

"Huh, w-what?! What about Dementia!" Flug pointed out. Black Hat just shook his head.

"5.0.5 will be in charge of taking care of her." Black Hat explained, as he tried to walk by Flug, but was surprised when Flug stood in the way to the exit.

"Step aside, Flug." Black Hat warned.

Flug was surprised by his own bravery in this moment in time, for he knew what Black Hat was capable of. Which were many painful or horrible things. Many which he has endured while he has been here.

But, only he knows how dangerous this poison is. He has to try.

"Black Hat! We can't mass produce this! It's too powerful! It'll cause catastrophic unrest in all of the communities if we release this! You have to listen to reason!" Flug stated, holding his ground, even if his legs were shaking violently.

Black Hat approached.

"I told you to..." He paused for a second, before he transformed his face into a fleshy and writhing monstrosity. Making his face take on the appearance of a deformed mass of hissing mouths, blinking eyes, and torn skin. "MOVE."

Flug flinched and against his wishes, his legs automatically motioned him out of his boss's path to the exit.

Flug looked down in submission as Black Hat passed by his still form. No words were exchanged
any further as Black Hat left Dementia's room.

Walking out silently, before disappearing and teleporting with the assistance of shadows.

Flug suddenly collapsed and sat on the floor. His heart was racing and he could feel some tears gather at the edges of his eyes, yet they don't fall or dribble out of his eyes.

He was more frustrated than anything at the moment. He was mad at himself. Angry at Black Hat. Stressed with Dementia. Everything.

He knew Black Hat could be selfish, but this selfish? Was the money really worth causing international chaos and unrest?

Flug slid his gloved hands up underneath his paper bag in exasperation. Rubbing his true face with his gloved hands.

He knew that this would end badly. There's no happy ending when it comes to greed. Black Hat really must have a black hole for a heart and a dense fog for a conscience.

Flug let out a frustrated sob.

*People in masses were gonna die.* He was the one that found the enzymes to make the poison. He was the one that decided to research your blood.

Now everyone is in on Black Hats' plot of greed.

*And it's all his fault.*

Flug pulled out his gloved hands from underneath his bag and hugged his knees tightly.

Listening to the sounds of Dementia's labored breathing and the quiet ticking of the Dolly Clock that was hanging on Dementia's wall was the only comfort Flug received.

--

Once again, you were whisked away and thrown into a situation that you had no idea how to react to.

You were just minding your own business as you went to go get yourself some lunch, after passing by 5.0.5 cleaning up some broken glass in the foyer, from what - you don't know, and just continued on your way to the kitchen.

Suddenly, as you were about to head into the kitchen, your boss came walking toward you from further down the hall, much to your discretion, and suddenly grabbed your arm and dragged you along on his journey. All of your confused question were ignored as he brought you to the lab, much to your confusion.

He pulled over a chair and forced you to sit down in it. Your confusion only grew when he suddenly disappeared in a cloud of black smoke and reappeared with Flug in his grip. Which shocked you. Then, he snapped his fingers and closed the lab door, locking it with a 'Click'.

You weren't gonna lie, you were very freaked out at this sudden behavior. You looked at Flug, hoping to find answers, but he seemed to not make much eye contact with you. Adding onto the
confusion.

"Flug! Get the supplies we need for the transfusion!" Black Hat ordered to which Flug got up and nodded. Walking over to the crates that were lined near the lab walls.

He was strangely quiet...what's going on?

....

Okay, what the fuck.

You just noticed that Black Hat was slightly petting your hair and head.

If this wasn't freaky before, it is now. You attempt to stand up, only to have Black Hat quickly snap his fingers and summon shadow-like tendrils to forcibly hold you to the chair.

Okay, this is getting scary. You could feel your heart racing, though you kept a cool exterior. Looking over to Black Hat, who was watching Flug gather some supplies. Yet, you could still feel his gloved hand trail through your hair still. Much to your displeasure.

"I got the e-equipment, Sir." Flug stated as we walked over with a tray of items on one hand and dragging a pump behind him with the other. It seems to be equipment similar to those used for a blood transfusion.

Syringes, plastic tubes, some clamps, and instead of a plastic bag, there was a two pint sized container with measuring lines going down the side of it and with a sealed lid on top with one plastic tube going into it that was sitting on the tray.

He sat the tray down nearby and began to set up the station, attaching things to their needed components, and plugging up the pump.

"Um...can someone tell me what's going on? I'm still clueless here." You asked, moving slightly as the shadows clenched you tighter to the chair when you moved.

Flug just silently dabbed your arm with a familiar alcohol pad and prepped the needle for insertion. You flinched as you felt him touch around the area on your arm for a vein.

You heard him flick on the pump and then felt a pinch in your arm.

"Ow!" You cried out, as Flug finished attaching the needle to your arm with a sticky piece of gauze.

Yet, you heard Flug mutter out a quiet 'sorry' as he did so.

The tube then began to turn a sanguine red as blood began to flow through it and into the 2 pint container. It was painless, but strange. Considering both of their ominous behaviors.

"It'll be about 20 minutes before the container is f-full, sir." Flug stated, looking at Black Hat, who was still touching your head, and he nodded.

"Excellent. After this, I want you to recreate the poison." Black Hat ordered, completely ignoring the curious expression that crossed your face.
"Yes sir." Flug replied, submissively.

After a short bit, it was further along into the process, the 2 pint container was almost full and you still didn't have answers. Your questions went unanswered when you asked and they just kept working around you. Well, Flug was. Black Hat was still just creepily patting your head.

All that you picked up as an answer was that Flug was to make a poison. Looking at the container that was filling with your blood, you had doubts that your blood could be used in poisons.

Isn't that mostly for plants and things that are naturally toxic? Like snakes, fugu fish, and certain types of plants?
You think so.

So, the only other logical explanation is that Flug must be collecting this for research reasons. But why, though?
Did he have an accident with your last blood sample? Was that what the shattered glass in the foyer was? Did he drop it and needed a replacement?

That still doesn't explain why Black Hat was here though.
You need answers and you're not getting them from these two.

Flug was currently carefully watching the blood fill up the 2 pint container. As it was almost to the desired filled ratio.

When it was, Flug turned off the pump and carefully, with a gentle grip this time, removed the needle from your arm. As he sterilized the area and wrapped gauze around the injection site. You moved your arm, cringing slightly at the pain that spiked.

Yep. It was gonna be sore for a while.

Then, the shadows that were binding you to the chair released you, much to your pleasure. Then you found yourself in Black Hats' grip, much to your displeasure.

Suddenly, everything was spinning and you were engulfed in darkness for a minute, before the spinning stopped, the darkness faded away, and you found yourself outside of your guestroom. Black Hat then released you and disappeared in the same black smoke you witnessed him doing earlier when he brought Flug to the lab.

. . .

You *STILL* had no answers to what just happened!

--

Meanwhile, Black Hat returned to Flug in a puff of black smoke after placing yourself out of the lab. He got what he needed from you...for now. Right now, he just needed to make sure that Flug didn't tamper with the blood sample that he took.

Flug was currently in the process of moving the 2 pint container to the chemistry table. In which Black Hat followed, eagerly.
Flug sat the container down onto the table and popped the cap off. Revealing the dark red liquid staring back at him. Showing a reflection of himself, to which he coddled in internal disgust.

He could feel his guilt eat at his insides.

He was actually HELPING Black Hats' plan by making this. Yet...what other choice does he have? Denying would only cause pain and even if he did endure it, what would be the point? Black Hat will always get what he wants in the end anyway.

He sighs.

He envies your optimistic view on the world that's so unfair.

"Make that entire container into the poison, Flug." Black Hat ordered. As he was pulling vials out of thin air, seemingly judging them.

One vial was a blood red with a silver, top hat wearing, ruby-eyed skull as the cap. The other was black with gold trimmings with a simple gold and black top hat as it's cap. Both were of moderate size, enough to hold a decent amount of liquid.

Flug just shook his head as he emptied the contents of the 2 pint container into the large bulbous glass beaker that connected to the other components on the chemistry table. Thankfully, he wrote down the successful reaction recipe to appropriately separate the blood.

This would be enough to make...about 12 or 14 vials? Much to Flugs' innermost distaste. He still can't shake off the worry and looming anxiety of being responsible for all of the future deaths that will come out of this.

His boss regularly met with villains. People and creatures that will willingly kill for what they want. Whether it would be to get rid of heroes and take over a city to just mindlessly murdering other villains for their resources.

Yet, Black Hats' greed overshadows all other worries and cautions.

Flug looked over at Black Hat, to which he tossed aside the other two vials in favor of a Black and Red one that had the company logo on it. To which he snickered and placed it on the table, and releasing a mist that conjured up more of the same vial from out of thin air.

The sheer number of the vials was staggering. He was planning to make...all of these hold the poison? That's absurd!

Flug shook his head.

"We w-will only have enough f-for approximately 12 or 14 v-vials, sir." Flug stated, watching the blood go through the chemistry process.

"I know that, you fool!" Black Hat snapped, causing Flug to flinch. "These-" He held up a vial at Flug for emphasis. ",-are the ones that will hold it in the future." Black Hat grinned.

Flug took a long stare at the numerous vials and felt like he was going to be sick. He's going to be taking your blood for who knows how long. You don't even know what's going
He feels so... sleazy.

He would love to perform more research on you. But, he'll do it with consent! This is just taking for... profit.

Flug shook his head.

He expects no more from Black Hat. The demon is crazy for money. He'll put it above the people that live underneath his roof if he could.

Black Hat would even sell him in a heartbeat if the money was the right price.

Disgusting.

Flug watched as the blood separated into larger vials, splitting the enzymes and the cells from each other.

Flug knew his fate had been sealed.

He just hopes that you'll understand when he comes clean to you.

Chapter End Notes

This story has been completed since April 16th of 2018.

Any inaccuracies that come up with characters and such have occurred after the completion of this fic.

All Fanart has been moved to Tumblr and Tagged under 'Alien Affections'.

To read more of my fics, keep an eye out for any more that happen to come around!

Cheers~!

For primary contact with me follow this blog-
Main Blog: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

For the Tumblr Version of this fic and other writings, follow this blog-

Writing Blog: https://haxorus-imp.tumblr.com/

For instant contact with the circle that I have created, feel free to join this Discord-

https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy

Thank you all for reading my fics and giving them Kudos~!
Stargazing

Chapter Summary

Flug goes to the roof to find you.

He gets something he didn't expect.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Flug finished setting the last filled vial into the vial display on table with the rest of the 13 other filled products.

Just as he predicted. He only had enough blood for 14 vials.
He looked towards the other empty vials that sat upon the table across from the chemistry table.

There had to be about 30 empty vials on that table. Each one empty of contents and a desire to be filled with...Flug shook his head.

He best let Black Hat know he was finished. Before he grows impatient. A sudden rumble from behind him caught his attention, then there was a familiar distinct popping sound.

*He's here.*

"FLUG! Are the bloody poisons ready?!" Black Hat roared as he appeared in a puff of black smoke a short distance behind the doctor.

Causing Flug to violently jump and stutter out answers faster than his mind could recall what he was saying.

"Y-yes, Sir! The vials are all prepared and r-ready!" Flug squeaked as he moved out of the way of his predatory boss, who strode past him and took in the view of the vials on the vial display.

Black Hat gave a large and menacing grin as he observed the finished product. Picking one vial up and examining it.

Causing the contents to slosh from within the vial, as he turned and looked at it with his one visible eye. With careful examining qualities and skill.
Black Hat finished as he grinned and placed the vial he was examining back onto the display.

"Excellent." Black Hat purred, picking up the tray.

"Where is the 'Effectiveness of the Poison' pamphlet I demanded you write out before I left? Fetch it for me!" Black Hat ordered the on-edge scientist, who went over to his workbench and retrieved
the paper. Handing it over to Black Hat as he held the display in one hand.

"Makes heroes weak to their own elemental prowess...no resistance to poisons...loses ability to fly...humans aren't effected...smells enticing...works if injected or consumed." Black Hat muttered, studying the list with a careful gaze.

"I will be off to have cambot take pictures of these. They're going on sale immediately!" Black Hat folded the paper in his one hand and placed it within his overcoat pocket. Then, he began to make his way to the exit of the lab.

"Oh. By the way, Flug." Black Hat looked over his shoulder towards the skittish doctor. "I'll be expecting more of this product within the next week. Make sure you have some by then." Black Hat warned before he left the lab.

Leaving Flug to his own devices.

To which the doctor looked at the empty vials on the other table and felt sick all over again. He quickly looked away from his future shame and instead checked the clock that was present in the lab.

It read **8:57 PM**. He had unexpectedly worked away the afternoon and it was closing in on the evening.
Not only that, but he can't remember if he ate anything.

Flug blinked slowly and paused when he felt his stomach growl. He sighed.

He took that as a definite 'no'.
He then decides that he might as well get something to eat.

5.0.5 might have prepared a meal, seeing it's so close to dinner--*Oh. Wait.*
He was taking care of Dementia...

Right. **Dementia**.

Flug suddenly began to feel claustrophobic in his own laboratory. As he knew it was because of the vials and he rapidly made his exit out of the laboratory.

He needs time to think, he'll think over while he gets some nourishment.

--

Flug had made his way to the kitchen for a bite to eat. He'll be damned if he has to eat another sandwich.
When he checked the fridge, he was slightly disappointed. But, it seems that there was some spaghetti leftover in the fridge.

It seems someone had made lunch and left some for him.
Well. He **thinks** that, anyway.
He took out the dish and warmed it up in the microwave. Then, dressed it up to his liking and made his way over to the kitchen table. He began to eat, not taking off his bag, and slurped up the noodles from the plate.

Yet. Even if he was eating, he couldn't get rid of the nagging guilt he felt that overcame him in the lab.

'I couldn't prevent Black Hat from taking the vials...' He thought.

'Is it because I'm cowardly? Or that it's something out of my control? I could of botched it on purpose but...' 'Is it the fear of being beaten by Black Hat? The wrath of my boss? Am I unable to stop...anything? ' 'I could of done something. But...I guess I just need to perform crowd control and make sure to lessen the damage that we'll possibly face.'

Flug silently ate, lost in his thoughts.

'(Name) doesn't deserve this. To become a living bio-weapon. They were pulled here by mistake. MY Mistake.'

'They have such a positive outlook on the world. I can't see why. Nor can I see how. But...maybe it's where they came from. Their world.'

Flug looked somber as he was nearly done eating.

'That's right. (Name) isn't even from here. Yet, they come from a world that has it's own problems, yet they always look toward the positive sides of things.'

'They smile, pull pranks, and don't fault others for things they couldn't prevent.'

'Even if they get mauled by their own boss, they still come around him. Despite of what he did. I don't know if they forgave him, but...they sure do let even the most serious of cases slide by them.'

'Relaxed, mild tempered, self controlling, intelligent. That's what they are...and they don't deserve this.'

Flug stood up suddenly. Skidding his chair back a few inches more than needed. He then picked up his empty plate and sat it in the sink.

'They deserve to know.' Flug finished his mental monologue.

He then left the kitchen in search of you. Determination running through his veins.

However, it was a few minutes later after searching the manor and he couldn't find you. It was starting to become worrisome to Flug.

He checked your room, you weren't in there. He check most of the bathrooms, you weren't in them. The kitchen was already empty and so was the lab. Meaning those two places were a bust. They wouldn't be in the office, as Black Hat is probably recording the ad for the vials and hates to be disturbed during such events.

He even went to Dementia's room.
Which was occupied by a, still ill, Dementia and a caretaker 5.0.5. When he asked if the bear had seen you, 5.0.5 had to think for a moment before the bear nodded and pointed into the direction of the stairs that went towards the roof.

Flug thanked 5.0.5 and headed into the same direction that the bear pointed where you went.

Approaching the stairs and going up the flight, he began to feel slightly nostalgic. This was where he met you on the night he did his meteorite experiment. Nearly two full weeks ago.

He shook his head as he came to the hatch that lead to the roof. He took in a deep breath and opened it. He was prepared to see you sitting on the roof and doing nothing or just looking over the roofs’ edge to see the city from a higher point of view.

Flug was surprised at what he saw.

Seeing you laying on the roof with a few pillows and a blanket was not what he was expecting to see in the slightest.

--

You suddenly heard the hatch to the roof open and when you looked over, you were surprised to see Flug staring back at you. He was also equally surprised to see you laying there on the roof in your make-shift nest.

"(Name)? What are you doing laying up here on the roof?" Flug asked, leaving the hatch and closing it back when he got out onto the roof.

You just shrugged.

"I've been feeling homesick a lot lately. So...I thought I would go to the only place in the house that was closest to my home." You explained, pointing to the sky.

Flug looked up and was pleasantly surprised by the clear skies that had taken up residence over the city.

Above you both was a purple sky that was slowly turning a dark blue, steadily revealing the twinkling diamonds that were the stars. Like a giant twilight covering was steadily being pulled back to reveal the night sky. There was also a warm breeze tonight, as the city itself seem to quiet itself down for the nightlife to take over.

You were staring up into the ethereal sky as the stars became more prominent. Like little shining beacons that pointed the way back home. Your homesickness was still present, yet, the stars and the sky brought yourself some comfort and closure.

If you closed your eyes and imagined yourself home, it wouldn't feel any different from being on
your parents roof back home.

The silence was broken by Flug as he cleared his throat.

"So...you're stargazing, then?" Flug asked. Looking up at the sky as well.

You hummed in acknowledgement. "Yep." You looked over to him from the spot that you were laying on. He was still staring at the sky as you hummed to get his attention. "Care to take up that stargazing offer I gave you a few days ago?" You patted the vacant spot next to you in your make-shift nest.

Flug thought it over for a few seconds, before shrugging himself. You scooted over to make room and watched Flug sit down on the roof and laid down next to you on the blanket.

You both basked in silence, that was only slightly disturbed by a few distant barking dogs and a couple of cars that would drive through the roundabout every now and then. You sighed in contentment.

"This is nice..." You said. "Being up here in the calm and quiet. Looking at the stars as they become more visible." You looked over to Flug who had a finger on his unseen chin. You looked at him in curiosity, noticing him studying the stars with a careful set of eyes. You shifted slightly.

"What're you thinking about, Flug?" You asked, looking back at the starry firmament. Flug hummed.

"I'm trying to figure out where the constellations are." Flug replied. Occasionally pointing his gloved yellow finger to the sky and made a motion with his hands, as if he was connecting unseen dots.

You looked over to him in slight interest.

"You studied astrology?" Flug looked back at you.

"Well, sorta. It was a hobby of mine when I was a mere child. I tended to look up stars and planets in my schools' library most of the time." He said, looking back at the stars. You stared in interest.

"I was a shy kid and books were my way of showing my interest. I went to the library so much that I got to know the librarian at the time. She was a very nice lady. Even letting me inside when the library was supposed to be closed." Flug looked off into the sky and turned back to you.

"Do YOU study astrology?" Flug raised a brow.

You grinned.

"I guess it was a hobby of mine, as well. As I would always look up starmaps and zodiac affiliated items. Sometimes, I would go out at night and sneak onto my parents roof. Just to get a closer look at them. They always interested me as a kid. If you couldn't tell from my articles of clothing, I love aliens and space. I would always look up history of the moon landing and I would read Sci-Fi novels that had to do with space. I still read about theories of Aliens, UFOs, Technology, and the like. Even to this day." You explained, watching the welkin dim from a violet to a royal blue and the blue void dot with more stars.
Flug hummed in interest, turning his head back to the sky. Which filled in a few moments of peaceful silence.

"Funny enough. I even though and dreamed about being abducted." You said, suddenly. "I would always hear stories on people getting abducted and being returned home months later...I always wanted it to happen to me. And look at where I am now! Beamed to another planet in the dead of night and met some weird people!" You laughed.

Flug just shook his head, crinkling his bag as he did so.

More silence followed, only temporarily disturbed as a car drove though the roundabout down below.

"Do you...want to know what we call our constellations here?" Flug asked, to which you looked over at him in severe interest.

"Would I? Yes! I would love to know more about this planet and what it calls it's own stars!" You smiled brightly at him.

Flug gave a light chuckle.

"Okay then." He then pointed to the vast blanket of stars that had revealed themselves.

"Look there. Do you see those stars over in that section? The bigger bright one and the three smaller ones?" You searched for a few seconds before nodding.

"That's Automus. The living heat reactor from ages ago. It was said that the being provided warmth to villages when the harsh winter months came though for our ancestors, allowing our primitive ancestors to spread out farther with little consequences in winter. When he passed away, they named that sector of stars after him." Flug explained.

"Oh, cool! Uh-I mean, hot!" You laughed, to which Flug rolled his eyes.

"Then, there's that constellation over there!" He exclaimed, as he pointed to three larger stars in a cradle arc with a smaller one in the center of the arc.

"That's Nataria. It's named after the being that assisted our ancestors during the great famine by using their powers to grow food and crops. They named that sector of stars after the being as it resembles a cradle. Symbolizing that the being cradled the humans during harsh times." Flug pointed out.

You grinned as you both watched the sky and the stars that twinkled above you.

"Then, there's that constellation!" Flug exclaimed, pointing to two larger stars whose appearance made it look like the stars were circling each other.

"That's Taozei. It's named after the legendary being that ended a 150 year war between two ancient empires. Creating an era of peace that lasted for 200 years. It's one of the most well known constellations we have in our skies." Flug explained.

"Ah! I get it! Tao means 'Path' and Zei means 'Understand'." Flug nodded at your assumption and continued with his explanation.
Flug pointed out more constellations, telling them their names and stories as he did so. It felt like hours when he would talk about the stars and visible constellations. Down to the stars name and identity in the field of science. He would talk about comets and their own exploration to their own moon.

You listened intently to every word he said. Absorbing the information like a sponge.

"Wow...your planet even has different constellations than mine. My planets constellations are named after Zodiacs. Each resemble a different creature or being that is mentioned in myths or folklore from my own planets' ancient years." You said in awe.

Flug looked over to you.

"Well, most of our constellations are named after great heroes of the past. Believe it or not, back then, being a hero usually meant that you were a god to our more primitive ancestors. If you had powers, you were considered a demi-god and you were appointed to the highest status in your village, town, or city." Flug stated.

"Really?" You looked toward Flug as he nodded.

"Yeah. But, that was during a time before villains became a thing. The first villain ever recorded was a being called 'Vilegran Malus'. He preformed wicked deeds and used his powers to overthrow kings and spread his empires' borders. He brought war, famine, and death to those who resisted and opposed him." You frowned at that statement.

"He scarred the reputation of heroes and people with powers in general. Soon, normal people feared individuals that had powers, and instead of placing them on tiers of power, they were shunned from their own people." Flug somberly explained.

"Oh." You looked toward the sky once more.

"Nice to know that not only my own people can be bigots." You muttered. Flug hummed in acknowledgement.

"Then, the first hero ever recorded was called 'Suphoran Heroik' and he turned the tables on Vilegran by protecting his village, even if they shunned him." Flug explained. "This began to form one of the oldest guilds in the world to date. The "Heroic Acts Guild"...or 'HAG' for short."

You suddenly bust out laughing at that statement.

"Th-They called it HAG?!" You laughed, while Flug shook his head.

"Yes, yes. They called it 'Hag'. But, the villains had it worse, as theirs got closed down for multiple reasons." Flug explained. "Theirs was called 'Villains Alliance Guild'." Flug looked over to you and saw your cheeks all puffy from contained laughter.

All you could let out was a distinct 'Pffftfitt'. Flug rolled his eyes from within his goggles.

"I'm not saying the acronym." He huffed.

You just laughed loudly and started to roll around slightly on the blanket. Letting out all of the pent up giggles and cracks.
It took a few minutes for you to finally calm down. Much to Flugs' pleasure. Then, you positioned yourself back to how you once were.

You both laid there on the blanket and pillows in silence.

The stars above you both were now in full view, as the sun had long since retreated to the other side of the planet, coating your side in darkness. The waxing crescent moon in the sky was a light silver, giving a more special feel to the sky.

It was a perfect night to be stargazing, in your opinion. Looking over to Flug, he seemed to be studying the sky. Probably for more constellations.

You just happily looked up into the royal blue sky and stared off into one particular distant star. You knew that your planet was a lot farther than that star, yet, it brought you comfort to envision that star as your home.

That you weren't stranded on a planet a few hundred thousand light years away from everything you've ever known. You just took a nice deep and calming breath.

Still. It was nice to stargaze up here with Flug. Your closest friend. To which, said friend, suddenly spoke up.

"(Name)? I...have something to tell you." Flug whispered, as he looked over to your relaxed form.

You looked back in slight curiosity. "Yeah? What is it?"

"Well, there's...gonna be...a..." Flug stuttered as he observed your form.

Both of you were barely lit up by the streetlights that were on the street, the roof was dark and Flug's equipment from 2 weeks ago has long since been cleaned up. Yet, he felt like stuttering out his explanation.

Your gaze was staring into his and he had urges to curl in on himself.

"What if it didn't go right!? What if you didn't want to see him again?! What if you hate him after this moment??!

"There's gonna be what, Flug?" You asked, tilting your head at him slightly.

Flug quivered and blurted out an explanation for his behavior.

"There's gonna be a meteor shower soon! Do you want to go see it?!" He quickly spoke, only realizing what he did.

He didn't tell the truth...he chickened out again. Flug felt like hitting himself and clawing at his face.
Why can't he just say it as it is?! BLACK HAT'S USING YOUR BLOOD FOR EVIL.

How hard is that?!

Your joyous laughter snapped him out of his stupor.

"Are you asking me on a date, Flug?" You laughed and bumped his shoulder with your fist.

Flug took a second to process his previous words before stuttering out an excuse.

"N-No! I t-thought we c-could go out as f-friends!!!" He squealed, to which you just laughed harder.

"I know what you meant, Flug. Don't sweat your bag off." You smiled and winked. To which Flug grew flustered at.

"It's getting late anyway. I have to go get cleaned up." To which you sat up on the blanket.

"So, when's the meteor shower?" You asked as you stood up and stretched.

Flug blinked. "It's...in about a week and a half? It'll occur during the full moon." Flug mumbled, currently stunned at the sudden turn of events.

"Ah! Then we'll have enough time to prepare!" You began to walk to the hatch for the roof and turn to Flug.

"See you on our 'date' then, Flug!" You mockingly blew a kiss and laughed when Flug started to sputter nonsense.

You then left the roof. Leaving Flug all by himself.

He placed gloved hands on his goggles and fell back onto the pillows and blanket.

He came up here to warn you about Black Hats' intentions and he got a 'date' instead.

Wasn't this just his night?

Chapter End Notes

This story has been completed since April 16th of 2018.

Any inaccuracies that come up with characters and such have occurred after the completion of this fic.

All Fanart has been moved to Tumblr and Tagged under 'Alien Affections'.
To read more of my fics, keep an eye out for any more that happen to come around!

Cheers~!

For primary contact with me follow this blog-

Main Blog: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

For the Tumblr Version of this fic and other writings, follow this blog-

Writing Blog: https://haxorus-imp.tumblr.com/

For instant contact with the circle that I have created, feel free to join this Discord-

https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy

Thank you all for reading my fics and giving them Kudos~!
Chapter Summary

You visit Dementia and see something on the news that horrifies you.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was the next day when you got up and out of bed.

Last night was great!

The clouds were gone and you got to learn more about Flugs' world this time around! It was nice to stargaze with a friend. As it really helped to fight off the encroaching loneliness and homesickness that was eating at you earlier that same day.

You learned about constellations and their history. Even if they weren't the same, it still comforted you to know that even THIS Earth has named stars after great superheroes in fiction. Just like your Earth with its' folklore.

You got up and stretched, also ignoring the slight itchy feeling that came from your covered bite wound, now donning your 3rd set of shirt and pants.

Unlike your rocketship shirt and your 'I see Aliens' shirt, you were now wearing a plain black shirt with a glow-in-the-dark design of a stereotypical alien that was smoking a blunt. There was also a tagline underneath the image that said 'Take me to your dealer'.

You found the shirt and fell in love with how funny it was. Thankfully, you weren't wearing this shirt on the night Ass Hat mauled you.

Your pants were also different than your other plain pairs. These pants were black with small green stars that dotted various areas around the pants. Your socks were still a plain black and you chose to wearing a bright green set of sneakers.

Your third outfit was in full swing!

You eventually left your room and headed out into the hallway to go visit Dementia.

Apparently, something bad had went down yesterday at noon and got Dementia very sick, as you learned that from 5.0.5 when he brought you some breakfast. Nobody had said anything about what happened that caused Dementia to fall ill, yet you decided to visit her today.

As it has been two full weeks and Flug had left to go out and restock on food and supplies today. Which means, you could either build something for yourself or visit a sick friend. You didn't feel like working on anything at the moment, curse your laziness, so you decided on the second option.
You grinned as you made your way through the maze-like hallways.

You weren't in charge of caring for her, 5.0.5 currently was, but it wouldn't hurt to get to know the girl, right? I mean, you both haven't seen and interacted with each other at all that much.

So...maybe this would be a good time to visit and possibly get to know her!

You stride to Dementias' room, which was on the other side of the manor, adjacent to your own.

Passing by some artifacts and priceless decor on your way. Looking at some of them as you passed. You couldn't help but laugh at one as you passed.

I mean, who could blame you? It's really weird that Black Hat would have a Hero's ass mounted on his wall.

'I guess that means he's an ass man.' You mentally joke.

You lightly chuckled to yourself as you reached Dementias' room on the other side of the manor. You knocked lightly on the door, not hearing any complaints or murmurs, you twisted the knob and let yourself inside.

The decor of the room looked like it was kinda like a messy, punk-loving teenagers' room. As there were some messy worn-looking dolls, a few posters of punk-looking rock bands on the walls, and an overly large stereo set with a guitar next to the dresser.

The room looked to be unclean. As there was some crumpled notes lying across the floor, some punk records piled on top of one another, and 'How to get your dream man~!' mags strung akimbo across the floor and various surfaces.

There were also pictures of reptiles and rubber lizards all over the place for some reason.

Even if the room looked like a war zone, you stepped inside to visit your once-loud housemate.

"Dementia?" You whispered, walking over to the moaning mound in the bed.

"Mpprrpprpph?" Came a disgruntled voice from under the pink and black blankets that were also dotted with crossbones.

You looked at the mound in slight confusion as you pulled over a chair and sat down. Only to yelp and stand back up after a sharp jab stabbed you in the butt.

You glared at the plastic dragon-looking lizard that was sitting in the chair, as you picked it up and sat it on the desk. Then you sat back down.

"Dementia, are you okay? It's (Name). I decided to come visit you today." You explained, lightly tapping the mound.

The unseen Dementia grumbled again as she slowly retracted the covers. It was slightly difficult to see her, as the only light source in her room was the slightly torn lamp that was perched on her desk. The dark pink lampshade didn't help at all either.
But, you could see her now and she looked just awful.

Her eyes were slightly sunken in and tired looking. Her skin was as pale as snow and her hair was unkempt from not properly taking care of it in over the last 24 hours. She was sweating slightly as the cool rag on her head had long since been warmed and lost it's cooling properties.

"Oh my!" You gasped, picking up the warmed damp rag and feeling Dementias' forehead. To which she purred at the coolness of your palms and whined when you pulled away. "You're burning up! Here, let me go get a cold rag and some icy water! I'll be back in a second!" You exclaimed, picking up the used rag and hurrying from the room.

Looks like you'll be doing more than a simple visitation today.

--

You hurried back into Dementias' room with a cold glass of water and a cold rag.

Walking back over to her bedside and sitting on the chair next to the bed. You sat the items on her nightstand, then prepped the rag and a straw so that it would allow Dementia to take a cold sip of water from the drink.

Dementia sighed in slight relief the moment the cold rag was introduced to her heated forehead and she took a nice long sip from the straw that was in the chilled drink. She gave out a sigh at the brief relief she felt.

"T-Thanks..." Dementia murmured, her voice hoarse.

"You're welcome, Dementia." You replied, setting the drink on the nightstand beside your bed. You observed her again. Taking in the sight of her sickly form.

"Yeesh. It looks like you caught a bad case of the flu, Dementia." You muttered, shifting the slightly askew covers back into place.

Dementia then shook her head. Confusing you slightly.

"Well...yes. I know it's not the flu. I just heard from 5.0.5 that you fell sick. Though, he didn't explain from what. He just shrugged when I asked him what it was." You pondered.

Dementia then began to make humming noises and shift around in her bed. Muttering something.

"I'm--I'm sorry....what?" You asked, leaning in slightly.

Dementia took a steady breath.

"It...experiment. Smelled...great...ate it! Was...in...much...pain...brought...here. Black Hat...Flug...about...you." Dementia croaked, her sentence was broken. Though, her message was clear.

Something went wrong with an experiment. Apparently, it smelled great and Dementia ate it.
Then...she was suddenly in a lot of pain before being moved here.
Then, something was said about you between Black Hat and Flug.

You began to get suspicious. The strange behavior you witnessed yesterday, before you went out on the roof that night, came back to you.
It was only Flug and Black Hat that were behaving strangely yesterday and you didn't find out about Dementia's illness until this morning from 5.0.5!

You squinted at the thoughts. That's a *VERY* convenient time frame for all of this shit to go down.

Then that also explains that strange behavior that Flug was showing when you caught him looking at that vial-!!!

You suddenly look back at Dementia.

"Dementia! Did what made you this sick come from a safe in the lab?" You asked, looking over to her.
She appeared lost in thought for a moment. Before she nodded.

"Vial." She coughed, confirming your suspicions.

You looked away, slightly hurt that *FLUG* of all people would attempt to keep it from you.
But...he doesn't look like the liar type.
He doesn't even look that malicious! I mean, he's more things than that!

He's intelligent, nice, fun to mess with, listens to your worries and problems, skittish, shy....he's a good friend, he would never lie without a reason!

... BUT, somebody else *WOULD*.
You squinted your eyes at the other thought that crossed your mind.

You bet it was fucking *Ass Hat* that made him do it! Dementia did mention him talking to Flug about you.
Though, you didn't know what was in that vial, but you know it has something to do with your blood.

As the transfusion from yesterday, you look at the bandage on your arm for emphasis, was as suspicious as can be.
Approaching Black Hat about this would be too risky, case and point from the scars on your back and the bandage that was on your neck and covering the bite wound.

So, that means that it would have to be Flug that you would have to approach about this topic.

It certainly won't be pretty, if Flug has a panic attack from being confronted...you have to go about this cautiously.

You got pulled from your thoughts when Dementia began to mutter something else.

"Oh! I'm sorry, Dementia. Did you say something? I, uh, wasn't paying attention." You scratched the back of your head.
Dementia rolled her eyes and pointed to the television that was sitting on her large desk. "TV." She repeated.

But, you did what Dementia asked, stood up, and turned on the TV.

Which blasted music the moment it was turned on. Seemingly have been left on a channel that featured punk rockers and rockstars alike singing and performing.

You quickly turned it down and sighed in relief while rubbing your ringing ears. *Cripes*, how did Dementia deal with that!??

You then heard someone grunting. Turning around, you could see Dementia attempting to reach for the remote on the farthest place on the nightstand. You hurriedly walked over and retrieved the remote for Dementia, who hummed in appreciation at the gesture, and began to flip through the channels.

You simply sat back down on the chair and waited for Dementia to find what she wanted to watch.

You could say that you were very confused when she stopped on the *NEWS* of all things. But, you didn't complain. This was Dementias' TV after all.

You began to watch in slight interest as the news anchor was giving out information on a recent attack that happened, to which they switched over to a live reporter who was currently on the scene.

There was a female news reporter on the screen, dressed in a light tan dress and appeared to be reporting on some damages of a recent fight that occurred between two superheroes and a crazed villain in a mech-suit.

It wasn't native to Hat Island, but it appeared to have happened on the mainland, apparently just nearby. In another city that goes by the name of 'Suit City'. You rolled your eyes at that. *Of course it would be named that.*

Why stop at Hat Island? Just keep going! You might have a street that's called "Bowler Hat Lane" or "Classy Boulevard"! You shook your head at those ridiculous assumptions an continued to watch the news.

"*It is recommended that civilians avoid Classy Boulevard until the damage has been cleared by professionals.*" The news reporter explained from the TV.

You blinked before you turned slightly and face-planted into Dementias' sheets. To which she lightly patted your head, despite the confusing behavior you just expressed.

'Dammit. I was just kidding! Ugh!' You mentally groaned. Letting Dementia pet your hair slightly.

Suddenly, there was a tune that was being played on the news, along with a siren-like effect playing in the background. Both of you and Dementia looked toward the TV in confusion, you still laying your upper torso on the sheets, turned your head to see the news channel switch out it's *Daily News* to 'Breaking News'.
Then, a news anchor appeared on the screen, looking quite worried about something.

"This just in! A sudden attack from a local villain happened earlier this morning in 'Current City'!" That nabbed both of your attentions as you fully focused on the TV.

"It started out as a normal day for the locals of Current City, when the local villain and troublemaker, Galvation, suddenly attacked and confronted the town hero, Blade Runner."

"The fight started out rough for Galvation, as the civilians had fled to safe distances and were cheering for Blade Runner on the sidelines of the fight, but this story doesn't have a happy ending for the brave hero that fought against the hulking form that was Galvation. The villain had pulled out a secret weapon that was fired from his wrist, striking Blade Runner in her side."

"The hero was hit the mysterious projectile and began to experience a sudden loss of her super speed. She then began to stumble around as if she was dizzy. Galvation took the opportunity and let out steams of erupting fire from his mouth, singeing our local hero to her unfortunate death. But, the mysterious projectile that pierced Blade Runner had managed to be successfully salvaged from the body of Blade Runner. Galvation had long since fled the battlegrounds when the Hero League finally showed up, along with the state police force."

"This is the image of the weapon that was used on Blade Runner." The woman reported, as her face was changed over to an image of a shot-like device that was black and white, with only a Top Hat icon on the side. With white-pinkish fluid slightly dribbling out of the tip.

"The remaining liquid inside has been confiscated by the Hero League for testing. This unknown device held substance that had managed to weaken a hero and made Blade Runner loose her super speed and weakened her enough to have her killed. Our condolences from channel 9 go out to the family and friends that have been affected by the death of Blade Runner."

"The burial for Blade Runner's ashes will be held this weekend at the Hero's Country Graveyard in Suit City. We can assure you, the villains that made the poison that ended Blade Runners' life will be brought to justice! This has been 'Breaking News' from Channel 9. Stay tuned for the weather and sports report coming soon at 12PM." The news lady said as the commercials came on.

You and Dementia both blinked in silence.

You couldn't believe what you just witnessed! That liquid! That Top Hat design!
You never stood up from a chair that fast in a while.

That was the same liquid from the vial that Flug was trying to hide from you!

You suddenly ran from Dementias' room, leaving behind the confused woman in your wake. You darted down the hallway, sprinting past all of the garbage that Black Hat kept in the halls. You could feel yourself panting and your legs burning.

'I can't believe Flug would hide this from me! ME! He's using MY blood to cause damage! You felt so frustrated that you could cry, yet you sucked it up.

You knew Flug wasn't capable of lying to you. You knew that it was Black Hat that made him do it.
But, to be sure, you're going to get the answers from Flug.
Even if he has a panic attack. You have the right to know!
You NEED to KNOW!

You skidded to a stop in front the stairs that lead down to the foyer. Just in time to see Flug disappear into the lab. Looking none-the-wiser.

'Just the man I wanted to see.' You mentally growled, stomping down the stairs.

'It's time to tell the truth, Flug.' You mentally said, striding after Flugs' form and into the lab.

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Meanwhile, within the dim solitude of his office, Black Hat was watching the recent news report that appeared on screen.
His grin was wide and menacing as he watched the pictures of his clients latest work.

Galvation, in short terms, was a large hulking brute. Sharing the appearance of a lava golem with the ability to breathe fire and crack city streets with his weight. However, he was rather slow. Which is how Blade Runner would always get the upper hand in their encounters.

But not this time.

Black Hat felt a shiver zip down his spine as he watched the news report on Blade Runners' death. Laughing when the news reporter gave her condolences to the 'friends' and 'family' that Blade Runner had.

An official death from a product he made. It felt so good to see something work out in the end.

"The burial for Blade Runner's ashes will be held this weekend at the Hero's Country Graveyard in Suit City. We can assure you, the villains that made the poison that ended Blade Runners' life will be brought to justice! This has--" Black Hat turned off his large, motor-operated TV that came from the floor in his office.

"Oh. I'm SURE we'll be brought to justice, my dear." Black Hat mocked. "I mean, it's not like I have 4 more clients that paid for their fair share. Best part is, I still have 9 more to spare~!" Black Hat cackled as he looked over to the vial display, showing off 9 more of the vials in question.

"Better yet!" Black Hat exclaimed, looking off to the side. Eyeing his haul of hefty stacks of green dollar bills. "They bid like crazy for my product!" He cackled, pulling up his stacks of cash that he made off of the poison.

Grunting as he sat them down on top of his desk. He mentally counted the money stacks for the 5th time that day.

Picking one stack up and dragging his thumb across the end of it. Making it sound like a deck of shuffling cards.

To which it sent pleasurable shivers down his spine.
"Ah~! The lovely sound of a mornings' work." Black Hat sniffed the money stack. Relaxing in his seat as he did so.

He began to count down from 5 with his fingers, as he knows his clients watch the news regularly for any deaths or working products that are effective against heroes.
And as he predicted, his desk phone started to ring when his last finger went down into his fist.

He gave another sinister smile as he reached over to pick up the phone.

"*Lets make heroes a little more dead, shall we?*"

He laughed evilly as he pressed the answer button to his office phone.

Chapter End Notes

This story has been completed since April 16th of 2018.

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All Fanart has been moved to Tumblr and Tagged under 'Alien Affections'.

To read more of my fics, keep an eye out for any more that happen to come around!

Cheers~!

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For instant contact with the circle that I have created, feel free to join this Discord-
https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy
Thank you all for reading my fics and giving them Kudos~!
A Spark

Chapter Summary

You confront Flug to get the truth.

Chapter Notes

PSYCHE.

IT'S FLUFF!!!

You stepped into the lab filled with determination, silently searching for your intended target.

Which wasn't hard, as Flug was taking things out of an automart plastic bag, too busy to notice your arrival into the lab, and setting a few of the contents on his work station. You squinted at him in slight disapproval. Thankfully, you came in mostly silently.

Which was a good thing! Because it gave you time to prepare for your confrontation with him.

Observing the scene before yourself, you began to think of a way to get Flug to talk about the incident you witnessed on TV. Hopefully getting some answers while you're at it.

Should you...just walk in there and confront him about it? Or...would that just make Flug retract even further from you?

I mean, you are quite angry that this was being done without your consent...but just looking at Flug...you already know that he's not the malicious type. Not in an intentional way, anyhow.

He's more soft-spoken than most people you had met back on your planet. He's a kind man. He may do what he does for research or anything else relating to science. He never forgets to ask if you're comfortable with his procedures or any of his experiments that he preforms on you.

You begin to feel your anger die down and get replaced with slight guilt and mostly concern. You stare at the nervous scientist.

You're pretty sure that he didn't mean to lie or hide something this big from you anyway. I mean, you could understand if you were in his shoes. Having all of this on his shoulders. He just looks like he is gonna breakdown any moment from pressure when Black Hat is in the room.

It's more of a psychological galactic behavior for humans, isn't it?

People from your planet regularly try to protect those they care about by hiding the very things that
would cause harm to come to the ones they care about. In the end, it just makes the ones they try to protect completely oblivious to the threats that circle them.

Whether it would be from past drug abuse, bad past in general, mortal enemies, and so on. There are many reasons why people try to protect the ones they care about from harm.

It's typical human behavior. Even on two different Earths in two different galaxies, humans are still humans. Surprisingly.

And seeing Flugs' situation with Black Hat...it's quite understandable why he would choose to hide it and not share it with you. He is at the complete whim of his boss. The nasty creature that rules over you all.

Your face scrunches in slightly when you think of your boss. Black Hat can fit into every negative thought you can think about him.

He's greedy, egotistical, wrathful, sadistic, and vile just to name a few. In short terms, he's the complete OPPOSITE of what he dresses as.

A gentleman? Him? Black Hat of all things?!

Ha! What a joke.

You shook your head. Noticing that you were losing your original train of thought. Focusing back on Flug, as he adjusts and puts away some of the items from the bag, you steadily blink as you stare at the focused scientist from behind.

You internally sighed.

It's obviously Black Hat that's the one at fault here. Not Flug. He looks like the same person when you arrived. No malice drips off of him at all.

Though, Dementia did say that Flug and Black Hat both got into a brief altercation in her room. Something about that poison, you bet.

Your face becomes neutral as indifference sets in.

Flug obviously knows something you don't. He may not have the same motives as Black Hat, but he assisted in the crime. With or without a choice. He still knows the truth...and you're gonna get it from him.

Even if it forms a rift between you two.

You took a calming deep breath, steeling your nerves, and walked further into the room. Allowing your footsteps to fall at a normal octave.

Finally announcing your presence, Flug turned around, slightly surprised at your sudden appearance in the laboratory. He gave out a slightly strained laugh, noticing your expression of stoic determination.
"Oh! H-Hello, (Name)! Do you need something?" He gave you an unseen nervous grin and grew further unnerved by your extended silence.

... 

"Yes, actually." You finally spoke, voice seemingly a normal pitch. To which Flug sighed in slight relief.

You narrowed your eyes at Flug.
"I need the truth, Flug." You bluntly said, eyeing Flug when he grew tense and nervous.

"W-What? What do you mean, (Name)?" Flug stuttered, nervously gripping his arm tightly from out of habit.

You sighed, pinching the bridge of your nose.

"Flug, look. You and I both know you're a horrible liar." You said, flatly.
"I suspected something was amiss the moment you hid that vial from me and told me it was 'ammunition' for your freeze ray. So, please. Just save us both the time with the false excuses."

"I knew something was wrong when I saw you with that suspicious vial, but I let you go. Because I didn't want to pressure you for answers...but it seems that you leave me with no option now." You explained. Flug just twitched and continued to stutter out excuses.

"I-I don't know what you're talking about-" You cut Flug off.
"Cut the crap, Flug." You firmly said, silencing Flugs' pathetic attempt to ignore what you just asked of him.

"I saw a news report in Dementias' room that said a heroine called 'Blade Runner' died at the hands of a villain known as 'Galvation'. There was a bio-weapon that was used and it was a syringe-looking device that was oozing liquid that looked exactly like the liquid that you tried to hide from me that night! Heck, it even had Black Hats' insignia on it!" You snapped.

Flug stared at you, giving you the expression of a scorned puppy. Yet, you held strong.

"So...please, just spare me the excuses and just tell me the truth, Flug." You calmly placed a hand on one of his shoulders, causing him to lightly flinch from the physical contact.
"Are you...using my blood as a bio-weapon against heroes?" You asked, keeping your gaze on Flugs' goggles. Even if he did turn slightly away.

A short period of silence passed. Causing worry to stir in your mind.

'Maybe...I need to be more gentle?' You thought, before placing your other hand on his unoccupied shoulder. Causing him to jump once more.

"Flug. I know, for sure, that it wasn't you that had malicious intentions for my blood. Dementia said that Black Hat and you got into an argument. I'm gonna take a wild guess and say that you were the one that didn't want the poison to get released, right?" You gently prodded, keeping your hands on his shoulders.

You didn't receive a vocal answer, but Flug did nod his head in agreement at your assumption.
"I know that Black Hat made you take my blood during that transfusion. You were so put off that it wasn't normal and you even told me 'sorry' when you pierced my vein too carelessly. You even attempted to make up for it by removing it as carefully as possible when the transfusion was done. You're not a bad person at heart, Flug. I know that."

Though. You still didn't understand why his bag was damp during the whole event. Maybe he was so worried and anxious about his experiment and Dementias' health?

"But...I can't demand Black Hat to tell me the truth. I can only ask you and approach you about this. So, please." You gripped his shoulders firmly, looking Flug in his goggles.
"Please, tell me the truth. Tell me everything that has been done with my blood. I need to know...I have a right to know! You understand that too. I'm certain that you do, Flug."

Flug was still slightly looking away for a brief moment, before he faced you fully again. His goggles drooping with slight guilt.
He gave out a sigh and finally made eye contact with yourself.

"Okay, (Name)." He agreed.
"Find yourself a chair, this explanation might take a while." Flug forewarned.

--

You listened to Flug explain the whole story in full detail while sitting in both of your respective lab seats.
The day ticked on as Flug summed up your entire stay and what he was doing in the lab that led into the wee hours of the morning to this event that is going on right now.

He told you about the blood sample he first received from you the night you came here. He then explained the tests he did to it. The chemistry breakdown, the poison test (Even though he had to explain what vitamin X and V were to you.), and he finished with the confrontation he had with Black Hat in Dementias' room yesterday.

It came as a surprise to you. Seeing how important that blood sample you gave was. It was a harmless gesture. Flug just wanted to study it, yet he got more than he bargained for.

You felt a strange sensation of deja vu.

Just like the very first night you came here, ironically enough. This was another unexpected twist of fate that is making your adventure more hectic.

Can't you just invent and have a normal alien vacation? You mentally rolled your eyes. Apparently not!
And to imagine that you used to think that alien abduction would be mentally enlightening and fun.

"Well, there you go. That's the full truth. Nothing else to hide." Flug admitted, sitting back in his chair.

You both sat in complete silence for a moment. Just listening to the ticking of the labs' clock, the humming of ventilation fans, and the beeping of various machinery.
You silently pondered what you've been told. Carefully analyzing the information.

Apparently, Black Hat was even scummier than you originally thought he could be.

He most certainly likes money more than life, you knew that much. But, now he's risking world chaos just for some piles of cash!

Black Hat is so—so! A couple of words blinked through your mind.

_Despicable! Disgusting! Revolting!

But, none of the words came out of your mouth. So, you just sighed instead.

You have never been this stressed before! Ever! Even on your home planet and on your worst days!

You were usually a relaxed person that couldn't get riled up at anything.

Now look at you! Getting stressed out and turning away from optimism!
I mean, you read that alien abductions changed people.

But, you didn't want to change into...this.

It just doesn't feel right. Like you're not yourself.

You shook those feelings off. You can't let this get you down!

Yeah, sure. It was a surprise to hear that all of this has gone down without your presence or any form of your consent.
But, it's okay! This was just as predictable as getting abducted and placed here!

And from what you heard, Flug tried his best. He tried, but even he could do so much! You can't be mad at him for failing or even trying to stop Black Hat.

You're not mad. Mostly content, now that you have closure.

"Thanks for being honest with me, Flug. It feels better to know what's going on now." You gave Flug one of your signature lazy grins, who was looking over at you in slight surprise.

"You're...not mad?" Flug asked, his voice giving him away that he was astonished by your behavior.

You give him a slightly confused look.

"Mad? No. I was upset, but not mad. I understand that you tried everything in your power that you could do to prevent it. But, it was just simply beyond you. Beyond us both." You said, understandingly.

"I can't blame you. I wouldn't want to confront Black Hat head-on like that either. I prefer pranks to get back at someone." You laughed.
"In the end, it was just another thing we couldn't predict that would happen. Like when you brought me here that night, Flug." You grinned at Flug, who looked at you in slightly quizzically.

"I...I don't understand! I mean, I lied to you! For a while! How can you not be--?!" Flug was cut off by your laughter.

"Flug! Flug! Calm down, man!" You snickered. "I'm not mad at you because I know it wasn't you that did it! You were just doing what you were told to do, anyway. Simply following directives." You waved him off.

"Besides." You then reached over and patted his hand that was resting on his knee.

"You're my friend! I can't stay mad at you!" You beamed at Flug, who was stuttering up a storm.

"W-What?!!" Flug exclaimed, watching as you retracted your hand and rolled away in your lab chair.

"You heard what I said, Flug! I don't hold grudges. It takes too much effort." You waved him off, swiveling around in your chair.

Well. Except maybe with Black Hat. That grudge is gonna stay for QUITE a while. But...maybe in time, it'll go away. Just like the rest of them.’ You mentally stated, keeping your expression as carefree as possible.

"B-But! People are dying! Is...isn't that enough to hate me?" Flug quieted down, looking away from yourself. To which you turned your chair around to look back at the anxious scientist.

"Flug. It does suck that my blood is being used for evil purposes. But, that's Black Hats' doing. Not ours." You explained.

"Frankly, Black Hat could care less about who he hurts and where he gets his dirty money from. As long as there are multiple zeroes and money within the deed, he'll do anything. He would even sell you if the price was right. The guilt of the dead is not our burden to carry, but his." You bluntly stated.

You rolled back over to Flug, placing a friendly hand on his shoulder once more.

"Believe me, Flug. I may carry the blood that makes the poison and you may have the ability to purify it to its' toxic form, but you knew the damage that it would cause. You attempted to prevent it regardless of what happened. You are just as clean of murder as I." You reassured, removing your hand from his shoulder.

"But, I do have to admit." You followed up. "I AM worried about the consequences of Black Hats' actions. We may attract unwanted attention or cause something irreversible to happen. But, we'll cross that bridge when we come to it. For now, we can just...do with what we have." You explained.

Flug seemed to be lost in thought, before he let out an exasperated sigh.

"I'm gonna be honest, (Name). I don't understand you. You just take whatever life throws at you with such grace. You laugh, you smile, you brush off and forgive, you roll with the tide and don't fight back at all." Flug closed his eyes.
"I don't see how you can just endure it and stay optimistic in times like these. Being oppressed by an eldritch horror, cooped up inside a house, and light-years away from your real home. I've been here for a few years and I feel trapped. Like...I'm gonna loose my mind if I stay any longer." Flug admitted, putting his index fingers up to his temples.

"But, I have to admit. I'm...envious of your positive outlook. You just take everything in stride." He muttered.

"You don't panic, you don't cry, you don't scream out or lose your temper...I can't see how you don't do any of those things." Flug reopened his eyes, looking at you from his own chair.

You just shook your head.

"Just because I don't do those things often doesn't mean I can't do those things at all. I'm a human being. I have a varied range of emotions. I just don't waste energy trying to do those things. I just...find it easier to go along with something. It works out, eventually." You explained.

Flug hummed.

"I....surmise so. But, really, I am sorry for lying to you. I just-" You cut Flug off.

"-Did what you thought was the right thing to do?" Flug slowly nodded. You just ginned at the scientist.

"It's okay Flug. I understand." You stood up from your chair.

"Well. I guess I'm heading back to Dementias' room. 5.0.5 has been sleeping in and Dementia probably needs some company and assistance." You stretched your aching limbs as you spoke.

Flug stood up from his seat as well.

"And I guess I'm going to get back to working on my projects." Flug stated, gesturing to some of the blueprints that were laid out next to the autostore bag that contained various machine parts.

You began to stare at him for a few seconds, appearing to be pondering something, before you suddenly approached and hugged the anxious man gently.

Much to his very own surprise!

"(N-Name)! What has gotten-??" Flug stuttered, shocked by the sudden friendly contact. To which you just tightened the hug a little more.

Flugs' mind was reeling at the sudden affectionate contact, trying to find out what was going on at that very moment in time.

Though, he eventually relaxed himself and slightly placed his hands on your own back.

And he was fairly surprised to feel the softness of your own skin through your shirt. He hasn't touched you this...physically at all since you arrived. He just took some blood and never really had much contact. Even if it wasn't with his own bare hands, he could still feel you through them.
He can recall touching you a few times before. He never touched you this...intimately before.

Except that night when Black Hat mauled you. But, he didn't focus on it there. As that was an emergency situation, there was no time to focus on that.

This was...nice in a friendly way...?

Flug squeezed you tighter.

'Their skin is so...soft. It must be another alien characteristic from their own planet. Huh...no wonder Black Hat managed to damage them so easily. They're so...soft...and warm. Almost like 5.0.5. Just without all of the fur and animal traits.' Flug thought internally. Allowing an unseen smile to cross his face as he snuggled slightly deeper into the hug. Subtly, of course.

It was brief, but you released him and he released you before you both became too uncomfortable. You finally spoke out your departing words.

"Again. Thanks for not leaving me in the dark, Flug." You gave him a laid back smile, before turning around and heading for the exit to the lab. Waving at him as you went out the door. Disappearing from Flugs' sight.

Flug was still stunned when you left the lab, leaving him all by himself. To which he just blinked, almost dazed looking.

His body felt oddly warm.

Possibly from the remaining body heat that you left on his body, to which he blinked once more. Still trying to process what just happened.

He then turned around towards his workbench and began to organize the materials that he bought and emptied out onto the surface of his workbench.

Just to get his mind off of what just transpired.

Because he was still oddly warm, even after a few minutes of organizing and fixing up machines.

What a strange feeling.

--

You walked back into Dementia's room, to which you saw her watching TV of some of the shows you saw a few nights ago. Like 'Killer Kitchen' and 'Money Town'.

Strange names for similar shows that happen to also be on your planet.

Dementia appeared to be surprised by your return. Looking at you quizzically. You just waved at her.

"Flug told me everything. But, I'm not mad at him." You said, walking into Dementias' quarters.
"Kinda...made up, instead." You sat back down into the chair that was pulled from Dementias' desk.

Dementia then looked over to yourself and gave you one of her signature insane grins.

She was still sickly, but she attempted to do her best impression of a hit-on 'Rawr~'.

You crocked a brow and shook your head.

"No. Not like that, Dementia." You said, listening to Dementia giggle excitedly from within her bed.

Though, she was persistent and looked over at yourself.

"Like...Flug?" She rasped out.

You looked back over to herself and shook your head, feeling oddly warm from the assumption.

"No, it's not what you're thinking of! I mean, he's nice and all, but he's just a really good friend that I have. You know, that kind of stuff~" You silenced yourself when Dementia just bit her lower lip and continued to stare at you. Giving you a snarky-looking stare that was paired with a sly smile.

"Listen to what I'm telling you! It's not like that, Dementia! Dem, no!" She just stuck her tongue out at you with a small 'Blep' and bounced her brows at you.

You covered your face in slight embarrassment. Turning away from the lizard-hybrid.

Ugh.

You just hope Dementia doesn't take your and Flugs' relations a little too seriously.
I mean, you're both just friends. There's nothing more to it than that.

... Right?

Chapter End Notes

A spark has been lit between Reader and Flug.

Dementia is a shipper.

Friendship is still there and it's growing stronger.

Here's my Tumblr: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

= ~~~~Also FANART~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of
Letsallbecalmchaps =


Thank you very much for drawing art!
Black Hat confronts you on your 'intimate' behavior with Flug and you both get into an altercation over it.

Black Hat doesn't like it so he causes Angst.

(WOO...this one is a DOOZY length!)

Black Hat sighed in slight pleasure as he sat within the vicinity of his silent office. Allowing himself to feel the buzz of the wine he drank earlier to celebrate his newest 'Most money grossed from a project' score.

He was leaned back into his office chair. Relaxed and appearing to be a little tipsy from how much wine he consumed. He must'ave got a little carried away with celebrating. As his suit was a little messed up, being his tie was strung about and the flaps of his coat were bent at awkward angles, and his desk was in slight disarray.

Upon his desk now sat an empty vial display and a couple of empty wine glasses and two empty wine bottles that sat next to his desk on the floor. He loved his favorite brand of wine, which went by 'Black Market Brewery - Red Moon Wine'. Especially if the wine had that 'special ingredient' in it.

Not something that the company adds. More of his...own personal ingredient.

Blood.

Not popular among mortals nor wine breweries, but it just adds that much needed tang to a usually disappointing glass of wine. Red Moon Wine wasn't cheap. Unlike some of the other cheaper wines that he happens to possess.

Which means that it doesn't need that 'special ingredient' that he adds himself.

Oh! But how he misses the shocks that would zip down his spine when he drank the lower quality wine that night. The one that was tainted with your blood. It was...unique.
Different in many ways, that happened to be the ways that Black Hat likes. Black Hat grinned a
toothy smile as he sat up in his chair.

It was originally supposed to be a one time thing, but he craved it now. The more he thought about it and the more he drank the regular wine, the more he just desired it to have that peculiar zing that came with it. He wishes that he could just dart from the room, jump on your back, and sink his teeth deep into your skin as they possibly can.

Yet, he had to control himself this time. Turning into a blood thirsty monster and killing his living goldmine was the last thing on his list to do. It would be the worst thing that could happen to them at this point in time. Especially when he's been getting hauls like this!

Black Hat looked over to the, now much bigger, stacks of green cash that sat around his desk. The sheer numbers of stacks making his office smell like freshly printed paper.

Black Hat stared, pleased at the sight of the cash.

And it hasn't even been a full day yet!

Though, Black Hat looked back toward the entrance to his office, which was still slightly obscured by the motor-operated TV, that doesn't mean that you're above punishment.

He just needs to make sure that you don't die from your punishments or wounds. Black Hat mentally reassured himself.

Bringing them pain? Yes.
Killing them? No.

Black Hat scooted up closer to his desk, moving the fragile empty wine glasses out of the way, as he fetched the purchase log from below the papers that littered his desk surface. Pulling it out, he scanned over the names with a careful eye.

Even when he was slightly buzzed, he could still focus and recall the names of the lesser villains that had purchased the poison from himself.

"Guyver Valentino...Sanfe Dendas...Killjoy...and Arcrune." Black Hat muttered, logging the buyers in the red notebook that was laying open on his desk, which was also full of names of many other villains. This was just in case if one of the relationships with a particular villain happens to...sour, Per Se.

Black Hat looked up from his work station in a slight state of boredom.

"All work and no pay makes Black Hat a dull demon", as he says.

He groaned again out of boredom, setting his pen down and double checking the names. Finding that he had got them all down correctly.
Now, he simply had nothing to do.

The wine was gone, the money from the poisons were received, and he was done with logging and transactions. Which left Black Hat with nothing to do.
He had to think of a way to curb his insatiable boredom.

Suddenly, a thought had crept into his wicked mind.

He silently wonders what his minions are doing at this moment in time. He still had some time to kill and the TV was still there.

Why not...do some **spying** on his minions? Especially on (Name). He silently wonders what they're up to.

Using his life-seeking abilities wouldn't be of much help at this point in time. Seeing as one is temporarily bedridden and the rest are all over the place. So, he's gonna have to use his security cameras this time.

Black Hat then backed up a bit and opened the drawers to his desk.

Pilfering around in his drawer, it took him a few seconds to find the keypad for the cameras around the manor. Letting out an '*Aha!*' when he did find the keypad.

Black Hat then turned on his TV, changing it to the security cam setting, to which it revealed an empty foyer.

Black Hat hummed, pleased by the results as he began to flip through the cams that were stationed throughout the house.

Clicking the keypad a couple of times, he landed on the hallway that was stationed outside of Dementias' room. To which, revealed Dementia's door to be open.

Looking a little closer into the slightly off-screen room, Black Hat could see a moving mass in the bed. Which indicated that Dementia was still in their bed. She also seemed to be getting a little more active as the days passed.

"Good. At least the girl will get back on her feet and stop requiring medical aid..." Black Hat muttered, but began to think of the pros and cons of Dementia getting better.

"On second thought, she can stay ill." Black Hat grumbled, flipping through cameras as he did so.

After a few seconds of flipping, he then discovered 5.0.5 taking a nap on the large pet-bed that was purchased for him.

To which Black Hat grumbled about how lazy 5.0.5 was before flipping cameras again.

The rest of the house was strangely desolate, except one room.

When Black Hat flipped over to the lab cam, he was slightly surprised that you and Flug were in the same room. I mean, he might have expected such.

You both being coworkers and all.

Yet, you both were facing each other in your chairs and seemed to be talking about something together. Possibly future plans for more equipment?

" Curse these cameras for not having a built in audio connector." Black Hat angrily mumbled.

Reading lips was pointless. As the camera was facing Flugs' direction and his face, obviously being covered by a paper bag, made it barely impossible to see what he was saying.
Yet, what he can't read in lips, he can read in body language.

Still, it was hard to decipher what was being said. As Flug was seemingly all over the place, while you moved only slightly.

Yet, it seemed to be something of importance, as Flug would move his hands about wildly, then he would shake his head from time to time. Then, you would put a hand on his shoulder, probably to tell him something, before you retracted your hand and rolled away, showing your face.

Black Hat could feel his brow twitch when the contact was made. Yet, he pushed his inner wrath down for the moment. His curiosity piqued at the moment.

Then, Flug appeared be saying something, which made your eyes grow slightly wide and you to turn around.

Hiding your face once more, before you scooted your chair back over to Flug. You then placed your hand back onto his shoulder, causing Black Hats' brow to twitch once more, yet he regrettably watched on.

Then, Flugs' eyes widened, apparently surprised at what you might'ave said.

Black Hat leaned over his desk and placed his chin onto his folded hands, staring at the screen intently, carefully shifting his eye to observe both parties. Then, apparently, both of you came to some kind of...agreement?

As you both stood up, you being first, then Flug following shortly after.

Yet, Black Hat wasn't prepared for what happened next. If he was holding any wine to his mouth at that moment, he probably would of spit it out all over his desk.

You actually walked over and HUGGED Flug. To which he gave you an awkward hug in return. Yet, Black Hat could see it on Flugs' bag.

He was...enjoying it?!

Flug wasn't a very touchy type of person. Yet, he enjoys--?!

Black Hat felt is mouth form into a firm grimace at the scene happening before his very eyes on the TV screen. I mean, looking at Flug, Black Hat could obviously see him snuggling deeper into your soft flesh!

This is...very unprofessional of you both!

Black Hat felt his hands transform into claws and rip the fabric of his gloves, yet again. He cursed as he looked at his claws, then back at the screen. These were the claws that marked you. Scarred you. Claimed your flesh for their own use.

Yet, you dare...get affectionate with your coworker?!
Black Hat slammed a curled up fist down onto his desk, giving it a few splinters and cracks. The happy buzz from the wine was now replaced with a dwelling rage that burned deep within Black Hat.

You should know not to get intimate with coworkers. Be it hugs, kisses, dates, and—!!
Black Hat gagged at that last bit. You two better *NOT* reach that stage.

“Well, now this won't do will it?” Black Hat mentally hissed, observing you as you left the lab. Seemingly heading off to Dementias' room.

Black Hat might need you to come to his office for this...*insubordination*.

Black Hat then stood up and began to make his way to Dementias' room. Pressing a button on the side of the motor-operated TV as he passed it, which turned it off and it began to make a decent back into the floor from whence it came.

Black Hat continued on his way.

Flicking his wrist to open the doors without touching them and closing them back as he made his journey over to Dementias' quarters.

—

You just got finished watching a runway show with Dementia and you both were having a blast with making fun of the uglier-looking articles of clothing that had the misfortune to be place on male, female, mutant, and robots models alike.

You had to admit, it was interesting to see a society that was more than just humans. There were human half-animals, super humans, high functioning plants, elemental humanoids, and much more!

I mean, you come from a planet that has only humans, much to your own knowledge, and it just seemed that this world had so much more to offer.
Yet, it wasn't home. Now that you know that there's more creatures that inhabit this planet other than humans.

This was quite educational for yourself, even if it was just a runway show.

But, you had taken up taking care of Dementia as 5.0.5 hasn't been seen all day. She needed help getting to her rooms' respective bathroom when you arrived, needing to do her business, and it was slightly difficult to get her out of bed. But, you managed.

Dementia was getting stronger as the hours go by. She wasn't as sweaty anymore and wasn't laboring to breathe like she used to.
Heck! She even managed to stand, but with great difficulty, to open the bathroom door herself.

You were glad that she was improving.

You both were sharing a slight laughter fest, which quickly died when a dark figure strolled into the room. Making you both shut up faster than your mouths could close.
For some reason, Black Hat came to Dementias' room on his own accord. Either looking for said-woman or yourself. To which, your silent question was answered when he locked his gaze onto yourself. You would'ave gulped, seeing as he was looking quite grumpy today.

You were currently leaning back in your chair, giving your boss a lazy grin, knowing how much it bothers him.

"S'up, boss?" You waved, to which he just narrowed his visible eye at you.

"(Name). I need you to come to my office." Black Hat ordered. Growing rapidly impatient when you didn't move from the chair.
"NOW." He snarled, to which you held up your arms in mock-surrender and got up from your chair.

You looked back to Dementia as you walked on by.

"Later, Dem." You waved back at Dementia, following Black Hat out into the hallway. Completely ignoring how she squeed when Black Hat had entered her room and how she whined when he and yourself left.

Though, you suspect that she'll miss Black Hat more than you.

You and Black Hat walked to his office in complete silence. Only your footfalls echoing off of the walls and the grandfather clocks that littered the halls. Ticking away and showing that it was slightly passed midday. Slowly creeping onto the evening.

You came to a familiar pair of double-doors. Ones that you know so well. Too well.

Black Hat just flicked his wrist and the doors opened by themselves. Revealing the office once again.

He walked inside with a proud stride while you cautiously followed behind, though, you kept your body lax and your wits about you.

Black Hat then made it to the other side of his slightly splintered desk, for some strange reason, and you looked around. The office was...messier than usual..and there were stacks of money behind Black Hats' chair. You have a very good hunch at where the money came from.

And it looks like he was partying. As the desk was currently occupied with about 3 empty wine glasses and there were two empty wine bottles next to his desk.
"You internally 'tched' at the surroundings, yet you kept your face relaxed.

Finding a chair that was slightly off to the side, you pulled it over quickly and parked your butt in it. Patiently waiting for Black Hat to explain himself.

"So. What's this about, boss?" You asked, managing to hide your nervousness.

Black Hat cleared his throat and straightened his back.
"(Name). I have caught you doing something, VERY unprofessional and I do not want you to do anymore." Black Hat explained, much to your confusion.

"I-uh, what? What did I do?" You asked, holding your hands out slightly and furrowing your brow.

Black Hat narrowed his visible eye.

"Don't play dumb with me, (Name). I watched you hug Flug from the security camera feed! It was obviously way too intimate. You two are getting too close for comfort for this to be a professional relationship. So, I'm going to have to demand that you spend time away from Flug." Black Hat ordered.

You just looked off into a unseen horizon at the accusation, silently screaming internally in a rage.

Though, externally, you just sigh and place your pointer fingers to your temples.

"Really, boss? You brought me here just to scold me on hugging?" You deadpanned, slightly itching the gauze that still covered the bite wound on your triceps.

Black Hat scoffed at your unamused demeanor.

"It's not 'just hugging', (Name). Besides, those types of actions aren't allowed under this roof anyway." Black Hat sat back in his chair.
"Follow my directive. I do NOT want to see that happen anymore." He warned, to which you gave an unamused stare at the order.

Not only that, but something deep within yourself twinged in fury and anxiety at the 'directive' that Black Hat gave you.
To which you just shook your head in exasperation at the demon.

"Black Hat this is ridiculous! All Flug needed was moral support and I gave it to him in the form of a hug. What's the big deal?" You crossed your arms.

Black Hat took a deep breath.

"To put it in simpler terms, I DON'T WANT YOU DOING IT ANYMORE." Black Hat snarled, to which it just made your brow twitch in agitation.

"So what do you expect me to do? I can't avoid Flug! We live under the same roof! We work in the same lab!" Your relaxed facade had long since crumbled and was replaced by pure annoyance.

"Why is hugging such a big deal to you and why should it matter?" You angrily retorted.

"This could lead to more further complications and can cause unneeded distractions for Flug! So, yes! It MATTERS." Black Hat bit back.

"But, we're just friends! How can this possibly dig even deeper?!" You snapped.

"I'm preventing it from spawning anything more than that. It's also not a decent work environment. Besides! It's bad for the company anyway!" Black Hat snarled, to which you visibly rolled your eyes.
"Oh, please. You're sitting in the center of stacks of cash. Your business is fine. So, how about you stay outta mine?" You equally growled out.

To which Black Hat grew enraged and slammed his fist down onto his desk, successfully snapping it into two halves. Shattering the wine glasses that were perched on the desk also. Startling you and the tremor from the splitting of the desk caused some of the evil-looking trinkets around the office to vibrate and become askew.

Black Hat was now baring a larger set of fangs, an irritated visible red eye, claws, and his forked tongue would come out periodically in a hissing rage.

Ah. You forgot that this guy wasn't human in the slightest. And looking at those claws, you could feel slight dread creep up on you as the feeling of phantom pains erupted from your back at the visuals of those claws.

"ENOUGH." He roared, silencing you.

It took a few moments of silence. You just listening to his angry breathing and your more normal breaths.

He began to transform back to his lesser form and when he did, he pointed at you and hissed.

"Do as you're told, you foolish alien. I will not stand for your back-talk and disrespect for higher authority." He growled, shaking his head and crossing his hands in his lap.

"Has my previous lesson taught you nothing?! You should know by now that I am your superior and you should listen to me without questioning my own motives!" He snapped, to which your brow twitched.

"." You stayed silent. To which Black Hat huffed.

"Finally reeled in that wicked tongue of yours? Good. Keep it that way if you wish to keep it in your head." He threatened.
"I hereby ban you from interacting with Flug, only during transfusions will you two ever make contact!"

To which you just pointed your gaze downwards and stayed silent.

"I'll be keeping an eye on you to make sure you obey, so you better listen to my orders or you will be punished harshly once more." Black Hat hissed.
"Now. Get out." He gestured to the office doors, which opened by themselves.

Without missing a beat, you haphazardly knock over the chair when you stood up and left the office in a huff. The doors slammed shut behind you, sealing you out into the hallway.

Which you headed back into the direction of your room.

You were too angry to visit a friend or do anything else.
You just needed some alone time for a while.

Maybe you needed to tinker with something or just make a bunch of randomly made things that
serve no purpose whatsoever.

Anything really. You're just too mad to care.

What were you going to do now that you can't interact with your only friend that's on this planet...?

--

Meanwhile, Black Hat looked at the mess that was his office.

Broken glass, splintered wood, askew paintings and artifacts, it was a hot mess. Not something Black Hat does regularly.
But, what has been going right ever since the alien showed up?

Things have been broken, his authority has been challenged, he's stirring up chaos on the outside, he's made more money than most of his projects combined.
But is putting up with that back-biting nuisance worth it?

Looking over at his mounds of cash, Black Hat felt strangely peaceful. To which he figures, yes. It was worth it.
Still, it comes with a price tag. That being the splitting headaches he would get from dealing with the alien.

Thankfully, they're worth something.

If they weren't worth anything, he probably would've made them into a one-of-a-kind skin pelt at this point.

Once more looking as his office, which was still a mess, he stood up.

"I'll get 5.0.5 to clean this mess up." He mumbled, leaving his office to fetch the said bear.
Walking down the opposite corridor to get to the foyer.

Completely missing the skinny figure hiding around the corner that had overheard the entire fight.

Chapter End Notes

WOOOO! More than 50,000 words! That's a milestone!

But, yeah. Flug overheard everything and he's pretty shook about the new regulations. But...will there be an ally to help with this dilemma!? FIND OUT SOON!

Here's my Tumblr: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaah-im-so-
sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of

Letsallbecalmchaps =
https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/162644236811/cosmica-galaxy-loved-the-
new-chapter

Damo-Draws = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162682291049/hiii-i-wanted-
to-share-my-little-fanart-of-your

Thank you very much for drawing art!
Another Perspective

Chapter Summary

Flug gets the news beforehand and is down in the dumps about it.

Yet, you two might have an ally to assist you in these dark times.

Chapter Notes

Previous chapter told from another perspective.

Flug was originally on his way to check Dementia's recovery progress, along with bringing a cup of special tea to her room, when he found out what happened.

... 

Just after you left and Flug got organized, he was still warm strangely enough, he had checked the time and discovered that it was time for Dementia to get her daily medicine to help repel the enzymes that she consumed.

He walked over to a cabinet and opened it, showing some vitamin V dissolve tablets. It may be slightly ineffective, but it'll speed up the process by assisting Dementia's natural immune system to help flush them out. Well...from what he could consider from his research anyway. As the enzymes outnumbered the X and V vitamins, which caused them to win. It would only be logical to use the V vitamin to boost the natural lizard enzymes in Dementia's own body to repel the invasive alien enzymes.

He picked up the bottle and began to make his way to the exit, tablets in hand.

He had left the lab to get Dementia's daily mediated tea to assist in her recovery progress.

Flug had noticed that she was getting stronger these past few days. He estimated that if he gave her about 4 more days to recover, she'll be back on her own two feet once more!

And maybe she'll think twice before drinking some other liquids from his safes after this.

He had made it to the Kitchen and began to fix up a nice warm cup of medicated tea for Dementia. Pouring some water into a teapot, putting in an herbal teabag, and placing it on the stove to warm it up. Flug also prepared some garnishes to prepare the tea with.

A slice of citrus, some sugar cubes, a small cup of cream, and a tea spoon to stir in the ingredients.

He's...experienced with making tea.
Having been forced to make it for Black Hat on some of his bad days. He's quite the brewer, if he
does say so himself!
Though, it could be slightly easier if Dementia would cooperate a little more.

As it was slightly difficult to coax her into drinking the tea, her being a sugar drink junkie like she
is, but it was good for her health. So, he would tolerate it to a certain degree. At least until he didn't
have to provide this tea for her anymore. Just a few more days.

Strangely enough, as he waited patiently for the water to warm, he didn't feel guilty about anything
at the moment. He...felt like he had nothing to hide.
You know everything now. What went down, what Black Hat is doing with your blood, everything.

He felt like a weight was lifted off of his lungs when you didn't snap at him and run off. Also, he
managed to come clean from guilt as you listened to every word on his half of the story. To which,
he greatly appreciated. You didn't look like the type to jump to conclusions at the first exposure.

You waited for him to finish what he started. Listened with intent and understanding. Which he
admired.
He...appreciated you to a...certain degree.

For an engineer that's under the thumb of Black Hat, you were pretty lax about all of this.

This...predicament.

Flug sighs.

He wished that he could live in the quiet moments of life and keep his head on in times of panic
and severe stress.
Just another admirable trait that you possessed, he supposed.

Flug came back to reality when the teapot began to whistle and bellow steam.

Flug then grabbed the, now hot, teapot off the stove, poured some in a teacup, dropped in the V
vitamin tablet that helps to fight off the enzymes, picked up the plate with all of the ingredients on
it, and began to make his way to Dementias' room. He passed not a lot of people, strangely
enough.

No Black Hat, no 5.0.5, no you, and no Dementia. He was kinda calmed by the unusual quiet that
thrived at the moment.
The house was usually loud. Mostly because of Dementia.

Yet, the manor felt like it was empty. Void of living people.
Flug could feel goosebumps rise on his skin, but he walked on. Ignoring the unnatural feel and air
in the manor.

He made his journey there, upon approaching the destination, all he heard coming from within the
room was the sound of the TV in Dementias' room being on the 'Fast Lane Runway' show.

Flug was slightly confused when he didn't hear your voice in the same room with Dementia.
You DID say that you were going to visit her after all.
Maybe you were just too engrossed in the show to talk to Dementia?

Upon arriving, Flug was moderately surprised to see only Dementia in the room. Snuggled deep within her blankets and watching the runway show that was going live on the air. You weren't anywhere in sight from within the room.

Dementia looked over and was slightly confused with Flug's presence. Noticing the tea, she made another 'Blep' noise with her tongue and hid underneath her blankets. To which Flug just sighed out in slight irritability.

"Come on, Dementia. You have to drink this tea in order to get better." Flug chided, as he walked into the room, stepping over some of the rubber lizards she had strewn about her room and setting the tray down on the nightstand.

Dementia just let out a whiny grumble from underneath her covers.

"Dementia. Get out of there. You need to drink your tea!" Flug ordered, shaking her covered form. To which she mumbled profanities and slithered out from her hiding place.

"I...hate tea." She rasped, throat dry. "Why couldn't...you make it...an energy...drink?" She hissed, giving the tray on her nightstand the stink eye.

Flug rolled his eyes from behind his goggles at Dementia.

"It's good for you! Unlike the high dosages of sugar that are in those tin cans you call 'drinks'." Flug mumbled.

He prepared the tea, putting a reasonable amount of sugar into it, squirted some citrus into it, and stirred.

He gestured for Dementia to sit up, to which she did with a huff and grumpily crossed her arms. Flug then offered her the mug, to which she took it and took a sip. Making a 'blech' noise after she had swallowed.

Flug then got curious of your whereabouts. Seeing as you weren't in any other part of the house on his way up here, Dementia had probably seen you.

"Hey, Dementia?" Said girl hummed in acknowledgement. "Do you know where (Name) is, by any chance?" Flug asked, to which Dementia looked over.

She placed her teacup down and continued to stare at Flug.

"They...Black Hat came...told them to follow." She coughed, her throat a little more moist now after a drink. "Office." She finished.

Flug could feel his anxiety run down his spine at those words.

Isn't that how you...wound up the way you did that night? Bleeding profusely, disoriented, and battered with flesh hanging off of your shoulder?

The vision of that night flashed back into Flugs' head,imitating a horror movie. Your form torn up and the claw marks that scarred your back forever.

He visibly flinched at the mention of Black Hats' office, causing Dementia to look over out of slight concern.
"You...okay?" She rasped. To which Flug nodded rapidly.

"Uh, yeah! I'm fine! I just...uh, got to go check on something!" He inched near the door, trying his best to not look suspicious. Which he was doing a terrible job at. "Make sure you finish that t-tea! I've got to...go now. So, uh, bye!" Flug skittered out into the hallway and headed down to Black Hats' office.

Dementia merely sat on her bed in slight confusion, but she gave out a giddy smile and squealed from within the confines of her bed. She knew that Flug was lying about 'checking up' on something. She knew he was worried about your well being around Black Hat, which is why he scrambled from the room to go check.

She gave out a happy laugh.

She knows that Flug cares for you and wants the best for you.

Which is why Dementia ships you both so hard at the moment.

--

Flug hurried on his way to Black Hats' office.

Visions of what happened the last time you were there haunted the back of his eyes. Similar to if you stared into a lightbulb long enough. Brief flashes of the past flickered in and out of his view. He attempted to shake them off, continuing on his way.

He stopped to catch his breath at the corner of the hallway in front of Black Hats' office. Flug wasn't the fittest person, he admits. Yet, he was here at least.

Looking at the closed dark-wooded double doors that lead to the office, does he just peek in or...?

Flug approached the double doors with caution. He has been hit by them from someone unexpectedly leaving the office, it's usually how he winds up with broken goggles half of the time. When he got close enough, he could hear murmurs coming from within the office. He gave out a quiet sigh, good. No screaming. Yet, things seem to be getting heated in there for some reason.

Leaning a little closer to the doors, he could hear what was being said slightly better.

"Really, boss? You brought me here just to scold me on hugging?" Your voice was muffled, but Flug could tell that it was a deadpan vocal expression from within the room.

Flug heard Black Hat scoff from within the room.

"It's not 'just hugging', (Name). Besides, those types of actions aren't allowed under this roof anyway." Flug heard someone shifting.
"Follow my directive. I do NOT want to see that happen anymore."

Uh oh. Flug and You got caught.
He would'ave smacked his face right then and there. How could he forget the security feed?!

"Black Hat this is ridiculous! All Flug needed was moral support and I gave it to him in the form of a hug. What's the big deal?" Flug heard you say, your voice obviously annoyed.

He heard someone, probably Black Hat, inhale from within the room.

"To put it in simpler terms, I DON'T WANT YOU DOING IT ANYMORE. ” Yep. That was indeed Black Hat.

"So what do you expect me to do? I can't avoid Flug! We live under the same roof! We work in the same lab!" Flug could now tell by hearing that you're obviously getting very annoyed.

"Why is hugging such a big deal to you and why should it matter?" Flug blinked. Was...that...anger? He never heard you get angry before.

"This could lead to more further complications and can cause unneeded distractions for Flug! So, yes! It MATTERS. " Flug heard Black Hat argue.

"But, we're just friends! How can this possibly dig even deeper?!” Flug heard you snap. He shook his head at the grave you were digging for yourself.

"I'm preventing it from spawning anything more than that. It's also not a decent work environment. Besides! It's bad for the company anyway!" He listened as Black Hat snapped viciously, causing himself to flinch.

"Oh, please. You're sitting in the center of stacks of cash. Your business is fine. So, how about you stay outta mine?" Flugs' unseen mouth dropped as he processed what he just heard.

Suddenly, there was a large eruption of sound that came from within the room and it sounded like some things were broken. The sound of shattering glass, something crunching, and the vibration that even Flug could feel from the impact that came from the room. He just hoped that it wasn't you.

"ENOUGH." Flug jumped at the voice Black Hat had. He only heard that come from his boss a few times and it was usually when he gets angry.

Seeing as what you said previously, Flug could tell why Black Hat was so angry.

There was brief silence and Flug could only hear his own heartbeat and anxious thoughts.

"Do as you're told, you foolish alien. I will not stand for your back-talk and disrespect for higher authority." His breath hitched when Black Hat spoke, but you didn't.

"Has my previous lesson taught you nothing?! You should know by now that I am your superior and you should listen to me without questioning my own motives!" Flug anticipated your answer, yet you said nothing. Images of your crushed in skull flashed briefly behind his eyelids, to which he shook his head.

"Finally reeled in that wicked tongue of yours? Good. Keep it that way if you wish to keep it in
your head.” Flug heard Black Hat threatened.

Yet, he wasn't prepared for the next thing that was said.

"I hereby ban you from interacting with Flug, only during transfusions will you two ever make contact!" Flug visibly became flabbergasted at the sudden assumption.

Banned? From interacting with you? But...why? Over just a hug? Flug shook his head. Black Hat is NEVER like this. What has gotten into him!? He can't possibly think that you two can live and stay apart when you--!

Oh. Now he understands your anger.

"I'll be keeping an eye on you to make sure you obey, so you better listen to my orders or you will be punished harshly once more." He heard Black Hat hiss. "Now. Get out."

Flug heard the locks on the double doors click and jumped out of sight and range of the doors as they swung open, hurrying back over to his hiding spot behind the corner. He felt his heart hammer in his chest as he peeked around the corner, hearing a chair skid from within the room and footsteps approached.

He mentally sighed in relief when it was you that left the office in one piece. Yet, you looked very upset. Understandably so.

Flug waited for a few minutes, hiding further behind the corner when the shadow that was his boss exited the room, looking just as equally agitated as you.
Flug watched as he went down the same direction as you, but turned at the first corner he came to. Probably going to the lab to pass the news off to him.

He left his hiding spot and peeked into the room. It was...very messy. Nope. Not a normal Black Hat at all. This office is kept very clean all of the time. This is where Black Hat spends most of his hours after all.

Yet, looking at the empty wine bottles, the shattered class, the broken and askew decorations that littered the room...it is rather odd to see this behavior come from his boss. Yet, he has a large hunch at where this behavior is coming from.

Looking at the stacks of cash in the room, Flug surmised that those stacks were behind this unusual behavior.

Flug then heard what sounded like Black Hat yelling from across the manor. He could make out vague words like 'lazy' and 'useless'. He also heard a 'bear' in there somewhere. Flug might've figured that Black Hat would go to get 5.0.5 to clean up the mess that was his office space.

Flug sighed and hurried back to Dementia's room.

A slight pain following him internally as he left the scene.

--
Dementia finished the tea some time ago after Flug had left to chase his 'sweetheart', in Dementias' eyes, and was snuggled into her blankets once more. It was a few quiet moments to herself when she heard footsteps approach her room.

Her ears perked and she got into position to ask the question that was buzzing around in her head like an angry beehive.

The person she wanted to see walked in. Though, he wasn't the same as when he left. He didn't even look relieved. Flug was hunched over and his goggle flaps were drooping. He didn't even greet Dementia when he walked in.

She sat up, sensing his depressed state.

"What's wrong?" She asked, her voice a little better, yet still hoarse. Flug gave out a depressing sigh.

"Well. I kinda eavesdropped on Black Hat and (Name)'s conversation. I found out that Black Hat had caught us hugging in the--?!!" Flug flinched when Dementia squealed out.

"You...Hugged (Name)??!" She grinned with hearts' in her eyes, to which it caused Flug to start to sweat through his bag.

"Hugged platonically, I might add." Flug insisted. To which Dementia frowned and whimpered slightly.

"In the lab and it was caught on the security feed. Black Hat scolded (Name) on it and they got into an argument. (Name) got spiteful and said...um...a really disrespectful thing to Black Hat. Now, we're not supposed to make outside contact other than work or transfusions." Flug sighed.

"In other words, he has banned us from seeing each other." Flug summed it up.

Dementia blinked in slight surprise.

I mean, she loves Black Hat. Obsesses over him, worships him, and adores him to no end. Yet, why would he bother with dividing up you and Flug?

Were you both really getting that...intimate that it caught Black Hats' attention and he decided to butt in?! But, you and Flug LOVE each other so much!!!

Gah!!

This was a dilemma for Dementia! As she was stuck trying to understand her dearests' motives while also trying to nurture the love between the nerd and new person that was blossoming outwards!

She placed a finger on her chin in silent thought.

If you both are gonna see each other under Black Hats' careful eyes, you would need an agent...a sneaky snake~!
Dementia cackled out loud. Drawing Flugs' slightly intrigued, yet worried, attention. He arched a
brow at the cackling woman.

"What are you thinking about, Dementia?" He squinted in suspicion as she waved him off.

"Oh....nothing, Flugbug~!" She wheezed as she attempted to contain her laughter.

Flug may be bad at lying, but Dementia would happen to be worse than him. As she couldn't keep a secret if her life depended on it.
Tattling on what you did to Black Hat the day you both went out to get new clothes for yourself was a sure sign of that.

"Okay...then." Flug walked over to the tray, looked into the teacup, and hummed in delight when it was empty. At least she finished it...he hopes. The last thing he wants to find out is Dementia getting rid of the tea when he's not present.

He picked up the tray and began to head back to the kitchen.

"I'll come back to check on you later, Dementia. Rest up." Flug said, before turning around and leaving her room.

Dementia barely acknowledged his departure.
As she was currently plotting ideas in her head on how to get you two back to seeing each other when Black Hat looked away or when he was unaware.

She squealed.

This was just like that book about the villain, Romeo Cadaver, and the heroine, Juliet Righthead! That they fell in love with each other, despite their obvious chosen factions that kept them apart against their wills!
Yet, even as they were villain and hero, even when under their bosses iron grips, their love prevailed as they faked their own deaths to achieve their own happy ending!

It brought little tears to Dementias' eyes at the thoughts and images that passed through her mind.

Then, A sudden thought came to her mind as she realized what she would call her mission.

'Operation: Romeo and Juliet!' She thought, laughing out loud once more.

'It's perfect!' She giggled.

Dementia was gonna try her damn best to play as a great matchmaker for you two!

Chapter End Notes

Dementia is such a colossal shipper and YES, Reader and Flug are gonna pull some Romeo and Juliet shit.
Platonically of course.
Here’s my Tumblr: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of


Thank you very much for drawing art!
Roomba Rumba

Chapter Summary

You take out your frustrations by making a little robot cleaner.

Yet, Black Hat comes forth with an interesting...preposition.

Chapter Notes

I'M BACK~~

Sorry it took so long, we had to clean the house and put stuff away.
But, all is normal now~!

(Until Irma hits, but whatever.)

Also, this is a bridge chapter. It will build up for some more juicier chapters later on, so sorry for those that wanted some action. But, don't worry. You'll get your fill on action soon enough.

Soon enough...

*Ominously rubs hands together*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The moment you got back into your room, you immediately went over to the bed, picked up the nearest pillow, and screamed into it.

Your shout was muffled by the comforter as you exhausted all of your oxygen into that one cry. You pulled your face away from the pillow, throwing it back near the headboard of your bed, and flopped onto the soft blankets.

You stared at the canopy that hung over your mattress, idly groaning and listening to the clock ticking in your room. It felt like minutes before you regained the will to move and shift around on top of your bedspread.

To say that you were frustrated was a major understatement.

Obviously, Black Hat was the source of your chagrin once more. Yet, this time, you were separated from one of the very few friends you had on this planet. Even if you met him just a few short weeks ago, you have grown to care for Flug significantly. Even 5.0.5. You've even began to hang out with Dementia.

You have managed to get along with most of the household. Only Black Hat remains to be your absolute source of frustration.
You have to be honest with yourself. That man was trying your patience to the max! Which was an achievement in itself! You're a very relaxed person, but for some reason, you always manage to get irritated or butt heads with Black Hat over some things. Which is pretty much the reason why you're stressing yourself out.

You sit up, a engineering itch begins to pester you. The desire to tinker with, manipulate, and upgrade anything was beginning to take its' hold on you. You must be channeling your anger and frustration into your skills. Still, even if you act on these feelings, how would you be able to get supplies without running into Flug?

Knowing Black Hat, he probably has already informed Flug of the ban and the rest of the household at this point. He has a way of doing that fairly quickly, you might add.

Maybe you can ask 5.0.5 to bring you some scrap metal and just a bunch of parts? Even if you did have the materials, where were you going to put all of the stuff and what area wouldn't you mind getting messy? You sigh.

This was a bedroom, not a lab. If you create a big enough mess in here, Black Hat will make you clean it up, and probably would get a kick out of it too.

You stood up and off of the bed, pacing the room. Trying to think of anything to do to funnel this negativity out of yourself in a productive way.

Sketching out ideas? Building useless stuff? Take a nap?

You stopped and placed your head in your hands. You know this itch. The desire to hold a wrench in your hand and work on machines. You gotten these flashes all through your college semesters.

You...are considering just going down there, grabbing whatever and heading back to your room.

Maybe Flug has some failed experiments that you could work on and improve? Still...from what you seen during that gamma ray gun demonstration, their technologies are much more advanced...the last thing you need to do is fiddle with a bomb and blow yourself up.

Still...it's probably worth the risk. At the safest, he'll probably have some scrap metal that you can fiddle with.

You nod in reassurance of your decision and begin to make your way out of the room. Once you got out of your private quarters, you begin to head towards the laboratory. The journey was about as eventful as it always has been.

Yet, this time, the hallways felt more ominous. Every picture of Black Hat that you passed, it felt like the eyes would follow you. Trailing after your lonesome form.

You've passed by them many times, yet never paid much attention to them.

Even looking at them now, it feels like you've seen them for the first time. Each one you walked by, they seemed to tell a story.

However, a little further along in your journey, you stopped at one in particular. The painting that depicted Black Hat in a royal cape. A land of nothing but destruction could be seen from behind him. Dark clouds, smoke, and dystopian looking city layered the background.
You stared at the painting. A nagging feeling of dread rising in your gut when you stared at it long enough.

You've never really asked yourself those questions about Black Hat himself.

If Black Hat managed to destroy any major cities. How many lives he took during his career as a villain. How much destruction he caused during his life.

Yet, there was always that little voice of wonder from deep within yourself. That always asks if he was always this way. If he was always a monstrosity that feeds on fear, death, and destruction.

Who was he before the villain stage?

The little voice would always ask these questions. Sometimes, you even find yourself wondering the same things.

If there is good in Black Hat, as there is good in everybody, why is he doing this? Or...has this already been done? Has this city been rebuilt, liberated, and thriving? Is Black Hat even an active villain anymore? Is he retired?

That leads to another question. Hobbies. Because apparently, the painting that you were staring at is signed by Black Hat himself. Does he have a hobby in the arts? Is he telling the truthful story or is it the story that he WANTS people to believe to be true?

You shake your head.

These questions have burned within your mind ever since Flug gave you the tour of the manor the moment you arrived.

You finally turned away from the painting, continuing on your journey to the lab. It's a shame that you can only learn a story from a painting by looking at it. If only paintings could talk and give you the full story of their creation.

No matter. The past Black Hat isn't really any of your concern. The modern one is still as problematic as the one in the painting.

If him using your blood for absolute domination of the villain market, not caring who gets hurt in the crossfire, has anything to say about his nature. You blinked slowly as you descended the stairs to the foyer, still a little bit lost in thought.

Even if Black Hat did everything he could to kick you around, annoy you, and berate you, you would still tolerate him. Not really by force. You just don't know his full story yet. Maybe this 'Flug Ban' will pass over like a horrible thunderstorm.

You just have to be patient.

With that mentally said, you walk into the lab to search for some items to tinker with. Hopefully avoiding Flug in the process.

You're really not in the mood to deal with Black Hat at the moment.
When you walked into the laboratory, you took quick notice that it was empty of any of your housemates.

Flug must've been out and Dementia is still down with the illness. 5.0.5 isn't a troublemaker, but he is likely being bullied by Black Hat to clean up the mess he made in his office at the moment. The poor creature.

You walked further into the empty lab.

It felt like a wonderland of machines and chemistry sets! A lair of science and wonder. Like something you would see in NASA's research facilities! You soaked in the tranquility of the space while you searched for something to examine.

Then, your eye happened to catch something next to the wall, near the back corner of the lab. There appeared to be something shimmering in a box that was hidden behind some other crates of extra supplies. Whatever was in the box was giving off a metallic shine, which immediately drew you over to it.

Though, you kept your hopes level low. As it could just be a batch of equipment for Flug to use later on and he placed them in the box for storage.

Upon approaching and dragging the box out into the open and away from the storage clutter, you were kinda surprised at what you found inside.

It appeared to be some devices that were in a box labeled 'Failures'. You cautiously dug around in the box, pulling out some strange objects. One shared the appearance of car keys, upon pressing the button, nothing happened. It was either broken or out of batteries, one of the two.

Tossing that one back into the crate, you dug around in it a little deeper. You found a severed robotic arm that looked like a limb that belonged to that weird cam-bot thing. On the end of the severed appendage was a powder puff that was used in makeup scenarios.

You kinda wonder why that was in here, but seeing the base of the shredded appendage, it looked like it was pulled from a socket. This might be useful for wiring and parts! You toss it back into the box and begin to dig around for some more trinkets.

There were a few interesting objects within the crate, plenty which you didn't know what purpose they served! There was something that looked like a toaster, a pinwheel looking thing, a thingamabob, and a thingamajig! Also, a few sheets of scrap metal and severed wires.

You decided that this crate was safe enough to tinker with. As far as you know, there were no explosives or dangerous chemicals that would harm you. You picked up the crate and huffed as you began to make your way toward your station.

You sat the box down for a moment before picking up some of your wrenches, hammers, screwdrivers, flatheads, and anything else you would need for your projects. You then packed all of your tools into the crate, picked it up, and began to make your way back to your room.

But upon passing the garbage bin by the door, you paused for a second and looked back at it. It
was filled to the brim with crumpled up paper wads, shredded pages, and bent messed up folders. Yet, sitting on top of all of that junk was a lone blueprint wad.

Your curiosity was piqued and you shifted the box over to one hand, picked up the crumpled blueprint wad with your unoccupied hand, and placed it in the box with the other things.

Then, you finally began to make headway back to your room. With no more distractions to draw your attention away from your goal.

Even if the blueprint was blank, utter rambles, an impossible prototype, or something that was just beyond you, it wouldn't hurt to have something to look at and pretend to examine. It'll just fill the need of constantly looking at blueprints. A habit you grew to have during your college years.

You made your way back to your room, nudging open the door with your shoulder, you walked inside and headed towards the vanity dresser in your room. Setting the crate down on the dresser, you let out an exhausted huff. Wiping the sweat off your brow while you were at it.

You then began to get busy.

You set aside the crumpled up blueprint for now, trying to lighten the crate of it's load first. The toaster, pinwheel, glowing sphere, and car key looking things were all strewn about the vanity's surface. Then, you began to place out the tools that you took from your station and workbench.

Thankfully, the vanity wasn't a small dresser or a tiny bench-like surface. It had enough space to hold the items.

Finally, everything was sorted. Now, all that was left was the crumpled up blueprint. You grabbed it with both hands and began to unravel it, surprised at what you saw.

This was the blueprint that Flug was working on the night Black Hat scared you half to death! The blueprint he was sleeping on!

Looking at it, you could see that there was a lot of detail placed into the design of the project.

It appeared to be a suit of some kind. With plane wings, jet propulsion, and seemed to be made out of a lightweight fiberglass. Like a car. There were even many designs for the wings and turbines. There even seemed to be designs made for the visor and helmet that surrounded the skull of the human in the diagram.

You wondered why Flug would trash such a beautiful project! But, upon looking down at the bottom of the blueprint, your question was answered.

On the bottom of the blueprint were the words- 'Too much work. Not enough time.'

It seemed that Flug trashed the invention because he couldn't find the time and energy to work on it. That was...sad. Flug had to give up his own personal projects for things that Black Hat wants him to do. It's like real life...some people have to throw away their dreams so that they can keep their jobs or to make ends-meet.

You looked at some of the things on the desk and back to the diagram of the blueprint. You sighed.

There simply wasn't enough metal or materials to assist in making this suit at the moment.
But...that doesn't mean you're going to give up on it! You may not be able to work on this right now, but it'll come in due time. It'll...be a surprise!

I mean...you're an engineer! You can do a lot of this stuff on your own! It'll be like a big birthday present for Flug!

Though, worry crept back into your mind.

What if he threw it away for a reason? What if he doesn't want it? What if all of that hard work would be for nothing? How many would you be able to make? You would...at least need two.

Would you be able to get that metal and resources, all while avoiding Flug? You shook your head. It was gonna be a long project. You sat aside the blueprint and tucked it into the vanity drawer. It'll be safe there, for now at least.

You straightened up and cracked your knuckles, facing the vanity once more.

*Time to invent and mess around!*

--

A decent amount of time had passed whenever you started. It's funny what your first self-project was.

A *roomba* of all things.

You almost wanted to laugh at what you had made. Yet, it had a nice silver hull, wonderful handmade designs, and it was a decent size!

It even took a few trips back to the lab to even make this thing! All it did was clean. I mean, 5.0.5 can do that. Yet, it brought you comfort to create and invent again. Roomba's weren't that complicated to make. It was just a simple circle, wheels, sensors, holding chambers, and certain dispensers.

Some were even able to be wirelessly told to clean or are set up on a schedule or timer. They would also make great background noise for your room.

You looked at your little invention as you tested it. After taking apart some of the items in the box, the toaster, pinwheel, and car keys to be exact. Even though you had to run to the lab a few times for some scrap metal, circuit boards, and other materials. For the brushes, wheels, and screens for example.

It took a while, but your little robot buddy was ready to clean the room! You just have to set up the charging station and tell it to clean.

You sat the Roomba on the floor, plugged up the charging station into the wall socket, and sat the little machine down into the holder. It took a few minutes before the button on top of the machine lit up. With a cheerful chuckle, you pressed the button.

Within seconds, the little machine began to power up and roll around on the floor. You just smiled at your little creation as it scooted across the floor. Picking up dust, dirt, and shredded paper from your workstation. You lifted your feet up as you watched it go by and wiggle underneath your seat.
You nodded.

"Buddy The Roomba is a success!" You said to nobody in particular, fist pumping slightly as the Roomba scooted on by you once more. Picking up debris from your antics. "I wonder what I should work on next...maybe a toy car? Toy boat? A miniature robot? Homemade 'walkie talkies'?'"

Your mind clicked at 'walkie talkies'. You gave out a grin...I mean...if you could make them. You could still talk to Flug without being caught! Just not those bulky ones though.

Something more discrete...like a Bluetooth! Those are handy for subtle conversations! You just stick it in your ear and go. Flug has hidden ears, so Black Hat won't notice anything different with him! What a deceptive plot!

You metaphorically pat yourself on the back as your idea was genius. But...how were you going to give them to Flug without being caught?

Just then, another lightbulb lit up within your mind. 5.0.5 is perfect for that mission! He's the one that'll be the least suspected! Looks like Flug isn't the only genius living in this house~! You do a little dance as you pick up your feet to let the little Roomba go by unharmed.

However, your little celebratory party was wrecked whenever you heard footsteps approaching your room.

You internally screamed. Hot damn! Did he hear you say that and is he coming to get on your case about that?! You sat down in your chair and began to panic from the inside out. If Black Hat heard you say 'walkie talkie', he must be coming down here to kick your ass or something!

His footsteps are always slow and demanding of authority, it can't possibly be anyone else!

You keep facing away from the door as the footsteps draw closer and louder. Then, they pause. You know he's outside the door, he's probably just feeling for the tension he's causing.

Then, the knob to your room twists and opens. Allowing the shadow of your boss to enter your sanctuary. You keep pretending to work, completely ignoring the presence in your doorway.

"(Name)." A chilling voice rumbles throughout the vicinity of your room. Causing you to jolt slightly.

You know that you can't ignore him forever. It'll just make him angry. And knowing you two, his anger is contagious.

You turn around in your seat, humming out a sign of acknowledgement.

You see your boss in the doorway. Currently wearing a face of disinterest, but it changes slightly when his slit of a pupil watches the Roomba mosey on past him, cleaning up the rug while it's at it. Like it doesn't have a care in the world.

He refocuses his eye back on you when the Roomba disappears under your bed.
"I see you've been...busy." He gestures to the messy state of the, once clean, vanity. You look at the vanity and nod.

"Though, that's not what I came here for. Tomorrow, you're getting your blood drawn again." He spoke, his voice slightly growling as he presses his palms together.

Ugh...more blood transfusions. More poisons. More death. Just what you need!

"However. I also have a special preposition for you." Black Hat strode further into the room, you keep your eyes on him as he draws closer. "I have been invited to a special Villain-Oriented party, in celebration of my product ranking some of the highest kills on the market currently." He explained.

You had started to itch your gauze wrapped bite wound out of sheer nervousness. You kinda had a feeling at what this...'preposition' is.

"I think I would like to bring along the one that made this all possible~! So, the preposition is, that you are to come with me to this villain get-together. Nothing more, nothing less." He said, giving out a mischief-filled grin.

You squint at him.

"Okay...? I don't really think I have a choice-"

"Oh, you don't. You're going, whether you like it or not." He cut you off, cackling at your slightly unamused expression.

"This is just a mere get-together, minion. We are going to have to attend it and don't worry about shopping for formal attire, (Name). I already have some plans for you about that." He squinted, giving you a big grin, and a little drool along with it.

With the way he was drooling slightly, it put you on edge almost immediately. You wanted to stare at him and say 'No, Thank You', but you just sigh. Black Hat is a stubborn fellow, you give him that. Yet, you decide to just go with it.

It might get you out of this house for a little while. It can only be big for a certain amount of time before even the MANOR gets claustrophobic.

You nod in acceptance.

"Sure thing, boss. I'll be up and at 'em tomorrow and ready to head out whenever you are." You shrug. Much to Black Hats' pleasure.

"Excellent! Then, I will expect you to be up and ready early in the morning. Tomorrow is a big day, for me and you." He chuckled, turning around and almost tripping on the Roomba that reappeared from under the bed. He cursed at it briefly before he maneuvered out of the room, in and out. Like a shadow.

You almost busted out laughing at his fumble. Yet, you held your tongue until you were sure he was gone. You let out a sigh and look toward the clock.

Only then did you see what time it was.
6:54 P.M. It appeared to be late evening, also guessing by the light that was outside your windows.

Well, at least you worked out some of the issues with some hard dedicated work. It really payed off!

You watch the Roomba cross in front of you and clean up some pencil shavings and eraser particles that came from your work ethics.

Then, you began to relay what Black Hat spoke to you about.

You hummed out in thought. Tomorrow was transfusion day and you also had to attend a party with Black Hat. A pretty busy day indeed...it's most certainly going to be taxing on your body.

It was kinda nerve wracking. Meeting other people other than your boss and housemates. Having your boss drop in on you like that, force you to go to a party, and make more poison all in one day!

You felt like slamming your head down onto the vanity surface and going to sleep right then and there. Yet, at least you'll be able to see other villains, right? They're probably going to be mean, though.

But, at this point, all you can do is stay optimistic.

Yet, even now, you dread the day of tomorrow that inches ever closer by the second.

_It's a day that just can't come soon enough._

Chapter End Notes

Ah! It's good to be home!

So, a brief rundown!

My elder cat passed away, it's sad. But, she was old.

I'm getting back on track! Daily updates, EXCEPT ON WEEKENDS!

Also, this chapter is referencing future chapters. The suit thing is one of them. But, prepare!!!

ANGST IS COMING LIKE HURRICANE IRMA.

Also, THANKS FOR OVER 600 KUDOS!~ You Readers are the BEST!

Here's my Tumblr: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of

Letsallbecalmchaps =


Thank you very much for drawing art!
Awkward Breakfast

Chapter Summary

You get up to have breakfast and prepare for the party.

Black Hat is also preparing for the party.

Chapter Notes

If my long-time Readers’ will notice, Black Hat has been shown briefly, yet his attitude shows his relationship with Reader. If you read the parts that he stars in, you will notice a pattern in his behavior. A little light is shed on Black Hats' personal thoughts on Reader in this chapter.

You awaken from the grip of slumber.

Tossing and turning in your bed and trying to shake off the lingering prickles of sleep.

You let out a yawn as you lift up your blankets, shift to an upright position, and get out of the soft folds that were warmed by your body heat.

Wearing your traditional Alien-Branded sleepwear, you stand up and stretch out the stiffness of your body. With your eyes slightly closed, you made your way over to the windows in your bedroom.

Intent on taking a peek toward the outside world.

With a little bit of effort, you fully opened your eyes and focused on what you were seeing.

It was a welcoming sight to see, indeed!

You could see the early morning sunrise lighting up the city with its' hues of oranges and pinks. There were a few drowsy cumulus clouds loitering around in the sky, but none of them were of a bothersome concern. There weren't too many of them anyway. So, it must be a lightly cloudy day today.

You walk over to the window and pry it open. Taking in the smells of the city once more as the scents of the surrounding area floods your sense of smell. The scent of car exhaust, morning dew, and asphalt was prominent.

It was sorta pleasant to wake up to, yet it reminded you of what you had to do today.
Yesterday wasn't that eventful, except for when you and Black Hat got into an argument and he banned you from seeing your science buddy, Flug. After that, you could recall making your Roomba friend and staying in your room for the rest of the day. You only came out when you got hungry or needed parts for your projects.

If you could remember, you worked and worked until the grandfather clock out in the hallway chimed 11 ’o clock. It was close to midnight when you stopped working on your objects.

After that, you followed up with all of your nightly traditions. Getting cleaned up, dressed for bed, brushing your teeth, and the like. You must have also exhausted yourself, because when you laid your head down onto the pillow, you almost immediately passed out.

Now, here you were. Looking out into the roundabout, drowsy, but awake.

You observed some civilians walking by.

Strangely enough, most seemed human-like. But, knowing villains and heroes, they all probably have a secret identity. Still didn't take off the differences in yourself and themselves. With the angular looks and more stressed appearance.

You turn around to curiously see what time it was.

7:28 A.M, the clock read.

You probably still have time for breakfast. I mean, Black Hat didn't give a proper thorough explanation about the party that you'll be attending today.

What time it would be, what type of party it was, and who of importance would be attending. He just barged into your room, told you that he and yourself were going to be attending it.

No reason why he chose you in particular was given. Though, he DID say something about the poison being ranked one of the highest and most successful killing tools on the market as of currently.

You shudder at that.

How many victims have been claimed by your blood poison at this moment in time? You know that Blade Runner was.

But...who else? How many more heroes have been killed since then?
You take a look towards the small TV that was still in your room from when you recovered.

Do you...dare turn on the TV and see the panic and pain that is going on through multiple cities?
To see the destruction of the lives of those that knew those that perished in battles involving the poison?
You gulp in nervousness, walk over to your nightstand, pick up the remote, and turn on the TV.

Clicking away from the channel that was currently on, you cut to the guide screen and scroll through channels to find the news station. Once you found the station, it made your heart sink at what's was displayed as the info-titles for the channel.
The words 'Breaking News!' was followed by multiple alerts of the same category. Even if it made you sick to your stomach, you clicked on the channel and took a deep breath as the TV switched over.

When the news feed popped up, you could see why Black Hats' bio-weapon was labeled one of the top most killing products on the villains' market.

The words that were crossing the bottom of the screen was talking about how a few heroes had fallen in combat with some notorious villains.

There were 4 reported deaths and one hero was hospitalized for severe poisoning and injuries.

"There have been no leads on where this poison has come from and no matching existing poisons have been proven to be related to this hero killing bio-weapon. Any attempts to match it with a plant or poisonous glands have proven to be uneventful.

One suburban part of Suit City had managed to be conquered by villains and is currently villain territory. The league of heroes is trying their best to find the ringleader of all of these crimes and bring them to justice while also liberating the captured city regions. All civilians are warned to stay indoors, not be out late at night, and never to travel alone during these dangerous times.

This has been Lucy Mayweather with the breaking news. Stay tuned to get the scoop on the villainous uprising in Suit City, coming live at Noon."

With that line finished, the commercials for dangerous products and villain-oriented items came on screen. Severing your interest in the story.

Flug admitted to making 14 vials of the stuff. Yet, even in such little quantities, your blood has taken the life of 5 heroes. This was only 14 SMALL vials! So far, 5 deaths have occurred and a severe poisoning has taken place.

Yet, you know that it's just gonna get worse from here.

The more vials of that mortality poison that Black Hat produces, the more chaos it causes. Yet, you know Black Hat won't care. Isn't it his company's goal to kill super heroes and give the villains the upper hand in battles? He's a salesman, isn't he?

Disgusted with what you witnessed, you turned off the TV and began to make your way out of the room and towards the kitchen to get you some breakfast. You have got to get your mind off of the terror that is being wracked upon the natives of this planet.

Or your guilt will eat you alive.

You continue your way down to the kitchen, haunted by feelings of negativity and the deaths of those that have fallen at the poison.

--

Yet, before the time anyone awoke, someone was already moving around in the household.

It was the head of the house himself, Black Hat.
Black Hat was getting ready for the day, preparing his clothes, spiffing up his shoes, and making sure he looked as presentable as possible.

Today was a big day for himself, which is why he got up before the sun had even breached the horizon, giving the early morning sky a purplish hue. Even the stars were still in the sky at the time!

Yet, Black Hat merely focused on the task at hand as he focused on getting his typical classy outfit spic and span for the party that he was invited to yesterday.

It pretty much just started out as a normal day, he made 5.0.5 get the mail and bring it to him.

He didn't open it until later in the day though, during his breaks of watching you like a hawk through his little 'windows' and cameras. It confused him at first and he was tempted to just rip it to shreds and throw it away.

Yet, it was a party that was honoring his poison product for obtaining the most kills on the villain market. There was a lot of talk about him in the villain community.

He IS a well known and revered man. Having a history of destroying a planet, leveling cities, and successfully killing many super heroes during his entire career.

Yet.
He's now a retired villain. He has been retired for many decades as of now.

His name has become deluded in a way, while some still remember him greatly.

Others believe that he was a myth. Like a tale that fulfills the story of one of the constellations that dot the sky at night. His active career may be over, but his name and history live on in the fear of mortals.

Some parents have even taken up his name as a 'boogeyman' for their children to fear. Just like a little bedtime horror story told by bigger siblings to scare their little siblings into behaving or leaving them alone.

Yet, villains know better than to dis Black Hat. They know that he still lives. He has just taken a different route to killing heroes.

It has been a few short years since he started his company, it has thrived ever since he attained Flug and his other minions. Now, he has gotten an alien to add to the collection of misfits that live underneath his roof.

He blinks his one visible eye, the other being concealed by the monocle.

Ah. The alien. His chosen partner that will attend the party with him.

In all honesty, Black Hat wouldn't go to the party if someone wouldn't go with him. Parties are never fun to attend alone.

The last party he went to, he brought Flug with him. It was a fine party, until the host kissed his hand, then he and Flug shortly departed after that incident.
Discreetly, of course.

Yet, he had to decide on who to bring to a party for villains.

That gave him the options of Dementia, 5.0.5, You, or he'll have to take Flug again.

There was no way in villainy that he would take 5.0.5 to a villain-oriented party! What did he want to do? Embarrass himself?! Besides, animal pets aren't welcome at parties anyway!

So that was a major 'No'.

Next option was Dementia.

Black Hat felt like retching at the thoughts of taking that obsessed girl anywhere with him! She would probably make a mess, dress stupidly, or cling to him for the whole night! Probably would say that they were engaged or something else along those lines!

So that was ALSO a major 'No'.

Then, there was Flug.

Flug wasn't as problematic or as petty as Dementia or 5.0.5 put together. However, he does have issues with large crowds of people and tends to disappear from time to time. The last party they attended, Black Hat himself had to go into the males' bathroom and force Flug to come out of his chosen locked bathroom stall.

Flug would be a good candidate, but he already took him to a few parties and Black Hat doesn't feel like hunting someone down that has crowd issues.

So, all that was left was you.

He knew you could be calm, even when you first arrived you were docile and just went with everything.

Even when he gave you those scars, you just merely behaved passive aggressively and gave him a cold shoulder a few times when he would visit you during your recovery.

Yet, you choose to still hang around him. Even after all of that. So, he decided to make you go with him to the party.
Even surprising to him, he was met with little resistance and just plain indifference from you.

It made it much easier than having to force you to do everything, yet it gets kinda boring whenever he gets his way with no resistance. Still, he shouldn't complain. You're going with him and that's all that matters!

He even knows that you don't have any formal attire, but he'll just have to have a little magic to make it work. He has such a nice design planned out for you too.

And with that, all of his clothes were spiffed up and clear of any imperfections. Just in time for the sun to peak over the horizon and awake the city from its' nightly slumber. Just in time for people to awake and get moving about their day.
And he is looking forward to this day too.

As, his product is now one of the most coveted things on the dark market at the moment. He even has a waiting list of clients waiting for more of the poison to become available.

So far, life is good. He's far from broke, his company is flourishing, and heroes are dropping dead like flies more than ever! He takes a deep breath and puts on a large Cheshire grin.

It feels good to be this successful in the business.

Now, he stands up and begins to exit his room. His appetite surging and demanding nourishment.

To which he'll gladly answer, being in a good mood today.

He probably needs to see his what his minions are doing anyway.

Still, he's looking forward to the party that's taking place at 3:00 P.M today.

He chuckles out a menacing laugh as he strides out of his private quarters and towards the kitchen area.

--

You just arrived in the kitchen, drawn in by the smell of waffles and bacon from 5.0.5’s cooking and you eagerly took your seat at the table. The same place you sat when you were working on those spybots so long ago.

Even if it was a few weeks ago, it feels like it was months ago.

Maybe that's just you, but who knows?

"Breakfast smells wonderful, 5.0.5! I can't wait to taste it!" You smiled at the bear, who was in a pink apron for some reason, as the mutant ursine let out a pleased squeak at the compliment on his cooking.

5.0.5 then began to put together your plate. Which consisted of a fluffy waffle that was dressed to your liking, some eggs, bacon, and a biscuit were all prepared on the plate. You almost felt like drooling excessively whenever the plate was sat down in front of you.

"Thank you, 5.0.5! You're such a sweet bear." You politely said, smiling all the while. The bear just let out a happy sound and continued to remove some of the food from the stove top and starting on another waffle.

Still, you couldn't help but notice all of the meat that 5.0.5 had prepared. Ham, sausage, and lots of bacon. Don't get me wrong, the smell of bacon is wonderful!

But, you weren't really that concerned. I mean, there's a bear cooking breakfast. It's probably all for him.

You began to dive into your food with vigor. Eating up the delicious breakfast and fluffy waffle.

Yet, you suddenly get nervous as your eyes catch the familiar shape of Flug entering the kitchen.
"Good morning, 5.0.5. What's for breakfast?" Flug yawned, apparently not noticing you yet. You were slightly on edge being in this close vicinity to Flug. Seeing as the ban hasn't been lifted at all.

You just continued to eat while Flug got his own plate and a cup of coffee. He still seemed to be out of it, even when he sat down on the opposite side of the table that you were on to begin eating.

The man must not be a morning person, can't say that you blame him, though. Poor guy looks like he doesn't get a lot of sleep.

But, the moment he did notice you, you both got into an awkward staring contest.

Both of you seemed to be nervous around each other. It's obvious from Flugs' behavior that Black Hat had already relayed the ban to Flug, hence the awkward behavior that both of you were displaying. Much to the confusion of 5.0.5. That precious bear.

You cough slightly.

"Good morning, Flug." You muttered, picking at the remains of your leftover food that was sitting on your plate.

"Good m-morning, (Name)." Flug said, before sucking on a straw to get some fresh brewed coffee into his system.

The awkwardness of the current situation was worrying to 5.0.5, as he tried to ignore it. But, it hung in the atmosphere like a heavy cloud that wouldn't evaporate or move off.

That's is, until your boss came striding into the room. He appeared to be both prideful and slightly irritated at once. However that works. But, from an outsiders' point of view, he seemed to be in a decent mood. Much more spiffy today as well. His shoes were shined, his hat was cleaned, shirt and every bit of his outer clothes had no wrinkles or crinkles.

You kinda knew that it was for the party that was happening today. Which you were going to be with this man all day...by yourself. Goody.

Both Flug and 5.0.5 stood to attention when they both noticed him entering the kitchen, while you just continued to eat and pick at your food.
Almost as if you were intentionally ignoring him.

"G-Good morning, s-sir!" Flug squeaked, looking away shortly after his greeting to eat his own waffle.

"Good day, doctor." Black Hat said, dismissively waving a hand. But, he stared at you, as if to expect a greeting or something. You stared back, with a disinterested look. You then gave out a long and somber sigh.

"Good morning, boss. How are you this morning?" You asked, while shoving a chunk of waffle into your gaping maw.

Black Hat looked unimpressed, but greeted you the same none the less. He walked over to his seat and sat down.

Upon sitting down, 5.0.5 presented him with a plate of nothing but the meats you saw the bear
cooking earlier. Mostly the chunks of cooks ham, though. Along with bacon and some sausage.

He picked up a fork and knife and began to eat at his plate.

This apparently confused you slightly, yet, it seemed to make sense. Black Hat didn't have any grinder teeth, so he probably couldn't chew properly.

Yet, he shouldn't be able to talk properly either, since sharp teeth hinder mouth movement.

Or is his skull designed to talk that way? Does he actually have grinder teeth in the way back of his mouth? Is he a carnivore or is he omnivorous?

There were a lot of questions burning and churning within your mind about the people sitting at the table around you. 5.0.5 left the room with a plate in his paws, probably delivering it to Dementia in her room.

She's getting stronger as the days go by, but It'll probably be a few more days before she could walk around on her own and climb walls again. Better to have little progress than no progress at all, right?

Still, some questions you never really thought to ask still agitated your train of thought as you pondered some of them. You blinked and stared down at your food.

Just how much do you know about these people truly? You have not ONCE asked Flug about why he wears a paper bag, how 5.0.5 came to be, and why Black Hat is the way he is. They obviously know more about you than you do about themselves.

Maybe...it's because you never really asked?

Never really engaged with them? Or do you not have an interest in that type of stuff? Is it because you think it would be too invasive to ask Flug why he wears that bag?

Maybe, maybe not.

In the end, do they really matter? I mean, once you go home, will you ever see them again? You would miss them, no doubt. Especially Flug and 5.0.5. They're like your friends that you hold dearly back on your home planet. Nerdy and adorable.

You'll know for sure that you'll miss them. Why worry about that stuff? They'll come clean about that in due time. If they don't, what does it matter? You're not staying here permanently, after all. Just...learn what you can and take it back with you to your home world.

Everything's gonna be alright in the end.

You finished the last bit of your plate, now empty of any leftover foods, and you began to smile about things that you could learn during your stay here.

Thinking quietly about all of the cultures, weapons, and items you'll be able to make. You'll be the person that'll shoot your race further into the future! By decades or even centuries!

The most famous person alive...the most intelligent human that managed to contact aliens and was the first to learn from them. What a life that would be, eh?
The rest of the breakfast was quiet and was still sorta awkward. Yet, now that you brushed all of the worry and doubt off, you seemed to feel better after your mental stimulation.

You look at the clock to see that it was almost **9:00 A.M.** You probably should ask your boss when the party is.

Looking over to your boss, who was wiping his mouth clean of any grease or condiments, you grabbed his attention by waving.

"What?" He furrowed his eyebrow, looking at you with that one piercing eye.

"If you don't mind me asking, what time is the party going to begin, so I can be ready for it?" You asked. Black Hat hummed and responded.

"**3:00.** That's when you need to be prepared. Don't worry about clothes, I have the perfect outfit in mind for you." He gave you a sinister grin. Which caused you to sweat a little.

Well, as long as it isn't a clown outfit, you're fine with whatever he thinks you look good in. *It took you a minute to fully process that statement.*

*Wait.*

You did a double take and realized something.

*Since when did Black Hat start thinking about putting you in outfits that make you look good?!!*

You tried to speak up about that, but it appears that Black Hat had other plans.

"Flug!" Said man jumped and gave you boss his full attention. "Take (Name) and get the transfusion done. I don't need them to be stumbling out the door when it's time to leave for the party!" Black Hat ordered.

It kinda broke your heart that you're going to have to endure not being able to talk to Flug and produce more of that deadly poison at the same time. But, this will all blow over. Even the worst hurricanes dissipate after they run out of energy.

You're just going to have to be patient.

"Yes, s-sir." Flug mumbled. Standing up from the table and motioning you to follow. Which you did. Yet, Black Hat spoke up before you both disappeared from his sight.

"And remember, **NO UNPROFESSIONAL BEHAVIOR.**" He snapped, giving you both a sincere warning.

To which you each both nodded and headed out of the kitchen.

*It was going to be a long and laborious day, wasn't it?*
Don't be fooled by the calmness of these last few chapters, we are on the accelerator as of right now!

But, don't worry. You'll see during the next chapter when the hanger starts to come around and lead to a head.

Hahahaha!

Muahahahaha!

MUAHAHAHAHAHAAAAA!!

Here's my Tumblr: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of


Thank you very much for drawing art!
The Party

Chapter Summary

You and Black Hat attend the party and you both meet some friends.

Yet someone calls Black Hat and it's urgent.

Chapter Notes

*FUCKING DIES*

This chapter is SOOO LONG. My eyes hurt from writing it! Thankfully, it's the weekend, so I can take a break.

Also, none of these characters are OCs' Just crap I thought up on the fly for the sake of plot progress.
Make any of these character anything you want.
They'll never appear again, so on't worry.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You walk out of the lab, slightly itching the bandage on your arm from where Flug had done the transfusion from.

You were a little woozy from slight blood loss, yet it wasn't too much of a concern. At the moment, you were just trying to get back to your room so that you could lay down for a while.

You stumble up the stairs in the foyer, tripping slightly before you reached the top, yet you caught yourself on the handrail and continued up to the top. Once on the top of the stairs, you began to make your way back to your room.

You've now begun to memorize the way to and from your room. Now, you can get there without getting lost in the maze of corridors that map out and fill the inside of the manors' second floor.

You manage to make your way to your private quarters. Opening and closing the door, you stumble in and fall face first onto the bed. Which you've been doing a lot of lately. Still, you felt much better after you got off of your legs and onto a soft surface.

This pretty much gives you time to reflect on and absorb all that happened to you so far.

All most 3 weeks since you've been missing from your home planet. A 3 solid unbroken weeks.

At this point, you're expecting everything from your home. Your friends have probably given up on you and think that you were murdered and disposed of at this point.
Your parents are probably thinking the same thing, yet your mother probably doesn't believe it.

They're probably still looking for you as of right now. Hoping that the police force can find any trace of you or any leads to where you have gone. But, no amount of police officers can help you at this rate.

You sigh in slight sadness.

You can't keep harping on these thoughts while you're here. It'll just weigh you down. You need to just...suck it up and have a good time. This isn't going to last forever anyway. You'll get home soon. It's just taking a long time!

No need to become a negative Nancy all of the time. It'll work out in the end.

You roll over onto you back while on your bedspread, propping your head up on a pillow. You reach over to your nightstand and grab the remote for the TV. Turning it on, you quickly flipped away from the news channel that it was left on.

Didn't stop you from getting a brief glimpse of the banner that said 'Mass Hysteria! Villains getting the upper hand!'.

You just shoved those thoughts and afterimages away, along with your persistent homesickness. You just need a mind-numbing show to drown out the headache of your life for a few moments...or hours. It's almost 10:00 in the morning, after all.

You probably just need to relax for a few hours, nap off this lightheadedness from the blood transfusion.

I mean, you probably need this more than you think. The constant stress was sapping your energy day by day.

Now, you kinda understand why the natives of this planet were so high strung and anxious looking. Or just more angular in general.

That made you realize something.

You halt your channel flipping and settle for a commercial channel. Something that would just be background white noise for a bit.

You begin to think.

Everyone on this planet has noticed your 'odd' appearance. Your differently shaped eyes, softer angles, and strange attitude was enough to throw even civilians off. Flug, Dementia, and possibly even Black Hat himself noticed them too.

What if you get questioned by some villains? Like...how you and Black Hat met or something similar to those lines? What if they ask you about a commonly known historical figure and you don't know jack shit? What if they think you're an unintelligent idiot?

What if you unintentionally embarrass Black Hat and he gets mad?

You blink steadily while your mind is buzzing like a pissed off beehive. You toss and turn in your
bed, ignoring the commercial that was on the TV at the moment.

Now you were beginning to feel nervous about going to the party today. You had no idea who and what will be attending.

If you accidentally offend someone or step beyond some set boundaries, you could get into serious trouble!

You never felt this way whenever you were with Flug. Maybe it's because you both were just going out shopping and running errands, so you didn't have any pressure to deal with?

You now weren't only feeling lightheaded, you were beginning to feel nauseous as well!

"Ugh...just what I needed. Pressure and guilt all in one snug package." You said to nobody in particular. Flopping onto the pillow under your head.

You just picked up the blanket and wiggle yourself deeper under the covers, completely drowning out the TV as you get snug between the sheets.

'Maybe...just a brief nap will straighten things out.' You yawn and close your eyes, drowning out the white noise of the TV and in no time at all, you were snoozing away in your bedspread as the hours ticked on by.

--

You suddenly find yourself being violently shaken out of your slumber.

Your senses come back in a rush and you find yourself jerking awake. Kicking around a bit in your bed, you manage to tune back into your surroundings. Processing the place you were in, memories come flooding back, and you just now notice the person at your bedside.

"Get up, you moron!" Black Hat hissed, smacking the side of your head with the back of his hand.

"Ah! Who?! What?! Where?! Huh?!" You jolt, sitting upright in your bed, looking at Black Hat with wide eyes. You blinked a few times before you processed everything accordingly.

"O-Oh! Uh, morning boss!" You give him a cheeky grin, much to his annoyance.

"Don't you mean, good late afternoon?" He gritted his teeth as realization crossed your face.

You suddenly jump out of your bed in a panic. You start to run around the room to gather come supplies in a frenzy.

"I'm late!!! How late?! I still need to get cleaned up and freshened up! Damn it!" You cry out, running into the bathroom while your boss merely rolls his eyes.

"You have a mere two hours! It's going to take 30 minutes or longer to get to the party in this city and you're not even dressed yet! Hurry up!" Black Hat commanded, shortly departing from the room as you bolt into the guest bathroom, closing the door on his way out.

You scurry around the the bathroom in an attempt shed your clothes off and hop into the shower to wash yourself. You quickly turn on the faucet and pull up the stopper, only to shriek about how the
water was freezing cold shortly after the water started to run.

With a little bit of time, the water turned warm and you rushed to wash your hair and clean up your body. You even shaved to clear up any stray hairs. After such things, you got out of the shower and started to put on your necessary products.

After applying your hygienic products, you exited the bathroom in a towel. Looking around for your undergarments, when a knock came from the door to your room. You jumped slightly and looked in the direction of the knocking.

"(Name)! When you are finished in the bathroom, just put on some regular clothes! I'll...hehe...handle the rest." You heard Black Hat say ominously from the other side of the door.

You would mark his behavior as strange, though, you're beginning to run late and you don't have enough time to comment on it.

So, you just threw on your 'I see Aliens' shirt and a pair of black pants, thankful that 5.0.5 does the daily laundry for everyone in the house. You just finished pulling up your socks the moment Black Hat knocked on the door.

"Blasted, (Name)! Are you ready yet?!!" You heard him growl, to which you rolled your eyes and gave out a brief sigh.

"Yes, boss! I'm presentable! You may come in now!" You replied.

Black Hat then opened the door and stood in the doorway. Examining you from afar.

Seeing that you were mostly ready, he walked inside the room, then he closed the door to your room most ominously while staring at you, which put you on edge really quickly.

You straightened your posture as he approached and did circles around you to examines you. Almost like a shark would to wounded prey.

Causing you to sweat slightly in anticipation. He hummed while he circled and looked at you with his one burning eye, his monocle also held a glimmer of mischief as he searched your body up and down.

Then, he disappeared behind you, as it took you a few minutes to notice his absence.

You jumped at the moment you felt hands as cold as the grave land on your shoulders. You let out a large squeak as the frigid hands of your boss trailed across your shoulders. As if he was measuring them.

You could hear him hum in interest from behind you. A deep throaty rumble that made goosebumps appear on your skin.

You won't lie, this situation and behavior coming from your boss was really unsettling you. You could hear him mumble a few things under his breath, yet to your own ears, they were incoherent.

Then, you could feel him walk around you, back to your front, hands now removed from your shoulders. He places a finger on his chin, staring at you. You almost felt exposed in front of him, like you wanted to cover up or something.
He seems to notice your unsettled behavior and just merely chuckles.

"Don't worry, little alien. What I'm going to do will cause you no harm." You sweat a little at that. "It will just give you slight discomfort." He laughed.

You just tilted your head at him in confusion.

Unbeknownst to you, your shadow that was below you began to darken as Black Hat secretly manipulated it, taking on a whirlpool like shape as it was transformed from beneath you. You kept your gaze on your boss, trying to find out what he was planning, and you were puzzled when he gave you a menacing grin.

Suddenly, your body suddenly fell into the floor and your vision was overtaken by darkness. You felt nothing but coldness surround your form. It startled you and when you went to move, you found out that you couldn't even lift a finger, nor could you wiggle a toe. It was like you were stiff as a statue.

Like a layer of ice had frozen over you skin and locked up your joints. You were confused, cold, and for once on this trip, scared.

You tried to thrash, but to no avail. You just kept trying, wasting your energy and breath.

After that, you felt like a monster or a large beast had you by the legs and thrashed you around as if you were a chew toy.

You felt lightheaded, sick, and dizzy all at once. Still, you may be confused and temporarily deaf, blind, and mute, but you could still feel your surroundings.

If you had to describe what it felt like...you felt awake, just not alive.

What you felt wasn't pleasant in the slightest. It almost felt like thousands of baby fingers were crawling all over you. Like spider legs or snakes. Tendrils reached out to you from the darkness. Coiling themselves around your helpless body.

The darkness still covered your vision as you felt the shadows creep around your abdomen. The darkness surrounding shifted, moving as if it was like a vast ocean. Coming in waves and pushing you around, yet you didn't move. Like a mere stiff twig in the surf.

You felt the darkness slide over your neck and abdomen, attach itself onto you, and suddenly become lighter. It felt like it wrapped around your body, like a blanket. Shifting in temperature and shape, before suddenly, the feeling of darkness disappeared altogether. Leaving you floating alone in a empty black void.

It felt like you suffered hours of stiff immobility after that, before your vision started to come back to you. Little rays of light broke through the vast darkness, then it began to pull itself off and away from you, thus freeing you from its' grip.

As soon as you were freed, you started to cough, blink, and violently sway. You were seeing double of everything and your eyes began to hurt from the exposure in the light. It was even hard to focus on your boss...if you could even find him.

Then, another pair of hands reached over to steadied yourself as you shook off the lingering daze.
from your adventure into the void.

You refocused your spinning vision back onto your boss and reached up to hold your head. All of your senses returning to you at once.

"Eeeehhhhhgghhh...? What...the hell was that? What did...you do to me...?" You mumbled, swaying slightly. Black Hat just looked at you and was smiling as smugly as he could muster.

"That, was an eldritch's way of dressing someone up." He stuck his chin up, obviously proud of himself.
"Go ahead. Take a look at yourself."

It was only now that you realized that you were wearing gloves. As well as some fancy shoes that you were wearing on your feet. You stumble to the bathroom, intent on looking in the mirror. With slow and steady footsteps, of course.

You couldn't stop the gasp that escaped from your mouth when you looked in the mirror.

You were wearing some classy clothes, that's for sure. It was a nice red color that brought out your figure. Hugging the parts of your body that were worth showing off. They even looked to be finely tailored, with close stitching and a few complimentary designs.

You were wearing gloves and the top you were wearing had long sleeves, possibly to cover the bite wound that was still healing and the bandage that was on your wrist was gone. Even your hair was preened and you had a minor touch up on the face. Giving you a more presentable appearance.

While grateful of the outfit, it wasn't something you would wear everyday, like Black Hat. It did make you look more upper class, though!

Though, there was only one thing that threw you off on the whole thing.

Which was the choker around your neck.

It looked to be made of genuine leather, mixed with a few reds and blacks. Yet, the little top hat charm on the front kinda looked ridiculous. Almost like Black Hat owned you like a dog or something.

You walked back out into the room, on shaky legs mind you, only to run into a prideful-looking Black Hat

"Truly a piece of art, I assume?" He cackled, his ego thoroughly stoked. "Yes. Only I can make such things happen in a blink of an eye! It is within my power to do so!" He snickered.

You just nodded along.

"It's a very classy outfit, Black Hat. Thank you!" You praised. "Still." You followed up, making Black Hat squint at you.

"Why would you imagine this outfit on me? For any specific-!!?" You suddenly found yourself being pushed out the door by Black Hat himself.

"Hurry, you fool! We'll be late! We don't have time to play 20 questions right now! Move your
"blasted self!" Black Hat snapped, pushing you along.

"H-Hey! I asked you a very viable question! You never act this-" You get cut off as you are being pushed out the front door by Black Hat.

"FLUG! We're leaving! Do your chores and remember to take care of everything while we're out! You have permission to order pizza if you get hungry! We'll be back later! BEHAVE YOURSELVES OR ELSE!" And with that, Black Hat slammed the front door closed and pushed you down the driveway to the waiting parked car, the same one you and Flug drove in when you went out into the city.

You almost tripped a couple of times, but managed to get to the car without eating any pavement.

Almost as if that didn't happen, Black Hat walked around to the other side of the car, opening the drivers' side of the vehicle. You just cursed quietly, opened your car door, and slipped into the passenger seat.

You both closed your doors at the same time, you both buckled in, and Black Hat was preparing to drive. Looking at the location of the party on a little flashcard that he pulled out of his pocket.

Any attempts to get his attention to answer the question about him imagining you in clothing went unanswered as he seemed to be 'busy' memorizing the location of the party.

"Black Hat! I know that even if you don't have ears that you can still hear me!" You scold.

Black Hat continues to ignore you anyway.

You finally sigh.

"Okay! Obviously you're not going to answer that question. So, satisfy me with the answer to another question I have." You look at Black Hat and point to the choker around your neck.

"What's the purpose of this choker?" You asked, jingling it slightly.

Finally, the man notices your question, or chooses to not ignore it this time, and looks at the choker. He glances up to you, then back to the piece of paper he was originally looking at.

"Marking my territory." He said, simply. Almost as if he just said that the sky was blue.

You sputtered. "Territory?! Me???" You give him a confused look.

"Villains take anything that isn't marked by another. I know, I am a villain. One of the greatest ones that have ever lived under the name!" You see him grin maliciously. "Even the very mention of my name makes even the most daring villain quake in their shoes!" He sits upright, chuckling darkly.

"And yet. Some will still have the courage to take and touch what is rightfully my property." His eyes shimmer with contained hate.

"Whether it's my masked scientist, delirious psychopath, pathetic pet, or my personal alien. That choker is a warning to those who dare try to touch anyone that's my property. I am a well-known villain and anyone with a brain in their head will know to stay clear of those that wear my insignia!"
Or they will face lethal force and torturous torment!"

He suddenly turns to you and leers.

"Don't you DARE take that off while you're at that party." He growls, causing the hair on your neck to stand on end.

You put your hands up in mock-surrender.

"Okay, okay! Geeze! Lets just get to the party already!" You huffed, looking out the passenger window toward the hat-shaped manor.

Black Hat rolled his visible eye, put the key in the ignition, and started up the car.

At least you'll get a nice quiet ride on the way there, right?

That idea was immediately shoved into the idea shredder the moment Black Hat stomped on the gas peddle, you suddenly heard tires squealing, your stomach was in your throat, and you might as well been molded into the seat from how fast you both were going.

The only thing you could hear at that point in time was Black Hats' maniacal laughter and the sound of tires squealing.

The only thing you could think at the moment was this.

'HOLY SHIT! THIS GUY DRIVES LIKE A MANIAC!!' You mentally shouted as you both sped down the road and towards the party.

--

After a long and sickening car ride, you both made it to the building that the party was gonna be attending. It appeared to be a grand 30 floor building. Not a skyscraper, but a large residential building indeed.

It seems that Black Hat had made parking reservations, or it was reserved for him the moment he was invited, as there was a parking space near the entrance to the building with a black top hat on it. To which he parked the vehicle you both were currently in.

There also appeared to be a crowed near the entrance to the building as well as a few lit up higher floors. The front doors were also guarded by two large and burly men, both with the white words that said 'Security' on their black shirts. They seemed to be checking the people in line before they let them in, checking list and such.

It almost felt club-like in a way.

You heard Black Hat get out of the car and you took a deep breath and shortly followed suit. Opening and exiting the car. It was much more intimidating than you expected the moment you stepped out of the security of the car. You felt like a few eyes flew in your direction, yet you did your best to ignore them and just focused on Black Hat.

Black Hat double checked if he had everything and locked the car.
He said nothing as he passed you, he just motioned you to follow him.

You did so submissively, like a lost lamb following and trusting a wolf.

You were quite surprised actually, the moment the bouncers spotted Black Hat, they immediately open the doors for him and you to pass through. Apparently, Black Hat was a V.I.P guest for the party. He probably was one at all of the parties.

You just kept your gaze on Black Hats' back as you both passed through the double doors and into the lobby of the building. Apparently, the lower floors were frequently active. With a few TV's, bars, and people sitting around talking with drinks.

However, you knew that this was just a civilian rank party, as there were few guest down here. Meaning that the party for villains was on the upper floors to the building. Your assumption seemed to be correct as Black Hat headed toward an elevator.

You both got into one as soon as it arrived and Black Hat pressed the 29th floor button. A few seconds later, you both arrived at the designated floor and the doors open, revealing a penthouse packed with many individuals. There appeared to be a bar, a dance floor, a lounge, and a stairwell that led to the roof of the building.

Black Hat stepped off of the elevator and walked out into the crowd, you followed closely behind him, nervously looking at all of the strangers around you both. You took slow and steady deep breaths as you tried to keep a calmer outer appearance.

You heard a few people greet Black Hat, to which he either ignored or didn't care to say a greeting back to them, and continued his way toward the lounge area. You just followed him like a lost puppy, scared of getting separated in this large crowd.

There were plenty of imitating people here. Ranging from some having beastly appearances, cyborg features, and even scars. Others looked like hybrids of some kind, like werewolves or lizard people. Honestly, if you had no idea where you were, you would'ave thought that you were at a cosplay convention.

But, this was real life and these aren't people in costumes. They're REAL hybrids with REAL powers.

You took a couple of deep and calming breaths, trying to slow your heartbeat. This almost felt similar to the first time you went to a job interview. Nervous, shaky, and with slight anticipation.

Yet, the moment you and Black Hat reached the lounge, voices cheering at his arrival could be heard.

Black Hat almost seemed to chuckle as there was a lone table off to the side. In it were 3 dapper looking men, all sharing a taste for classy Victorian outfits like Black Hat. They seemed to be familiar with Black Hat and he seemed to be familiar with them too.

You both approached the 3 men sitting in the lone table.

"There he is! Still a sharpened chip off the ole block, even after 400 years, eh old man?" The pale man said, showing off his sharp fangs and light red monocle, that fitted him with his crimson pinstriped suit and Italian loafers. He seemed to be Bostonian.
"Aye. He still be doing villains work after all this time? I think that ye should fully retire! Buy yerself a private island of yer own and live thar peacefully!" The dark blue man said, one scarred eye covered with an eye-patch and his outfit consisted of a steampunk-like vest and a long leather jacket. This man seemed to have a pirate accent to his voice.

"Now, gentlemen. Let us not rile up, sir Black Hat. He's finally coming around again and we must not chase him back to his hermit ways with prodding and questions." A man in a grey suit and red tie said calmly. Yet, what was really disturbing about him was the fact that he had no mouth. He just has black voids for eyes and a light grey skin tone.

You don't even know how that man was TALKING.

Black Hat chuckled. "It has been a long time, hasn't it? Nice to see you all again. We have so much to catch up on." He then turned to you, pulled out his wallet and gave you two 100 dollar bills. "Alone." He emphasized by pushing you slightly toward the large crowd discreetly.

You obviously resisted slightly, confused at the certain turn of events.

"Take that money and go enjoy yourself. Just DON'T TAKE THE CHOKER OFF and you'll be fine." Black Hat whispered, nudging you off into the crowd.

He grumbled and sat down with the 3 mystery men. Who cackled at him.

"Aye, that there be a fine minion! Rather strange looking, though." The dark blue man said.

"Agreed. They did have a rather off look to them. Those eyes and that skin looked...other worldly." The man with no mouth said.

"Hahahaha! They looked soft! Next time I see them, I'm gonna touch them just ta see how soft they really are!" The pale man in the crimson outfit laughed.

Then, there was a sudden growl from Black Hat, that unnerved the pale male.

"Touch them and your arms come OFF."

Meanwhile, it was about an hour and thirty minutes since you've been separated from Black Hat. You have been filled with anxiety and dread the moment he made you break away from him. Some party...but, thankfully, the choker was acting like a repellent, some villains would even move out of the way when they saw you coming.

The charm was like a safeguard, to which you were actually thankful. You've seen some female villains gesture to you and pound their fist into their palm, however their opposing reasonable acquaintance would shake their head and point to their neck, indicating the charm that was on yourself.

Pretty soon, the crowd was becoming too much and you fled to the roof.

The roof was more spacious than the downstairs area. It had a smoothie bar, a pool, and various deck chairs scattered around. Even a few picnic tables and tables with umbrellas. At the moment, you found a breathing space. Which you gladly soaked in.
You still had your 200 dollars. So...you just figured that you'll have yourself a few smoothies.

It is a little humid after all. You hurry over to the stand and sit in a stool. Patiently waiting for the bartender. When he did arrive, he appeared to be just a regular human. When he asked you what would you like to have, you chose your favorite tropical flavors from the menu and handed over the money, to which the man broke down into smaller bills for you.

You thanked him and waited for your drink.

When it came, you happily slurped on it. Minding your own business when a presence came up next to you. It took you a moment, but you finally gained the courage to look over at who was next to you.

You jumped in surprise when it was a cobra-looking hybrid. It was a humanoid that has a snake-head, cobra hood, and yellow reptilian eyes. He was a red and black pattern with a mysterious amulet wrapped around his neck and that hung over his Egyptian silk black suit. He would flick his tongue out occasionally, as it was a charcoal black.

When it was done, it would slither back into his maw, which was a dark red and with long and protruding fangs popping out at the edge of his jaw.

He looked over to you, which made you slightly nervous, and he just stared at you. Not blinking at all. Though, he was a snake. Snakes don't have eyelids...aw man, this guy was *creeping out* you.

...

An awkward moment passed before you decided to speak up.

"S'up?" You greeted.

"Greetings." The snake-man replied, flicking his tongue out a few times. You almost wanted to laugh at how he spoke with those prolonged S's. But, you held your tongue.

A few more awkward seconds passed before he looked at the charm around your neck.

"Ah. I sssee that you are the new face that isss riling up sssome of the guessst? The new perssson that isss following him around?" The snake-man said, flexing his hood slightly.

"I...uh...well. Yes. I...started to work for him a few weeks ago." You stirred your drink idly. The snake-man inhaled slightly.

"That'sss no way to treat a loyal minion." He said, taking a sip of his drink when it was sat down in front of him. You just laughed slightly.

"Believe me, dude. Me and him have butted heads more than people would believe. So much that
you wouldn't probably think of me as 'loyal'." You both shared a slight laugh. This was probably the most fun you had at this party yet.

"Sssay...what isss your name?" The snake-man asked.

"It's (Name). What's yours?" You questioned.

"It'sss Ssseverin." He replied and held out his hand for a hand shake. Which you took it and you both returned a shake.

"Severin? That's a nice name." You complimented.

"Thank you..." Severin said.

--

It was a long while, the party was actually fun!

Ever since you met Severin, you both have been talking a fair amount about some of your experiences in life. Talked about some hobbies and about some of your travels. You seemed to be having a good time with Severin as he drank smoothies with you and you have a few bar drinks for yourself.

You would ask him how it feels like to be part snake, to which he replied with some uncertainty. But, he just simply said that it was a pain to keep his body temperature regular. Not having the same ability that mammals like humans have. Which you could understand.

The sun was now setting in the sky. Closing in on **6:30 P.M** late evening. Painting the surrounding buildings in an orange glow and making the sky turn a golden yellow. Now here you were, with Severin staring over the cityscape below. Watching pedestrians and cars go by from way down below. You just stood there, over looking the barrier and appreciating the silence and wind blowing through your hair.

It also seemed to be that the party was dying down and more people were leaving by the hour. It was bliss to finally have most of the roof to yourself.

Yet, Severin cracked the silence when he asked a question.

"Do you know why you became a villain?" He asked, to which you looked over at him in confusion.
"You know...what made you go down thisss path?" He asked, overlooking the cityscape with you.

You stayed quiet for a moment before you spoke.

"Forced into it." You muttered. To which Severin seemed to understand.

"A lot of the people you sssee here are like you. Forced into villainy and crime. Be it from poverty, betrayal, desssperation, bitternessss towards the corruption of ssociety....an accident that made them into...'freakssss'." Sever hissed, slightly mournful.

"Yet, nobody knowsss why Black Hat isss evil or takesss part in villain affairs. Ssssome blame primitive humanssss, ass he hassss been around for a few centuriesss. Othersss sssay that he was

"He hasssd many minionssss over those timesss and very few alliesss. He issss even rumored to have at one point in time, the whole world grovelling at hisss sspattss. Sssome sssey that he even dessstroyed a planet. Not sssure which one, but he did, apparently."

You listened to Severin talk about your boss, almost as if he was speaking about the weather.

"Yeah...I've been with him for a few weeks...yet he always seems to get on my nerves one way or another. Still...I just can't find the energy to stay mad at him nor hold a long-time grudge against him. I feel like I SHOULD have some animosity towards him. Yet, I feel nothing." You sigh.

"I guess it's just my nature." You muttered, admiring the scenery.

Suddenly, you hear Black Hat calling for you. You look over your shoulder and you could hear his voice coming from down the stairwell. Apparently, it was time to go.

You step away from the barrier and start to head towards where Black Hat was calling you. You turn around slightly to see Severin leaning against the barrier, still watching the scenery.

"Well. I guess that this is goodbye. It was fun while it lasted, Severin! Thanks for keeping me company." You gave Severin a smile as you walk around the pool to get to the stairwell.

"That appearsss to be ssso. I bid you goodbye, dear (Name). Fair thee well! Fair thee well!" Severin waved, allowing you both to part ways.

The moment you came down from the stairs, you caught sight of Black Hat looking for you. He was much easier to spot since most of the crowd had cleared out and had headed home. To which you walked over to him and spoke in a moderate octave, seeing as the place isn't busy.

"Yes, boss?" You asked, startling him slightly. To which you did a miniature mental happy-dance at that.

"Dammit, there you are! Come on, we've got to go!" He demanded sounding almost frantic, he grabbed your hand and pulled you along as he kept up a rapid pace. You followed behind himself, completely confused.

"W-Wait! Black Hat! What's going on!?!" You asked, as he dragged you along.

"No time to explain, just shut up and follow me." He growled, getting into the elevator, gripping your hand as if his own hand was a vice grip.

You both exit the building, get into the car, and like when you arrived, Black Hat sped off like a speed demon. You felt like you were going to throw up all of those smoothies you drank earlier.

He sped down the road, dodging cars, pedestrians, and objects as you both made headway down the road.

Thankfully, you both had to stop at a red light where you could catch a breather from the insane ride that you suddenly found yourself on.

"Black Hat! What's going on?!" You cried out, demanding an explanation.
He just suddenly glared at you.

"Someone is attacking the manor and we need to get there, NOW." Black Hat snarled, and once the light turned green, he sped off once again.

Now it was not only your stomach in your throat, but your heart as well.

Chapter End Notes

OOOOOOHHH NOOOOOO!!!

ANGST! ANGST! ANGST!

Here's my Tumblr: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of


Thank you very much for drawing art!
Aftermath

Chapter Summary

You and Black Hat reach a mutual agreement.

Chapter Notes

It's FLUFF!

Brief fluff, but Black Hat brand fluff~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You held on tightly to your seat as Black Hat sped through the city streets like a maniac.

You're surprised that nobody has pulled you both over yet for speeding nor how Black Hat hasn't hit any cars going at the speed that he was going currently.

You just held on and tried not to get sick in the passenger seat.

Finally, some of the surrounding areas were becoming familiar and then you could see some black smoke trailing toward the sky a little further ahead in the distance. You could hear Black Hat grinding his teeth as you both grew closer to the manor. You already knew that the black smoke was most likely coming from the manor.

It didn't really take a lot of brains to figure that out. So, you just held your tongue and tried to suppress your worries for your comrades.

Upon arriving in the roundabout, Black Hat manages to somehow amazingly drift the car into the cars' personal driveway. Bellowing up smoke and leaving tire track skids in its' wake. Now that you got a good look at the house, you could almost feel your heart quiver.

The house, while mostly intact, was still damaged. Some windows were broken, the front and back door were kicked in, and the smoke was drifting up from the foyer's shattered window.

Black Hat wasted no time as he turned off the vehicle and got out of the car, striding in through the kicked-in back door. You recovered from your inherent shock and decided to exit the car as well. Then, once it all hit you at once, you suddenly bolted to, what used to be the front door, and entered the foyer.

Inside was a mess of charred black spots, broken glass, and ruined artifacts. The source of the smoke that was escaping from the foyer was coming from a smoldering place on the side of a pillar. From the look of it, it appeared to be from something fire-oriented. Or possibly a lazer?

You didn't know, but you did know that the place was eerily quiet.
Even if you went against the ban that Black Hat had placed on you, you went toward the lab in a hurry. As long as you knew that Flug was okay!

You ran into the lab and it looked like a F5 tornado blew through there. Papers were on the ground and scattered all over the place, broken equipment and glass were scattered all over the floor, and there were many singe marks. Almost as if a battle had rung out.

The labs' bathroom door was kicked in as well, the cot in the corner was turned over, and some of the crates that were lined against the wall were smashed. The ceiling even suffered some damage.

Not only those things were wrong, as something else kept nagging you. Only then did you realize that the lab was silent. There was no whirring of machines, the blowing of the AC, and the beeping of electronics.

Looking around, you could tell that all of the electronics were turned off. The lights in the room must be emergency lights, primarily used in case of power outages.

You called out for your coworker.

"Flug! Flug! Are you here!?" You shouted, looking around. No response was received.

You called out again while walking over to the chemistry area. Your worries intensify as you observed the scene and that your calls went unanswered. Though, something did manage to catch your eye among all of the havoc.

In the sink was the container that held your blood during the transfusion earlier that same day. You picked it up to see that it was clean of all your blood. Looking back at the chemistry set, you looked around for any new poisons that Flug may have made, all while still standing near the sink.

Your blood ran cold at the sudden thoughts that invaded your mind.

What if the kidnappers came in here and took the vials, taking your friends while they were at it? What if Flug is being tortured for all of the information on how to make the poison?! Your worry grew, yet you observed the sink again, mostly just to look away from the wreckage of the lab, and were surprised to see something that you missed the first time you looked.

The sink drain was tinted a light red.

The inside was coated in a red substance that you immediately recognized as your blood.

Your heart just sank.

'Oh, Flug.' You mentally said, somberly. 'You did say that you couldn't prevent Black Hat from selling the product...but...you did this for crowd control, didn't you? I knew you weren't the bad guy here.' You internally murmured, sorrowfully.

You felt like crying there, but you sucked it up. Tears aren't going to find them any faster and becoming a big cry baby isn't going to do anything other than make you tired and your eyes puffy.

You straightened up and began to make your own departure from the wrecked lab. You began to make your way up the stairs to the upper floors in the mansion.
If Flug's gone...then that means 5.0.5 and Dementia are too. All of them are gone, most likely. You tried to shake off the lingering feeling of dread.
You just...you got to find some clues. Find anything that may lead you to their location...right?

Play Sherlock Holmes, in a way.

You go through the halls and you see a few askew objects and moved furniture, but nothing appears to be stolen. So this obviously isn't petty thieves breaking into the manor to steal pricey things.

From the way that Flug disposed of your blood, it was obvious that those who broke in were obviously after the vials of poisons. But, thankfully, Flug hadn't made them. Even if he did, he probably would of disposed of them the same way he disposed of your blood.

You continued towards Dementias' room, still in a daze from the events that were unfolding right before your very eyes. It felt almost surreal in a way. You have never experienced this in your life.

The pain of kidnapping was actually befalling on you and you can now relate to all of those shows about missing people. Heck, both you and your parents are experiencing the same feelings at this moment. You with your friends and them with...you.

You buried those thoughts for now, as you managed to make it to Dementia's room. It was a mess. Well...messier than before.

There were the same-looking singe marks on the carpet and there was a smoldering bedpost. There were some tears in the covers on the bed, now absent of Dementia. 5.0.5 wasn't in here either, as he was assigned to be Dementia's caretaker.

The bed that 5.0.5 typically took his naps on was empty when you walked into the foyer. So, it was safe to say that he was taken too.

Dementia's room wasn't as messy as the wrecked lab, though. Indicating that there was much more of a struggle in the lab than in here. Seeing that Dementia was still in a weakened state when the attack took place, she must'ave been easy to overthrow. 5.0.5 was too sweet to hurt anything. They probably overpowered him too.

In reality, Flug was the only one strong enough to fight back. But, seeing as the front door and back door were BOTH kicked in, it's easy to assume that there was more than one attacker. Flug...had to fight them all off on his own.

Were those smoldering singe patches that were found all around the house from Flug or someone else? Flug would'ave been outnumbered and then overtaken by enemies if that was the case.

Still...how did the invaders know that Black Hat was going to be gone just in time for the attack? You began to think it over in your mind, before your brain clicks.
The ringleader of the invaders had to know about the party, didn't they? More so, they would have to have been someone that knew Black Hat had accepted the offer to come.

Seeing as the security guards let him in without as so much as a 'Welcome.'.

You begin to get suspicious. The party WAS kinda sudden, wasn't it? What if it was pitched to lure Black Hat away? They did make it about his product...were they simply stoking his ego and baiting
him to come to the party to 'celebrate'? Did they expect him to come alone and leave all of his minions defenseless?

As these thoughts emerge, you begin to see a very ominous plot unfold within your mind.

Someone had *PLANNED* it. The party, the attack, and they were either an administrator of the party or someone that monitors it. They *KNEW* that Black Hat was coming, but they didn't expect him to bring company, aka: *You*.

They knew that he would attend and that they would get the upper hand when he was gone and out of the manor. They probably used as many people as possible, as they thought most of his minions were healthy. Yet, only the harmless 5.0.5 and Flug were.

Before the attack, they cut the power to the house, to invade without the minions in the house calling and alerting their boss to come home immediately. Which would explain why the emergency lights were on in the lab!

Their motives were not to break in and steal things, but to get the ingredients and learn how to make the poison for themselves!

That means a few things could be possible.

That they're a customer of Black Hat and they knew about this product, they managed to trace or recognize Black Hat's insignia and decided to attack the business, or they are a news viewer that knew how much money that successful product was making and they traced the object back to the source and decided to invade and seize the profits for themselves.

Now, that just leaves the question to *WHO* did it.

You decided to regroup with Black Hat. It's not like you have anything else to do. Picking up this stuff and cleaning up the house was probably going to be a chore in itself.

You walk down a familiar hallway, haunted by a faded feeling of grief.

Yet, you now had a brief idea on what has gone on in your and Black Hat's absence.

You approach Black Hat's office. Hearing the sound of brief cursing coming from within the confines of the room. You took a deep breath and still your shaky nerves.

You're alone with Black Hat for...who knows how long. You just got to make it work...no grudges, no anger, nothing.

Digging up past hatches will not assist in this situation, Black Hat is most likely going to be the angry and unreasonable one. You need to take the calm-headed role. Go back to your relaxed and calm nature that you arrived here with. Even if it gets on Black Hat's nerves.

But, that's not important right now.

You two need to bind together and not let your anger and past grudges get in the way of finding your kidnapped housemates.

With a final deep breath, you opened the office doors and walk into the room to reunite with your boss.
Black Hat had marched into his invaded home with a surrounding air of anger and a threatening aura. Leaving the alien in the car while he was at it.

Upon getting into his home, he could obviously tell that some invaders had roughed up the place. There were askew artifacts all over the house and some broken or shattered personal items. Whoever came in here and had dared to attack his business was going to pay dearly.

Black Hat wasted no time in getting to his office, where all of his precious information was. Upon entering his office, he slammed the doors shut, and strode across the long stretch that is between himself and his desk.

He sneered at the wreckage that was his office. Paintings were off the wall, vases were broken, artifacts were misplaced and strewn everywhere. Not to mention that his desk was a mess. Papers were all spread out and had flown everywhere in the chaos that occurred here.

He let out a guttural hiss and sat down in his chair. He began to pull out drawers in search of his valuable papers, much to his relief, they were still in place. He picked them up and quickly shifted through them. The obvious crumpling wasn't his own doings, so it appeared that someone had went through his drawers in a huff.

Most likely not looking for any of his precious information.

He went through the rest of his drawers, finding those papers in similar states as the one he was holding. He searched for a bit, finding all of his trade information, records, written names, and his own personal journal intact and unharmed.

Which begs the question.

What did the invaders want?

Most break ins consist of heroes trying to get his customers' information so that they could track them down and arrest them. Getting him while they're at it. All of their attempts weren't successful, as one can obviously tell.

He let out a string of curses as he stood up from his seat, walked to the front of his desk, and began to pace. It was getting late and the last thing he needed was a bunch of broken windows to allow in any ACTUAL thieves.

They are in a busy and populated city after all. Also, it was getting kinda humid in here...is the AC on?

Black Hat looked up and noticed that his rooms lights were off. He mostly leaves them on, as he's in here most of the time.

Only the lights from the streets and setting sun lit up his room. Giving it a very gothic feel as he looked out his cracked rose window from behind his desk.

Black Hat hummed.

With a wave of his finger, the broken glass in the window seemed to refit itself back into the pane. Even the fallen glass lifted itself up from the floor and became one with the window once more.
Making the window look almost brand new!

Black Hat then started to wave his finger at other objects. Repairing them and lifting them up and off the ground, right back into their original and rightful places. Statues were repaired, glass was fixed and off the floor, and all of the papers were levitated and neatly stacked once again. He'll organize them later.

Still, Black Hat was boiling mad. The house was still getting more humid, possibly from all of the open and broken windows he had to repair. He let out a few more curses and wiped his brow.

Then, he was alerted to the sound of his office doors opening. He turned sharply, only to relax slightly to see that it was you.

"Oh. There you are." He glared.

You seemed to ignore his obvious agitated tone and simply began your report.

"The house is completely empty. Flug, Dementia, and 5.0.5 are missing, the power has been turned off or severed, and the lab is a mess." You explained, your clothes now back to their normal hue. As it seemed the temporary outfit he made for them had wore off and they didn't seem to notice nor care.

"Ah, so my other minions have been kidnapped and we have severed power. So that's why it's so quiet and it's getting humid in here." Black Hat growled. "Perfect." He hissed.

"Anything ELSE, I should know about?" He snapped. But, you just kept your relaxed posture.

"Actually...yes. I have found some clues to why we may have been attacked and how the perpetrator did so!" You exclaimed. Well, this has certainly caught Black Hats' attention.

"Well?! Spit it out already!" He growled.

You told him what you have figured out. You told him what Flug did to the blood sample, told him of Dementia's room, and explained the condition of 5.0.5's living quarters. After that, you quickly assessed the damage in the house and stated that Flug was the one that struggled the most.

Finally, you began to tell him of your suspicions of the suddenness of the party. You told him how staged it felt, like it was ploy to lure him away for a bit. You explained that he was probably expected to go alone and leave ALL of his minions defenseless and without his oversight.

You told him your guess on who knew he was going to the party and leaving the house unprotected. You told him about their interest and the break ins' nature. That it wasn't basic petty thievery, that it was carefully calculated and their intended target was to find the poison stash and take it for themselves.

You explained that Flug must'ave heard the attackers and decided to get rid of the main ingredient so that they couldn't get their hands on it. So, he disposed of it.

You finally finished with a brief explanation about your hunch that one of the party's organizers was the culprit, as they knew the people that have accepted the invitation by name and knew what time that they would be arriving for the party. You also left a brief notice at how the party was all
about HIM. Driving your suspicions further.

Black Hat seemed to ponder your explanation in full. Closing his visible eye in thought. You just stayed silent, waiting for his opinion on the matter.

Suddenly, Black Hats' eye opened and it seemed to be in realization. He clenched his fist and gripped his desk with enough force to crack it.

"So...you're saying that it was...a trap? That I was...baited?! And I took it like a fish on a hook?!!" He rumbled, threateningly.

"I'm afraid so, boss." You finished, crossing your arms lightly.

Black Hat didn't say anything for the first few minutes before he suddenly lifted up his fist and brought it down on his desk, effectively splitting it in two once again. You flinched at the sudden aggressive behavior.

"BLAST IT!" Black Hat roared. He slammed his fist down onto the already broken desk a few more times before he ran out of steam and stopped.

"..." You chose to stay quiet. Waiting for Black Hat to lose a little bit of his steam before you attempted to talk to him. By looking at him, you could obviously tell that his fist was trembling with something contained deep within himself.

Then, he suddenly turned to you. You almost jumped whenever he pointed his gloved claw in your direction.

"YOU." He approached you with malice. Yet, you held your ground.
"This is all YOUR FAULT." Black Hat accused.

You almost wanted to bite back at him, yet you held your tongue. Throwing gasoline on a roaring fire is a great way to lose control of it, so you needed to be calm about this.

"I have NEVER had this much trouble in my business until YOU came alone. With your stupid fucking smile and your blasted relaxed nature!" Black Hat leered at you.

"In all of my years, I have NEVER had this much trouble with one individual! You are such a pain to keep watch on all of the time and the only thing we got done with you around i-is getting the b-biggest headache I have ever had!" Black Hat shouted.

You wanted to equally shout profanities out at him throughout that whole sentence, but you began to notice something forming in his speech pattern.

"You are the b-biggest mistake that I have EVER let live under m-my roof!!!" Black Hat shrieked.

Was Black Hat...stuttering out some of his words?

Was he just...lashing out because he was...slightly afraid or nervous of the situations that you have brought to this manor? The money, attention, as well as the unwanted attention? Was this anger that was being directed toward you because you were the source of all of his woes?

How? You don't know. He's not an easy book to read like Flug is. Which says a lot, as Flug wears a
"Don't stand there like a bloody idiot, SAY SOMETHING!" You were pulled from your inner thoughts when Black Hat was looking at you in an agitated state.

". . ." You stay quiet for a few seconds before you spoke up.

"Black Hat...are you yelling at me because you know that I'm the only living thing in this house that will listen to you?" You stared at him, tilting your head slightly whenever Black Hat backed off.

Black Hat then turned away from yourself, facing his desk and crossing his arms.

"No, you fool. I'm yelling at you about your insolence and cursed nature." Black Hat grumbled, still facing away from yourself.

"Black Hat, I heard you stutter." He suddenly turned around to face you again.

"I DID NOT STUTTER!" He yelled, causing you to recoil from the octave he used. You just sigh out in slight agitation.

"Listen, Black Hat. I don't know why you have such animosity towards me and, at this point in time, I could care less. The big deal is, we have a situation on our hands that we need to deal with together. Trying to start fights isn't going to get us any closer to finding the others. So, instead of physically butting our heads together, we need to metaphorically put them together. Because, believe it or not, I'm all that you have at the moment." You said.

Black Hat just stared at you in silence.

"So, if you're going to stay in here and throw a fit like a big man-baby, then be my guest. But, I'm going to go turn the power on and look for clues. If you want to help out, find out who the administrators that put together the party are or find someone who knew who would be attending and who would target you specifically." You explained.

"As cheesy and heroic-like as it sounds, we do need to work together. We can cover more ground if we both get on the same page and track down the bastard that attacked us! Then maybe we'll find Flug, 5.0.5, and Dementia as well!" You brimmed with determination.

With that said, you turned away from Black Hat and headed out the doors of the office to search for the power supply to the house. Gathering some tools to help fix it, if it has been tampered with, while you're at it.

Black Hat stood in complete silence for a few seconds before he huffed.

"I'll never understand that alien. I probably never will." Black Hat mumbled as he shuffled over to his desk.

"But...If it gets me closer to wringing the neck of the one that dared to betray me, then I'll tolerate them." He said to nobody in particular as he fished out the invitation that he got in the mail just about 2 days earlier.

He'll reread this while he gets around to repairing the broken windows around the mansion.
It took a while for you both to meet up, but you did so in the kitchen. The power was now turned on, because of yours truly, and it was as you suspected. Someone had cut the cables with wire cutters.

It will require new wires for a permanent fix, but the tinfoil and duct tape patch-me-up will have to do until you have time to go to the store for new ones.

Black Hat seemed to either be a quick cleaner or this house is alive and it could repair itself. As when you arrived back in the house, the windows were all fixed and the shattered glass was all picked up. There were still things to be fixed, but the foyer looked better than it did before.

You let out a whistle and praised Black Hats' quick skills. To which he just rolled his one visible eye at the remark.

He was still straightening up the foyer whenever you got an idea. You bolted up the stairs and scuttled to your room, which was strangely untouched, and you grabbed your little charged up roomba buddy and darted back down the hallway and you returned to the foyer.

Black Hat was confused at what you were holding, but you sat it down and pressed the button on the top. The roomba then started up and began to clean the floor from all of the soot and dirt. You looked to Black Hat and gave him a thumbs up, to which he just squinted and got back to his own project.

You on the other hand, went to the lab to get it back into a functioning condition.

You went in there and assessed the damage of the entirety of the lab. Which was a lot. It was gonna take a while, but you're going to get it back in working order, even if you broke your back doing so.

You started with some sweeping, then you moved the hazardous chemicals into much more safer areas, you checked the machinery around the lab for any damages, only finding some singed metal and a few broken buttons. Easy fixes, really!

You heard the lab door open and turned to see Black Hat coming in with your roomba buddy in his hands. When he noticed you staring at him, he looked away and sat the roomba down and pressed the button on it so it would clean up the messes on the floor.

You just smiled and silently shook your head side to side. You kinda new that Black Hat didn't want to be alone in this house, hence the reason why he seemed to be following you around.

First, it was the windows and doors that had to be repaired, then it was to clean up all of the broken glass and materials, finally, your little roomba would clean up the messes on the floor. It took three charge breaks for it to fully clean up the lab and the foyer.

Finally, the sun had set and the house looked...somewhat normal. The back rooms were still a bit messy and the lab still needed to be fixed and cleaned up. You also majorly took notice of Black Hat shadowing you for the rest of the day.

You didn't really mind it and Black Hat would try his best to act like he needed to move into the
same room with you for some reason or another. He wasn't creepily following you around, he just did his own part and fixed what needed to be fixed in the same room that you happened to be in.

Or so he says.

Still, you couldn't see *HOW* he made vases come back into one object from being in many pieces on the floor. But, you just surmised that he had some more weird powers that you wouldn't understand.

Now, you both were exhausted from the party and from having to deal with this. You had managed to fix dinner and both of you ate in silence.

You were observing the papers that came from Black Hats' desk and studying the address that was marked on the envelope. It seemed to be from somewhere local around here, as Black Hat as stated it was a downtown address for Hat Island.

Upon asking him how did finding the identities of the administrators went, he just huffed and stated that they were private and he'll have to pay some of them some visits. You gave him a look and he simply returned it.

So you just sighed and let it pass. If he can get answers from them, then so be it. You'll just look up the address that the letter came with and see if you could find any leads there.

With a yawn, you placed your plate into the sink and looked toward Black Hat.

"We can continue tomorrow, Black Hat. I'm beat." He squinted at you and looked away. "Goodnight, boss." You said, walking by him and out into the hallway.

Yet, you manage to catch wind of a phrase from your boss that...actually made you smile for once.

"Goodnight, (Name)." You heard him mumble.

You had managed to get to your room. Upon walking in, you could feel the weight of the day come crashing down on you. All of the emotions and energy felt like they were sapped right out of you.

You had taken notice that you were back in your original clothes. The party clothes most likely had faded away without your knowledge. Yet, you weren't mad. You were...tired, if anything at all.

A brief shower, change of clothes, and plopping on your bed later, you looked up to the canopy of your bed and let out a long and worried-filled sigh.
Flug, 5.0.5, and Dementia were somewhere out there...probably enduring some horrible stuff. Torture. Starvation. Dehydration. Anything another villain could come up with just to make them talk.

All over what? *Some damn poison.*

You just...hope that they're alright. That you'll get some leads and be able to rescue them.

Your eyes grow heavy as your energy gets depleted to almost nothing and your breathing evens out.
Tomorrow...is another day away from home. A few more days and you'll be gone for a whole month. But, tomorrow is also going to be a day full of search efforts. To find your friends.

At least you and your boss had reached a mutual agreement for once.

Even if it didn't last, it's nice to know that your boss cares for his minions. Even if he pretends he doesn't.

With those thoughts sorted out in your head, you drifted off to sleep.

Dreams of reuniting with your friends danced around in your subconscious mind, *with a tall figure wearing a hat now being included in the group.*

Chapter End Notes

Aww~! Reader is trying to take in so much and now Black Hat and Reader have to work together to find the team.

Also, Reader seems to be on the road of friendship with Black Hat, yet he's being a tsundere about it~!

(Also, headcanon that Black Hat doesn't like to be alone.)

Here's my Tumblr: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of


Thank you very much for drawing art!
Interrogations and Plots

Chapter Summary

You and Black Hat get lead way in your investigations and Flug begins to plot a violent escape.

Chapter Notes

Um...I think I like vicious Flug...a little.
*CoughALOTcough*

-IMPORTANT MESSAGE DOWN IN THE NOTES, MAKE SURE YOU READ IT TO UNDERSTAND WHAT IS GOING ON WITH ME RIGHT NOW.-

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Flug blinked slowly as he struggled in his bonds slightly.

The tight wire that was around his wrist didn't budge, but it was to be expected.

He tried for what seemed like hours to struggle out of his bonds, to no avail. Someone obviously didn't want him to get away so easily. The tightness of the bonds were barely bearable! If his kidnappers put it on any tighter, it probably might cut off circulation to his hands.

He looked around the room he found himself in.

It was like a miniature lab. But, it was smaller than the one Black Hat provided for him.

With a few beakers and lab equipment. As well as a few machines in this makeshift lab, he could assume that it was a villain that was attempting to get a lab started up. There weren't any cameras in here, either. So, it must be a beginners project.

Yet, it was also an inner room within the building that they were currently occupying. No windows and only one windowless door.

He wasn't quite sure where he was, as he and his companions were all equally blindfolded and removed from a vehicle blindfolded and most-likely during the night.

Yet, his primary focus was to his companions and not really where they all were at the moment.

The bear was chained up on the opposite side of the room, a heavy metal collar with a short leash that was attached to the wall. Poor 5.0.5 was having to set his head down every few minutes because the chain would begin to hurt his neck and make it sore because it was so heavy-looking.
Looking over to the medical table in the room, Dementia was laying on it, her hands and feet bound to the table by latches. She didn't appear to be in good shape either, as she was put under a lot of stress during the invasion.

Even from Flug's point of view, he could tell that she was having trouble breathing again and that she was sweating. It appears that the invaders had stressed her out and agitated the remaining enzymes in her system.

Despite her being a nuisance to him and his projects, the last thing Flug wanted was to see Dementia suffer like this. Even 5.0.5 didn't deserve what he's being put through.

*Heh.*

He should probably feel bad for himself too.

Flug looked like the *epiphany* of exhaustion. His goggles were cracked, his bag was slightly torn, and his clothes had rips and soot staining some places. He would admit, he fought violently against the invaders of the mansion. As Black Hat and you were gone for about 2 hours before they arrived, lasers firing and battle cries rang out.

Flug had only heard the ring-leader shout out for the others to search the place and Flug was quickly wondering what they were looking for.

He stared down at your blood and made a quick connection to what they were obviously after. Flug then made the decision to hurry over to the sink and empty out the contents of the container. He watched the blood run down the drain with a brief sense of pride. For he knew that he couldn't stop the invaders, but he could at least lower the casualties and preform crowd-control.

Then, they broke in and the battle began.

Of course, Flug was outnumbered and his companions had already been seized. He had fought alone and lost. Pounced on from above by a feline/human hybrid. He was quickly disarmed and restrained by the hybrid and the search for the 'poison stash' began.

Flug was actually happy that he didn't make the poison in a timely manner. Let alone keep a hefty supply of it somewhere! They tore the manor apart looking for the stash.

They smashed busts of his boss, ripped paintings off the walls, looked for secret compartments, and the like. All looking for poison vials in any likely hiding place. They got frustrated that they couldn't find the supposed 'hidden stash' and decided to depart.

But, they didn't want to leave empty-handed. So, they decided to take Black Hats' loyal minions. Surmising that one of them held the key to making the poison. Which is exactly why he and the others were in the situation.
Flug struggled again, his binds still not budging. He let out a defeated sigh.

Yeah. He definately knows what these rivals want.

They want him to show them how to make the **mortality poison**. Even if he **COULD** show them, he would rather take all the beatings that they could dish out than squeal and put you in danger.

If these goons got a hold on you, they might bleed you dry for everything that you got. Once they're done with the blood phase, they might just use the rest of your body for...experiments and studies. It almost made Flug nauseous thinking about your blood drained corpse.

He just hopes that the others could hold up like him.

Flug looked around the room once more, finding no clock in the room with them. It didn't matter what time it was, just as long as you're out of these goons hands.

He may be weak in physical strength, but living with Black Hat for a few years has toughened him up in numerous places other than his body. Endurance, patience, and perseverance has been proven to work for him in the past and has made him into an emotionally sturdy individual.

Yet...even with all of the layers built onto him, the thought of you being hurt, possibly even killed, makes his emotions quake. He has only known you for about a month, it's amazing at how attached he has become.

You built together, talked a lot, and you...just look so full of joy when you spoke of your loved ones and planet. It feels like watching you talk about things dear to you seemed to reawaken some more human emotions of his own.

Like when you would talk about the sky, the problems your own planet faces, your loving and supportive parents, or your own friends.

You just seemed like a happy individual. Something Flug hasn't been for a long time...maybe he's trying to just...protect something that's innocent. Maybe it's just the drive to help you get back home to the people that you talk so fondly about. To correct his mistake without the guilt of letting someone die so far from their own home.

Flug closed his eyes slowly and inhales a fair portion of air and exhales it calmly.

Whatever it is...he'll fully embrace it. For your own safety and sake.

Flugs' eyes suddenly flew open when he heard footsteps approaching the room where they were being kept.

Then, a sudden determination overcame him.

His eyes were narrowed and his unseen mouth was clenched. His mind was made up. He would endure anything that they could throw at him.

*Just so he can keep as many people as safe as possible.*
He watched as the doors to the miniature lab opened and the interrogators came in.

--

You tossed and turned in your bed.

You just...couldn't sleep well. You would doze off every now and then, but you would have a night terror that would awaken you from your slumber.

Nightmares of tortures being done to your friends. Nightmares of them being experimented on. Nightmares of them being brainwashed and turned against you and your boss. Your mind was reeling too much for you to get a peaceful nights rest.

Looking over to the clock, you could see that it was about 4:48 in the morning. Too early to be up, that's for sure.

You threw the covers off of you and got up for about the 5th time during that same night. You walked into your guest bathroom, turned on the sink, and splashed some water on your face. Taking deep breaths while you were at it.

Looking into the mirror, you could see your reflection sharing your exhaustion.

You sigh out.

You need some sleep. Yet, you couldn't get some rest at the moment. Maybe a nice warm cup of milk will help?

You depart from the bathroom and begin to make your way to the kitchen, exiting your room and walking down the still semi-wrecked hallway. At least all of the broken stuff was fixed. Well, mostly. There are still some painting frames that need to be repaired.

You make it to the stairs and head down into the kitchen. From there, you turn on the electric stove and get some milk. You begin to heat it up and watch it with a careful eye. It didn't take long, as the milk was ready in a matter of a few minutes.

You poured yourself a glass and sat at the kitchen table.

It was slightly awkward.

Sitting in the kitchen by yourself for once in the household felt almost...lonely. Now you can understand why Black Hat didn't want to be alone in this manor. It was kinda eerie at night to hear nothing but the ticking of grandfather clocks and the echoing of your own footsteps.

It felt like being home on your own planet. When you're in your own house by yourself.

You didn't own any pets. Mostly because they required proper care and time from your busy college schedule. Your parents have a few pets, but you just couldn't find the time to get some of your own. Maybe you'll get some fish for a pet. A fair bit of research and you'll have a self-sustaining tank in no time.

Yeah.
You mentally chalk up on your mental to-do list to get a fish tank for your home. What fish will be placed in said tank? You'll just find out when you decided to get one.

A few minutes had passed and you continue to sit there drinking your warm milk, still not feeling drowsy in the slightest as the night gets older. You also appeared to be lot in thought on your own personal worries and thoughts of pets. I mean, it wasn't like you were gonna get some sleep anyway.

But, your thoughts were temporarily disturbed by the sound of approaching footfalls.

You looked up and weren't surprised to see Black Hat enter the kitchen. Seemingly not noticing your presence at first as he walked by you to the fridge. Rubbing his unpatched eye and yawning as he did so.

What DID surprise you, was his sleepwear. You have never seen your boss in his pajamas before and it was kinda awkward to see him in them now that you both are alone.

You were kinda expecting a tuxedo-print sleepwear or something of similar fashion.

But, you were kinda stunned that he was just wearing just charcoal grey traditional 2-piece sleepwear, some black house shoes that had red eyes and sharp teeth for designs, and a nightcap in place of his iconic top hat. His monocle was also removed, being replaced by an eyepatch that had a Jolly Rodger skull and crossbones on it.

You won't admit it aloud in his presence, but you're kinda curious at to why he keeps the eye covered. Like...when he has his monocle one, you could see a pupil on the other side, but...if he has an eye, why does he need an eyepatch? Is it an Eldritch thing or something?

Slightly lost in thought, you barely reacted whenever Black Hat found what he was looking for, which was an iced coffee of some sort, closed the fridge and turned around to see you sitting at the table and jump in place.

He hissed at you angrily.

"What the bloody hell!? Aren't you supposed to be in bed?!!" He exclaimed. To which you just shrugged at the accusation.

"Can't stay asleep, boss. Got up to get me some warm milk to see if it would help. But, it isn't doing much." You explained.

"Why are you up, boss?" You asked, taking another sip of your warm milk.

". . ." He huffed after a brief moment of silence.

"Going over names that the party was held by and I seemed to have hit something that might aid us in our search. I noticed that one of the administrators that held the party is someone I'm VERY familiar with." Black Hat spoke, walking over to his iconic black chair that he always sits in when he eats.

It was a comfortable distance from you, but since your chair is practically at the end of table, it was right next to his.

"Oh? How so?" You questioned, curiosity piqued.
"Well...one of the administrators that assisted in organizing the party used to be a customer of mine. USED to be...a customer of mine. There was...bad blood stirred up between us. A bad deal, a presumably 'faulty' gadget, and a demand for a refund later, we both now have bad views of each other. Me, a cheapskate, and him, a foolish mortal man." Black Hat growled out.

"Me? Produce faulty weapons of destruction? Bah! The man obviously used it inefficiently against a hero and failed to execute it properly! The man is a failure and obviously didn't read the fine print that states 'No refunds' in our purchasing policy!" Black Hat grumbled, as he slurped at his iced coffee.

"So. There's a good chance that this man wanted revenge of some sort due to your history with each other?" You said, intrigued.

"Yes. Quite possibly." Black Hat agreed "However." He said, catching your attention.

"The man that I am talking about was nothing more than an atmosphere planner and penthouse renter. He didn't have the list of party guest that would be attending." Black Hat closed his one visible eye and opened it back up, focusing on looking at you.

You hummed in thought and processed the information.

"A good source of information, but he's a bust compared to knowing if you were attending or not." You nodded. "Anything else you managed to come up with?"

Black Hat nodded. "Yes, I have." He stated.

"The party in total was hosted by only TWO beings. Then, I found the lower ranks that setup the party. The stupid client was the planner and rented out the place. Just one of the 3 underlings of the two major headmasters." He continued.

"Then, there was the caterer. The one that was in charge of handling the food and bar supplies. Nothing big or acknowledgeable about that character. Then...I hit something major. The final being of the administrator trio was the 'gatekeeper'. Aka, the person that knows who's V.I.P, who's allowed to come in, and who is attending the party currently." Black Hat finished.

You almost wanted to spit your milk out in surprise.

"Whoa...excellent detective skills, Black Hat!" You exclaimed, cheerfully smiling at him. Black Hat merely rolled his eyes in boredom.

"Yes. However, I don't have a name. I just have the fact that the culprit is MOST CERTAINLY the being that was the gatekeeper of that party. To find out who orchestrated that party, I need to break into the building where the party was held and search through the renting files in the main office. It'll be easy, as I have stolen things more valuable from much more heavily guarded places~!" You could see Black Hat smugly smiling to nobody in particular.

"Sure. But, now that we have a culprit and you have the abilities to sneak in and steal the information, we could be just as close to finding the rest of the household and getting a hold on the one that did it!" You cheerfully clapped your hands lightly.

"And when I do, whoever DARED to steal from me will pay with their LIFE!" You flinched lightly
as Black Hat let out a maniac-like laughter.

"Uh....yeah. That too." You said quietly under your breath as Black Hat continued to have his moment.

But, deep within yourself, you could already feel the hope of finding your friends returning with a much more positive outlook. I mean, you thought being alone with Black Hat was gonna be an absolute nightmare.

Yet, after you seemed to calmly talk him down from mindlessly starting a fight with you, you both seemed to make a great team! Black Hat would be able to get into the office and retrieve the renting information and get the name of the gatekeeper that attended the party/trap.

While you preform some research of your own, contend to some certain projects, and clean up the place, keeping your eyes peeled for any forgotten evidence.

It made you warm and fuzzy inside to know that both you and Black Hat were actually...working together to bring your housemates home safe and sound. You could feel yourself smiling with contained glee.

"Hey...do me a favor." You look over to Black Hat in curiosity as he gives you a deadpan stare. "Stop staring at me with those big eyes." He warned.

So, you just took to squinting and broadening your smile while you were at it.

"And wipe that stupid grin off of your face while you're at it!" Black Hat hissed as he drank his iced coffee.

No better way to start a day that'll bring your friends home soon!

--

This was officially the worst day ever for Flug.

Flug took another harsh kick to his gut as the interrogators tried to beat the poison recipe from him by force, yet he held his tongue and endured the attacks. They've been at this for a while. Pestered him about the recipe and have now resorted to just brute force.

They seemed to have stolen the recovered evidence from the heroes headquarters. The one from the battle that ended Blade Runner's life. They also seemed to have analyzed the sample from the poison and found some ingredients in the poison that related to blood.

While the brutes of interrogators ganged up on Flug and tried to force the recipe from him, there appeared to be a man that had come in. He took some of Dementia's blood and 5.0.5's blood. When it came for Flug's turn, it was easy to get his sample, as he had a few cuts that were bleeding from the thrashing he was receiving.

All of their samples were then taken from the room and the thugs were given a few minutes to rest up, having gotten exhausted from the punishments they were dishing out on poor Flug.

Flug himself was actually glad to get a breather for himself too. Yet, it seems that their captors
seemed to trace an air of blood in the serum and are probably testing to see if any of them are a match. If all else fails, they might try to catch Black Hat or worse...you.

Flug takes in a deep breath and cringes when his sore chest expands. Still laying on the floor and bound, Flug took slow and steady breaths. His head was hurting and his chest felt like it was hammered on with a jackhammer.

His body stung with each movement and all he could hear was the sound of 5.0.5's whimpering and Dementia's labored breaths.

Yet, the voices of the two brutes taking a breather outside cut the silence like a knife. Flug tuned in, like a spy that was hearing some juicy information.

"So...the bag head won't spill anything. The doc himself seemed to be stressed. That...uh, substance that came with the syringe weapon...do you think that's why the doc has been more stressed lately?" Flug heard the first goon speak.

"Dunno. Just heard that the liquid was 'unlike anything he's ever seen'. Said something that the liquid was made from a raw organic source. Most likely blood. Freaky, right? I mean...it's kinda strange that something is capable of producing something that...potent. The mutated lab rats all had seizures whenever the doc injected them with it. Died right on the spot too." The second goon replied.

"Yeah. What is capable of doing that? Something positively monstrous?" The first goon continued. "Do you think that Black Hat himself conjured that poison? Or at least aided it with his own blood?"

"Don't know, man. I've never seen Black Hat. Thought he was a legend until now. I don't think he can even bleed! Something about him being an unknown monster? An Eldritch, I think it was? Anyway, the dude's a freak and he's strange. But, I never seen someone actually produce something that is THIS capable of killing. Heroes are dying left and right, some villains have even taken over sections of cities. From what I heard." The second good retorted.

Flugs' eyes widen from behind his cracked goggles.

Villains have killed heroes and are now laying claim to certain areas in cities? Oh no...it's getting worse! Flug could feel guilt eat at his insides as he refocused on the goons conversation.

"Speaking of that Black Hat thing, you heard that boss had setup the party to lure him out? Did you know that he took the bait?!" The first goon laughs and claps his hands together. "For a guy that is feared everywhere, he is rather stupid!" The first goon gloated.

"Yeah. I actually attended that party. Saw him with another person...I've never seen them around before, though." The second goon replied.

"What? The weird-looking human that he was with?"

"Yeah. They had strangely shaped eyes, different looking skin, and they also seemed to be much more...uh...how would you say it? Different? Odd? Off? Something along those lines, I'm sure."

"I agree. I didn't know who they were either. They just...appeared out of nowhere? Is Black Hat the type for dates? Did he force that person to come with him?" The first goon guessed.
"Don't know...I thought I saw them at the grocery store once...but my memory is kinda foggy. I don't remember who they were with. Say...do you think that the person he was with knows anything about the poison?" The second goon surmised.

"Hmm. I don't know. I wouldn't think so...but it could be possible. Maybe if we see them again, we'll nab them too and see if we can get some answers! Besides, maybe I'll take them on a date too~! Heheheheh!" The goons both laugh with malicious intent that makes Flug's eyes widen.

"We should probably bring that up with the boss, right? He might be interested in that mysterious human." The second thug said, their voice going back to it's serious monotone.

Flug wriggles a bit as he shifts his position on the floor.

If they get you and do your blood work...then they would find out the secret! They would torture you! They would bleed you dry and until you couldn't even move or have enough blood to pump through your heart!

Flug watched the goons through his cracked goggles before he saw their attention move down toward the other end of the hallway, it seemed the someone was calling for them.

Without another glance, the second thug proceeded down the hallway and the first thug closed the door. Locking it from the outside.

Flug could feel his heart racing as he looked toward the door in desperation.

Flug wriggled and writhed as his wounds stung and his body ached.

He needed to do something! Dementia was suffering! 5.0.5 was suffering! He was suffering! And if he doesn't find a way to get out of here...you will be too if their boss takes interest in you.

He probably knows that you're trying your best to find them, but if you don't make it in time, there will only be enough time for them to plot another attack and seize you and Black Hat!

He begins to look frantically around the room. Looking for any route or thing he could make work for a plan.
There were no safe options, all of the escape plans he was thinking of were quite risky.

He looked around the room again, seeing a bit of age an rust on the walls, stating that the building they were in was pretty old and a little run down.

Then, he eyes the lab over in the corner, just a little ways away from Dementia's resting place.

It felt almost like if a shine had rolled over Flug's goggles as he spied a very...useful ingredient that was contained in a jar with a variety of other ingredients.

Potassium permanganate.

Flug's inner-mind was yelling at him that it was a very stupid and super risky to do such an...atrocious action that he was thinking of doing. Yet, he eyed the chemical with a rising fire that filled his very being.
He knew that you were trying your best to find them, but if you weren't fast enough...they'll get you to. Especially if he isn't fast enough.

He needs to stop them...by any means necessary. Many people are already getting hurt and he needs to start upping his game and start standing for himself in times of need. He can't always be relied on...but...this time...he'll make sure that this operation is put down for good.

Flug eyes the 'highly flammable' label on the chemicals' jar with such focus and his eyes narrow as a sinister plot begins brewing in his mind. An unseen grin filled with malicious intent crawls across his hidden face.

Oh, yes. He'll shut this place down.

Even if he has to **BURN IT DOWN**.

Chapter End Notes

ANGST AT THE READY!!! Fiyaaaaaaa!!!

-Important-

Okay. So, I need to let you guys know why I ditched out on Thursday and Friday.

My mother is going through surgery for a replacement hip because she has a severe and aggressive form of arthritise and it has eaten away at her bones. She is in the hospital as of 9/18/2017 till 9/21/2017.

We are going through a fairly difficult time and my mother is REALLY gonna need my help for the next few weeks. I can still write, but I need to aid my mother whenever possible. This will make updates SLOWER, but they WON'T STOP COMPLETELY like when I went to Key West.

Thank you all for understanding and I hope my chapters aren't loosing their quality or anything.

Thanks again for reading this important message.

Here's my Tumblr: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

= ~~~~Also FANART~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of


*NEW* Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy

Thank you very much for drawing art!

(Also, 666 Kudos! My lucky number! Hahahaha! Perfect for Black Hat, I assure you. Thanks for all of the support!)
The day continued on.

You and Black Hat both seemed to not get much sleep last night. Black Hat claimed that is was because he made a rather interesting connection with the gatekeeper of the party and the list of suspects that you had provided for him. But, something else seemed to be bothering him.

Yet, he's a stubborn one and didn't provide any leads on to what was really bothering him. You just surmised that he's worried about his minions as you are.

Black Hat can be a total dickweed when it comes to absurd bans and friendly contact. But, he does seem to care about his loyal followers to a certain extent.

The fact that he was following you all day yesterday was pretty much a beacon for that personal thought, that you chose to keep to yourself for the sake of not having to deal with another yelling Black Hat again.

At the moment, you were currently working on finding the location that was stated on the letter.

Black Hat had loaned you a computer laptop so that you could preform your search on the internet. It was kinda funny, he was slightly distracted throughout the whole process of loaning you the computer. But still, you're glad that you have a computer to preform some research on.

There were just a few applications on the computer, but it seemed to be a business computer. Which probably meant that it was strictly for business purposes only.

Without any further hindrances, you continued to research the letter and see if you could find any leads on your end.

The letter in full was a typical formal invite that was sent by mail. Black Hat has stated that the address was from a place further downtown on Hat Island, in a much more thicker and older part of the city.

There was even an insignia on the letter. It appeared to have the appearance of a viper made of fire as the unknown insignia.
Black Hat had explained that the 'gatekeeper' was also in control of the invites to the party, which was how he knew who accepted and who didn't. So, that was another hit that the gatekeeper was the culprit.

So, that meant if you traced the insignia on the invite, it would lead you directly to the kidnapper and to all of your missing housemates!

However, nothing was gonna be that easy. It never is.

Looking up any traces of the insignia was a bust. You didn't get any matches on anything by searching on the villain interweb. Any normal site searches didn't produce any fruits either. You had searched under 'Fire Viper', 'Flaming Snake', and even snake based insignias.

Sadly, no matches were found that fit the appearance of the insignia in question.

But, it had to be someone's logo! Like how Black Hat uses a top hat for his merchandise and company! There had to be a building that had this insignia on it somewhere in the downtown areas of Hat Island. It's most likely hidden, as most villain bases are.

It had to be another villain corporation, as they were after the poison. Probably looking to mass produce it themselves.

You huffed out in severe frustration as you could tell that you were getting close to finding your cherished housemates and yet it feels like someone is just holding the answer shortly beyond your reach.

Yet, you refused to give up and continued to hound the internet for any leads on the insignia.

With a few more minutes of searching, you seemed to have tired yourself out and decided to take a moment to stretch out your aching arms and limbs. It had been a short few hours since you and Black Hat had met up in the kitchen and began to put together the pieces of the puzzle to help find your friends.

You were doing fairly well on your end, but you still couldn't find the accurate address nor any traces of the kidnappers' logo.

Black Hat was actually probably doing more better than you, as he had long since got back into his usual attire, which made you feel more comfortable, and had made off to steal the private information that was held within the renters file cabinets.

He had left not twenty minutes ago to retrieve the rent data and you were expecting him to come back any moment now.

You nod lightly and shift your notes over to the side for a bit. Going over some of the keys and bullets that you had wrote down on the notepad pages.

In all honesty, this was like a spy or detective movie that you were experiencing and living though at the moment.

The mystery, the puzzle solving, the crime...it was...kinda thrilling in a way. Looking for missing people and hunting down a fellow villain just so you can save your friends and return to the life that you once had.
Sounds like some sappy movie, if you were honest to yourself.

Yet, your ear twitched whenever you heard the sound of something akin to sizzling or burning wood come around you. It seemed like your boss found what he needed and was returning.

And so, just as you predicted, Black Hat emerged from the floor in a tar-like form before becoming his solid normal self again. He was in one piece and it seemed that he managed to successfully retrieve the folder, as it was gripped tightly in his gloved hand.

Though, his face read pure agitation. You just sigh.

"Let me guess...we couldn't find a name?" You surmised, turning in your chair to watch your boss stride over to the table.

"No. I did get a name. However, it's someone that's not very well known in the villain community." Black Hat slams the folder down onto the table, spilling out some of its' contents.

"The culprits' name is "Salador Ruik". He's a professional broker for one of the most popular and higher end banks on the entire island. Though, he's a pathetically weak being, but money tends to get you everywhere. The coward is never seen without his bodyguards and henchmen." Black Hat hissed.

You took a silent guess that Black Hat knows this villain as well.

"So...do you know him?" You asked, to which Black Hat looked at you and narrowed his one eye. The slit almost dilating to a pin-point.

"*Do I know him?! Ha!* I know many people, *alien*. But, this man is about as financially evil as I am. He has been known to break the backs of other villains companies without too much trouble. The bastard had even tried to shut *ME* down a few years ago. Yet, being immortal has it's gifts and curses." Black Hat grinned as a distant memory seemed to flicker across his eye.

"As I had brushed up some significant knowledge of the law for a few decades now. He failed to bankrupt me and got charged with financial fraud after loosing to me and I had exposed him of business exploitation. After that incident, he fell off the face of this forsaken planet for a few years. His reputation was bruised and his lawful reliability was crippled." Black Hat cackled.

"Now, the man has finally decided to reappear after so long, and target *ME* specifically. I have a history with Salador and not a very good one." Black Hat explained. "And the moment I get my hands on him, I am going to finish the job and claw that sorry excuse for a villains' eyes out from his skull." He finished.

You would'ave broke a sweat after hearing that, but you just chose to focus on the information that was provided.

"Salador Ruik? Let me see if I can get a hit on him..." You muttered, going back to the laptop to look up such person.

Almost immediately, you were hit with an image of a man with amber eyes, jet black hair, tan skin, and wearing a formal business outfit. Along with the image was a website that had a link to an
"I got a hit!" You shouted out in triumph, you click the link and it led you to an archive-kind of website. Which seemed to have a brief history on the person.

"It reads, 'The infamous Salador Ruik was a villain that had the ability to tear down tall corporations through illegal and fraudulent means. Salador would bait companies to perform illegal actions so that he would catch them in the act of cases such as tax evasion, abuse of policies and worker rights, as well as a few other business related crimes. However, these were for personal gain as once the company is busted with exposure, the company is known to suffer and get pushed to bankruptcy, to which Salador would then buy them out and claim all of their rights and royalties for himself. He was an effective villain that had brought down many companies in a short time.'"

"'However, Salador had seemingly met his match whenever he ran into the forever infamous Black Hat and attempted to take his aspiring company down. Apparently, Salador was defeated as the nefarious Black Hat had refused to take any of the bait that he provided and only when Salador become frustrated, did he slip up. Black Hat had apparently watched Salador and observed his wrong doings. Not only that, but Black Hat and Salador appeared in court for supposed tax fraud, Black Hat had revealed that he had also recorded all of Saladors' baiting conversations on audio, proving that Salador had claimed the rights to all of the other companies in an unlawful and unjust way. The court of Villainy had ruled in Black Hats' favor and Salador was coated in a thick layer of shame and humiliation. Not only that, but he was forced to give up most of his royalties back to the villains that he managed to tear down, thus damaging his reputation and his credibility.'"

"'Salador had then fell off the radar for a few years, moving from his old headquarters and address. He had only turned up recently. Still, many villains that were effected by his financial tyranny have still given him a strong cold shoulder. It is unknown where Salador went and why he reappeared, but he has managed to be officially documented as 'The business killer'.'

You mulled it all over and looked at the information box next to the article on Salvador.

It held his birthday, race, occupation, and his previous and current whereabouts. As well as his status of being.

His previous occupation seemed to be a location that had been more north to the island and the current occupation was left blank.

"Damn it!" You cursed. "His current occupation is blank!" But, you blinked, ignoring your boss's agitated growling in favor of picking up the letter once more and looking over the address.

"Unless..." You took note of the previous occupation and the address that was on the letter. You did a couple more researching and managed to get a digital map of Hat Island. You looked it over and studied the layout.

You drew an invisible line around the lower section and in the area between the previous occupations' location. Then, you clicked and pointed at a certain section.

"The base is gonna be right there." You spoke, confusing Black Hat slightly.

"What?! What makes you so sure?" He looked at you, his eye squinting.
"The culprit had to obviously move somewhere else to live for a while. Just until the heat blew over. When Salador returned, this city had to change quite a bit. So, he would probably buy a place that would be cheaper to start to run an organization of his own. Then, he would buy a separate house for himself somewhere in the middle. As he used to live near the northern half of Hat Island, he would want to be in an area that has some familiarity to it. All humans want to live in an area they know and recognize. That means that his house is somewhere near this exact main street that leads to the sector that used to be his old home." You explained.

"Humans are traditional by nature and will likely return to places that they are familiar with. It's a typical human habit. Surprisingly, this building isn't as far from the manor. as we are right over here, some city blocks away. We can probably make it over there by foot in about fifteen to twenty minutes." You finished.

Black Hat silently placed a finger on his charcoal chin in thought. He appeared to have stared off into blank space before nodding his head, his eye refocusing as he did so.

"I see. So. Now that we know where this fool is hiding...why not begin the search throughout the city?" Black Hat suggested.

You looked at him, fairly surprised.

"You want to go looking for him now?" you asked, slightly aghast. Black Hat gave you a deadpan stare.

"It's about **12:00 PM** in the afternoon." He said blankly, causing you to sputter in slight surprise.

You rechecked the clock and were surprised to see that Black Hat was right! You both had managed to get together, put the puzzle pieces together, and managed to actually burn off most of the day getting your clues.

"It took me forever to get the information office all for myself, it was difficult with the annoying humans popping in every now and then! But, I managed. You have been searching for hours on that computer, can you even feel your legs anymore?!" Black Hat leered.

You stretched your body slightly and grunted out in pain as your stiff muscles began to move again.

"I, uh...just noticed that. *Ow.*" You muttered.

Black Hat rolled his eye.

"Just get ready. I need to gather up some things for us to leave. Wait in the living room and watch some TV for a bit, I'll be back in a few minutes." Black Hat said before turning around and walking out of the kitchen area.

You could hear him walk away and you decided to get up and do a few exercise stretched to reawaken your muscles.

Yeah. Maybe you could tune into the news on the larger TV in the main lounge area? I mean...you'll probably feel guilty, but you best know what's going on with your surroundings.

You closed the laptop and headed into the lounge, eagerly awaiting for Black Hat to return.
Yet, you didn't expect to see something on the TV that absolutely horrified you shortly after turning on the TV and switching over to the news.

--

Flug had struggled in his bonds as his captors had managed to leave an opening for him to start executing his plan. He managed to crawl over to the table and inched his way into a standing position, he grunts as his sore body bends and lifts his aching body up and off the ground.

Yet, with great triumph, he managed to get his footing and stand up next to the miniature lab. His cracked goggles shimmered with contained malice as he eyes the flammable flaky potassium and the small container of glycerin on the small shelf on the wall. The sink next to the chemistry set was just gonna make this so easy.

But...before he could do that, he needs to get his restraints off and free 5.0.5.

With a little feeling around with his uncovered hands, he could tell that his bounds were that of a common rope. There were no feelings of tungsten nor supporting bindings around his hands. Now...just how was he gonna cut them?

He looks around, not seeing anything sharp or out in the open for him to use to sever his bindings. Except one thing.

Flug quickly finds his footing and makes his way over to the only blue bear in the room. Who was resting his head for about the 10th time since they've been in here.

5.0.5's ear twitched when he heard footsteps approach him, to which he sat up completely alert and relaxed when he saw Flug.

He greeted the masked scientist with a sad squeak.

"Hey boy. Listen, I need your help real quick." Flug said, making 5.0.5 look at him in slight curiosity. "Listen. I have a plan on how to get out of here. It's...stupidly risky. But...we need to get out of here and get back to Black Hat and (Name). You heard those goons too, didn't ya, 5.0.5?"

Flug watched as 5.0.5 sat up and looked at Flug with a sorrowful and understanding look.

"If we don't get out of here and their boss takes an interest in (Name), we are all going to pay dearly. I have an escape plan, but I need you to chew these bindings off." Flug whispered.

5.0.5 seemed to briefly ponder Flugs' proposal before the bear almost seemingly nodded.

"Thanks 5.0.5. I'll make you as many honey treats as you want when we get back to our real home. Back with Black Hat and (Name)." Flug promised, turning around and stretching out his confined ropes.

It took a few seconds for 5.0.5 to successfully get his teeth on the rope. The bear pulled and gnawed at the ropes and steadily but surely, the ropes began to come loose. Sure enough, the ropes that were attached popped loose, freeing Flug from his bindings.

Flug immediately stretched out and flexed his own stiff shoulders and arms.

"Ah...thanks 5.0.5. I owe you a lot of honey treats." Flug thanked, watching as 5.0.5 spit the rope
out of his mouth and made a brief face of disgust before nodding at Flug.

"Don't worry. I'm gonna get you out of the collar! Give me a second to brew up a potent acid." Flug said, hurrying over to the chemistry cabinet.

He rifled around and gathered some necessary ingredients. Bringing them over to the table and he began to do what he does best.

*Science!*

Without a word, Flug opened the drawers of the sink that was next to the chemist lab and found a pair of black rubber safety gloves. He pulled them on and over his own hands, pulling on the rubber and felt satisfied when the rubber retracted with a quick *Snap!* when he released it. He quickly got to work.

He calculated with quick and careful hands as he formed the acid that would corrode 5.0.5’s abusively heavy collar.

Within a few minutes, it was complete and with that, he walked back over to 5.0.5. The bear was curious and slightly worried, but Flug attempted to give the bear a hidden reassuring smile.

"Okay, 5.0.5 I need you to do me a favor and try not to move. This will remove that collar. I'm gonna pour it in the keyhole and melt it that way. I need you to hold out your paws and catch the collar so it doesn't hit the ground and cause too much noise. Okay?" Flug directed.

5.0.5 was unsure, but nodded with slight confidence and lowered his head, exposing the keyhole slot, and held out his paws from under his head. Anticipating the moment when he had to catch the heavy duty collar.

Flug poured with great care into the key slot, pouring a little bit at a time and started to hear the hissing of the metal being eaten away. He paused for a few moments and heard the hissing of metal and smoke began to puff out of the keyhole in light tufts.

Then, with a sudden click, the collar was eaten in two and popped off of 5.0.5’s neck, to which he managed to catch the heavy collar.

5.0.5 almost seemed to beam at Flug in glee as the collar was off of his neck and the bear carefully sat the collar on the ground and stood up on his hind legs, stretching and rolling his thick neck around.

Flug sighed in relief as his gentle giant of a friend was freed, and he still had some acid to spare! Nice! Now, onto liberating Dementia.

"Okay, 5.0.5 go over to the table." Flug directed, to which 5.0.5 followed. Walking over to Dementia, who was looking fairly better, but not by much. The bear looked down on Dementia in pity as he looked over to Flug for directions.

"Remember what I told you back when you first met (Name)? To mind your strength? Well...that strength is actually going to be needed here. You see, Dementia's shackles are remotely locked, they don't have keyholes. They are also not made from a thick material like yours was. If I poured this acid on those shackles, they would eat through too quickly and will harm Dementia. So, I need you to break those with your strength." Flug explained.
5.0.5 looked puzzled for a moment before realizing what Flug meant and nodded.

With quick urgency, the bear gripped the metal shackle with his paws and began to forcefully snap them open. With each snap, the metal splintered to bits and released Dementia's limbs. Dementia began to slightly move the more she began to feel herself become free and more limber.

With a final snap, the shackles were all ripped to pieces and Dementia was free.

Flug nodded as his plan was coming to fruition quickly. He had managed to get out of his bindings, free his friends, now he had to set the last two stages in process.

With the last remaining acid, Flug looked around the metal wall for any severely rusted places. To which, he found a place on the wall. With great ease, he poured the hyper active acid on the wall and sat the empty beaker aside and began to make his no-match chemical fire bombs.

The malicious grin was back and Flug was working faster than ever to make these fire bombs. As he poured the potassium powder into a few equally sized cylinders, he looked back to see the acid eating a fair-sized hole into the wall where the rust was present.

So far, Flug hand only enough potassium to fill 5 cylinders. Looking back over to the process of the acid, he was pleased to see the perfect sized hole in the wall. Just enough for one cylinder fire bomb.

Without wasting anymore time, Flug poured the glycerin into 1 of the open cylinder containers and moved it over the sink. Then, he added a little bit of water.

With a rush, he headed over to the hole in the wall, which was slightly bigger, and peered down into the space between the wall. He could see down into the darkness that lied between the walls forever, yet the popping that was coming from his hands chose that decision for him.

Without another moment wasted, Flug hung the fire bomb over the abyss between the wall...and dropped it. Flug looked back into the hole and watched as the cylinder fell and suddenly ignited, the sound of it smashing against the walls as it fell and let out a large pop as Flug could see the sparks cling to the walls and inner electric wiring within the wall.

The smell of burning was becoming more prominent as Flug watched as some of the electrical wires started to spark and catch fire. The orange flames could be seen from his visual point as Flug began to feel heat rise and rustle his bag a bit.

Then, from deep within, he heard the cylinder fire bomb shatter and suddenly, more heat began to rise up and rush past Flug's face.

There. Now they had a fire that couldn't be stopped with fire extinguishers.

Flug watched as the small flames and sparks began to grow larger and more prominent as the flames began to engulf the wall from the inside out.

He pulled his head out of the hole whenever black smoke began to rise and embers as well.

Flug almost wanted to cackle, but held his tongue. He still had 4 more fire bombs to use.

"5.0.5, this building is gonna start to go up in flames soon, grab Dementia! You have to carry her, she's not well enough to run or jump yet!" Flug ordered, watching as black smoke began to bellow
out of the wall and into the room.

5.0.5 looked nervous as it seemed to realize what Flug's plan was. He was planning to burn the building down from the inside out. Maybe Flug did have a dark side when he wants to protect what he holds dear after all.

The bear nodded as he picked up Dementia, who groaned slightly at the way they were being moved. But, didn't struggle whenever the bear began to cradle her and look around in a confused manner.

Black smoke started to fill up the room and Flug picked up the last of the fire bombs. Putting the last of the glycerin into each of them and set a mental timer for each on before the chemicals began to react and ignite.

Flug hurried over to the windowless wooden door, and began to violently kick where the lock was. With about the third strong kick, the door was kicked open and Flug peered out into the hallway.

It appeared that they were in a much more open area. An office looking area to be exact. Yet, judging from the windows, Flug seemed to notice that they weren't in just a normal short building, they were in a 30 floor SKYSCRAPER.

It honestly made Flug nervous, but...he and his friends needed to get out. So, he was gonna use these fire bombs to his own advantage.

The place had a slightly messy look to it, yet it looked like an office at first glance. There were a lot of ignitable things in this room. Might as well put some of these strewn about papers to good use!

Without another word, Flug tossed a sparking fire bomb a little ways away from the group and into a printer room. The glass from the fire bomb could be heard shattering and it didn't take long for an eerie orange glow to begin in the printer room. Lighting up and spreading rapidly in the room.

Black smoke began to seep out of the room that they were locked in, same with the printer room as pieces of ash and burnt pieces of paper began to fall out of the entry way.

Flug let 5.0.5 depart from the room and get away from the smoke. When Flug looked back into the room, he could see fire beginning to bellow out of the hole in the wall. Filling the room with harmful smoke and embers floated up to the ceiling, scorching the tiles that made up the ceiling.

Flug felt one of the fire bombs begin to ignite in his hands as he looked for a place to throw it.

Then, he eyed the lab in the room. He looked slightly concerned for a moment, before he just shrugged as he crouched in the doorway and launched the ignited fire bomb toward the lab equipment and chemicals.

Flug scurried away from the doorway, pulling 5.0.5 with him as a shattering noise was heard and a series of explosions could be heard coming from the room that was now turning into a full on blaze.

The explosion was enough to make Flug slightly loose his footing, but he managed to pick up the pace and the bear, Dementia, and himself made a bolt for the stairs.
The group paused at the stairs as they heard voices and shouts coming from the stairwell. Flug stopped them and made the bear back up a bit, he pointed to a cubicle and both him and the bear took cover in the cubicle.

Flug heard the voices get louder and people begin to arrive to the floor they were on. Thankfully, they took shelter in a cubicle that was facing away from the main walkway.

Flug took a moment to catch his breath and began to do some quick thinking. How were they gonna get around the people that were coming up to the burning floor without being caught? Flug took one look at the two fire bombs that he had left. One was starting to smoke and would light up soon to be ready to throw at anything.

He already used three of his five. He had to make these last two count.

But, first He needed to make sure that 5.0.5 and Dementia get to safety first. Flug looked toward the cerulean bear, his crackled googles showing his determination.

"5.0.5." Flug whispered firmly, catching the bears' attention. "Listen, this is gonna sound stupid, but...I'm going to do the best I can at holding off these people. You need to get to the lower floors with Dementia. Don't worry about me. I'll be fine! I promise." Flug said.

5.0.5's eyes widened and the bear shook his head at the scientist.

"I know you don't want us to separate, boy. But, someone has to stop these people from blocking the exit. You need to get Dementia out of here. Get to the lower floors and escape! Hide when you absolutely need to. But, just don't stop until you both are out of here and safe. Okay? Can you do that for me, 5.0.5?" Flug whispered, solemnly.

The bear looked like he wanted to cry, but instead just nodded his head in understanding.

"That's a good bear...okay. Sneak around there..I'm gonna buy you both some time." Flug whispered as he stood up and began to sneak out of the cubicle and toward the cursing goons.

The bear looked on in sadness and looked toward the ill Dementia in his paws. The bear nodded and quietly snuck out of the cubicle and around the other side toward the stairwell. Using his sensitive hearing, the bear listened for any footsteps and heard none.

Without further hesitation, the bear began to make his way down the stairwell, weak Dementia slumping in his arms all the way down the first light.

The bear looked toward the number on the stairwell wall and took note that they were held captive on the 25th floor in the skyscraper.

Without any further hindrances, 5.0.5 continued down the flight of stairs, holding back tears as he heard the battle escalate even further as he heard Flug shout out and another explosion was heard.

This time, it was accompanied by pained screams and a constant shriek of pain.

5.0.5 continued his journey down and was surprised to see how far the fire was actually spreading. It was beginning to eat at the walls on the lower floor and seep through the ceiling tiles. Some electrical outlets were even beginning to catch fire and burn up appliances.

Still, 5.0.5 continued on, determined to make Flug's temporary time as worth it as he possibly
could.

The lower 5.0.5 got, the lesser he saw fire, yet the haze from the fire on the upper floors were beginning to seep down into the lowest floors, giving the air a very ashy and burnt smell.

Yet, the moment that 5.0.5 reached the 14th floor, the bear stopped an looked up toward the upper stairwell. 5.0.5 knew that Flug told him to keep running and don't stop. But...Flug hasn't come back nor caught up with them.

5.0.5 knows that it's stupid to do...but...the bear couldn't help it.

5.0.5 decided to stop on floor 14 to wait for Flug to come down the staircase.

Even if it was against Flugs' direct orders.

--

You were surprised to see something that you would have NEVER thought would have been possible.

The news were featuring territorial disputes against villains in certain parts of some cities. One of these territories was owned by Galvation, Blade Runners' killer.
A few other heroes were shown to have died and villains had taken over sections of cities.

Now the villains were looking to target each other and lay claim to their territories.

It was like watching animals fight for territory. Or mobsters fight for turf. Turf wars pretty much.

The news was actually pretty frightening as some places were put on lock down by heroes for the safety of civilians. The heroes had managed to at least get some ground back on some of the claimed territories and liberate some of the civilians that were living there.

Which was good to some extent. Yet, you couldn't seem to believe that your blood could cause all of this unrest and mayhem.
There also seemed to be a break in at the heroes headquarters, as the syringe evidence was stolen and seemed to be in some other villains hands.

Wasn't that just great?

You continued to drink some juice that you had nabbed from the fridge as you watched the news. Black Hat was still dealing with whatever he was dealing with, as he had not showed up for anything yet.

But, you could be patient.

However, you almost wanted to spit out your juice at this next news story that had suddenly appeared on screen.

Your attention was grabbed the moment a flashing 'Emergency!' sign showed up on the screen, to which you tuned in to see the same reporter that reported on Blade Runners' demise seemingly begin to talk about a breaking news announcement.
"We bring you this emergency news flash from the local downtown area! Currently at the moment, a catastrophic fire has broke out in one of the many skyscrapers that dot the downtown area. The flames have seemed to have completely engulfed the 25th floor and the upper floors as well! The fire is now spreading to the lower floors as we speak and the current civilian lives that are involved in this fire has not been determined. However, this is a locked down area and no civilian is allowed on the streets unless absolutely necessary! The fire brigade is currently doing it's best to reach the afflicted building, but are being held up in traffic and might not make it in time to save most of the building."

"We have tried to access this area for a news story but have been denied to enter locked down areas, so the best we can do is watch from afar and hope that some heroes will arrive to assist in this disaster unfolding at 9975 Bowtie Boulevard!" The reporter finished, before going about speculations of the fire.

This time, you really did spit out your juice and for a good reason.

You quickly scramble over to the letter that you had set down on the coffee table and looked at the address just to make sure. And sure enough, 9975 Bowtie Boulevard was engraved on the postage stamp on the letter.

You shot up from your seat, almost as if it burned you.

"Flug! Dementia! 5.0.5! They're all in danger! I-...I-...." You began to jog in place and weighed your options.

You have absolutely no idea what Black Hat was doing, but you and him had to get moving NOW! Or....YOU had to get moving now.

You thought of the pros and cons of your next move and just shook it off.

Screw it! You need to go!

So, instead of just running out of the house immediately, you decided to write a quick sticky note to your boss first. Stating what you just witnessed and where you were going.

Then, shortly afterward, you bolted for the front door, tore it open, darted down the driveway, and slammed out of the front iron gates.

You just know that Black Hat is going to kill you for doing this.

But, you can't help it and you run down the street and begin to make headway to your destination.

*Your friends need you now more than ever!*

Chapter End Notes

Reader coming to the rescue!
Also, this is gonna blow up in Flugs' face, you just wait...but for now....ANGST!
AHAHAHAHAHAH!

Here's my Tumblr: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaah-im-so-
sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of

Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/162644236811/cosmica-galaxy-loved-the-
new-chapter

Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-
has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy

Damo-Draws = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162682291049/hiii-i-wanted-
to-share-my-little-fanart-of-your

Thank you very much for drawing art!

((ALSO, I NO LONGER HAVE A QUOTEV ACCOUNT. I don't know...but every
time I see that website, it sucks the damn motivation out of me. Quotev has been fun,
but I don't want to deal with it any longer. So, if any of you see any repost on Quotev,
that is NOT me. I only have NOMNOMSUN and Haxorus for my fanfics now. If it
isn't on THESE two accounts, please notify me immediately. Thank you!))
Meltdown

Chapter Summary

You go into the fire to save your dear friend!

Chapter Notes

Sorry for my absence!

I got sick for about a week with pink eye in both eyes and the flu. I'm still dealing it at the moment, but it's dying down fairly well and I've been able to sleep again. I had no energy for the past few days for writing and I may still be down for a couple of days.

Mom has also got out of the hospital and Dad, my sister, and me had to redo downstairs for the sake of my mother's benefit.
So, updates MAY be slow. But, I'll try my best to stick to my daily schedule.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Flug could feel his heart racing as he watched 5.0.5 disappear down the stairwell. He panted as he saw 5.0.5 carrying Dementia to safety. He attempted to catch his breath as he listened to the crackling fire and the confused yelling of the rivals' minions.

Everyone seemed to be in a state of confusion and outcry as Flug tried to make sense of the situation. Seeing what he could do about these thugs.

Flug closed his eyes briefly as he tightened his grip on his final fire bomb. Only one left. He has to make it count.

Listening in, he could hear coughing and sputtering. Yells came from the confused minions as they attempted to search for any fire extinguishers. But, Flug knows that the fire was too great at this point. The orange and red flames spider-webbed the wall, the cubicles, the lab equipment, and it was already inside the walls.

At this point in time, people have to evacuate. But, it seems that the rivals' minions were more known for their brawn than their brains. The pain in Flugs' chest and stomach muscles were sure that was a fact.

Flug eyed the last fire bomb in his hand and could hear the current leader of the minions talking about how they think his comrades and himself were long-since dead and that they should abort the plan and flee for their lives.

But, oh no.
They won't get away. Not after this.

Flug stood up from his hiding place and walked out into the heated isle. His eyes hidden behind his goggles as he observed the scrambling minions, who have not noticed his presence yet.

Flug took in a deep breath, filled with ash and smog, and prepared to throw the sparking fire bomb in his grasp.

They can't blame him after he does this. This isn't just cold-blooded murder. Not at all.

These people will escape and refine the information to their boss, who will hunt for you. Hunt you own as if you were an animal. He may have only known you for a few weeks, but it has been the best few weeks of his miserable career. To think that their boss will hunt you down like an animal...it makes him sick to his stomach.

They brought this fate upon themselves. Flug is just doing what he can to prevent anymore wrongdoings. To prevent mayhem from spreading any further.

And to do that, sadly, it's gonna cost some people their lives.

"Bombs away!" Flug shouted, catching the attention of the scrambling group. He held up the sparking fire bomb that was beginning to ignite itself, reared back, and threw it toward the rival group.

Everything seemed to steadily slow down as Flug turned around and ran for the stairway. He pants as the fire bomb falls with gravity, the henchmen realizing what was happening seem to try and scramble away from the object letting out shouts and shrieks, Flug made it to the opening of the stairwell right as the cylinder shattered on the burning carpet.

Flug suddenly found himself being thrown down the concrete stairs and smashing into the floor in the stairwell as an explosion rang out from behind him. The force having thrown him down the stairs and into the wall. He let out a loud cry as he lands on his back and slides down against the wall.

Shrieks that were not his own joined him as the entire entrance to the 25th floor was covered with hot searing orange, red, and yellow flames. The screams from the rival group rang loud as they were burning alive. Their shrieks fell on deaf ears, however.

Flug tried to focus his vision as he was seeing doubles of everything. Not only that, but his ears were ringing as well. His cracked goggles were tinted with soot and smudged with ash, Flug furiously tried to get up and escape to the lower floors, he couldn't stay here. Because, even though he couldn't hear much at the moment, he knew that he would burn alive as well.

He needed to get up. He needed to escape. He HAS to live.

He reached up and grabbed the handrails on the wall and steadily pulled himself up of the stairwell floor. It took a lot of his strength, but with sure and steady steps, he began to inch up into an upright position. His back was killing him now, just like his chest and stomach. He grunted as his inched his way to the 24th floor, coughing as well.

His lungs were beginning to burn with the smoke and ash that was rising in the air. He waddled down the stairwell and circled around to get to the next stairwell. The 24th floor was no better then
the 25th floor. It was also engulfed in bright burning flames.

Flug continues his decent, coughing as the smog gets thicker and thicker the lower he goes. The smog was slipping under his singed paper bag with ease, as it was acting like a filter at first, causing Flug to cough and his eyes to water.

He continued, yet the fire followed and continued to fill the building with smoke and harmful smog. By the time Flug reached the 22th floor, he felt like collapsing right there. But, that would be a death sentence.

The fire was now invading the stairwell further up and the tiles that made up the ceiling were beginning to burn and fall down into the cubicles. Setting aflame anything that was flammable.

Flug inches his way into the next stairwell and stumbles. Coughing harshly as his chest radiated pain and his stomach clenched in pain from the coughing fit he was having. Smoke inhalation was weakening him. Any more and he might collapse from the lacking of breath.

Against his best wishes, his body demanded that he sit down and rest. But, he steadily carried on. Getting down to the 20th floor before finally collapsing into the burning floor that was floor 20. He laid out on the carpet, gasping for breath like a fish.

The smog was thick now. The nasty odor of burnt metal and plywood could be smelt. Not only that, but burning electrical wires too.

He took deep breaths and tried to stay focused. His vision would become blurry at some points in time and he knew that he was beginning to pass out. Flickering in and out from consciousness.

Flug attempted to move, but found most of his strength gone. His body was sore. He was short on breath. He was weak. He was going to die.

Flug quickly rolled onto his stomach and began to blindly crawl around for the stairwell. He couldn't see out of his goggles anymore. They were caked in soot and his borrowed gloves did nothing but smudge them.

Flug crawls around for a few moments before coughing up a fit and gasping for air again. He rolls onto his side and continues to cough.

Flug then decides to remove the gloves that he was wearing. Just so he could get rid of some of the soot and ash from his goggles with his bare cleaner hands. It worked to a certain degree before his pointer fingers became caked with ash and soot, then he gave the area around him a brief glance around.

His heart sank.

Flug had noticed that he had crawled FURTHER into the room and away from the stairwell in his blind attempt to find them.

Now he was in the middle of an walkway that was between two non-burning cubicles. That didn't change the fact that the place was still burning. As the fire could be seen inching down the walls and ceiling tiles would fall down and smash into things. Setting those aflame as well.
He laid down, his strength gone. His body was weak. His will to live was shrinking.

Flug could feel his eyes watering at the thought of his life ending right here. He has done so many good things...it was all he wanted in the beginning. He studied hard. He fulfilled his dreams. He was a respected individual at some point in his life. Winning noble peace prizes and finding ways to wow crowds with his inventions.

All of that is long gone, however.
After the accident.

Visuals of a plane crash, past friends, a fire, and a smiling demon promising to save his life if he gave him his servitude flashed in Flugs' memory.

What made his life go so wrong....then so right?

It was a time of misery. Him working under Black Hats' cold and unforgiving thumb. Then, it just happens that one night, an unpredictable event happened and you came pixelating into his life.

You were much more than a typical worker. You were an alien and Flug seemed to find more comfort in you than in anyone he has talked to in a while. Someone that he completely met by unfathomable chances. You were a joker. Playful. Carefree. Stubborn. Kind. Considerate.

Flug closed his eyes as unseen tears rolled down his cheeks.

He never met anyone like you before. But, now he just wonders what world could produce a person like you. What was it like? Was it better than his own? Would he ever see it? Would you ever get safely home without him?

He sniffles from under his singed bag and cracked goggles.

He may never know.
Because he's running out of oxygen.

The room was slowly becoming engulfed and Flug can't seem to find any strength to move or crawl. He was gonna die here. He was going to suffocate and burn to death. His escape plan worked...but he might not be able to complete stage 3 of his plan. Escape with Dementia and 5.0.5.

All he could do was lay there, letting unseen tears roll down his face and coughing harshly as he tries to breath and stay awake.

What a sad end to Flug Slys.

Flug coughed and closed his tired eyes. Drowning out the burning sounds and the thoughts of his pass.
All he could hear at the moment was his own heartbeat. Steadily slowing down.

He laid there in pure silence. Listening to his heartbeat.
The last thing he knows to listen for to make sure that he's alive. It was still there, but it would steadily get slower and slower.
He won't know if it will stop. Because...he might have met his fate by then.

Yet, as he laid there, he swore he could hear someone call to him. They sounded familiar....very familiar. He could feel the heat of the fire and still smell the smoke, so he was still alive. Is that voice real? Or is someone calling him?

Flug cracked open his eye slightly. Listen and he heard it again, this time louder and with coughing to boot.

He could feel his heartbeat quicken as he now processed the voice calling out to him. He looked around and noticed that the 20th floor was now on fire, just like the 25th floor and the 22nd floors just above. Fire was getting closer and closer to him and Flug could see the orange flames lapping near his body, making the heat almost unbearable.

He heard the voice call out to him again. This time, it was louder and much more clearer.

Flug didn't know who it was at that moment, but he needed to vocalize his whereabouts. If he doesn't, his rescuer might pass him over and he would die. He has another chance to live another day and he was gonna take it.

He takes in a deep breath and attempts to call out. He fails the first time, but tries again. This time, with much more success.

"I'm over here! Help!" Flug screeched.

It seems that the person heard him as he heard a vocal response in reply to his call of distress.

Yet, Flug didn't expect the person calling out to him to jump through the flames in front of him to get to him.

Once he saw their face, he couldn't have been any more shocked than he was at that very moment.

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You panted as you darted down the streets towards the downtown area of Bowtie Boulevard. Your determination shining brightly as you jumped the street signs that stated that the area was a locked down area. The streets beyond that point were totally deserted, you having ran past some people and cars on your way over there.

You panted as you watched the street signs. Yet, even without the street signs, you could see a large bellowing black cloud off into the distance. Accompanied by large embers and the colors of orange and red.

You locked onto your target and made a beeline toward that burning mass.

You panted as you ran down the empty streets and past vacant buildings. You turned a few corners and jumped a few roadblocks to get to the building that was on fire. Upon your approach, you could see a large 30 floor building slowly being consumed by a bright orange fire. You were winded, but you refused to slow down.

You drew close and upon getting up close, you were forced to stop and briefly hide as some shady people were seen fleeing the building in a few black windowless vans. They appeared to be
carrying vials, containers, and a few had either boxes or brief cases.

You could hear them shouting among themselves about orders, prisoners, and heroes.

You took a brief breather as you hunkered down behind the bushes that were in front of the building. Watching as they took things from the burning building and placed them in the van. They seemed to be waiting on something else as a few of the vans took off, but one remained.

Finally, the last two kidnappers emerged. One appeared to look like a scientist, with the crazy hair and swirly glasses, while the other looked like the rest of the goon pack. Except the goon was carrying the stolen syringe weapon that was used on Blade Runner when she was killed. And a few others like her...unfortunately.

Still, you looked at the van and began to memorize it's license plate.

'BCTY-456' You mentally muttered, memorizing the license plate like a mantra.

By the time they drove off and out of sight, you came out of hiding and bolted into the lobby of the building. Firstly, looking around to see if there were any more lingering minions.

Once the coast was clear, you did a complete sweep of the place. Looking in any crevices or closets for your friends. The place didn't seem to have a basement, thankfully, but that means that there's a possibility that your friends were moved or are up closer to the fire.

Your heart quivered at that imagination. Your friends burning to death in a building like this. Yet, you shook it off and kept going.

You looked and looked. But, it seemed that they weren't present in the lobby.

So, you decided to head up the stairs. A few floors up were a bust. Nothing but empty cubicles, vacant closets, or abandoned work stations. Empty rooms, restrooms, and desk rooms was all you could see.

You head up higher and began to cough as a smog started to drift down the stairwell. The higher you climbed, the worse it got. Thicker and it began to gain a much more stronger odor.

You reached the 14th floor and called out. Listening for any cries, snivels, or movement. Which was fairly difficult because of the crackling of the fire and the sparking of electrical wires.

But amongst the environmental sound of fire and electricity, you could hear the whimpering of something or someone hidden within a cubicle. Almost immediately, you knew it was 5.0.5.

You called out to the muffled whimpering without any hesitation.

"5.0.5! Is that you? It's me! (Name)!" You said, walking out into the room and near the cubicle.

There was a brief moment of silence before shuffling could be heard.

Then, you heard an affirmative squeak and, almost immediately, you were met with those big familiar eyes of your lovable bear friend as he poked his body out of the cubicle. Once he laid his eyes on you, you were greeted with a powerful and desperate loving hug.

Which felt like he was almost going to snap your spine if he squeezed you any tighter.
"Ack! N-Nice to see you again too, b-buddy! But, you n-need to let go before you break my spine!"
You coughed out.

With great hesitation, the bear gently lowered you down and sat you back on the ground. You came down to a coughing mess when you were released, but managed to catch your breath at least. You looked back up at your animal friend and gave him a smile, yet you looked around in the flames for any more of your comrades.

"Where's everyone else, 5.0.5?" You asked, coughing slightly.

The bear made a squeak as he moved over slightly, revealing a weak, but awake Dementia.

"Dementia! You're okay!" You cried out, giving a sigh of relief afterward. All you got was a tired 'Blep' in return. But, the crazed happy look on Dementias' face obviously spoke her emotions. She seemed to be equally happy to see you too.

But, one of the family was missing. Where was Flug?

"Where's Flug?" You vocalized your concerns and 5.0.5 flattened his ears down and his eyes began to water. Your heart skipped a beat.
"What happened 5.0.5?! Is he still alive?!" You internally panic, but you just made your tone sound rushed on the outside.

The bear quaked and began to make mumbles and jumbled whimpers, while pointing at the staircase.

Yet, you were still fairly confused by the bears' behavior. Until Dementia spoke up.

"He's up..." She spoke. You looked over to Dementia in slight confusion. "He's up!" Dementia coughed, pointing toward the ceiling.

Finally, it clicked for you what they both were trying to tell you. Flug was in the upper-part of the building still! They were probably waiting for him...and he never came to meet up with them. You almost visibly flinched at the negative thoughts that filled your head, but you held onto your hopes and shook those negative thoughts off.

Quickly kicking them to the curb.

"Which floor?" You asked.

Dementia shrugged. "As far as I know...we were imprisoned on the 25th floor."

You process the information and carefully thought it over in your head for a few seconds. You had a chance to go up there and see where he was, possibly even save him!
It would be difficult, but it would be worth it.

Now, you just needed to make 5.0.5 take Dementia to the safety of the outside.

"Listen, 5.0.5. You get Dementia and you finish getting out of here! I'll get Flug!" You directed, to which you turned around and suddenly felt a paw land on your shoulder.
You turned around and looked up into 5.0.5's worried gaze and give the creature a small reassuring smile.

"Don't worry, buddy. I'll get him and we'll all go back home together. I promise." You patted the bears' paw and took it off your shoulder.

"Just get Dementia out of here! Black Hat should be here at any moment! Escape while the lower parts aren't on fire, 5.0.5! I'll be back with Flug in a few minutes!" You shouted out as you pulled your shirt up and over your nose to act as a temporary filter for the smoke.

Without another word, you ran upstairs and began to explore the building. Looking for your lost comrade. All while 5.0.5 picked up Dementia and began to follow through with your orders, finishing the trek down the stairwells and out into the courtyard. Where the bear could only wait and watch as the building was steadily getting devoured by the inferno.

You, on the other hand, scaled higher and higher into the building. The smoke and heat was much more intense up here. The heat was almost unbearable and and smoke was making your eyes water so badly.

Yet, you trek up until you couldn't go no more. The 22nd floor was as far as you could go. The entrance to the floor was blocked off by a wall of flames that were steadily creeping down the stairs. If Flug was in there...he was long gone by now.

Still you shook it off and stayed close to your true optimistic nature. He **HAD** to be here somewhere.

So. You began to call out for him. You explored the much more hazardous 21st floor, which had tiles that were on fire falling from the ceiling, fire creeping along the walls, and loose sparking live wires. Without any responses you began to leave the floor and head down to the next.

You cried out again, hoping for a response.

"Flug! Flug! Are you here! Please answer!" You called. Whether it was the smoke getting into your eyes or something else, you couldn't stop your eyes from watering.

Yet, something made your ear twitch as you approached the 20th floor. Something that made your hopes rise through the metaphorical roof.

"I'm over here! **Help!**" You heard Flug call.

Without any hesitation, you hurried down the flight of stairs toward the 20th floor.

"Hold on, Flug! I'm coming!" You shouted out.

Once you reached the 20th floor, You were immediately hit with a wall of heat. Flinching slightly, you fought against your instincts and opened your eyes. Looking around the burning room, you could hear the crackling of wood and someone coughing. You stepped into the severely humid room and began to home-in on the coughing.

Then, your eyes made out a humanoid figure struggling on the ground in the walkway between two cubicles. You hurried over, hopping over flames and burning tiles to reach your fallen friend.
Once you came to his side, you could tell he was the one that was in the worst shape. Unlike 5.0.5 and Dementia, who suffered some singing and minor burns, Flug seemed to have gotten the whole negative package.

He seemed to be clutching his abdomen, as if he was sore, and his burns were significantly more severe. His bag was charred from the flames, his goggles were cracked, and his coat was now a charcoal grey instead of its' normal pristine white.

Without hesitation, you grabbed his head and shook him slightly. Noticing his lack of alertness and weakened state. The last thing he needed to do was collapse here!

"Flug! Flug! Come on! We need to get out of here!" You exclaimed, shaking him slightly. He just seemed to give you a slightly dazed look as you began to pull him up.

"I didn't sprint many city blocks just to see you give up..." You held onto his hands firmly, strengthening your grip on him when his body gave out on him when he tried to stand.

"Okay then...if you don't want to walk on your own..." You bend down and began to take some deep breaths and put your arms under his knees and behind his shoulders. With a great show of strength, you lift Flug up and off the ground. Thankfully, he was a fairly skinny dude, which made the job slightly easier.

"Then I'll carry you!" You proclaim as you huff out and hug him close to your own body. It took you a few moments to balance yourself with Flug, after a few moments of shifting, you managed to get your balance and made your way to the stairs.

You carefully navigated the stairwell as you descended. Flug was mumbling incoherently as you continued your journey down, to which you could hear a bunch of garble about his life and such coming from him in jumbled heaps of words.

You listened to them slightly, but nearly lost your balance whenever you heard the sound of something further below you collapse. Upon reaching the mid-ground on the stairwell, you couldn't help but gasp out.

There were a few live wires sparking with electricity blocking your bath down to the lower floors! Upon closer inspection, it seemed that the tiles from the ceiling were knocking out lights and allowing melted electrical wires to hang out, completely exposed.

What rotten damn luck! How were you going to escape?! You can't access any fire escapes up here, let alone in this stairwell!
You had no choice but to go back up to the previous floor, which was floor 16.

You entered the 16th floor, seeing a lot of smoke and some embers peering out through the walls and ceiling. Some tiles had already fell from the ceiling, setting the floor and one cubicle on fire.

You coughed out as you looked for an exit or another way down. You continued to search and jump suddenly as another sound came from behind you. When you turned to look, you could see embers raining down from the upper stairway, signifying that one of the upstairs doorways had also collapsed.

You could almost hear the building groan as the fire eats away at it.

This was getting even more dangerous and you could feel your heart racing as brief panic started to
set in. You turned back around and scanned the area again. No fire doors, no outside fire escape, no convenient escape routes! You were trapped like rats!

Any reasonable options were unavailable and hiding in a closet, bathroom, cubicle, or a desk space just wasn't going to work! The building is getting weaker and the longer you and Flug stayed there. Right now, more tiles were falling out of the ceiling and the room was getting filled with much more smoke and fire.

You began to cough and Flug continued to say nothing but gibberish.

"Don't worry, Flug! I'll get us out! Just stay conscious, okay?!" You looked around. Yet, there were no other options.

Unless.

You notice a bright light coming from, not inside the building, but outside of it. Your mind clicks as you see the sun reflecting off of the windows.

You blink as you eyed the windows with an eerie silence. You closed your eyes briefly to think.

You could escape that way.

It was risky. *VERY* risky. You *are* 16 stories up. You could possibly survive the fall. If you had a sliver of a chance.

All bets are off. This is a gamble that you're gonna have to take.

You open your eyes and they were filled with a nagging fear and hardened hopes. The room around was steadily going up in flames and the stairwell was blocked off.

You have no other choice. *It's do or die.*

Without wasting a beat, you gathered up Flug in your arms and hugged him close.

Then, without stopping, *you charged.*

Placing your shoulder first before anything else. Your heartbeat skyrocketed as the glass drew ever closer. You fought against that primal urge to not do that. To not jump out that window. To fight against your own instincts to survive. To self-preserve your body.

Yet, you just picked up speed and before you hit, you closed your eyes and forced all of your speed into your heels.

The next thing you know, you're shoulder is aching and you're gripping Flug like a lifeline.

The other two things you noticed were much more obvious.

Which was the feeling of weightlessness and the ear-piercing sound of shattering glass.

When you opened your eyes, it was like everything was in slow-motion. Shattered glass was falling all around you, Flug's coat was blowing in a mute wind, your hair was blowing in that same wind, gravity was nonexistent for a moment, and you could only hear your heartbeat as you watched the broken window get farther and father away as gravity slowly comes back to you.

You gripped tightly onto Flug, the pain in your shoulder was gone temporarily, replaced by
If you could scream, you would. But, your mouth and throat refused to cooperate. Instead clenching harshly as you both began to descend. Gravity began to pull you back down to Earth. Possibly to your deaths.

You looked up as the window steadily began to disappear and the fire from above slowly began to consume it. You gripped Flug's bag tightly and kept the wind from blowing it away as you both fell.

You could feel a few tears slip from your eyes as the fear of dying fell upon you.

No screams. Just tears. Breathless and voiceless tears.

You could feel time steadily resume. Sound of wind rushing against your back and the flapping of both of your clothes. You keep your gaze up on the sky, fearing for the ground that's rapidly approaching from behind. You could almost feel the ground approaching as you close your eyes and just accept your fate.

You gritted your teeth and braced for the impact. Holding tightly onto Flug as tears flew from your eyes.

Then, you shrieked as you suddenly impacted something. Though, for sure that it wasn't the ground. The ground is hard and flat. Both of you would'ave been flat as pancakes if you managed to hit the ground.

You crack open your eyes and blink as you swear you could feel something cold wrapping around your body. When you finally gained the courage you needed, you could already see something unusual holding your body. It looked like a slender black snake or a jet black tentacle. It seemed to have caught you both and broke your fall.

It was accompanied by approximately 5 more of the same tentacle-like appendages.

Then, they started to slowly lower you to the ground, which was thankfully much closer than when you both were on the 16th floor. You began to take in deep breaths as you and Flug were safely lowered to the courtyard by your slithery allies.

Once you were near the ground, they tilted at an angle and allowed you to slide off.

"Oh, thank fuck...sweet ground!" You cheerfully laugh, doing a happy little bounce as solid ground was beneath your feet once more.

Then, there was the sudden sound of someone clearing their throat very loudly from behind you.

To which, when you turned around, you came face-to-face with a very furious Black Hat. Who was giving you a glare that could'ave rivaled that of the skyscraper fires' burning potential. He looked even more intimidating at that moment as he had tentacles that were sprouting from his back. You would'ave made a slenderman comment, but decided against it.

Mostly because the guy looked PISSED.
You gulped out and gave him a pathetic cheeky smile.

"Um...hey, boss!" You greeted. "I got Flug! See?" You shake your, now unconscious, comrade for emphasis.

Black Hat just gave you a deep-throat growl, causing you to internally flinch at the sheer volume of it.

'Ah. Out of the fire and into the jaws of an angry Black Hat. Perfect.' You mentally mutter, somberly.

"We will talk once Flug is properly taken care of and we are all back in the manor." Black Hat warned.

Without another spoken word from each other, Black Hat used his tentacle appendages to grab onto each of his minions. To which, 5.0.5 was happy to see Flug alive and Dementia was as well. Despite them being worried sick and with injuries of their own, they seemed to have their fair share of worry for Flug.

Which was good. You were worried for him as well. You're just glad you managed to find him still alive. You just hugged his body closer, happy to still have him here with you all. You'll take all of Black Hats' crap, only if you could help Flug get better.

"We are taking the fast way home. Don't throw up on the carpets when we arrive!" Black Hat snapped. To which all of his minions nodded.

Without another word, Black Hat and his minions disappeared in a large puff of inky black smoke.

Vanishing just as the heroes arrived to assist in putting out the fire that had mostly engulfed the 30 story building.

*Leaving the scene of the crime without leaving any traces of their presence.*

Chapter End Notes

Just a sidenote, Flug is going to be crushing SO HARD on Reader after this. Also, Reader is a firefighter~! Saving lives from fires and carrying Flug fireman style~! Sweet~!!

ALSO 100,000 WORDS, 10,000 views, and almost 700 Kudos!? WOOOO PARTY!!!! *Pops a party popper*
Thank you all so much for staying with me for this long!

It's been a blast!!!

Here's my Tumblr: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

= ~~~~Also FANART~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaaah-im-so-
sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of


Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy


Thank you very much for drawing art!
Frustrations

Chapter Summary

You have had enough of Black Hats bans and rules.

Chapter Notes

I'm getting better and my mother is getting stronger. 
So, my schedule should be returning to normal soon!

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There was a strong feeling of nausea shooting through you while your vision was black.

The blackness in your vision wasn't moving, but you felt like you were being thrown around. Like a bundle of clothes in a washing machine. You could feel your organs within yourself floating around in yourself and the feeling of sickness considerably worsened.

You had to clench your stomach so you didn't upchuck your breakfast all over yourself and your charge. That would be an embarrassing incident so humiliating, that even bleach couldn't get it out of your memory.

So, instead of doing something as disgusting as that, you decided to instead clutch your unconscious comrade, Flug.

You quickly just wanted this teleporting nightmare to just be over with and you all to be safely back in the manor.

Thankfully, it seems that your deepest desires were thankfully answered. The moment you saw your vision began to return to yourself, relief filled yourself. You had to squint through the sunlight that invaded your eyes as your vision started to rapidly rejuvenate. The feeling of spinning slowed down and the sickening feeling started to diminish.

Then, once you recognized the fact that you were in the foyer of the manor, gravity became a thing again. You grunted as your legs got pressed down by the extra weight coming from your injured friend. You let out a huff as you shifted him if your arms.

Now that you were safely home, you looked backwards towards your boss and other friends. Dementia was still in 5.0.5's grasp and both of them seemed to be fairly ill from their own travel through the swirling darkness that was your boss's transportation.

You gave them a relieved smile, but when your gaze fell on your boss, he didn't seem to be as pleased as you were.
His one visible eye was giving you a hard glare as his seafoam green teeth were clenched in a menacing grit. The glare alone made you understand that he meant business about what he wanted to 'talk' to you about. You felt yourself starting to sweat.

"I, um...I'm just gonna...go to the lab." You cleared your throat and gave out a nervous laugh as you scurried off to the laboratory.

You shuffled inside, your weakened friend still being carried fireman-style in your arms as you look around for some medical equipment. Temporarily sitting Flug down on his personal swivel chair, you went over to the cot, which was now fixed up, and pulled it further into the lab and away from the entrance.

You placed the cot near about two power outlets and began to fix up the bed to provide the best comfort for your friend. After such comfort was provided, you went back over to Flug, picked him up with a grunt, carried him over, and gently laid him down in the cot.

With a few careful movements, you removed his shoes, the charred coat, and finally placed a nice thick blanket over his body. The coat, obviously beyond any form of saving, was promptly thrown away. The shoes were placed near the foot of the cot, just for when he wakes up.

Then, with a brief look over, it was obvious what had to go next.

The singed paper bag on his head was flaking with ash and smeared with charred blackness. Not only that, but his goggles were almost cracked into pieces. You were having an internal argument with yourself about your next course of action.

On one hand, you need to take that stuff off to get a firm grip on his health and wear to apply the oxygen mask for his therapy. On the other hand, Flug has always worn a bag over his head and will most likely not appreciate having his face looked at by a person that he has known for only a month. Not without his consent, anyway.

So, even if it did make your task easier, you would not take off Flug's bag without his permission. You would just have to work around it.

Without another moment wasted on pondering, you began to walk around, looking for any oxygen tanks and medical mask.

It took quite a bit of effort to dig around the lab for the supplies you needed, but with a few shifts and a few boxes gone through, you managed to at least find the items that would help your friend on the way to his own recovery.

Dragging the supplies back to the bedside of Flug, you began to hook up the equipment to the outlets and attach compartments to each other. Of course, it would get confusing and frustrating at times, but you persevered.

Finally, with the oxygen mask and tank hooked up on the left side of the cot, you just needed to get the vitals monitor going on the right side of the cot. Once more, with a little bit of struggling, you managed to get the vitals monitor successfully set up on the opposite side of the cot.

Finally, you came to the tricky part of the whole operation.
Actually getting the oxygen mask on Flug's face without removing the bag.

You stood there and thought about it for a brief few minutes, but eventually you just decided to feel around for the perfect placement for the oxygen mask. Which was going to be immensely awkward.

With a strained neutral facade, you slowly inched up under the paper bag and began to feel around. It was so strange tracing your fingers around a face you couldn't see, but you attempted to stay on track and ignore those distractions.

You felt a nose, some lips, cheeks, one ear, and the chin. Then, you slipped in the oxygen mask and attempted to find the right spot for it.

It took a bit and, thankfully, it was the right size for Flug's face. You finished attaching it and securing it to his face, pulled out your invading hands, and began to slowly turn on the oxygen. With a few smaller doses at first, you then turned it to a normal rate of 2 minor pumps per-second.

You observed your slumbering friend with a relieved smile. You watched as his rapidly breathing chest began to slow out and even its' breathing. Steadily returning Flugs' lung function to normal.

He was going to be okay.

Yet, looking at the other places on his body, you could see some burns that would need to be treated. Thankfully, most of them were simply stage one to minor stage two burns. Some ointment and time off would be needed for Flug to make a full recovery.

Not only that, but you happen to have the capability of making a skin cell gun! Medical engineering was thankfully becoming more phenomenal on your planet. A skin cell gun would surely assist in Flug's healing and recovery.

You gave your sleeping comrade a reassuring pat and you let out a pleased hum. Yep! You're going to make a skin cell gun to aid in his recovery.

He took care of you when Black Hat mauled you, now it was your turn to take care of him. Ban or no ban.

However, the clearing of a throat just shattered the tender moment just like glass.

'Well, think of the Eldritch and he will arrive.' You mentally mumbled, turning to face your boss as he was standing near the entrance of the lab. A scolding expression very present on his face.

"Are you done yet?" He chided, To which you just nodded.

"Yeah. Flug is now on the road to recovery. He'll probably come around soon. But, for now, he needs to just relax and rest." You replied, giving your boss a smile. To which, he just narrowed his visible eye.

"Finally! Come, we need to speak. Now." Black Hat demanded. "Get to my office and DON'T keep me waiting." Black Hat warned before shortly departing from the lab entirely.

You just let out a very displeased sigh.
"Here we go again." You muttered, before walking out of the lab yourself.

Leaving Flug to recover and rest in a peaceful slumber.

---

You walked into the familiar office once again. Seeing how dim it is, and that it was clean for a change, you walked deeper and deeper into the bowels of the head office. Towards a very familiar chair and desk, with a pretty peeved boss sitting in it.

There was a lone chair sitting in front of the desk and you began to have feelings of déjà vu for when you and Black Hat got into that argument that got you banned from seeing and interacting with your friend, Flug.

Without a word, you sat down in the chair.

What followed was a brief silence between the two of you. Black Hat would stare into your own eyes and seemed to be attempting to control himself.

But, Black Hat was never too good with self restraint, was he? Because a few moments later, he just unleashed all of his emotions at once.

"You FOOL. Why didn't you wait for me?! If I have had been even a few seconds late, you would've been splattered on the ground! You're carelessness and rash behavior almost cost you your pathetic life! You stupid alien...don't you EVER think about going into a burning building again and try to play the disgusting role of a 'hero' ever again!" Black Hat snarled.

You could almost feel your blood boil at those assumptions, yet you took steady and calm breaths and attempted to not emotionally lash out at Black Hat.

Instead, you chose a completely different tactic to get under his skin. You decided to lean back in your chair, place your arms behind your head, and give that grouchy demon one of your most smuggest and laziest smiles you could muster.

The reaction was almost instantaneous.

Black Hats' eyebrows began to twitch and his eye narrowed almost to a squint. He gritted his teeth and let out a agitated hiss.

"Stop that." He growled. Yet, you refused to change your face.

"I said STOP THAT." He snapped, his teeth gnashing in your direction.

"Stop what?" You dismissively said, giving him a wider grin.

You jumped in place whenever Black Hat suddenly shot up from his own seat and gave you a glare that could of rivaled a pissed off dragon, his form a little larger, bearing a flaming red eye, a bigger frown of many teeth, and he was bearing extra demonic eyes as well. As they appeared on his clothes and random parts of his body.

He noticed you flinch and leaned over his desk slightly, keeping the palms of both of his hands planted on the surface of his desk, gripping the surface of said desk with 2 inch black talons. The larger form of himself and his intimidating pose and height REALLY gave this guy an edge. Not to
mention the shadows on his face and atmosphere as well.

You have really got to stop forgetting that this guy isn't human.

"I'm warning you, (Name). This conversation we are going to have is going to be taken SERIOUSLY. I am not going to put up with your tomfoolery." Black Hat growled, his voice a few pitches deeper than normal.

You found yourself nodding before you could even tell that you were moving your head.

With a couple of deep and rumbling breaths, Black Hat slowly reverted to his usual form. To which he gave you a glare and cleared his throat.

"So. You decided to attempt to save your allies by yourself. No powers, technology, or people to help you. Do you know how foolish that was?! You could'ave gotten yourself stuck and you would'ave all perished!" Black Hat continued to scold.

"That's not what it was about, Black Hat. You were taking too long." You said simply.

"Me? Taking too long?! You should'ave waited! Rushing off into a fray like that, as I have already said, could'ave killed you--"

"I know!" You cut Black Hat off, causing him to glare at you. "That's what you don't understand! If I was any later to getting there and saving Flug, HE WOUL'D'AVE BEEN DEAD, BLACK HAT."

"If I had chose to wait for you, Flug could'ave died! He was already collapsed when I found him! He could barely respond and coherently say any words! He was surrounded by fire and debris! Also, any later than that, I wouldn't have access to the upper floors because live power lines fell in the way! If I had been any later, I wouldn't have been able to save him and get him out of there!" You explained.

"And your plan of escape was to smash through the damn skyscraper window!?" Black Hat argued.

"Where else could I have gone?! There was an inferno upstairs and live wires blocking my way back down! Did you WANT me to stay up there and BURN TO DEATH?" You retaliated.

Black Hat sputtered for a moment, seemingly trying to find a counter argument.

"That 'heroic' action wasn't out of just plain heroism, Black Hat! Flug was going to die if nobody helped him! I didn't do it for fame or glory, I did it because I was capable of saving him and I did!" You finished.

"What made you think you were capable of saving him?!!" Black Hat shouted.

"BECAUSE WHERE I'M FROM, WE DON'T HAVE HEROES OR VILLAINS, ONLY HUMANS!" You backfired.

Both of you fell silent for a brief moment. Only breathing could be heard as you both glared at each other.

You broke eye contact first, however.
"We don't have people with your prowess, powers, or abilities. Everyone is a mortal from where I'm from. We don't have people capable of putting out fires with ice breath or water that shoots out from the palms of our hands. We have fire departments. That's all we have. They're all mortal volunteers that put their lives out there for other people." You muttered.

"Technology, training, and each other is all they have when they go into fires. And sadly, some of them die. I know that I am not a trained professional. But, aid wasn't going to come from anywhere else. It's just...that's how my people have done it for centuries. Not as reckless as me, of course, but we do what we can to survive and rescue others. Because when you can't save yourself, that is when you're going to die."

"Back home, if I had fallen out of that skyscraper window, I would'ave fell to my death. If I am the luckiest person on that day, I would'ave survived to tell my story. But, in any other reality, I wouldn't be here. Flug might of lived, as I would'ave used myself to break his fall and absorb all of the shock from the impact, but still. I'm only human. Humans tend to do stupid or reckless things. But, it's mostly for the safety and livelihood of others." You explained.

"It's probably stupid to explain this to you, because I don't see how you could understand nor care. But, I can't help that I care for my coworkers, Black Hat. It's in my nature. It's how I was raised. It's what my planet teaches. So, yeah! I'm a stupid, reckless, stubborn, pacifist alien! At least I'm a team-player that actually cares for my comrades well-being."

"That's all that matters. Me, a stupid caring alien, making sure that everyone is okay." You finished.

There was a decent span of silence that occurred for a few seconds.

"Are you done?" Black Hat nonchalantly said.

To which, you felt a sudden burning in your gut and other demands rise up in your mind. You looked back up into your boss's one visible eye with bristling determination. Causing Black Hat to notice and his eyebrows to twitch.

"No. I'm not." You say and suddenly sit up straight. "After all the work and unnecessary bullshit you have grated my ass through, I have a few certain choices of words for you and I want you to listen!" You demand.

"You dare raise--"

"Stop! Not another word! I want to vocalize my feelings if it gets you to understand!" You say.

Black Hat grits his teeth in a threatening way, yet strangely chose to stay silent. Almost impossible, cause anyone that told him to shut his mouth is when they would have a death wish.

"As I said before Black Hat, I don't get WHY you hate me and WHY you think you can get away with making people's lives harder! Frankly, I usually could care less! To be honest, I used to be a lot more lax than what I am now! I haven't changed until I came here and the night you turned my back into a fucking scratching post!"

"And you know who patched me up while you kicked me out into the hallway to bleed to death?! Flug did! That scientist you take for granted and take every single opportunity to antagonize him saved my life! Not only that, but he and 5.0.5 cared for me when I was ill. You came periodically
just to see if I could get back to work! You didn't even apologize, because even YOU know that punishment for a damn prank was too far!"

"And don't think I don't notice your specific quirks. When everyone in the house was gone except me, you stuck to my side like glue! I didn't want to say anything because it would've just got us here to this point, but it appears we've reached this point anyway! Regardless if I said anything or not, no less!"

"So, no! I'm not getting dragged back in here, just to be scolded on something that is in my nature! Most of these 'private meetings' with me are so damn stupid! First, it was hugging and now it's saving a fellow minion's life!? Black Hat, this is ridiculous!"

"From now on, I don't care if you're my boss or not, I am NOT accepting anymore of your crackpot restrictions! To hell with your ban! Flug has done more for me than you have! He patched me up, took care of me, worked with me, and spent peaceful downtime with me! Platonically!"

You suddenly shoot up from your chair, slightly startling Black Hat and he lets out a guttural hiss. To which you let out a growl of your own.

"I'm going to take care of Flug and it's NOT going to be on your terms." You firmly said.

Black Hat looked like he wanted to just vault over that desk and tear into you like a predator. His eyes were sharp, even the barely visible one hidden behind his monocle.

"I'm going. Farewell!" You said in a mocking-like tone as you face away and made your way to the exit.

Surprisingly, Black Hat didn't hinder your progress nor speak up as you disappeared from his office and you made it a fairly decent way down the halls toward the foyer. You were almost surprised yourself. But, mostly surprised in your own sudden burst of attitude towards your boss.

Who just shortly before your outburst had silenced you with a brief transformation and a few lower pitched words. So, what brought that on? Just...you felt a sudden rush within yourself...and you just gave your boss a total mouthful of absolute disrespect.

You have never felt it before. That rush of burning determination and fury.

Was...was that what 'Snapping' meant?

To get your fill of something before you just snapped and behaved on raw and unfiltered emotions? To finally get tired of it and fight back with rigorous attitude? Did Black Hat finally push your limits and made you reach a state of patience that not even YOU possessed? To finally just tell him what you thought of his bans and meetings?

I mean...now you were just expecting his brain to catch up, him come running down the halls, and start shredding you to pieces.

Yet, he never came.

A great sense of victory began to overcome you as you stride down the halls. That you finally just told Black Hat to just take his overly possessive behavior and take a hike.
It made you feel almost fully invincible. Telling off a non-human creature that could pretty much
kill you in a heartbeat.

Still. This wasn't just a battle of egos. Black Hats' meetings were just getting more and more stupid.

I mean... he just didn't want you to get hurt. Right? Possibly? What ever the reason, it most certainly doesn't require someone to be separated from their friend and berated when they save someone's life! How ungrateful can that guy get?

No matter. You're not worried about Black Hat at the moment. But, you're pretty sure he'll want to punish you for such rebellious behavior.

But, that's for future you to worry about.

For now, you just need to make sure Flug and the others are alright.

5.0.5 was needing a bath anyway.

--

Meanwhile, in an unknown building in the southern district of Hat Island. A large penthouse office space was lit by white ceiling lights and it was high above the city streets some 40 floors below.

It was a pretty modern-looking office room, with various decor and furniture spread about. All to which was paired with white walls and dark blue carpets.

In the middle of this room was a desk and behind the said desk was a male figure.

The male figure didn't seem to be too focused on anything but his paperwork at the moment and dealing with damage control from the loss of his private research skyscraper. It appears that the party had managed to work, yet the problem arose with trying to research the syringe's mysterious liquid.

Any blood received from all of his minions were deemed to be negatives in comparison to the blood found in that concoction.

His scientist had attempted his best at trying to break it down, but had managed to pick up traces of the origin. Which was blood.

This obviously wasn't the work of Black Hats' blood. As even HE has traces of V vitamins, being a being with powers. That means that this either came from a plant or something else completely different.

Every plant in many well-known botany books, especially in the poisonous sections, have not stated a poisonous plants' way of being chemically turned into a deadly poison. No known species of plant have been known to create the enzymes that were detected in the liquid matched anything plant-like.

The enzymes obviously came from an organic creature. Same with the red blood cells.

The problem is, trying to locate the exact source of the mysterious and deadly ingredients.

Trying to beat answers out of the enemy scientist proved unfruitful. He refused to let anything slip past that blasted paper bag of his.

With his patience thoroughly tried, the male slammed the desk with one of his fist in a brief fit of
frustration.

"Fucking damn it! Lost that property and all of that territory...not only that, but all of those hours and resources. Gone! Gone like a napkin in the breeze!" Hissed the male figure behind the desk as he places his head in his palms.

"Can this get any worse...?" He lamented.

Just as those words let his mouth, the temperature in the room began to steadily decline. Only when the male could see his breath could he actually tell that the room was beginning to form an uncomfortable chill. He shook slightly as the windows in his office space began to fog up and freeze over.

Then, with steady increasing repetitiveness, the lights furthest away from the man began to flicker. The flickering just increased further, effecting lights closer to the male as the ones that were firstly effected flickered and died out. Allowing darkness to creep into the room.

The darkness seemed to creep closer and closer to the main desk, almost as if it had a mind of its own.

The the lights further in the room flickering out and shrouding the room in a very noticeable darkness, the male from behind the desk jump and attempted to harden his stance.

"Hey! Who's there?!" The male shouted, listening in for any movement. Instead of movement, he got a chilling laugh instead.

"Show yourself!" The man yelled. Standing to attention from behind his desk.

From within the darkness a single shimmering piece of reflective circular glass shimmered as the last flickering lights reflected off of it. It not only revealed a monocle, but also an eye with a black slit in it and it was paired with a large grinning set of teeth.

The male suddenly made a sound similar to if he was being choked as he realized who was in his room.

"To answer your question, yes. It CAN get worse for you, Salador." Hissed Black Hat, his voice as cold as the grave.

"Really? Do you think that you could take me down that easily? You pitiful fool. Not only have you tried my patience, but you also proven yourself to be nothing but a pest to me."

Salador had attempted to dart away from the approaching demonic entity, but the shadows were against him. As they came alive and wrapped around his ankles and wrists. Preventing him from moving, not matter how much he attempted to struggle free from his bonds.

"Shit!" Salador cursed, wriggling and writhing as Black Hat merely approached.

"If I am honest, dear boy, I grow tired of your presence in my life. I'm tired of you living, interrupting my plans, attempting to steal from me, luring me out like some fool, and trying to take down my business!" Black Hat roared, making Salador quake in his shoes.
"But, thankfully. You won't have to do any of the angering. A loudmouthed minion of mine has already drained me of my tolerance." Black Hats' eye gleams as a menacing aura surrounds both individuals.

Black Hat extends his claws, shredding his gloves once again, and gives the fearing Salador an evil leer.

"I need to take my rage out on someone. Frankly, the minion is too valuable to shred to ribbons....so I guess YOU'LL DO." Black Hats' grin turns borderline insane as his claws extend into hooked talons.

"N-No! Stop! Release me!" Salador shrieked.

"Save your breath for the screams." Black Hat cackled before raising his claw up and shredding into Saladors' vulnerable abdomen.

The screams of Salador and the psychotic laughter of Black Hat rang throughout the office. Flickering lights would show brief images of the carnage as crimson blood would splatter across once-pristine white walls.

The wails of Salador were accompanied with the growling and tearing of flesh. Blood pooled into a certain around the desk and every flick of Black Hats' arm would send out a blood spray across the windows, walls, floor, and desk as Salador was torn into.

Black Hat cackles at the dying cries of the one that had pestered many businesses and he was proud of himself for tracking Salador down. It was delicious. Finally tearing into another living being after so long.

The blood that ran from Saladors' body was either gained with the consuming of his flesh or drank at the tearing of his throat. It reawakened that forgotten need for blood that Black Hat had craved from yourself. Saladors' blood wasn't top quality. Your blood was special.

It has a nice tang to it that couldn't be found nowhere else...but this blood would do for now. Black Hat found himself panting slightly as the smell of iron was heavy in the room and the carnage was everywhere. It looked like a pig was just slaughtered.

But, on the contrary, one probably just has been.

After the feasting was exhausted, the flesh consumed, and the blood drained from the corpse, Black Hat allowed the cadaver to fall harshly to the floor of the office.

Despite popular belief, Black Hat doesn't eat souls as often as one might think. Mostly, it's the blood and the flesh he craves. As those are actually physically edible. The only time Black Hat would have to consume a soul is when he is weak or on the lower tiers of him becoming the form he is now.

Those souls have been collected long ago and had vanished into the void for centuries. That's how he got his powers after all. In all honesty, he doesn't really need anymore souls. Unless if they are for alchemy purposes, but as for using souls to gain power?

Heh.
He's already on the highest tier. He doesn't need more of that stuff.

Gluttony would drag you down to your own demise. So even Black Hat knows when to stop absorbing the souls of the slain.

He looks down at the cadaver, observing his vicious butchering skills. It was torn in many places, the remaining flesh was pale from blood loss and there were some sections that had his sticky green saliva remaining on the pieces of flesh. The body of Salador still had its' head, hands, and feet. As it was mostly the fleshy parts that were eaten on.

As well as the large gash going from Saladors' chest and down to his navel. Opened slightly to reveal an empty abdominal cavity, the organs having already been devoured.

The rest of the stiff could sit here and rot. Black Hat has had his fill of blood and flesh.

The shadows' retreated back to their master and Black Hat turned around and walked off into the darkness of the room. Besides, he feels a lot better after getting a meal and taking his anger out on a long-time enemy and pest. The dapper man then disappeared into the darkness, his footsteps fading almost immediately.

After a few brief moments of silence, all the lights in the office flicked back on and the windows cleared up. The room went back to its' normal temperature and Black Hat was gone.

All that was left of his visit was a mangled corpse and a new red paint job all over the windows, walls, and carpet. Done by Black Hat himself.

Which would serve as a warning to anyone else to never pester or attempt to fool the nefarious Black Hat.

Chapter End Notes

Well, Salador is dead. But, he was a minor character. So whatever!
Reader is gonna take care of Flug and the others, regardless of what their boss thinks.

We also reached over 700 Kudos! That's amazing!!! Thank you, my precious Readers!

Here's my Tumblr: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of


Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy

Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
Role Reversal

Chapter Summary

You make a skin cell gun and vow to be Flugs' caretaker.

Chapter Notes

A little bit of cool down before the super fluff~!

Also, I think I found the perfect personality for Dementia. Overly dramatic Dementia that ships Flug and Reader like Fedex on 'Next Day' delivery! XD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You were currently in the kitchen. Fixing up some dinner for your injured comrades.

What you were making was a family favorite from yourself. A culinary classic and something that your mother would make for you when you were younger. Just some plain old comfort food, perfect for a night like this.

Safely reunited with your friends. Friends who were currently waiting at the large kitchen table for the meal that you were preparing, with their wounds bandaged up and a few burns that were patched over with some burn cream and band aids.

With the absence of the anxious scientist, of course.

Flug was still peacefully sleeping off the fire, to which you would make no effort to wake him from his peaceful rest. The man needs it at this point. You would get him something to eat as soon as he woke up. But, for now at least, all he needed was to sleep and relax.

He would still have to go through some oxygen therapy after he woke up, as for his more severe burns, you would have to manufacture a skin cell gun and remember the proper way of making the medical spray.

But, such things could wait until he awoke. In the meantime, you had placed a fresh paper bag, goggles, and change of clothes for when he woke up. Embarrassingly enough, you had to even fetch him a new pair of boxers, which were colored sky blue and had a variety of planes and puffy white clouds on it.

You had to hold back laughter and your own dirty mind as you observed the pair. But, to protect Flugs' fragile amount of dignity, you decided to wedge the pair of boxers in between the jeans and shirt. The socks were neatly placed on top of the stack and the entire bundle was carefully placed close to the bedside.
Just so whenever Flug woke up and found the strength to get to the labs' bathroom and clean up, he would have a change of outfit. Which was, strangely enough, mostly identical to his current clothes. With a blue shirt, crashing plane icon, and such. The jeans were just a slightly darker pair.

The pain he was wearing were going to have to be thrown out. There was NO WAY to salvage those charred, torn, and smoke-embedded cloths.

But, thankfully, he was alright and the ointment you placed on the burns temporarily would work until you got the skin cell gun up and functioning.

At the moment, you have been taking care of 5.0.5 and Dementia. 5.0.5 needed a bath to get rid of all of the soot that had accumulated up in his cyan fur. Shortly after a nice bubble bath, that the bear greatly enjoyed, you had to patch up some burns on his paws and treat the chafed area around the poor bears' neck.

Dementia was most fine, except for some minor burns and singed clothing. A good assisted clean up, which was Dementia being in the privacy of her bathroom and you waiting on the outside to make sure she could take care of herself or if she needed anything, Dementia was now adoring her night gown.

Which was that of a punk-girl style. With a few tears and a color palette that consisted of hot pink, maroon, moody purple, and a few pieces of white throughout the whole outfit. She looked pretty, you couldn't lie about that.

The stove beeped, signalling the finishing process of the meal that you had finished preparing.

With a quick hand, you turned off the heat source and removed the canister from the stove. You fetched 3 bowls from the cabinet and a few forks. You give each bowl a nice hefty portion of the food and began to hand it out.

Dementia and 5.0.5 accept the food gratefully and began to eat voraciously.

"Dish is verish good, (Name)!" You heard Dementia say, or attempt to say. But, from an obvious stand point, she was saying that your meal was delicious, even with her mouth full of food.

"Muurr~" The bear could be heard letting out a pleased purr as it also ate with vigor.

"Thanks to both of you!" You gave them both a bright smile and began to eat on your own portion of the meal.

You all had shared a few bouts of small talk. Some were about the horrible experiences that they had endured during their kidnapping. That was where you learned how 5.0.5 got those chafe marks on his neck. A really heavy collar? Seriously? You pretty much feel nothing for those people that ran that organization.

Speaking of which, the news was probably working on that story. They'll probably post it tomorrow for the afternoon news.

Then again, with how much was going on, they would probably do it first thing in the morning. Among reporting on the turf wars that were happening at that same moment. Even now, when everything was seemingly calm. There could be another disaster on the horizon.
Which made you slightly worried.

I mean, you came so close to dying and never returning home. What if you didn't survive the next incident? That the next incident claims your life? Would your family get closure? Would they move on from their grief?

. . .

Regardless. The world would keep on spinning. You're just living in the moment right now. What comes is what comes. You just...got to be careful is all!

You mentally nod to that thought and instead decided to change the topic to one of interest.

A few moments later, the kitchen was filled with the high pitched laughter of Dementia and the chortling of 5.0.5. Paired with laughter from yourself as you just finished telling the 'giant robotic bat that caused a guy to fall into the fountain' story to them. To which they caused an uproar of laughter to completely take over the kitchen.

It has been a bit and the dishes were empty and the rest of the uneaten meal had grown cold.

The sky was dark and the city had swapped over to its' nighttime routine. The nightlife was going on outside while you were in here and having a nice lovely chat with your returned housemates. The night felt pleasant again. Unlike when most of your housemates were gone and the house was prominently empty.

It felt lived in and comfortable unlike those few nights when they were gone.

Something clicked again in the back of your mind while Dementia began to tell her own experience with jumping Flug during one of his experiments.

It was an eerie feeling of familiarity as you could remember when Black Hat would follow you around the manor. Convenitently, he had said. Despite the fact that he would take the roomba everywhere you both would go, obviously signifying his own loneliness.

In a way, you do feel kinda bad for yelling at Black Hat.

Mostly, because when he stands alone without anyone by his side, he looks like the loneliest creature that has ever walked the planet. Whether that is true or not, you could only surmise. Because Black Hat would never tell you the truth. His pride was too great to do something like that.

And he did save you and Flug from falling to your deaths...in any other situation, you would'ave. But, Black Hat did catch you both and break your fall. Even if it was with his nasty tentacle things.

You let out a brief sigh, seemingly catching the attention of the other two in the room.

"(Name)? Is something wrong?" You come to attention whenever you look over to the slightly worried glances of 5.0.5 and Dementia.

Funny. Dementia and yourself haven't had many moments together, but you almost view her as a younger sister by now. With her loudness, energy, and affection for her certain hobbies, and her being love crazy for Black Hat for some reason, she just feels like a younger and louder sibling.
5.0.5 felt like he was more of a human being than anything. Imagining someone putting a heavy collar on such a gentle and human-like creature just made your blood boil. He didn't make any 'messes' even though he eats people food, sleeps in a large dog bed, and wears clothes at times. He feels more human than he looks. Which was strange.

You just noticed that you were spacing out again before clearing your throat.

"Ah. I'm just thinking and grateful that we all got away from that fire mostly unscathed. If we lost Flug or any of you, I wouldn't know what to do. Flug, in short, is my only way home. If anything happened to him, I wouldn't be able to see my planet, parents, or friends ever again. I'm just...kinda dwelling on the opposite outcome of this." You admitted.

"Just kinda...still not over it you know? Not only that...but I got into a fight with Black Hat shortly after that experience." You finished, sitting up in your chair and looking at the empty dish in front of you.

"Oh...what was it about...?" Dementia asked with caution.

"Well...he was scolding me on being reckless for saving Flugs' life. I got mad and...well...I told him I wasn't going to listen to such absurd rules and regulations. I told him that I would take care of Flug, regardless of what he thought. I haven't seen him since...I'm kinda worried." You explained.

A brief paused followed before a wicked cackled snapped the silence in two.

"Is that it?! Really?!" Dementia laughs, startling you.

"I mean, you, a powerless human, ran into a fire that threatened your very life and then you jump out of a 16 story window and land in the arms of--*Dreamy Sigh*--Black Hat~ and you live to tell the tale and now all you can think about is what would happen if one of you died?!

Dementias' eyes sparkled as she suddenly reaches over and grabs your face, holding it tightly between her own hands.

"I...uh...see that you have recovered a fair amount of your own strength, Dementia." You mumbled between the grip of Dementias' hands.

"I see what you THINK I don't see, silly! You are so transparent!" Dementia ignored you, then you feel yourself being thrown around slightly before winding up under Dementias' arm, the other was in front of her, clenching her fist tightly as she tightens her shut eyes. Seemingly being in a dramatic pose.

"You! A weak human, ran into a fire that no other human would have the audacity to run into, and all for what?!

Dementia shifts slightly, adjusting the hand that was holding you in a headlock.

"For LOVE, obviously! You try to hide that fact from your fellow peers, but you can't stop your body from reacting on it!" Dementia sings, now holding her free hand over her chest.

You blanched.

"Wait, what?" You said, unknowing how to react to the sudden situation you found yourself in. Dementia ignores you and continues to monologue about your rescue.
"It's like a fairytale! Your love was in mortal danger, stuck up high and surrounded by deadly fire, yet you, a mortal human of no super prowess, race to the top to save your ONE TRUE LOVE! Your ALIEN BOYFRIEND!" Dementia squeals as her eyes sparkle.

"Destined to be together by the will of the universe, as you were brought down from the stars! For you both were destined to be together~! Like Black Hat and I! You came to his rescue when he was at his weakest and most vulnerable point! To which he could only be saved by his one TRUE LOVE!" Dementia squeals like a rabid fangirl as she hops around with you under her arm.

"D-Dementia! That's NOT WHY I SAVED HIM! He's my FRIEND. I couldn't let him die in there!" You sputter, but much to your dismay, your were sporting a blush and your voice had unwittingly risen an octave. Primarily against your will.

"Down he was! Helpless and injuried, calling for help! Then, from the flames comes his star-bound love! Covered in flakes of ember, showing off all of their romantic goodies, and they give him a loving stare as they pick him up off of the fire covered ground! They--"

"You're not listening to me...are you?" You flatly say, just as Dementia continues to ramble on about her mental fantasy.

"--make their great escape through the window, Flug swooning in their arms as they land safely on the ground below! Yet, the poor feeble nerd has fallen under the evil fires' spell as he falls into a deep sleep that could only be BROKEN BY A TRUE LOVES KI--????" Dementia is surprised by the sudden hand that is clasped around their mouth.

"Now, I'm gonna stop you right there." You say, wriggling out of the uncomfortable headlock and finally standing up straight. You remove your hand before Dementia could bite it or lick it in any way.

You quickly spoke up as you fixed your clothing.

"That is NOT how any of that went down and that is NOT why I ran into the fire to save Flug." You state.

"Flug was trapped and there was nobody else to help. Black Hat was taking too long and you guys needed to head out of the building before you both got trapped. I was the only one that was able to get to the top and find him. I was not a professional by any means and I could have died equally as much as Flug could have. I was a powerless human running into a dangerous situation, which was terrifying to me." You lecture Dementia.

"Flug is important to me, but he is also important to all of you. He's the backbone of this organization and without him, I would have no way to get home, I wouldn't have a coworker that shares my interest, I wouldn't have as many friends as I do, and Black Hat wouldn't have anyone to make his inventions or potions for him."

"Back on my planet, and this is pretty much the same thing I told Black Hat when we had our fight, that my people don't have superpowers or abilities to save ourselves. If I was on my planet and I fell out of a 16 floor window, I would've fell to my death! Many humans on my planet die from things that people on your planet can be saved from by a human with powers or technology. When we are caught in that type of situation...we die. That's it." You sternly said.

"Why I ran in there was to find you guys and get you out. The window jumping wasn't in the plan."
All of the exits were blocked by either fire or live electric wires and that was my only option to get Flug out. Hence, ONLY Flug. My body would'ave broke his fall and I would'ave died. I jumped out that window and accepted the fact that I had a high chance of dying. That's what was bothering me earlier." You finished.

A brief silence followed.

"Oh." Dementia said, looking away slightly.

"Arroo.." 5.0.5 murmured.

"But, you are right to a certain extent Dementia. I do care about Flug, just not in a deeply romantic way. I wouldn't want to see any of you perish like that." You said, shaking your head slightly.

"I'm not mad at all, honestly. But right now, I'm going to go check up on Flug and make sure his oxygen therapy is coming along fine. 5.0.5, please be a sweetie and clean up for me? I'll give you ice cream if you do!" You smiled, to which the bears' eyes glistened with joy at the promise.

"I'll be back later. I'm going to go check on my patient and work on getting a skin cell spay ready." You begin to leave.
"Farewell for now!" You say over your shoulder as you leave the kitchen.

Almost immediately, 5.0.5 began to clean up the mess and work around a stiff Dementia. However, once the bear had placed all of the empty bowls into the sink, he suddenly found himself down and looking Dementia in her demented eyes.

He let out a whine as Dementia gave him a wide grin.

"If that was a true story, they must be hiding the love for Flug deeper within themselves! I know it! I SMELL IT." She cackles, causing the bear to let out a whimper.

"They can run, but they can't hide from THIS MATCHMAKER!" She cackles, before letting the bear go and attempting to climb up the wall. 5.0.5 simply watched her but moved over slightly as Dementia was sent back down to the ground, falling onto her back and getting winded from the impact.

"Ooohh...my powers still aren't fully restored yet...curses." She mutters, while the cyan bear shook his head and began to clean up the dishes to the sound of Dementias' movements and angry muttering.

--

You had sat down at the workbench in the lab with a patient hum.

Tools were strewn about and a couple of handheld items were scattered about all over your workshop bench. It felt great to get back into the lab and work on something again. To have a wrench in your hand, smudges on your hands, and an idea in your mind.

Shortly after checking on Flugs' vitals, finding them all normal, you had observed and rechecked the oxygen. It was fairly over half full, probably enough to allow Flug to fully recover from the smoke he had inhaled, and made sure that the mask was attached correctly. All was good in the end.
Shortly after that, you had hunted down the items that were going to make the skin cell gun possible. It was easy to find a spray nozzle tool in the lab, possibly for paint jobs on certain projects and whatnot, hoses were easy to find as well.

However, modifying the nozzle head was going to be tricky.

It was going to have to hold a special tonic that was made with the burn victims skin cells, hence ‘skin cell’ gun, and have a pump to pressurize the spray. Kinda like an airbrush tattoo, just with skin cells instead!

You tinkered with the metal on your workstation as quietly as you could. No loud objects were going to be used while Flug was slumbering. So, you had to do most of the work by hand or by using quieter alternatives.

So far, the hoses were hooked up to a small foot-powered electric pump that you had found. For testing purposes, mostly. An automatic pump would be used when the real treatment gets underway. They were just loud, which is something you don't need at the moment.

The nozzle you were working on was coming along fine, your engineering hands working on the product with assured grace.

After a short hour or so, you stopped for a bit to stretch out your back, grunting in relief when the popping of your spine released some pent up tension. You didn't falter, as shortly after that, you got your butt back to work.

The night grew older and the hours continued on. With a few bathroom breaks, drink fetching, and bone popping, the project was mostly done.

Laying on your desk was a mostly completed skin cell gun. It's cylinder-like shape gave it a thick pen look. Yet, it seemed to be electrically powered, the electric foot-powered pump had successfully tested it out, the sprays of water staining the paper covering your workbench was a sure sign of that.

You let out a large yawn. It was probably really late. Everyone, even Black Hat, was probably in bed.

You rub your eyes one last time and look at the nearly finished project. Now all you needed was the skin cell serum and this baby would be ready to go!

You look over to Flug and make your way over to him. When you arrived at his bed side, he was still sleeping. His body lax from any tension and he didn't seem as stressed as he usually is when he is conscious. Poor guy looks like he doesn't get a lot of sleep anyway.

You pick up a nearby scalpel, pick up one of his hands, and you lightly scrape the flat end against his palm gently. Flug would stir a little, but he wouldn't wake.

With plenty of skin cells to work with, you part ways with Flug and head over to the chemistry set.

It would take a careful recipe to make the serum and it would have to sit overnight before it would be ready for use. But, you could wait.

Man, this was quite the role reversal, huh?
The first few nights you came here, Flug was all curious about you, where you came from, and how your body functioned. Like a scientist, he asked for a sample of your blood and you willingly gave it to him.

Who would'ave thought that one little sample could turn into this giant mess?

At least it kept you useful to Black Hat. But, causing mayhem in many cities probably wasn't worth it. Still, you are sheltered, alive and healthy.

You should be grateful to an extent. Which you are.

You met plenty of people and got to know lots of faces. Let alone you are actually going on a 'date' with Flug soon. The meteor shower is coming in 6 days from now. Hopefully, with this tools' assistance, Flug would get better just in time for it too.

It's gonna be fun! You're sure of it!

You never see a lot of meteor showers, so this might just be the cheering up you would ever need. And you get to watch it with a dear friend from another planet! On another world! That in itself, is just plain amazing.

But, for now, you're just focusing on getting the serum made.

It was taking a lot of digging through your memory to actually remember how to make this serum again. This wasn't taught during your engineering classes, as it was taught by a friend of yours who wanted to go into medicine engineering. To modify and improve medicine-based technology.

She would, in return for tutoring classes from yourself, would give you medical recipes for modern day and futurist technology. Cuts, gashes, burns, bullet wounds, you name it. There are plenty of recipes for regeneration that she supplied you with.

You would read them and memorize them when you were idle or waiting for something or someone. She was probably one of the greater of your best friends. She had a lot of ambition, that's for sure.

With careful chemical insertion and measurements, you place in the collected skin cells and observe for any abnormalities. You run over the mental recipe in your head like a mantra, then thought of something else.

With a quick hand, you reach over for a notepad and a pen as you began to jut down the recipe that was ringing loud in your memory.

If Flug wanted to know something about your medical technology, then he could gladly have this for some keepsake. From an alien engineer to an alien scientist, this something that you will gladly share with Flug. At least it will leave him something of medical value for any accidents that happen further in the future.

After writing down that recipe for Flug to broaden and expand on, you went back to observe the chemical process of the serum. It had came along nicely and in the final resting place on the chemistry set, a fine blue liquid began to drip down into the final flask on the set.
Signaling it's near completion.

After a few more moments of waiting, the blue stopped dripping into the final flask and it was ready for removal. You took it off of the stand and held it up on eye-level with your face. You carefully studied it, looking for any impurities and abnormalities.

Finding none, you surmised that the brew was of your desired purity and the tonic itself was fixed up just perfectly.

Now it just needed to sit overnight and chemically blend. Then, it would be ready!

Without another thought, you placed the filled flask into the chemical fridge, making sure to label it as 'Skin Cell Concoction'. To which, once it was all done and put away, you let out another long and enduring yawn. Exhaustion finally catching up with you.

You almost died today, so that's another achievement added to your list of *Things I didn't want to experience*.

It almost felt like as is you had just walked out of that fire 5 minutes ago. Instead, it had been hours ago. Seemingly ages ago, even. Yet, it was still fresh on your mind.

Still. You would just have to drop those negative thoughts and move on. Everyone is alright. Nobody died....well...nobody you knew, that's for sure. Probably. Who knows? You're just gonna have to wait for the news to cover it. Which they will, like everything else.

With one last check up on Flug and the equipment, you yawned once more and began to make your way to your room.

You were utterly exhausted and all you wanted to do was sleep. This was what probably Flug felt like everyday before he met you. Tired, exhausted, stuck, and such. Probably utterly miserable. Now that you're here, it's making his life so much better and easier.

You suddenly blanch at those words and found yourself almost smacking yourself.

Dementia is *NOT* right! I mean, he probably views you as a coworker and nothing more! *Alien lovers*...? You wouldn't want to break his heart when you would have to leave for your own planet. It's probably not possible and it wouldn't last long anyway. Plus, Black Hat would just jump all in your shit again.

*Ugh. You need a cold shower.*

--

You sigh out in relief as you step out of the shower and onto the fluffy red carpets that lay on the bathroom floor. A nice fluffy rose red blanket was wrapped around your body as you walk over to the sink and begin to brush your teeth.

You spit and gargle, finishing your bathroom trip with the brushing of your hair.

You sigh out in peace as your muscles were relaxed and the grime and grease from your engineering work was cleaned off of your hands. Once that was done, you allowed the towel to
drop down onto the floor as you reached over to the closed-lidded toilet seat and fetched your folded up iconic alien pajamas.

To which you began to put on, slipping on the pants first, then the shirt afterward. You did one final stretch and yawn as you headed out of the bathroom, picking up the discarded smoke-smelling clothes and tossing them down onto the floor at the foot of the bed.

By now, you were just ready to collapse into the nice sheets of your bed.

To which you did, you landed face-first into a pillow on your chosen side and muttered into the pillow. Listening silently to the sounds coming from within your room. The ticking of the clock, the humming of the roomba doing it's nightly rounds, and your own heartbeat.

The sounds of the outside world were little to non-existent. Since the curfews were put in place from the heroes, people weren't allowed to walk outside their homes this late at night. Most for their safety and not really for controlling purposes.

You rolled over slightly and let out a sigh as you began to settle into your room.

The room wasn't as pitch dark as one would've thought, the streetlights from the street providing some light and the roomba would make some noise, but not too much.

It felt right to just lay there and listen for a bit.

Out of curiosity, you look over to the clock on the wall. When you got into the shower it was about 12:34 at night.

Now the clock read 1:45 in the morning. After a pretty decent shower.

You let out a puff and began to get nice and cozy within your bed sheets. Fluffing your pillow slightly and wriggling under the covers until your body was comfortable and warm.

You laid there lost in thought as you closed your eyes in an attempt to sleep.

This has been a wild adventure, hasn't it?

All of this was pretty surreal and you couldn't believe that it was all happening within a month! I mean, heck, you don't get this much action on your Earth unless an election was going on! Or a holiday. I mean, Halloween is a pretty big deal and so is Christmas.

Still, this was just a lot to take in.

Being abducted by futuristic aliens used to be a fun thought that you would encourage within yourself. How you imaged yourself being flattered at their intellectual prodding for information. Probably seeking other planets for new technology, or more ways to broaden their own. A galactic trade!

Ah...now that you have been exposed to the dangers of being abducted by aliens, you kinda wanna kick your naive self in the shin for forgetting about the negatives of aliens. Always be cautious with strangers. Even if they are aliens.

A drowsy feeling began to overcome you as your body relaxed into the soft soothing comfort of the bed.
You let out one final yawn.

Ah...well. Tomorrow's another day. Best be ready for it!

Within a few lax moments, your breathing evened out and you began to let out soft low snores.

As you went off into a mental land of dreams and adventures that would be forgotten by morning sunrise.

Chapter End Notes

Ooooohhh, Reader is so sweet, but things are gonna get sweeter in the next chapter~!

Here's my Tumblr: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of


Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy


Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
Fluffy Feelings

Chapter Summary

Flug awakens and comes to a revelation regarding his and your relationship.

Chapter Notes

The middle section is a dream. Just so people don't get confused.

ENJOY THE FLUFF.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

By the next dawn, you had awoke and were currently changing into your stereotypical Alien with a blunt shirt and another pair of black pants.

It was nice to get into clothes that didn't smell like a campfire, unlike your poor rocket outfit, which you wore when you went into the fire. You're starting to think that wearing that shirt is bad luck for you. You got mauled in it and got stuck in a fire in it. It might be time to pick up a new shirt.

You'll probably have to throw it away anyways. Smoke stench doesn't come out as easily as one thinks it should.

But, no matter. You would rather loose one of your shirts than one of your friends any day. You finish slipping on your clothes and outfit as you ball up the burned and smoke-embedded outfit as you chunk in into the trash. It was sad to see your rocket shirt go, but it had to be done.

Maybe you'll find another shirt to replace it! It would have stars or a cosmic pattern! Nothing to cry over really. You still had two outfits. It was no big deal.

You stretch as you exit your room and began to make your way down toward the kitchen for a delicious breakfast.

Currently, it was 8:32 in the morning. A nice brisk morning in the city to just go down and have some pancakes~!

You walked through the memorized hallways once more as you make quick headway to the foyer. Your thoughts were running rampant with ideas and looming fears of meeting Black Hat today. He was probably still pissed about the stunt you pulled on him yesterday, strangely though, he didn't immediately get out of his office chair and begin to strangle you silly.

Or at least bite you or something...I mean, he already gave you two different sets of scars from two different body parts. Why not add more to the pile? Maybe he would rake you with his feet this time or...do some freaky shit with his eye. Like...stare you to death or something?
You squint in confusion at your own accusation.

Now that was just silly...unless he could shoot lasers from his eyes or something? Was that even possible? Hopefully, you wouldn't have the misfortune of finding out.

You happily stroll down the stairs, in a blissful mood this morning, as you merrily stroll in the kitchen. Only to come to a complete stop when you ran into the strong scent of coffee and the sound of crumpling newspaper.

You came to a stop in the doorway and a neutral expression quickly overtook your happier one as you saw Black Hat sitting at the table sipping a cup of black coffee. Despite there being a fresh warm brew on the counter, it seemed that Black Hat had...chilled his cup of coffee? *What?*

You simply shook it off and walk into the kitchen like normal, preparing to make some breakfast for your housemates and possibly for Flug too, if he's awake that is.

Without a word, you grabbed a bright red apron that had 'Hell's Kitchen' written on it in black with little devil horns and a tail occupying the logo. You strapped it to your waist with great ease and popped your knuckles.

*Time to get cooking!*

You began to warm up the oven and stove top and began to prepare to make some of your delicious fluffy pancakes and couple it with some eggs, bacon, tender hashbrowns, and biscuits with gravy. After a few moments of preparing, breakfast was underway and you were beginning to whisk some eggs.

Out of curiosity, you looked over your shoulder briefly. Seeing Black Hat glaring at your back from over the newspaper, to which when he saw you catching him doing so, he huffed and put the newspaper between you and himself. You rolled your eyes at his childish behavior.

"Good morning, boss." You said simply. "I noticed that you didn't turn up for dinner last night. I got pretty worried." You continued, pouring the whisked eggs into the pan to make scrambled eggs.

You heard him grumble angrily from over your shoulder.

"Is there a reason you didn't turn up for dinner? Not hungry? Too busy?" You prodded, now rapidly peeling a few small potatoes in the kitchen sink.

You heard mumbling before a raspy voice responded.

"Decided to get 'take out' instead." Black Hat grumbled, nonchalantly waving his hand.

You obviously caught the ominous tone in his voice and gave him a confused stare over your shoulder before you shrugged and continued to peel the potatoes. You worked around Black Hat in a brisk silence after that. Cutting the hashbrowns to ribbons before throwing them into an oiled pan to crisp up.

You had long since put the biscuits in the oven and they were rising quite nicely, the gravy was also coming along well. The bacon was then put on a nice warm pan and the sizzle brought back memories of home. Your real home, back on Earth. Back when you would cook just for yourself.
It was almost relaxing to cook again. It was kinda harmonic, just like picking up a wrench or plotting out some blueprints. It just felt productive and right to do so.

Black Hat, however, was watching your little escapade with a dash of annoyance. You would swing your hips around from time to time and hum some tunes that were unfamiliar with him. He rolled his eyes and made a disgusted sound at the display. But, if he had ears, he would'ave swore they would'ave twitched the moment the bacon started to sizzle on the pan.

He wouldn't say that he was hungry. As he was still feeling the remains of his last nights' 'meal' still steadily processing through his body. His body wasn't ready to consume flesh once again, because he might get sick as he's still trying to break down what was left of that pathetic Salador. He mustn't overfeed.

So, today, he'll just pass breakfast and see if his body has a desire to feast again around dinnertime.

"Would you care for some breakfast?" Black Hat blinked as he found you staring at him from over your shoulder, flipping pancakes while you were at it. Black Hat shook his head.

"No. I'm still full from my last nights' meal." He said simply, going back to reading the paper.

"Geeze...what did you eat? A buffet?" You muttered, continuing to make smaller portions, as you were only going to be cooking for 3, possibly 4, people.

"Well...you could say that...hehehe~" Black Hat ominously cackled as you looked at him in confusion and nervously face away from him to refocus on the task at hand.

A few short minutes later, 5.0.5 came waddling into the room, greeting you with a happy squeak and a firm hug.

"Oh! Good morning to you to, 5.0.5! I swear, it's so good to have you all back home. Breakfast is almost ready! Have a seat and I'll get breakfast done as soon as I can!" You happily hug the bear and get back to cooking.

5.0.5 almost would'ave immediately sat down if it wasn't for Black Hats' presence at the table. The bear turned timid in the blink of an eye, slowly getting into his chosen seat and tended to avoid eye-contact with Black Hat.

Which annoyed Black Hat to an extent.

Then, there came a familiar hissing as Dementia scurried into the kitchen from along the walls. She immediately dropped down and was by your side in a heartbeat, startling you greatly with her sudden appearance next to you.

"Yes~! Food!" Dementia cackled, eyeing the food with a demented and excited gaze.

"Dementia! Please don't do that!" You laughed slightly. "You had me frightened for a minute there!"

Dementia, with great glee, instead decided to climb up on you. You were shocked at that behavior as well, but once Dementia found the right counter balance for her weight, it was fairly easier to move with her perched on your body. It was a weird sensation, having a full grown woman on your
back. Still, you just didn't want to let anything damper your mood today.

So, you just let Dementia perch on you as you walked around the kitchen. It no doubt made you heavier, but you would deal with it. She could climb on you all she wants. Because if you don't let her, she would just get her sick kicks from getting a rise out of you. So, you just let her be.

"I definitely see that you have gotten stronger, Dementia. You're beginning to look and act like your old self again!" You stated, flipping some pancakes onto the cooling rack and when the last one was flipped into the air, Dementia caught it in her hand and began to munch on it.

"Yeph! Begfnt to whi feefh betder dis mornipf!" She attempted to explain with her mouth full of food. But, it was obvious that she was saying 'Yep! Began to feel better this morning!'.ch was good, you surmised.

Black Hat narrowed his own eyes in slight puzzlement as he observed you walking around the kitchen with Dementia clinging to you like a parasite. If that was him, Dementia would've been thrown halfway across the room by now. The dumb girl.

Yet, you don't seem to be bothered by it in anyway. Either you have a high tolerance for annoyances like Dementia, or you are just putting on a show to flaunt him up. Either way, Black Hat doesn't like it. He let out a hiss, startling 5.0.5 while he was at it, the poor bear whimpering and leaning out of his stool slightly.

However, the hiss happened to catch the attention of Dementia. Who looked over her shoulder and gave the demon a flirtatious grin, to which she quickly swallowed the rest of the consumed pancake.

"Oh~? Getting jealous, Blacky?" Dementia purred, winking at the man in black. Black Hat quickly grew defensive.

"Don't you dare call me 'Blacky' EVER again, Dementia!" Black Hat snarled. "And NO. I am not 'jealous'. I am annoyed by the fact that (Name) hasn't thrown you off yet!" He growled.

You turned around, Dementia turning with you, not taking her gaze off of her love interest. You gave Black Hat a flat stare.

"Because, she isn't doing much harm up there, Black Hat. Just because you can't stand it doesn't mean another person can't endure it better than you." You explained before turning back around and taking all of the food off of the stove top and out of the oven, with a very tricky balancing act preformed by Dementia to boot!

"But, enough of that. It's time to eat!" You exclaimed, much to the joy of 5.0.5 and Dementia. Black Hat was still as unamused as ever.

Dementia crawled off of you without another word, grabbed a plate, and began to make quick rounds around the dishes. Picking up what she wanted and quickly slithering over to the closest spot next to Black Hat, much to his chagrin and your internal pleasure.

5.0.5 had come over and picked out a few hearty portions of each item before heading back to his spot. Shimmying into his seat and getting comfortable before beginning to devour his own food.

Black Hat was wearing an annoyed face as Dementia was back to her old promiscuous ways. By
trying to tempt him to bite onto the other end of the bacon that was hanging from her lips. He just gave her a sneer and went back to reading his paper. To which Dementia huffed and took the entire piece into her mouth and began to munch on it.

You were also eating, having a fair portion of pancakes, eggs, and such. You would happily munch away on your food and would look around occasionally. Shortly after this, you were going to go an check up on Flug, make sure his equipment is fine, check the skin cell serum, and see if Flug is back in the world of the conscious yet. He has slept for a pretty long time.

But, seeing his schedule with Black Hat, he could sleep all he wants. He deserves it.

It was nearly a half an hour later whenever you had finished your meal and so have the others. All stuffed with a good amount of food and treats.

You let out a sigh as you stood up. Stretching out any left over kinks and stiffness as you prepared to go and visit Flug.

"5.0.5, I know I asked you to do the same task yesterday, but can you please clean up the dishes? Leave some of the food out for a little bit longer. I need to check on Flug and see if he's awake." You state, walking towards the exit.

"Thank you, I hope you understand!" You say as you leave the confused bear, annoyed demon, and swooning fangirl alone in the kitchen.

... "Do you wanna drink your coffee from my lips~?" Dementia flirted.

"I would sooner tear them off your face then drink from them." Snapped Black Hat.

The two voices were accompanied by a worried whimper.

--

Flug found himself stumbling through darkness as he walked.

He looked around in confusion, finding nothing was around himself. Except for some falling embers that rained down from above. Falling like orange and yellow stars from the void of nothing that was above himself. Looking up, the dark sky was flickering with embers. Like fireflies, they twinkled.

They rained down on him, some touching his skin, but leaving no burns in their wake. He continued to walk, his footsteps echoing off into the distance, as if he had just walked a large empty warehouse. He continued on, watching firefly lights flicker and die out in front of himself.

Flug called out into the void, getting no response. He called for Black Hat. He called for Dementia and 5.0.5. Nobody replied nor called back. He continued to walk on through the rain of sparks. He kept calling for his allies. Calling and calling.

He stopped to look around, seeing not much has changed. He called again. Listening intently to the darkness, waiting for anything to call back to him. Yet, nobody did.
Finally, he called for you.

He called your name loudly. Calling out that he was here. That to please answer him.

Then, the scenario began to change. The embers that fell from above were accompanied by the strong smell of ash and the embers started to get bigger and sting his skin. Flug cried out for help. Help from you.

For it was the last few things he could remember. He doesn't know if this is what death feels like. Alone, surrounded by the things that killed you in a black void. Still, Flug continued on, calling and calling for a rescue as the embers got bigger and began to start smaller fires around him.

Flug took quick notice and tried to sprint, but it was like the fire itself was alive. It followed him, keeping pace with his sprinting. Then, Flug began to hear the voices of people he knew at some point in his life. Voices of some being long since deceased. Flug felt tears spring in his eyes as he swore he could see some of those deceased people following him through the fire.

Images and sounds of a plane crash haunted him, the burning and the screams of those that perished in the crash. Voices of dead friends and relatives, Flug could only run with his masked head facing down and his hands covering his ears as he attempted to outrun them.

The fire behind him was now an inferno that wouldn't stop trailing after him. The shadows of the deceased were now surrounded in the blaze, faces alight with the color of sunsets. Flug found himself screaming for help, for anyone to stop the suffering. To stop the fire from eating away at him and from the dead from haunting him.

Tears dripped from his eyes and he gasped out as he suddenly tripped. Finding himself thrown against an unseen ground.

He cried out and clenched his eyes together tightly as he screamed and begged for a rescue. Tears ran down his hidden face as he covered his eyes with his hands, attempting to drown out and block out the images that were following him. Flug huddled down and began to hyperventilate.

He could feel the fire surround him and the hateful whispers grow closer. It almost felt like they were close enough to touch him.

He finally cried out and pleaded for a hero from within the safety of his balled up form.

Then, almost out of nowhere, a pair of hands began to wrap around his body. He jumped and clenched his teeth, his heart racing in his ears as he felt himself being picked up.

Then, a familiar and much more gentle voice spoke to him. Remembering those who he was calling out to earlier.

"Don't worry. If you can't pick yourself up, then I'll carry you." A soft voice said, surprising Flug to an extent.

Flug suddenly found himself being picked up off the unseen ground and into the arms of someone familiar. They had the only softest skin that Flug could remember touching, hugging, and feeling. He found himself being turned around and being held fireman-style.

Which gave him a good look at his saviors face.
Not surprisingly, it was yourself. Except, you were almost illuminated by an unseen light. You were glowing, your hair had a shimmer, and your eyes were their same strangely shaped selves. Just with a hint of a few internal sparkles that could make even the gemstone they looked like jealous.

Flug was stunned as he felt you began to walk, parting through the fire and wavering through the darkness. The fire had stopped following Flug as the glowing figure carried him away from the nightmares and his deceased tormentors.

His skinny frame was comfortably nested between your abdomen and arms. Pretty soon, the hurtful whispers of his tormentors subsided, giving him a peaceful bliss of mind. The raining embers had now changed to a much more closer resemblance to shooting stars, as when they would fall from the void a streak of white light would follow the source.

Pretty soon, Flug started to notice that a crunching sound happening every time you would walk. He looked down and was surprised to see that grass was beginning to show through the darkness. Emerald green blades were growing more vast as the smoldering darkness retreated to an unknown area.

Looking back up to the void sky, the white streaking lights were now accustomed with stationary ones. Giving the appearance of stars.

The further you walked with him in your arms, more things began to appear. Trees were now showing themselves. Falling leaves replaced the falling ash and grass was now abundant. The darkness was getting farther and farther away. Finally, Flug took noticed of you stopping.

He looked at you in confusion and was surprised to suddenly feel you bend down and place him on the soft grass. Needless to say he was confused, even more so when you sat down next to him.

When Flug looked around, he was surprised to see where you both were. As it appears that you took him to a hill that overlooked a very familiar city.

"H-Hey! That's Hatsville!" Flug exclaimed, pointing toward it. Seeing the trees and the distant sounds of the ocean from far away.

"Yep. It is. You remember? We were supposed to watch a meteor shower together." You spoke, looking at Flug with a dreamy gaze.

Flug found himself getting flustered and idly scratching the back of his neck. His heart rate was considerably picking up and he was beginning to become timid.

"I...uh...y-yeah. I remember! But, uh, wasn't that a platonic 'date'?" Flug mumbled, looking toward the sky once more, right before he felt a hand slither up under his bag and he felt his chin get grabbed.

He was then facing you again, looking at your expression at first and noticed your expression. He blushed furiously under his bag as he saw your tender smile and soft eyes.

"It can be...but what if one of us wants more than just a friend-date? What if we grew feelings for each other after this? Do you...think we could work?" You place another hand up under his bag and circle your thumbs over his flushed cheeks.
"W-What?! I-I, uh...I mean, wouldn't we...uh...have to say goodbye at some point...? I mean...you have a f-family, don't you? I-If you chose to stay with me...how would you go home? You're an alien after all...could we even work?" Flug muttered, feeling you hands release his hidden face and instead grip his hand.

"I would want us to work...if you want it to, as well. I wouldn't mind having you for my alien significant other." You say, gripping Flug's hand with a reassuring grip.

Flug stayed quiet and looked toward the void sky. Watching as the stars continued to fall and the stationary stars twinkled. There was a nice breeze up here, as the warmed wind would pass over his skin and through the wind in the trees a fair distance away behind them.

Flug found himself able to breathe easier as he watched the sky with you for a while. Looking off towards the city occasionally and back at you.

You seemed to be staring at the stars and would notice him staring, look over, and smile. Making Flug let out a brief squeak in bashfulness before he would look away. His heart would hammer in his chest and his palms would feel sweaty if he looked at you long enough.

Flug wasn't oblivious to what these signs meant. But, he was for sure not going to let it go unless he knew how you felt too.

He took in a deep breath and faced back toward you, an inner determination flaring to life. This caught your attention as you looked at him in slight curiosity.

Flug then picked up your hands and held them in his own as his breath shuddered for a bit as he gathered up most of his fragile courage.

"(N-Name). I have...known you for about a month. And you g-grew on me like...rust oxides on a car!" Flug stammered and the analogy caused you to laugh slightly.

"But...I do think...if we get to know each other more...that we can be something! I just wanna say...that I...would love to...t-to...h-h-have..." Flug began to stutter madly as his bashfulness began to take over.

You just silently place a finger where his mouth would be from under the bag. Effectively silencing him.

"I know what you're trying to say Flug." You turn to face him fully, leaning in slightly. "And just so you know...my answer is yes."

Without another word, you slightly lift up the bag, startling Flug while you were at it, and revealing his mouth.

Flug could barely process what was happening the moment you started to lean in, everything slipped into slow motion as you closed your eyes and leaned in closer to his mouth. Flugs' heart was in his ears, beating like a band drum as he found his body leaning in as well. Yet, his eyes stayed wide open.

Both of you drew closer and closer, faces barely inches away.

Then, once both of your lips were centimeters away from touching, a bright light suddenly began to
overcome Flugs' vision. Causing him to flinch away and squint. His vision had whited out as the white began to take over, he called out for you and began to feel around.

Yet, his hands touched nothing.

No grass and no you. He called out and called out. Yet, he was helpless as the whiteness overcame his vision and he felt himself falling from somewhere.

After the washing machine type of experience he had, he suddenly began to feel his body again.

Something was on his face, as he could feel it. He was somewhere soft and cozy, yet very familiar. When he moved, he cringed slightly at the feelings of pain that shot up his limbs. He continued to move and was still confused.

Then, he began to call out softly. Softly for you.

To which, he felt a hand rest on his own uncovered hand, he was slightly confused at who was holding his hand. To which, he decided to steadily open his eyes. He was steadily surprised to see a large crack in his vision and a lot of smudge soot all over his goggles.

He looked around, his eyes finally landing on the person that was holding his hand. His heart throbbed, seeing you again. This time, you weren't glowing nor had an exaggerated look to yourself. Your eyes didn't have that much of a twinkle, but they were still beautiful to look at, and your hand was about the same. Still soft as ever.

"Hey, Flug! How are you feeling? You've slept for almost 16 hours straight." He heard you say.

"H-Huh?" Flug said in confusion.

So...that brief confession was just...a dream? The fire, the harsh whispers, and...you, were all just a dream? He's been sleeping for 16 hours? When did he pass out? He could vaguely remember looking into your face when you ran through the inferno to save him...after that...not much.

He probably passed out when you managed to get out of the building.

Flug groans as he stiffly sits up in the bed. He looks around and sees that he's back in his lab. The fire and previous surroundings were no longer where he was. Let alone being in the area that was described in his dream with the dreamy version of yourself.

Well, at least he's alive.

Even if he doesn't know how.

"You must be parched and hungry! I'll get you something to eat and drink! Here. There's a change of clothes and a new paper bag and goggles for you. While I'm gone, feel free to change into these!" You grinned as you left his bedside.

Completely oblivious to the hand that mutely reached out for you when you departed from the lab.
You had immediately hurried off to the kitchen to get Flug something to drink and eat the moment he had woke up.

Seeing as he woke up later than expected, a few short hours after breakfast no less! Bad timing, indeed.

Most of the stuff from this morning was either eaten or had been put away in the fridge. Meaning that it was cold and would have to be reheated. Instead of doing that, you chose to make Flug a nice warm cup of maple and brown sugar oatmeal. With butter and a minimal amount of blueberries. Pretty much a favorite among yourself!

With the careful heating of milk and with a few seconds of preparing, you poured it into a cup that had a kitten with a paper bag covering it's face and the words 'Cat in the bag' written on it. The cup was ready to be served to your injured comrade.

You also got him a cup of apple juice with a stripped straw to go with it and began to make your way back to the lab and back to Flug.

It was quite relieving to finally hear him awaken from his slumber. Yet, when he was waking up, you could almost translate the mumbling he was spouting into calls that were saying your name. But, that was pretty impossible....or was it?

Did he think that he was still in the burning building the moment he woke up and was calling for you to respond? Poor Flug...he must'ave been traumatized by the experience.

You made it back to the lab entrance and politely knocked on the door to make sure that Flug knew you were coming in.

"Flug? Are you ready? I got you a drink and some food! I'm gonna come in, alright?" You shout and steadily open the door.

The moment you fully opened the door, Flug had finished adjusting the new pair of goggles on his brand new paper bag. The broken goggles and charred hat were set off to the side. You sighed out in relief. He looked so much better now that he was wearing cleaner iconic garments than the burning and broken ones.

You walked into the room and noticed that he had removed the oxygen nozzle from his face and set it off to the side, also having turned off the oxygen tank as well.

You walked to his bedside and offered up the oatmeal and apple juice, to which Flug took gratefully.

He took long consistent slurps of the apple juice, clearing his mouth of that itchy sandpaper feel and moistened down his throat, making talking fairly more easier. He also appreciated the straw that you provided for him. Apparently, you seemed to be observant of others' certain habits, him drinking liquids through a straw was one of them.

You just simply sat in the chair next to the cot and patiently waited for Flug to finish, all while not looking at him and making him feel awkward, so you took to checking the equipment and his vitals.
Flug had managed to take a few bites of the oatmeal, mostly finishing it, and pausing to breathe for a few seconds.

A temporary blissful silence took place for a few minutes before Flug spoke up.

"You didn't...see me...did you?" Flug asked, shyly. You looked at him in confusion.

"Huh? See what about you?" You gave him a puzzled look. To which when he silently pointed to the removed oxygen mask, a light seemed to click on in your head.

"Oh! No, I swear I didn't, Flug! I kinda figured that you wouldn't appreciate your bag being removed without your consent. So...I had to feel around your unseen face to get the mask on!" You explained, to which Flug gave you a confused look.

"It was really awkward, but I had to get the mask on somehow!" You shrugged. To which Flug looked away slightly, and laughed under his breath.

"Funny. I would'ave figured you would'ave took the opportunity to see my face." Flug muttered. To which you gasped in fake offense.

"Flug! I never thought you thought so low of me! Invade your privacy like a pilfering little child!" You mockingly said, taking up a slightly dramatic pose that involved leaning on the bed.

Flug rolled his eyes.

"Yeah, yeah. Okay! But, can you do me a favor?" You looked at Flug in slight seriousness.
"Can you fill me in on what happened? I'm kinda drawing a blank here...help a guy out?" Flug asked, to which you just smiled and nodded.

You began to explain everything to Flug. About you picking him up, the exits getting blocked off, and you jumping out the window like a crazy person. About how Black Hat saved you both from falling to your deaths, about you taking care of him, about the fight between you and Black Hat. Finally, you told him about the skin cell gun that would help with the burns that he sustained during the fire.

Flug was utterly flabbergasted at the window part and grew anxious to hear that you were fighting with Black Hat again. Yet, he was also intrigued with the skin cell gun that you had made for him. You were even kind enough to give him the recipe! Maybe he could learn things from that brilliant mind of yours.

Flug suddenly found his face heating up at those mental words.

I mean...you were brilliant. In some ways...in many ways. Flug felt a nice warm and fluffy feeling take up residence in his chest. It made his feet tingle, his hands sweat, and his face blush. He blinked steadily as memories of the dream version of yourself came back to his mind.

How close you were to touching...to kissing!

Flug felt his heart rate speed up, curtsy of the vital monitor beeping faster. To which he quickly removed the monitor wristband from his arm and calmed you down by saying he felt fine. Explaining that he was just excited from your story. To which you hesitantly accepted.
"Oh! Speaking of which! The serum should be ready to apply now! I'll get it ready!" You exclaim, standing up from your chair, walking over to the vault that contained the serum and without anymore words, began to piece it together.

Flug would watch you as you prepared the strange device from the cot.

He watched you move around almost effortlessly, in your short-sleeved Alien with a blunt shirt, and seemed to observe the way your body moved. How your hips swayed, arms motioned around, your hair shimmered, and how strangely soft you looked.

To think, that at on point, you carried him and he was cradled in those arms.

Arms that made him feel safe. An embrace that chased away every horror that he had to face in the dream. An embrace that told him with pure actions that he was cared for and valuable. They were something that made you, you. And he loved that about those embraces.

Flug suddenly connected something very important and it hit him like lightning.

He flopped back onto the pillows as his mind began to reel and short-circuit lightly as he tried to contemplate the revelation that was just proposed to him in his mind. Something that he never would've thought that he would ever experience in this line of work. Something that he thought he would never come across himself because of his social awkwardness.

He was glad that he dislocated the vital monitor, because he could feel his heart racing and his breathing sharpening.

With careful mental consideration, there was no other way around it. There was nothing else that could explain how he felt at that very moment.

To think he would fall into a situation like this. HIM. Flug Slys. A low-key grunt and scientist for a worldwide known villain.

Falling victim to something so emotionally embedded.

For Flug had not become a victim of a Hero, Villain, or an accident. It was probably one of the most least-likely things he would've been claimed by. Out of all the things in his line of work, all it took was one incident to make him into this.

Just one single shot out of many possibilities. One measly chance out of 500 trillion possibilities. Either he was lucky or just fortunate.

Was it fate? Was it meant to be? Was that what his dream was trying to tell him?

His heartbeat was rapid and his breaths were shallow as Flug finally accepted what he had grown feelings for.

And Flug knew what he was a current victim of. It was completely unmistakable.

*Flug was a victim of love.*

And he can't stop loving you nor caring for you. Not after that incident.
He just hopes that he doesn't get hurt in this perpetual game of emotion and trust.

Because he was hurt by it a few times before. But, maybe you're different.

You're an alien after all. Who knows?

_Even though things would be different this time._

Chapter End Notes

*Input Villainous cackling here*

Flug knows what love feels like, but he doesn't know squat about alien courtship. As for those that want some Black Hat love bits, don't worry! No official relationship gets established in this book!

But, his comes fairly later. *coughsecondbookcough*

Black Hat needs a chance too, you know! (Even if he constantly takes two steps backwards every time he takes a step forward.)

Here's my Tumblr: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of


Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy


Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
Many Minds

Chapter Summary

You and Flug finally agree to go see the meteor shower on, slight, platonic terms.

Dementia and 5.0.5, having been blackmailed, enter a partnership to see that you both get together.

Black Hat is hungry and wants a taste.

Chapter Notes

We're at the halfway point people! After this, all that's left will be the climax and the ending!

Sad, but true! I'm thinking about cutting it at 45 or 50 chapters. But, we'll see. We'll see.

The further along we get, I MIGHT post a day, skip a day, then post again in a pattern. Or just tank it like I always do. Enjoy it anyway!

The day continued on as normal.

With the exception of you taking care of Flugs' wounds, of course.

It took a bit of effort to get him into position, to which he was strangely quiet throughout the whole process, but you managed to get him flat on the bed so you could have easier access to his injuries.

Using the skin cell gun on Flugs' wounds, while Flug jumped from the coldness of the blue liquid that was being sprayed on his burns, you carefully applied it to the worst of his injuries. To which Flug sighed in relief after the cool liquid was applied to those areas, the stinging pain and constant heat from the burns finally being fought back by the coolness of the liquid.

While he began to relax, you would search out for more wounds. Slightly feeling and grabbing around his body for any reactions. Probably not the kinda reactions you were expecting, as underneath the bag, he was turning pink and flustered.

Thankfully for himself, he didn't have to talk during the whole process. He would just nod his head when a place burned or ached or shake his head when he didn't feel anything painful in a certain area.

You would look for any abrasions on his skin from any burns. Lifting up is pant legs, his short sleeves, and looking under his legs. Thankfully, he didn't seem to have any major burns that would
ceaselessly cause him agony. Nor were there ones that were too severe for the treatment. Which was a relief in itself!

With a couple more spraying sessions, Flugs' injuries were treated and now it was all a matter of time before you could give him his second dose of skin cells.

It wouldn't take long for the burns to recover with this technology. Which would probably only take 3 or 4 days.

Which was great! Because that meant that you and Flug could get back to work and maybe work on some projects together! I mean, a scientist and an engineer working together on a project! What will you two make with teamwork?! A *man-driven mech*? A *hovercraft*?? A *jet pack*??!

Something alien that's for sure! The combination of your technology and Flugs' intellectual brilliance, you guys would be a great team!

You squirmed with contained excitement, causing Flug to look over at you in a confused state from his temporary bed. Probably mentally questioning your sudden eager behavior.

Then, something mentally clicks as you began to remember an event that you almost seemed to have forgotten that you asked for.

There was a meteor shower coming this week. A 'date' in other terms. The memory of that incident was enough to make you flustered. Flug just straight asks you to go watch a meteor shower with him. You can't help but feel that he did a similar mental tactic like your own.

Back when you asked him to go stargazing with him.

Of course, he did explain why he did invite you to go to the meteor shower with him. With Black Hat selling your potent blood and him admitting to it when you confronted him about it. So, you already knew why he asked you to go see a meteor shower with him.

Still. The cat is out of the bag. Would he still want to go see it with you?

You mentally pondered this. Placing a hand upon your chin as you mulled it over in your head, your thinking posture was obvious to Flug, as he watched your behavior alter from giddy to confused and finally changing to a thinking expression.

Obviously you were having some kind of mental debate with yourself. To which he just patiently watched, slightly worried from his vantage point.

Back within your mind, you thought long and hard about any motive that Flug would have to randomly say that in place of not telling you the truth on the spot. He did say that it was the first thing that came to his mind. But, he just guessed that it was because he had recently heard about it that same day and just relayed it to you in that form.

You took a deep breath and looked over toward your injured companion, to which he came to attention as he saw you look over to him.

"Let me guess...you have something on your mind?" Flug asked, placing his hands together over his abdomen.
"Yeah, pretty much." You sighed, sitting back in the chair and looking at him with a face of unsettled discontent.

"Mind telling me what's bugging you?" Flug questioned, looking toward you with a curious gaze.

"Um...well...I've been thinking about what you asked me to do on that night when we were on the roof." You explained. Flug giving you a brief confused look.

"About the meteor shower that's coming this week? Don't tell me you forgot about it!" You exclaimed, to which Flug suddenly sputtered.

"U-Uh? I, um....I guess? So much has happened in such little time...I guess I was just too occupied to notice nor remember." Flug laughed shyly.

Unbeknownst to you, he was pink and flustered in the face the moment you brought that up. Ghost of the dream he had filtered through his mind. Images of the void sky being lit up by streaks of white light and both you and him watching them together.

Was it a prediction? Would that dream become reality? Would you both get into a...no. He knows how you feel. It's nothing major. Even if you WERE feeling something, it's not on the same level as his affection. To you, you both are just friends.

But, still. Would they want to...be in a relationship? Flug could feel his heart ache at the obvious answer. That you would have to go home. Leave them all and return to your planet of origin. If you both got into a relationship now, it would make all of the other participants of long-distance relationships envious.

Flug was brought back to reality when he hear you huff and look away briefly.

"Anyways. I got to thinking about it...and...would you still want to go see the shower? I mean...we don't have a motive to go, ever since you confessed to Black Hats' scheme that involved my blood being made into a potent poison. You admitted to saying that to cover up the truth because you were scared." You muttered, facing forward once again.

"So...would you like to go see the meteor shower with me? As an accomplice?" You ask, looking at Flug with a sincere smile.

Flug felt his heart skip a beat.

His face was burning up, probably looking like an apple by now, and he began to stutter uncontrollably. His imagination was running wild. Thoughts of the dream being a prediction, the 'date' comments, the thought of having private alone time with you that had nothing to do with work.

"I-I-I, uhhh....I--um." Flug skipped in his speech like a broken record, causing confusion and slight worry to take grip within yourself.

"Flug, you can say 'no' if you want to. I just figured that since you're not hiding anything and the motive for going being gone, I figured that we didn't have to go if one of us didn't want to go see the meteor shower. I was just asking if you wanted to attend it. As friends!" You tried to defuse his stuttering episode with that comment.

To which it worked, but for the wrong reason.
Once ‘As Friends’ was stated in that sentence, Flugs' feelings fell down into a void of emotional agony. Causing Flug to internally cringe.

The notorious friendzone. The back-breaker of all aspiring relationships. Ranging from disinterest, incompatibility, or just straight up manipulation. However, once he got over the emotional thrashing of the phrase, he took one long good look at you.

Your big unusual eyes, soft appearance, personality, and all around posture didn't make you as threatening in anyway. Those eyes of yours shimmered with care and homely feelings. Not a spark of malice or aggression danced around in your gaze. Unlike Black Hats', whose gaze held so much burning anger that it could melt steel.

He's already seen Black Hat shoot a laser from his eyes and kill a bird that landed on his fence before. So, he DEFINITELY prefers to stare into your softer-looking eyes, rather than the cold unforgiving glare of his boss. Heck, you even didn't get angry with him whenever he admitted to lying to you!

So he already knew that you weren't a malicious type of person. Let alone a manipulative type. Which begged the next question.

Compatibility.

He already knew of your compatibility with himself, no doubt about that. You both liked the sky and the stars. You loved to talk about science and engineering, your favorite things, your own distinct interest, and different possibilities and scientific works. Just like him!

If you both were condiments, you would be jelly and he would be peanut butter. So, it obviously wasn't compatibility issues.

The last was much more self-conscious. Interest in himself.

Interest was hard to point out, but if he had to say anything about interest, it seemed that you liked to hang out with him the most out of everyone in the household. Also with 5.0.5, when the bear would come around on his break or would visit in between his work shifts. Which was good for a platonic friendship.

But, whether or not you're interested in a relationship, a romantic one, is kinda placed in the dark. You said you both could go watch the meteor shower as friends, but are you saying that just for his sake or out of fear of some rejection from himself? He'll have to ask you at some point.

Which will be difficult for him, as his social awkwardness will probably hinder him from asking those type of questions clearly and obviously.

But, It can also go both ways. He could break your heart, but you could also break his. He could be interested in a relationship and you wouldn't be and vice versa with any other situation that he could think of.

It's a doubled-edged blade.

But, seeing you right now, after risking your own life to save his own, he knows that you care
deeply for him someway or another. He was most certainly willing to take a chance.

He finally refocused and steadied himself enough to respond to your question.

"I...I would love to go see the meteor shower with you, (Name). I have a great spot that's not known by many of the locals. It's a nicely hidden place where we can watch the show in peace." Flug nodded his head, giving an unseen smile as well.

You seemed to sigh out in relief.

"Oh good. I was waiting patiently for your answer. You seemed to clam up there for a minute. Gave me a scare, that's for sure!" You laughed before clearing your throat.

"But still, I'll be willing to go anywhere you think would be a good spot! Seeing as I, uh...don't know much of the layout in this city." You shamefully scratch the back of your neck. You've been here for a month and you barely know anything about the city you lived in.

"But, it would be nice to just have a day out! Show me all of the things this place has to offer! Show me some of the sights, the hot-spots, and such! I'm an alien tourist after all!" You laughed even harder, making Flug shake his head.

"I'm glad to see you still being yourself...even after all of this time, (Name). Even this far away from your true home." Flug muttered and closed his eyes in temporary content.

"I'm glad you didn't die in that fire, Flug. I couldn't imagine trying to take your place or someone else taking your place. There will be another day and there are plenty of replaceable things. But, I guess you're the only friend I have on this planet. Aside from Dementia and 5.0.5 as well. But, you get what I mean." You say as you pat his bed gently.

Flug could feel himself blush once more.

How wonderful it is to have met you. How he managed to get a platonic date with such a great person, he'll never know.
But, he is probably one of the most luckiest scientist in the world as of this moment.

Yet, during both of your conversations, two figures were hanging out in the entry way to the lab.

A giddy girl and a large animal-like figure were hidden in the doorway, watching the touching scene before them.

--

Dementia looked through her binoculars again to get a close up view on the action before her.

She was all giddy when she was on her way to the lab and she had apparently picked up a confused side-liner as well. That being the big blue bear that was currently by her side in the doorway, peaking around the corner and mimicking the lizard girls' stealth tactics.

Dementia wasn't bothered by the bears' presence at all, as she was currently too busy watching her favorite ship set sail over the sea of love.

Her excitement was evident through her wiggles. As it almost appeared that she was writing on the
spot from giddiness and pent up energy that was blossoming from the scene that was currently unfolding in the lab.

You being Flugs' caretaker, completely going against the ban that Black Hat had set on the both of you while you were at it, just to see the love of your extraterrestrial life! Obviously, you could deny it all you want, but Dementia smells ROMANCE bursting forth between you two!

Your story, while very convincing, still held true to your undying passion for the bag-headed nerd!

Eavesdropping on you both while you talked about attending the meteor shower together was just proof in the pudding! You do wanna date Flug! So, you're asking him out "as friends", so that you don't have to fear rejection! What a clever plan to get close to your soon-to-be alien boyfriend!

All of this was just the perfect storm!

Dementia quickly retreats back out into the foyer, the bear following her in curiosity. To which Dementia turn around once she reached the middle of the room and wrapped an arm around the bear, pulling him down to her height. 5.0.5 let out a semi-started squeak as he was pulled down and jumped at the expression that Dementia was giving him.

It was pure and uncontrolled eagerness and, from deep within those demented eyes, lied a sinister plot. Which caused the bear to wince.

"Listen up, goody-two-shoes!" Dementia demanded. "Me and you got a mission~! A spying mission that involves getting those two together!" Dementia grabbed the bears' cheeks, lowered his muzzle, and pressed her face against the bear, looking into the poor creatures' big worried eyes.

The bear croaks out in a state of confusion. To which Dementia separates their face from the bears' and gives him a slightly annoyed look.

"Don't you understand?! We need to get them together! They were simply meant to be! When they go out into town, we'll follow them! Make sure everything goes accordingly! Before they go, however, we need to make sure that Black Hat is occupied! I can handle that in one way or another~" Dementia cackled.

The bear makes a series of motions with his arms, showing body language in a variety of ways. Such as a scary face for Black Hat, a pummeling motion with his paws, and then moving his paws apart. Stating the obvious consequences of what would happen if Black Hat catches them assisting in Flugs' and (Name)'s disobedience with his rules.

Dementia blew a raspberry at that notion.

"I know the risk of being beat up by Black Hat and being confined to my room for the of the day from me 'disobeying' Black Hats' orders, you silly bear. But, we all have to take risks in some things! And this is the perfect opportunity to get Flug and (Name) to spill out their feelings for each other! Black Hat orders or not!" Dementia giggled.

5.0.5 stood there with his paws on his hips, giving Dementia a slightly disapproving stare. Then, he made a series of grunts and paw motions. To which Dementia gave the bear a appalled look.

"What?! No! (Name)'s disobedient habits aren't rubbing off on me! Where would you get that idea!?" Dementia shook her head.
"Whatever! But, I will see to it that the two nerds get together! For someone that has denied Black Hats' orders and direct instructions repeatedly, in favor of someone repeatedly, they are OBVIOUSLY in love with that bag-head!" Dementia put up her hands and clenched them, dramatizing the pose.

"They went against the most feared villain on our planet, repeatedly! For what? Loopy rules? Revenge pranks? No! Most of that was for Flug! Well...except the night they got mauled by Black Hat...even Flug didn't know about why they did that prank until later." Dementia changed her posture, now placing a finger on her chin in thought.

"They do have a nasty habit of not obeying the most vicious of all villains on this planet. Maybe they just don't KNOW how scary Black Hat can get?" Dementia began to loose track of her current topic.

"I mean...they ARE from another planet. One that apparently has no heroes or villains. Ha! Imagine that! A planet without heroes or villains! Talk about strange--uh? What?" Dementia was brought back to the present by the arm waving of the cyan bear.

The bear makes a few more squeaks and motions with his paws.

"Oh, yeah...got a little sidetracked there." Dementia hummed. "Anyway~, me and you are gonna be partners that are going to see a romance bloom between Fluggy and (Name)~!" Dementia decided, much to the bears' worry.

5.0.5 made a few more motions and grumbles.

"You are going to be my partner whether you like it or not, bear!" Dementia scolded. "Or, I can go to Black Hat and tell him that you are the one that eats up all of his favorite snacks during the night when you think nobody is watching~?" Dementia threatened.

The bear gasped and waved his paws around, shaking his head from side-to-side. The ursine whined a bit, lowered his head, and held out his paw.

To which Dementia grabbed it with barely contained glee and shook it up and down.

"Heheheheee~! This is gonna be great! First of all, don't worry about Black Hat. I will think up a way to keep him distracted the whole day by something other than my beautiful self~!" Dementia cackled.

The bear smacked his face in slight agitation.

Already regretting accepting the partnership between himself and the delusional woman.

--

Black Hat was currently in his office.

Which was cleaned, tidy, and organized finally after all this time. His personal treasures were organized and not crooked or askew from their normal positions. The room itself felt normal once more. Deserted, haunted, and gothic could be a few descriptions used for the feel and the atmosphere of the room. Like a demon lived there.
Intimidating would also be a good useful word for the rooms' atmosphere and the only living being present in it.

Black Hat was currently sorting through bills, paperwork, and adding the corporations and names of the people that ran the party to his black list. Permanently banning them from his wares and services.

Black Hat has always been known to hold grudges against those that cross him. Sometimes, when he's really angry, he hunts them down and does them the same way that he did to Salador. Speaking of which, who was already finished being absorbed into his system. Black Hat was beginning to feel hungry again.

Not only that, but his blood thirst was coming back as well. Salador was only useful for a day anyway.

Black Hat was stamping some papers when he felt another hunger pang hit him. He wasn't starving by no means, yet, the thirst he was feeling right now just continued to grow into a bothersome need.

Then, a sinister thought had crept into his mind. Thoughts of your blood passed through his mind.

Just thinking about it was enough to make his mouth water. The nice tang from your blood.

The blood that sent shivers running down his spine! That quenched his thirst for lesser blood like Saladors' blood. While filling, it didn't have the flavor that yours did. Nor did it come anywhere near his desire for higher quality blood. Your blood was otherworldly. It was delicious.

To think that there is a planet full of your people, all with that same blood taste--!

Black Hat found himself loosing focus on his work and paused briefly. Some of these documents were important, he didn't need to not be paying attention and agreeing to something that is just preposterous or wrong.

He growled.

This hunger was nothing but a bothersome ache and he needed to get rid of it if he wanted to finish his work on time. After a few options mulled around in his mind, none of it sparked his desire to eat. But, his mind kept ricocheting back to yourself.

When was the last time he tasted your blood?

Was it 2 weeks ago? A week and a half ago? The memory is fuzzy. But when he thought of your blood, his mouth began to water. His appetite flared and his teeth began to ache.

He knew what his body was wanting. It wanted your blood again.

Who was he to deny his body of what it wanted? It was wrong to starve yourself anyway.

He sat there in the darkened office for a bit. The tinted windows preventing any of that bothersome
sunlight from impaling his eyes with light and giving the room an eerie red tint to it. He mulled around in his blackened mind for a bit as his body demanded nutrition once more. Much to his annoyance.

But finally, he made his decision and thought up a plot. A nice quick one.

Simple in the shortest of terms.

He'll just make his food come to him.

Without waiting any further, Black Hat had shifted in his seat, moved some things off of his desk and straightened up. His hunger only grew further as he put away finished documents and filed them. Once that was done and out of the way he pulled over the intercom button and microphone.

"I might as well try out my other private technique on the alien. Just to test to see if it works like it does on mortals here~" Black Hat said in a sinister tone, just as he pushed the intercom button.

"(Name), I don't care where you are, who you're with, or what you're doing. Report to my office immediately. Also, this isn't about anything regarding the ban or anything you have done. Do NOT keep me waiting." Black Hat announced and lifted his finger off of the button, effectively cutting off the microphone.

Now, with that done, all he had to do was wait.

Then, he would finally have something to eat. And his private technique would assist him in getting a full fledged meal without any resistance or harm to himself or the fragile alien minion.

He was drooling just thinking about it.

Black Hat grew even more alert whenever he heard footsteps approach his office door and the knob to the large double doors begin to turn as someone prepared to enter. He couldn't help but let a large cheshire grin engulf the entire lower half of his head and his stomach growled in response to his eagerness.

Black Hat flicked his tongue out and caught your specific sent coming from the other side of the door. His eye turning into a thin slit from his anticipation.

Food's here.

Chapter End Notes

Uh oh! ANGST IS REARING IT'S UGLY HEAD AGAIN READERS!

But, don't worry. It's slightly mild, so it doesn't ruin the fluffy puffy feelings you are all having right now.
Still, be worried.

Because Black Hats' 'technique' can be a dangerous thing! You'll see next chapter. ;)

Here's my Tumblr: https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/
Also FANART

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of

Letsallbecalmchaps =

Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy


*NEW* Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/166156779979/cosmica-galaxy-this-is-how-i-imagined-that-scene#notes

Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
To say that you were confused would be an understatement.

You and Flug were having a great time talking about your expectations on the meteor shower when the intercom clicked on and Black Hats' gravely voice rang throughout the entire manor. It caused you to flinch at first, surmising that he had saw the heartwarming spectacle and decided to ruin it or reinforce the ban between you both.

Yet, he spoke about how you needed to report to his office on grounds that weren't about what you were doing or who you were with at the moment. He just told you to drop everything and report to his office immediately.

Flug was almost instantly worried, but you just comforted him briefly. Explaining that you would return probably with a new assignment or something. As he did say that it had nothing to do with anything you did.

Which piqued your own personal interest. As you can't really think of anything that Black Hat would want you specifically for. All you could think of was a task, preposition, or some simple errand. Still, you exercise caution with Black Hat. For he's quite unpredictable.

You say farewell to Flug and began to head out of the lab and up to Black Hats' office.

Completely oblivious to the two figures that watched you depart up the stairs from the entryway to the kitchen, also completely puzzled at Black Hats' unusual behavior.

You continue up the stairs, down the hallways you've now memorized, and began to close in on the office entrance.
But, that's also where you began to feel...off.

There was something heavy in the atmosphere that was pressing down lightly on your body. It felt
like the equivalent to walking through ankle-high water. You knew what this meant, as you have studied a fair amount of things in your science-oriented collage.

This was the body's way of saying that something wasn't right. A random bought of instinct were bleeding into your mind. You could feel it, but you didn't know what was causing it. But, your body had sensed something that your mind simply can't pick up on and it's reacting to it.

Even without any conscious effort.

You slow down as you reach the large dark-wooded double doors. Guarded by frightening statues shaped like gargoyles and devilish creatures.

The moment you stop in front of the door, your body reacted to the heavier atmosphere and goosebumps formed all over your skin. The hair on the back of your neck stood on end and you couldn't suppress the shiver that shot through yourself.

You were having second thoughts about going in there and facing him, right after you told him what you thought about his rules and such. He might just be luring you into another bout of punishment and pain.

You flinched slightly as phantom pains surged through your back and the bite that was present on your triceps. You took a fairly deep and calming breath, attempting to halt your body's instinctual reactions to the ominous air around you.

You gathered up your courage and steadily turned the nob.

The air around you became electrifying as you creaked the door open and swung it into the room, cautiously walking into the dark room.

The room itself was dimly lit, with the exception of the rose-tinted windows shimmering with deluded sunlight, giving the atmosphere an even more intimidating feel as it filtered in through the window and gave the room a red-colored atmosphere.

The furniture within the room was caked in darkness. Showing only their silhouettes from within the shadows. The lights in the room did nothing to brighten up anything, like slider lights that were set to the lowest possible setting.

The room temperature was below lukewarm. Cool, but not cold. It was still enough to chill you, though.

Yet, you continued on. Walking down the red carpeted isle to the desk present at the end of it. Currently occupied by your eldritch of a boss. When you arrived, you were confused to see that there was no chair present for you to sit down in. Black Hat having removed it prior to your arrival.

So, you just chose to stand there, waiting for your boss to speak up.

Black Hat was present at the desk, his head angled down, allowing his hat to cover his eyes from behind the rim. He himself felt off. Just like the rest of the atmosphere from within the room. You stood there patiently, before clearing your throat.

"I'm here, sir. What did you want to see me about?" You asked, attempting not to vocalize your
unease.

You heard Black Hat hum as he parted his hands from under his chin and placed them on the surface of the desk. Then, he began to steadily tap the surface. That being the only source of noise between you two.

"Finally." Black Hat muttered. "I was getting...impatient." Black Hat growled.

"Um...sorry? You did call for me out of the blue, you know." You cocked your brow and tilted your head. He hasn't even looked up at you yet. You cross your arms in an attempt to chase off the chill that has gripped you.

"Yes...I did. For a good reason too." Black Hat shifted, sitting straighter, but kept his head down. A short silence followed.

"And...what would that reason be, sir?" You nervously question, shifting on your feet slightly as the rooms' atmosphere grows heavier, making the hair on your neck stand on end.

"I'm glad you asked, little alien~" Black Hat purred and a sudden sound startled you.

You looked around quickly, finding no source of the sound. You look toward Black Hat once more, finding a large toothy grin on his face. You felt great unease as the only thing that made that growling sound was Black Hat.

"As you can hear, alien. I am hungry." Black Hat said nonchalantly, waving one of his gloved hands without looking up. To which you neutralized your gaze.

"Did you bring me all the way up here so that you could make me go get you something to eat?" You deadpanned, allowing your hands to fall to your sides.

"Oh no, (Name)." Black Hat growled, his head steadily tilting upwards, revealing more of his face. "The food is already here."

Before you even had time to react to the words that he said, Black Hat suddenly looked up and made eye contact with you. His visible eye was a vibrant red and there was a sudden flash that blinded your vision. You squeeze your eyes shut in response to the assaulting light.

Yet, even from behind your eyelids, you could still see the vibrant red that was once in Black Hats' visible eye. In an attempt to reopen your eyes, you squeezed and blinked a few times to chase away the red in your retinas. Once it did manage to subside, you fully opened your eyes and noticed something else that was off.

Your body wasn't responding.

Your jaw wouldn't relax from the instinctual flinch, as it was still clenched shut and it wouldn't budge at all. Your neck was locked up too, along with the rest of your body. It seemed that...whatever Black Hat did, completely locked up your body and only allowed you to move your eyes, allowed you to breathe, and allowed your heart to continue to beat.

You looked around in slight fear, as your body felt like it was stiff as a statue. You heard the chuckle of your boss and remade eye contact with him. Finding that you couldn't speak or even furrow your brow in anger at him.
He was looking at you now, his eye back to its' normal white eye with a single black slit in it.

He steadily stood up from his desk, walked around it, and placed himself in front of you. It was nerve wracking to not be able to move at all, especially when your boss circled around you and you couldn't watch nor look at him when he walked out of your sight.

"Interesting." You heard Black Hat say, as he circled back to your front. "It seems that my medusa eye works even on aliens." He stopped in front of you.

"Oh, don't worry. You're not stone or anything. It just paralyzes you. Allowing you to only breathe and look around. With the exception of the heart, as well." Black Hat snickered with a sinister tone.

He uses his hand to brush through some of your hair, exceptionally freaking you out. He also seemed to either be lost in thought or staring off into space as he did so.

"Do you know what I actually used to do with my medusa eye, alien? It used to assist in a past hobby of mine back when I wasn't a retired villain. Many heroes fell to it and wound up in a same state like you. Paralyzed and helpless. For only I could reverse its' effects." Black Hat cackled, retracting his arm from your hair and going back to circling like a shark once more.

"I started a collection, actually. A gallery of paralyzed heroes used to decorate my halls. All in nice pristine glass boxes, posing and breathing. Like living statues. It was an art that I excelled in. I even had a maximum of 12 at a time." Black Hat monologued the story, much to your disturbance.

"Eventually, the all passed. One by one. From starvation, dehydration, and bodily failure." Black Hat muttered.

"My medusa eye was never perfected, working only as a stunner. Never fully turning my victims to statues that I could place on my lawn or preserve them in glass caskets. I surmise that is the reason why Medusa turns her foes to stone. So that they last for decades at a time. Without dealing with rot." Black Hat sadistically chortled.

"I had to get rid of my, once wonderful, collection of paralyzed victims as soon as I discovered that they had passed away. Didn't want to deal with body decay and rotting carcasses. So, I dumped the bodies in their respective areas. The areas they used to protect when they were alive. Hahaha! The news went ballistic!" Black Hat laughed, seemingly cherishing the dark memory.

You could only listen to the horrific story from Black Hats' past. Hearing him walk back around once more, stopping right in front of you.

"But, don't worry, alien. I would never do that with you. You're much too valuable. Much more than those 'heroes' ever were." Black Hat leans in slightly, an intimidating leer present on his face.

"As I said before. You have brought both prosperity and strife to my manor. I expected nothing more than basic engineer work the moment you arrived, but I was wrong for judging your character much too quickly. I never expected a alien-born mortal would hold so much value within their own skin." Black Hat explained, looking down to your neck and such.

"Liquid gold present within a living being. I never would'ave thought that...but when I got a taste that night...I began to crave the liquid gold myself." Black Hat grinned, showing off all of his razor-sharp teeth.
The sound of growling sent a shiver skittering down your spinal cord.

"And as I said before, I'm hungry. My blood thirst was reawakened after I located our little 'friend', Salador. I dealt with him prominently and...efficiently." Black Hat chuckled, allowing some of his green drool to drip past his teeth.

You easily put the pieces together. When he mentioned that he got 'take out' that night you made dinner, it was obvious what he had done to his victim. You felt instant shivers and goosebumps form over your skin.

"I don't really care if you don't like this or not, my body needs blood. It needs it now." Black Hat closes in and you internally scream.

He steadily wraps his arms around you, but you knew that this was anything but a hug. It was for grip, as he begins to scout out a place to sink his steak knife teeth into. He studies the neck, flicking his forked tongue out a few times to seek out the strongest place for him to feast.

Once he did find the perfect place to bite, the external jugular vein, he began to process the course of biting. For he didn't tell you that some of those heroes didn't die just from dehydration and starvation...but from blood loss too.

He had to exercise caution or you would bleed out and die.

He would probably have to do it in a vampiric way to get the blood out, using only his first-most teeth. Steadily puncture and simply place his mouth around the wound and drink whatever bled out.

To which, he took aim and sank his front teeth into you without warning.

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You would'ave jolted or shouted out in pain as you felt 3 of those steak knife teeth sink down into your neck. Effectively puncturing it.

You felt the teeth go in deep and your body respond by vaguely twitching. It felt like a bee was constantly stinging you on the neck in three places, if your face could move, you bet that you would be recoiling from the pain that was going through you at the moment.

Instant flashbacks from the night that Black Hat mauled you and almost bit your triceps off ran through your mind like a movie. The excessive bleeding, the pain, the torment, and the beatings. You would'ave trembled if you could. Still, between that and this, you would prefer this rather than being mauled again.

You internally flinch as Black Hat removes his teeth from your skin and almost immediately, blood rushed out of the wound to the beat of your heart.

You would'ave jumped at what happened next if you were mobile, as Black Hat placed his mouth over the wound. It was cold as a tomb when it touched your skin. It made you quickly wonder if he could even produce his own body heat.

Yet, the event that was happening right now quickly overthrew that thought, as you listened to
Black Hat gulp a mouthful of your blood.

You stood there, still as a pillar as Black Hat tightened his grip on you, effectively digging his concealed claws into your shirt. Gulping down mouthfuls of your blood, Black Hat kept his grip on you as he pressed closer. Keeping his mouth over the wound.

While you weren't enjoying this at all, Black Hat was relieved and pleased that blood was freely pulsing into his mouth with a controlled pumping. The medusa eye preventing your heartbeat from skyrocketing and spurting out too much blood.

He happily kept his mouth over the wound, swallowing mouthfuls of your liquid gold. Tingles were coming back to fruition on his spine, giving him that tingly feeling that only your blood could give him. Swallow after swallow, his hunger was steadily eased and he began to gradually feel fuller.

He couldn't hold back a few grunts as he tightened his grip on your back and keep drinking. He kept an eye on your skin color and vitals, just to make sure that he wasn't bleeding you dry.

The tingling felt good. No, it felt GREAT.

Better than any wine, better than any treat, and better than anything that has been on this planet for his whole life.

Alien blood, unlike the disgusting green or yellow that humans feature in their movies, yours was an appetizing red. And it was quickly becoming Black Hats’ favorite treat.

After a few more gulps of your delicious blood, Black Hat began to have the sensation of being stuffed. With that feeling now present, Black Hat quickly released your neck, the blood would still pump out of the wound, yet Black Hat had already sorted out a solution for that.

With a couple of saliva laced licks from his tongue, the wound began to steadily slow its' blood flow, before stopping completely as the saliva assisted in clotting up the wound. He leaned away from the neck and observed his handy work.

The wound was safely clotted up and the skin was slightly pale, but not life-threateningly so. You were looking a little dazed and frightful. But, otherwise, you were fine.

Black Hat then pulled out a red handkerchief from his sleeve and wiped his mouth clear of any lingering blood splatters. Placing the cloth back from where it came from, Black Hat took a nice steady breath, his hunger was now gone and his blood thirst was quenched.

"That was delicious. I'm not so hungry anymore." Black Hat said, observing your dazed look as you refocused on him.
"I know you're going to be angry with me, but I have a...preposition for you. I think you might wanna take it." Black Hat smugly said.

Then, his visible eye turned into a ghostly green before flashing you.

your eyes were overtake with the color green and before you knew it, your body relaxed and you immediately fell onto your butt. Black Hat not attempting to catch you or anything. Lying on the floor like a dead fish as you steadily reached up and rubbed your eyes to get the green color out of them.
"Guhh.....Black Hat...what the fuck was *that*?" You mumbled as you lay there on the floor, slightly dizzy.

"Me feeding on you, obviously." Black Hat said, carelessly. "Take this first time as punishment for back-mouthing me earlier yesterday." Black Hat growled.

You continued to rubbed your eyes until your ears caught onto what he said.

"Wait. *First Time*?" You looked at him in slight bafflement.

"Oh, yes. That preposition that I'm going to offer you." Black Hat hummed, leaning on his desk slightly as he looked down toward your collapsed form.

Black Hat then clears his throat.

"So. You badmouth me and tell me that you're unsatisfied with my rules and regulations. And do you think that you can get away with talking to *me* like that?" Black Hat glared.

"Um...no?" You guessed, attempting to pick your head up slightly.

"Well I have dealt with unsatisfied customers before in the past, like that pain in the ass Captain Hook, but we always manage to come to some form of agreement. So, I'm going to offer you something so that I can get something and you can get something. As it is the skill of a villainous, or any salesman, to know how to trade." Black Hat purred.

You thought it over for a brief moment.

"So...what's the deal?" You asked, curiously. Finally finding the strength to sit upright on the floor.

Black Hat gives you a large and toothy grin, as he notices that he has piqued your interest.

"I will lift the ban and will not put anymore regulations on your social life with anyone within the household...only *IF*...you allow me to drink from you every two days." Black Hat offered.

You sputtered at that and were about to talk smack, but you paused and began to think it over.

"But...what about the transfusion that I am supposed to do every week for the poison?" You asked.

"We will do it in the morning or midday. That will give you time to recover for transfusion." Black Hat explained.

You began to think it over.

On one hand, if you refuse, he'll probably just enforce the ban and make sure that you stay away from Flug at all cost. On another hand, you would pretty much be free to do whatever you wished without any bullshit rule to keep you pinned.

As well, this could be a great opening for yourself and for Flug as you can go watch the meteor shower with him without any bothersome hindrances from Black Hat. You carefully ponder your choices and breathe out a sigh.
Welp. You would rather loose a lot of blood than have to jump through hoops and shit with Black Hat.

"Fine. Deal." You accept and steadily pick yourself up and off the floor, with Black Hat sitting there not doing anything. But you figured it as much.

Black Hat was wearing a victorious grin, despite the fact that you struggled to get up and off of the floor and back on your feet. You would have to get used to that because that's what you're gonna feel like after the deal starts to take place.

"Oh. And no resisting or fighting back during the feeding process. I want a meal. Not a damn injury." Black Hat warned as he walked behind his desk and sat back down in his chair, looking over at your wobbling form in slight disinterest.

"Oh...um...okay." You muttered, finally balancing yourself.

"You're free to go. I got work to do." Black Hat muttered, pulling out the papers from earlier and began to look them over once more with a much more focused gaze.

You nodded and steadily, with a little bit of difficulty, and made it to the double doors. With some willpower and strength, you opened the door with little to no trouble and stumble out into the hallway.

Once outside, you closed the door and sighed out heavily. At least you weren't eaten alive like...Salador was. It could'ave been worse.

You felt the pain in your neck intensify and you attempt to rub it away, only to gasp and let out a brief shriek of disgust as your hand was covered in a slimy film.

"EWW! NASTY!" You exclaim, pulling your hand away from your slobber covered neck and you violently attempt to shake it off.

Disgusting!

Next time, you're bringing a towel!

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You manage to walk to a nearby bathroom and wash off the filth that was sticking to your neck. It was appalling to clean off your boss's green slobber from your neck, to which its' nasty coloration made it look like you had spilt green food coloring over your wound.

Thankfully, the wound had clotted and wasn't bleeding out, but it left three prominent indentures in your skin. Like 3 little agitated coin slots. Slightly covered in dry blood and, before you cleaned the wound site, green slobber.

Now, you were on your way back to the lab and Flug to get the site disinfected and patched up.

It was kinda of a big relief to finally get Black Hat to see your way, even if you did have to make a deal with him to get him to recognize your suffering. Still, its progress with him at least. A deal is a deal.
I guess you're just gonna have to get used to being lightheaded from now on. Which obviously sucks, but not being able to see your friends suck even more.

Whatever.

At least Black Hat is off your case for a while.

After a quick face wash, and neck wash, you clean up and dry off. Then, you leave afterward. Continuing on your way to the lab without anymore set backs.

You walk down the many halls of the mansion and your thoughts begin to catch up with you.

You just endured a paralyzing gaze, a bite, vampire-level of assault, and you make a deal with him after all of that. What the fuck is your life? You really appreciate being able to talk to aliens, visit their planet, stay in their house, and see their own personal technologies and such.

But, Black Hat is proving to be quite the hurdle to jump over. He's giving you scar after scar of things he does to you. A bite on the triceps, a raking down the back, and now a neck bite. You momentarily pause in your mental thinking.

'Ooh crap. I hope people don't mistake these markings as something else!' You mentally panic.

You cover the three marks out of embarrassment and try not to think about the new scars on your neck. Worst yet, these will constantly be reopened every two days! When they do heal, they will be very prominent scars. Great.

You sigh as you begin to descend the stairs to the foyer and begin to head into laboratory.

As you walk in, you could see Flug taking a nap. Probably exhausted from his injuries. You don't mind. He doesn't look like he gets a lot of sleep anyway. He can sleep all through the meteor shower and you wouldn't be mad.

You walk over to the counters that were present in the lab near the chemistry set and you began to look through the drawers and cabinets, to which you found some disinfectant and a bandage patch.

With a bit more searching you found a packet of cotton swabs. After that, you gathered up your supplies and headed to the labs' bathroom. To which you set all of your medical aid on the sink counter, shut the door, and looked into the mirror.

You pour some disinfectant on a cotton swab and spread it over the afflicted site. It stung, but not as strongly as when Black Hat sank his teeth into your skin. You kept applying the disinfectant and flushed out the wound. Just in case!

When you felt that the injury wouldn't sting anymore, you carefully apply two large patch bandages to the 3 slit-like openings. With the wound covered, you double checked the area and saw just light scrapes from the teeth that weren't used to puncture your neck.

Once you were finished, you gathered up the supplies and left the bathroom.

Placing all of the medical equipment back where you found them.

Then, you heard Flugs' bed move. To which, you looked over to see him awake and quietly
watching you. Though, his gaze looked to be that of disapproval and slight worry.

"I see that you're sporting a new bandage. Care to tell me how you got it?" Flug questioned, to which you approached his bedside again and sat down in the chair next to the bed.

"Uh. Well. Black Hat and Me managed to reach a...compromise." You explained, keeping your eyes away from Flugs' slightly worried ones.

"A compromise? About...the ban...between us?" Flug asked, slightly bewildered.

"Yeah, that. As well as a few other things involving stupid rules like that." You replied. "But, we decided to do a trade. I give him something and he gives in return."

Flug almost seemed astonished by that.

"W-What?! You entered a deal with Black Hat?!" Flug sat up, looking very worried now. You just give him a very confused look.

"Why? It wasn't like I traded my soul or anything. It was something that is constantly replaceable." You shrugged. To which Flug steadily laid back down.

"Oh thank, uh...evilness?" Flug looked off to the side slightly before shaking his head. "(Name), I swear you're crazy."

You playfully laugh.

"Oh, come on. I did what was best for us both. He promised to stay out of my affairs and not put any insensible rules on me, but only if I hold up my end of the bargain." You say.

"What did you trade over anyway?" Flug asked, giving you a slightly confused look.

You just smile.

"Don't worry about it. It's nothing too serious." You promise, to which Flug narrowed his eyes at you in suspicion.

"Anyway. It's time for your next douse of skin cell treatment." You said.

"While I'm doing this, I'm gonna tell you all about our achievements for better technology on my planet!" You promise and pick up the skin cell gun and start to treat Flug all over again.

"This isn't over (Name)! I still wanna know about it!" Flug demanded, only to get a playful glance in return. He rolls his eyes as you pick up his leg.

At the moment, your mind was alive and buzzing. Thoughts on the week ahead and with your regained freedom, you almost feel elated to be free from the eye of Black Hat.

You sigh out in contentment.

That was probably the best deal you ever made.
*Casually judging all of the Readers that thought something naughty was gonna happen in this chapter...*

Kekekekekeee~
A little bit of a dark story from the past and now the ban is broken! More Flug fluff inbound for future chapters~!

300 Comments and 750 Kudos~?! That you so much for loving my story! I'm glad so many people like it!!!

= ~~~~Also FANART~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of


Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy


Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/166156779979/cosmica-galaxy-this-is-how-i-imagined-that-scene#notes

Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
The following few days went on as expected.

You would assist in Flug's recovery. Giving him a daily dose of skin cell treatment and in a matter of 3 days, he was up and walking without any pain coming from his wounds. Which were healed up nicely and none were too severe enough to leave any permanent scarring.

You not only assisted in getting Flug better, but you also held up to your end of the bargain with Black Hat. Allowing him to bite into your neck and drink as much as he needed. Thankfully, you wouldn't feel as woozy like the first time he did it.

Possibly meaning that he was much more starved when he did it the first time.

It was still painful to deal with. Having constant steak knives stabbing you every two days didn't feel good. But, thankfully and kinda unfortunately, Black Hat would seal the wound with his cold saliva.

To which, you started to bring a towel and disinfectant whenever you both participated in that often ritual.

Black Hat was kinda offended that you brought disinfectant with you that time, to which you explained that it was for safety. He just rolled his visible eye and grumbled something about mortals being weak and 'queasy'.

The ritual has been completed for the second time and soon to be a third as tomorrow Black Hat expects his next feeding. But, today was a grand day!

Flug has mostly fully recovered and has began to move around much more. Not only that, but the meteor shower was tomorrow.

Which means that both you and Flug will be going out together soon.

You were currently working on a project in your room. Surveying the blueprints that Flug threw away from about a week ago.

And you were right about what it was featuring. It appeared to be a jet suit of some kind. A
personal side project of his, possibly? You do know for sure that he likes planes an obsessive amount. Thankfully, this technology has already been developed on your planet.

This could be an excellent surprise for Flug! You'll develop it out of the lab and bring him to it once it's finished! You bet he would like it...but it looks almost as if it's gonna be time consuming to make...especially in your room.

Despite that fact, you continue to work on a piece for the jet suit.

You worked away at the vanity that was now covered with a protective tarp, in an attempt to at least lessen the damage, and you were currently sorting out some colored wires. After a few sparks and technical welding, you sat back and lifted up your protective goggles, seeing a complete and functioning circuit board for the jet suit.

Now you just have to make another one. As you plan on making one for yourself and one for Flug. Which was gonna take a fair amount of time and effort, especially if you plan on keeping it secret for a while. But, you didn't mind.

It was worth it anyway.

Without further ado, you continued to work on the circuit board for the jet suits.

A little bit later, the sun was high in the sky, signalling high noon.

You had set aside the next batch of circuit boards and some wiring kits that would be implemented on the jet suits. You observed the diagram once more and sat back and stretched. You had checked on Flug earlier this morning, finding out that he had managed to return to his room to rest up.

It was relieving to know that Flug had recovered a lot since the horrible skyscraper fire. To which, you shook off the memories. It would only raise those negative thoughts that occurred during those times.

It would be more beneficial if you just push those thoughts away and never brought them up again. You both are okay. That's the good thing. Focus on the positives, like always.

You look at the blueprints once more and study the diagram. You seem to have managed to make only the circuit boards for the main terminal. It was gonna take a lot of effort to make two of the suits by yourself.

Not only that, but you also had to get Flugs' size, some fiber mesh for the clothes, and you would have to learn to implement body heat absorption to help power the suit itself.

To prevent failure and such while in the air, the suit will most likely have to run off of electricity. Charging from body heat and the sun would be much more reliable and safe than relying on fuel alone. Plus, it was environmentally friendly!

So, you had to make heat absorbing mesh and also find a way to implement flexible solar panels into the suit. Probably on the back, sides, and underside of the flyers' body would be the most effective.

Not only that, but you also have to make helmets with com-links in them and visors that can prevent the sun and excess light from blinding your eyes while in flight.
You would have to take every precaution to make sure that safety is guaranteed when you take these out for their flights.

You sigh out and sit back in the roller chair and stretch, groaning out in relief when you felt your back pop. Relieving some of the stress and pain from your stiff back.

You look at the clock and see that it was about **1:15** in the afternoon. The sun was high in the sky and the light was shining through your windows without any hindrances. It was also fairly cloudy, as a lazy cloud would pass in front of the sun, providing brief shade from the ball of fire that was in the sky.

It was a good day.

A good day to work. Nobody was hurt. Black Hat and yourself had reached an agreement and started a fair trade of blood for freedom.

For once since you've been here, everything just felt right for once. It felt cozy. Like you could do anything and for once, your homesickness was fairly lifted. This manor and its' people began to feel like a family and home away from your real home.

This is probably what it feels like for rich people to have a second vacation home.

You were brightly smiling as you stood up from your chair, stretching and listening to the roomba clean up the mess that you had made on the floor.

You look down at your little friend, now sporting a pair of googly eyes, and you lightly laugh. It was a good idea to put those googly eyes on it. It will never fail to make you laugh at this rate. Looks kinda cute too.

But, enough of this.

You need to get down to the lab and gather some materials to make some flexible solar panels for the outfit that you plan to make. Plus, you need some wire threads and a needle to make some fiber mesh and comfortable fabrics. Probably something for molds too.

You depart from your room and begin to head downstairs. Your mind wondering about the meteor shower that was going to occur tomorrow.

Flug and yourself would probably head out early. So that you can spend some time playing around and actually getting to know the city.

You haven't been out in so long! Not since you went with Flug during that one grocery trip. The night you were mauled by Black Hat.

It would be good for you to actually go out and breathe a bit. For this manor, even if it was a pretty big house, can't *constantly* house a person. For it will begin to feel claustrophobic. A day out in the city with a friend...that's a good idea. You can just feel it!

You have noticed that you have a bounce in your step the moment you reached the foyer and began to descend the stairwell. It appears that you were in such a good mood that your body was showing subconscious signs for it.
You smile brightly as you head over to the lab entrance to gather up some of your needed supplies from said place. You'll probably say hello to Flug while you're here. There's no harm in doing that.

You head into the lab, kinda surprised at what you see when you walk in.

--

The moment you walk into the lab, you were greeted to the sight of Flug at his workbench, seemingly working on a project of some sort.

Flug seemed to be so concentrated that he hadn't heard you walk in. From what you noticed, anyway.

You walked further into the laboratory, completely enraptured from what Flug seemed to be working on. You approached the working scientist as quietly as possible, attempting to not disturb his workflow by intruding.

From what you could see from quietly peering over his shoulder, you could see that he appeared to be...working on a robot of some sort? It looks like a miniature version of Black Hat. Except it was wearing a bowler hat, it had two eyes, and seemed to have a lack of feet. Sporting a single wheel instead.

Yet, the robot seemed to be in a high state of incompletion. As most of it's innards were exposed and the frame around it still lacked metal casings and sheets to hide and protect the cogs, wires, and electronics from within the robot body.

It was kinda amazing for Flug to recover and start to make something so fast. Let alone something on this scale of creativity! Pfft...and he said that your spybots were impressive. He was probably saying that to spare your feelings at the time.

You quietly observe. Watching Flug wire, weld, and implement objects into the...robot Black Hat.

However, your observation was semi short-lived as Flug seemed to have needed something and turned around, shouting out in surprise as he finally took notice of your presence. His own shout caused you to jump as well, your mind finally processing that you had unintentionally snuck up on poor Flug.

Flug quickly grabs his chest and leans back against the workbench, taking quick breaths as he attempted to lower his own heart rate.

"(N-Name)! Don't do that!" Flug scolded once he got over his brief faint heart attack.

You nervously rub your neck in brief shame.

"S-Sorry! I noticed that you were working on something and I didn't want to break your focus. I didn't really think of the fear factor part of doing that. Hahahaha!" You shyly laugh, scratching your neck.

"Well, please! For future reference, please announce your presence!" Flug said, muttering something else that sounded like 'I get enough of that from Dementia.' as he walked off to fetch the
item that he seemingly needed.

"Will do! But, now that you know I'm here, what are you working on?" You say curiously, approaching the workbench and getting a closer look at the dormant figure lying on top of it.

To which, Flug got what he needed and came back to the workbench.

"This is Hat-Bot! It's going to help around the lab and watch the place while you and I are gone on our...d-date." Flug explained, placing the microchip that he retrieved into the opened chest of the robot.

You were intrigued by the overall design of the robot, looking at all of the parts and such. There were some things on the robot you didn't properly understand. The complexity of the circuit boards and the accuracy of the parts to the blueprints tacked on the wall was astonishing! Flug must have done this all by mathematical accuracy! Amazing!

"Wow...and you said that my spybots were impressive. I couldn't make this even if I had 5 days to work with it! Yet, you manage to get it done in a period of 16 hours! Your intelligence is completely remarkable, Flug!" You praised.

To which Flug looked away from you slightly and blushed a bright red from underneath his bag.

He's used to Black Hats' constant not impressed attitude and self esteem destroying comments, Dementias' disinterest and bothersome tendencies, and 5.0.5's clumsiness and lack of understanding in the ways of science.

But, to actually have someone understand what you say...to appreciate his work...to praise his intellectual prowess...it made Flugs' heart soar like the planes he loves so much. A single dollop of appreciation. Flug was almost proud of himself, allowing his long-since deflated ego inflate a little.

He's been without praise, congratulations, and admiration for so long...it's almost alien to hear it and feel it again.

Heh. Something alien coming from an actual alien that looks like a human.

Flug mentally sighs out in infatuation.

He has long since accepted the fact that he's smitten with you. That his affections are just getting stronger and stronger the longer he stays with you. The more he gets to know you. Seeing you interested in his work, smiling brightly, and being just overall bubbly warms him from the inside out.

"Well...I can make things like this. But...I don't think they would be as realistic or polished as your works." Flug sheepishly defended, as he uses one of his hands to grip his arm. A habit he has.

"Oh, come on, Flug! My stuff was small scale and they weren't even that advanced. Anyone could make them." You say, making eye contact with Flug and instead of a self-conscious expression on your face, you were wearing an amazing smile.

"I-I....uh?" Flug stuttered.

"I mean, really! Flug, you are a genius!" Flug could've sworn that your eyes seemed to sparkle
while you were talking about him.

"You can make gamma ray guns! Ray guns in general! Heck, I don't even know what else you can do at the moment, but I can for sure tell you that your abilities can go deeper than that!" You exclaim, eagerness obviously in your voice.

Flug could only stand there as his face got redder and redder from embarrassment and his own personal swelling emotions.

You break eye-contact momentarily, looking away slightly.

"And...it kinda infuriates me to see you beat yourself up. To lay claim to things that weren't your fault to start with. Seeing you so anxious and nervously all of the time, despite what you're capable of...it kinda upsets me." You mumble.

"But, just to let you know. Whenever you begin to doubt anything of your intelligence...always remember." You remade eye-contact with Flug.
"You're smarter than an entire planet filled with 9 billion people. Nobody on my home planet is as smart as you are." You give him a comforting grin.

Flugs' mind almost seemed to collapse in on itself as his hidden face turned as red as a beet. If you look close enough, you might be able to see steam come out of his head.

He turned into a stuttering mess and suddenly hid his face behind his gloved hands. Stuttering out incomprehensible phrases as he attempts to realign his scattered mind. Your kind expression just made his feelings skyrocket and now he was just embarrassing himself by stuttering out nonsense in front of you.

All of those social skills and such had failed on him as he could only hear himself mutter and say gibberish.

When he managed to peek out from behind his hands, all he could see was an oblivious and confused expression that was etched across your face.

"I-I...I'm...f-flattered!" Flug stuttered violently, as he tried to recuperate himself.

"Well...sorry for making you incredibly flustered! Do you want to continue to work on Hat-Bot?"
You questioned.

Flug had managed to at least form some sentences, the stuttering was coming in less and less, allowing for him to speak up and reply to your question.

"I...uh...yes? I...need to finish it today." Flug muttered, his flustered nature still gripping him strongly. You seemingly nod to him.

"Then, do you want me to go? I just needed to get some things from down here anyway." You say. Flug silently ponders something, before wringing his hands together shyly.

"Do...you want to help me? I could...teach you some things about this technology." Quicker than when Flug said that, you had looked up to him, your eyes sparkling with contained wonder and excitement.
"Really?! You would teach me some of these things?!
You cry out, eagerly bouncing in place.

"S-Sure! If you want to learn some things...I can teach you some techniques and how some of our technology works." Flug tapped the tips of his pointer fingers together, attempting to at least keep himself calm and not catch onto your contagious energy.

"Thank you! Thank you!" You happily bounce, your energy effecting Flugs' own personality.

"Y-You're welcome!" Flug instinctively said.

Shortly after that, both of you began to finish up the new robotic addition to your family. You would write any codes that Hat-Bot would need, silently thanking yourself for attending computer science classes, and Flug would prepare the microchips and data banks for the robot.

You would supply the wires and mold metal for the casing of the robot. Flug would weld the pieces together and would make sure that the hatches to access the inner workings would function. Not only that, but he would line the meta sheets with a protective rubber that was sprayed on from a can.

Making the robot mostly waterproof.

Then, the robot started to come together. The innards were safely hidden within tough titanium casing, the electronics were in place, and the body was waterproof. The coding and motherboards functioned perfectly and no wiring was crossed.

You would stain the metal their respective colors and Flug would screw in any item that needed to be screwed in. Be it batteries or circuit wires.

Whichever the task, both of you kept up a steady pace of teamwork and effort.

Finally, just a short 3 hours later, the robot was complete.

The robots' voice box was the last thing to be put into place and after that the hatches to it were sealed. Both you and Flug were covered in a fair amount of grease and such. Both of you also seemed to be out of breath, looking at the product of your labors.

You and Flug approached the dormant figure, with one quick look over from Flug, he turned to you and nodded.

Giving you the sure sign that Hat-Bot was finished.

"Are you ready?" Flug asked. You took a steady breath before looking toward Flug and nodding.

"Ready as I'll ever be!" You eagerly bounced in place.

"Okay then...here goes!" Flug said.

Without missing a beat, Flug reached under the bowler hat rim and the sound of a button could be heard being pressed. He stepped back for a bit and the sounds of whirring cogs and the cooling fans turning on filled the silent room.

You both held with baited breath as the start up sound filled the room. Soon after that, you and Flug witnessed the body on the table move and the eye lights flicker to life. An electronic moan
could be heard clicking to life as the body began to react and move.

Without a further delay, the robot sat up on Flugs' workbench. You couldn't hold back a surprised gasp at seeing the robot actually physically moving on its' own. Without any input or anything. It was moving like it had a mind of its' own!

To your own surprise, the robot looked over into your direction. Almost seemingly reacting to your gasp.

In return, it tilted its' head in confusion. Then, it spoke.

"Are you...my creators?"

--

The robots' first calculations to being online for the first time was to study its' surroundings. Silently recording and mesmerizing the area around it.

Yet, a peculiar sound reached his audio receptors and his head turned over toward the source of the sound.

There, he found two humans standing. Information that was previously inserted into his memory core stated that the two humans in front of him were allies and...his creators.

They both had strange appearances to them. One was hiding his face under a paper bag and he was seemingly a scientist, judging by the lab coat he was wearing.
The other one that seemingly gasped...looked strange, even to his computed eyes. They definitely weren't of the same linage as the human hidden under the paper bag was.

His body tilted his head slightly, giving him a rather confused posture.

A brief eye scan identified his creators. Their names appearing in digital text above themselves in his high definition vision.

Flug Slys and (Name) (Last).

The names of his creators. To which he mentally backed up and stored the data in his memory core. After that, he dug through his mind and managed to find his language data files. There was a brief flicker in his vision as he connected his voice module to his language files.

After a brief moment, a clicking sound was heard and words appeared in his vision once again. Giving him a text note that stated his voice module was online.

Time to test it out.

"Are you...my creators?" Hat-Bot spoke.

A brief silence took place before Flug stepped forward. Nodding in confirmation.

"Yes. We are." Flug said.
"We're glad you're online, Hat-Bot." Flug gave the robot an unseen smile.
You, however, we more ecstatic about greeting the robot. Because the next thing Hat-Bot knew, you were in close proximity faster than he could process it.

"Happy Birthday, Hat-Bot!" You exclaimed, startling Hat-Bot and causing his servos to lock up briefly. Pretty much the robotic form of a 'jump'. "It's your first day of living! Glad you could be here!" You shout, eagerly bouncing away and back to Flugs' side.

"I...uh...I'm glad to be...alive?" Hat-Bot said, mostly confused at what's going on.

Flug nervously cleared his throat and placed his gloved hands together.

"Hat-Bot, I have a few specific tasks for you to do. I need you to practice these things that I'm going to show you." Flug explained. "Can you stand, Hat-Bot?"

Hat-Bot began to process the information for standing functions, to which he scooted his body toward the edge, allowing his wheel to be placed out in front of him. Then, he began to steadily inch his way off of the workbench.

Placing his wheel on the ground, Hat-Bot attempted to stand. Information for stabilization gyros flashing cross his vision. Hat-Bot was slightly confused about the information, attempting to move his wheel without falling flat on his face was difficult.

He attempted to keep his balance, but wound up falling rapidly forward.

He had expected to hit the ground or something similar, but instead, he landed against something that was plush and soft. When Hat-Bot lifted his eye shields, he found himself in the arms of the engineer. Who was once hyper, but was now looking at him in a state of worry.

"Whoa! That was close! You okay there?" You asked, to which Hat-Bot pauses and steadily nods.

"Do you want some help finding your balance?" You question.

After a brief pause, Hat-Bot nodded. To which you smiled and shifted him around. Grabbing onto his metal claw hands, you began to steadily lead the short robot around the laboratory. Keeping a semi-firm grip on him when he began to lean too far forward or too far back.

But, you were patient. You helped him and pretty soon, the little robot began to get used to his single wheel body.

Flug watched with a warm feeling in his chest. Seeing you walk around with Hat-Bot to help him get used to walking brought on happy memories of a time that has since passed. Like a parent that helps their kid ride a bike without training wheels for the first time.

In fact, you remind Flug of many parents and siblings that he has seen around the city. The manor being set up near some local neighborhoods, it's not surprising to see some parents teaching their kids some skills. Whether its' playing a sport, catch, or riding a bike.

You seem to just radiate this parental and encouraging nature.

It's hard to tell whether or not you have experience with kids or younger people.
I mean...you're quite encouraging.

Saying that he's smarter than a whole planet of people, 9 billion in fact, it was quite...self-esteem boosting. You're enthusiasm when encountering new technology and such...it reminds Flug of a time that he felt that way. So strongly about science and using it to help people.

But then, Black Hat broke him.

But, watching you pace around the place and constantly have this energy radiating throughout your whole being...it feels like it's rekindling that long-forgotten spark. When his job wasn't just about work and making ends-meet. Back to a time when it was his passion to partake in scientific affairs.

Flug watched as you let go of Hat-Bot and clapped when the little robot did a spin on his single tire, stating happily that he can manage to walk on his own in pure electronic glee.

Flug watched the scene and felt his heart swell, yet, he had to temporarily move it out of the way.

Hat-Bot has tasks he needs to learn before the day is over with.

Flug clapped his hands as well when Hat-Bot did another spin and took off his hat, almost as if he was showing off. Surprising you with black trimmed metal that was present underneath the bowler hat, it was even styled to look similar to hair. He plopped his hat back on before you could get a great look at it, however.

Flug continues to get all of you back on track.

"Okay, okay! We need to get down to business! Hat-Bot, please come here. I have tasks for you to practice.

Hat-Bot let out a sad-sounding whine before rolling over to Flug.

_Time for training._

Chapter End Notes

LoL, Reader and Flug are parents. XD

Hope you guys like Hat-Bot! I'm trying for the first time to write him, hope he's good!

~~~~~~~~Also FANART~~~~=

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of


Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-
has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy


Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/166156779979/cosmica-galaxy-this-is-how-i-imagined-that-scene#notes

Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
Chapter Summary

You show Hat-Bot the ropes and he meets all of his new housemates.

Chapter Notes

=OFFICIAL CHAPTER ORIGINAL MUSIC BY Z_RETRIBUTION!=
"Hat-Bot Lullaby (Music Box)" - https://vocaroo.com/i/s0NPZpKFx6yg

So, now you peeps might understand why it has took a little bit for me to update~!
Thanks to the kindness of Z, a selected few chapters will get it's own official OST!

Enjoy the fluffy chapter~!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The day kept ticking on by and you were growing more and more attached to Hat-Bot as the day goes on by.

Flug was currently teaching the robot what to do. That being making sure the equipment was kept at a certain temperature, what certain sounds and alarms mean, what to do with paperwork if any come in, how to file said paper work, what tools repair what, and Flug finally showed Hat-Bot his schedule.

Flug also gave him warnings and what was dangerous to his body.

Which was the typical electricity, fire, and great heights. Flug also stated that Black Hat himself might be a hazard to the robot.

Hat-Bot was attempting to take it all in. Nodding and attempting to soak up the information like a sponge. You watched them both with a careful eye. Following some distance away to make sure that everything was going fine.

You almost wanted to crack up as you could see it on Hat-Bots' face, the poor robot was so confused at all of the things he needed to keep up with when his creators are absent. He would even scratch his head when Flug wasn't looking at him.

But after a few minutes of touring, directive giving, and examples, Flug relinquished his lecturing and asked Hat-Bot if he got everything. It took a few moments for Hat-Bot to respond, but when he did, he nodded and looked at Flug with a slightly proud expression.

Then, Flug finally released Hat-Bot.
"Good! Keep those noted in your important files, Hat-Bot!" Flug stated, watching as Hat-Bot seemed to stiffen and his eyes began to glow slightly. You attempted to not get alarmed, as Flug didn't seem to be alarmed by the behavior.

Flug seemed to be in thought for a moment before looking over to you.

"Once Hat-Bot gets finished noting my orders, you can teach him how to preform self-care. I need to make a charging station for Hat-Bot." Flug stated to you, to which you nodded in understanding.

"You go and do that, I'll watch the little bot." You say, to which Flug nodded.

"Take care of him!" Flug said, as he walked away from the stationary Hat-Bot and back into the lab.

You stood there waiting for a few minutes before you saw the robot spring back to life. The eyes returned to their normal brightness and it almost appeared to be confused at where Flug had gone. The little robot looked around with a worried expression on it's metal face before it turned around.

To which the little bot caught sight of you, and you gave it a nice little wave, and Hat-Bot rolled over to yourself. Giving you a beaming expression.

"I seemed to have excelled in my task training, other creator!" Hat-Bot exclaimed as he came to a full stop in front of you, arms outstretched and his body language slightly exaggerated. Almost as if he was posing for you.

You just give him a happy and proud smile.

"I see that Hat-Bot and I'm very proud of you! But, you won't have to worry too much about your tasks. Flug is a worry-wall and all of that excessive stuff, that even I could tell that you were having trouble with, won't have to be watched constantly. Me and Flug are just going out for a day, which happens to be tomorrow, for a date." You explained.

"So, don't worry your little head about it." You give the short robot a reaffirming pat.

"Really? Then...does that make his information invalid?" Hat-Bot gave you a confused look, apparently not getting what you meant.

"Oh! No, of course not! It really is handy to know that stuff! But, he made it out like they all had to be done in a short interval, which is not the case. You can pace yourself to get your task done. Do the more important task first, then follow up with the rest of it." You explained.

Hat-bot tilted his head slightly.

"So...do the tasks...but don't use up so much of my battery doing them in one sitting?" Hat-Bot responded. To which you nodded.

"Yes, precisely that! Much more important tasks go first and the other tasks can come a little bit later. Battery efficient!" You say.

"But, come now, Hat-Bot. I have to teach you how to preform self-care and how to get up the stairs." You hold out your hand.

Hat-Bot looked confused at the hand gesture, before he steadily lifted up his own and placed his
metallic claw in your palm. You lightly gripped his claw and began to scoot him over to the stairs.

You step up onto the stairs and turn around to look at Hat-bot. The robot was obviously intimidated by the stairwell. Nervously glancing to you every few seconds.

"Don't worry. I'll hold onto you until you get used to it." You reassure.

"When approaching a ledge like this, you need to balance your stabilizing gyros and force yourself to bounce. Do this by locking up your pistons and releasing them. You will lurch forward and shoot straight up off the ground! Go ahead, try it!" You encourage.

Hat-Bot nodded with uncertainty before he tightened his focus. You could hear his pistons creak as he locked them up, then with a sudden burst of energy, he shot up a few inches off the ground. He grew startled and gripped your hand tightly as he landed and attempted to restabilize himself.

He rolled around for a bit, before looking at you in childish awe. You laughed.

"That's it! Now, try to aim your jump. Your target is the first step in front of you. Bounce up and forward." You explain.

Hat-Bot narrowed his optics again and prepared to jump, when he did manage to jump, he only managed to bounce up and back down into the same spot. He seemed to realize this and groan a little in frustration, you kept holding his metallic claw as he attempted to get it done right.

Finally, with a triumphant whoop, Hat-Bot had managed to stick the landing and perch on the first step. He looked at you and beamed with pride.

"Great job, Hat-Bot!" You pat his head.

"Now, come on, just a few more steps!" You gestured to the rest of the stairwell, to which you could've sworn that you heard an audible robotic gulp come from the little robot.

This went on for a certain amount of time. You would assist Hat-Bot up the stairs and you kept a semi-firm grip on his claw. He almost tripped and fell a few times, thankfully holding your hand when he would stumble. He was obviously nervous about having to do this without your hand holding his, but for the most part, he began to manage it well.

Once he reached the top of the stairwell, Hat-Bot let out a cry similar to that of a human having successfully climbed a mountain. Looking over the foyer from a high perspective seemed to encourage him. Then, you both began the process of going down the stairs. Which was MUCH easier.

A few more rounds and he was successfully bouncing up and down the stairs like a rabbit. You could only smile in glee at his bounding nature. He was even doing it without your help! Now having gotten his jumping mechanic down, he seemed to be proud of himself.

"I can do it! I can do it!" Hat-bot cheered, coming back down onto the flat ground of the foyer and wheeling in front of you.

"You sure can, Hat-Bot! Excellent!" You clapped.

He looked at you with barely contained glee as he seemed to be completely energized from his
mastery of the simple staircase. With no feet, none the less!

"Is there anything else I can do or need to learn about?! I wanna try EVERYTHING!" Hat-Bot shouted, his eyes bright and alert.

"Well, I DO have to teach you some self-care. How about we go get you some oil?" You say as you turn away, walking towards the kitchen. Hat-Bot followed you eagerly, grasping your hand once more as you lead him into the kitchen.

--

The first day of Hat-Bots' existence continued.

You took him to the kitchen and showed him around the place. Then, you took out some oil, all varying from different brands.

You explained to the robot that these are canisters of different oil products and you briefly explained that oil is what his systems thrived on. Despite the fact that he is prominently charging based and makes his own energy. The oil is more of a greaser and every bit of it is used in the process called 'Energy Binding'.

To which the oil is broken down by filters and processed into complicated, but necessary, energy back-ups. Meaning that Hat-Bot is completely energy efficient and his body is designed to produce as little waste as possible.

You gave him the option to drink between three available cans of oil. One was red, another was blue, and the last one was purple. Whichever oil he favors the most is pretty much the one that you and Flug would buy for him. After a brief taste test, Hat-bot settled for the purple one.

Then, you began to show him around the house. Giving Hat-Bot a personal tour. You even allowed him to take the purple oil can with you both.

He was still holding your hand as you both walked through the mansion. You showed him some respective bathrooms, rooms, the living room, and various other places around the house. He was already familiar with the lab, the foyer, and the kitchen.

Hat-Bot had managed to finish his oil can halfway through the tour, crushing it then eating the can. Much to your surprise.

But, you still had other places to show him.

The library, the rooms of the other housemates, your room, and finally the office. The roof would come at some other time.

So, you decided to show him your room first.

Upon walking in, Hat-Bot almost immediately noticed the roomba. He jumped slightly at first, after a few seconds of silence, he let go of your hand and rolled on over to investigate the noisy little robot.

He followed it around for a bit, bending down and looking at it.

"Other creator...what is this noisy little thing?" Hat-Bot asked curiously.
"That's a roomba. I made it before I helped to make you. It's a cleaner and it picks up most messes so I don't have to." You explained. Hat-Bot suddenly looked surprised as he looked at you and back at the roomba.

"Does this mean that it's my brother?!" He shrieked. To which you busted out laughing.

"Hahaha! N-No, Hat-Bot! I made it, but it's pretty primitive compared to you." You wiped your eyes for any stray tears from laughing.
"But, if you want to, you can consider it your brother. I made both of you in some form or way." You shook your head.

"Yeah! But, I don't care if I was made today! I'm bigger and smarter, so I'M the older brother!" Hat-Bot pointed at the roomba as it wheeled on by him.
"You hear me! I'm the bigger sibling!" Hat-Bot stated proudly.

Almost in a spooky turn of events, the roomba actually seemed to 'pause' in its' cleaning and turned to face Hat-Bot.

Hat-Bot suddenly jumped as he was met with crossed googly-eyes.

"Creator! Roomba is making faces at me!" Hat-Bot complained, to which you just put your face in your hand and laughed.

"N-No, it's not...hehehe!" You just continued to bury your face in your hand. Attempting to contemplate Hat-Bots' childish behavior.

During Hat-Bots' distracted state, the roomba had approached his wheel and Hat-Bot shrieked in surprised at the sudden sensory warning that shot up from his wheel, seeing that the roomba was at his wheel and smacking him with alien appendages that were hidden from underneath its' hull.

Hat-Bot jumped and landed on his wheel, then he rolled over to you and hid behind you. Shouting "Okay! Okay! You can be the bigger brother!" over and over as he hid behind you. You just doubled over laughing even harder and joking that the roomba might have a mind of it's own after all.

Of course, Hat-Bot complained to you and you attempted to control yourself as you just wanted to keep laughing.

Finally, you just stated that you both should go somewhere else, to which Hat-Bot agreed as well with no qualms. However, as you both were leaving to go to another part of the house, Hat-Bot leered over his shoulder and made a face toward the robot vacuum.

To which it appeared in the doorway, spooking Hat-Bot.

Hat-Bot felt uneasy as he stared over his shoulder, looking at the little roomba that was 'watching' you both depart. It's googly-eyes staring out after you both. Then, it turned slightly and began to clean up the entry way to the room. Apparently resuming it's routine.

Yet, Hat-Bot continued to feel bothered.

Further on in your journey through the house, you actually came across both 5.0.5 and Dementia.
To which Hat-Bot grew slightly timid and grappled onto your back. Gripping your shirt with his metallic claws as he quietly observed you talking with Dementia and the large bear.

Then, you turned to him, finally showing him to your housemates.

5.0.5 was as welcoming as usual and let out a happy and welcoming 'Baw' as he waved his paw at the timid little robot. Dementia startled you all as she squealed about how adorable he looked. Looking like Black Hat and such, she had picked him up, much to your great distress, and spun around with him.

The robot was afraid, but he didn't flail in Dementia's grip. Being slung around like a doll was more preferable than struggling and being launched across the manor. She only stopped when you cried out for her to please put him down. Which she did, begrudgingly.

Once he was down on the ground, he scurried back over to your side. For that's where Hat-Bot felt the safest.

You explain to the two of them what Hat-Bot was for and stated that he was now a new member of the family. 5.0.5 seemed to be happy to welcome the new addition and Dementia seemed to just like him for his similar appearance to Black Hat. The apparent boss of this household.

Just the talk of the man sounded intimidating. Let alone looking at all of the paintings on the walls. Depicting a scary figure as a king, a destroyer, and a rich man.

Hat-Bot hasn't even met the boss and he's already nervous. Meeting the two other residences, and his one creepy brother, was draining a lot of his batteries.

You had said farewell to Dementia and 5.0.5, who were acting slightly suspicious, and carried on with the tour.

You had shown Hat-Bot the other residences' rooms, the hallway bathroom, closets, and finally you both decided to head over to the library.

Upon approaching the doors, you cracked them open, revealing a study chair, a large organ, and many shelves that were lined with various amounts of books. You didn't even know this place was here for a decent amount of time, but on your off days, you went pilfering around and discovered this wonderful library.

You also memorized the way to the library from when Flug would ask you for a book when he was down and injured.

Once you both wondered inside, Hat-Bot was looking around the place in pure awe. Seeing the large room filled with books containing knowledge got him giddy and he let go of your hand to explore. You watched him as you wondered over to the seats that were in the center of the library.

A nice comfy velvet chair was placed in front of the fireplace, along with two 3-cushion couches. Made with the same material that the chair in front of the fireplace was made out of.

Hat-Bot hurried over to a few selected bookshelves and would pull out a few books, open them, close them, and put them back. He was either a designed speed reader or he was just looking for pictures from within those book.
Then, you suddenly hear some clacking sounds.

Like metallic footsteps coming down the hallway. Looking toward the open door, you were quite surprised to see Cam-Bot seemingly passing by, before pausing and turning to look into the room with the open door. Looking at you in the process.

Apparently, the robot itself seemed to have automated routes and such to occupy itself when Black Hat isn't filming an ad or demos for products. It would rarely go downstairs, only when it needed a tune up, repairs, or a replacement filming reel.

The Cam-Bot seemed to become intrigued and entered the room, its camera head twisting to and fro from its' head station. You waved at it.

"Hello, Cam-Bot! On a servo-stretching stroll?" You asked, apparently not bothered by its' present or large camera lens.

The Cam-Bot didn't respond, but seemed to notice the other robot that was currently in the room. It walked over on it's metal tripod feet and approached the currently preoccupied Hat-Bot. Like a predator sneaking up on its' prey, Cam-Bots design allowed it to create as little background noise as possible during shoots.

And it apparently was using these skills to sneak up on your poor unsuspecting Hat-Bot.

When it was almost right on top of Hat-Bot, it stopped walking and just merely observed Hat-Bots' motion with a curious eye.

Hat-Bot had finally taken notice of a shadow over him and he turned around, expecting you, but instead he cried out when it was another robot. He rolled backwards out of fear, took notice of you, and hurried over to your side. Quickly putting you between him and the newcomer.

"Oh! Don't be afraid, Hat-Bot! This is Cam-Bot. He's a creation that has been here longer than even I! It has also been made by Flug, so this is your other half brother, Cam-Bot. Considering that you're the youngest, Roomba is the middle bot, so Cam-Bot is the eldest of your 'siblings'." You explained.

Hat-Bot was still hiding behind you, even with the explanation and quivered as Cam-Bot drew closer.

"Don't be shy. It didn't mean to sneak up on you, Hat-Bot. It's just curious." You say, patting Cam-Bot as it came into range.

It didn't react, of course. Keeping it's lens on Hat-Bot.

Yet, with a little coaxing, Hat-Bot finally came out from behind yourself and drew close to the curious Cam-Bot.

Hat-Bot was nervous, but once you showed him how to deal with Cam-Bot, albeit a little vaguely as you didn't know much about it yourself, and Hat-Bot steadily grew braver. Touching Cam-Bots' legs, messing with some of the equipment that was attached to Cam-Bot, and rolling around and through its' legs.

"I....like this one more than Roomba. Roomba just cleans all of the time." Hat-Bot grumbled.
You shook your head.

"Well, that's what I programmed it for!" You laugh nervously. "If you're done we can move onto the last room in the house and hopefully Black Hat won't be there." You mutter, to which Hat-Bot nodded.

"Yeah. I'm ready to go. This place is full of paper and boringly long books." Hat-Bot agreed, rolling over to you and grabbing your hand.

Cam-Bot seemed to be satisfied with the newcomer, as it too made it's exit before you all. You both followed it out and left the library. Cam-Bot headed into the opposite direction, while you both headed toward the office. Where Black Hat resides.

Upon approaching the double doors that lead to the office, you could feel the nerves just wafting off of Hat-Bot. He was getting nervous all over again. You say some comforting words and grip his metallic claw firmly. Attempting to be reassuring.

"Don't worry. I'll talk to him. Sounds like he's doing paperwork at the moment. I'll just introduce you, then we can go back down to the lab. It's getting close to dinnertime anyway." You whisper, then you turn towards the door and softly knock.

"What do you want?" A raspy voice called out from the other side.

"Black Hat, it's me. (Name). I have someone here that you need to meet!" You call out.

A short moment of silence passed.

"Come in." The voice growled.

You then open the doors, walking past the frightening gargoyles and such, with Hat-Bot clenching down on your hand. You continue to walk further into the room. An air of confidence surrounding yourself. Too bad it wasn't contagious.

The closer and closer Hat-Bot got to the scary figure sitting at the desk, the more and more he just wanted to turn on his wheel and dart out of there. Scarily enough, what the pink-haired weirdo said was true. The man at the desk shared similar characteristics to himself. Sharp teeth, dapper outfit, dark skin, and a fancy hat.

Once you both stopped at the desk front, Black Hats' visible eye immediately went to the little robot that was with you. Making Hat-Bot jump in his hull. Hat-Bot could see Black Hats' eye squint in silent judgment, making the robot even more nervous.

"Who's this?" Black Hat grumbled, looking toward you.

"This is Hat-bot. Flug and I's newest creation. I wanted to bring him up here to meet with you personally, as Hat-Bot is going to help us get some things done around the lab. He's basically our own assistant. He's met everyone that lives under the roof, I saved you for last and now he's here." You said.

You then turn to Hat-Bot.
"Greet the head and owner of this cooperation and manor, Hat-Bot." You encourage.

"H-H-Hello, Black Hat, S-Sir." The little robot quaked, to which Black Hat didn't seem all that impressed. So, Hat-Bot took to squeezing your hand tighter, with Black Hat noticing.

"Why is that robot holding your hand, (Name)?" Black Hat seemed to be in a worse mood than before. Seeing as he was being fairly grouchy. Yet, this wasn't the same chiding tone that he would use when talking to you about your 'affectionate hugging' with Flug.

This tone seemed to be a more deadpan form of curiosity.

You shrugged.

"I don't know. I just guess it makes him feel comfortable or something. There's no harm in him doing it. He's only a few hours old after all." You brushed it off, unknowingly causing Black Hats' brow to twitch.

"So. Is this all you came to do? Introduce me to this...new addition?" Black Hat mumbled.

"Pretty much. I'll leave now so you can get back to your paperwork. Come, Hat-bot!" You say, turning away from Black Hat and you began to make your way toward the exit.

Then you suddenly stop and turn around.

"Oh, before I forget. What would you like for dinner, boss?" You ask.

Black Hat merely readjusted his seating and waved you off.

"Just get a pizza or something." Black Hat nonchalantly said. Causing you to just shrug.

"Okay then! Pizza night it is!" You exclaim, turning away and continuing on your journey.

Hat-Bot was still holding your hand when he looked over his shoulder toward Black Hat. He noticed how Black Hat was hawking you both with an unwavering stare. The robot steadily followed his gaze and Black Hat seemed to be looking at your hands. Upon looking back, Black Hat was now staring at him.

Then, his visible eye narrowed and a forked tongue came out from behind those turquoise canines, flicking at the air, almost as if it was agitated. Hat-Bot was glad that they didn't stay too long. The boss was scary. Even if they did look alike.

Once you both were clear of Black Hats' office. You both let out a sigh of relief.

"He wasn't as pissy as he usually is. Which was good!" You say, walking Hat-Bot back to the foyer and eventually to the kitchen.

"It usually doesn't go that smoothly. Must be the blood..." you muttered that last part under your breath.

Then, you look back toward Hat-Bot, who was beginning to show signs of getting drowsy.
"Don't fall asleep now, Hat-Bot! We got dinner to eat...after that, Flug will hopefully have your charging station ready." To which Hat-Bot nodded.

Both of you traveled down the hallway in a blissful silence, Hat-Bot still holding your hand.

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It took a bit, but dinner had passed and everyone was filled with the delicious pasta dish.

Hat-Bot had a few oil cans for dinner and everyone got their fair share of the pizza. Thankfully, Flug had managed to get the charging station built and he was in the middle of testing it the moment you walked in on him to ask him what pizza he wanted.

You had left Hat-Bot with Flug briefly to gather opinions on pizzas from the rest of your housemates, in an attempt to kill two birds with one stone. Having Flug test the charging stations' functionality as you fetched opinions on dinner. It would still need a few minor tweaks, but it should be ready shortly after dinner.

In the end, you had to get 3 pizzas, an order of garlic cheesy bread, some soft drinks, and selective sauces for your housemates.

The delivery woman arrived on time, piping hot pizzas ready to be served. You paid her and tipped her generously with the money that Flug gave you, not having any of your own, and took the pizzas inside.

Shortly after that, everyone had gathered in the kitchen for a nice dinner.

You had eaten just enough to leave you greatly satisfied. 5.0.5 had eaten half an entire pizza, Dementia had picked out her pieces but took off the crust before she ate them, Flug would choose the longest pieces and would slip them under his paper bag to eat on it, and Black Hat chose the pieces with mostly meat on them.

All of you had eaten the garlic cheesy bread and drank most of the soft drink liter bottle.

Hat-Bot was also present at the dinner table, but he was sucking on oil. He did get curious at points, wanting to try your food, but you warned him that it would gum up his insides. Hat-Bot was a little disappointed, but he seemed to understand. His creators being made of flesh and all.

To which led to a short disturbing episode of Hat-Bot asking you about human bodies and flesh. You would've told him to ask Flug, but he had gotten full and left just a few short minutes ago to finish up the charging station for Hat-Bot.

You just explained how your bodies worked using basic biology, to which Hat-Bot was still confused over.

That's not the only thing, as Hat-Bot had caught Black Hat staring at him intensely more than once. Which unnerved him throughout the entire dinner. Once everyone had their fill, they all departed for their rooms to retire for the night. Black Hat being nearly the last to leave, amazingly.

Hat-Bot was now drowsy and the battery on his vision-based monitor was showing a red low battery symbol.
You seemed to have noticed Hat-Bots' lethargic nature and grappled his hand this time, carefully leading him out of the kitchen and towards the lab.

To which A tired Flug was coming out of the moment you both arrived.

"Oh! Flug! Is the charging station ready? Hat-Bot is about to collapse from energy consumption." You ask, which Flug nodded.

"Yes, I did. Everything is set up. Just place Hat-Bot in the charging station and leave the rest up to the machine. It'll hook up automatically." Flug gave an unseen yawn.
"As for me, I'm hanging up the lab coat and going to bed. Goodnight, (Name)." Flug yawned as he sluggishly made his way up to his room.

"Goodnight, Flug! And thank you!" You say as you enter the lab.

There was a new machine that looked like a slightly tilted upright bench in the far corner of the lab. Where Flug was stationed when he was injured.

It was a white, blue, and yellow looking machine with a control panel that was present next to it. The tilt made it look like something that a person could lay on, presumably Hat-Bot, so you wheel the tired robot over to the bench and prop him up against it.

When nothing happened, you look toward the panel and saw an illuminated green button, to which you carefully pressed.

Then, the bench started to give off a glow and Hat-Bot was suddenly pressed against it. Almost as if he was just picked up by a large magnet.
Hat-Bot didn't seem to be hurt or in any way alarmed. He actually seemed to embrace the fact that he didn't have to hold his body up.

You adjusted Hat-Bot to get him in a more comfortable position. Once that was achieved, you stepped back and observed him.

"Are you feeling okay? No pain or anything?" You asked. To which Hat-Bot shook his head.

"No...I'm more glad that I don't have to keep holding my body up. I feel slightly tingly, but that's it." Hat-Bot yawned.

"Well...that's good. Do you need anything else before I leave?" You question, to which Hat-Bot looked over to you slightly worried.

"You're leaving me here?" He whined.

You nodded.

"I can't sleep in the cot down here all of the time. I have to get back to my room." You explain.

"B-But...I don't want to see you go! Please stay!" Hat-Bot cried. You sighed.

You just couldn't give into his clingy nature. You had to think of something to calm him down and allow him to shut himself off.
There had to be something you can do!
Then...something clicks.

You don't normally do this, but it did help to calm your nieces and nephews back on your planet. Maybe it can work for this little robot. After a brief thought process and lyric making, you had a song perfect for your little robot. A robot lullaby.

"Don't worry, Hat-Bot. I'm going to help you go to sleep. You won't remember a thing, it'll be morning before you know it." You said, much to Hat-Bots' confusion.

You clear your throat...and began to sing.

"Sweet little Hat Bot, go to sleep. You're such a good robot so don't make a peep~
You look like my boss and I know it is strange, but you are yourself and that never will change~" You sang.

Hat-Bot almost seemed to realize what you were doing and your lovely voice began to soothe his worries of being alone.

"Slumber sweet baby you’re loved by us all, my sweet little bot be calm with nightfall~
Don’t be afraid to close your eyes. You’re tired I know, I realize~" You continued.

Hat-bots' head began to droop and his eye shields began to drift closed.

"You have much to learn and much time to grow, I’ve been there and done that, trust me I know~
Slumber sweet baby and wake with the sun, my sweet little bot tomorrow will be fun~" Your voice echoes.

Hat-Bot slumps a little, eyes closed and head drooping.

"We both will watch you, guide you, and beam, we put you together; you're strong at the seam~" Your octave goes lower as the song starts reaching its' end.

Hat-Bot is now fully relaxed.

"No one will harm you ever my dear, so you can rest well, there’s no reason to fear~" You lean in as the song turns to an echoing whisper.

"Slumber sweet baby and wake in the morn, my sweet little bot I'm so glad you were born~" You finished and smooch Hat-Bot on his bowler hat.

"Goodnight, Hat-Bot." You say and walk away, reaching the door, you look back one last time.

Seeing that Hat-Bot was slumbering peacefully, you flicked off the lab lights and exited the lab. Now that the day was said and done, you suddenly found yourself yawning and stretching for purchase.

Today was a busy day. Not only had you managed to get everything done, but you and Flug also worked on your first project today! And how you loved that project. Then, something nostalgic emerges from the back of your mind.

A memory of you saying how your people would die to protect robotic drones. Even if it wasn't a
living object. You found yourself laughing. It's funny. You're now attached to a robot that you take care of and watch like a mother does their newborn child.

You shook your head.

Even so, that last statement from the song you made up was true. You're happy that Hat-Bot was born. But, now's not the time to think of parental thoughts.

You need to get cleaned up and ready for tomorrow!

Because tomorrow you have a date!

Chapter End Notes

BIG THANK YOU to Z_Retribution! They are going to be making a few tracks to go with certain chapters! Give them a LOT of love readers!

= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~ =~

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of


Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy


Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/166156779979/cosmica-galaxy-this-is-how-i-imagined-that-scene#notes

Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~=!

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
The Date - Part 1

Chapter Summary

You and Flug go out, unknowingly followed by your housemates.

Chapter Notes

SORRY. I'VE BEEN BUSY WITH OTHER PROJECTS.

*Cough*

These chapters have been LONG overdue. I'm getting back to work on them. Enjoy!

https://vocaroo.com/i/s092yCXYZR4y :Dating theme, curtsy of Z_Retribution~!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next morning came swiftly.

You were up and moving around to and fro, trying to find the best outfit for going out and about. Preparing yourself for the day ahead. Of course, today was that special day.

It was the day when the meteor shower was due and when you and Flug were going to head out on your 'date'.

You could almost laugh from how absurd it was to say that you had a 'date' with one of the houses' residences.

But, hey! He was the one that suggested it to you that night on the roof!

To cover up something that was a fairly big deal, but you could understand his position. Poor guy.

You didn't really have a problem with going out with him. Even for a little while to watch the meteor shower. He had some errands to run today, which he will primarily use to excuse you and himself from Black Hat manor. To avoid raising your boss's suspicion.

You look out the window and see a lovely day outside. It was fairly cool today, unlike the miserable heat that was present here two months ago. Many of the civilians were out and walking around. Joggers, Dog Walkers, and Couples in Love all walked the streets today.

You continue to make yourself presentable. Not really having any 'romantic' dating clothes in your arsenal. So, it will probably be a casual 'date'.

Which it was at the start to begin with. Just a nice friend date, right? Right.

You brush out your hair, apply some hygienic products to your body, wash your face, brushed your
teeth, and straightened out your clothes. You look at yourself in the mirror and your outfit and self presentation just screams ‘casual dating’.

You give your reflection finger guns, lick your pointer finger tip and press it to your side. Making a ‘tssss’ sound as you do so.

You were ready and on point. It was still morning and your mind wondered over to how your fellow ‘date’ is doing. He must be a nervous wreck today. You laugh quietly to yourself as you imagine poor Flug scrambling around for purchase to prepare himself for a ‘date’ with you.

He’s obviously the type that will psych himself up over something silly like this. Doesn’t make him less adorable.

You stand and stretch out. Listening to the roomba clean around your work-space as you stare out the windows and watch the civilians pass by the manor.
It was a beautiful day. Hopefully this ‘date’ goes off without a hitch!

You smile and head out of your room. Brimming with joy and excitement for the day ahead.

Meanwhile, Flug was just as you predicted he was. A complete nervous wreck.

He was running to and fro around his room. Going through clothes and such that were casually classy enough for the date you both were going on. He needed to plan out the perfect route for you both to go, to avoid any of the blocked off areas.

But, He still needed to pick out the perfect spot for stargazing.

He was running around like a chicken with its' head cut off. His room was a mess, completely unlike his usual tidy self, and many articles of clothing were scattered about the room.

‘What do I do?! What do I do?!’ Flug mentally panicked.
‘I can't pick! Which one would impress them!? What is too much and what is too little?!’ Flug shrieked internally.

Flug presses his pointer fingers to the sides of his hidden temples. Crumpling his bag while he was at it. He took a moment to breathe in and out. An exercise that he has tried to do to fight back his anxiety attacks.

With a few more inhales and exhales, Flug began to think more clearly.

He look around his disheveled room and observed the scattered clothing with a calculating glance. With a clearer mind, he began to think of your personality. You didn't act all uppity and pompous, so nothing overly classy.

He picks up and places his suit back into the closet.

You aren't the type to wear ripped, stained, or torn clothing. So he puts the articles of clothing that contained such wear-and-tear back into the closet.

So, you were more along the lines of a casual. Fancy casual or just...casual?

He pondered for a moment and decided to go with plain casual, putting the rest of the fancier
articles of clothing back into the closet. I mean...you did say that you were just going as friends. But still!

You and him were...going out.

Flug felt his heartbeat pick up and his face heat up at the simple mental notions of being alone with you for most of the day. He knew that he was...in love. A strange, but not totally foreign concept to him.

He's not an oblivious type. That character trait seemed to belong to you, for the most part. He sighs as he buries his covered face in his exposed hands.

Why are emotions so complicated? Why is being in love so complicated?!

Flug sighs out and begins to gather up his chosen set of clothes. Time to try on his wardrobe and see what is dating material!

About an hour later, his bed was littered with clothes that failed to make the cut. But, thankfully, one pair stood out from the rest. He observed himself in the mirror as he observed his outfit.

A nice cyan short-sleeved shirt with an airplane flying through some clouds, that was paired with a darker pair of blue jeans, and a blue pair of trainers. Unlike his usual red ones.

With final touches implemented in the form of hygienic products and a light spray of cologne, he was ready. Flug takes in a deep breath as he observes himself in the mirror. Checking out his outfit in different angles, to which he was satisfied.

'This will do...hopefully.' Flug mentally says, as he checks the time.

9:45 Was currently present on the clock, which made him sputter.

He was taking too long! He needed to get a move on now!

Flug opened his door and began to make a steady jog down to the foyer. Hoping that he wasn't too late for meet up with you. He passed by Dementia on his way, not paying her any mind, and strangely enough, she didn't call out to him or anything. But, she was the least of his worries at the moment.

He managed to navigate the hallway with memorized perfection and made it to the stairwell to the foyer.

When he stopped to take a breather, curse his lack of athleticism, he could hear you talking loud and clear from within the lab. From his standing point, you seemed to be running down Hat-Bots' list of chores and stuff to do while you both were gone. You would also answer any questions that Hat-Bot would have for certain things with relative ease.

Flug caught his breath and began to descend the staircase and make his way to the lab.

His heart rate was skyrocketing as he drew closer and closer to your destination. He took steady breaths in an attempt to calm himself, to which his heart continued to beat fast without slowing down.
Once Flug entered the lab and saw you, he felt his fast-beating heart skip a beat.

You looked amazing! Your hair was groomed, your skin was polished, those unusually large and welcoming eyes were shimmering with contained mirth. Your outfit, although you have worn it before, stood out today.

It looked like it was ironed. Little to no crinkles were present in it. Same with your black pants and black and green sneakers. It gave you an air of...flawlessness. Like you were perfect. No imperfections as far as the naked eye could see.

And Flug was right. You were talking to Hat-Bot about his duties while you two were out. To which Hat-Bot was listening intently. Only when Flug gathered up his courage and moved further into the lab did you and Hat-Bot take notice of him.

"Oh! Greetings creator! You look as nice as other creator!" Hat-Bot waved.

"Hello, Flug! My! You look stunningly casual." You laugh slightly. "I figured you would go all out for this one single date." You smile.

Flug felt pride swell in his chest as he's complimented and praised. He also continued to feel that pesky rapid heartbeat and heated face. Most likely from the compliments he was receiving. Since he hasn't been praised in so long and such.

"T-Thanks. I...didn't know which one to pick. So...I just went with your personality. Casual." Flug reaches up and scratches the back of his neck, looking away slightly.

You blink and blush lightly.

"O-Oh. Really? That's flattering! Heheheh!" You laugh and rub the back of your neck, attempting to control the blush that tried to creep across your own face.

Hat-Bot looked between you two rapidly, tilting his head in confusion at both of your behaviors.

"Creators? Is everything alright?" Hat-Bot asked, causing both of you to jump and shake your heads.

"Yes! We're fine!" You both say in unison. Causing you both to look at each other and laugh lightly.

"We're fine, Hat-Bot." You say and pat the short robots' head. Causing him to give you a confused look. To which you just give the robot a closed-eyed smile and refocus your attention back on Flug.

"So. What time will we be ready to go and head off for our...hehehe, 'date'?" You ask. To which Flug begins to ponder.

"W-Well! I have some things I need to do before we can officially start our date. I'm not taking the car today, since most of my errands are near each other and are close to the manor. After that...I can....show you the city. We can walk around and such! B-But, I have to inform Black Hat of our whereabouts before we leave." Flug replied.

"Oh. Okay then! I just informed Hat-Bot of his duties while we're gone. He knows it in and out! I'll
be waiting by the front entrance for you to come and we'll be on our way." You say. With one last pat on Hat-Bots' head, you head out of the lab and make your way to the entrance.

Flug lets out a sigh as he watches you go. His heart beating quickly and his adrenaline spiking. Just a few mere moments away, he'll be alone with you once more.

Unlike the first few times you two were alone together, you were just coworkers then. Now...he's taken...an interest in you. Which just so happens to have blossomed after the building fire. Why?

You saved his life.

That heartbeat that Flug is feeling...it wouldn't be here if it weren't for you. He would'ave been long gone if you didn't come when you did.

Then...the dream he had shortly after that. You were in it. Both of you were in this same scenario. But, the dream version of yourself...was a lot less intimidating.

You weren't scary in reality. By no means whatsoever, you don't even look that intimidating. It's just...the real you is much more unpredictable.

There's no telling how you will react to his feelings for you! But...that won't ever stop him from caring about you. Even if you do reject him.

He hasn't stopped caring the moment he met you. What started out as friendship, steadily grew into a crush. Specifically, for him. His infatuation obviously started after his rescue. And it steadily grows the more he hangs around you. It's getting harder and harder to hide his infatuation.

You seem to blush and such as well. But, you don't seem to be at the same level that he's at. You did say that you both were attending the meteor shower as 'just friends'.

Flug flinched as he felt his heart throb at those mental words. Right...friends.

If you both got into a relationship now...it would only hurt you both more when you had to leave...at some point. You would have to return back to your home planet and back to your true family.

That is...if Black Hat would allow him to build the machine that will take you back home.

It's been nearly two full months since you've been here and so much has happened in such a small window of time.

Flug sighs as he feels his body long for yours. But, he knows that he can't.

But, he wants to love you.
To love something he can't have...that's the big burden that he's carrying now.

It isn't meeting deadlines, making machines, or fearing another beating from Black Hat anymore.

It's just loosing you or...loving you, even though he can't have you.

Flug finally moves from his stationary spot, ignoring a slightly-concerned Hat-Bot, and he exits the lab. He walks up the stairs to inform Black Hat of your and his departure from the manor. After that...there will be nothing more than alone time with you.

His heart quakes once more. Causing him to sigh in frustration.

Being in love can cause so much *AGONY*.

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After Black Hat was informed of both of you out running errands, Flug had gathered up his supplies, wallet, and phone.

He then began to descend the stairs where you were waiting. You were currently sitting in a chair and looking out the window. The sun was shining today and the light seemed to bring out your natural aura. Your expression was peaceful and relaxed. An expression that isn't seen in Black Hats’ manor often.

Upon his approach, you turned to look and him and stood up.

"Ready to go, Flug?" You ask, adjusting your clothes. To which the doctor nodded.

"I got everything needed to do my errands, pay for anything we take part in, and a phone. So, yes. I'm ready." Flug replied.

"Lets be on our way then!" You sang, walking ahead of Flug, opening the front door, and leaving the house.

Flug followed you out and tried to still his beating heart. Anxiety creeping up in his veins as he made his way outside. He turned around and locked up the house, turning back around to see you waiting for him at the end of the walkway.

You were just patiently waiting for him to arrive. Standing at the iron gates like a guardian.

Flug stepped away from the door and met up with you. Once he did, you both exited the iron gates and closed them back. Then, you both began to head in the direction of your first stop.

Flug was in front, allowing himself to guide you through the maze-like streets, and you followed him closely. So you don't get lost if you get distracted by something.

The walk was fairly silent for a short time and you decided to strike up some small talk to break the silence.

You complimented the weather, talked about the people you would see in the city, and asked where you were stopping first. Flug happily obliged in any conversations that you would start. Adding in his own personal little tidbits into the conversation.
He explained then that you both were going to stop at a bank first. To pick up some money to pay some bills.

You happily trailed behind Flug. Eager to see the city for yourself.

Unbeknownst to you both, the front door unlocked itself and a stealthy slithering humanoid form snuck out the front door. Followed by a larger and clumsier cyan-colored fur-ball.

Dementia did a stealth roll across the front lawn, while 5.0.5 just fell down on his belly from an incomplete stealth roll. Stubbing his nose on a rock in the process.

Dementia ignored the bear as she pulled out a pair of binoculars from her green hoodie and looked through them. Spying on Flug and yourself as you both waited for the pedestrian light to turn white and safely cross the street.

"The ship has left the marina! I repeat, the ship has left the marina!" Dementia said and waved over to the blue bear as 5.0.5 rubbed his slightly bruised nose that he got from his fall.

"Arrooo?" The bear mumbled, slightly confused at Dementia's actions and words.

Dementia put down the binoculars for a moment and rolled her demented-looking yellow eyes.

"Flug and (Name)! My obvious OTP!" Dementia scolded the bear as she went back to observing the two. Just as they began to walk across the street. "Hurry, do-goody bear! We can't lose them! This date has to be PERFECT!" Dementia cackled as she slithered out of the iron gates.

The bear nervously followed the crazy woman. Closing the gates back while he was exiting, then he got on all fours and hurried after Dementia. Much to the confusion and worrisome glances of common civilians that were passing by.

Dementia and 5.0.5 gave chase to you both. Dodging open places and civilians while they were at it. The bear attempting to keep low, but it was hard with his size and color. Plus the fact that even people from a distance away were staring at him.

Dementia didn't seem to be bothered by the nosy locals and continued to follow her targets.

Undeterred by their snoopy nature, she followed you both through the crowds of people with relative ease. 5.0.5 had difficulty, but people tended to give him a wide birth. Thankfully, they haven't panicked or anything. Mostly because of his lack of intimidation and snarling. They most likely thought he was a guy in a mascot outfit.

_Hopefully._

The first place where Dementia's targets, you and Flug, stopped at was the Black Diamond Bank. Flug was probably getting money to pay off some stuff for his _ACTUAL_ errands, other than what was to come after all of his chores were done. Black Hat would kill him if Flug spent his money willy-nilly. Flug obviously knows this.

But, Black Hat trusts him enough to be his errand boy. For he knows that Flug
wouldn’t DARE spend money that he has no permission to spend from Black Hat.

His boss would kill him if he found out he was doing anything of that nature.

Dementia climbed up onto a nearby restaurant awning and watched from afar and saw you both walk up to the counter and get your necessary service for a withdrawal.

She watched with keen eyes and observed your behaviors. Seeing as you both seemed to get looser and looser with your actions and such.

Dementia would squeal, if she wasn’t spying right now.

It took only a few minutes of waiting before Flug and yourself left the building.

Seemingly happy and carefree in that moments in time. Dementia happily took to taking pictures of you two on her own personal phone. A picture of you smiling at Flug, laughing, and nudging the sheepish scientist were just a few of the images that were photographed.

And it certainly wasn't going to be the last that was photographed that day.

Soon enough, Flug had reached his next destination and entered the place where most of the house's bills were paid.

Water, heating, electricity, and such. It was a big red brick building that specialized in knocking out many payments under one roof. Via doing business and putting all of the bill payers under one roof saved both time and money. For many customers. Hero, Villain, and Civilians alike.

Suggested by a calculus math-wiz in the business industry. It was pretty successful, for the most part.

The wait, however, was miserable for Dementia. This usually took forever, but never for an eternity! Did everyone just decide that it was the right day to pay their bills or something?! Dementia groaned as she was currently perched on a smaller buildings' roof a short ways away from the large red building you both were present in.

Pretty much similar to what she did earlier at the Black Diamond Bank.

Poor 5.0.5 had to climb the fire escape to get to where Dementia is.

To which the bear arrived on the roof completely out of breath and appreciated the long break to recover his lost oxygen. Dementia tapped her finger impatiently, hawking the entrance to the red building with a keen eye.

The wait was long and maddening for Dementia. For 5.0.5 he, currently warmed by the sun, had began to drift off into a nice nap.

The moment a man with a bag over his head exited the red building with a familiar strange-looking human, caused Dementia to slap the bear awake and place the binoculars back over her eyes.

5.0.5 however was fairly upset at his nap being disturbed so rudely, but he brushed it off and look over the side of the building, letting out a drowsy yawn while he was at it.
Dementia watched you both as you two exited the building. Flug and you looked looser and more relaxed than when you first exited the manor. You both would playfully bump into each other and seemed to be talking about a separate conversation that had possibly taken place in the large red building.

Dementia squealed and bounced in place as she watched you both playfully nudge and talk. Then, she almost screeched the moment you seemed to have said something playfully teasing and bounded ahead of a flustered Flug. Who attempted to bump you back, only to struggle to catch up with you at the next intersection, as you ran ahead laughing giddily.

"Look at them, do-goody bear! THEY ARE SO PERFECT FOR EACH OTHER!" Dementia squealed, flailing her arms around and allowing the binoculars to fly in the air briefly, only to be caught by the bear. Preventing them from falling off the edge of the building and hitting a pedestrian.

The bear looked through the spyglasses in curiosity and upon viewing the scene, his ears perked up and he made a pleased noise.

"Arrwowo~!" 5.0.5 mumbled, his tail wiggling in excitement at seeing his creator having a great time with his friendly alien housemate.

The bear then jolted in surprise as the spyglasses were snatched from his paws and Dementia climbed over the edge of the building. She looked back at the flabbergasted bear with her demented eyes and her tongue poking out of her mouth. Giving the bear a borderline cheshire grin.

"Hurry up, bear! We CAN'T loose them, especially if things are getting THIS good!!" Dementia cackled and climbed along the wall.

The bear looked around and gave out a frustrated sigh as it would have to go back down the stairs and follow Dementia. To which 5.0.5 huffed and began to make his way down to follow the eccentric lizard-woman.

--

So far, your 'date' has been wonderful!

You and Flug had finally loosened up. Thankfully, the cheerful person at the work desk seemed to be the exact person you needed to break the unseen tension you both were feeling.

She was bubbly and playful, talking about your 'adorable and super cute appearance' and complimenting you both on your taste in outfits. "Planes and Aliens! What a pair~!" she had said. Which made Flug turn shy and stutter out excuses and such.

You just laughed along and playfully gave her compliments back. Seeming to ease up your internal conundrum.

Flug seemed to loosen up a little too, as he also complimented on your clothes in a shy manner. You just nudged him and called him cute.

To which he promptly turned into a man-shellfish and retracted his neck into his body. The bubbly woman just happily giggled and called you both a 'cute couple'.

To then you mentioned the date you were currently on. Causing Flug to get flustered at the
woman's eager clapping.

She just playfully joshed Flug to treat you right and finally finished filing the bills and the payment record. You both waved farewell to the woman and made your way back outside, to which Flug was still shyly covering his face.

You would just bump into him slightly and you playfully flirted with him, to which he sputtered out gibberish and tried to bump you back, he missed as you scampered ahead through speckles of civilians and waited at the street corner for him to catch up.

To which he did and lightly bumped you back when he reached you.

You just laughed at his demeanor.

"Where to now?" You ask.

Flug hummed and went over his mental notes.

"A quick drop by the post office just a few blocks that way and we'll be free to do anything we want." Flug replied and both of you watched as the pedestrian light turned white and allowed you both to cross the street together.

Flug took the lead like usual, to which you followed happily and kept your eyes aware. Yet, your eyes caught something worrisome rather fast.

On the opposite side of the street was a flood of civilians coming toward yourselves.

The large group of people was intimidating and you reached out and held Flugs' hand instinctively, which caused the anxious scientist to jump in his skin and look back at you in surprise. You look toward him and gave an apologetic smile.

"Sorry! I just thought it would be wise to hold hands and not get separated in this crowd. The last thing I would want is to get lost in a city that I don't know!" You explain. It didn't stop Flug from getting flustered though.

Dementia, however, squealed in excitement from atop another building. The bear waiting patiently below in the nearby ally, just like he did previously. The binoculars caught the whole thing as Dementia bounced in place on her perch. Taking photos and such from time to time on her phone.

"We got hand-holding, bear! HAND-HOLDING~!" Dementia shouted down to the cyan ursine and writhed in excitement, watching you two weave through the crowd like snakes through tall grass.

"Omigosh, omigosh! Flug is BLUSHING~! His neck is all red! Those two are SO perfect for each other!" Dementia squealed.

The bear was just confused as his ears twitched and tuned into Dementia's constant squealing from atop the building. He just sat on his haunches and shook his head. Dementia was typical and obviously over-supportive of her 'ship'.

Whatever that means.

The bear just imitated a human sigh and patiently waited for Dementia to get a move on and
"They're going to the post office! Hurry up, cinnabear!" Dementia cried from atop the building and slithered her way down the walls, on the ground, and around startled civilians. The bear just followed, trying to ignore the obvious stares and nervous movements the crowd was giving him.

He was pretty used to it by now.

Following the lizard-woman was fairly difficult, as she would slither and climb around objects with ease. The bear was far more clumsier and bigger. Which made it harder for the ursine to maneuver through the city streets and crowds of people.

Finally, Dementia came to a stop and hid behind the large blue mailbox that was in front of the post office. The bear hid with her once he reunited himself with her and peered out from behind the mailbox, getting some funny looks from pedestrians as they passed by them.

Seeing you and Flug inside the post office together, still holding hands, made Dementia want to squeal. But, she just took to excitedly writhing around. Both of you were appearing to be checking on the P.O Box and to see if any deliveries came in today.

It appeared that no packages arrived. Flug signed some papers and put some slips into folders as you just watched. Finally, you both just waved goodbye to the clerk and stepped outside.

The bear and Dementia quickly hid behind the mailbox and you and Flug paused for a moment to talk.

You stretched and began to talk eagerly to Flug. Who muttered some suggestions about where to go to next. Once you both reached an agreement on where you two will go, you both began to head off into another direction.

The completely opposite way of the manor. So it was obvious that going back home wasn't on your minds.

"Hurry, goody-two-shoes! We have to follow them! Who knows? Maybe they'll KISS!" Dementia cackles and bolts from their hiding place.

The bear lets out a sound that sounded similar to a human sigh, he drug his paw down his snout, and continued to follow Dementia.

This day was just getting too much for the bear!

--

You took a deep breath and happily walked with your hand in Flugs' as he guided you through the streets.

You both had decided to go to the City Hall and see the statues of the heroes that have saved this city more than once...well....long before Black Hat arrived. But, you get to see the famous landmark heroes in person! Which was great!

In fact, it kinda made you think of how people would come to New York to see the statue of
liberty. In fact, this place was a lot like New York!

Every intersection you came across had those large TV's and billboards. Jumbotrons lit up with advertisements and certain programs. There were lit up neon signs and shops galore! It was like you were in New York as of this very moment!

It felt like home, almost. Except people don't give you strange looks for having a different appearance.

Cars, Taxis, Hotels, Motels, Restaurants, and possibly even a park were littered around the area.

It was certainly a different environment and you were thankful to finally get out of that manor. Even with it's large size and formidable appearance, it can start to feel pretty small after a certain amount of time that you've stayed in it.

I mean, you've been out only FOUR TIMES in TWO MONTHS.

Seeing skyscrapers, other people, and different places for once felt...liberating.

Like you were finally able to breath and just get away from being cooped up. Like a bird that has been freed from its' cage and allowed to fly for a day, high in the bright blue skies. Your mind felt at peace for a few moments.

You were in a blissful and happy mood. A wide and pleased smile was present on your face.

Flug on the other hand was trying to control his breathing and blush.

Usually when he's out in public and he begins to get this way, it's because of his social anxiety. Not because he's holding your...soft...warm...hand.

He trails in front of you, taking you to City Hall for some sightseeing, but his face was burning up. If he was to guess, he would probably say that his neck was red as an apples' skin.

To which he would be correct.

He attempts to temper his breathing and calm his rattled nerves, but with all of the people around him and his hand being held by the human-alien that saved his life and such action was visible for all others to see, his heart refused to stop hammering his ribcage. Even with the exercises.

He decided to instead, focus on where he was going and get you both to your destination safely.

It was barely mid-day and he needed to just pace himself. Take a few breaks in between destinations...maybe he'll even take you out to lunch...or to the arcade.

Flug felt himself get flustered again and for once, he allowed a hidden smile to creep across his masked face as an invisible light bulb lit up above his head.

A nice lunch, some sightseeing, a trip to the arcade, maybe he'll even take you to the local planetarium!

A dating plan began to brew in his mind as he thought up the best places to go for your 'date'. Skating rinks, museums, movie theaters also passed through his mind.
But, it would depend on the time and the routes that aren't locked down by the Heroic Association.

Then, he has to think of the perfect place to take you to view the meteor shower tonight when the sun went down. Definitely a place that won't be too crowded with other couples, astrologist, photographers and such. Too many distractions and noise.

To which, a single place popped up in his mind. A place where a lot of lights won't dampen their view of the night sky and where sunsets are also visible.

Not only that, but it's in a less likely place that won't get invaded by skywatchers. It's near the ocean...where the most beautiful sunsets are present and where the full moon shimmers the best.

A place where he used to go when he was a little bit younger to take part in his airplane hobby.

Before he became Black Hats' scientist. Before his life became a total wreck. Before all of the praise and positive attention was ripped away from him in a flaming plane crash.

It was the only place that still holds pieces of his long lost happiness.

Flug nods internally.

Yes. That place would do.

*He would take you there tonight.*

Chapter End Notes

You two are so cute~

So, what has eaten up a lot of my time is that...well, I got to thinking about making an interactive movie for Alien Affections. It's like a game, but with a set destination. You can make choices and such and it's done in a first person perspective.

There will be art of the backgrounds, characters, and such.

It will follow this fic closely.

If and when it will get made, I don't know. I have a composer and a possible artist. Who knows? If it works out, it works out.

= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of

Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy


Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/166156779979/cosmica-galaxy-this-is-how-i-imagined-that-scene#notes

Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
The Date - Part 2

Chapter Summary

A fun day ends with a beautiful show.

However...someone isn't happy.

Chapter Notes


See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The day continued on and you were having a fun time!

You and Flug had managed to visit some places during the high rise of noon.

You had managed to visit the City Hall and saw the statues of famous heroes and heroines in all of their glory.

Along with a large group of tourist hanging around the area and such, who were taking pictures of themselves with the statues in the background, like typical tourist. You decided that it would be a good opportunity to join in and get some pictures of you posing in front of the statues too.

When you pitched the idea of taking pictures to Flug, he agreed to the idea and took out his phone. To which you both took a variety of photos of you both in various poses.

Some of them were playful and silly and others were just you both posing together in front of a selected statue. In some cases you would even pose WITH the statue. Taking on a similar pose that the hero was in. Laughing in joy all the while.

Shortly after that, Flug had decided to take you to a popular arcade that was a few city blocks away. He claimed that on days that he felt overwhelmed from work, when he was younger and before he worked with Black Hat, he would take a short trip over to this certain arcade and play some games to relieve some stress.

Immediately interested, you nodded in glee and allowed him to lead you toward the electronic haven.

When you both stopped walking, you looked around and noticed that you were standing outside of a building that read "The Game Corner" vertically on the side of an old-school arcade machine that was hanging above the entrance to a large wide white building.

The logo was lined with bright neon lights and the arcade machine was lit up around the edges with blinking and moving electronic lights. Similar to how casino logos are lit up in Vegas during the
night.

Flug motioned you to follow him inside, to which you did with great pleasure.

The moment you both walked into the large building though the automatic doors, your eyes instantly lit up with childish glee at the sights.

The floor was littered with happy and loud children and some of the games were occupied by older teenagers and some groups of adults were hanging around some of the tables and booths. Sharing a meal of pizza, wings, and various types of beverages.

Probably parents that were closely watching their kids frolic around the establishment. Even some of the adults were playing a few of the games with, what you assumed, were their children.

Despite the so-called 'age difference' between the groups present within the facility, all of them seemed to co-exist with each other and all of them seemed to be having the equal amount of fun.

The area was alive with the sounds of buzzers, bell rings, game sounds, air hockey puck batting, and skeeball rolling.

A strong smell of pizza and junk food was in the air and cheerful cries of children and adult laughter rang through the air.

The place felt lively!

"Oh, wow! I've never been to an arcade before! Especially not one this big!" You explained, focusing your eyes and attempting to take in all of the colorful sights.

"Heh. Yeah. This place has been here for a while. Showed up on the corner one day when I was an adolescent teen. Dropped by a few times to blow my allowance and relieve some pent up stress from my collage classes." Flug replied, his eyes seeming to grow distant for a short time.

Almost as if he was reliving a memory that had been forgotten about so long ago.

You released his hand, snapping him out of his trance while you were at it, and you began to head deeper into the arcade.

"Don't fizzle out now, Flug! Lets play some games~!" You sang and headed over to the coin dispenser that was near the prize corner.

Flug shook off the memories he was experiencing and nodded. Following you and he pulled out his wallet the moment he arrived at the dispenser. He pulled out a few 20 dollar bills and began to insert them into the machine.

Hilariously enough, the currency was similar to the ones back on your own planet. With famous leaders or individuals that boosted society, instead of a single band of popular leaders. Some of their money had women, mutants, and even a cyborg on it!

Man, why can't your planets' regional money be this interesting?

Well, maybe after you handle it for a while, it would probably just begin to feel the same as handling your own planets' regional current money.
Once the dollars were dispensed into tokens, you both split them up into two halves for you both. Each of you had 200 tokens to spend.

That was when the gaming spree began.

You both bounced all over the arcade for an hour!

You first started with the air hockey table. Both of you seemed to have gotten a competitive aura after the first round, which you won, that Flug demanded a rematch. You won again, but the tables turned when he challenged you to a game of co-op bike racing.

You had constantly failed to make the sharp turns in the game while Flug aced every race he partook in.

After that moment of embarrassment, you challenged him to a few rounds of skeeball. To which turned into a quick contest of who would get the most points and rack up the most tickets.

You both seemed to constantly partake in this pattern of challenging one another. You would win and Flug would pick the next machine, Flug would win and you would pick the next machine.

It was an epidural of challenging one another to certain games that one was good at and one was bad at. Making the process almost seem endless.

Finally, 180 tokens were spent. You both had an armful of gaming tickets and you both seemed to be wearing down. You two had managed to play most of the games in the arcade, leaving only a few games left.

You both gave each other a playful leer and you both seemed to be thinking the same thing.

"We're evenly matched." You say.

"That we are." Flug replied.

"You know what that means?" You quirk your eyebrow.

"A chance machine decides who's the victor this day."

You and Flug nod at each other and look toward the most infamous machine that was even known on your planet.

*The claw machine.*

Its' infamy knows no bounds as it's unholy presence has even spread to a separate Earth other than your own! It was the eater of tokens and the teaser of those that long for the prizes that sit stationary within its' glass casing.

That machine was going to be the final trial and decide who was going to be the victor once and for all.

You both approach the machine. Looking inside the casing and seeing various trinkets lying inside the machine. Actions figures, race cars, dolls, and capsules with little prizes inside were present
You both look at each other and nod.

You decided to take the daring plunge and be the first to engage the infamous machine. With all of your tickets in one hand, you pulled up two coins with the other and inserted them into the machine.

Immediately, the claw came to life and you moved the joystick that controlled it. You decided to aim for one of the prize balls that were present within it. Once you got the claw over it, you pressed the 'Drop' button and watched with baited breath as the claw went down and attempted to grab the prize ball.

The claw grabbed it and almost immediately let it go.

You growled in despair as the claw reset itself and the timer dropped down to zero. The 'You Lose' theme played and you glared at the machine in silent hatred.

You stepped back and allowed Flug to take a turn at the machine. Even if you lost the first time, you can obviously tell that Flug wasn't even that confident in himself winning at this damn rigged machine.

He inserted his coins and took control of the activated claw.

He took aim at an action figure of some random superhero and dropped the claw.

Almost in the same fashion, the claw barely made an attempt to grab the prize. As it merely hooked the arm and shook the catch off when it rose back up, causing Flug to hiss in frustration. You gulped as you both now only had 18 tokens left.

And you knew this beast would eat them all.

The pattern continued. Both of you trying different tactics and aiming for prizes that were in reachable spots. But, each time you both would get a catch, the claw would shake too much and knock the prize loose. You even had one incident where you NEARLY got a prize into the drop-bin. Only for it to fall off at the wrong moment.

You raged internally when it did that and Flug couldn't help but laugh.

The tension was high, now. Both of you only had 2 tokens left each. That meant that you both only had one more shot to prove who was victorious this day in the arcade. Both of you could feel the tension radiating off of one another. You stepped up first and inserted your coins.

The claw came to life for the 20th time and you took aim at a adorable kitten plush.

You dropped the claw and it wrapped itself around your prize.

And promptly slipped off of it.

You immediately grit your teeth in fury and press your face against the glass of the machine and leer with all of your might at the claw as it reset itself.
You let out a defeated sigh and look toward Flug. To which you gestured to the machine with one hand and stepped out of the way. Allowing Flug to gain access to the machine. To which he promptly stepped up and took charge.

While you were observing him, you could tell he was tense and that sweat was dripping down his exposed neck. Which confused you slightly. I mean, this was tense. Not *THAT* tense.

But, this was his last chance at victory. Which he had a 90% chance of failing at. You just simply sat back and watched as he inserted his last two coins and took control of the joystick.

Flug eyed a particular object, one that he hadn't noticed before, and took careful aim at it. Then, he dropped the claw.

The claw went down and, by a streak of blissful luck, had nabbed the prize in the right place. The claw took the little treasure up and, to your unholy surprise, dropped the prize into the bin.

Almost immediately, the ‘Winner’ sound played from the machine and Flug seemed to blink. Almost as if he was double checking reality or something.

You simply gawked at Flug's comeback and shook your head in disbelief. Flug then snapped out of his trance and bent down to claim his trinket. To your own surprise, he pulled out a little keychain that had a silver UFO and stars hanging off of it.

You clapped at his victory and nodded when he looked over to you.

"I...I did it." Flug stuttered, completely in shock.

"That you did. You're the victor for today!" You congratulate, giving a brief salty look over to the machine.

You have, and you always will, hate these types of machines. But, you will be anything but a sore looser to your friend. It's a chance game anyway. So it wasn't like it was rigged in anyone's favor. Well, except the establishment that owns these damn things.

Then suddenly, you jolt as the keychain was pushed into your line of sight.

Confused, you look at Flug and back toward the glistening UFO and stars that were hanging in front of your face.

"Huh?? W-What?! Flug! You can't give me your prize! *You won it! It belongs to you!" You say, completely astonished by his sudden urge to give you his hard-earned prize.

"W-Well! Erm...I just figured...that you would like it. Since you like...aliens and space. You talk about them a lot. So...I wanna give you this." Flug explains, shyly looking away from you to avoid eye contact.

You felt like you wanted to say something else to stop him from making this decision. But, on the other hand, he sounded so sincere. He was also speaking the truth about your love for aliens and space. Two of your most favored hobbies that you love to talk about.

You steadily reach out and accept the charm from his hand.
"Are you--"

"Yes. Please take it." Flug interrupts, closing your hand around the charm.

You stare at him briefly and give him a big smile in gratitude.

"Thanks....Flug." You say.

After which you fasten the charm to your primarily underused wrist. Looking at it as it glistens off of your skin.

"Now, how about we go cash these tickets in and go somewhere else?" Flug suggested, shifting all of the tickets in his grasp while he was at it.

"Hehehe! Yeah!" You nod and you both began to make your way to the prize counter.

Once you were both there, Flug sat his tickets down on the counter top and waited patiently for the clerk to run all of his tickets through the counting machine. He had a total of 630 tickets. To which he briefly observed the prizes that were available to him.

You also took to observing the prizes that were available to you. You had 650 tickets when the clerk ran them through the counting machine, since you kicked Flugs' ass at skeeball, you took note of a lot of the things that were present at the prize counter.

There were inflated objects that were hanging around the corner, a variety of toys, plenty of candy, some dartboards, stuffed characters from franchises that you didn't recognize, action figures of supervillains and superheroes, knit-knacks, trinkets, and various cups and objects in sacks.

Then, something caught your eye and made you almost gasp.

On the bottom self was a charm that was similar to your own, instead of a UFO and stars, this one was decorated with planes, jets, and clouds of various types. It was also right on the nose of your price range. 650 Tickets were needed to purchase the charm.

Almost immediately, you picked that one.

The clerk bent down and fetched the object you coveted. Almost immediately, Flug noticed what you were up to and looked at you in slight worry. To which you just waved him off and handed him the charm.

Once he got a closer look at it, you could see it in his eyes that he adored what you gave him.

You obviously knew that Flug was smitten with airplanes, as he seemed to like to talk about them a lot and the lab was littered with airplane-themed objects. Such as magazines, calendars, his cots' blankets, his favorite place to eat, and even his checks that he used to pay the manors' bills had images of planes on them.

"There! Now we match!" You laughed. Holding up your charm for emphasis.

Flug looked at the charm and nodded. He then decided to spend all of his tickets on candy and asked the clerk to put it in a bag for him. To which the clerk nodded and did as he asked.
With the goods in tow and the charms placed on both of your wrists, you both began to leave the arcade.

This day was just getting better and better, it wasn't even that late yet!

--

Continuing to follow you two, Dementia and 5.0.5 had walked into the building and immediately took cover.

Dementia had to drag the bear into a hiding spot quickly, so they don't disturb the environment and blow their cover.

Dementia had hid them both behind some maintenance curtains for a broken down machine that was getting worked on. Avoiding the parts that were scattered around, Dementia peaked out from within the curtain wall and observed as you both walked over to the coin dispenser and she excitedly wiggled.

"Ooohh! I can't tell what's more exciting! The loud games or my OTP's blossoming relationship!!" Dementia writhed, currently sitting on 5.0.5's shoulders so she could see over the machines that attempted to block her view of the 'couple'.

"Awwooo?" The cyan bear muttered, to which Dementia used her foot to silence the bear.

"Shush! You're not being stealthy enough!" Dementia hissed and got back to watching you both through the binoculars. Causing the bear to let out a huff in annoyance.

She observed and giggled as she watched you both get competitive with one another. Seeing Flug so openly determined and seeing you with a backbone made Dementia bounce in place on 5.0.5's head. Who endured it in flat distaste.

She continued to watch for seemingly hours, finally, you both seemed to have reached a stalemate. She observed in complete interest as you both could be seen talking with one another. She would guess about what to do next. Seeing as you both were evenly matched.

To her own surprise, both of you looked over to the claw machine in unison and began to approach it.

"No way! They're gonna let that rigged thing solve this issue!?!!" Dementia cried. Which caused the beat to arch his eyebrow and stare up at the girl in an unamused manor.

Which one of them was being loud again? The bear just rolled his eyes and watched from his own perspective.

"Damn! They've been at it and nobody has won! Why don't they just call it quits? That machine will just take their tokens and leave the decision at a tie!" Dementia complained and continued to watch as you both took turns.

"See! Now they're on their last two tokens! If that were me, I would of just wrestled them!" Dementia cackled, gaining a worried glance in return from the bear below.
A few moments passed and once the unspeakable happened, Dementia's jaw dropped as Flug wound up becoming the victor.

"No. Way. The nerd actually won something!" Dementia then gets confused as she suddenly sees him stretch out his arm to you.
"What is he doing? What does he--!!" Dementia suddenly clammed up as realization hit.

She suddenly pulled her long green hair forward and bite down on it to muffle her squealing.

Once she was calm enough, she spat the hair out and observed as you accepted the gift. Taking an influx of zoomed in pictures on her camera while she was at it.

"He gave the prize he won to them! It was a silver charm~! Eeeeeeheheheheheee~!" Dementia wriggled as she watched you both approach the prize corner.

And she was almost immediately overtaken by more fangirling as she saw you spend your tickets to purchase a similar charm for Flug. Taking even more pictures on her phone as she continued to watch.

"They got matching charms!" Dementia sobbed slightly, wiping at her eyes with her green hoodie hair.
"This is so beautiful!" Dementia cried, looking over the pictures on her phone.

"Awoo?" 5.0.5 whined, looking up at Dementia in worry.

She makes attempts to compose herself as she takes deep breaths and looks back outside. Just in time to see you both waving goodbye to the clerk and heading on your way back outside into the busy city streets. She taps on the head of the bear and motions to the outside of the curtains.

"They're on the move! Go! Go! Go! We can't lose them! Not after this beautiful moment!" Dementia demands and jumps off the head of 5.0.5, putting away her phone while she was at it.

5.0.5 gives her a soft glare as he rubs his sore head and quickly follows after her. They both peer out from behind the maintenance curtain and see the both of you exit the building through the automatic doors.

They wait for an opportunity to escape and when the time comes, they immediately run to the exit and head out into the streets, looking around briefly before spotting your retreating forms in the speckled crowds of people.

Without hesitating, Dementia slithers off after you two.

The clumsier bear getting on all-fours and calming following her.

They continued to follow you both throughout the day. Watching as you both entered various stores and shops. Finally stopping at a restaurant to eat some food together.
Dementia and 5.0.5 also followed you both in there.

Meanwhile, back at the manor.

Black Hat was currently tending to some paperwork. Reading over words and notes from behind his monocle.
Filing sorting, organizing, tacking, and stamping certain pieces of parchment. He has been at this for a few hours and normally, almost usually, he would get bothered by this point in time by one of his minions.

He knew that the alien and Flug had gone out to run errands. But that wouldn't put a damper on Dementia's bothersome and pesky habits of sneaking into his bedroom or his office when he was away or distracted.

However. The amount of time he had managed to secure for himself was almost...astonishing. But, it was mostly...unusual.

The mansion is never this silent and never has he managed to not be bothered this long before.

He sets the last stamped paper down on top of his desk and pairs it together with other papers. He then places a paperclip on the neat stack and opens his desk drawer. Placing the files into one of the empty folders and he slams the drawer shut.

He lets out a relieved sigh as he sees that the stacks of papers that were on his desk were worked through and filed appropriately.

Now he was just sitting at his desk with nothing to do. A few blank moments passed by and he decided to stretch. His bones creak and let out unnatural sounding pops as he feels the tension ease away from his muscles, but not completely.

He lets out a growl and sits back in his chair.

Looking at the ticking devil clock hanging on his office wall. It read 8:37 in the evening.

His office was an agitated red from the late sunset that was currently in the sky as of that moment. The red hues illuminated the walls and the flooring, giving it a very ominous blood-like color.

Creepy to others, homey to him.

He relaxes in his chair and steadies his breathing, closing his eyes for a brief moment.

Then, he listens.

Silence.

Complete and undisturbed silence greets his ears.

...

*Something was off. The manor is NEVER this quiet for this long.*

Black Hat straightens up, stands up and out of his chair, and he begins to make his way out of his office.

Upon reaching the double doors, he pries them open and looks out into the hallway. Seeing no minion or any form of life around. He steps out into the hallway and out of the claustrophobic area that was his office.
Then, instead of wondering around and calling out for his minions like some fool, he instead resorts to his previous tracking tactic.

His eye rolls into the back of his head and he peers in through his hidden *windows* that were placed throughout the manor. He peered through various paintings eyes and saw no forms of life. Not a minion in sight. The only movement he detected was the roomba that was currently stationed in your room.

He'll never understand why you put googly eyes on that blasted thing.

It was rare when that tracking tactic fails. So, he decides to switch over to the more effective one.

His visible eyes' pupil tightened into a barely noticeable slit. The usual white around said pupil turned to a bright ruby red. Giving his eyes demonic qualities as he slowly scans across his manor for any lifeforces that could be detected.

For the most part, the tactic was steadily becoming a bust. The only thing he had detected was the damn roomba that was moving around in your room. It's grey aura signifying artificial life and not the colored lifeforces of his underlings that he was seeking.

A bit more scanning later, Black Hat had detected a larger grey artificial lifeforce that was currently present in Flug's lab. It was pacing back and forth and would change its' pattern from time to time.

Startled at first, a brief memory of you introducing himself to a robotic copy of him flashed across his mind, replacing his alertness with pure annoyance.

"Ugh. The robot." Black Hat hissed.

After the brief sweep of the manor, Black Hat had concluded that his minions had places two go. Not only that, but his suspicion was peaked when he calculated the time you both left, to the time it was now. Neither of you had returned. Dementia and the pathetic bear had apparently wondered off without his permission.

In fact...Flug seemed rather eager to go out today. He had attempted to keep it off of Black Hats' radar, but it was foolish of Flug to even attempt to hide his true emotions. His keen eyes can penetrate even the most skillful of liars. Flug wasn't even in the novice level of liars.

He was just flat out horrible.

Unless it came to his past. He was rather skilled at rendering lies to cover that up and quench the curiosity of people who ask.

Black Hat began to think. Then, something clicks.

The creation of the robotic lookalike of himself was rather spontaneous. The alien had stated that it was created to assist in work and chores. Yet, Flug had just started building it completely out of nowhere and completed it in such a short time frame.

If anything knows about his staffs' whereabouts, it was that little robot.
Black Hat reverted his eyes back to normal and made for a quick paced walk down to the lab.

--

Upon arriving in the lab, he quickly took note of the little robot lookalike that seemed to be constantly checking on gauges and pressure for certain equipment.

Black Hat had silently crept up on the preoccupied little robot and once the robot turned to go in another direction, it ran dead-smack into Black Hat and lost its’ balance and whereabouts as it back off. Alert and wary.

"W-Who's the--?! Oh! Erm...Black Hat. Leader of the household, what brings you down to the laboratory?" Hat-Bot asked, slightly intimidated by its' boss.

"I have noticed a severe lacking in minions around my manor. I was not informed of two of their whereabouts and the first two that got my permission haven't returned yet. I have come seeking answers about their whereabouts. Where have they gone?" Black Hat demanded, giving the robot an unwavering stare.

Hat-Bot clicked in nervousness.

"O-Oh? They didn't inform you about their date? I thought you knew--"

"WHAAAAAT!?" Hat-Bot recoiled as Black Hat roared out in rage.

Hat-Bot let out a cry of surprise and slight pain as he was picked up by his neck with a strong-gripped claw. He rattled in fear as he was brought to his boss's terrifying face. Riddled with red eyes, gnashing mouths, and split flesh.

"WHAT DATE?!" Black Hat growled, his voice of a lower pitch and multiple voices and pitches were bleeding through the many mouths that had engulfed his face.

Hat-Bot quivers in fear.

"TELL ME, YOU LIVING SCRAPHEAP!" Roared Black Hat, which caused Hat-Bot to flinch and cover his face in defense.

"I-I don't know! I just know that they had a date today! They talked about i-it all yesterday! I don't know w-where they went! Please, don't hurt me!" Hat-Bot screamed and begged, covering his face from the horror that was in front of him.

The next thing Hat-Bot knew, he was thrown across the room and he lands harshly in the labs' cot.

"YOU ARE USELESS." Black Hat hisses, before departing from the lab in a shadow-laced fog.

Once out of the lab, Black Hat manages to stitch his face back together and reverts his eye back to its' demonic form.

Many have tried to run from Black Hat, in a way, it has become a game to him. He loves to let his victims get father and father each time they escape. Only to rip away their freedom the moment they think they are free. Seeing the crushed hope in their eyes was always rewarding.
This time, however, Black Hat had a mission.

He tightened his focus and began to look off in the distance of Hatsville.

It has been so long since he's had an incident like this. It didn't matter where they go or how far they are, Black Hat NEVER looses his property.

And finally, within his vision, multiple auras he recognized appeared. Including the flickering one. All of them were closer together, but it seemed that Dementia and the bear were purposefully lagging behind. Black Hat rolled his eyes.

Of course. The idiots would follow them.

Then, his eyebrow twitched.

That basically meant that EVERYONE in the household knew about the date and not even DEMENTIA told him!
He gritted his teeth and he hissed.

His feet then turned into a tar-like substance as he sinks into the ground, becoming nothing but a shadow.

"They'll all equally pay for keeping this from me!" Black Hat snarled.

Once he sank into the ground, a streamline of an absolute black shadow slithered out from underneath the door and out the front gates. Toward the direction where all of his minions were.

--

Dementia and 5.0.5 had followed you both, even after you had eaten a dinner for two, now you both seemed to be heading off toward a seemingly desolate area.

"Where are they going? This place is pretty barren of all life. What could possibly be romantic all the way out here?" Dementia wondered aloud, watching from a safe distance.

The location that you all were currently present in was urban with slight vegetation that was around. A few marinas were nearby, along with some fishing holes, warehouses, and areas that were blocked off to the public or were private property with high chain-link fencing and barbed wire at the top.

It didn't seem to welcoming at first, even Dementia seemed to catch your confused expressions.

Still, they followed Flug and yourself. Not a lot of people were out down this way. Lights steadily became fewer and fewer. Building lights were still illuminated, but streetlights steadily dwindled until a single one stood alone at the edge of an old pier.

"An old doc? How's that romantic?!" Dementia blew a raspberry.
"Typical Flug. He sure knows how to pick the best places!" She sarcastically added.

"Awoo!" The bear grumbles, to which Dementia gives him an unimpressed side-stare.

"You always defend him, goody-two-paws." She states in an annoyed tone.
Both of them fall silent as you both approach the pier.

The skies were painted a bright orange and the pink clouds were turning a deep blue as the twilight sky took over. Stars began to dot the encroaching night sky as the sun painted the far horizon a burning red. A gentle wind was blowing in from the direction of the sea.

Last bits of sunlight reflected off of the water in yellow shimmers as you both began to make a steady walk out to the end of the fenceless pier. You both seemed to be talking, but Dementia and 5.0.5 couldn't follow you both to get audio of your conversation.

"Dammit! Foiled by a pier of all things!" Dementia hissed.

5.0.5 merely let out a whine as he watched your figures reach the end of the pier and stop. You both almost seemed to start chatting the moment you reached the end of it.

Suddenly, the stars lit up with streaking lights. Causing both 5.0.5 and Dementia to gawk at the lights that were zipping across the sky. They lost focus of their mission and instead watched the sky. Dementia, however, refocused temporarily and noticed you both leaning against one another.

She had managed to pull out her phone and line up a perfect shot, with a click, the picture was taken and saved to her gallery. It was probably the most beautiful picture she had took that whole day. She even made a few backups, just in case something happened to it.

After that, she refocused back on the sky and zoned out, watching the vivid show streak across the sky.

Both Dementia and 5.0.5 were so distracted, they didn't notice a shadowy figure rising out of the ground behind them both.

They only took notice of its' presence the moment sharp claws grappled their necks.

"Oh, I'm sorry. This little spying party is over and you four are in BIG TROUBLE." A familiar voice hissed at the two as pressure was added to the strangle hold.

"Uh-oh." Dementia croaked out.

Meanwhile, a short distance away, you were taken aback from the awe-inspiring view Flug decided to show you.

From the first appearance, you expected an abandoned warehouse that you both were going to perch on top of, but this was much more preferable. Down along the sides of the old pier were man-made beaches that lead up toward the walking path. A single streetlight was casting illumination toward the end of the pier and the setting sun was amplified.

Straight ahead was nothing but miles of ocean. In the distance, you could see buoys and boat markers blinking red lights. Looking down into the water below, it appeared to be shallow, as you can see underwater sand-lines from the waves making their way to shore. You swear you can even see fish swimming around.

The area surrounding the pier looked similar to a marina and warehouse district. Where they would unload cargo-ships and unpack large storage containers. And farther over to a nearby port, you
could see ships coming in for the night. Having spent many hours on the water.

Then, finally, you looked up and took in the twilight sky.

Seeing the speckled home-beacons, or the stars, come out was satisfying and arose memories of you climbing on your parents' roof when you were a child and watching the stars steadily reveal themselves to you and the world.

"Wow Flug....I didn't think a place like this would conceal this level of beauty." You say in awe.

"Yeah. I found it one day while looking for a place to fly my water-savvy model airplanes. I just came upon it by chance...it was the perfect height. It wasn't too deep either. And it's a place that not many people know about. The area around here looks intimidating, but this is one of the treasures I found while scouting for flying zones." Flug says.

"Yeah. It's beautiful. I was kinda worried at first, but I'm glad you decided to show me this place. Feels sacred almost." You reply.

"Trust me. This is way better than struggling to find a spot in obvious places. People usually want to get higher for a better view. That's mostly not the case. I picked this place for its' lack of obviousness and because it's one of the lesser light-polluted sections on the island." Flug explains.

"That makes sense. I like this view better. It's not extravagant or terribly crowded. Just us two out here." You mutter, lost in the beauty of the world around you.

"Yeah. Better yet, we have arrived just in time. The shower is going to start in a few minutes. Once the sun disappears, white streaks are going to start to trail across the sky." Flug said, looking at you.

"That's right! It can happened at any moment now! And look! The full moon has already come out!" You laugh giddily, pointing toward the silver sphere in the sky. Causing Flug to nod.

You both then sat down, letting your legs hang off of the pier, and made small talk. You asked about the planes Flug would fly and how often he would come out here to visit this memorable place.

But, the moment a white streak zipped across the sky, you both gasped.

"It's starting~!" You eagerly bounce and engross yourself in the midnight blue sky.

After you stated that, meteors started to appear.

Streaks of white light zipped across the sky and fell from the void. Before burning up in the planets' atmosphere. You both would gasp from time to time and point at the bright ones that you two would see.

Sparkles and shimmering lights zipped down from space. Each one was enhanced by the full moon. Giving them brighter streaks and it made them more visible. Almost completely subconsciously, you both leaned into one another. There were no words exchanged. It just felt right.

You managed to get a whiff of Flugs' cologne and Flug managed feel your soft alien akin molding
around his much more firmer skin. Warm, Soft, and Different. Timid, Awkward, and Intelligent. The traits of different beings from different worlds, sitting at the end of a rimless pier.

Watching one of the most naturally occurring cosmic wonders together.

You both basked in the presence of yourselves and each other, the show continuing on for a good few minutes. Then one by one, the stars become fewer and less vivid. It lit up a fair amount of the sky. But the party was short-lived. Despite taking 20 minutes.

You sigh in bliss.

Your first meteor shower, it was short, but it was beautiful.

Suddenly, you both could hear footsteps approaching you both from behind, followed by a familiar female voice saying 'Ow, Ow, Ow!' and a very familiar animal whine.

"Well, look at what I found! Out past curfew and on a DATE, no less!"

You both jolt at the familiar growl and turn to face the new arrival.

Behind you both was a pissed off Black Hat, dragging behind him Dementia and 5.0.5.

There was so much to process in that one moment, that you could only say the one word that came to your mind.

"Shit."

Chapter End Notes

Uh oh! Everyone is in trouble this time!

Muahahahah! Black Hat is throwing a wrench in this little love fiasco!

Also, we just hit 850 KUDOS!
Thank you for liking my fic so much, dear Readers!

= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of


Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy

Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/166156779979/cosmica-galaxy-this-is-how-i-imagined-that-scene#notes

*NEW* Z-Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/167786442471/cosmica-galaxy-heres-what-i-imagined-the

Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
You and Black Hat get into a confrontation and you all wind up battered and bruised. But, you decide to channel your frustrations into finishing your projects. In which you succeed.

---- WARNING ----
VIOLENCE AND SOME BLOOD AHEAD

Chapter Notes

WE HAVE SURPASSED 150,000 WORDS! BEFORE NEW YEARS~!
*Pops a confetti popper*

WOOOOOO~~!!!
someone was either sitting on you are standing on you. You just hoped it wasn't Black Hat.

You let out a groan and attempted to shift. Finding yourself surprisingly immobile.

You open your eyes and rub them. Surprised when another familiar groan was vocalized right above you. Your eyes focused and you inhale slightly as you found Flug and yourself in a very...complex position. As Flug was straddling you at the hips and laying on your own body. Rubbing his head and sitting up.

Against your own will, a slight pink blush gets dusted on your cheeks at the notion of the suggestive position you both find yourselves in.

He seemed to rub his own eyes and recover faster than you. Blinking rapidly to clear his vision.

However, the moment he locked eyes with you lying on the ground beneath him, his expression seemed to turn blank for a minute. He seemed to be slowly catching up with the current position and you both could hear Dementia cackling and whistling from somewhere around you both. You let out a nervous laugh and wave at him.

"S'up Flug? Say, can you do me a favor? Can you please get off of me? It's hard to breathe with you sitting on me like this." You wheeze out, to which Flug snapped back to the reality of his current situation.

He jumped off of you as if you burned him with a fiery poker.

He stumbles up and off of you. Clumsily backing off and falling on his backside. Eyes wide with anxiety.

"O-Oh no! I'm s-so sorry! I didn't k-know where I was and I just cametoandfoundyouundermeinanincompermisingpositionwithsuggestivelewdnessandohmystars--!!!" Flug spewed out his word-vomit and shuddered while covering his face nervously as you sit up.

"Dude, Flug. It's really okay! It was an accident!" You wave it off.

"Or was it~? What if he was trying to pull a move on you, (Name)~?! Hehehee!! Fluggy that was very bold of you~!!" Dementia cackled.

"Shut up, Dementia!" Flug screeched, flustered beyond belief as his neck was as red as an apple.

You look over to where Dementia is and found her laying on 5.0.5's back. To which the bear was still a little dazed by everything. Dementia was happily cackling on the cyan bear as she relished in Flugs’ embarrassment.

"It was just an accident, Dementia. We both toppled out at the same time and wound up on top of each other. It's really no big deal." You say, scratching your neck in embarrassment.

"Oh, yes. No big deal." A scratchy voice joined the conversation, silencing all in the room.

Oh, yeah. You forgot where you were for a moment there. You still have your boss to face.

You look around for a brief few seconds and found yourself to be in a very familiar place. You all
were currently in Black Hats' office. The villainous boss himself was standing in front of his desk with his arms crossed. Giving all of his underlings, primarily you, a grotesque sneer.

Within the darkness of the room, he looked so much more ominous than he did when the sun was up. His obvious body posture just rang out disappointment and agitation.

"I have never received this much disobedience from my underlings in all my years of being an active villain. This behavior coming from all of you is boarder-line absurd!" Black Hat snarls at you all.

"Not only have you all disobeyed me, but you willingly went against my set of rules that you ALL MUST FOLLOW. AT The SAME TIME NO LESS. This shouldn't even be happening. Have none of my previous punishments gotten through any of your heads?! Though, even I know fully well enough where this rebellious behavior is originating from." Black Hat growls as he focuses his only visible eye on yourself.

"Me?" You say, completely blank as you can't see the connection.

"YES, YOU! Ever since you arrived, more and more things have been happening and going wrong! I get fooled, get invaded, and my primarily willing subordinates are now starting to disobey me! This is the exact reason why I put that 'ridiculous rule' in place! The moment it gets lifted, you're off frolicking with my scientist, WHO SHOULD BE WORKING AND NOT SLACKING OFF." Black Hat snaps at the others, who were shaking in fear.

You feel your eyebrow twitch and you stand up, brush yourself off, and cross your arms while giving him a flat stare.

"Then why don't you send me home?" You say, to which Black Hat looked almost caught off guard for a moment there, quickly covering it up with anger.

A brief moment of silence passes.

"What?" He hisses out.

"You heard me. I saw that expression flicker across your face before you covered it up." You growl.

"If I bother you so much, why don't you send me back? Why don't you get Flug to build a machine and launch me back home? Kick me off your planet? Why do you complain constantly about my presence and about how much I turn your life upside down and NOT send me home if I bother you so much?" You demand, staring him down relentlessly.

Black Hat clenches his seafoam green sharp teeth and gives you a deadly leer. You knew you were treading on thin ice with him. As he was completely unpredictable alone. But, you were putting him in a tight spot in front of the onlooking eyes of his entire household. You could obviously tell from body-language that he was feeling pressured for an answer.

"I don't need to answer that!" Black Hat bit back.

"Yes, you do! A freak accident took me away from everything I have ever known! I have no family
or identity here! I have nothing! All I know are you and everyone else that lives in this manor! I have no origin or home! I don't even EXIST! So, why? Why do you always complain that my presence bother you and your life used to be so easy, NOW suddenly, you won't admit why you constantly keep me around if I BUG YOU SO MUCH!" Your voice was rising a few octaves and it was quickly enraging Black Hat.

"BECAUSE THE ONLY THING WORTHY FROM YOU IS YOUR BLOOD. NOTHING MORE." He snarls back at you, to which you angrily twitch.

"Oh, please! You obviously keep me here for more than just that! You're a multi-millionaire, so the reason isn't money! Plenty of heroes are dying, so you're getting what you want! That can't be everything! Is it because it tastes good to you?! Are you addicted to it!? AM I NOTHING MORE THAN YOUR DAILY DRUG DOSE?!!"

"SILENCE!!!" He roars, startling everyone in the room.

The room vibrated from the octave of his vocalized anger. The pictures and windows vibrated from the force of the sound and the onlookers of the debate shivered and recoiled with fear. You stood there, watching as Black Hat breathed with excessive force. His teeth were now much more visible and gritted.

"YOU...ARE TRYING MY PATIENCE." Black Hat growled through his gritted teeth.

You stood there silently for a moment, before gritting your own teeth and spitting out your insult.

"Well, that's not much of an feat, now is it?" You snapped.

That almost seemed to finally trip Black Hat as his claws shredded his gloves and he lunged at you, wrapping his claws around your neck in a firm grip, faster than you could of reacted, and started to strangle you.

"WHY YOU LITTLE UNGRATEFUL--!!!" Black Hat shouted as he started to violently shake you with unsurpassed strength and squeeze your neck painfully tight.

You let out a series of elongated choking sounds as Black Hat squeeze your neck and shook you till you were dizzy. You felt almost like a ragdoll in his grip as he asphyxiated you. Squeezing your windpipe closed and caused your fragile vertebra to creak under the pressure.

You started wheezing and gasping as your vision dipped in and out of focus.

Through the violent shaking and rocking of your oxygen deprived body, you could see the anger flaring in Black Hat's eye and the acidic-looking saliva that would drip past his teeth. You felt like you were going to pass out, but found yourself suddenly being dropped to the floor. Gasping for precious air to refuel your lungs.

The world was spinning and your head was throbbing.

Something was dripping from your neck as you steadily regained feeling. It was most likely blood from his claws penetrating your flesh around your neck. You sit on the ground and wobble a bit as a headache slowly starts to form within your skull.

Once you got enough strength, you found yourself focusing on what is around you. Finding your
own eyes staring at a pair of stationary gentleman spats.

It appeared that you were still in front of Black Hat and that you just collapsed at his feet...like some abused slave or something.

You let out a couple of coughs and put on a determined face as you looked back up to your boss. His and your glares met and almost immediately, you were backhanded harshly. You fell onto your side from the force and shook slightly. Stunned from the blow.

"Don't you dare test me like that again, alien." Black Hat hissed.

You flinch as a vague stinging started to blossom on your cheek. Feeling up your face and pulling it away, you could see blood stating your fingers. It appeared he slapped you with his claws still reared. Giving you some scratches.

Then, you felt him press his foot against you, as if in a pushing manner.

"Get out. Go to your private quarters and stay there for the rest of the night. You are not going to have dinner. Same with you, Flug!" At the mention of his name, Flug flinches and covers his head slightly in fear, yet Black Hat focused on you primarily.

You attempt to get up, but he would always push you down with his leg.

You knew what he wanted you to do. Too weak to do anything else at the moment, you began to steadily crawl your way to the exit of the office. Like a scolded dog, you inch out of the office and into the hallway.

Bracing against a table, you prop yourself up on it and steadily get back on your feet. Stumbling from the dizziness that accompanied your arrival back to being on your feet. You swayed a bit and start to slowly inch back to your private room.

When will you remember that Black Hat isn't human in the slightest?

And why was he keeping you here? He never gave a complete answer to it.

You steadily inch back to your room. Spite flowing into your heart like a poison. You lightly snort and creep back to your living quarters with plans of more disobedience rocking around in your mind.

You certainly aren't going to be obeying that jackass anytime soon.

You will bend.

*But you will never break.*

---

Once you manage to get back to your quarters, you fume as you sit down at the workbench in your room.

Despite all of the dizziness and aches you were feeling, your anger and urge to create your personal project triumphed over your need to rest. You wanted to get this project underway. Black Hat will
have a trip trying to hurt you when you're flying 500 meters in the air.

You pull out the necessary tools to get working on the project and start to find what you needed.

The fabric needed finishing, the solar panels needed to be wired in, and the jet propulsion engines needed to be installed. You start to work on the wires and fabric almost immediately. Spite fueling your desire to finish this project.

The minutes turned to hours. Despite you having to sleep and the night hours were getting shorter, you continued to work and work.

You constantly worked on the fabric. Stitching it together and sewing in the flexible solar panels with great care and tough stitching techniques. You fabric skills weren't attained at your collage. Instead, they were show to you by your grandparents.

Your childhood consisted of you hanging out with your grandparents and watching how your granny would sew up fabrics and little costumes for you to wear. Your parents still have pictures of you in your little outfits, embarrassingly enough.

But, she taught you from an early age. Showing you techniques, skillful tricks, and fabric pairings. You loved taking up stitching with her. You both made stockings for the holidays one year. Your parents were so proud.

Now, you were putting those skills into these suits. One for you and one for Flug.

Even if he attempted to throw the blueprints away, thinking of them as a pipe-dream, you knew these suits were possible to make and possible to fly. Your people have made jet suits of their own and they work! Flying through the sky as if weightless.

It was Flug's dream.

He told you about his affection with airplanes. About how he grew up loving them. Wanting to fly them in any form. So...he became a pilot. Because he loved his passion so much.

Flug in his entirety was a man of passion. He loved science and planes. So he became a scientist and a pilot. He even won a noble peace prize!

He even made Hat-Bot and Cam-Bot. Complex beings that move and adjust as if they had minds of their own. He can do things that only you can DREAM of accomplishing.

This is mixed with some of your own Earths' technology. The least thing you could do for all that Flug has done for you is give him the ability to soar in the skies he loves so much once more. Who knows how long he has been grounded with Black Hat of all people?

The abusive man wasn't short of a bad temperament. Black Hat was the whole package of the definition of rotten.

You let out a heated sigh as you take a moment to breathe.

You have noticed that you have been getting kinda grudge-like with Black Hat. You don't usually hold grudges. As it takes a lot of energy and effort to do so. But, the longer you stay here, the more
you have been shown to be changing.

You used to be so laid back and chill with everything and everyone. In a span of 2 months, you have nearly lost all of your lethargic behavior and have been butting heads with Black Hat more and more. Along with getting angry and just downright spiteful to your boss.

Abusive people don't deserve respect, by all means, they don't.

Black Hat feels like he can stomp on you and break your will. He can try, but he won't succeed. You won't give into him. Everyone else obviously has already. Judging by the way they all shook in fear of him as he roared out at yourself.

It seems that you are the only one that has enough courage, or fool heartiness, to actually question and freely disobey Black Hat. To which, it obviously winds up with you getting beat up or punished in some way.

Some people must think that you're a glutton for punishment. As you seem to never learn your lesson.

But, that's just what Black Hat wants. Total control...and you're not giving it to him.

You will only obey people if they treat you right. Black Hat doesn't even come close to getting to that level of privilege.

You continue working on the suits all through the night. The moment you stop to take a breather, the morning sun was coming up over the city. Illuminating buildings and streets as it slowly rises higher and higher into the air. The pinkish sky lighting up brightly as it slowly gives away to the color of cyan.

You weakly rub your eyes and your stomach growls out as it remains empty.

The area around your neck is now profusely sore. As you rub it and feel the dry blood on your cheek and neck from last night's confrontation.

However, you weren't concerned with cleaning yourself of any imperfections at the moment. The suits were finally finished!

You look at the suits with a shining gaze. A light blue and white one for Flug and another one that was fitted with your color parings of choice. Both acclimated to fit your body types. The flexible solar panels along the belly and back gave the suits a nice sleek appearance.

The jet wings placed upon their backs were sleek and the engines were compact, but powerful. The helmets had visors and small aerodynamic antennas on the top of the helmets. The lower part looking like a gas mask respirator. To help filter air out at the altitudes that this baby can climb.

You don't wanna be passing out from lack of air going at the speeds this suit can go.

You admired your work and sit back in your chair. Looking at the suits with a fixated gaze. All of this work was completed in one night out of anger and spite. You almost feel tranquil as you look at the finally completed project.

It took nearly two weeks to get this project done. Lots of trial and error. Failed practices and with a
lot of fix-me-ups. But, they were finally done. Completed.

You stand up and stretch. Fixing to get yourself a morning shower and a delicious breakfast. Black Hat said you couldn't eat dinner. Not breakfast. So you were going to make the most of your morning meal.

You head to the personal shower that came with your room and turned on the light.

You winced the moment you discovered what the face that was looking back at yourself looked like.

Your eyes had noticeable dark circles under them. Your hair was a mess, you had a few grease splatters on your face, and the three dried up bleeding scratches that were present on your bruised cheek.

The neck looked the worst out of all of your new injuries.

It was covered in dried blood streams that had oozed out of your punctures. The skin on the neck itself was almost violet. Black and purple choke marks went around your neck and was about 2 inches wide all around.

The patch that was covering the, now healed, bite wounds from Black Hats feeding exchanges was pressed into the skin from the force that was applied to your flesh. You carefully reach up and peel back the patch.

Immediately, your nose was assaulted with the smell of dead skin as you looked at it from the mirror in disgust. The patch had prevented the wound from breathing since it was pressed into the skin too tightly. Which caused dead skin to built up around the wound. Creating a foul-smelling odor and stench.

It obviously demanded immediate attention or it would get infected.

You don't hesitate and start to strip down. Turning on the water and locking the door.

Once the water was warm enough, you step into the shower, soak a rag and got some soap, then you start to scrub away at your face and neck. Making sure to get the low-level of necrotic skin off of the wound and decontaminate it with the peroxide that you got from within the sink cabinets.

It stung, but it was better than getting an infected wound. At least it was only dead skin and not rotting flesh. That's all you're grateful for.

You clean all of your wounds thoroughly, cleaning out any bacteria and contaminants. You sigh as the warm water eased your tender bruised flesh. Relaxing you as you scrub softly and cleanse yourself off all impurities.

Despite the horrible ending to yesterday, you still had fun with your 'date' with Flug. It was probably the most fun you have had in your whole time being here on this planet. Just being out and about, running to and fro. Going to an arcade, out to eat, even visiting the places that Flug has been plenty of times before were fun!

It was such a wonderful day. Especially the meteor shower. Watching the show in a quiet and unpopulated place...it was peaceful. Seeing the lights shoot across the sky like falling stars was
amazing to witness. In that moment in time, where you were didn't matter. Who you were with didn't matter. It was perfect.

Even if the night ended with you getting hurt all over again, you still had fun, regardless of how it ended.

Black Hat was going to ruin it, it should be expected at this point.

Same with him getting butt-hurt and violent. That should be expected too.

But, you're not gonna focus on him right now. You have to tell Flug about your finished project. After everyone gets to feeling better, you may ask Flug to sneak out with you to test them in an open area.

You hope he likes it!

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After your shower and clean up, you redress into your other pair of clothes and start to head down to the kitchen to get some breakfast.

You didn't bother to cover up the wounds anymore. As the area around the inflicted sight needed air. So, you just decided to not care about it. The other inflicted wounds weren't too deep. So they won't scar, thankfully. Just like typical scratches, they would heal up over time.

You were still tired and sore from yesterday. But, you were in a much better mood this morning.

After you had climbed down the stairs and walked into the kitchen, you were met with the sight of 5.0.5, Hat-Bot, and Flug. All of them looked fairly abused. Flug had a light bruise around his own neck and poor 5.0.5 looked like Black Hat used him as his personal punching bag.

As he was scratched in some areas around his abdomen and was missing hairs in a few places. Even his flower was wilting a bit on his head. The poor thing. Hat-Bot had a dent on his side and seemed to be slightly downtrodden this morning.

"Good morning." You say, which catches all of their attention.

"Oh...good morning, (Name)." Flug's voice was a little shaky, probably from the punishment he received last night or the bruise that was around his own throat.

"Baw!" 5.0.5 squeaks, despite his current state. He was at least attempting to be happy about seeing you this morning. This bear was so precious, you have to protect him from everything and anything that meant him harm.

Hat-Bot looked so upset out of everyone there for some reason, he instead hops off the chair and wheels over to hug you. Which obviously surprises you greatly.

"Hat-Bot...what's wrong sweetie?" You say as you hold him close and pat his head.

"I'm the one that told master Black Hat about where you two went...I'm s-s-sorry! I didn't think he would do something l-like this! I didn't want you to get hurt, other creator! I'm s-s-s-sorry!" Hat-Bot whimpered.
You feel your heart soften at Hat-Bots' audio skipping. He didn't know Black Hat that well, so it wasn't his fault. Obviously.

"Oh...come here, baby." You say as you pick him up off the ground. He was heavy, no doubt, but you wanted to hold him regardless.

You instead asked 5.0.5 to please get you a bowl of your favorite cereal and sat down at the table while holding Hat-Bot. Who was holding onto you like a lifeline. You pat his back comfortingly as you look over to Flug. Who was reading the newspaper and sucking down a cup of coffee through a straw.

"Flug. I have something to tell you." You speak up, quietly leaning over to Flug as he lets out a brief sigh.

"I know. We probably shouldn't do something like that again. It got everyone in trouble and such." Flug muttered back, looking away as if ashamed.
"I should'ave expected Black Hat to find out. I got too comfortable and wrapped up in our 'date' that I forgot about the time." Flug continued.

"No, Flug I-"

"Then everyone got caught and taken back to the manor. Seeing you behave that way to Black Hat and I just idly watched from the sidelines because I was frightened...I was a coward. I should'ave stepped in..."

"No! Flug there was nothing you could--"

"I'm sorry I couldn't do anything! I'msorryi'mworthlessandpowerlesstodoanythinglikeeverythingelse--"

"Flug!" You reach over and grip his shoulder, shocking him out of his stupor.
"It's fine, man. I wasn't even going to talk about that." You explain.

Flug blinks in confusion.

"You're not?"

"No! In fact, I have something to show you." You whisper, too which catches Flugs' attention. "I've been working on them for two weeks. I want to test them out after we recover and the heats off." You finish.

"What could you possibly be working on for two weeks??" Flug whispers back.

"Oh, you'll see after breakfast." You quietly giggle.

Once your bowl of cereal got set down in front of you, you continued to eat and hold Hat-Bot and pretend nothing was off. But, Flug obviously knew of your covering behavior. Which piqued his own personal interest.

Just what have you been working on for the past two weeks, he wonders.
To which he eagerly waits for you to finish your breakfast.
Silently getting excited himself over the thoughts and the possibilities.

*But it will certain surprise him, that's for sure.*

Chapter End Notes

Yowch! Black Hat REALLY knows how to make Reader comfortable in his presence. Why is the reason he keep the little alien around~? Curious!

Channel your anger and spite into a project and you'll get anything done!

Happy New Year everyone~!

Also, 15,000 hits, 900 kudos, and 350 comments?! AMAZING~!
Thank you my lovely writers for supporting me!

= ~~~~Also FANART~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of


Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy


Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/166156779979/cosmica-galaxy-this-is-how-i-imagined-that-scene#notes

Z-Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/167786442471/cosmica-galaxy-heres-what-i-imagined-the

Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
Sneaking Out

Chapter Summary

You and Flug sneak out to a secluded place to try out your jet suits.

Chapter Notes

I guess this is a padding chapter before the next chapter which is going to be much more awesomer and action filled. Hope you guys like it anyway~

Also, special announcement in the end notes!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You almost wanted to eat at a slower and more agonizing pace just to tease Flug.

But, you decided to be merciful on this day.

Finishing your bowl of cereal quickly, even if you were currently being gripped by Hat-Bot. Which was surprising even for yourself. You finished and handed your empty bowl off to 5.0.5, who was slightly interested in your conversation. But, the bear thankfully didn't dig too deep and went to wash dishes.

You stand up and allow Hat-Bot to slide off and back onto his singular wheel. To which he seemed much better than he did when you walked in. You give him a very light pat on the head and stand up.

Much to your surprise, Flug had jumped to his feet quickly and then nervously shuffled in place. Coughing nervously in embarrassment at his exposed eagerness, which caused you to chuckle at his child-like eagerness and wonderment.

"I know, you're excited. Come on, lets go see it!" You say, walking past Hat-Bot and 5.0.5.

Flug nodded and eagerly followed behind you. Wringing his gloveless hands together in excitement.

You both depart from the kitchen and into the foyer. To which you begin to head up the staircase, with Flug following you close from behind.

Little do you know, Flug's mind was going wild with intrigue and mental speculation.

Wondering just WHAT you have been working on for about 2 weeks. He has only seen you do lower scale inventions. As you weren't on a level like he was, but he found them nice anyway.

Let alone, you were doing this for HIM. It was a surprise from you to HIM. From underneath his
bag, his skin was beginning to heat up and turn a fiery red. He silently gulps and uses is pointer finger to stretch out his collar. Man, he had the case of longing really bad.

As he watched you happily stroll in front of him. Your mood seemingly not dampened by the events of yesterday. He was still sore from his bosses' beatings, but at least you were in good spirits.

You both managed to get in front of your door and you turn to face Flug, an eager expression on your face.

"Okay! Hopefully...it's impressive as your marvelous inventions, Flug!" You exclaim eagerly before opening the door to your room and hurrying inside.

As Flug walks inside, the moment he laid eyes on the outfits in the room, his irises almost seemed to sparkle and expand three times their normal size.

"Ta-da!!" You sing as you show off the outfits.

The outfits were fitted with large jet-like wings, flexible solar panels on the fronts and the backs, ion batteries, propulsion engines, impact-absorbing leg braces and firm hand grippers. Both were your own respective body sizes and were decked out in their own color patterns. Blue and white for Flug and your personal design and color for your own.

"WOW! (Name)! These are amazing!" Flug shouts, admiring the suit that was decked out for him.

You almost wanted to blush in flattery.

"Thanks! I saw that you threw the blueprints away when I was making my roomba cleaner. So, I picked them out of the trash and it was a pretty big job. But, I got it done! I just hope they work. I haven't tested them as a full suit. Only the functioning individual parts I have tested." You explain.

Flug looked them over in severe interest.

"They look so sleek...how did you...I just made the blueprints from a pipe dream about flying again! How did you make a legitimate suit from those illogical factors?!" Flug looked at you in total amazement.

You blinked in confusion.

"Illogical? They looked fine to me. The people from my planet has already made these suits for about 6 to 8 years. It's not too hard or illogical. The landings is the hardest part. So, I decided to add on some resilient shoes and braces so neither of us breaks a leg upon landing somewhere." You say, patting your own suit.

"So there really IS foreign technology on your planet." Flug muttered. To which you just shrug.

"I guess so! I just figured your people had this. So I didn't mention it." You surmised.

"Well...we DO have jetpacks and hover packs. Not a sleek and effective-looking flight suit like this! You even made the stitching by hand." Flug stares at his suit.

"Yep. I can thank my grandparents for that skill. They're nice people." You hum.
"So, do you have any mountains or open places where we can test drive these babies?" You ask, to which Flug looks over to you.

"Um...well...I do know of some places. But, that needs specific timing. Mountains and such are much too far from Hat Island. Black Hat knows when one is fleeing the island to get away from him. The graveyard outside has one of his victims that tried to do that." Flug muttered.

You blink as you can barely remember the fact that there was some rocks outside in the yard. You thought they were just edgy decor, but you could be very wrong. Black Hat is the type to kill some people. I mean, his explanation for his medusa eye ability usage was nothing short of horrifying.

Freezing people and putting them into containers so he could stare at them while they waste away? Definitely something Black Hat would do.

Having a graveyard on his own property for those that have served him throughout history? It wouldn't surprise you if he did that either.

Yikes. Just thinking about your cruel boss was causing phantom pains to arise in your throat.

You subconsciously begin rub it. Getting somewhat lost in thought.

But, you shake it off as you notice that Flug begins to stare at you in concern.

"Are you okay, (Name)? That purple ring of bruises around your throat bothering you?" He questions. You shake your head.

"Slightly, but not entirely." You admit.

"It's just some other thoughts that are bothering me. Not family or anything. But...I was thinking about why Black Hat reacted the way he did. In front of you guys, he was more guarded and aggressive. When I backed him into a corner about why he keeps me here if I bother him so much, he reacted violently." You say, gesturing to the ring around your neck.

"Well...maybe he didn't like the way you were talking to him?" Flug pondered.

"I know that he didn't like that. But, I don't have your skill level of inventing. I don't have your level of creativity. Hell, I probably can't even hurt a fly. So, why does he keep me around? It's obviously the blood that he can make into a mortality poison...but...I...well...that's not all." You shamefully confess.

"The poison isn't all that he does with your blood? What can he possibly do more with it?" Then, Flug's memory clicks.

"Wait...back when you and Black Hat got into it yesterday...you said that 'does it taste good to you'. Does that mean...?"

You nod.

"The deal was that Black Hat would get blood if he didn't try to ban me from seeing anyone that lived under the roof. I did it so I could compromise and see you again. All of you again. It was like he was getting overly possessive or something. But, I know that it's because it tastes good to him. If he can drink poisons, then my blood must be the cream of the crop." You said.

Then, you reveal your neck. Long healing scars in the shape of teeth was present on your neck.
Surprising Flug greatly.

"O-Oh....I didn't know that Black Hat would have...vampiric tendencies. I thought he was just a pure eldritch at heart." Flug mumbled.

"Neither did I." You say.

The happy mood that was here previously is gone. Replaced by short silence that left both of you feeling awkward. Surprisingly, Flug was the one that decided that he would attempt to break the ice and lighten the mood this time. As it was usually up to you to ease tensions and such.

"Well...look on the bright side...now we are even!" Flug nervously laughs as you look at him in confusion.

"Even? Even in what?" You tilt your head. Flug waves his hand.

"Remember? Back when you discovered that I was keeping that...secret from you? About what we were doing with your blood? The one that you came into the lab and confronted me about?" Flug nudges at your memory. To which you realize what he was meaning.

"Oh! I remember! Hahaha! Yeah....I guess we are. We probably shouldn't keep things from each other anymore. I don't think it's beneficial to anyone." You scratch your neck in similar shame.

Flug nods.

"Yeah. It would be a good idea." He agrees, to which you smile at him.

"So, where and when do you wanna take these suits for a spin?" You wink as you gesture to the jet suits.

"Well...I do know of somewhere. But, I think we need to set these aside and let the heat cool off before we start doing anything else. At least for a while. We all need to recover anyway." Flug suggests, to which you nod in agreement.

"Yeah. I think that would most likely be the wisest of decisions. We'll talk more on this later. I'll get these nice and spiffy for...wherever you plan to take us that's open and spacious." You laugh and pat the suits.

Flug just chuckles along with you. Slightly shaking his head at your thinly veiled anticipation. But, he honestly couldn't blame you.

Just looking at the suits...his heart races and he aches to put on his suit and take to the skies. Like a bird that has regrown its' once-clipped wings. He sighs as he vaguely daydreams of flying through cumulus clouds and higher into a cyan sky. Free from all of his troubles.

He couldn't wait until then.

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It was about 5 days after the choking incident with Black Hat.

Your wounds, with a lot of tender love and care, steadily healed up until it was just a barely visible
light pink spot on your neck. Everyone else also seemed to bounce back from his level of punishment. Injuries steadily healed and Black Hat started to get back to what he usually does.

You had turned over another 2 pints of blood for the Black Hat Organization to use for making the mortality poison. Black Hat siphoned more blood from you and you were sporting another bandage patch.

Flug gave you a strong look of discomfort when he noticed it, but you hushed him about it. It would be better to let Black Hat calm down then to stir up more incidents. But, that is exactly what you wanted. A nice and calm Black Hat.

This is so you and Flug could skitter off and conduct your experiment with the jet suits without running into a pissed off or rising suspicion in Black Hat. Even though it was only a mere 5 days.

Which was apparently enough to distract him with the poisons and blood.

You and Flug had talked about where you both were gonna go. But, he seemed to keep the destination a secret.

Despite the secrecy that he was holding onto, you decided that the best mode of transportation was on foot. Which meant that the suits would need to be compacted into non-suspicious looking hiking backpacks. Supplied by Flug when he went out to do errands.

You had enough time to modify the wings so that they can fold and fit into a sack to export the suits to their destination without raising alarm or catching unwanted attention from curious civilians or lowly thugs looking to steal high-end technology from the unwary.

With the right packaging, the suits were safely stored in the large backpacks. All removable key components were placed separately in the bags. But, they were with the main frame of the suits.

You look at them and almost feel...proud of yourself.

You feel like you actually accomplished something while you are staying on this planet.

These weren't easy to make, but you did it. Whether they fly...that's another story. If they are as 'illogical' as Flug claims they are...it will probably only be a pipe dream that Flug thought up. That you didn't have the ability to make it successful.

You wanted to frown at that notion, but you shook it off and stared off into an unseen horizon, determined as everything to not give up. You tested everything before putting it all together. It should work. It HAS to work!

No.

It WILL work!

You psych yourself up as you secure the bags. Just in time to hear a soft knock on your door.

"Come in." You say, looking towards the door.

You're delighted as you see Flug peek in and wave at you.
"O-Oh...hey. Are you...ready?" Flug asked. To which you nodded.

You had both decided that you two would sneak out when Black Hat was busy on the phone, dealing with a client, or filming a shoot. Today, he's dealing with clients that want his new batch of mortality poison. So it was a great opportunity to sneak out.

You both don't plan to stay out long. As it would rouse too much suspicion. It was out for a test drive, then back again before anyone notices that you two are gone. That way, you both don't get into trouble. Hopefully.

That's the plan anyway.

"Yeah. I got all of our stuff packed up inside these bags you got for me. Thanks for them, by the way." You grin.

"You're welcome. If we are going to test them out...we are gonna have to go now. Black Hat is distracted with taking phone calls and shipping the newly formed mortality poison off to the highest bidders. We have some time." Flug explains as he enters the room.

"Great! Here. The dark blue bag has your suit in it, the other one has mine." You say, picking up the semi-heavy bag and handing it to Flug. He nods in acceptance.

"Good. Good." He mutters as he puts it on and waits for you to do the same. Which you do with gusto.

"Alright. The place we are going to should be...empty by now. We need to hurry. Dementia won't stay distracted by her guitar practice any longer and 5.0.5 will be making his cleaning rounds off this way soon. Even Hat-Bot is distracted with his chores. We need to head out. Now." Flug urged.

"Right. Let's go before anyone sees." You agree, picking yourself up and off the ground.

You and Flug stealthily make your way through the house and out the front door. Everyone seemed to be distracted as you both snuck out, which was excellent on your parts. The bags were kinda heavy, but you both would put up with it.

In fact, you're kinda surprised that Flug would go to such lengths to do this project with you. Usually, he would be so timid and wouldn't want to enrage Black Hat. Maybe it's because this would give him the ability to fly? Or is it about trying out new and foreign technology from another planet? Who knows. You're just glad he's with you.

"Okay. Lead the way!" You whisper.

Flug nods and waves his hand in a 'follow me' motion. Taking the lead as you follow behind like a loyal friend.

You both quietly sink out of the iron gates and dart off down the street together. Like willy-nilly teenagers. Without a single care in the world. Well...that's not entirely true. Black Hat is still a threat and still worrisome.

However, you couldn't deny that you were getting giddy with excitement to travel to this area and try out the jet suits.
It took a little bit, but you both had managed to weave through the crowds of the city.

The sun was currently at an angle in the sky. Right before it gets into the position to sink down and set behind the horizon. The sky was still a bright blue, but the colors of the evening were steadily catching up to it. Slow but steadily.

You and Flug weave through the countless civilians that were present in the city. Nobody took an interest in your backpacks, which was good. If you both dressed up and walked around with the tech on yourselves, it would turn heads and draw attention from the unwanted skulker.

It was much safer to do it the way you two were doing it. Thankfully, Flug had got the bags. Quick thinking on his part.

You both stayed very close to each other, not letting many people get between you two. You even held hands to cross the street together so you both don't get separated. It felt good to be out and about in the city again.

But this time, you had a faint feeling of dread for trying this again. If Black Hat finds out again...a phantom of a shudder passes through yourself.

You really don't want to stick around out here too long if you can help it. Flug is right that you both have limited time to test these suits.
So you both better make the best of your time.

Finally, you both manage to get free from the crowds and slink off to a road that was blocked with blockades. Signalling that this area was on lock down. Flug payed it little mind and slipped on by the barriers. You followed quickly, not paying the blockers any mind.

The streets beyond the blockades were desolate and abandoned.

Empty of any life whatsoever as you both trek through the silent and void empty streets. You kept your eyes out for any stalkers, watchers, or shady people. Finding none in any of the alleyways you both passed, fortunately.

You both weaved through the labyrinth of streets, houses, and large buildings, until you both came to an outcropping of long and forgotten buildings.

In front of you both was a tall and wide building. It showed similarities to being that of a parking car garage. Yet, the appearance was nothing short of aged and forgotten. It seemed to be long since abandoned long before the lock down even occurred.

"Here we are." Flug says, as he walks into the building.

You follow after him.

---

The area within was wide and open.

Precisely like a car garage.
Deteriorating paint and walls were present. Among the place was out-of-order elevators, cracking pavement, and fading parking lines. The area was dim, but not too dim, as the sun was still up. The atmosphere just screamed forsaken as the smell of mold and stained motor oil filled your nose.

"Wow. I have visited a few abandoned locations in my day, but this place looks really old." You say in awe. Walking with Flug as he heads towards the stairs.

"A villain used to come here. But, they met a violent and unpredictable fate as they were crushed under a large concrete slab that fell from the upper floors. This used to be where they would hold hostages or used it as their slaughtering grounds. They preyed on the people that maintained the place, which ironically lead to their untimely demise. As the concrete slab that crushed them fell from the upper floors due to lack of maintenance." Flug explained.

"Nobody wanted to come here due to how many people were killed here. Which lead to the closing of it and the state just left it to rot. It was supposed to be demolished years ago, but nobody acted upon it as some people viewed it as a graveyard for the slain." Flug finished.

You feel a shiver go up your spine.

"Geeze...you might as well tell spooky stories all of the time, Flug." You muttered.

"Sorry...I just felt like you needed to know." Flug says, as you both start climbing up the stairs.

The stairs colors were faded and rust was creeping down from the ceiling like brown fingers. Each staircase you climbed, it seemed to get worse for wear as you both climb to the top floor. Exiting the stairway, you both were inside the parking garage still.

"Over there. That's how we can get to the roof." Flug gestures to a seemingly locked door over on the far side of the area.

A quick walk and he simply opens it, revealing a REALLY decrepit staircase. It creaked as Flug walked up the crumbling stairs and you cautiously follow. A fear of falling or rolling backwards was nagging at your brain. But, you kept following.

Finally, Flug opened a hatch that revealed the roof.

You both climb out of it and you squint to get used to the bright sunlight that was hitting your eyes. It was mystery at how Flug could see in the dark, even with his goggles on.

You climb out after him and walk out on the aging, but sturdy, roof of the building.

Everything was much higher now that you both were in the air. This would most likely give you both time to test the suits that were in your hiking backpacks. Flug grunts as he removes the pack from his back and sets it on the roof. You mimic and do the same.

"There. We can begin testing them now. We have enough wind and altitude to get them revved up." Flug explains as he opens the back.

He might have not shown it, but you can obviously tell that he was getting giddy. Even on the way here he wouldn't slow down from his hidden excitement.

"Yep! You need a lot of altitude to pick up lift." You explain, underlying nervousness coating your
voice.

Flug takes out his jet suit and begins to put it together. Unfolding the wings, placing the components in the right places, and fixing it up so that all he has to do was slip it on. You were kinda baffled since you didn't teach him anything about the suit. Maybe that was the pros of being a genius?

Who knows.

But, you quickly follow his lead and get your own suit out and assemble it.

Once completed the outfits were ready to be worn.

You turn away from Flug and begin to slink into yours. You adjust as you get situated as slip into the outfit. It was slightly heavy, but thanks to it's sleek design and the lightweight components, it wasn't miserably crushing. You move the wings and test out the features as you hook it up and sigh.

Your suit fit like a glove!

You turn to Flug and almost jump in surprise as you don't see his normal paperbag covering his head, but instead, you see something that a pilot would wear. The leather hat and aviary goggles made him look adorable. Even if it did cover his mouth and face.

He probably placed it into his own bag when he packed up. Knowing that his paper bag would be no match for the high winds of flying.

It almost seemed like he thought this out more than you did. Which was a little embarrassing.

But, you digress as he was still getting into his. But, without fear, you walk toward the edge of the building. Like a ducking that had to make it's leap of faith in order to fly or survive the impending fall. Your heart was racing as Flug was getting situated.

Currently not paying attention to you.

You look over the ledge of the building. Seeing how far the ground was.

It was enough to make you dizzy and consider just not testing the suit. But, you held your ground as much as you held your breath.

You stilled your heart and tuned out the world. Firing up the engines on your back. In the moment, you could'ave sworn that Flug was saying something, but it was already in process. You might as well get it over with.

Without wasting another second of the setting suns' time, you stepped forward.

The next thing you know, you're falling.
Take wing and FLY~! Stay tuned for the next chapter!

-!!ANNOUNCEMENT!!- 

Thanks to the generosity of Sharkpup, aka Ciphercandy, the interactive novel for Alien Affections is getting closer to being worked on! I have needed a character artist for a while and thanks to them, I'll actually be able to get the ball rolling and probably get it finished!

However, there are things that still need to be done and, if we can, we would like to recruit some people if they want to help with this project.

If you are interested in helping, here are some positions we have.

- Background artist
- Cinematic images artist
- Sound effect maker

If you want to join, please send me some references of your art or sounds and, if you have one, your Tumblr account to make contact easier.

If you join, you will have the options of choosing the reward you would like to receive after turning in some of your pieces.

These can range from (non-shipping stuff primarily) art of your OC characters of choice, a oneshot of whatever you want me to write, and you will even get exclusives on what I have in mind for the story and the chapters. Credit will obviously be rewarded and you will even get to be a tester for the game before it gets released.

Thank you for the support and thank you for reading!

----

= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of

Letsallbecalmchaps =

Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy


Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/166156779979/cosmica-galaxy-this-is-how-i-imagined-that-scene#notes
Z-Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/167786442471/cosmica-galaxy-heres-what-i-imagined-the

Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
Sky Dancing

Chapter Summary

You and Flug take to the skies!

But, there's a nasty plot brewing from Black Hat...

Chapter Notes

Also, for those that think these Jet Suits are purely fictional.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_VPvKl6ezyc

THEY'RE NOT.

The moment you fell off the roof, your adrenaline spiked.

The wind rushing past your face felt similar to the time you and Flug fell from the burning skyscraper window. Your eyes were covered by the helmets protective visor, keeping the wind out of your eyes and off your face.

Your breath hitched as you descend. Your jet engines revving up for flight. You resisted the strong urge to panic as the ground grew closer and closer with every meter you fall.

Once you heard the engines start up, even with the wind turbulence, you pressed a few buttons on your suit and braced. This was the moment of truth. Would you flatten like a bloody broken pancake on the concrete or would you fly high into the sky like a soaring eagle?

You closed your eyes and endured the fear and anxiety.

Then, the moment it felt like you were going to hit the ground, your axis suddenly changed as you flatten out.

You pop open your eyes and stare in surprise as you were gliding some feet above the street. Avoiding any low-hanging hazards, you turn upwards, circling around the abandoned parking garage with the grace of a gliding bird. The moment you went full circle, you angled upwards and came back to the rooftop.

You turned on the hover function and looked for your companion.

You found Flug seemingly looking at you in amazement. It almost made you want to laugh at his expanded pupils that were widened with sheer awe as he stared.
You lower yourself lightly and wave at Flug.

In some form of way, you could've just activated the hover function. However, it would require the engines to have been revved up and a take off point. It would take a lot of energy to run and take off from there. So, it was easier to leap and take off. More courage or more energy. You chose courage.

Besides. You have confidence in both of your suits. They were each equally tested before being placed together.

Everything worked perfectly before, it should work perfectly now.

You inch closer to your companion and hold out your hand. Flug seemed to snap out of his trance as he stared at your hand then back at you. You made a motion to his power switch and he seemed to get it. He turned on his own suit and then steadily reached out to grab your hand.

Once he had a firm grip, you slowly walked him to the edge, feeling his anticipation, you tighten the grip to reassure him. He seemed to be shaking as he looked over the edge, but you didn't rush him. Patiently waiting until he was ready for the journey.

Finally, he seemed to take a deep breath and raise a foot forward. You waited and when he was ready, you let go.

He fell forward and you swore that he released a shrill cry of fear. You flew in pace with his fall, making sure that he didn't panic. Still keeping a fair distance as to not interrupt his momentum gathering process. You would only intervene if he panicked and lost too much altitude.

Once you both reached the halfway point, Flug's suit shot to life and he leveled out. Flug was shaky, but you flew in pace with him. Helping him keep his balance.

There was a reason why this was considered an extreme sport back on your planet. The adrenaline you get from the fall could outpace any energy drink by miles!

You laughed from within your helmet as you could see the surprise and absolute wonder that filled his eyes when he looked at you through the aviator goggles. You have no idea why he didn't wear the helmet. It had the communicator and everything in it.

"T-This is AMAZING! I'M FLYING! " A familiar voice suddenly chirped at you.

You almost jolted in shock as your communicator sprung to life. Broadcasting the voice of your companion.

"Whoa! Dude! Don't startle me like that. I thought you left your communicator behind in your own helmet." You say, completely stunned.

"I, uh, r-removed it and implanted it in this aviator headgear." Flug stuttered, looking at all of the stuff flying by as you both climbed higher and higher into the sky.

"Why?" You questioned.

"Uh....f-for aesthetic purposes. It's just...something I used to wear when I was a pilot." Flug murmured.
You flew next to him for a silent few seconds before giddily laughing and pointing yourself straight up. Gaining altitude as you soar above the buildings and towards the pink clouds higher in the sky. Flug noticed before taking off after you, still somewhat behind as he followed you into the nuclear sky. Following after your vapor trail.

You look around as the ground quickly left you both. As you went higher than the roof of the abandoned parking garage and higher still.

You felt so free up here. You were also feeling pretty ecstatic!

Your jet suits WORKED! They actually functioned properly! You could almost cry in joy as the feeling of being earthbound slowly ebbed away. You could even hear Flugs' excited whoops through your communicator. It seemed that you weren't the only happy one here.

Looking back to see him doing flips and twists as he climbs into the sky with you. Most likely feeling bold from his adrenaline rush.

Once you two got to a higher altitude, you leveled out and from a distance, you could see that you were level with the upper parts of skyscrapers. Various windows were available to you and Flugs' own discretion. Why not give some of them a nice fly by?

You leveled out and Flug quickly caught up with you. He was still whooping and doing flips. In a way, it was astonishing! You have never seen Flug this excited before! He was so full of himself up here. It almost made you wanna join in and just do a few tricks on your own.

You watched as you both soared past tall buildings on Hat Island. So many of the buildings were holding people. Most likely company workers.

You both flew close to the sun-reflecting windows that gave off a golden shimmer. Waving as you both flew by the building. As you both were flying past, you could see some of the people within the building point and shout as you both zip past the building windows. Like free elegant birds.

You both wave to the grounded people within and you both do the same for a couple more buildings. Then, you get an idea and angle yourself towards the sky. Powering up and zooming toward the open horizon. Flug followed you wherever you went, even when you went higher. He still followed you.

Then, your communicator fizzled to life during your ascent.

"(N-Name)! Where are you going?!!" Flug asked, trailing behind you.

"Up! Where else~? I wanna see the island in all of it's glory!" You reply, continuing your course.

Flug followed, unsure of where you both were going, but he followed none-the-less.

Not wanting his freedom from the ground to end. At least, not yet. He knew that your outing was on a time limit with the sun, but at least it was an enjoyable evening.

Besides.

Flug has never felt so free in so long.
Not since he has been working with Black Hat, anyway.

Why not indulge in the atmosphere for a little while?

He continued to follow you without much further worrying.

---

Once you both clear the buildings, you soared as high as you could. After a layer of pink clouds was passed, you slowed down and turned around.

Wanting to take in the sight of how far you climbed.

You gasp at what you see far below you and Flug.

Speaking of Flug, he had managed to catch up to you and slowed down, turning on his hover mode, similar to you. He hovered next to you and even he was astonished at what he saw.

Far below you two, Hatsville and Hat Island was visible. Painted in golden sunset colors as the sun was going down. The ocean was glittering with flashes of gold as the earthbound humans went about their daily routines. Boats moved slowly, low flying planes left the airport, cars went back and forth on the small streets below like little colorful ants.

You could even see a bridge connecting Hat Island to the mainland. You could even see the distant Suit City from way up here!

Surrounding you two were puffy pink clouds, a tangerine sky, and plenty of open space. It was like a private place made for you two in the sky. Looking down on all of the mortals like gods. You let out a blissful sigh, turning your head toward Flug.

"Isn't this amazing, Flug? I mean, just look at the view! It's so...beautiful." You say, looking toward the city once more. Even the formidable Black Hat felt small in the city from way up here.

"Yeah...it reminds me of all of the times I took my plane out for a spin. Seeing normal sized people look like ants, cities painted in gold at sunrise and sunset, and even seeing the clouds in the sky float past like a slow puffy ocean. Flying is my favorite thing...and I lost it when Black Hat took me on as an 'apprentice'. I have been so swamped with work and deadlines, my hobbies eventually became memories." Flug sorrowfully said.

"Oh Flug..." You mumble, edging closer to pat his shoulders in a comforting way.

"But then...you came along. You stayed positive through all of the things Black Hat put you though. You stayed strong when he tried to knock you down. Even when he did, it didn't change your views. You taught me how it was to feel alive again. Not being swamped by work or overwhelmed with deadlines. Your blood poison...actually gave me freedom. I haven't been pressed for time like I used to be before you came. I have been actually able to sleep again...and it's all thanks to you." Flug meekly says, rubbing one of his arms with the other. Bashfully looking away from you.

You stayed silent and you would have hugged him, if you could. A brief moment passed as you two float there, listening to the winds rush past you both.
Then, Flug spoke up.

"So...I wanna...make this moment special. As you could tell...I was rather eager to get out of the house. Not only to test these flying suits, but to also try something else. Something much more important to me, if you would let me do it." Flug mumbled.

"Umm...it's fine, I guess. What...do you wanna do to make this special?" You asked, curiously.

Flug gulped and pried your hands off of his shoulders. Then, he wrapped his fingers around your own.

You may have not seen it, but Flug was sweating profusely under his mask and headgear. His heart was thumping so hard he thought it would pop out of his chest. He was totally alone with you, in the SKY of all places! You both weren't in a plane, hot-air balloon, nothing. Just some alien suits capable of flying!

He needed to make this moment special. Because he wasn't sure if he would be able to do this again. He needed to make it count.

Finally, he swallowed the lump in his throat and cleared his airway. Finally saying what he was gonna say.

"I...I want...I want to...dance with you." Flug admitted, his hidden face flustering to a bright red.

You seemed to go through a similar process, as your visible neck slowly changed red, and it wasn't the sunlight reflecting off of you two.

"O-Oh, really? Okay! That's fine! A nice sky dance! That would be a nice way to remember this!" You accepted, and waved off any blush that tried to creep onto your face.

"O-Okay! Then...I'll start." Flug nervously approached and gripped your waist carefully, you doing the same, then he began a form of waltz.

One foot at a time, you both slowly started to swirl in the sky. Floating to the right, then to the left, moving your individual body parts in similar motions as you two circled each other in sync. You mimicked him and he preformed easy moves to allow you to follow so you don't get confused.

You both gripped onto each other and danced in midair, then he slowly lead you over to a passing cloud and made it out like you two were dancing on it. Swirling, dipping, spinning, and flipping. Almost as if gravity wasn't existent.

You enjoyed it as Flug lead you along, brushing your feet together, swaying of wings and hips, and even a few tricks mixed in with the dancing. In the air, you two were a pair. As Flug lead, you followed with utmost grace.

He even turned up his jet engines and lead you around the cumulus cloud ridden sky. Holding onto each other by your hands. Swirling as if you were in a vortex. But with the careful slowness as a set of pinwheel vanes. Gliding through the sky together as you both dwindled and looped with each other.

Unconcerned of the world around you or below you.
Then, he righted you both and spun you both upwards, twisting your legs in his and letting one of your arms ago, positioning you in a spot above himself. You laughed as you were having fun. Keeping pace with him and preforming all of these dance moves together.

It felt like you both were free. Free from worry or trouble. Like nothing up here mattered. It was wonderful. It was paradise!

After your annual spin, Flug slowly adjusted you back to normal. Pulling you close as you both slowly spin together intertwined.

You two stay silent as you hover together in each others' embrace.

You finally decided to break the silence.

"That was...amazing, Flug. Who knew you could dance?" You lightly laugh, bumping his shoulder as you pull away from his embrace.

"I-I...I had to...um...learn some at one point." Flug shyly admits.
"It was for a promotional video at Black Hat manor, long before you came along." He explains.

You nod your head in understanding before looking around at your surroundings. Noticing the sun was almost completely gone from the sky, the second phase of twilight was beginning. From below, the city was alight with many shades of colors.

You gasp as you look down and so does Flug. Seeing the city lights sparkle on the ocean surface was astounding. Not only that, but the waning half moon was out, still bright from it's full phase a few days ago. It casts a faint white glow over the clouds and ocean below.

Giving out a fair bit of light as the sun sets out of view. A dark purple sky fading to a midnight blue was all that remained of the sun. Looking up past the moon, stars were beginning to appear as the sparkling gems slowly revealed themselves.

Suddenly, you felt more at peace as you saw the stars.

Being way up here...you just felt a little closer to home. That somewhere out there, your home planet resides. You admit that you almost can forget that you look strange to the people on this planet. That you didn't originate here. That out there, in space, is where your home is.

It was relaxing to know that your planet is just a little bit closer this high up in the sky on this Earth.

For once, you were filled with pure bliss as you watched a commercial airliner slowly scroll across the sky many miles above you both. Like a free bird, soaring through the endless cloudy blankets. Now you can understand why Flug loves planes. When you're off the ground and so far away from people and problems...it's peaceful.

Then, you snapped out of it when Flug was grabbing and shaking your arm.

"Huh? What is it, Flug?" You asked, completely baffled from his sudden behavioral change.

"We have to get back to the manor or we both will be in trouble!" Flug said in a hurry, pointing at
the setting sun for emphasis.

Oh, right. Your boss still existed.
You both only had until sundown. It's a shame that you two couldn't fly like this forever.

But, as they say.

Even the sun sets in paradise!

"Well...alright. But...thanks for making this experience more memorable with that dance, Flug. It was amazing~!" You cheerfully added, to which Flug looked away and muttered a quiet 'thank you' under his breath.

With that, you both began to descend back to this Earth's surface.

Falling lightly like leaves in Autumn. You were immediately smitten with the sky and didn't want to leave, but if you two wanted to keep your hides intact, it was probably the best option to return to your cage that was the Black Hat mansion.

Still. There was something that was still bugging you as the city grew closer.

Did this count as a second 'date' with Flug?

Can your relationship with Flug be platonic anymore? I mean, he took you out to eat, danced with you in the sky, and took you to see a meteor shower.
Is it possible to even say that you two are 'just friends' anymore?

...

It's probably best if you don't think too deep into it.

---

Once you and Flug land on the roof of the abandoned parking garage, you both stripped down and out of your suits. You turned away from Flug, this time on his request, and focused on getting your stuff off and packed into the hikers backpack.

Once you were done, you peeked over your shoulder and saw that Flug had his bag on once again, to which you waited patiently for him to finish packing his own suit away. You slipped on the pack and stood up, grunting a little as the weight settled on your back.

Flug got his stuff together and did the same.

Then, you both sneaked out of the abandoned parking garage. Your mission completed.

You both made it back to the blockade barriers and slipped through. Merging back into the afterwork rush in Hatsville. Humans looked so small from up in the sky, it was hard to say that they were actually this big in comparison. It was almost like an optical illusion in a way. Faraway, everything is small, close up, it's human sized.
But, you gripped Flug's hand so you don't get separated in these crowds as you both weaved through them. You still manage to catch some stares from people, noticing your appearance most likely, but they continued on with their own daily rituals with no more interruptions.

It's amazing at how these people seem to continue about their day, even when certain areas have been blocked off since they fell under a villains rule with the local hero of the area being slain. You still feel guilty about how the deaths of those people could effect the livelihood of people who knew them.

You shook off the thoughts that threatened to creep back up into your mind. It's best not to think about it.

Many stoplights, crosswalks, and city blocks later, you both wound up back at Black Hats' roundabout.

Seeing the eerie mansion in the middle of the circle upon a hill all by its' lonesome...it looked fitting enough for a villain to live in. Still, what's with that plane sticking out of it? Nobody has probably questioned it since the guy that owns the mansion is scary. You can't say you blame the poor saps.

You really wouldn't want to approach this manor either. If you had a choice. Still, a scary home is better than no home.

You both sneak across the street and through the iron gates with your boss's initials on them. Creeping up the walkway and the stairs, Flug opens the front door. Finding the inside quieter than the bustling streets on the outside, you both sneak in and he finished closing the door. Quieting the inside of the foyer once more.

You made a motion for the backpack he currently had and he nodded in understanding. Taking it off and passing it to you. Your intention was to take them back to your room, however that plan was about to come to a screeching halt.

You both turn in surprise as you could hear the typical clacking of the fancy-clad shoes your boss wore. You both panicked for a few seconds until you bolted to the lab with the packs on your person. Slipping into the lab, you gestured to the kitchen before stumbling backwards and into the lab.

Flug sprinted off to the kitchen. Thankfully seeing a cup of coffee that was already pre-made. It was the perfect distraction! He then made himself a mug as the shoes descended down the stairs within the foyer.

In an attempt to make it look like he was refueling his energy supply, he pulled out a straw and started to drink from the mug.

The moment a dark-clad dapper figure strolled into the kitchen, Flug's anxiety spiked as he slurped on his straw. Feeling his boss's eyes trail over to him.

"FLUG! There you are!" Black Hat snarled, causing Flug to jump.

Flug turns to Black Hat, shaking slightly.

"I...uh, what do you need, boss?" Flug squeaked in fear.
"What do I need?! I was looking for you the past 10 minutes! Where were you?! I called you on
the intercom, but you didn't come to my office like you were supposed to!" Black Hat snapped.

"I....uh....sorry, sir! I was in the bathroom. Apologies." Flug whimpered and sat his mug of faux
coffee down. Black Hat merely rolled his visible eye.

"Whatever. Come to my office, NOW. I must...discuss something with you in private...it's about
the resident alien." Black Hat cackled.

Flug felt a ghost of a chill slide down his spine as he followed Black Hat without much of a choice.
Whatever Black Hat was planning wasn't good. The two of them go up the stairs in the foyer and
walk down the all to familiar hallways in Black Hat manor.

Flug silently followed, his heart racing, despite not getting caught being out so late. A few seconds
too late and Black Hat would've gone ballistic if he found out he and (Name) were out together
without permission.

Thankfully, he was spared another beating from his boss.

On the other hand, what did he have planned for you? It couldn't be good. Especially not with how
you've been acting lately. Especially since your 'rouge' behavior has been 'spreading' to his loyal
subordinates. Surely whatever he wanted to talk about that involved you couldn't be good.

Once Flug and Black Hat reached a pair of familiar intimidating double doors, Black Hat opened
them and ushered his scientist inside. Slamming them closed afterward. Flug knew the drill with
these private meetings, it was a typical sit-down-and-shut-up routine. This was what Black Hat did
when he wanted to pitch Flug his meteorite idea back when you arrived.

Flug walks into the darkened room and sits down in the chair that was in front of the desk and
watched as Black Hat sat down in the royal gothic chair that was behind the desk and cleared his
throat. Placing his hands on his desk and looking his skittish scientist in the goggles with contained
malice.

"Flug, I know you know of how well the sells on the mortality poisons are going." Black Hat
began, to which Flug nodded. Not daring to speak.

"In the end, many heroes have fallen in the past few months. Same with some villains with
mutinous followers. But, that was in the contract, so they can't sue us for leader deaths caused by
power-hungry underlings." Black Hat chuckled.

"So, in conclusion, I have pitched that the product was going to be a permanent product that we
sell." Black Hat said.

Flug blinked in confusion.

*Permanent?*

He thought it was only going to be around for a while...not indefinitely.

Flug decided to insert his two cents at this moment.
"But, sir...how will we make it?" Flug curiously interjected.

Causing Black Hat to look at him as if he was the scum of this Earth or the stupidest person that he had ever met.

"Like how we always make it, you idiot! With (Name)'s blood! " Black Hat rolled his eyes.

"But, sir! They will be leaving eventually, they can't possibly--"

"Do you not understand why I wanted us to discuss this in private, you fool?" Black Hat gave Flug a very ominous grin.

That's when Flug knew why he was here and why nobody else was present in the room except Black Hat and himself.

Oh no.

The expression of realization must'ave crossed his covered face, as Black Hat let out a wicked cackle the moment he noticed the expression.

"That's right, Flug!" Black Hat laughed evilly.

"I'm never letting them go! They're going to stay on this planet for the rest of their days, serving ME! "

Chapter End Notes

BLACK HAT, YOU STUPID ANGST PRODUCING CUNT! WHY MUST YOU CAUSE TROUBLE? >:U

Sorry, things have been slow! I've been getting the Alien Affection - Interactive Novel, into production!
I would LOVE to get it out before the end of this year.

We still have some spots open!

Background Artist - Makes backgrounds that will appear behind the characters' bust and areas that the Player can explore.
Cinematic Artist - Makes detailed pictures of a scene that will be explained via textbox.
Sound Maker - Makes brief sound effects that occur in a span of 2-7 seconds.

Everything MUST be digital! If you wanna help out, make sure you have refs from any source I can look at and a Tumblr I can contact you directly with.

Also, almost 1,000 KUDOS and 16,000 hits~! You readers are the BEST! Thank you for reading and leaving a kudos!
Also FANART

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of


Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flag-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy


Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/166156779979/cosmica-galaxy-this-is-how-i-imagined-that-scene#notes

Z-Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/167786442471/cosmica-galaxy-heres-what-i-imagined-the

Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
Run Away

Chapter Summary

You overhear a conversation that you weren't supposed to hear...

Chapter Notes

*An ax brakes down the fluffy door.*

"HHHHEEEEERRREEE'SS ANGST!!"

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Flug felt his blood grow cold and his heart skip a few beats.

Did Black Hat...just suggest that he was going to STRAND you here? On a planet so far from your real family and your own friends? On a world that you had no clue at how it functioned or what the basic history of it was?!

Flug knew for sure that you weren't going to be 100% happy here. He can see it plain as day sometimes.

You get homesick pretty easily. At some points, it would get so bad that Flug could have might as well read your mind. The sorrowful and longing expression you would wear when thinking of loved ones.

Even when you two were in the sky together, he noticed it then. You looking up toward the stars in a false state of comfort. Getting higher in the atmosphere and perhaps closer to your real home.

The look of longing that was present on your face...waiting to return to those who miss you greatly. Now his boss wanted to strand you here. Trapping you and keeping you under his pressing thumb.

It goes against Flugs' very nature.

Similar to when Black Hat wanted to force him to make potent poisons out of your blood, Flug almost felt woozy at the notion of pinning you here. He may work for a villain, but that doesn't mean that he carries the cruel heart of one.

Even so, if the simple mention of stranding you here was enough to make him feel sick all over again. He can't imagine how you would react.

He couldn't imagine how destroyed your expression would look. How devastated you would be. How depressed you would become. Flug and You both made a solitary promise to not hide stuff from each other anymore.
Let alone something of this degree!

Would you get angry at him? Hate him? Want nothing to do with him??

His lovesick heart shook in terror at the notion. His affection was thinly concealed, but if one was to look close enough, they would be able to see the pure love and emotion he was holding on for you through all of the transparent cover up.

He cared for you. In a stronger sense...he loved you.

He didn't want to hurt you on this degree.

But, it looked like his boss had other plans.

"W-What?!!" Flug squeaked, surprise coating his bag as he stared in blatant disbelief at his boss. Who was looking at him rather smugly.

"You heard right, Flug. They are going to stay here, indefinitely! I don't want my living goldmine leaving the incorporation. As far as I know, you are the only one that is capable of sending them home. Which is why I chose to have this conversation with you in private. I don't want you sending them home." Black Hat leered.

Flug would normally cower and whimper at these pushy notions coming from his boss.

But, something strange was going on inside of himself. It felt like a fire was burning inside of himself and that he wanted to get up and shout his boss down. To tell him how selfish he was, to tell him that it was wrong to do, and to make the machine anyway.

But...on the other hand, this IS Black Hat he's dealing with. He has been evil and wicked for as long as he could remember.

The moment Flug was living a happier life, Black Hat came and destroyed it all in one destructive swoop. That's when Flug's 'wings' were clipped.

When his hobbies became memories, his friends became nonexistent, and his family was never heard from again. His reputation was scarred, his noble prize void, and his accomplishments stolen. Flug had lost EVERYTHING the moment his boss entered his life.

The dark horse that ruined his life has now owned his life for the past few years.

The stress, the pain, the beatings, the fear...it was all mounting into this one growing burning fire.

Then, that's when Flug knew what this fire that was burning brightly within himself was.

It was RAGE.

Raw and contained rage.

Even when his outside expression viewed pure neutrality, his insides were growing hot from his pent up anger and feelings. Like an oven, his skin slowly started to turn pink from his contained wrath and thoughts.
At that very moment, he wanted nothing more than to open the floodgates and unleash all of his negative emotions onto Black Hat.

But, he didn't dare snap at Black Hat in such a way. Black Hat wouldn't hesitate to slam him back into his 'rightful' position. Like he has done countless of times for even lesser things.

Things that he shouldn't have been beaten for.

Flug angles his head downward and his goggles become blank. Not showing the emotional turmoil that is stirring up within the confines of his mind. At least he had some form of sanctuary from his boss. Even if it was within his own head.

There was a time and place for everything, but snapping at his boss at this point in time wasn't right. He needed to calm down and quell these anger-influenced emotions. Less he dig himself into a deeper hole than those that are buried in actual graves from within the confines of the yard.

"I...see." Flug mumbled, breathing slowly to try and temper his anger.

"This is why I want you to not build any means of escape for them. Understand?" Black Hat finished, crossing his arms.
"As you know, I will have no tolerance for mutinous behavior." He growled in warning.

Flug could only slowly nod in shame as he was still too afraid of Black Hat to do anything in retaliation of this obviously wicked plot. He sometimes hated himself for being this weak. That he couldn't implement enough strength like you could.

He wishes he was like you in some ways.

Always pushing back and getting back up. Even if you annoyed Black Hat a heaping amount, you must be some form of special if he has kept you around this long.

Still.

How was he going to tell you that you weren't going home? That Black Hat decided to keep you forever? That you would never see your parents or friends again? That your life before was now nothing more than a dying hope?

Your tender heart wouldn't be able to take it.

Even now, Flug's own cardiac muscle was shaking. As his fondness over yourself has kept growing stronger. Now after the flight, his heart almost seemed to cry out for your own. Aching painfully when he wasn't near you.

He was getting in and over his head with this affectionate longing.

I mean, you did say that you two were just friends. Does that phrase still stand or has it been diluted from all of the...romantic gestures that you two have thrown between you two?

Flug pushed down those thoughts.

He would have to sort these emotions out in due time.
For now, he had to deal with something that could destroy his chances like nothing.
"Go. Now that this conversation is over, I want no more machines built that involve space. They are staying here." Black Hat finished.

Without any further words, Flug stood up and headed towards the exit. His head hanging low and angled toward the ground.

Just how in the world can you rise up against Black Hat so easily? Has Black Hat even broken his will? His spirit? Has he taken that from him too? It wouldn't surprise him if he did. He might as well took every ounce of willpower that Flug had in his body.

He may even do the same to you.

Black Hat always gets what he wants in the end, anyway.

Flug approached the exit like a scorned puppy.
Too lost in thought and too focused on his aching heart.

He was so focused that he did not hear the soft footsteps running away from the doorway as he exited the office.

---

Once you dove into the lab, you seemed to startle Hat-Bot who was watching after the lab.

Just like he was programmed to do.

He jumped and nearly dropped a beaker that he was cleaning.

"AH! Oh! It's just you, Other Creator!" Hat-Bot let out a robotic sigh of relief.

You didn't pay him any mind as you stand up and look around. Holding the hiking bags close to your body.

"I thought you were Black Hat from the way you entered the lab...what's in those bags you're carrying, Other Creator?" Hat-Bot asked curiously, setting the beaker down and leaving the organized flasks behind as he approached yourself.

You almost seemed to flat out ignore him as you searched for a hiding place.

You heard the clacking of the fancy shoes slowly come down the stairs in the foyer, biting your lip in anticipation. Then, you eyed the safes that Flug would use to store his prized equipment to keep it out of the reach of Dementia.

Apparently, Dementia was the local terror in this house.

You hurry over and quickly picked out a safe that was one of the open ones. The larger safes would house this equipment perfectly! So, without further ado, you scurry over and stuff the hiking backpacks into the safe and close it. Sighing in relief now that the jet suits were out of the open and securely locked in a safe.

Then, you decided to reply to the little bot that was following you around curiously.
You turned to face him and pat him on the head. Confusing the little robot.

"It's not that big of a deal, Hat-Bot. Just some equipment." You explain, unknowingly to Hat-Bot that you were listening to the footsteps outside the door fade away.

"Really? What kind of equipment? Something for the proton generator, I surmise?" Hat-Bot tilted his head.

You had NO IDEA what that was, but you just rolled with it.

"Yeah. Made a quick run and got the parts! Wanted to get them into a safe before Dementia found out and had a party with throwing the backpacks around with all of the precious equipment inside! Hehehehe!" You laugh, looking not too concerned.

Then, both of you jump as you both could hear Black Hat shout at someone in the direction of the kitchen. Your heart skipped a beat, hoping that Flug would be able to come up with an excuse. You wait for a moment to see what was gonna happen.

Seeing as Black Hat didn't come bursting into the lab to eat your legs off, you let out a sigh of relief.

"Are you scared of the boss too, other creator?" Hat-Bot questioned, bringing you out of your stupor.

You placed a finger on your chin in thought.

"Well...sometimes. He can become rather...uncouth. You would think he would behave better if he dresses like a gentleman. But, I guess he's one of those spoiled rotten rich people. All they wanna do is flaunt their status with expensive clothes and shiny jewelry." You grumble.

Hat-Bot and you look toward the door as two faint pairs of footsteps came into earshot and began to ascended the stairs.

Then, Hat-Bot looked toward you once more, ignoring the footsteps coming from the outside. He tilted his head a little.

"Do you hate him, Other Creator?" Hat-Bot asked.

Now, THAT...was a difficult question.

You are normally someone that doesn't hold grudges. Not even with your worst mortal enemies, back on your Earth. To you, it just takes too much effort.

You don't hate them, but you don't have to like them either. But, Black Hat...his relationship with you was like a jigsaw puzzle.

You feel like there are some missing pieces to why he was behaving in some ways. Possessiveness, dismissals, and even rule changes had occurred during your stay here. But even when you cornered him, trying to get him to spill the beans on why he keeps you here, he would then react angrily and violently.

Especially since it was in the presence of everyone else in the house.
On other days, he would behave...merciful. Of course, it came with a deal, but with mercy no less.

However.

It doesn't change that fact that he still gave you scars, a couple of scares, choked you fairly recently, and even tried to fight with you when everyone was kidnapped. But, what was your personal opinion on him as a person?

Evil would be a likely term. Unpredictable could be another. Mean is probably a really simple term for someone like him. But, how would you describe him in a sentence? As in, what category you would file him under.

The best way you can describe him to your best ability is that he's...an aggressive enigma.

"I...don't think so? Maybe. Maybe not. I'm not too fond of him...but I don't hate him. I'm more of a negative neutral, I guess." You shrug.

"I see. So, you don't mind being around him, but you're not very fond of him?" Hat-Bot simplified.

"I guess that's the easy way to put it...yeah." You nod in agreement.

Then, you decided to leave the lab and see where Flug wondered off to. You head for the exit and wave goodbye to your little Hat-Bot and you depart from the laboratory. Walking up the stairs in the gothic foyer and to the second floor of the house.

You hope that Flug got out of that scuffle unscathed. You really don't want to see him hurt or anything.

As you and him have begun to actually become the best of friends. So, you really don't want him getting hurt anymore. You might not be able to prevent some things, but you can at least try.

You continue on your journey towards Black Hats' office, your mind wondering to places deep within your subconscious.

Speaking about your dearest friend Flug, you were really happy that the jet suits worked and that Flug got to spin around and fly like he used to.
You have never seen him look so happy. You probably seen him get moderately happy, but not that excited! He was almost as energy-filled as a child on a sugar rush!

You chuckle to yourself as the memory zipped past your mental projector. You can't blame him, you were too. It felt nice to get into the sky and get closer to the stars. It reminded you of your home. Seeing the clear skies and twinkling stars above your roof...it was a comforting thought.

That reminds you of something.

You haven't asked Flug when he would be able to build you a machine that would allow you to go home. I mean, you have been here for almost 3 months. Your parents were probably worried sick! More likely...they probably have already given up searching for you.

The thoughts of you on a 'missing' poster started to pop up in your mind again.
You feel your mood dip before you quickly shook it off.

_No way!_ Your parents are persistent! They wouldn't give up searching for you after 3 months! Try 3 years! That's how determined they are! If they decided to send you to that engineering collage that costed them their life savings, then they wouldn't give up on you that easy!

So you shouldn't either!

You'll get home safe and sound and you will be in your parents' embrace once more!

You nod to yourself as you try to keep your hopes up.

Then, you rounded the corner towards the office. Slowing your pace as you don't want to disturb the conversation going on inside. You creep closer and decided to listen in on the conversation.

Unbeknownst to yourself, what you were about to hear was going to destroy that hope as if it was nothing.

You focus in on the voices and you identified Black Hat almost immediately. Seeing as Flug was the one that you directed toward the kitchen, it was most likely him that was the second presence in the room.

"--well the sells on the mortality poisons are going."

It seemed that Black Hat was in the middle of a conversation by the time you arrived.

It seemed that he was talking to Flug about the Mortality Poison. I mean, Black Hat was obviously making a lot of cash off of it. As Flug admitted that he got more free time since Heroes were dying left and right thanks to the poison.

He admitted it when you both were flying high in the sky. When he asked to dance with you. But...why would Black Hat possibly need to talk about it? I mean, if it sells well and it does its' job, why would he need to talk to Flug in private about it?

Flug says nothing as Black Hat continues.

"In the end, many heroes have fallen in the past few months. Same with some villains with mutinous followers. But, that was in the contract, so they can't sue us for leader deaths caused by power-hungry underlings."

You hear him chuckle.

How sick.

Patting himself on the back for assisted murder. You rolled your eyes. What's new with your boss?

You quietly go back to listening.

"So, in conclusion, I have pitched that the product was going to be a permanent product that we sell."
You blinked in confusion as you processed that sentence.

*Permanent?*

What did he mean by that? Has he found another way to make the poison, but equally as deadly? That would be absolutely tragic for anyone that has to stay on this planet. Thankfully, you would be spared that headache when you leave. I mean, if that is the case.

In which, that should be the case... *right?*

You continue to listen in on the private conversation. Determined to satiate your ravenous curiosity.

"--will we make it?" Flug asked, seemingly as equally as puzzled as you are.

"Like how we always make it, you idiot! With (Name)'s blood!"

You can feel your breath hitch as the horrifying image came forth as the puzzle pieces slowly came together in your mind. Making the poison with your blood... *permanently.*

It didn't take much intelligence to figure out what he was plotting.

No...that can't be what's going to happen! *He can't possibly--!*

You listen forth, your fear slowly becoming a reality as the scene within the room continues to progress.

"But, sir! They will be leaving eventually, they can't possibly--"

"Do you not understand why I wanted us to discuss this in private, you fool?"

You hear Black Hat cut Flug off, even though he tried to defend the fact that you needed to leave eventually. Tears started to brim the edges of your eyes as the cruel reality came forth. Your heart quivered as you tried not to break down right there.

You knew that it was coming.

Against your better judgement, you kept listening.

What a mistake it was.

"That's right, Flug!"

*I'm never letting them go! They're going to stay on this planet for the rest of their days, serving ME!"

Your heart seemingly smashed itself into little shards as you realized what this meant.

You kept processing that sentence over and over again. Until you had to face the ugly truth.

*You were never going home.*

You family, friends, home, and planet were all but a distant memory now. Just like Flug said
plenty of times before...Black Hat ripped everything away from him. What made you any different? Tears dripped down your face as the emotional pain suddenly settled in.

Waves upon waves of grief and homesickness suddenly overwhelmed you full force. You almost wanted to sob out in pain as you barely paid any attention to what was being exchanged between the two in the room.

Your mind blurring out the rest of the conversation. You backed off of the door and covered your mouth as your mind started reeling. Emotions flooding your once calm mind. Overrunning it as quickly as they could.

The moment you heard Black Hat tell Flug to leave, you snuck away from the door, then bolted down the hall.

You didn't want to believe it!

You didn’t want to accept it!

You couldn't stay here! You had a life back on your home planet! But Black Hat wanted to keep you here against your will! You must've overshot your character judgement when studying him. You were utterly wrong about what he was.

He is pure evil!

... No.

He's a villain.

Tears stung your eyes as your mind was caught in a whirlwind of strong negative emotions. Anger, fear, betrayal, regret, and grief all buzzed around in your head like a swarm of angry bees. Drowning out your other senses as all you knew was to run.

Run somewhere. Run anywhere. Go to anyplace but here.

ESCAPE.

RUN WHILE YOU CAN.

Your lungs burned as you tore through the halls and down the stairs, flight instincts in overdrive.

Your judgement was clouded by rapid toiling emotions, blocking out common sense and logical judgement. You jumped down the stairs and kept going. Ignoring the fact that Hat-Bot was leaving the lab to fetch some cleaning supplies to do some of his chores.

He didn't even have time to call out to you as you burst out the front door. Hat-Bot watched in worry as you ran from the house, seeing the front door close, but not securely shut itself.

You kept going.

Darting down the walkway and out the initial engraved iron gates.
Off towards a random direction. Anywhere but in the roundabout. You ran and ran. Further and further into unfamiliar territory. Out into the unknown world that you were now being forced to live on.

You tried to shake the cloudy tears from your eyes. As they stung and drip out of your eyes, gone with the wind that whipped past your face.

But, you kept going.

Your feet and legs ached, but you didn't stop. The roundabout slowly disappeared further and further into the city as you ran. Blending in with the city background as you went down streets and random turns.

You had no name, no friends, no family, and no money.

But you didn't care. You just needed to escape.

So, you just kept on running.

Then, you disappeared into the darkness of the city. Completely engulfed by the night.

However.

You were unaware of the stalking figures that trailed after your retreating form the moment you left the house.

Following you into the darkness.

---

Flug sighed as he exited the office and was finally free of his oppressive boss.

Out of all things he had to keep secret, why did it have to be this specific one?

He couldn't help but feel like he was backstabbing you in a way. Betraying your trust by constantly making you think that you were going to go home at some point in time. A pretty lie he would have to say every time.

Not only that, but he would also be breaking the promise that you two made. You are both even at this point, this shouldn't even be happening! He didn't want to hurt you. Ever. Never ever. He has grown too fond of you to make such a mistake again.

This day started out amazing! How could everything go so wrong so quickly? One moment he's flying again, the next thing he knows, he's being forced to keep secrets from you once more.

His heart quivered in his chest.

Once again, he was fully away of his feelings toward you. He was really disappointed in himself for not going against Black Hats' orders. He didn't even speak up about how unfair it was. He just sat there and held his tongue.

He hated that he wasn't as strong as you were. That he couldn't say 'no'. His cowardice was
disgraceful and humiliating.

He walked down the halls and kept his head down. As if he was giving himself his own walk of shame. He stared at his red and white sneakers with distaste as he walked down the silent halls.

His own mind reeling with thoughts and his heart beating rapidly with anxiety.

Then, he paused in mid-step. He placed his foot back onto the ground and stood there immobile for a few moments.

Slowly, he lifted his head and looked forward towards nothing. The fire was back and burning faintly.

He couldn't just sit back and do nothing!

This was how the whole poison mess got started in the first place! This is how the chaos started to spread from this city to other cities! If he stands by once more...this will only hurt you and others more! He growls and stomps his foot in defiance.

He can't stand idly by this time. He needed to take action!
He gulped as he knew what he had to do.

*He needed to tell you.*

He needed to find you and tell you.

While he's at it, he needs to think of a way to get you back home.

He needed to spend his time making a new invention that was capable of sending you home. A powerful launcher perhaps? One with digital and light bending capabilities? It needed to be like the first prototype, but it would shoot things into space instead.

Yes! That could be the solution to get you back home! He just needs to verify the same coordinates, find the same asteroid belt, and send you hope via light ray! It was simplistic in design, but it would be enough to launch you back to your Earth.

He just has to make sure he's on target an nothing goes wrong.

Determination started to blossom forth within Flug.

He needs to stand up this time. Not sit down and cry like a newborn!
Flug felt a surge of the determination go through himself as he lifted his head up fully and marched on through the hallways. Brimming with contained mirth and energy.

He decided to scout out the house and look for you.
He decided to check your private quarters first.

He walked to your room. However, strangely enough, you weren't there.

Then, he started checking bathrooms.
You...weren't in those either.
The more he looked the more the high from his self psych up started to wear off. Now he felt like himself again, looking for someone that was evading his every move.

Flug furrowed his brow in confusion as he tried to think of any other places you might be.

He wondered all throughout the house. Looking in empty rooms, the library, the kitchen, Dementia's room, he even asked 5.0.5 if he saw you. Sadly, the bear just gave him a shrug in response.

The living room was blank, the dinning room was empty, and the archives were empty as well. The yard was void, the roof was vacant, and you CERTAINLY weren't in the office. He even decided to peek into the basement. Though, he didn't dare tread down into the dark underground room.

He even decided to check the hall closets, which were empty as well!

He didn't understand. Where could you be?

Then, it clicked.

You dove into the lab when you both heard Black Hat approaching. Maybe you were still in there? It was the most likeliest place left for him to find you in. Maybe Hat-Bot saw you pass through somewhere.

He entered the foyer and went into the direction of the lab. Opening the door and looking inside. All he saw was Hat-Bot cleaning some of the beakers and equipment. Just as he was programmed to do. Hat-Bot turned to see what the noise was and saw his primary creator in the door.

"Oh! Hello, Creator!" Hat-Bot greeted. Flug waved at him slightly looking around.

"Hat-Bot, have you seen (Name)? I need to talk to them." Flug questioned.

Hat-Bot almost seemed to turn his head in slight confusion.

"Did something happen between you two?" Hat-Bot asked, confusing Flug.

"I....I mean, not yet. But, why do you ask that?" Flug looked at the little bowler-bot, puzzled.

"It's just...Other Creator ran by me without saying anything. They were making weird sounds and they seemed to have sprung a leak in their optics. Did they run out of the house to go to the part shop to get it fixed?" Hat-Bot tilted his head in blissful innocence.

However, the moment he mentioned that you ran from the house, Flug’s blood went cold.

"They WHAT?!" Flug shouted, startling Hat-Bot.

Hat-Bot jolted as his primary Creator suddenly grew worried.

"T-They ran out the front door! I couldn't get their attention and--hey! Where are you going now, Creator?" Hat-Bot calls after Flug as he runs from the lab.

Flug exits the lab and rushes over to the front door and finds it slightly ajar. Causing dread to build
up inside him.


He tears open the door. Not finding you on the porch or on the walkway. The iron gates on the far other end were blown open by the lukewarm winds. Definitely confirming his fears. Flug runs to the end of the walkway. Looking around in every direction.

All that Flug could see was buildings that typically surrounded the house. A few had some lights on, but all were shrouded in darkness. The waning moon could barely do anything to light up the nearby surroundings.

He walked out onto the deserted sidewalk. Looking any which possible way that you could've gone.

Yet, you were nowhere in sight.

He called out your name. The only sound of a mere echo replying back was all he had to go on. He called again until it roused the neighbors dog, causing it to bark. But, he couldn't see you and you weren't replying. Nor were you coming back.

This can't happen! This shouldn't be happening! You weren't supposed to overhear that conversation! Flug was going to lay it on you lightly, but apparently, you took it really hard. Harder then he foresaw you taking it. Why did you run off all by yourself?!

Were...you just that upset? Hat-Bot mentioned that you were 'leaking from your optics'. Were....were you crying? Flug suddenly started to feel guilty all over again. He gripped his paper mask in desperation.

Flug then starts to briefly hyperventilate. From the moment they got back from their secret flying test, nothing was going right and everything just went from bad to worse in the span of a few short minutes upon returning.

Not only had Black Hat decided to keep you here, you panicked and fled the only household you have ever known on this planet out of uncontrollable emotional dread. Now you were out there all alone in the city at night. You could get into serious trouble and not just with Black Hat! If any of their rivals find you...Flug gulped.

He placed his face into his palms and went back behind the safety of the iron gates, closing them and sliding down to the concrete ground.

He thought you had a cool-enough head to handle this level of atrocity.

In a sense...he almost couldn't believe it.

From a certain standing point, you almost looked strong and relaxed all of the time. But...if this was enough to make you loose control of your own emotions...you must wanna go home really bad.

It's almost as if what was happening at this moment wasn't real. That the person he knew would never turn and run would run from this. You didn't even panic when he needed help in the fire.
But *it was true.*

You had *run away.*

Chapter End Notes

NOOOOO! READER! YOU FOOL! IN THE DARK OF THE NIGHT, EVIL WILL FIND YOU!!!
And it was going SO well...

Thaaat's Angst for you!

We still have those three remaining spots open for the Alien Affections - Interactive Novel! If you wanna help out in the project, don't be shy! Any form of help is appreciated!

As always, thank you readers! We are on the final trek to the climax of the story!

Here's my Tumblr~
https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

----

= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of

Letsallbecalmchaps =

Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy


Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/166156779979/cosmica-galaxy-this-is-how-i-imagined-that-scene#notes

Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/167786442471/cosmica-galaxy-heres-what-i-imagined-the

Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
Abducted

Chapter Summary

You fall prey to old rivals...

Chapter Notes

The final chapters are in order!

Alien Affections is getting close to it's end!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You kept running and running until you ran out of breath.

You bend over and pant rapidly as you attempt to retrieve your lost oxygen. Your legs stung and ached from the sprint, but you were away from the place of your despair. At least for a little while.

You huffed and puffed as you slowly came to your senses. Clearing your eyes of any visible or wetting tears. You take a few moments to pull yourself together and stop sobbing. Once you manage to calm down enough, you sigh and shake your head. Attempting to clear your head of any lingering sobs or fuzziness.

Only then did you notice that you were somewhere else.

A brief look around gave you some barrings of where you were.

Tall dark and grey buildings towered over you. Power lines were strung above the street and across the ways. Barely any lights were illuminated in the surrounding areas. You found yourself standing alone under a lit streetlamp. Looking around aimlessly.

You let out a grievous sigh and shook your head.

This was a mistake...where were you going to go?

You had no friends, you had no family, and you had no home or money. You're basically homeless at this point. The only place that was willing to shelter you and care for you was slowly becoming your prison away from home. Your REAL home.

You placed your hands in your pants pockets and just strolled ahead aimlessly.

No phone. No ID. No bike, motorcycle, or car. You basically came here with absolutely nothing. Not even a plan. You're instincts just completely usurped your common sense and made you run from the only place that you could call home.
You walk past some of the buildings and wonder along for a few blocks. Seeing graffiti and cracked concrete as you continue to stroll without a direction.

It was stupid of you to ditch the only home you had here, but you just needed to...get away for a while. Poor Hat-Bot looked worried sick when you ran out of the house in your tizzy.

You kept walking, only seeing a few cars pass by.

Yet, nobody seemed to be out on the streets at night. The sidewalks were totally deserted. Which was highly unusual for a populated city. It was like a zombie apocalypse was happening or something. Was there a curfew now? You haven't looked at the news for a while...maybe that's it.

Or is there just a widespread unspoken rule to never be out on the streets at night?

Feeling a little pressured and exposed, you cross your arms and slowly make your way...wherever. You obviously have no place to go.
So you just keep on walking. Maybe you'll come to a landmark, like the bridge that connects Hat Island to the mainland.

Maybe you would see those hero statues that you and Flug visited on your 'date'.

You look around and notice that you're still surrounded by dark and ominous grey buildings. Further ahead were more streetlights, fences, a few trees, but nothing that screamed a familiar landmark.

... 

Oh.

Who were you kidding? Everything looks exactly the same!

There was nothing but grey buildings and streetlights currently. You briefly paused as you looked around.

The city blocks that lined the area were separated by small and barely noticeable alleys. you expressed caution when passing them, making sure no thug could get the jump on you. So far, you have experienced little to no familiar hints.

Still, you walked and walked. Passing streetlight after streetlight.

Then, you spotted a four-way intersection just ahead.

You decided to hurry over and read the street signs. Maybe they could help point the way back to the manor? You trot up to the intersection and immediately look for street names. Hoping that one was going to be Hat avenue.

Finally you found them on a black pole, the street names written in white. Sadly, they didn't ring any bells. Not only that, but there was FOUR names on one pole! This was going to be difficult.

"Gentleman's Crossing? Cane Lane? Renegade Road?? Vile Street???” You mutter to yourself, while staring at the unfamiliar signs.
Nope. Not ringing any bells. None of them even sounded familiar.

So...you guess that it was a pretty big gamble.

You tap your foot and look around the surrounding area. All seemed to be the same, just like before. So you decided to at least think logically about where you should go.

If you went down Cane Lane, it would either take you closer to the ocean or into a residential dead end, judging from the large circular cluster of lights just a fair ways down the road. You decided that it was too risky, so you crossed that one out in your mind.

Renegade Road was fairly lit and the buildings seemed to be a little more run down on that street. It just looked dangerous, so you mentally cross that one out.

Then there was Vile Street, which was the street you were currently on. So basically, you want to get off Vile Street and head in some other direction. Which the only other street was Gentleman's Crossing. You pondered all of your choices carefully again.

I mean, if you go down Gentleman's Crossing, you might wind up closer to the 'fancy clothes' streets. Like 'Bowler Boulevard' and such. I mean, it's just a thought, isn't it? It seems to make sense...at least to you.

You decided to turn and wonder down the street with that as a name. Walking on and on.

Your legs were starting to ache from how much you've been walking. The muscles were currently sore and you sigh as you keep going down the street. Finally, you see another intersection, upon wondering up to it, you were greeted with two street signs this time, one with the street you're currently on and another that spoke promise.

"Spats Street? It's a fancy clothes item, so I guess I'm on the right track." You mutter, keeping your hands in your pockets as you turn on the street. Departing from Gentleman's Crossing.

You sigh as you kept walking.

Internally, you feel stupid now that you fled from the house and now you were lost in the city.

On one hand, it wasn't really your fault. Your emotions got the better of you and you lost your self control. But, the trigger was set off by the fact that Black Hat was admitting to Flug that he was going to strand you here.

The horrible news hurt, but you should've been more cool-headed about it. Running from your problems doesn't make them go away. It just prolongs the process of getting over it. Wise words that came from your parents we never as fitting as they are now.

You passed many streets before entering into a plaza-like area. You paused and looked around.

There were water fountains and plants strewn about the large open area. Not only that, but it seemed to be near some more active streets. It was still unfamiliar, but at least you escaped the constant feeling of sameness with the residential areas.
You walk out onto the plaza and plan to sit on a bench and rest for a bit.

Walking near the illuminated water fountain, you plop down on the wooden bench and sigh in relief. Finally off of your aching feet.
You take a look around to garner at your surroundings for a bit.

There seemed to be a fair amount of stores around. Most which are closed. But, there was a few open-late eating places. Too bad you can't go in since you're broke. It's amazing how people have to pay to have a life necessity such as food and if you don't have money, you're doomed to starve.

Speaking of food, your stomach let out a growl and you just let out a sigh.

Lost, alone, AND hungry? Geeze. Today was not your day.

All over one mistake, that occurred out of instinct no less.

You just needed to calm down and enjoy the passing cars and neon lights. You breathe and stare out at the city, listening to the water fountain splash behind you as you recovered your strength.

You just hope that Flug would understand why you ran off.

You just decided to pass the time by looking around and chilling out. Listening to the splashing water behind you and the occasional cars that would pass through this area.

---

"THEY WHAT?!!"

A loud roar came from within the manor's office, but despite being contained in one room, it managed to shake the entire house.

Windows, picture frames, and vases all rattled at the sheer octave. The lights flickered for a brief moment as the sound wave rocked through the household.

Flug had flinched at the loud noise that came from his boss, Causing him to cover his ears and squint in pain. He had recently just told Black Hat of your escape from the manor. To which, Black Hats' visible eye was flaming crimson. His teeth were gritted in a tight snarl.

"They overheard us and FLED?" He snapped at the timid doctor.

"Y-Yes! T-They ran off! I-I don't know where they are or where they c-could be!" Flug whimpered. Gripping his other arm in anxious anticipation.

"WHY WOULD THEY RUN OUT OF THE HOUSE?!!" Black Hat stood up from his desk, a menacing aura surrounding himself.

Flug felt his body shrink in on itself as Black Hat preformed the aggressive action.

"I-I don't know, sir! B-But, Hat-Bot stated that they were very upset!" He explains, completely shaken. He continues to quiver as Black Hat releases a deep growl from within his throat.

"You humans are all the same. Alien or Native, it doesn't matter! Emotions are
so *BOtherSOME.*" He hisses angrily. "That stupid alien. How dare they think they can run." He growls, standing up and walking around his desk.

Flug flinches on instinct as his irate boss passes by him.

He slowly lowers his arms as Black Hat pauses just a little ways further into the room. Silently standing there with his back toward him. Flug knew what this meant by heart. Black Hat was tracking you. From the very moment you arrived, you were marked with that handshake.

It was weird for Flug to see Black Hat actively tracking someone by their life force. It's usually how he finds all of those who have done him wrong, backed out of a deal, or broken a business promise. Flug inwardly and quietly waits for his boss to search out the area for your signature.

Black Hat was currently sporting a familiar red demonic-looking lizard eye. Picking up on the life forces that were nearby.

Dementia's, 5.0.5's, and the artificial Hat-Bot came into his vision. Yet, these weren't the life signatures he was looking for. He tightened his focus and his iris grew more acute. Soon, he was seeing the few life forces of those that were passing the manor. Be it in a car, on a bike, or on foot.

None of the life forces were familiar and didn't have the characteristic *flickering* that yours had. Which means that you had went farther. He focuses even harder, his head straining from the reach.

Scanning around, all he was picking up were the civilians that were all cozy up and inside of their homes. No familiar flickering yet. Black Hat let out a growl from annoyance and kept searching. Even turning in place. Trying to gather the angles from all in one spot.

As far as he could reach currently, Black Hat couldn't find a trace of you. He growls profanities and walks back to his desk.

"*The*y will have to come back SOMETiME," He growled. "And when they do, I'll give them a punishment they WON'T FORGET." He promises, sitting down ruffly in his chair.

Flug was nervous at first, but once he processed that Black Hat SAT DOWN, he sputtered out in confusion.

"S-Sir? You...you aren't going to go out and look for them?!" Flug yelled in surprise. Black Hat looked at him in a bored manner.

"Of course not! I only pursue those that have *friends* and *family* to take refuge with. The alien has nobody! They have no money, no food, and no home! They'll come crawling back, because regardless if they want it, this place IS their only home. They'll come back, nobody will be able to tell them apart from anyone else." Black Hat brushed Flug off.

Flug was completely and utterly flabbergasted by the fact that he wasn't going to do anything about your escape, purely out of the fact that he knows you will have to find your way back. Even if it's against your will.

"B-But, they don't know their way around! They're probably lost and hungry and--!!"
"Ugh! Spare me your feelings of sympathy, Flug." Black Hat cut off, rolling his visible eye. "Stay up and watch the front door if you're so 'worried'. Now, leave my office." He snarled.

Flug winced at the stinging sensation that formed in his chest when Black Hat rudely cut him off.

Not only that, but he didn't seem to care too much about your well being. It was almost despicable of him to sit back and let yourself find your way back 'home'.

Flug wanted to say something, but instead, he turned away and meekly headed out of the double doors. Closing them back quietly and then heading down the hall.

He felt the feelings of his own self-pity rise up again, but his time his pause was quicker and his stomp came down sharper.

He can't just sit back and wait for you to come crawling home! Something horrible can happen to you out there at any point in time!

A city is never safe at night!

Instead of going to his room and wallowing in pity, he decided to go downstairs, and prepare to head out.

He didn't need Black Hats' permission this time, he's looking for a lost friend anyway. It could take him all night for all he knows.

He gathers up a travel canister and begins to brew him some coffee. He decided that if he was going to go out on this cool night, he would need something to keep him warm. While the coffee is brewing, he was going to gather up some stuff while he patiently waits for it to finish.

He walked off to gather said stuff.

He grabbed up his phone, a scarf to fight off the cool wind, and a plasma ray gun for self-defense. When he came back, the coffee was finished and he poured the fresh hot brew into his travel canister.

Regardless of what Black Hat thinks he knows, you don't know this city at all. He's most likely doing it for sadistic kicks.

But, Flug was going to try and find you. Bring you back here. It's ironically safer here than it is out there.

Once he was prepared, he headed to the front door and exited the household. A brief cool wind blew against him, causing him to shudder.

A sure sign that the seasonal change was slowly occurring. He hopes that you managed to grab a coat. He stepped off the patio and strolled down the walkway. Through the iron gates and out into the city.

He picked a random direction and walked down the path. Keeping a sharp eye out for any possible shape or sight of you.

He just hopes you're alright by the time he finds you.
He continues down the lit streets, looking around and beginning his journey.

---

You were currently still sitting by the water fountain.

You shiver lightly as a cool wind begins to sweep through the city. Threatening to lower your body temperature. You stood up and rubbed your arms in an effort to generate heat. Man...if you were at the manor, you would be safe and warm.

You have sat there for so long that apparently, the open-late diners had closed up and the workers all left. Meaning that you were out...really late. The deserted and darkening surroundings were making you worried, not only that, but an anxious feeling of being watched was starting to fall over yourself.

Slowly intensifying as time continues on.

You sat there for a few more minutes before the wind became too much and you decided to move on.

You had to find your way back to the manor.

You weren't feeling safe anymore. Hungry, cold, and tired as well. You decided to head down a street called 'Fancy Avenue'. As there were no clothes themed ones as far as you could see at the moment.

Even when you left the open area of the plaza, the feeling of being stalked didn't leave you.

You attempted to ignore your fast beating heart. Breathing in slowly and breathing out steadily. You passed by a variety of closed businesses and now you were heading back down a long illuminated street. Similar to what you were walking down when you came to your senses after you had fled the manor in a fit of instinct.

You stayed wary of the alleyways as you traveled. Looking at the night sky as you passed by some businesses and houses, only looking away when an alleyway was present.

What a beautiful night.

It's a shame you're spending it alone and lost.

You sigh and keep walking.

You keep strolling through the streets, only now becoming aware of the second pair of footsteps following you. You attempt to brush off the paranoia as just someone else returning to their home.

But, the more turns you took, the greater your worry grew. As the person was still walking behind you. I mean, this is a residential area...maybe their just going to their home and it's just a big coincidence?

A few more turns disapproved that. They were still following you. Even when you looped around a city block.
Yep. Someone is **DEFINITELY** following you.

You decide to take a little peek over your shoulder, only to see...nobody following you. You stop and face backwards. The footsteps are gone and you keep listening. Then, you let out a sigh and rub your temples with your pointer fingers.

**Great.**

Paranoia and audio illusions are taking hold of your mind now. You turn back around and keep walking.

**Only to hear the footsteps reappear.**

You turn around fast and still see nobody. You blink and rub your eyes. Your heartbeat picking up and drumming in your ears. You walk backwards and keep your eyes alert and wary of the surroundings.

Then, you turn and you bolt down the street. Almost immediately, there was the sound of rapid footsteps following after your own. You panicked and kept running, making random turns and such. You pant as you hear the footsteps slowly get lost far away behind you.

But now, something else that was worrying has your attention.

The 'shadows' on the nearby buildings were moving. Like figures...human figures! you sharpen your vision and release a gasp at what you see. Two of them were climbing on the walls staring at you and when they took notice that you were looking at them, they jumped from their perches from across the street and started running at you.

"*Dan, we've been spotted! Where are you?!*" You heard one the shady figures shout, seemingly grabbing a hidden earpiece.

You immediately turn away and bolt down the street! Your heart hammering in your chest as fear quickly took hold.

Now you understand...you're being targeted by other villains!

Adrenaline was starting to flow into your veins, making the ache go away and breaths come in lighter intervals. Your heart rate was soaring high as your pursuers give chase.

"*It's running! Where's the cutoff team?!*" You heard a distant voice shout. Presumably from the second shady figure.

You kick up a lot of speed, turning sharply around corners and down streets. Still, they were on your tail! Too faraway to hear what they're saying clearly, but you could still hear their trailing footsteps following after your own.

Your heartbeat was present in your ears, but you kept running. Flight instincts kicking in again as you go down many streets and cut many corners.

Yet, you could **STILL** hear your pursuers!

Sparkling tears gathered in your eyes as your lungs begin to burn and your legs start to painfully
ache. Still you don't give up, your adrenaline holding on for as long as it can.

Then, you suddenly come to a skidding halt as another menacing figure comes around the corner just ahead of you, he looked similar to a condor or eagle, but you didn't wait around to get a good look at the new menacing figure. You back up and dart down the alleyway across the street, away from your attempted cutoff shady person.

You run down the alley and see a chain link fence just ahead, but that didn't stop you from running. You started to climb it rapidly. Just as your two main pursuers entered the alley, you jumped over and off the fence, taking off again.

Instead of climbing on the fence, they climbed on the walls surrounding the fence. Similar to how Dementia gets around. You panted as you exited the alley and turned left, away from the intersection where the 3rd menacing figure came around. Fearing that he would be waiting there for you.

Your more fitter pursuers didn't let up. They kept chasing. Regardless if they were getting tired. Same as you. Only, you didn't want to be caught.

You pant vigorously as you run out into the empty street, down through another alley. Too which you tossed over as many trashcans and such as you could. A pursuer stumbled on the knocked over bins, knocking the other off balance as well. Which gave you a little more room between them.

You flee the alley and run out onto another set of streets. Finally, you enter a wider street, and if you could stop to think for a moment, you would notice that some of the streets look sorta familiar. But, you were being chased at the moment. So stopping was out of the question.

But, for a moment, you actually thought you got away.

Then, something happened so fast that you couldn't process it when it did happen. You heard the sound of flapping, then a heavy weight rammed directly into your back.

You let out a cry of pain as you are suddenly thrusted forward and you skidded across the concrete of the sidewalk.

You slide to a halt under a streetlamp and gasp for breath from the impact. Only then did you take notice of someone standing on you and the variety of cuts and scrapes that lined your arms from the skid.

The two other pairs of footsteps came running up. Gasping for their own share of air as they managed to catch up to you.

"Wh-What...the hell...took you...so long...Dan!? I feel like...I ran...a marathon!" One of the shady characters spoke.

"Shut up, Jackson. You two couldn't stay within striking distance for 1 minute!" 'Dan' spoke, hissing at the other two.

"How could we!? This damn alien has been running all over the place! It was even throwing obstacles in our way! We could barely keep track of it!" The other shady character spoke.
The eagle-person let out an unimpressed huff.

"It doesn't matter now, Sandra. We managed to catch it. That's all that matters. The transportation vehicle is coming. It should be here any moment." 'Dan' explained, keeping his clawed foot pinned on your back.

You wiggled and thrashed weekly. Exhausted from the coolness of the night, your own hunger, and all of the energy you've spent in the last few hours. Even if you were in the process of being kidnapped, your strength is waning. Completely abandoning you as you weakly struggle.

You had attempted to get up a few times, but the claw that was present on your back would push you back down with ease. So, you decided to lay there patiently and catch your breath.

You pant and wiggle a few times, then looked up. Hearing the sound of a car pulling up. The car seemed...familiar...like...something was itching you in the back of your mind to remember. Then, almost like in a series of flashes, your memory sparked.

*That was the black van that pulled away from the building fire!*  

These were the *EXACT* same people!

They must'ave tried to match the blood with your other comrades, but came back with nothing. So now they're trying to capture you!

The doors open, revealing an entirely new face. You attempt to get up, but you get pushed back down again. You grunt as you are pressed to the ground once more.

"I see you three caught the target. *That's excellent!* Get them into the car quickly, we mustn't be seen! Less we draw attention and wind up like Salador did!" The new face ordered.

Shortly after the order was given, you felt six pairs of hands start to strong-arm you and pick you up. One hand was wrapped around your mouth, the other clenched your hands together. The other pair of four hands gripped your body and picked you up, dragging you into the vehicle.

You wiggle and shout muffled profanities as you are taken into the car against your will.

You continue to struggle, causing your carriers to grunt in frustration. You heard the door to the van close and you continued to wiggle and thrash in a fit of desperation.

"Augh! Dammit, *where's the rope*?! It won't stop wiggling!" Grunted the eagle-looking figure.

"Here. Feel free to wrap it up like a birthday present." 'Sandra' spoke up, seemingly handing the eagle-person a long strand of binding rope.

Then, you could feel yourself being bound and tied up. They even put a gag in your mouth...hopefully this sock wasn't used before being placed in your maw. After a few attempts of vain struggling, you stopped and decided to lay there and just breathe.

Even when your heart was going a million miles a minute, you needed to calm down. I mean, nothing violent has happened to you...yet. You still don't understand what these goons have in mind about what they want to do with you.
You just know that they were present at the fire. So, they obviously had connections to the operation that ran there. Not only that, but the passenger in the front mentioned Salador's demise. So, they obviously knew him.

But, what could they possibly want with you?

Something experimental, most likely.

You lay your head down on the floor of the van. You were utterly exhausted. At this point, your strength has waned so much that you can't even keep your head up for long periods of time anymore. Even in this worrying environment, all you wanted to do was sleep it all off.

You jumped in surprise as a blindfold was thrown over your eyes. But, once you realized what it was, you just relaxed all over again. I mean, yeah. Getting kidnapped was horrifying, but your energy was already spent. What more could you possibly do?

Every muscle in your body ached and twitched in pain from overexertion. Your lungs ached, your heart hurt, and the scrapes on your arms stung. It was just a bad night that went from bad to worse.

Mental, emotional, and physical exhaustion all in just a few short hours. Your mind weighed heavily as you slump on the floor, still breathing sorta roughly.

You kinda wanted to just lay there and not do anything. Just catch your breath and see if you can find out where they're taking you. Poor Flug...poor Hat-bot...poor 5.0.5...they are all going to be worried sick.

How were they even going to find you? You left the manor with nothing to go on. Nothing to leave behind. You just ran out of there like an idiot.

You could feel shame slowly ebb into your body as those thoughts creep into your mind. But, you internally shake them away. Flug is probably looking for a way to find you right now! I mean..hopefully he is. But, that is all you can do at the moment.

*Hope.*

With the blindfold blocking out lights and such, you were finding yourself drifting off much faster. Not only that, but the van was much warmer than the cooler outside air and wind. Which was warming you back up.

You knew this was just typical kidnapping scenario, they'll get crueler once you reach your destination. So, you might as well stock up on energy and sleep. Who knows where you're going and why you're going there? You best enjoy it while it lasts.

You closed your eyes and decided to drift off, but not before realizing something.

*What is it called when an alien is the one that gets abducted?*

Hmm...what an interesting mystery.

You let out a yawn and lay on the floor. Slightly curling in on yourself to absorb more warmth and feel slightly safer.
It was in no time at all that you dozed off. Energy spent and in the clutches of a unknown organization that wanted something that involved you. What a mess you found yourself being a part of.

You should'ave stayed in the manor.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Reader...but on the other hand.

Oh my stars~! WE DID IT!

ALIEN AFFECTIONS IS THE FIRST READER-ORIENTED STORY TO GET 1,000 KUDOS IN THE VILLAINOUS FANDOM ON AO3~!!

400 COMMENTS, 40 CHAPTERS, AND A MAJOR MILESTONE ALL IN ONE DAY!
THANK YOU ALL FOR ALLOWING MY FIC TO GET TO THE TOP AND PASS THE TRIPLE DIGITS!!!

I AM SO HAPPY!

*Party Poppers explode, releasing confetti.*

Here's my Tumblr~
https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

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= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of

Letsallbecalmchaps =

Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy


Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/166156779979/cosmica-galaxy-this-is-how-i-imagined-that-scene#notes

Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/167786442471/cosmica-galaxy-heres-what-i-imagined-the

*NEW* Artzdoodles = https://artzdoodles.tumblr.com/post/170546820889/cosmica-galaxy-congrats-on-1000-kudos-on-alien
Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
Flug couldn't sleep at all last night.

He has been worried sick from your disappearance that he drank coffee all night and was looking for any ways to track you on his own free will. It seems that old habits die hard, as he was back to spending sleep hours researching inventions and new gadgets.

Hat-Bot had attempted to talk him into going to his room to sleep, but Flug was undeterred and kept working the night away. Eventually, Hat-Bot gave up and just wondered over to his charging station and shut down for the night. Though...he had a fair amount of difficulty...since you usually put him to be with a story or song.

It seemed to be a rough night for the both of them.

But, Flug didn't give up. He kept working on the tracker that would use the special proteins from your blood to find you. Almost similarly to a bloodhound, it would 'smell' you and lead them to the source of your location through scent.

Flug took another swig of his coffee and ignored the morning light that was starting to pour into the lab through the narrow windows close to the roof. The sun could come up if it wanted, it didn't matter to Flug. He was occupied with trying to finish this contraption.

He sat back and studied the mechanism.

Seeing it's flashing colors and trimmed dog-head like features made him feel slightly proud. But, this was only the casing. The innards would need to be worked on just as much as the carapace did.

He sighs and sets it back down. Holding his aching masked head.
He didn't understand why Black Hat didn't want to go after you...it was rather...unpredictable of him.

Maybe it's because he knew you didn't have friends or family to run to and no other home than this one?

The whole action was cruel.

But, his boss is regularly cruel or cold-hearted. This shouldn't be a surprise to Flug.

Flug rolls his chair over to a supply box and pulls out needed parts for his scent tracking device.

Pulling out wires and chip boards, he rolls back over to the workbench and continues his taxing work. If Black Hat wasn't going to find you, he might as well take up the responsibility to find you himself.

I mean...this wasn't just...a lost companion.

He...cares for you deeply. Deeper than other people in his life and as of recently, the only person in his life that was allowed inside the manor that kept him prisoner for so long. Nothing else mattered until you came.

He even made a promise to himself that you would get back home safely. Back to those waiting for you.

Back onto the planet that had no heroes or villains. Mortals reigned supreme and it was deemed a powerless paradise. Where you were the safest.

It wasn't about being a hero or anything like that. To which some outsider would think. It's just that he knew that you had a life to go back to. Now that Black Hat plans to keep you permanently, your life and everything similar to it would be void.

He knew you wouldn't be happy here. You were so relaxed when you first came here. Now you're about as worried and high strung as everyone else. He misses that optimistic side of you. It doesn't show up as often anymore.

If anything, he's returning you for his own sake. He can't live with that guilt. It would haunt him for the rest of his days until his life ebbed away.

He blinks and shakes his head.

From behind his goggles, his eyes were getting moist with unshed tears.

He shakes his head and slips a hand up under his bag to wipe away the tears with his thumb. Making sure his airway wouldn't get stuffed up and cause him to sob, he would take slow breaths just to be sure.

He needed to get himself together. You needed him at this moment in time. He can't just sit back and do nothing like he did when this whole mess started when Dementia drank the very first batch of poison he made.
He pulled his hand back out and shook his head clear of any remaining sobs or tears.

He needed to get his emotions and heart rate under control. Now's not a time for tears!

He felt a strong feeling of determination swell within himself again, making him look at his project with a sharper eye.

He took note of all the parts he would need for the dog-head machine and looked toward his supply box.

It seemed like he would need more parts if he was going to finish it today. A few parts that he needed were missing and since it was early in the morning, he doubt any part shop would be open. Still, he needed to finish up on the frame if he was to work on the innards.

So, he took it that he needed someone to run errands. The only other being that was up was Hat-Bot. Currently in the kitchen getting some morning oil.

"Hat-Bot!" Flug shouted, causing the roller bot to respond by peering into the lab from the foyer a few seconds later.

"Yes, creator?" Hat-Bot replied.

"I need you to run to the store and get me these items for the project I'm working on. The store probably isn't open this early, but I'm going to give you a list for you to run to the store close to noon and pick these items up." Flug stated, writing down a list of parts as he spoke. Causing Hat-Bot to roll over and eagerly wait for the list.

Once finished, he handed the list to the short robot.

"Yes, sir!" Hat-Bot exclaimed.

"Okay then, wait till noon and then go on your way to this destination. I'm giving you the location as well, when it's time to leave come back and I'll give you money to pay for it." Flug stated, finishing writing the address down onto a piece of paper and handing it to Hat-Bot, who took it without complaint.

Hat-Bot then left the lab to finish his breakfast.

Flug then continues to work on the new scent-sniffing invention.

He was going to find you even if Black Hat would beat him for it.

Because he cared about you a lot, more so then anyone so far. Maybe it was just the feelings that you would cause to surge through him every time you were near. The fact that you saved his life and didn't get mad at him so easily...it was refreshing.

He felt like he had someone to talk to about his woes in this house.

In return, he wouldn't let anything happen to you.

---
You groan slightly as you awaken from the familiar darkness of sleep.

You felt horribly stiff and disoriented as you slowly became conscious.

What occurred last night was nothing but a multi-colored blur within your mind. You shook your head as you steadily regained your suppressed senses. You blinked a couple of times to adjust to the white lights hanging above your head and gasped in fear.

*Suddenly, you wish you stayed asleep.*

Hanging above you a short ways was a machine that held similarities to a large hydraulic buzzsaw. It's large blade was angled towards your midsection, but it appeared to be currently offline, thankfully. That didn't change the fact that it was still there.

Meaning that they were either going to use it now that you woke up or they plan to use it later.

Neither of those ideas settled well with you.

You continue to look around the room and the more you looked around the colder your blood got.

It seemed that you were strapped to a table in the middle of an enemy laboratory.

The first thing you decided to investigate was yourself.

There was a needle in your scarred arm that seemed to be draining your blood at a slow and periodic pace. The hoses would go from the needle in your arm to a machine across the room. Which seemed to be filling up a few vials on a rotation device. When one was full, it would rotate to an empty vial on the spinning mechanism.

The surrounding area around the table was filled with machines that seemed to be keeping track of your vitals, the room temperature, and your presence. There even seemed to be a machine a short way away with a clear crystal inside of a container on top of the machine itself. It appeared to be inactive at the moment.

Or so you think.

The place was cold and aside from the lights above your table and a light fixture hanging above a workbench a short way away, the rest of the lab was darkened and lit only by some machinery lights and glowing buttons of various colors.

In the corner of the room, there seemed to be a tesla machine that would occasionally zap with some blue lightning. It didn't behave like normal lightning...as it would stick to the tesla and climb up and down the inside of the rods in the machine.

The room itself seemed to be made of metal and chrome material. A few chairs, pin boards, dry-erase boards, and a desk filled with equipment and small scale items littered the place.

You could hear your heart racing as you refocused on the large blade that was hanging over your station.

You tried to keep your breathing level. But, the stress of the situation was prominent. You had no idea where you were and what your captors planned to do with you.
You attempt to wiggle in your steel bindings, but nothing was working.

You tried to call out, but to your surprise, your mouth was gagged. It took an incredible amount of time for you to realize that you mouth was binded. This time, it was a muzzle-like device. Probably to keep you quiet...or to silence the screams you would emit. The very thought shook you to your core.

Then, you could hear the sounds of footsteps approaching from the outside of the entrance to the lab.

Anxiety creeped up within your body with every step getting louder and louder. You tried to calm down, but like before, this situation was stressful. It was most certainly not helping at this moment in time either.

The footsteps stopped and you heard the familiar sound of an electronic keypad beeping.

The door opened with the sound of releasing air and in walked the same figure you saw in the van previously last night during your abduction.

He was wearing a red lab coat and red rubber gloves. He was dressed in all black from his shirt to his shoes. His hair was about a jet black as his outfit and with cold blue eyes as well.

He was currently distracted with a clipboard he was holding at the moment. He paused to read it and then placed the clipboard in a holding sleeve that was next to the door. Once he turned around, he took notice of your conscious form.

His expression changed to that of glee. Whether it was genuine or false remained to be seen.

"Ah~! I see you're awake! Wonderful! I was about to come in here and wake you up myself. You have been sleeping for hours, my precious specimen." The man spoke.

All you could do was glare and blink, as your mouth couldn't move since the muzzle was on your face.

"Ah. Pardon me. I forgot that we muzzled you for the sake of convenience. No matter. Words will not change what needs to be done in the name of research." The man says, as the door closes with a hiss and he comes closer to your dormant form.

"You see, alien...we know that you're the one that was behind all of the flaws that sunk our plans at the skyscraper. You even went inside to save your own scientist who was almost consumed by his own fire. A daring escape for extra drama as well~!"

"You are also the reason why the cities around the world are experiencing havoc. Heroes are dying and Villains are too. All from the exact same source. A powerful tonic that causes heroes and villains alike to suffer from, the now termed, 'Mortality Poison'. It was created by Black Hat Incorporated. But, how? That's what we longed to find out. So we stated a lure for the Eldritch himself."

"You seemed to have also found that out as well. That the party was a trap set up for your boss. Even though many of the villains there didn't know it either. Our head-boss at the time, Salador, was a master schemer and was well endowed with parties that were thrown for companies. He was a company man after all. He knew how to set them up...and bring them down. But, I'm sure your
boss has told you his history with Salador."

"He had to. Because shortly after the fire at our growing headquarters, Salador was found eaten in his own office. A good reason why many people don't frolic with the man in the Black Top Hat. Even so, our spies watched from the shadows. Then, the night you and that scientist were caught out together by your boss, we found it amazing how he didn't kill you both on the spot. He has done so in the past. We wondered why at first...but now we know."

The man explains. As he leans over and taps your neck and your bitten arm.

"It seems that the Eldritch has been FEEDING on you. To our surprise, the creature has a taste for extremely toxic substances. So, we decided that we would strike again and target only you. But, luck turned in our favor when you ran blindly from your sanctuary and out into the open. Enabling for an easy capture. Now that we have you, we are going to put you through many tests."

When he said that, your blood grows cold and sweat collects on your brow from the thoughts that crepted into your mind.

"And finally, with those experiments, are going to make a new element with your blood. The composites in it are phenomenal...so we are going to make an all-killer ore out of it. Something that can be manufactured and formed into lethal weapons. Kill the unkillable, slay the unslain, and reap the unreeaped!"

Then, the man seemed to grin similarly to a psychopath.

"We are going to make an ore called "Humanzinite". The ultimate killer of all things nonhuman! The bane of immortals!"

The rival scientist cackled like a madman, his non-lethal posture replaced by something more sinister. You begin to sweat profusely and wriggle in your restraints slightly. Feeling too vulnerable in this man's presence.

He then walks over to where the clear crystal is and pats the glass containing it.

"This. Will become humanzinite. Once we merge your blood with this lab-grown crystals' properties, we'll be able to shape it into a deadly weapon.” He finishes.

He then walks back over to you and starts examining the attachments on your body, then hurries over to the blood vial rotation machine. Taking a full vial off of the rack and replacing it with an empty one.

He pauses to examine it.

"Yes. This will do nicely.” The man mutters to himself before walking over to the tesla machine and inserting it into a slot.

The machine whirred to life as it let out a series of zaps and sparks before ding and letting out a glowing version of the vial he placed into it. The man hummed as he walked back over to the crystal and opened the vial. Pouring the liquid into an open slot on the mechanism.

If this was any other situation, you might'ave been in awe. But this just chilled you to a certain extent.
The crystal turned a bright red. Seemingly absorbing the blood through the groves in the crystal. Similar to veins, crack-like crevices crawled all through the crystal. Enabling a morbid show as the crystal absorb the blood it was given. Almost as if it was alive.

It made you nauseous to a certain extent.

"Excellent." The rival scientist purred. Eyeing the transformation.

"Oh, but it's going to need more. So we best hurry. I even have a solution to speed up the production of the Humanzinite." He mutters as he walks to one side of the lab and picks up something by the tesla machine.

He drags it over to your table and you took notice that they're cord-like restraints that were connected to the tesla machine.

You grow more nervous and wiggle around in your confinement more strongly, scared of what he might do to you.

He starts to attach the mechanisms to your body. Noticeably to your legs and arms. To which he secures it around the contact points and buckles it to your flesh. You nervously whimper as he checks his work before walking away and back towards the blood machine.

Taking out the full vials and replacing them with empty ones.

Then, he strolled back over to the tesla machine. Looking back towards you and giving you a grin that was anything but comforting.

"Don't worry. This procedure won't kill you. But, it will be painful though." He cackles, then he seems to remember something.

"Oh dear. I never introduced myself, haven't I? Pardon me. My name is Jekyll. Pleasure to meet you~!" He says, then he flips the switch.

The next thing you know, your body is suddenly wrought with pain in an instant. You scream into the muzzle as electricity flows into your muscles. Causing them to jolt and tremble as the electric currents zipped through your entire being.

You jostle and jerk in your confinement and pull against the restraint. The painful zapping that was going through your body was close to unbearable. Maybe the reason he avoided your chest is because it would directly shock your heart. Obviously, he wanted you more alive then dead.

Your suffering continues.

You keep screaming your lungs out, despite not being able to vocalize with the muzzle over your mouth. Each current was more painful than the last as it rocks through your body and its' muscles. Causing you to keep screaming, wailing, and shrieking in pain as it continued to go through your limbs.

Tears flow from your eyes, regardless if you knew it or not.

The pain was just too much. You almost felt like you were going to pass out any second.
Then, the torment paused.

You took much needed gasp for air as you cried in pain. Tears leaked from your eyes in abundance as you feel the aftershocks strike through you. You look toward the blood that was coming out of your arm, only to see it have seemingly a certain sparkle to it.

The scientist returns to the vial rotation machine and examines the full vial filled with sparkling blood. He purrs and walks over to the the crystal container and pours it into the same slot, like he did with the previous blood vial.

This time, the crystal took on a more crimson hue and even began to sparkle like your blood did.

"It seems that direct currents from my treated lighting machine produces more effective vials. Rather than taking blood and placing it into the machine, I can zap the host and produce more effective and raw results. It needs more. So, we might as well get onto it. Then, the first Humanzinite will be created and all of my research won't be for naught."

Jekyll cackles and trots back to the tesla machine.

"Lets go for a few more rounds, shall we~?" He snickered, despite your muffled pleas to stop the torture.

Then, you felt the pain reemerge all over again. Causing to you scream out all of your collected air as the torture resumed.

You almost instantly regret leaving the house now.

If anything...you would want to go back.
Even more...you would want to go home.

You wished that Flug and your allies would find where you were and hopefully would take you away from this nightmare. You were happier with them and you regret leaving them. Compared to here, living with Black Hat was luxury.

The shocking amplified and you continued to scream out in agony.

Just for the entertainment of the scientist that was hidden in the shadows of the room.

But, if you could collect your thoughts for a few moments...what was the Humanzinite for?

And why did they want it so badly?

---

With the help of Hat-Bot the dog-headed tracking device was getting underway of being completed.

However, something shot through Flug for a moment and it made him pause as he looked away from his project in a fit of distraction. It was like if he knew Black Hat was currently present in his lab or if he knew Dementia was taking refuge in the vents to jump him when he least expected it.
It was just a solid feeling of something...*wrong*.

A cold chill had crawled over his body as he thought of something horrible happening to you. Besides, those feelings seemed to have been amplified ever since he started working here. It was almost instinctual to him in a way. So, that means something horrible is happening or going to happen.

"Is something the matter, creator?" Hat-Bot's voice made Flug jump, but he looked at the short robot none the less.

The small robot would look at him in a worried way, seeing how he lost his focus almost instantly.

"It's just...I feel like something bad is happening or going to happen. It's like my instincts are telling me something is wrong." Flug admitted, staring off into an unseen horizon for a few moments.

A brief silence falls over the lab.

"Is it...about other creator?" Hat-Bot questioned, a forlorn expression crossing his face. "They never came home last night. You even went out looking for them and didn't find them."

Flug gives the robot an unseen frown, then nods in honesty to Hat-bot.

"Yeah. I think it is. They haven't come home and soon it'll be about 10 hours since their disappearance. If the now risen sun has anything to say about it." Flug muttered, a worried expression crawling across his face.

"Are they alright?" Hat-Bot worriedly grabs his creators lab coat in anticipation.

Flug would sigh if he could. All of his creations seem to have one thing in common.

They share child-like qualities amongst each-other. For Hat-bot, the world is new and scary, since he was born not a month ago.

Flug places his gloved hand on top of the fearful robot.

"I hope they are, Hat-Bot. That's all I know what to do until they're found." Flug admits, patting Hat-Bots' head in a comforting manner.

Hat-Bot lets out a robotic whir and angles his head downwards in worry.

While it may be true that Flug feels like you're going through something horrible, which you probably are, he isn't going to sit around and mope. Black Hat may not go looking for you for a while, but Flug isn't going to sit around and just let you wonder blindly alone on another planet.

Even if Black Hat called it 'good natured', Flug is doing this primarily for his own sanity. Even if it bundles his care for you in the same package. His heart aches when he thinks about it, but he knows that it has to be suppressed. Even if he wants to admit his affections to you.

He still quakes with worry as thoughts of what you're going through creep through his head. He feels slightly sick at some of the images, but he shakes them off. Attempting to keep an optimistic attitude in this situation.
He crouches down to Hat-Bots level and gives him a comforting back pat.

"We're going to find them Hat-Bot. You can count on that...okay?" Flug comforts the disheartened robot. Attempting to lift his artificial spirit.

It took a moment, but Hat-Bot mirrored his determined look from earlier and nods.

"Let's get this project done and we'll head out as soon as we can. We'll search this city high and low for them. I can promise you that, Hat-Bot. They won't go another day without being safely back in the manor." Flug promised.

To which Hat-Bot nodded in confirmation.

"Okay, creator." Hat-Bot agreed.

For the rest of the afternoon, Hat-Bot assisted Flug to the best of his abilities. Lifting crates, fetching supplies, and using arm attachments to help with certain things with the project. Flug worked harder in return. Putting the components together and making sure that the wires and such were in perfect condition.

The machine was coming together nicely. The hull of the dog-headed tracker was completed and now all it needed was the innards to be finished in order for it to be used by Flug. The trigger functioned and the screen lit up, signaling functionality.

The functionality was key for this device. If it couldn't pick up your scent, it would be worthless.

He had to make sure that every component of this device worked. Every minimal error ironed out, every loose wire fixed, and every single scent it could pick up being accurate to what it 'smelled'.

For your sake.

So he kept at it for as long as he could. His desire to finish the device burning within himself. The desire to get you back and know that you're safe burning in his gut. That the feeling he got was a hopeful false alarm.

Regardless of what happened to him in the progress.

He _was_ going to find you.

He was going to make sure of that. Because he made a promise to you, even if he didn't say it.

He was going to get you home safe and sound.

Regardless of all the odds that are stacked against him in the long run.

He would fulfill that promise.

_Regardless of the consequences._

Chapter End Notes
Poor Reader!

Having to endure that kind of torment. Hopefully Flug finds them soon!

Also! We still have one slot left on our team for our game project!

A background artist is still needed! If you are interested, don't be shy!
All the help we can get is appreciated!

Here's my Tumblr~
https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

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= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of


Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy


Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/166156779979/cosmica-galaxy-this-is-how-i-imagined-that-scene#notes

Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/167786442471/cosmica-galaxy-heres-what-i-imagined-the

Artzdoodles = https://artzdoodles.tumblr.com/post/170546820889/cosmica-galaxy-congrats-on-1000-kudos-on-alien

*New* Spadillelicious = https://spadillelicious.tumblr.com/post/170683796378/i-doodled-some-fanart-for-cosmica-galaxy-s#notes

Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
You gasped for breath as your throat felt like it was sandpaper from all of the screaming you did.

Despite the fact that you were muzzled.

You panted from stress as the final current of treated electricity was sent coursing through your helpless body. Sweat was collected on your brow in large speckles as your weakened form writhed on the table and attempted to retrieve its' lost oxygen.

You were weakened so much that you could barely stay conscious after the whole ordeal. Your muscles twitched without your notice or effort and your heart was hammering in your ears. This must be like what it felt to be an alien and experimented on. It wasn't very fun at all. Not that it would'ave been anyway.

The doctor walks over to your weakened form and begins to remove the attachments to your body. Prying them off and setting them down on the nearby table that was next you your bolting table.

He hums as he observes your pitiful form and walks over to fetch the last batch of treated vial from the rotating blood vial holder.

He picks it out of the machine and replaces it with a empty bottle, but shuts the machine down. Preventing the machine from siphoning any more blood from your depleted form. Preventing any damage from escalating further with excessive blood loss.

"I think that would be enough for today. Any more and it might just kill you." Jekyll states, giving your limp body an unimpressed stare, but he appeared satisfied none-the-less.

He quickly turns his attention towards the contained crystal in the glass casing. Sighing in earnest as he eagerly approaches the machine and inserts the final treated vial into the slot on the machine. Watching in glee as the vials contents were emptied and poured into the mechanism.

With that final dose of your treated blood, the crystal glimmered and shined. It turned a pulsing and sanguine red. The veins that crawled up the side of the crystal were almost a blackish red. Pulsing like the rest of the crystal.
Jekyll cackled at seeing the display.

He slowly reached over and began to loosen the glass casing around the new crimson ore. Pulling it off and marveling at the newfound element that was just created.

"Here it is...Humanzinite. An extremely rare ore made with the blood of a creature that is power resistant. The first of its kind." Jekyll manically snickered as he reached over and picked up the moderate-sized crystal from it's metallic pedestal.

"Moderate in weight, but strong in endurance. It's warm, as if it's alive. Pulsing with vein like appendages similar to a human circulatory system, safely encased inside the shell of the crystal. A piece of art, wouldn't you agree, alien?" Jekyll chuckled, ignoring your side glare.

"I'm going to take this to our manufacturing crew. We are going to make a one of a kind weapon out of it. Do get some rest. We will need more blood for the next Humanzinite batch." Jekyll spoke, seemingly uncaring as he stared in awe at the Humanzinite in his grasp.

With that, he shut how any machine that would take from your body and instead, he pulled out something similar to a hospital IV rack and hooked it up to the same spot that the blood taking machine was present in.

"This is a hydrating liquid fill with iron and vitamins. This will keep you out of deaths' cold grip if you happen to pass out. Get some rest, my precious test subject~!" The rival doctor even mockingly pinched your cheek and released it.

The doctor then took the crystal and left the lab.

Once the door to the lab closed with a hiss, you were left in the lab all by yourself. You pondered for a few moments before feeling the weight of the situation come down on you all at once.

The sounds of the heart rate monitor and the dripping of the large IV bag next to your table was the only comfort you were offered. No release or room to be held captive in. You were just left here. Like an item that didn't matter.

Suddenly, feelings of all kinds emerged at once. Despite your currently exhausted state, you felt yourself start to sob.

You then being to slowly cry, which turned into a flood of tears.

You had never wanted to go home so much in your life.

You just wanted to be back in your guardians arms and sleep in your own bed. Eat their cooking and talk with your friends that you miss dearly.

You wanted to see Flug, Dementia, and 5.0.5 again. Even Black Hats' intimidating face would be a sight for sore eyes.

You kept crying excessively, sniveling profusely as your chances of going home were slim to none. Tears streamed down your face and pooled on the table below your head. Soaking your hair and causing tear trails to cover your cheeks and the sides of your head. Getting it damp with the flow of tears.
You sobbed harshly as your homesickness amplified and shook your entire being.

You wouldn't be surprised if you returned home a changed person. Maybe someone with PTSD or some other distress disorder. It didn't matter to you. At this moment in time, you just mentally kept repeating that you wanted to go home.

That you wanted to go back where you were safe.

To get away from all of this havoc and torture. The binding against your will and the hostage situations you kept finding yourself enduring. How do people live like this on this planet? How has society not broken apart from it all?

Regardless of why, you just kept crying. Sobbing and sniveling with a strong wish to go home. You hoped that you would return to your parents and friends. Your home planet even. Astronauts won't be able to take space when you can't even see home.

Everyone that walked on the moon and every sci-fi writer can stick it somewhere.

The pain of not seeing your home planet or your solar system is way harder than one can imagine.

You continue to leak tears. Whimpering now that the situation was settling in on yourself. The pressure mounting and the hopelessness rising. You felt defeated. That no amount of optimism could fix this situation.

If you could cover your face with your arms, you would.

Because the only thing that you were feeling was grief and pain on all levels. Physical, emotional, and mental negativity was all hammering you at once.

Then, the lab door opened with a 'ffsshh', effectively startling you.

Into the lab scurried two smaller figures, one was cackling up a storm while the other looked worried. They looked almost impish in nature. Not in a demonic sense, but more of a mischievous twin kinda way. One was female and the other was male.

"Brother...come on. We shouldn't be in here performing this tomfoolery! This is Jekyll's lab! Besides, why would you want a picture of the alien weirdo?" The small female impish twin whispers as she looks around the room nervously.

"Oh, chill out, sis. Besides! I think it would make for a nice jab at the Black Hat Organization. Sending them a picture of their helpless alien in our lab! Hehehehe!" The other impish twin laughed, pulling up a stool and revealing that he had a polaroid camera in his grasp.

"That's just going to provoke them! Brother, please. This is a bad idea!" The female twin begged.

"Oh, shooosh, sister! I'm trying to get a good angle!" The impish brother looked down at his twin in annoyance as he focused back on the camera.

"Smile, alien~!" The brother cackled, taking a picture of your pitiful expression and condition.

"There! You got the picture! Hurry! Let's get out of here before Jekyll returns! You know how he gets when he's...angry." The females tone quieted down the moment she mentioned the rival doctor getting angry.
The brother seemed to have felt a chill run down his spine and nodded.

"E-Err...yeah. Let's go. I got a good picture anyway!" He hurriedly jumps off the stool and places it back to where it was.

Then once at the door, the polaroid camera printed the picture. Causing him to take it from the slot and laugh.

"Wait till those lugs at the Black Hat organization get a load of this!" The brother snickered as the sister shushed him and both scurried out the door.

It was a strange turn of events...but once it was passed, you felt alone and forgotten again. So, you just relished in the silence as the heart monitor beeped occasionally and the IV drip echoed in the room.

It was lonely in here.

You were lonely.

So, you decided that you would get some rest. The recent events and torture exhausting you to the point of passing out.

You shift your head to the side and attempt to ignore the stiffness in your limbs.

You fell into an uneasy sleep a few moments later.

---

Flug sighs in relief as the machine he was working on steadily came into completion. But, finally it was done!

The dog-head like mechanism was shaped just like it needed to be and it functioned properly as well!

Now all that needed to be tested was the effectiveness of how well it can track.

There was already a testing trial in process as Hat-Bot hid a very strong smelling piece of cheese in numerous crates littered throughout the lab. The testing was finally in its’ last stages. Meaning that this could make or break the invention.

He hoped that it was the best of the two outcomes.

"Hat-Bot! Are you ready? The machine is raring to go!" Flug called out into the lab as he gripped the machines' handle, powering it up.

"The rancid cheese is hidden, creator!" Hat-Bot said, wheeling into Flugs' line of sight.

"Did you wash your hands to avoid cross contamination like I told you to?" Flug squinted at the little robot.

"Yes sir. I did it with A-grade polish and effective odor removers, just like you demanded." Hat-Bot states, holding out his claws, which were shiny from the recent polishing as evidence of his claim.
Flug nods and walks over to the sample stand that had a small piece of the same hidden larger cheese. He fired up the invention and held it out to the sample. The machine made a couple of beeps and clicks as Flug switched the mode from 'Identify' to 'Track'.

The machine beeped in confirmation as the invention's 'eyes' turned from green to red. Flug walked around the lab with it. Holding his arm out as the machine would beep or buzz depending on where Hat-Bot hid the cheese.

The machine would make faster blips the closer to the object of interest was. Finally Flug passed by a crate that caused the invention to let out soft and rapid beeps as well as causing the 'eyes' to flash yellow.

To test it, Flug stepped away from the crate and the device would make a variety of beeps, but no flashes. Upon walking closer to the suspected crate, the machine would more quicker and once he was pointing it at the crate, the eyes would flash all over again.

Here was the moment of truth.

Was this crate holding the cheese that they were hunting?

Flug held his breath as he reached down and flipped the crate over. Underneath it...was a smelly piece of cheese.

Flug felt his spirits rise as the machine managed to pick up on the source with astonishing accuracy.

"It worked the first time! Okay, retest it with some decoys. We have to make sure it can pick up the exact source." Flug told Hat-Bot, who nodded and rolled over to the cheese and picked it up with some tongs he was holding.

With the cheese now in the little robots' grip, Flug turned away so he could hide it once more.

Hat-Bot placed various false decoys around the lab that smelled similarly to the cheese, then he placed it down in another hiding crate.

"Okay, creator! The decoys and cheese are hidden again!" Hat-Bot confirmed.

The test continued as Flug searched for the piece of cheese. Watching the invention calculate and let out beeps as it passed some crates. The definitive accuracy of this invention would still have to be tested before they could go looking for you.

He wanted to make sure that it wouldn't lead him to a faulty source due to some bug or pesky glitch in the system.

Finally, he came to a crate where the invention would flash and beep rapidly. He paused and leaned down to the crate, his hopes riding out on this invention. Once he lifted the crate, he was greeted by a smelly piece of cheese and not a decoy.

"Aha! It works! Even with decoys!" Flug cheered, holding the invention up proudly.
"It works~!" Hat-Bot mimicked and cheered along.

"This will get us closer to (Name). I'm sure of it." Flug gave Hat-Bot an unseen smile.

"Now, I'm going to put this in a secure spot so it doesn't get destroyed by Dementia." He surmised, walking over to an empty safe that was lined along the lab wall and placing the seemingly priceless invention inside of it.

Flug then turned around and stretched, enticing audible pops to come out from his back. He sighed as he looked at the time on the clock that was hanging above the labs' entrance.

It was about 5:45 in the evening.

He felt slightly disheartened at the fact that he didn't seem to have enough time to go out and do some searching, but the sun was starting to set and being out alone in the city, especially when you're a major rival in the villain community, was never a good idea.

It would have to wait until noon tomorrow. He just hoped you were okay. Even though Hat-Bot probably has semi-noticed his distracted behavior, it only intensified and he had tried his best to hide it. The feeling of dread wasn't leaving. Something was going on with you and he didn't know what.

Maybe you were wet? Hungry? Lost? Bumping into shady people?

The whole thing ran through his mind like a horror movie. It almost made him feel sick all over again.

But, he swallowed the feelings and put on an emotional mask. Hat-Bot was disheartened enough...despite him lacking that type of muscle. Or any muscle for that matter.

"Okay then! The testing is finished for now! How about we go to the lab and get something to eat? Make some dinner or get a snack." Flug mentioned.

"Affirmative, creator~!" The little Hat-Bot spun on his wheel.

Flug could obviously see your programming in this robot. Spinning, joyful tones, and the like. He usually just makes robots for the sole purpose of destruction and selling to villains that need minions. Of course...sometimes Flug makes them too intelligent and the robots go rogue.

He really doubts that trait is in any of Hat-Bots' programming, despite him being a concoction of programming from you both. You seemed to have stumped his intellect to that of a child, while other models have a lot more intelligence and arguably more haughty attitudes.

Flug just nods and leaves the lab through the exit, Hat-Bot following him close behind.

In the short walk over to the kitchen, Flug internally found it strange at how much time he has on his hands at this moment. Usually deadlines would be pressuring him to stay in the lab. He barely had enough wiggle room in his schedule to eat, shower, or sleep.

It was...nice.
Flug, in the end, has a lot to thank you for.

However, once he and Hat-Bot approached the kitchen, a pleasant smell was in the air.

"It smells like someone had already started to cook. Most likely 5.0.5's is already in the kitchen." Flug stated while sniffing the air.

"I wonder what it's like to have a nose." Hat-Bot childishly states as he follows Flug into the kitchen.

Upon entering the kitchen, it was indeed 5.0.5 cooking up a meal for the household. It seemed to be Chinese food tonight, as 5.0.5 was making dumplings, fried rice, sauce, and egg rolls. It all looked pleasantly delicious.

The cyan bear took notice of the other presences in the room, turning to greet Flug and Hat-Bot with a happy ‘baw’.

"Hello, my genetically altered baby. Is it going to be Chinese night?" Flug questioned, giving a side hug to his precious mutant.

The ursine nodded in glee as he worked on the dumplings and placed them in the steaming pot. Making a variety of precious noises while he was at it.

Flug nodded and went to sit at the island in the middle of the kitchen. Hat-Bot instead went over to the lower cabinets under the sink and pulled out his favorite branded purple oil and went back over to the island in the middle of the kitchen.

Cutting open the top and drinking some of the oil, mimicking a human sigh afterward.

A brief comfortable silence fell over the kitchen. Nothing but occasional drinking and the sizzling of the dumplings could be heard momentarily.

"So...where's Dementia and Black Hat?" Flug asked.

The cyan ursine turned around briefly and made a series of noises and grunts. Seemingly explaining what the two in question were doing.

"Ah...I see. So, Dementia has been temporarily rented out and Black Hat is dealing with the banking from his recent haul of (Name)’s blood. I guess they won't be joining us tonight then. Comfortable peace and quiet in this house for once." Flug sighed in relief.

The mutant bear then seemed to ask Flug a question that regarded yourself. Flug felt slight guilt swell up inside of him at the mention of your name.

Black Hat, Flug, and Hat-Bot were currently the only house members to realize that you were gone.

He never told Dementia or 5.0.5 about your disappearance. He took a long gulp of air and sighed.

"They...ran away, 5.0.5." Fug admitted.

The bear seemed to be astonished by this explanation that he gave Flug a surprised look. Afterward, he made a variety of noises that sounded similar to a human 'why'.
"Black Hat said something that really upset them so much that they fled from the house in blind tears." Flug stated.

The ears on the mutant bears' head lowered and 5.0.5's eyes began to water as he started to whimper. Causing Flug to quickly explain himself.

"B-But! We have an invention that will help find them! We promise, 5.0.5. They're gonna be back home safe and sound! I'll make sure of it. Don't you worry till your little flower wilts about it." Flug quickly reassured.

The bear still looked sad, but nodded all the less. Seemingly accepting Flug's promise. Causing the scientist to sigh out in relief.

But, still.

He was going to keep these promises that he made to you and now to 5.0.5.

He was going to find you and bring you back.

He'll make sure of that.

---

The evening continued on like this.

Hat-Bot, Flug and 5.0.5 had a decent good time. Once the realization of your disappearance passed through 5.0.5, the bear seemed to have confidence in Flug about bringing you back home safe and sound.

Both Flug and 5.0.5 enjoyed the meal that was cooked. Hat-Bot even tried to sneak a dumpling to try it but was stopped by Flug. As Flug explained it would clog up his internal structures and cause a meltdown within his systems.

Hat-Bot was fairly disappointed that he couldn't take part in the dumpling gorging that his creator and the cyan bear were taking part in. Wishing that 'he had a tongue to savor stuff with'. But, he guzzled his oil with no further complaints.

The sun then disappeared over the horizon and it was 2 days since you left the house and fled out into the city all alone.

Flug still feels the dread inside of himself, so it means that something is still wrong.

Regardless, he put on a joyful exterior to not worry his two creations.

Once dinner was done, 5.0.5 had picked up the empty plates and started to clean up the kitchen and put away the leftovers. Finally, the ursine started to do the dishes and clean them of their grime and saucy residue.

Hat-Bot looked like he was swaying back and forth in his seat. A sure sign that his battery was getting low and he would need to go to his charging station. Flug stood up from the chair he was sitting in and picked up Hat-Bot and set him on the ground.
"I'm going to go put Hat-bot to bed, alright? Thanks for the meal tonight, 5.0.5! It was delicious as always." Flug waved and left the kitchen to put Hat-Bot to bed.

Once Hat-Bot was hooked up to the charging mechanism, the robot seemed to shut down with some difficulty. But, eventually did go into stasis and start regaining his lost energy supply. Looking at the slumbering robot made even Flug start to feel drowsy.

He let out a yawn and began to head to his dorm on the second floor.

I was weird to say, but Flug was actually going to his room to clean up and sleep. Something that was few and far in-between ever since he started to work here in the manor. It was always a deadline or always him collapsing from exhaustion.

Never did he go to his room on his own accord unless he was directed by Black Hat or something else. Like when he and 5.0.5 got the evil flu that one time.

But, a shower sounded lovely at this moment. Hopefully it would chase away the tension he was feeling and ease his muscles and mind.

The thought of relaxing was enough to make him speed walk to his room.

Walking into his dorm, it was as neat as the lab.

Numerous amount of airplane merchandise was littered around the room. Along with scientific charts and a few encouraging posters. A few airplane models were placed on the shelf that was above his nightstand. A small lamp with a cloudy sky pattern sat on the nightstand itself.

There was a desk, an office chair, a bed, dresser, nightstand, wardrobe, and a bookshelf for all of his reading material.

The floor was a deep blue carpet and the walls were a clear sky blue. There was a ceiling fan that was slowly spinning to circulate the air. The room lacked a window and had a built in bathroom off to the side.

It wasn't as extravagant as other rooms, but Flug wasn't that type of guy to have a large room. He liked a moderate living space so he could keep an eye on all of his models and equipment. Just in case Dementia invades his room.

He walked further inside and closed the door, locking it.

He walked into the room and turned on the lamp that was on his nightstand.

He finally removed his paper bag and goggles.

Then, he sheds his lab coat and shoes. Folding the clothes up and setting them on the dresser for 5.0.5 to pick up. He threw the used paper bag into the trash and placed his goggles on a hanger that was attached to the wall next to his bed. Then, he placed his shoes by the wardrobe.

He sighs in relief and walks into the bathroom, turning on the light and shedding the remainder of his clothes.
The bathroom was similar to the rest of the room. It was a little spacious and comfortable for one person.

The pristine white walls and the dark tiled floor made this bathroom look fancier than other typical bathrooms. The shower had a glass sliding door and silver frame. Whether it was real silver or stainless steel was beyond Flug.

There was even a cabinet and hamper for all of the used garments that was placed just across from the toilet.

Flug turned on the facet and allowed the water warm to his desired temperature. Which was usually lukewarm to moderately warm.

Then, he hopped inside the shower to begin washing all of the sweat and grime off of his body from a hard day's work with a bath cloth.

He purrs as the water runs over his skin and head. The steam easing his senses and relaxing his stiff and taught muscles.

Then, he began the process of cleaning himself. Shampoo, Conditioner, and a rag that was caked in soap lather. All unscented for the sake of lab safety.

He lathered up his lean body and put the hair supplies on his hand. Lathering it up and putting it into his hair. Getting the sweat and grease off of his head.

It was nice to get into a shower and just relax after a long day of working and stress. It was even nicer that he had control over his schedule and it wasn't run by deadlines and urgent calls or bothersome fixings that required his constant attention.

He continued to clean himself up, rinsed off all of the soapy excess, and then stopped the flow of water afterwards.

He hopped out and dried off with a blue towel that was hanging on the towel rack nearby.

He felt relief and even more tired as he threw the used towel into the hamper and preformed his nightly hygienic ritual. He brushed his teeth, washed his face, and put on nighttime deodorant. He then left the bathroom and opened the dresser, that was near the door, and fished out some of his pajamas.

He slipped on a pair of ocean blue matching pajamas that had paper airplanes flying around on them.

Finally, he stretched and turned out the light in the bathroom and walked over to his bed.

He crawled into the cloudy pattern sheets and laid his head onto the fluffy white pillows at his headboard.

It was so nice to be back in his bed. Sleeping comfortably and with no aching back pain from falling asleep at his desk in the laboratory. He snuggled in deeper into his bed sheets and cracked
open an eye to look at the time.

The clock on his nightstand read **10:09** at night currently.

It was the best time to go to sleep, since he was going to get up early and begin to search for his missing friend.

He reached over and turned off the lamp that was by his bed, plunging his room into darkness.

He got comfortable and almost immediately felt drowsy.

Tomorrow, he was certainly going to put in a lot of effort into finding you and bringing you back.

Because, he now had two promises to keep. One to 5.0.5 and one to you.

He intends to keep them both.

He won't let you both down.

Within a few minutes, Flug was sound asleep and snoring lightly in the comfort of his own bed.

Longing for the sunrise and for the search for you to begin.

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Chapter End Notes

A background artist is still needed! If you are interested, don't be shy!
All the help we can get is appreciated!

Here's my Tumblr~
https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

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= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of


Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy


Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/166156779979/cosmica-galaxy-this-is-how-i-imagined-that-scene#notes

Z-Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/167786442471/cosmica-galaxy-
heres-what-i-imagined-the

Arztdoodles = https://artzdoodles.tumblr.com/post/170546820889/cosmica-galaxy-congrats-on-1000-kudos-on-alien

Spadillelicious = https://spadillelicious.tumblr.com/post/170683796378/i-doodled-some-fanart-for-cosmica-galaxy-s#notes

Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
The early morning sunrise slowly rose over the city.

Bathing the buildings of Hatsville in an orange and golden light. Chasing away the darkness and the crawlers of the night until the sun eventually set again. People were walking around the streets, going to their morning jobs and doing their early day chores.

Flug slowly freed himself from the gripping clutches of sleep. Something that was slightly foreign to him.

He blinked and looked at his clock which read 9:43 in the morning.

He sat up in his bed and released a long yawn. Stretching and popping his back into shape. He sighs as the tension lifts from his body and Flug rubs the sleep from his eyes. He never really used his bed that much. But, he surely felt a lot better after getting some sleep!

He shuffles around in his bed and pulls his feet out from their warm covers. Flug then yelps the moment his warm feet touch the freezing floor. Flug grumbles and steadily introduces his feet to the floor, then stands up with a groan. His knees popping as well.

He drags his tired form to the bathroom and begins his morning rituals.

Which usually consist of him splashing cold water on his face, then brushing his hair and his teeth. Then he puts on some of his casual clothes that weren't his sleeping clothes and dresses his face in his usual paper bag. Slipping on his goggles and pulling out a fresh sterile lab coat from his closet.

He finishes dressing by putting on his socks and finally his red and white sneakers.

He does a final stretch and leaves his private room, closing the door and walking away.

As he walks down the hallways toward the kitchen, his mind begins to wander back on his plans for today. As he was being a little slow mentally and his caffeine addiction was giving him a slight migraine from not being stimulated for nearly 15 hours. A bad habit he acquired from drinking so many pots of coffee and staying awake for days on end.
He remembered that today was the day that he was to go looking for you.

Since Black Hat chose to not look for you as he figured that you would come back after a certain amount of time. Which was slightly strange, but Flug figured it was because he was just enjoying the fact that you had nobody to run to.

For his mental security, and the promise he just made to 5.0.5, he would get you back.

But, this migraine was killing him."

He needed his coffee first.

He walks down the stairs and into the kitchen. He walks over to the cabinets and pulls out his favorite brand of coffee. 'Black Beard's Black Coffee: Extra Strength for you to get Kraken!'. It wasn't healthy in the slightest, but beggars can't be choosers.

Flug places it into the coffee pot, pours a certain amount of water inside, and turns the machine on.

The bubbling sounds of the coffee pot fills the kitchen as Flug gets himself a morning snack. He munches on a fiber bar and nibbles on some orange slices he got from the fridge. He really wished 5.0.5 was up so he could make his wonderful honey pancakes. The bear would even make them into airplane shapes just for him.

Then, there was your breakfast. Which could rival 5.0.5's.

Flug sighs as he gets lost in his thoughts as he waits for his coffee to get finished.

There were a lot of benefits to having you around. He would have someone to talk to, someone to work on projects with, and someone that would hear him out and understand him. While it was true he wished that you could stay with them, he knew you had to go at some point.

Even with these new emotions he was feeling toward you, he would have to suppress them for both of your sakes. He couldn't really imagine him pulling something so...vile on you. Even when he had the tenacity to be cruel. You have benefited him so much.

He was getting sleep. Time to do his own things. Then...the fire happened.

He was stuck and suffocating and you came in and saved him.

You risked your own lift to save his. Not only that, but you jumped out a window when the escape got blocked off. Of course, he was unconscious when it happened, but he doesn't think that you would make it up and lie to him. You had cuts all over you body from the glass you smashed into to help prove your story.

He just couldn't do it.

He admits it.

He couldn't hold you here against your will. He could do it to others...but not to you. As much as Black Hat states that affection makes a villain weak...in retrospect, affection makes one strong. I mean, Flug feels his absolute angriest when something threatens your very safety or being.
Even Dementia herself can rarely get him to that level of rage.

The only time Flug can recall when he got close to being that angry was when Black Hat stated that you were going to be staying here forever.

Flug breathes in deeply, feeling his heartbeat quicken. The memory itself causing anger to rise in him. But, he squished it down and shook his head. No point in getting angry this early in the morning.

The sudden quiet atmosphere in the kitchen quickly grabbed his attention.

He took notice of the finished coffee and quickly grabbed himself a mug. Once he took a sip, he was immediately wide awake and the migraine slowly subsided as he continued to drink the hot beverage. He lets out a contented sigh and leaves the kitchen after a small refill.

He strides across the foyer and into the lab.

The lab itself was seemingly uneventful. Only Hat-Bot was present in the laboratory and the little bot was doing his routine daily chores. Flug's presence was quickly noticed by the little robot as Hat-Bot rolled over to greet him.

"Good morning, creator!" The little robot chirped.
"Did you rest well?" The robot questioned.

Flug nodded and finished sipping his coffee.

"Slept like the dead." He states.

"That's wonderful! Are we going to begin the search today?" Hat-Bot asks, to which Flug nods in confirmation.

"Yes, we are. Did you finish all of your chores first?" Flug replies, walking over to his workbench and setting his coffee mug down.

"Mostly finished, sir. I still have to get the mail." Hat-Bot ensures.

Flug nods as he walks over to the safes to retrieve the tracking device.
"Excellent! You go do that and I'll gather up the equipment for our search." Flug orders as he gets the dog-head machine out of the safe.

Hat-Bot merely salutes and goes off to fetch the mail from the mailbox.

Flug then continues to gather things. Water bottles, some packs for carrying things, and a battery for the invention. Just in case if you somehow got so far that the battery runs dry. Hopefully that wouldn't happen. But, it was nice to just make sure he was prepared for the unexpected outcomes.

In a few short moments, Hat-Bot came back into the lab looking slightly confused.

"Creator...I got the mail. But, one seems...off." Hat-Bot states, grabbing Flugs' attention.

"What do you mean, Hat-Bot?" Flug questioned, his curiosity piqued.
The small robot then turned over the mail. Some which were payment confirmations, about one utility bill, and the other was a red envelope that was stamped with an impish wax seal. Flug blinked in slight confusion.

This was probably a note from one of Black Hats' more fancier customers. Once he opened it though...it was much more menacing then a rich and powerful villain. Flug felt rage immediately bloom in his body as a single photo was contained within the mysterious letter.

It was a picture of you.

Tied to an experimenting table and various unknown equipment surrounding yourself. Your expression rang of defeat and helplessness as a large buzz saw could be seen hanging over your immobile form just a short distance away.

There were obvious tear streaks running down your face and your body seemed to be in a clenching pose, even the picture spoke of your pain. Not only that, but your skin was incredibly pale. Which was a sign that your blood was certainly being drained away.

Flug felt his eye twitch and he took notice of a piece of paper within the same envelope.

He snatched it up and began to read it. His gut burned with building rage as he read the note.

'Look at what we have~! It seems you lot threw out something that was so important for your poison recipe! Don't let the picture fool you, they'll be much more guarded and happier here then they were with your organization! Will exploit them with greater success! Thanks for the leg up for our business!'

What made it sting more was the crudely drawn winking face that came after the message.

Flug felt himself clenching his teeth and seething with fury. He almost wanted to crumple the note and burn the image. But, that wouldn't help you to find you at all. Instead, he quickly formed a plan and made his mental decision on what he was going to do next.

"Hat-bot!" Flug's growling voice rang out. Making the robot stand upright. This tone strikingly unfamiliar to the robot, especially coming from someone that was normally docile like his creator.

"Y...yes, sir?" Hat-Bot almost trembled.

"I'm going to have to modify you." Flug stated, turning toward the little robot. Surprising Hat-Bot with the statement.

"I have a plan and I need you to have certain...qualities for it." Flug said.

Hat-Bot mimicked a human gulp as the goggles of his creator almost seemed to shine with contained malice.

"But first...I'm going to use my scent tracker to pick up the smell of the bastard that dropped this letter off!" Flug hissed.

He quickly slid everything off of his workbench and onto the floor, not caring if it made a mess or not. He then picked up his invention, activated it, and scanned it over the mysterious letter.
It would make sense that this was dropped off by hand. Most ransom, threats, or invitations were. It was much better than sending them through the post office. Which would've took about 2 days to get to the house. It was much more faster and reliant.

Which meant that whoever has you just left their scent all over this letter. Which was a glorious piece of irony.

Attempting to rub it in your enemies' face, only to have it be the key for them to track you down.

A few moments ticked off the clock before the invention beeped that it had picked up on a foreign scent that was not previously introduced. Flugs' eyes shimmer with harmful intent as the machine beeped when it was close to the letter and picture. Signifying that it belonged to the deliverer of the note.

He then sat it down and looked toward Hat-Bot, who flinched as his menacing creator refocused on him.

"Now that is out of the way...come here, Hat-Bot." Flug reached over and pulled out a pair of sterile yellow gloves from the nearby drawer. Slipping them on and pulling on the rubber to make a 'snap' sound.

Hat-Bot almost seemed to whimper as his creator towered over him and the next thing the robot knew, he was snatched up.

--

It was slowly creeping up on midday and Flug was currently walking through the streets to find your location.

Flug walked his way through crowds of people. Ignoring all looks, noises, or distractions in his way. Hat-Bot was with him as well, making sure that he stayed in close range of his creator so he wouldn't get lost.

Following his tracker towards any direction that the invention would beep, Flug kept walking and ignoring everything else. Hat-Bot was following along too, quietly minding his distance.

Everything seemingly normal with the little robot, despite his sudden 'tune up'.

Flug almost took notice of how people would step out of his way.

He was like an ice-resistant boat that was pushing through an ice flow. Whether it was from the way he was walking, his murderous expression, or the invention in his hand. Flug didn't care, he was just glad they were getting out of his way. It made getting to his mystery destination much easier.

He continued to walk through the busy streets and eventually, the invention lead them to the bridge that connected Hat Island to the mainland.

The large beams and wires that made up the obsidian colored bridge were phenomenal and quite a sight to see. But Flug didn't have time to stand around and stare at large magnificent man-made structures. He was currently on a mission and was determined to get it complete.
Hat-Bot merely followed like a puppy. Sticking close to his creator, regardless if it was his first time getting so close to the ocean and his first time being on a bridge of this size. With how angry his creator was currently, he really didn't want to cross any boundaries. Nor would he chance it.

So Hat-Bot just followed along.

Internally, Hat-Bot was also feeling 'anger'. The picture that was in the envelope was just devastating and the little robot really cared a lot about his creators. Both Flug and yourself were important to him.

If you were in any pain...he would make them pay.
Hat-bot could feel his arms tremble slightly as he lowered his head. His processor whirring from deep within his metal carapace.

Not a lot was being exchanged verbally between the two of them during the whole journey.

What started out as a search was now bleeding down into a hunt. As Flug felt severely scorned by some mysterious rivals.

Flug just continued to follow the inventions directions. Hoping that you weren't too far away.

Finally, they were across the bridge and the invention was beeping faster. Which meant that they were getting closer and closer to their destination.

Flug continued to speed walk and hurry though the streets and ports of the neighboring city, Derby City. Which was a few short miles from the main city, Suit City.

It seemed that the kidnappers were over here somewhere.

Flug stayed on the trail and traveled up a road that was next to the ocean. The smell of car exhaust, fish, salt water, and brine filed the air as he focused on his surroundings, mapping them mentally for later.

The machine beeped faster and faster the more north they traveled along the coast.

He could see the mountains of Hat Island and how they traveled through the ocean and into the mainland. The bridge they crossed was getting smaller and smaller the more they walked.

It was amazing how all of this looked like from the sky...he was glad you took him out to show him that level of scenery.

He was even more fortunate that your people still had technology that was capable of doing such things. How you made it from a suit blueprint he made up was beyond his vision and capability.

Thinking how much torment you were enduring currently was making his blood boil hotter. He knew something was wrong and why you wouldn't come back that night. Something obviously happened to you and his hunch and feelings were correct.

And Black Hat sat there the whole time and did nothing. Flug gritted his teeth as the thoughts crossed his mind one after the other. What he would do to the kidnapper and their minions passed through his mind, one after the other.
His inner sadistic nature rose again as various forms of torture passed through his mind.

Oh, he would make them pay. He would stomp them out so they will never rise again. Flug continued to walk with a purpose. His stride full of power.

Hat-Bot was still struggling to keep up with him in his current state.

Finally, the machine started to beep loudly when they approached a dip in the cove.

Flug finally started to slow down as he approached and perched on top of a hill. The road lead downwards from his view and lead straight to a building that seemed to be similar to a warehouse. The front property was guarded by a tall fence with razor-wire coiled at the top.

The building itself was solid brick and crawling with minions. There were two buildings that were connected by sustained bridges and ropes. Below were heavy iron doors and guards that seemed to be mimicking warehouse security. But if one looked close enough, they would see that their uniforms were imitations.

There was a dog pen that were holding barking dogs and a handler was walking one. They all had a suspicious look to them all and if one stayed for a longer period of time, it would seem that they would discover that as well.

The building across from it looked much more ominous. As half of it seemed to be merging with the concrete wall that made up the sides of the bay. Meaning that something was obviously in there that they didn't want people to see or notice.

The place even seemed to have perches for lookout posts.

It looked more like a prison than a warehouse. Maybe because it was near a large bridge overpass and hid some of the buildings from sight? Regardless, Flug quickly ushered Hat-Bot and himself out of the street and into hiding. He shut off the tracker, to minimize their noise.

Besides, he already located the hideout. It was obvious that the kidnapper was here.

He creeped slightly closer examining the holders of the facility from the safety of the shadows and behind some shipping crates that were present in the area.

He stared at the guards and a few of the people...then something almost seemed to click.

He knew some of these people...then realization occurred.

"These bastards are the same ones that kidnapped us before! They are the ones that attempted to pair us up with the blood that they managed to retrieve from the syringe weapons that were used on Blade Runner!" Flug snapped.

"So...these are people you are familiar with, sir?" Hat-Bot asked.

"Yes. It was before you were built, but I'm very familiar with these crooks. They are apart of Saladors' regime. It seems that even after Saladors' death they're still kicking. Now these rivals have (Name). Like a snake without a head, they keep twitching and writhing. They need to be put out of their misery." He growls.
"Do you want to storm them now?"

"What? No! Don't be stupid, Hat-Bot. We would need Black Hat and Dementia in order to take all of these crooks on. Not only that, we would be seen since it's day at the moment. We would need the cover of darkness to even get close to the border. Dementia would have to get inside and disable the security systems and cameras." Flug says.

"Ah...so...are we going to raid them?"

"Yes. We are going to raid them. Tonight. I want to gather up all of our housemates and make these low-lives know that you shouldn't dare mess with the Black Hat Organization. Not only that, but we also have to rescue (Name) as soon as possible! Who knows what they are doing to them in there!" Flug growls.

Hat-Bot seems to understand and nods in confirmation.

"Do we retreat for now, creator?"

"Obviously. We can't do anything at the moment. But, we scouted out their hideout here in Derby City. We need to get back across the bridge and back to the manor and inform Black Hat of our plan." Flug whispers and backs off back to the hill, Hat-Bot following close behind.

Both of them begin to make the journey back to the bridge and eventually back to the manor.

Black Hat needed to get moving and so do everyone else.

You were counting on them all to get you out of there!

Flug now had a major mission in mind. He needed to get in there and get you out as quick as he can. After that...he isn't sure. But he certainly will make your captors pay for every ounce of torture you have endured.

He marches back to the manor, timidness and anxiety currently forgotten.

Nothing but determination and rage remained burning inside of his body.

Wanting to be unleashed on some poor unfortunate souls.

--

Black Hat was currently in his office shuffling a stack of papers and pinning them together with a paperclip and storing them inside of his desk drawer.

The manor was...eerily quiet today. There wasn't a sign of Dementia, nor a presence of his doctor in the mansion anywhere. Black Hat looks at his desk and shuffles around some more paperwork, finding nothing needing immediate attention, he places it down and turns around in his chair.

His visible eye scans the busy streets outside of his window. Lazily scanning his neighbors, which were going about their sad and miserable lives, and feeling...bored. Not only that, but his insatiable bloodlust was starting to come back. His teeth were aching and his stomach was growling.
He was working all morning and now there was no entertainment.

The boring lives of the residences of Hatsville were certainly not that interesting and now he was getting hunger pains. A memory of your blood and flavor crossed his mind and his teeth almost seemed to move on their own.

He growls as his mind focused on you.

Why haven't you come back already?! He was getting famished and his cravings were going to eat him alive the longer you hold out. You had nobody to run to and no where in this world to call home! You had no state, you had no country even! You should'ave come home after a few hours!

He sneers as he stares out the window.

His inner mind felt as if something was wrong, yet his stubbornness made him deny the issues with his decision. He knew you had to return at some point. Besides, if he wasn't looking for you, it was no doubt that the doctor was.

The fool was behaving similar to a lost puppy. He would follow you around, talk to you, get chUmMY WIth YOu--! Black hat paused and let out hiss of dislike.

It was obvious that his doctor had gotten smitten with the stupid alien.

The affection was so obvious that Black Hat could see it from miles away. He knew he should have kept them separate. But...the deal you proposed was just too delectable to pass up. He has never gotten to feed that often like that. Especially with that tasty of blood.

Usually, blood of mortals tastes good only when they're suffering. Your race seems to have it naturally...but it tasted sweeter that first time...it was delicious enough for him to get enveloped in bloodlust. Even if the punishment was over a prank.

He subconsciously licks his lips with his forked tongue as he gets lost in thought.

Mental images of him sinking his teeth into your unusually soft flesh almost made his mouth water. The tasty sanguine liquid filling starving body and providing him power and valuable energy. He understand why predators go for the youngest of prey. They're so much softer.

You were so much squishier than that damn Salador. It was like eating hide. Utterly disgusting. Your flesh tasted borderline gourmet. Soft, flavorful, and it made his mouth water every time he expected you to show up for the blood exchange.

Another reason not to let you go free.

He was then suddenly pulled from his imaginings by the sound of someone roughly knocking on his doorway.

He turns away from the window and growls.

"What do you want?!!" He snarls.

To which, the door opens and reveals Flug. Standing almost defiantly tall. Not the usual meek and timid Flug he grew so used to knowing.
"I have news on (Name)'s whereabouts, sir. Permission to enter?" Flug states, almost formally.

Black Hat seemed to be tempted to tell him to leave, but this sudden change in mood and the situation grabbed his attention.

"You already opened the door and let yourself in. Come in and don't keep me waiting." Black Hat growled.

Flug nodded and fully entered the dimly lit office, despite the fact that it was daylight outside. He approaches the desk where Black Hat is sitting and reveals that he was holding the taunting letter in his hand. Flug then sets it on the desk and looks at Black Hat in a serious manner.

"Old rivals are back, sir. They have managed to catch (Name) when they were defenseless." Flug states.

Black Hat looks at the letters and reaches over, picking up the letter. He notices the picture and hums. Then he looks at the taunting note. He reads the mocking phrase on the paper and snarls viciously.

"Who are they?! Who dares steal the property of the Black Hat Organization?!!" Black Hat yells, Flug almost flinches, but stays as sturdy as he could.

"It's the rest of Saladors' crew. It seems that even with their boss long dead, they're still kicking and challenging our authority in villainy. They seem to be experimenting on and torturing (Name) and draining them of their precious blood. As the picture concealed within the letter thoroughly explains." Flug explains.

Black Hat snarls.

"That damn group just won't get it through their thick skulls, won't they? Where are they?" Black Hat demands, pushing aside the letter and picture.

"They're in a conjoined warehouse look-alike near the bay in Derby City. Part of it is dug into the concrete that surrounds the canal-like area. It's most likely the building where they are keeping (Name) hostage. I was coming here to ask you if we may raid them tonight and retrieve (Name)."

Flug says.

Black Hat looks away and seems to think for a moment.

It was only noon, so they would have enough time to prepare.

"How many troops do they have?" Black Hat squints at his scientist.

"A few dogs, some dog handlers, about 7 guards from what I've seen, a couple of lookout points, and possibly a mutant or two. Possibly more inside the building itself. Most likely around (Name)'s holding facility." Flug replied quickly.

Black Hat hums and looks away for a moment. Then, he looks back and gives his doctor a large toothy grin.

"Why not? It's been a long time since our last raid. We need more troops, though. Make another
Hat-Bot model that's built for taking hits and is capable of snapping people in half." Black Hat ordered.

Flug nods in total agreement.

He could certainly do that. He wishes those people the most painful death that's in his power to grant.

"And be sure to notify Dementia! The bear would be useless. Just get the disgrace to help you in place of (Name)'s absence. I must prepare myself for tonight. Death to those who dare rise up against the Black Hat Organization." Black Hat chuckles menacingly, standing up from his chair.

Flug nods again and takes the letter and note from the desk and leaves the office. Black Hat departing from the office as well.

They both part ways in the hallways as Flug goes to the lab and Black Hat retreats to his personal quarters. Once Flug entered the lab, Hat-Bot was quick to ask how it went. To which Flug just merely chuckled and popped his knuckles.

"The boss approved, but we need more troops. So, you know what that means, Hat-Bot."

"Actually...I don't, creator."

Flug rolled his eyes, but his mood wasn't dampened in the slightest.

"It means you're going to get a younger brother...but this brother won't be so little. I have just the perfect design in mind." Flug cackles as Hat-Bot merely turns his head in confusion.

"I will even give them your 'tune up'." Flug says and lets out a sinister laugh.

"But...creator. You never even told me what my 'tune up' was." Hat-Bot confusedly scratches his bowler hat.

"All I remember was that you strapped me to the table and turned me off. The next thing I know, I started my systems back up and the only results I found is that I still function the same."

"Oh. Don't worry. You'll find out what it is soon enough. But, enough talk. I need assistance! Go get 5.0.5 and be back here as quickly as you can. We have until nightfall to get your brothers ready!" Flug ordered, which Hat-Bot saluted in return.

"Yes, sir!"

Then the little robot rolled off to find the large cyan ursine as Flug immediately started to draw up the blueprints for the new Hat-Bot model. His mind was perfectly functioning from all of the sleep he managed to obtain. The fury of your captors mistreating you roaring through his body.

The desire to see them suffer in the most goriest possible death he could rain down upon them with his allies. It was like a miniature war was going on. The drive of victory fueling it like gasoline fuels a fire.

Flug finished drawing up the new model and laughed evilly at its' large and intimidating structure.
Then, he gathered up all of the needed materials to build the robots and the tools to make them with.

Chips, metal, screws, rubber, wires, whatever he needed.

He slips on his welding mask and picks up the blowtorch, firing it up as he beings to meld metals, wiring, and designs together. Even with such a time crunch as getting as many of these ready by nightfall as he could, Flug was functioning on a full night of sleep.

He felt like he could conquer the world...or in this case, his enemies.

"Lets see how they like a Hat-Bot: Sentinel Class."

Chapter End Notes

OOOH. SHIT IS GONNA HIT THE FAN. HARD.

Also, I'm gonna take a moment and acknowledge someone very important to my friend.

Ms.D, if you ever read this, just to let you know that you have inspired me as much as I hopefully inspired you.
You can show me that no matter what age I am, I can be involved in a fandom just like you.
I'm glad that you are here and I'm glad that you are still enjoying fandoms, even when some people might tell you to 'grow up' or 'act your age'.

I get that sometimes and it makes me feel wonderful to know that I could be almost 30 and still enjoy the things I love.

Keep being awesome to your students and be good to Carla. Cause they love you hopefully as much as I do.
Stay young forever, Ms. D. ((icon)

Here's my Tumblr~
https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

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= ~~~~Also FANART~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of

Letsallbecalmchaps =
Let's all be calm chaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy


Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/166156779979/cosmica-galaxy-this-is-how-i-imagined-that-scene#notes

Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/167786442471/cosmica-galaxy-heres-what-i-imagined-the

Artzdoodles = https://artzdoodles.tumblr.com/post/170546820889/cosmica-galaxy-congrats-on-1000-kudos-on-alien

Spadillelicious = https://spadillelicious.tumblr.com/post/170683796378/i-doodled-some-fanart-for-cosmica-galaxy-s#notes

Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
Night slowly swallows up the city once more as the sun begins to sink below the horizon.

Lights were coming on, shifts were switching over, and safety curfews were coming into effect. The streets slowly become barren of all pedestrians as darkness conquers the city streets. The stars slowly peak out as twilight fades away and more and more stars get revealed as nighttime comes around.

The waning half quarter moon provided little light in the sky. Occasionally being blocked out by a few stray cumulus clouds that would drift on by in front of it.

The secret lair that belonged to the remaining Salador crew was lit up with floodlights and guards patrolled the outskirts of the fences. Looking out for any stalking intruders or enemies that lurked in the darkness. Automatic guns on their persons as they patrolled where the darkness and the floodlights met.

From within the darkness, multiple figures approached the guarded base with murderous intentions. Hidden in the shadows, they were nearly undetectable. The group contained Flug, Hat-Bot, Dementia, and they were lead by a familiar Top Hat wearing figure.

Black Hat scans his surroundings as he had followed Flug's directions to a point. The doctor was indeed correct. This place was heavily guarded and they even had trained mutts that would assist in their bidding. He almost wanted to chuckle in mockery at the futile attempt of this so called 'security'.

He had broken into Area 51, Fort Knox, and even the 'impenetrable' WHO HQ. Such places had better security measures and even people of certain fighting skills. This level of security was almost child's play. There were no actual skills, it was just purely for intimidation.

Which just made it that much sweeter.

Easy prey was the absolute best prey. They may put up a bit of a fight, but it would be nothing short of being laughable and it would just make it more enjoyable for him as he squeezes the life
out of their necks and rips their beating hearts out of their chests.

Black Hat hums in thought.

"Flug." Black Hat rumbles.

"Yes, sir?" Flug replies, unshaken.

"Lay out the plan for me." Black Hat demands and Flug nods.

"Dementia is our stealthiest ally. She will get inside and get to the breaker room. Using her weapon of choice, she will destroy the breaker box and knock out the power. It will give you an endless free roam of the darkness and limit visibility for our enemies. You may do what you wish, Sir. But, Dementia will have to destroy the attack hounds by any means necessary and she will use the vents as a primary source of transportation. Pulling any hazardous guards or enemies into the vents to dispose of them." Flug explains.

"Then me and the new Hat-Bot models will storm the front and get rid of the troops around here. We will push to get to the back facility that is embedded into the concrete. There’s going to be no doubt that they will have flashlights or some form of back up lighting. For the first part, Stealth is key. The next, we force our way inside the facility and Dementia gets rid of anyone attempting to hinder our progress from within." Flug finishes.

"I see." Black Hat purrs then turns toward the crazed Dementia who looked like she was going to explode from excitement.

"Dementia. Go." Black Hat ordered.

"Aye, aye, Blacky~!" The crazed lizard hybrid purrs and slinks away with her morning star weapon in her grasp.

Black Hat felt disgusted for a moment, but desire quickly replaced it as Dementia crawled over the fence with remarkable ease and slithers off into the direction of the breaker room. Sticking to the shadows and out of sight of the guards as she does so.

"Once she turns it off, you can head out, sir." Flug states as he double checks for his utility belt and everything that was on it. Painful injector serum, incinerator ray gun, bowie knife, and ammunition for the ray gun.

Black Hat merely hums in slight disinterest, waiting for the moment the lights go dark for him to move out and begin his reign of terror. He shudders slightly in anticipation from the thoughts of lives lost on this night and finally putting down this bothersome faction.

His bloodlust was slowly creeping back to him. Causing him to drool slightly.

Meanwhile, Flug was checking with the Hat-Bots. Counting them again and making sure they were all there and prepared.

His new recruits looked large and intimidating.

There were 5 large hulking metallic figures in total. Each looking similar to Black Hat, just like the smaller Hat-Bot. All had metal tuxes on, long square jaws with two protruding canines popping out of the lower mandible, colored metal top hats, and large bulky upper frames.

What made them different from Hat-Bot was their colossal size, their cyclops-like eye, two fangs
instead of a full set of teeth, and the fact that they were sporting two legs on their lower half instead of a single wheel.

The large robots were waiting behind Flug, currently immobile and stationary.

Their yellow cyclops-like eye were dimmed down to help avoid detection, at least for now, just until Flug gave them any directives. The little Hat-Bot was currently standing next to Flug, wringing his claws in slight nervousness. The possibility of being destroyed was making him anxious and slightly anticipating the attack and how it would go.

It was obvious that some of your programming was inside of the smaller Hat-Bot and not in the Sentinels that were freshly created. As the larger robots were standing there doing nothing and the smaller robot was behaving like he was nervous and anticipating the raid.

Flug took notice of this and patted the smaller robots' metal hat, more out of reassurance than comfort.

"Don't worry, Hat-Bot. My 'tune up' will come in handy to help get rid of that anxiety you are... 'feeling'." Flug assured, causing Hat-Bot to look up at him in slight worry.

"But...what is my tune up, creator?" Hat-Bot asked.

Flug was almost about to repeat what he said earlier, until the lights surrounding the building they were stalking suddenly blinked and died out. Shouts of surprise came from the guards as the base was completely enveloped in darkness.

Flug immediately drew his attention away from Hat-Bot and looked toward his boss.

He barely even got a glimpse of his lord as Black Hat sank into the ground and his void-black shadow zipped off into the compound. Shortly after, screams of agony were heard coming from within the grounds of the facility.

It immediately attracted attention of some guards as they rushed off to find out what the commotion was about, but Flug was certain that his boss could handle himself against these pathetically weaker foes.

Flug refocused his attention on Hat-Bot.

"You'll understand in a few minutes. We must wait until some of these guards are picked off so we don't loose our robots too quickly." Flug stated.

Hat-Bot grew more nervous and flinched the moment rapid gunfire was heard off in the distance. Along with Black Hats' crazed laughter and more pain-filled screams as some of the guards were being slung around by long tentacles and sliced in half by large buzzsaws.

Making the battleground a deep crimson red as the bloodshed began.

Then, slight movement caught Flug's eye as one of the vent grates were kicked out by a familiar shoe.

Flug watched as Dementia managed to slink out of the vent she just kicked the grate off of and managed to slither over to get into the dogs' kennels.

Flug was almost tempted to give pity to the animals that were stuck in those cages with Dementia of all people. But, still. They were the rivals' mutts.
Whatever happened to their dogs didn't concern him.

However.

It was still borderline barbaric to see Dementia crawl into a kennel grab one of the dogs with her teeth and begin shaking them like she was an animal herself.

A crude 'snap' came from the dogs neck as Dementia thrashed it around in her mouth. The dog that was currently in her jaws was limp. Signifying that the dog was dead from its' neck being broken. The other dogs grew restless at the display and started to make a fuss of barking, snarling, and yelping.

But, their handlers couldn't hear them over the gunfire and screams from the commotion that Black Hat was causing.

After a few more shakes, Dementia spat the deceased dog out and began moving on to the other dogs.

Each one steadily going silent after the sound of a 'snap' was heard coming from the dogs' respective kennel. Once all the dogs were killed off, Dementia retreated back to the open vent and started to infiltrate the inside of the building and continue her kill streak from further within.

Gunfire and shouts could be heard coming from the main courtyard, which was now littered with some bodies of the deceased.

The place was much more free now that Black Hat was killing some of them off.

Flug found this moment to be the right time to send in his troops and seize the facility that was holding you captive.

Flug held up his hand, attracting the attention of the bigger Hat-Bots. While the littlest Hat-Bot looked at him in confusion.

"Hat-Bots...attack. LETHAL MODE." Flug demands.

Almost instantly, Hat-Bot felt a sudden change in his programming. Something deep within his processor completely overrides his internal code and replaces it with a new code as the demand from his creator was stated. It was drawing out strings of new code that told him what to do, how to behave, and to show no mercy to his enemies.

His eyes turned from their natural yellow to a fiery hot red and he almost seemed to instinctively climb onto one of the Sentinels. Despite the fact that Hat-Bot had no climbing experience prior to this moment.

Hat-Bot took a perch on the Sentinels shoulder plate and the Sentinel itself seemed to show the same behavior and eye color change.

It stood tall with a red eye lighting up the darkness, the others mimicking the same behavior. The robots themselves seemed to pull out weapons from seemingly nowhere as they start walking towards the unguarded gates.

Buzzsaws, missile launchers, guns, flamethrowers, and sharp claws extended from their carapaces as they all march to the gates. Hat-Bot perching on the leading Sentinels shoulder like a gremlin. An unusual menacing grin on the small robots' face.
They ripped open the gate with ease and Flug followed them inside the compounds' courtyard.

Flug chuckled as sadistic glee filled his goggles once more and he pulled the incinerating ray gun from his belt. His gaze was locked onto the facility that was supposedly keeping his alien comrade hostage.

"Don't worry. We're coming, (Name)!" Flug mutters to himself as he rushes past the robot army that was beginning to engage the enemy and he rushed towards the entrance of the halfway concealed compound, firing his ray at the first person he saw and reducing them to ash.

He passed the ash pile without as much as a shred of humane consciousness as he continued on his way into the darkened building.

The Sentinel robot that was paired up with Hat-Bot was following him for backup, support, and a mobile light source. Just in case if Flug needed any of those things.

Flug ignored the screams of agony and the explosions that were going off outside as he infiltrates the facility with the Sentinel that was paired up with Hat-Bot. Determination burning in his gut as his heart races and his mind focuses on any places that enemies could ambush them.

He was coming for you.

Just like he promised 5.0.5, he was going to get you home safely.

He continues to hurry through the halls.

Looking inside rooms and open firing on anyone that wasn't you.

Reducing them to ash and continuing on his way. Searching high and low to find the place where they were holding you against your will.

He would set you free.

Most likely from here and from Black Hat as well.

But, that was currently uncertain.

Instead, he shook those thoughts off and continued on his way. The Sentinel following close behind and Hat-Bot clinging to the larger robot with a malicious purpose, completely unlike the small robots' normally docile self.

The three continue through the halls.

Destroying all in their path and looking through all of the rooms for any signs of you.

--

You were startled from your long period of rest by the sounds of explosions occurring outside of your room.

You look around in confusion, finding the room suddenly dark. Yet, you still found yourself strapped down to your torturers' lab table and curiously wonder what was going on outside of your confined room.

It sounded similar to a war zone. Muffled explosions were going off, distant screams of agony could be heard, and the room would occasionally shake from shock waves that would pass through
Was the facility under attack?! What the heck was going on!?

You suddenly felt faint from all of the shaking and looking around that you allowed your head to fall back against the hard surface of the table.

Trying to fight back the dizzy feeling you were experiencing as your focus went back to the large saw blade that was hovering over your dormant and immobile form.

You *hated* this place.

You loved it when you were with Black Hat's crew and in your comfortable guest bed. When you could walk, drink, eat and work to your own discretion. They treated you more like an inanimate object than a human here. Like you were nothing more than a primary mining source for the blood that they coveted so much.

You never really thought about it...but...you were treated much better when you were staying with Black Hat.

He may have been a pain in the ass at some points, but he still allowed you to walk and actually be your own person. He was arguably, and ironically, a *good host*. He gave you a guest room, laid off when you proposed a deal in exchange for more freedom, and even managed to pull himself together when all of his crew was snatched up.

The scaring, the biting, the punishments you could certainly do without. But, he at least treated you like a being that had rights and needs.

You couldn't believe you were actually beginning to miss his smug smiling face.

Then, you became more sensitive of your body as a headache slowly itched at your mind.

You shuffle and groan as your stomach was completely empty, your mouth was dry as bones, your eyes were sore from crying, and your bladder was full. You weren't even granted things that your body required! Bathroom breaks nor something to drink or eat were offered.

This place was truly *hell*.

Then...in a few moments of silence between explosions, you could hear two different pairs of footsteps rushing through the halls outside of your confinement.

At first, you suspected that it was some rival troops that were marching through the halls to get to the source of the commotion. But, one pair of footsteps were *WAY* heavier than the other. The other pair sounded...vaguely familiar to you. You just couldn't place how.

Then, much to your surprise, you heard the footsteps approach the sealed lab door and it sounded like someone was pulling on it.

Finally, something familiar came from the other side that immediately filled you with so much hope.

"*Sentinel, search that room while I try to get this locked door open!*"

It was unmistakable!

That was *Flug's voice!*
"Flug! Flug!! Is that you?!!" You excitedly shrieked, wincing slightly as your voice sounded like sandpaper.

The pulling stopped as quickly as it started once Flug heard your voice.

"SENTINEL! COME HERE AND TAKE THIS DOOR DOWN! I FOUND THEM!" You heard Flug shout from the other side.

"Don't worry, (Name)! We're coming!" Flug reassured.

You could almost cry from relief.

They came for you! Even after you pulled that stupid move and left the manor blindly, they still came!

Regardless for the reason, you were getting out and you couldn't have been happier!

Almost to your own personal surprise, the large metal door to the lab was pulled out of it's slot with no issue and a large hulking metallic figure came in through the broken doorway. It almost looked like Hat-Bot, but bigger! Speaking of Hat-Bot, you could see your little robot perfectly perched on the larger robots' shoulders.

You would chew Flug out about changing your precious little robots' behavior coding later, right now, you were currently holding back tears from finally seeing some familiar friendly faces.

Flug rushed past the large bulky Sentinel and noticed you almost immediately.

He hurried over and pushed the large intimidating saw blade away from the table you were strapped to, then he carefully started to remove all of the equipment that was attached to your arms and bound limbs.

You grit your teeth as the stinging from the removal of the needles in your arm hurt slightly, but it quickly passed. Then, relief slowly took over as Flug got the Sentinel to pry apart the iron clamps holding your limbs down by the ankles and wrist, as Flug removed the straps from around your abdomen and hips with his bowie knife.

It took your limbs a moment to respond, but once they started moving, you whined a little from the painful stiffness that was currently in your muscles.

"Damn. What have those bastards been doing to you, (Name)? How long have you been like this?!" Flug growled, helping you to sit up. Quickly taking note of your stiff body, pale skin, and exhausted complexion.

You could almost blush at how nurturing he was being at the moment. But, you were happy that you could stretch finally.

"E-Ever since I was kidnapped. They kept me tied to the table and wouldn't let me get up, stretch, or even eat and drink. They wouldn't even let me go to the bathroom." You croaked. Your raspy voice making it clear that your throat was dry as sandpaper.

"As for what they did to me, they took a lot of my blood and started to electrify it with 'treated lighting' from that machine over there. Then, when the doctor found out that he could make the electrified brew faster and much more quicker by shocking me directly...he began to do that. It was horrible, Flug! The experience was so painful!" You sob.

Flug's gazed softened as he reached over and wrapped his arms around you. Feeling the familiar
alien softness pressing into his arms. If this was any other situation, he would've prolonged the hugging. Just to feel it a little bit longer, but now wasn't the time for it.

He patted your back in reassurance and then pulled away sightly.

"What did they do with the blood?" Flug asked, his expression serious.

There was almost a sudden realization that crossed your face, as if you were reminded of something very important.

"Ah! Flug! It's something that's utterly vile, I didn't even think it would even be possible to preform! But, apparently they're making something called 'Humanzinite'." You say, quickly.

"Humanzinite?" Flug mumbles, slightly confused as you nod in reaffirmation.

"It will supposedly be the bane of all immortals. All that can't be killed, will be killed with anything that's made from Humanzinite. It's a lab-grown crystal that has my bloods' mortality-inflicting abilities ingrown into it's properties. They took the crystal from the lab after they drained me of my blood in an attempt to allow me to rest...until the next session. I have no idea where it is, but I'm very worried, Flug. What if they...actually are planning to kill the king of evil himself, Black Hat?"

"I'm...not sure. Nothing known is capable of killing Black Hat...well, nothing known from this planet anyway. If...they actually managed to make a weapon, a physical weapon, out of your blood...then the danger might be higher than I ever predicted." Flug hummed.

"They tried to find a match when they kidnapped you guys, didn't they? They are obviously the ones that stole the remaining evidence ever since Blade Runner was killed. So, they had traces of it. Maybe they tried different experiments and found a new way to make the enzymes more effective and deadly than in the form of a poison? And they weren't trying to find me for my blood to make more poison with...but to make more immortal-slaying weapons with it?" You surmised.

Flug thought about your hunch for a good moment. To him, it almost seemed to make sense. They wanted to create this crystal for who knows how long, but they needed the source of where the enzymes were coming from.

That way, they will be able to reap more enzymes and would have an unlimited source to make the Humanzinite with. They didn't want to mimic the poison recipe...they had their own. So they needed you to make more of it and finally form it into a solid format.

If you had stay here any longer...they could've probably made multiple weapons.

Which was a spine-chilling thought.

"Then we don't have much time. They could be getting the weapon ready as we speak. We need to move and fast." Flug ushers.

"Can you stand?" Flug questions.

"I...I can try. I don't know." You mutter, attempting to get up and not collapse under your weight.

Flug expression resembled that of a true doctor as he attempted to help you stand up and off of your tabletop prison. You wobbled a fair amount once you stood up, almost seemingly collapsing at a few moments, but righting yourself a few times.

You then almost suddenly fell down as you gripped the table for support, wobbling on your shaky
Flug hummed, observing your weak form for a moment then shaking his bag-covered head.

"You are in no condition to walk by yourself. We need to get you to a bathroom so you can drink some water and relieve yourself. Maybe then you will begin to feel much more better." Flug stated.

"Sentinel! Carry (Name) and do it gently!" Flug ordered, placing a harsh emphasis on the 'gently' part.

You let out a surprised yelp as the large Sentinel walks over to you and picks you up off the ground. Cradling you in it's long metallic arms, similar to how a infant would be carried.

Despite how new the sensation of being carried by a big robot was, it was surprisingly comfortable. It was amazing at how advanced technology was on this version of Earth.

Being carried made you feel so much better when you managed to get off of your stiff feet and it was so much easier than waiting for you to stretch out and wobble after your allies with stiff muscles.

You nestle in close to the large robot and Flug motions for the robot to follow him.

"Come on, Sentinel and Hat-Bot! Let's go before any rivals come to retrieve (Name)! Let's also try to find the Humanzinite before any of these crooks do!" Flug says, pulling out his ray gun once more and looking around the corners of the exit before slipping out into the hallway. The robot Sentinel following quickly after him.

You just quickly relax, despite the current stressful situation that you all were in.

You haven't been this relieved and happy in a long time. You were finally free from these goons, but you knew that you all weren't out of the woods yet. You all were still in enemy territory and any of these goons could be hiding around the corners waiting to strike or ambush you all. Everyone's safety was still at stake.

But, you had confidence in the Black Hat Organization. You were certain that you all were going to get out alive.

Still...what happened to the Humanzinite?

Wherever it was, you hoped that it didn't spell any serious trouble for your group.

Though, that brand of wishful thinking would not come to pass, unbeknownst to you all.

You 4 continued through the maze-like hallways of the compound, attempting to at least get back outside and regroup with Black Hat.

You silently hope that everyone would be okay after this ordeal.

--

Your crew manage to creep through the dark halls primarily undetected for the moment.

Black Hat must'ave attracted all of the attention from inside. For now, anyway. Who knew what was currently going on outside? The screaming was intensifying and the explosions were getting more and more frequent. You could take a wild guest at what was happening to those people, especially if Black Hat was involved in the fighting.
Gorey images began to fill your head to the point it made your skin crawl. You quickly shook them away and focused on your dim surroundings.

Currently, you all were looking for a bathroom and something for you to drink. As you needed the care as soon as possible. Flug was leading the way, caution constantly being exercised with every corner you all come across.

Finally, once you all reached a certain hallway, he sighs in relief and turns around. Pointing upwards towards a sign that was hanging over a pair of twin doors. It read 'restrooms' and Flug motioned the Sentinel to set you down.

"Here you are. Go preform your business. I'll scout out the water cooler I saw in one of these offices earlier. Sentinel, Hat-Bot! Don't leave them at ALL. You stick by their side at all times!" Flug orders, to which the robots nod in unison.

"Thanks...Flug. I'm happy that you're putting my well being first before anything else." You shyly state, giving him one of your traditional smiles.

Unknown to you or the robots, underneath Flug's mask, his flesh was a bright red as you give him gratitude. He rubs his neck slightly and hums.

"No problem." Flug finishes before awkwardly retreating to find the office that held the precious water cooler.

You just laugh slightly and inch into the restroom. The robots took up their positions of standing guard at the door as you lock yourself within the private confines of the restroom.

Almost stumbling in the darkness, but quickly catching yourself and feeling around.

It was only a few short minutes, but you never really knew how bad you had to go until you went. It was instant relief and you almost felt 3X better than you did before. You wash your hands thoroughly and dry them off afterwards. After those rituals were finished, you leave the privacy of the bathroom and hobble back out into the hall.

You were immediately picked up by the larger Sentinel bot, which you didn't argue or struggle about. It was taxing just trying to do your business by yourself.

Hat-Bot climbs back onto the shoulders of the Sentinel, much to your surprise since you didn't teach him to climb anything. You didn't even think he was capable of climbing with that wheel of his. But, advanced technology was always full of surprises. This just happened to be one of those scenarios.

You suddenly flinch however when a louder and bigger explosion erupted from the outside. More screams could be heard as the hallway around you all shook from the tremors that originated from the unknown source of the explosion. Then, you could hear him.

Black Hat was laughing like a madman from the outside.

You have never heard Black Hat laugh. At least...not to this extent. When he scared Dementia, you heard him then. But not on this level of sadistic joy.

When another explosion rocked the building, you instinctively bury your face in the chest of the Sentinel.

You CERTAINLY weren't used to such loud sounds and such dire situations. This was most likely
what war was like. All of those old-time pictures with people running from war...it was understandable now. It felt like you would perish at any moment. Like you would suddenly be taken out of existence with one fiery blast.

It was terribly frightening.

Once the tremors subsided, footsteps quickly came rushing back to you all. The unidentified source of noise alerted the robots, making them seemingly more aggressive. However, it was just Flug as he comes around the corner, holding a few cups filled with delicious water for you to drink.

After the source of the footsteps were identified as their creator, the robots relaxed.

He immediately takes notice of your terrified form nesting close to the Sentinel. Feeling slight pity for your scared reactions to the large explosions coming from outside, he walks back over and rejoins the group. Then he gives your frightened form a reassuring soft pat.

"(Name)? Are you okay?" Flug questions, to which it slowly pulls you out of your moment of terror.

"Y-Yeah. Just getting startled from all of the explosions and tremors." You stutter out, shaking off the temporary shock.

Then, you took notice of the water cups that Flug had brought back for you. Almost immediately, your dry mouth attempts to salivate when you caught sight of the tempting liquid.

Flug takes quick notice and wordlessly turns it over to you and you happily slurp up the cups' contents. Your mouth slowly looses its' sandpaper-like texture as the water moistens your dry mouth and cools your dry throat.

You sigh in relief as the refreshing water reinvigorates you.

"Now that all of the necessary stuff is out of the way, we can make our escape and regroup with Black Hat." Flug stated, waving for the Sentinel to follow.

You simply drop the cups on the floor. Not bothering to have the curtsy to throw the cups away for your enemies. Pretty much a final 'fuck you people' to those that held you captive here.

You all then start to march through the hallways in the building. You don't see how Flug could remember the way out after passing all of these corridors and rooms. It was amazing how he managed to find you even. But, maybe he was persistent in locating you.

You passed a lot of rooms, hallways, and such. Even a few piles of ash...for some reason. Regardless, you didn't think about it much.

Whichever it was, you were glad he at least remembered how he got inside the compound in the first place.

You all continue running for a few moments. Several smaller explosions erupting around the place and the shaking getting much more violent. You sink down closer to the Sentinel as the explosions were starting to scare you again. But, you manage to at least stay quiet about it.

"There it is! The exit!" Flug announces, pointing at a pair of heavyset double doors.

You snap to attention and excitement swelled up in your chest as freedom was literally only a few
feet away. It would be nice to return to the outside world once again. You excitedly stare as the double doors grow closer and closer.

Finally, Flug reached them and pushed them open slightly, peering out beyond your sight.

Then, he makes a noise of disgust and closes the door back.

"Give me a moment, I need to do something first." Flug says as he pulls the bowie knife off of his person and starts to cut off some cloth from his lab coat. Which greatly confused you.

"Flug...? What are you doing?" You asked.

"Getting some cloth for a blindfold. Before you ask, yes. It is for you. There's nothing but bodies and gore outside these doors. You really don't need to return home with that kind of image on your mind. You have endured enough. Trust me. You don't want to see Black Hats' messes." Flug states, as he approaches you with the long piece of cloth.

You flinch slightly as the cloth gets turned into a makeshift blindfold, covering your eyes to shield them from the carnage that was currently littering the courtyard outside.

"There. Come on, Sentinel. Don't let that cloth slip or fall off their eyes. Keep them covered. They don't need to see what is out here." Flug directs.

You couldn't tell if the robots nodded or not, but it was obvious that they would follow his orders to an absolute degree. You could hear the heavy doors get pushed open and the robot that was carrying you begin to move.

The moment the crew stepped outside, you were hit with a repulsive stench of death and blood.

You could hear some things squelching and the sound of 'water' dripping nearby. You cover your face to suppress the gagging that almost erupted from you. You were actually glad that Flug took the time to make you a blindfold. You really don't want to go back home and suffer from PTSD.

Flug could be heard walking through the yard and almost seemed to be picking up his feet for a long period of time.

The outside had toned down a fair amount. No gunfire or explosions were heard currently. The outside was still. Almost similar to an eye of a hurricane. It was just a waiting game to see if the next wave would hit or not.

Flug's footsteps echo around the desolate courtyard as you were still on edge.

"Black Hat! Where are you? I retrieved (Name)!" Flug calls out into the empty war zone.

You both patiently wait for any signs or reactions. You with your hearing and Flug with his sight. The robots were also searching around. Seemingly not seeing anyone either. Then, ominous rattling could be heard as you both were put on edge almost instantly.

Flug looked for the source of the noise as you huddle deeper into the embrace of the Sentinel.

Then, something large and hairy shoots out from the outer steam vents which causes Flug to let out a cry of surprise and make an instinctive grab for his ray gun. Starling you and the cautious robots. The hairball rolled across the ground and flattened out into a familiar shape, once that Flug slowly recognized.
Once the incident was processed, Flug took quick notice of the familiar green long hair that made up Dementia's hood and he scowled.

"Dementia! You caught us off guard! I was just about to shoot you!" Flug scolded as the crazed lizard woman sat up and stuck her tongue out at Flug.

She was speckled with crimson spots and her morning star mace was dented beyond belief. One would think that she attempted to take down a wall with the object. But, it seemed that she did her job well. Flug had little trouble maneuvering within the compound where he located your holding cell.

Thank evilness that your eyes were covered so you didn't have to see the mangled corpses that were surrounding you all, nor the blood that was caked on Dementia. He couldn't really imagine what Black Hat looked like, but surprisingly enough, no matter how messy his kills are, he rarely ever gets a speck of blood on him.

Though, he doesn't really know if Black Hat licks it off or not.

Regardless, Flug refocused on the task at hand.

"Dementia, have you seen Black Hat anywhere? I managed to get (Name) back safe and sound. If he's finished, we have to go. We could be in more danger than I realized." Flug gestures to your blindfolded form that was being carried by the Sentinel.

Dementia stares for a moment and then giggles slightly in a maniacal way.

"Oh, this is the best~! You, their knight in shining obsidian armor, coming to their daring rescue and eventually, you'll admit that you lo--"

"Dementia, this is NOT the time and place for your shipping shenanigans. Where is Black Hat? We could be in more danger than we realized." Flug cuts her off and repeats the important information again, to which she pouts and huffs at his demanding nature.

She liked it better when it was just wimpy Flug.

"Ugh. I don't know where my Blacky went. He gave chase shortly after the enemy ran out of bullets! Hehehe~! It's amazing how people think that a bullet can stop my Blacky~!" Dementia psychotically giggles.

Flug simply gives her an unimpressed stare.

"They ran out of bullets...and out of flesh to maim~" A familiar dark voice states, making everyone present jump.

"Blacky~!" Dementia squeals as the intimidating figure of Black Hat emerges from the shadows.

Dementia immediately tried to glomp him, but she was met with a quick hand to the face that stopped her in her tracks. Black Hat's face held a strongly annoyed look as he then allowed Dementia to fall forward and land in a pile of still-warm guts that was ripped out of a nearby corpse.

"I ordered you to never call me that again, you idiot girl. How many times must I remind you of that fact?" Black Hat crudely states, as he then ignores Dementia and focuses back on Flug.

"I have to say that this raid was rather fruitful. I managed to kill off a faction and you managed to
get back the lost property of the organization." Black Hat chuckles and gestures to your cradled and blindfolded form.

"Indeed I did, sir. But...did any of the other Hat-Bot Sentinels survive?" Flug asks.

Black Hat rolls his visible eye.

"Of course not! They did last for quite a while there. It was mostly explosions and environmental hazards that got the best of them, however. Be it from being pushed into the ocean, lit on fire, or blown to bits, it was rather entertaining to watch them get destroyed~! But, if you're longing to pick up scrap metal, then get searching. Otherwise, it's utterly pointless to look for them." Black Hat finished.

"Ah. I see. But, sir, now that we are all together and we have (Name), we need to hurry and leave. (Name) has leaked to me some very worrisome information. We think that you might be the target."

Black Hat stared at Flug for a moment before suddenly guffawing.

"Me? A target? Flug...did you forget who I am?" Black Hat smugly chortles.  
"I am Black Hat! I am the very embodiment of evil! I have slain heroes and many others in my career, who would DARE target me?"

"B-But! You see, sir! They re-modified and crafted a weapon by using the mortality properties that are located in (Name)'s blood! It's a solid weapon now! It could kill you! It's designed to!" Flug tried to reason.

"Enough with this tomfoolery, Flug! Nothing can kill me! What makes you think some unsupported and untested form of weapon would even succeed in killing me?" He laughs.

Suddenly, faster then anyone could react. Flug felt something fly past his paper bag, then everything almost seem to go in slow motion.

A ruby red dagger flies past Flug's head and roughly embeds itself inside of Black Hats' upper abdomen. Everything almost seemed to happen in milliseconds as the blade plunges deep inside Black Hats' upper stomach, it took him a few short seconds to respond to the sudden impact from the blade.

Then, he lets out a shrill otherworldly cry as the blade began to pump toxic mortality poison into his body, sending Black Hat falling to the ground with a steaming and frothing wound as the poison was slowly emptied from the dagger and into Black Hat.

His twitching body hits the ground and suddenly, it's like time resumed.

Flug could barely processed what just happened. Once he did, he became very alert. Dementia instead let out a scream and immediately went over to Black Hats' writhing body.

"Blacky! Are you okay!?" Dementia shrilly screams, she just got pained growls and screeches in return.

Flug reacted quickly and turned toward the direction where the blade came from. Almost immediately, he saw the shape of the rivals doctor, standing proudly on top of a fallen lookout post. A smug grin on the enemies face filled him with just anger.

"Hat-Bot, Sentinel, get (Name) outta here. Take them back to the manor where they will be safe.
Once out of the courtyard, you have permission to remove the blindfold. Don't let them escape and come running back here. Things are about to get really fucking ugly." Flug ordered.

"W-What?! Flug! What's going on!? What happened to Black Hat?! Flug!? Flug!!" You shout out, just as the robots turn away from the fight and start to make their way back to the manor with you in tow.

It took every ounce of Flugs' willpower to not turn around and stick by your side. But, the fainter your voice got, the safer you were.

"Dementia! Stay with Black Hat and stop the bleeding and the poison from spreading any further! He's counting on you! That can kill him if it gets any worse! Whatever you do, DON'T TAKE THE DAGGER OUT. He will bleed to death or suffer from shock if there is any more poison that gets dislodged from the removal of the blade." Flug ignored the pleading look that Dementia gives him as he pulled his syringes from his belt and reloads his ammunition.

Then, he begins to approach the rival scientist alone.

"I have this bastard to take care of." Flug finishes.

Chapter End Notes

DUEL TO THE DEATH!!! BLACK HAT IS HURT! MASS HYSTERIA!!

Also, we hit 1,100 Kudos and 18,500 hits! You Readers certainly are the best! Thank you for following me this long and reading my fic all this time!

Here's my Tumblr~
https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

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= ~~~~Also FANART~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of

Letsallbecalmchaps =

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Artzdoodles = https://artzdoodles.tumblr.com/post/170546820889/cosmica-galaxy-congrats-on-1000-kudos-on-alien

Spadillelicious = https://spadillelicious.tumblr.com/post/170683796378/i-doodled-some-fanart-for-cosmica-galaxy-s#notes

Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
Deadly Duel

Chapter Summary

Flug gets involved in a battle for his life.

Chapter Notes

FINAL CHAPTER OF THE CLIMAX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Flug walks toward his waiting rival.

A stern and unmoving expression on his masked face.

He steps over the fallen bodies that litter the battlefield that once roared with explosions and gunfire.

Not caring for the blood that was getting on his sneakers or the squelching that came from beneath his feet as he steps on some spilled innards. Aside from that, there was nothing but the sounds of the ocean and deaf silence as Flug approached.

His unbroken focus was primarily on his scientist rival. Who was most likely the one that tethered you to the table and tortured you, since the place you were being held in was most certainly a lab of some kind.

Flug's eyes squint as he gets into close range and stops in place. Staring towards the enemy that was perched on top of the shipping canisters that made up the warehouses' lot. Darkened by night, he could still make out the shape of Black Hats' assailant.

The opposing scientist throws aside an empty crossbow, that was used to launch the long dagger into Black Hat, and stares down at Flug in silence.

For a moment, only the wind could be heard blowing past the two scientist.

Flug barely blinked as the opposing doctor broke the tense silence and began to cackle.

"So. This is the scientist that managed to get inside of Black Hat's organization? Funny. I was expecting someone much more threatening. Instead, I get the meek and cowardly Flug to face me." Jekyll snickers as Flug's eyebrow twitched from the insult.

Flug almost took a moment to realize who he was going up against. Surprisingly, it was a familiar face.

"Jekyll. It's been so long. Haven't seen you since you dropped out of the university for villains.
Figured you went off to join the traveling freak show." Flug replied snidely and carefully eyeing his opponent.

Jekyll leers at Flug.

"Me? Oh, I have been doing fine. I've been honing my ability. Unlike you. Still starving for appreciation? Was a noble prize not enough for your own insatiable ego? You know. Once the community found out you sided with the top hat wearing devil, they erased your name from every piece of parchment they could. They even voided your noble prize. For even science wants nothing to do with you. 'Villains don't deserve that level of dignity, even if they earned it.', they said." Jekyll laughs in a mocking tone.

Flug flinches slightly and growls. A sensitive chord being hit from deep within himself.

"You're lying, Jekyll. You always lie to others and even to yourself. My work is too important to be thrown away. Being a villain doesn't matter when it comes to progress. Even if I work under Black Hat. Many figures had villainous tendencies, but they still get their recognition. Thomas Edison was one of them! Don't think you can fool me with those low-key jabs of yours! My work was accepted while yours was rejected! That's why you're so BITTER about it." Flug retaliated, smugly posing.

Jekyll let out a monstrous-sounding growl.

Flug prepared for an attack as he gripped his ray gun and got into a position that made him ready to dodge.

A few tense seconds passed.

Then Jekyll let out a faint, but noticeable, laugh.

"Oh? Really? For a famous scientist, you really made a low-key weapon with that aliens' blood. I almost PERFECTED WHAT I COULD DO WITH IT." Jekyll sneered.

Flug squinted at him in suspicion, but made his glaring rage obvious.

"And all it took was a little bit of electrotherapy to get it going. Their screams were lovely. I wish I had them recorded." Jekyll gave Flug a sinister smile as Flug reacted to that statement by clenching his incinerator ray in anger.

"You did what now?" Flug challenged, turning his head slightly and glaring unphased at Jekyll.

"Oh, you know~! Sending powerful and very painful electric currents through their body as they screamed for mercy! Crying and sobbing as they couldn't move and were weakened by how much blood I took! THE LOOK ON THEIR FACE WAS UTTERLY PRICELESS!" Jekyll laughs like a maniac.

Flug's composure snaps the moment he hears his opponent laughing about inflicting such pain onto you.

He snarls, pulls up the incinerator ray quickly and fires at the madman on the storage units.

The rival doctor dodges the ray's beam with inhuman speed and laughs in mockery as he sprints
down the storage unit. Flug chased after him. While in hot pursuit, Flug open fired on his enemy.

Ray blast after ray blast misses the target as the rival doctor jumps over to some opposing crates and slithers out of site.

Flug takes a moment to reload his ray gun as he cautiously scans the stacks of storage units surrounding him. All darkened from the night atmosphere, making it hard to discover and locate Jekyll. He walks lightly around the containers. Being wary of the ledges and corners that surrounded him.

He then hears footsteps running across one of the units and fires off a round from his ray gun into the direction they were coming from. The beam missed the target by a few inches as Jekyll scampers off into the darkness after being fired at.

However, the brief illumination showed the sneaky madman for a few moments and where he was going. Allowing Flug to follow suit.

Flug could feel rage coiling in his gut as he wanted revenge for what you went through. It would provide him with some closure at least. Maybe you would feel the same, knowing that your torturer was put down.

He made that his goal as he continued to hurry through the shipyard.

Flug then enters a wide open area section in the courtyard, making him slow down and catch his breath.

He quietly observes his surroundings.

A few feet away was the ledge that went into the ocean just a few feet below. Across the way were some piles of various sizes that contained rubble and garbage that contained many metallic items. Such as car rims, long pipes, house appliances, and other various metals.

They were seemingly deposited here as scrap piles.

Surrounding the area were silhouettes of canisters and the razor wire fence that lined the property.

Flug cautiously enters the open area. Moving slowly and quietly to not alert his enemy of his position. He continues to scan the containers with a careful set of eyes. Watching for any moving figures or shadows that could be lurking around those units.

Thankfully, this area wasn't polluted with bodies of the deceased, but it had lots of places for his rival to hide.

Flug's eyesight has adjusted well to the night atmosphere, giving him better vision, even without a functioning light source of any kind.

Then, a blue light caught his gaze and he looked over.

However, the blue light he spotted began sparking and flickering as if it was charging something up and he immediately knew what it meant.

Flug immediately ducks for cover behind a thicker pile of sturdy rubble as a blast of lighting was
shot in his direction. Impacting his shelter and sending a violent electrical charge through the area and all the metal. Flug had to be careful and not touch the metal when it was live with electricity.

It seems that his rival also has an elemental ray gun of his own. This time, it was a very hazardous lighting ray. It was unpredictable, even to the one using it as a weapon.

Apparently, Jekyll had completely disregarded his safety for power instead. Obviously, Flug was going up against a total madman.

Flug felt adrenaline start pumping into his veins and his heart rate spike as the deadly duel between them began.

His opponent began to fire off multiple rounds in the direction of Flug's vicinity, each exploding into a violent burst of lighting that would flow into the metal in the area before dissipating into the earth.

The explosive lighting bolts gave Flug a few close calls when they stuck the ground near him.

Flug fired up his own ray gun for retaliation and peered over his damaged environmental shield and fired off three rounds into the direction where the electrical blasts were coming from.

One blast hits the lower containers and other hits a sturdier unit, causing hot sparks and embers to fly.

His third blast hits the side of one of the weaker storage containers, causing a slight explosion and the unit erupts as a fire starts within it. Apparently, the weaker unit was carrying something flammable within it, assisting in the fire igniting itself.

With the minimal light provided by the fire, Flug could see a figure moving along the units and he fires once more. The other units seemed to be sturdier than the one burning, but the embers from the hot burned metal gave more light for Flug to see with.

He sees his rival run through the mazes of units surrounding the open area and then peer around a corner and take aim.

Flug ducks down as two electrical blasts hit his shelter, reloading his ray gun as it occurred. Sending more hazardous electricity coursing through all of the metal in the vicinity. Flug felt some of his refuge give way as the damage was getting harder and harder for it to stand up against.

He needed to change shields and fast!

He scopes the nearby rubble piles for any stronger shields.

One manages to catch his eye as it looked like the remains of a whole car were in a heap nearby. It even had rubber tires in the pile. Rubber doesn't conduct electricity, so it was looking pretty useful!

Flug peers out from his hiding place, once he saw his opponent in the process of moving, he then quickly darts out from behind his previous shelter and takes refuge behind the mound of discarded car parts.

It was just in time too, as his enemy had managed to get to a different standing point and fired off
another blast. It hit his previous shelter, blowing it to pieces.

Flug swallows and reaches around and pulls the rubber tires back to where he was. He rips off any metal, stacks them up, and keeps the tires close to him. It would help prevent him from attracting any lightning bolts towards his body. The amount of tires was just enough to form a two stack shield for Flug to hide behind.

When any rounds manage to get behind his fort, he would take cover behind this stack, hopefully avoiding being painfully electrocuted.

Flug felt his shelter get hit once more from the other side and manages to pull away from the metal so he doesn't get electrocuted. Even if he was wearing rubber gloves, it was better safe than sorry.

Flug cautiously peers out from his hiding place and begins to locate his opponent.

The fire in the weak containment unit was roaring now, having engulfed everything inside. Giving off much more light and illuminating the surrounding area in an eerie orange light. The smoke and embers were rising into the sky, giving some illumination in the areas where the embers fell to the ground.

Flug scouts out the surrounding units. Finally locating his moving target.

He takes careful aim at his enemy and fires.

The beam nearly hits the rival target, as Flug just shot ahead of his running path. Jekyll lets out a shrill cry of pain as he's singed slightly. Jekyll holds his slightly singed stomach in agony.

In retaliation, he takes aim at Flug and fires off multiple rounds.

Flug ducks down behind his duo wall of tire rubber and covered his head as multiple electrical explosions erupted around his shelter. Lighting bolts flew wildly around the area. Shocking and singing metal, charring the ground, and climbing up in between metal storage units like a Jacob's Ladder.

Flug kept his body as small as possible and stayed near the rubber tire wall as the lighting goes haywire.

He could hear Jekyll scream out as the lightning continues.

A few short minutes later, the lightning ceases and Flug slowly removes himself from the shielding position he was in. He steadily sits up and looks around. Finding various areas that were around his shelter were charred black from the blast of electricity.

Flug steadily moves around his protective environmental shield to peer around the edge where the screaming of Jekyll could be heard coming from.

His eyes scanned the area and found twitchy and erratic movement coming from the top of the containers.

Jekyll was holding his head in pain as the feeling of electricity was passing through his whole body. Below the area where he was at, Flug spotted the ray gun that he was using. Devoid of any illumination whatsoever. Signaling that the ray was out of ammunition.
Flug finally came out from his hiding place, but made sure to have at least an air of caution as he removed himself from his defense.

Jekyll looked like he was having a seizure. His body was jolting and shuddering as pain was obviously flowing through it, even Flug could see it. He must'ave got hit by a stray lighting bolt when he fired off rapidly. Unable to take cover in time.

Flug smiles smugly from beneath his bag. Feeling rather triumphant.

Now this prick knew how you felt. Which was a sweet bonus.

"How does it feel, Jekyll? How does it feel to get mercilessly electrocuted?" Flug shouts up to the paralyzed rival scientist.

Jekyll hisses as he attempts to move. Completely disarmed, he had no way of retaliating from a distance. If he was going to do any damage, he was going to have to use his gift and get up close and personal.

Jekyll manages to stand up and shake off the offending paralysis, then he jumps off of the storage units. Getting on the same level as his bag-faced opponent, he huffs from strain as both of the scientist get illuminated by the roaring fire that was bellowing out of the weak storage unit.

Giving them both an atmospheric reddish appearance as the flame-light casts its' glow upon the dueling intellectuals.

"You...are formidable. I'll admit. But, you won't stand a chance in close-range combat. I can assure you." Jekyll chuckles menacingly.

"Regardless of which form you take, I will fight you and I WILL kill you. For what you did to my boss...for what you did to us...and for what you did to (Name). You will pay dearly for your meddling, Jekyll." Flug promises.

Jekyll narrows his eyes. The tremors seemed to cease as he pants and stands up straight.

"Ahahaha! We'll see about that." Jekyll grins ominously.

Then, he hunches over and right before Flug's very eyes. His skin began to split, stretch out, and almost completely deform his normal proportions. Sickly bone cracking, flesh tearing, and bodily deformations began to occur.

Jekyll's face began to morph and stretch, his voice slowly became distorted, and his size slowly increased with the transformation. Ripping his clothes and tearing fabric as he expanded.

Flug backed off with quick alertness as Jekyll mutated right in front of him. It seemed that Jekyll DID hone his skills in transformation over the past few years. This was bad news for Flug.

The transformation ceased and Flug pulled up his ray gun in defense as the larger and much more intimidating monstrous scientist took a deep breath and looked at Flug with his inverted white pupil and black eyes.

In the flame light, the horrendous features of the creature were more realized and amplified.
Especially the talon-like teeth that had sprouted from the rival scientists’ jawline, giving his mouth the same similarities as a Venus flytrap. His skin was rather pale and was designed with black blood veins crawling through the skin and defined muscles.

Earning him a much more intimidating and ghoulish appearance.

Flug began to sweat as the monster in front of him began to laugh with a coarse pitch.

"**How Do You Like This??**" The distorted voice of the scientist shrieked.

Flug flinched as the gnarly legs of the beast pushed the larger upper body towards Flug in a steady walk. Flug felt his heart rate increase drastically as the beast drew near his position. Then, out of quick reflex, Flug dodges just as the rival mutant scientist snaps at him with his trap-like teeth.

Flug wastes no time and hurries over to where the light of the fire is. Staying in the illuminated range so he doesn't get jumped in the darkness by this lethal beast.

The monster then comes at Flug again, snapping and biting as Flug dodges with quick reflexes. Adrenaline assisting in the reflex timing. The rival scientist roars defiantly as Flug skids to a halt some distance away and takes aim with his ray.

He fires at the monstrosity.

However, the monster moves quickly. Almost as inhumanly fast as when he evaded the first blast. The monster then comes blaring down the way at Flug, teeth open wide, aiming for a bite.

Flug manages to evade the teeth, however, his lab coats’ tail gets snapped up and hooked onto the teeth.

With quick thinking, Flug wriggles his arms free as the enemy begins to thrash him around. With his limbs free, he gets out of the coats’ embrace and throws the rest of the cloth over the eyes of his nemesis. Temporarily blinding the monster.

Jekyll lets out a reptilian-sounding hiss as he reaches up and attempts to remove the blinding coat with his needle-like fingers.

Flug takes this opportunity to flee and find a place where he would be able to stay near the light of the burning storage unit and see the monster so he doesn't get ambushed in the dark maze that surrounds the open area.

While he runs out of sight, the tearing of his coat could be heard not too far away and the roar of the angry mutant scientist rocked Flug’s inner core.

"**You Can’t Run or Hide From Jekyll!**" The beast roars as it could be heard jumping around and running after the fleeing scientist.

Flug hurries and takes cover behind a damaged unit and pants as the mutated scientist could be heard running on units and growling viciously.

The light of fire was still bright as Flug took cover and held up his ray gun, preparing for the worst that was yet to come.
Mutants were always hell to deal with. It didn't matter if they were a hero or a rival villain. Worst case if they were a customer. Custom fittings for a specific type of mutant were always hard to calculate.

But, now one was trying to kill him.

Still...at least you were safe.

Regardless of what happens to him this night, you were at least taken back to the manor. Back to where you were the safest. He doesn't know if he would survive this onslaught, but Flug had to try. If he didn't, there would be no way for you to go home if he perished.

Regardless of everything... *he must try.*

He needed to make sure that he got back. That all of them got back safe and sound tonight.

You were probably worried sick at this very moment. To which he could understand. You have no idea what's going on or what went down with Black Hat. You were just suddenly removed from the premises with no explanation other than that things were going to go bad and that you needed to go.

It was tough to watch you leave. But...you don't need to worry.

Flug would get everyone home.

This time...this was a *promise to himself.*

Flug took in a deep breath and felt that similar feeling of determination run through his mind and body.

He was ready to put down this bastard that hurt everyone.

He was going to *kill Jekyll.*

And He was going to *make sure of that.*

--

After a long period of silence and walking, you finally feel the larger robot carrying you come to a stop.

Shortly after that, the blindfold that was around your head was steadily removed. You blink a bit as your vision comes back into focus and a visual picture of familiarity slowly edges into your slightly blurry vision.

Once it cleared up, you find that you were in a very familiar place.

You and the robots were back in front of Black Hats' manor gates. The traditional gothic iron barbed fence that lined the property and the iron gates that had Black Hat's initials engraved in them was almost... a welcoming sight.

Then, you could feel Hat-Bot crawl off of the larger sentinel and you see the little bot roll over and
open the gates for the bigger robot. Allowing it to continue towards the house. You look around and took notice of all of the familiar buildings and streets.

The familiar airplane in the roof, the dead trees in the yard, and the oddly shaped house were all around you.

Almost instantly, relief slowly dripped into your body as the feeling of being lost was slowly replaced by the feeling of being home again. It was kinda like the same feeling of being away from your home for so long that it was comforting to see it again.

It truly felt like you belonged here. Like as if it was your home away from home in a way. As ironic as that is.

The Sentinel carried you up to the front door and Hat-Bot rolled in front of the larger robot to open the front door for it as well. Allowing the robot to walk you inside. Once inside, Hat-Bot closed the doors and the Sentinel allowed you to finally be let down.

You stood on wobbly and sore legs as you were carefully released from the Sentinels carrying arms.

It hurt for a few moments. But the more you would use them, the more relaxed and less painful they became. You do a few leg stretches to help with the pain. Sighing as the foyer was just the same as it always was.

"T-Thanks you guys...but...what about the others? Will they be okay?" You say weakly, turning in place and looking at the two robots.

"Creator Flug is fully capable of handling the situation. Do not worry, Engineer (Name)."

You jumped the moment the larger robot spoke.

Slowly, you turned to look at the larger robot, which it seemed to be no longer in the 'red eye' phase. Replacing the single eyes' color with a neutral yellow. Similarly with Hat-Bot as well, as the smaller robots' eyes weren't red either. But the same colored yellow as the larger robots'.

"Huh?! You can talk too?" You tilt your head slightly in curiosity, to which the larger robot just moved his head slightly in the form of a nod.

"All robots, except robots that are not supposed to make noise, are permitted to have a functioning voice box." The Sentinel explained.

The voice that was coming from the Sentinel was much more growl-like and deeper than Hat-Bots' voice. It must be a feature that was designed to assist with intimidation. Hat-Bot also seemed to pair up with him when they were in the 'red eye' phase back when they broke you out of the rivals' lab.

Almost as if they were designed to assist one another.

It was astonishing to actually see functioning robots in so many forms. It almost made you wanna dance with glee or something at just how much you were witnessing and how advanced the technology on this planet was.
It was an engineers' dream to make robots this advanced, but Flug could make up a new robot in the entire span of a day!

At the mental reminder of Flug, you glee got toned down a few notches and you still looked unsure. I mean, Flug did break into the facility and managed to free you...but they certainly weren't done with what they came there to do.

And what happened to Black Hat?

The last thing you heard was a pain-filled shriek and that was when Flug and Dementia suddenly grew alert and he ordered the robots to take you away. You couldn't help but feel helpless and also couldn't help to feel that you were somewhat responsible for all of this.

If you hadn't run away...you shook your head.

No. The rival doctor stated that they were going to raid the house and steal you anyway. It was most certainly inevitable. You really shouldn't blame things on yourself that were going to happen regardless of the situation. Maybe it was a good thing that you ran away when you did.

At least Black Hat didn't have to repair any damages to his house.

Maybe it was the lesser of two evils. You just gotta hope that they come back safe.

At this point in time...it's all you can do.

"Baw~!"

A sudden noise comes from behind you, causing you to jump. Not only that, but large cyan blue paws wrapped themselves around your torso and picked you up and off the ground. The next thing you know, you're being turned around and hugged tightly by a familiar ursine.

You mood quickly improved the moment you realized who it was.

"Hahaha! H-Hey, 5.0.5! Nice to see you again too, buddy!" You smile, allowing the plump bear to rub his head against you and hug you tightly. Almost squeezing the air out of your lungs while he was doing so.

The robots didn't seem to think that 5.0.5 was a danger to you. But, when your back started to let out a series of loud and distinct pops, Hat-Bot grew immediately worried.

"Be careful! You're going to break other creators' support frame if you squeeze them any tighter!" The smaller robot warned and rolled over, grabbing your foot and pulling on it. Almost like a child that wanted their toy back from someone else.

you just couldn't help but laugh. It was nice to see Hat-Bot not acting abnormal anymore. You preferred him behaving this way than when he was scarily serious and possibly threatening.

The bear whines, but sets you down none-the-less.

You pet 5.0.5's head and the bear reaffirms the connection by pressing his head further into your palm. You scratch and show a decent amount of affection to the large friendly experiment.
Then, almost seemingly to break the mood, your stomach let out a growl.

Everyone paused from what they were doing and a blush slowly crept onto your face as attention quickly shifted to yourself.

"Ah...uh. *Excuse me!* I haven't eaten in about close to 24 hours. It's no surprise that I'm hungry at this moment in time." You shyly state to the three individuals.

5.0.5 replaced his shocked and confused expression with a determined one. He waves at you and walks off into the kitchen. Curiously, you follow suit. The robot pair following you wherever you went.

"5.0.5? Are you getting me something to eat? Even with how late it is currently?" You question.

The bear merely nods as he picks out some pans and starts picking up ingredients from around the kitchen. Be it from the pantry, fridge, or cabinets that decorated the kitchen itself.

You smile at the bears' kind nature.

"I see. Well, I guess I should thank you then...but...even with me being exhausted and hungry, I just can't shake the worry that I'm feeling. I doubt that I am going to get any sleep tonight. Not until someone comes back home and I know what happened back there." You say, taking a seat at the island counter and placing your arms on the tabletop.

"*Broo.*" 5.0.5 spouts, shortly after getting the ingredients ready.

You chuckle slightly.

"Sorry, dude. I still can't speak mutant bear." You sigh.
"But, I think you're telling me not to worry, right?"

5.0.5 nods.

"Creator Flug is a villain. He can deal with such rivals as them. I know. He implemented it into my processor when I was constructed." The deep growling voice of the Sentinel spoke up.

The large Sentinel walked over to the island in the kitchen and stood nearby. The large robot was simply too heavy to sit on the expensive wooden chairs that surrounded the island. Unlike the Sentinel, Hat-Bot merely climbs up into the seat next to you and sits down. Being small enough to do so.

"Creator is stronger than you think, other creator. He endured a lot before you arrived." Hat-Bot points out.

While those sayings may be true, you still had trouble believe them.

I mean...it was in your nature to worry. You just couldn't help it.

It was just in your alien nature to get attached to certain things. You're even attached to these robots, Hat-Bot and even the new Sentinel. Even Cam-Bot and your Roomba buddy as well! Even if you had only brief encounters with them, other than the roomba. Which you obviously built.
Since people on this planet are used to this kinda technology, they are probably used to robots being used for testing and all of that. Your planet does it too...but we usually don't intend to destroy it. Sometimes, your race still attempts to protect something that is obviously artificial.

Your race can only dream of having robots on this level of independence and artificial intellect. It's purely science fiction...currently. There is even a discussion on giving robots and artificial life the rights that were similar to human rights.

It was...just in your races' nature to care. Whether or not it's a robot or an animal.

You can't help but care and worry so much.

Wherever Flug and the others were...you hoped that they come back safe.

For now, you just needed to get your mind off of it.

You shake your head slightly and blush again when your stomach growled the moment 5.0.5's cooking aroma hits your nose.

You look at the curious robots around yourself and just laugh, at least trying to have a good time and keep your mind off of the worrying thoughts that were trying to invade your mind.

At least you were back home and free.

--

Flug manages to gather up all of his courage and cautiously peeks around the corner of the units as he scans for his mutated enemy.

For now, there was only silence and the roaring fire that rang out from around himself. He grips his gun and pants as his heart rate skyrockets. His hands beneath his gloves were getting sweaty from his anticipation.

He stares at the containers surrounding himself. Keeping an eye peeled for any large moving figures in the shadows. He tries to regulate his breathing as the darkness that bridges the edge of the light source undulates, creating the illusion of moving shadows and threats.

He listens and ignores the fire source as he attempts to tune into the sounds of footsteps of any kind. His enemy wasn't light, but also wasn't too heavy. So there had to be footsteps of some kind walking around the place.

Then, off in the darkness, he could hear faint thudding footsteps.

Flug takes cover and rechecks his ammunition.

He only had about 5 rounds left. No more ammunition was on his utility belt. Only a few syringes with glowing yellow liquid in them were present on the black utility belt. The ammunition holsters empty of any magazines.

He mentally grunts as he grips his ray gun.
He only had 5 shots to put this bastard down. He had to make them count. He really didn't want to rely on the syringes, as he would have to get in close quarters in order to use them. As that would be extremely hazardous.

He takes a few calming breaths and prepares to engage the footsteps that were walking on the apposing containers.

After that, he peers around the corner and looks around. Finding a figure sniffing around the adjacent containers. He takes aim at the enemy figure and fires one round. Unfortunately the blast misses and instead strikes the container that the monster was standing next to.

Flug's heart skips a few beats as the monster suddenly becomes aware and it's deadly gaze gets focused on the direction of where the blast came from.

"Found You!" The distorted voice of the rival mutated scientist cackled.

Flug quickly flees the hiding place and hurries to the open area. The rapid footsteps of his enemy following him quickly.

Flug runs past some units, staying on the edge of the fire's light and ducking and weaving through the units. The snarling monster following him closely. Ever attempt to make the monster loose sight of him was unsuccessful, as the beast would jump on top of the shipping crates to keep eyes on Flug.

Flug then rushes to the sight with all of the rubble piles.

Ducking behind one and zipping through a few of them. The monster chasing him could be heard running after him. The rival scientist even completely rammed one of the piles, knocking it over without a care.

Flug was running short on breath as he sprinted around the piles of rubble in the open area. His heart hammering in his chest, his legs ached, and his mental mind was reeling as he darts between the semi-helpful piles of scrap.

However, he almost tripped, stumbling slightly.

He takes this opportunity to turn on his heels and fire another round at his pursuer. Only 3 rounds were left.

The beam almost hits the pursuer, but he quickly dodges out of the way with it's inhuman speed.

Flug's mind slowly reals as the beast comes flanking from the side. Almost as if everything went back into slow motion, Flug saw the creature raise one of his needle-like claws and he slowly brings it down in Flug's direction. Flug retaliates by lifting up his firing arm in an attempt to block the assault.

Time immediately resume as the claw strikes his unprotected upper arm and slashes through the protective rubber of his elbow-length gloves. Flug lets out a shrill cry of pain as the force sends his arm flying forward and results in him releasing his grip on his ray gun. Disarming himself.

Flug is then tackled to the ground by his assailant.
The wind gets knocked from his lungs as he is knocked to the ground. Flug gathers his baring quickly as his enemy opens his jaw for a deadly bite to his throat. Flug quickly scopes out the surrounding scrap piles for anything to assist him. Then, he finds something.

Quickly reaching over to the pile he fell next to, Flug grips the long lead pipe that was jutting out of the pile and pulls it free. He quickly grips it into his other hand just as his enemy went in for the bite.

Jekyll's flytrap-like mouth clamps down onto the lead pipe instead. The mutant growls and tries to force Flug's arms to give in as he presses downwards and clenches his mouth around the offending metal pipe.

Flug grunts as his weaker arms strain to keep the beast off of him. Sweating profusely and stressing in an attempt to keep the set of teeth away from his vulnerable throat. Flug looks around for his ray gun, which was thrown a certain distance away, closer to the burning storage unit.

Which meant that it was out of range.

Flug felt a strong sense of fear swell from within him as he struggles to keep his arms up and the monster away.

Jekyll growls and uses his arms to put even more weight on the pipe, attempting to crush his rival. Flug grunts and strains as he retaliates by using his legs to push against the beast's abdomen, straining each of his limbs.

Flug attempts to hold out, but the mutant was quickly getting the best of him. Removing his hands to reach for the syringes would be deadly. He was pinned so he couldn't move...what could he possibly do?

Is this...his end?

Was he going to die?

Flug felt tears slowly creep into his eyes as that reality was slowly coming into fruition as the mutant slowly came closer and closer to puncturing his throat and spilling his blood all over the concrete and dirt.

Closer and closer. Inch by inch.

Flug's strength began to wane as he felt his elbows touch the ground and the metal pipe began to give in. The white pupils of his enemy now felt like death himself was staring Flug in the face.

Holding the pipe up was now nothing short of being painful. As his muscles tremble and quake from strain. The menacing and taunting laugh of his rival filling his ears as the teeth surrounding his throat.

Flug close his eyes and braces for the end.

...

Then, a sudden roar of pain from his enemy snapped Flug back into reality as his vision refocused and the weight was suddenly removed.
Flug's eyes widened as the mutant steps off of him and attempts to attack something that was on him. An immediate, and very familiar, long green hair could be seen poking out from behind the mutant and was positioned on his back. It was even more obvious when the mutant hunched over and revealed the crazed female on his back.

It's Dementia!

"You're not ruining my OTP! " Dementia could be heard screaming as she takes the remainder of her morning star and bashes it on the back of her opponent repeatedly.

While the opponent was screaming with pain, she looks at Flug with her crazed demented eyes, giving him an intense stare.

"What are you waiting for?! Get your ray gun and put this idiot down!" Dementia yells, avoiding being grabbed by her opponent and continuing to attack his back. Which Jekyll couldn't fully reach around to grab her due to his size.

Flug snaps out of his stupor and struggles to get up, but he manages.

While Dementia distracts the mutated Jekyll, Flug hurries over to the area where the ray gun was flung. He rearms himself and fires up the ray once more. He then takes aim at his scientific rival and grips the trigger.

"Dementia! Move!" Flug shouts out, gripping the gun and holding it outwards.

Dementia responds by taking the remains of her morning star and hitting him harshly on the head with it. Stunning Jekyll and even jumping off of his head and fleeing from the line of fire.

Flug leers at Jekyll as he pulls the trigger.

The blast from the ray quickly zooms out from the end of the gun and flies right into the stunned Jekyll. Jekyll lets out a scream as the burning ray from the weapon sears his flesh and invades his chest cavity. Flug fires another round at his lower abdomen, causing more roars to erupt from Jekyll.

Flug watches as the rival scientist almost burns up. Falling to the ground on his back, but still alive.

Dementia walks over to the dying mutant, standing triumphantly over his body. Flug also approaches, the final round in his ray gun reserved for a special purpose. He approaches and also takes position over the dying rival.

Jekyll was having difficulty breathing as his life was slowly burned away internally.

He looks at his murderers with distaste.

"How...could you...win?" The mutant gasps, twitching and struggling to breathe.

"Because. We are the villain organization that always has victory. Even taking out our leader won't stop us." Flug calmly states.

He then holds up the ray gun and loads the the final round, aiming it at Jekyll's head.
"And you shouldn't have fucked with us." Flug finishes.

Then, he pulls the trigger.

The ray gun's blast strikes Jekyll's head and with a final cry of death, Jekyll's mutated body is engulfed in a red light and is then turned into ash. The winds blowing in from the nearby ocean picking up the ashes and carrying them away into the night sky.

Flug watches the remains blow away in the wind. Feeling no pity for the life he just ended.

At that moment, he dropped the empty and useless ray gun to the ground and felt like falling over from exhaustion.

The battle was over.

They won.

He almost couldn't believe it.

However, he was quickly removed from his moment of mental relief when Dementia grabbed his shoulders and started to shake him.

"Flug! Wake up! We have to get Black Hat back to the manor! My lover is slowly deteriorating and a lot of attention has been draw to this place! Law Enforcers and Heroes are making their way over here to investigate! We gotta go!" Dementia stated shrilly.

Flug was quickly reminded that Black Hat was slowly dropping to critical levels if he didn't get stabilized soon and the mention of more enemies to deal with snapped Flug out of his spell.

He jolted to life and looked at Dementia, nodding.

"I understand. I need to get Black Hat prepared for transport back to the base. Since we're going to be doing it alone. Dementia, as much as I know you want to take Black Hat back as quickly as we can, I need you to do something first." Flug asks.

"What is it?" Dementia impatiently taps her foot.

"I need you to quickly search these facilities while I'm assessing Black Hat. Look for any research on 'Humanzinite'. Take any documents, supplies, or any form of research of that particular subject. If something is too big for you to carry or it isn't accessible, destroy it. Don't leave any research behind!" Flug stated.

Dementia pondered for a moment before nodding and began to dart off.

"Dementia, wait!" Flug suddenly called out, making her skid to a stop.

"What?" She asked curiously, causing Flug to sigh.

"Dementia...as much as I detest you wrecking my lab, destroying my inventions, and being loud and annoying...thanks for getting Jekyll off of me and saving my life." Flug states, crossing his arms and looking away.
Dementia stays silent before letting out a happy cackle.

"You're welcome, Nerd!" Dementia winks before skittering off to search the facilities.

Flug just takes a deep breath and shakes his head from side to side.

Then, he hurries off back into the direction of where Black Hat is.

Hopefully they all would escape and get home long before the heroes and law enforcement arrive.

Chapter End Notes

AAAUUUUUUGG. NO MORE 7,000 WORD CHAPTERS.
I WILL DIE IF I WRITE ANOTHER ONE.

Anyways! Dementia and Flug get along for once! Now's off to the cooldown phase and finally the finale!

Hope you guys are ready for the ending~!

Here's my Tumblr~
https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

I ALSO HAVE A DISCORD NOW~!
https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy

Feel free to drop by and chat!

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= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of

Letsallbecalmchaps =

Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy


Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/166156779979/cosmica-galaxy-this-is-how-i-imagined-that-scene#notes

Z-Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/167786442471/cosmica-galaxy-
heres-what-i-imagined-the

Artzdoodles = https://artzdoodles.tumblr.com/post/170546820889/cosmica-galaxy-congrats-on-1000-kudos-on-alien

Spadillellicious = https://spadillellicious.tumblr.com/post/170683796378/i-doodled-some-fanart-for-cosmica-galaxy-s#notes

Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
Fallen King

Chapter Summary

Black Hat is doctored and Flug makes up his mind.

Chapter Notes

Sorry that the updates have been slow!

We have 3 young kittens to take care of and they just got to the age where they can eat hard food and take care of themselves. 
So sorry for any delays!

This is also not a very eventful chapter, mostly because it's cool down time. 
But the finale will be around soon enough!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The night ticked on and slowly the early hours of the morning were creeping around the corner.

You all were waiting for any signs of the others returning, but eventually exhaustion began wearing down the rest of your housemates.

Soon, they went to bed one at a time.

First to call it a night was 5.0.5, as he cleaned up the kitchen and stayed for as long as he could before crawling into his large dog bed and dozing off.

Then the Sentinel stayed with you, but eventually started to shut down from low energy. To which he walked into the lab and presumably went to recharge. Leaving you alone with Hat-Bot, as the little robot had much more energy from not exerting so much by riding the Sentinel around.

The night continued and finally Hat-Bot bid you goodnight as well, finally almost shutting down too. You gave the smaller robot a hug and allowed it to roll into the lab. Leaving you alone on the staircase in the empty foyer.

The night continued.

The clock in the foyer ticking away and the humming of machinery coming from the lab was your only source of sound. Yet, you were still up and staring at the front door. You continue to sit on the steps in the foyer. Refusing to sleep.

Even when you almost dozed off a couple of times, exhaustion eating at you and your body desperately tying to shut itself down.
But, you resisted. Wanting to find out what happened to your friends.

So you hold out. Even when your eyes were drooping from your lack of energy.

The foyer was dimly lit and the outside of the mansion was barely alive with movement. Only a few cars would pass by, but other than that, it was uneventful. The sound of the clock that was present would echo through the whole foyer. It sounded like as if someone was tapping their foot repeatedly.

The longer you sat there, the more you began to realize something.

The manor felt very...empty.

Maybe that's why Black Hat makes his minions live with him? To make the house seem more lived in?

It sure did feel like it was too big for one person. He also DID follow you around when his manor was devoid of his long-term minions. It almost made him look like he was anticipating being left alone in his house.

It makes you think back on that event and hum in thought.

Black Hat has to be lonely to some form of extent.

It would explain all of his behavior in some form of way.

To back up your thought process, you pondered about the pictures that he had hanging around the mansion.

The pictures on the walls in the manor seem to come from various periods in history. So, could it be possibly that Black Hat is immortal? To provide more evidence to this claim, the graveyard outside of his manor seemed to hold all of those that served him in the past. Forever resting in graves on the property that is owned by their immortal master.

Peacefully or unwillingly is uncertain.

But Black Hat gave them graves to rest in, at least. Which means that he gave them burial rights and tombstones to be remembered by. It makes you wonder who they were as people. When they lived and when they died. How they died as well.

It made you shudder when you remembered that Black Hat wants you to stay here permanently. Imagining your grave among the rest just sent chills running down your spine. You shake your head to get rid of the feeling that made you get into the mess and go back to what you were thinking about.

Right. The graves.

I mean, Black Hat claims that he's the cruelest in the world. But, you've seen people drop corpses into unmarked graves and leave them there to be forgotten or to feed the buzzards.

So, why would the cruelest villain in the world bother with making tombstones for those who lived and served him until death came to claim their lives?
The more and more you think about it, the more and more contradictions spur out in many directions. Especially if they involve Black Hat.

For example, what Jekyll did to you. Black Hat preformed none of that. Was his 'better to him alive than dead' just a cover up?

He could be cruel. At some points, he was. But, he never dehumanized you. Never tethered you to a table to bleed you dry of your precious blood. Never tortured you to get what he wanted, but that was probably from the fact that you handed it over willingly.

He even gave you your own room and allowed you to shop for some clothes.

Was he really gauging how much you were worth on your blood or was he trying to be a good host? Was it something else that was involved? Were you property or a guest?

Your mind throbbed with information as your brain attempts to sort out the contradictions that were centered around your boss.

If he was as cruel as he says he is, why bother giving his dead minions a tombstone to be remembered by if they were dead and no longer useful? Why didn't he just torture you and make you submit with violence? Why did he give you clothes and a guest room? Why allow you to have human rights if he is so diabolically evil?

You just have an internal feeling that Black Hat isn't all what he claims he is. He's scary, no doubt there.

But, unfeeling and lacking basic humanity?

He may not say it. But his actions say otherwise.

Within your mind, as you process this, you slowly start to feel more and more guilty. Admittedly, you were kinda being bratty to Black Hat. Now that you had a taste of what real cruelty and dehumanization feels like, you kinda feel bad for disobeying Black Hat this whole time.

It doesn't make him less of a jackass, but it does make you feel like you at least need to appreciate him putting up with you and treating you like a person and not like a source that purely existed to give up an ingredient for an immortal-killing tonic.

Or as a primary drinking source, in his case.

You groan as guilt finally settled in your gut from the realization.

Ironically, Black Hat was a pretty hospitable person. He could've kicked you out the moment you got here, but he didn't. He could've just murdered you that night over the prank, but he didn't. He could've turned down your deal and lock you in your room to keep you all to himself, but he didn't.

Maybe it was an exchange or an opportunity. It doesn't change the fact that he didn't pull anything like Jekyll did.

You blinked slowly as you stared at the front door that hadn't moved at all.
Worry started to eat away at your insides.

It’s been so long. When will they finally come back to the safety of the manor? How was Dementia? How was Black Hat? What about Flug? Where are they...?

More and more staring occurred and finally, your tired form started to collapse. Even when you attempted every opportunity to stay awake. Pinching, shaking, moving, and thinking all seemed to slowly become ineffective as you slump against the railings on the stairwell.

You try to stay conscious but eventually your head gets comfortable, your body goes lax, and quiet snores slowly emanate from your slumbering form.

Just a few moments later after you have peacefully gone to sleep on the stairway, the front door to the manor slowly creeps open.

--

Flug drags in the upper body of an unconscious Black Hat into the entryway while Dementia carries his lower half into the house as well.

Dementia sets his legs down on the ground gently and goes over to the front door, closing and locking it. Making the house completely secure.

She sighs in relief and manages to get the makeshift pack off of her back and sets it down on the floor, still gripping it with a firm hand. The pack was filled to the brim with research papers, blueprints, flash drives, and folders of the rivals studies on 'Humanzinite'.

Flug himself sighs as well, panting from exertion. But still holding onto the upper half of Black Hat's body. It was obvious that they both were exhausted, but they weren't close to being finished here. Black Hat still had the crimson dagger stuck in his side. He needed medical attention immediately.

Once her breath was caught, Dementia picked the bag back up and heads back over to Flug and Black Hat.

Dementia then goes over to where she was before, slings the pack back over her shoulder, and picks Black Hat's feet back up and they make sure to carry him to the laboratory.

They drag his weakened form through the door that lead to the lab. So focused on the task at hand, they don't notice your slumbering form snoozing on the stairs. The two of them currently focus on Black Hat and drag his form further into the lab.

Ignoring the offline robots and such.

The two then carry his frail body over to the lab's cot. They heave him onto it, causing him to wince and growl as the frothing wound was now a nasty yellow and red color. Flug quickly runs over to the sink in the lab, leaving Dementia to catch her breath, and removing the dirty and torn gloves.

It was then noticed at that moment that the glove that Jekyll had mauled was almost torn to ribbons and the slight stinging on Flug's upper arm let him know that he was injured. But, for the moment, he ignored the pain and the stinging in favor of assisting his boss.
He gathers his needed supplies and hurries back over to the cot.

He pulls over the IV Fluid transmitter device and quickly dumps in some vitamin V. Just to help Black Hat fight off the invading cells that were devouring and tearing his cells apart from within.

Flug works around Dementia, ignoring her hovering form.

He straps on a status monitor and attaches the IV Fluid transmitters’ needle to Black Hat's arm. Removing the remains of his shredded gloves in the process. Black Hat visibly cringes the moment the red and black liquid starts to flood in his body.

Flug takes a deep breath and looks at the life readings.

Black Hat's heart rate was elevated, his brain was having high activity, and his breathing was nearly erratic. But it was still not as harsh as when Dementia was afflicted with the poison herself that one time.

Flug was visibly sweating as he stares at the sanguine dagger in slight fear. It was time to take it out, for if he didn't, the wound might get infected and spread more problems through his bloodstream. He was going to have to operate on his BOSS of all people.

A quick moment of silence passes.

"Dementia." Flug broke the silence, making the woman in question look at him in anticipation.

"Yeah?" Dementia replied, looking reasonably nervous.

"Do you want to save Black Hat?" Flug suddenly questions, causing Dementia to suddenly blubber about incoherently and she immediately gets defensive.

"Of course! Why wouldn't I?! He's my boyfriend!" Dementia scowls.

"Okay then. You have to listen to me and get me what I need." Flug says in a flat serious tone, giving her a flat blank stare.

Dementia relaxes, but went back to being anxious. She nods in silent agreement.

"I'm going to start the process of taking the dagger out. I need cotton balls, swabs, disinfectant, gauze pads, gauze bandages, and more vitamin V. Get those for me if you want to help save your 'boyfriend'!" Flug states coldly.

Dementia quickly nods, begins to want to dart off and do it immediately, but pauses when she takes notice of the weight that was still present on her shoulder and holds up the bag filled with their stolen research on the mysterious immortal-killing ore.

"Where do I put this nerdy stuff?" She asks, shaking the bag lightly for emphasis.

"Put it on my workbench. Now hurry!" Flug shoos, to which Dementia hurries away to set the bag on the workbench and find the equipment necessary to treat Black Hat's wound.

Flug watches as she darts all around the lab gathering the stuff he requested. It was obvious that she
knew where everything was, as it was her side-hobby to pilfer the lab and find anything interesting. He would normally catch her pilfering around cabinets or trying to open the sealed safes with her teeth.

But, seeing her actually using that information to benefit him instead of hindering him...it was almost heartwarming to see her actually *helping*.

Still, he didn't have time to admire petty things. He had a really important patient to work on!

Once all of the utensils were gathered, Flug set up a tray next to him for easy access. Then, he took a moment to steel his nerves and grabbed the handle of the dagger that was still lodged in Black Hat's abdomen and slowly pulled upwards.

Immediately, Black Hat reacted to the pain.

He gritted his teeth and clenched up. Writhing slightly as Flug pulled on the dagger, dragging it up from the wound. The stench of Black Hat's blood and the irony smell of your blood mingled in the air. A disgusting fusion of odors.

Flug continued to pull the blade out, enticing growls to bellow from Black Hat as he almost thrashed a few times. Flug had managed to keep him pinned to the table long enough to take out the dagger.

The long chiseled blade was coated in green blood and it dripped onto the abdomen of Black Hat.

Flug pulled it away and sets it down on the tray that was beside him to examine for later.

He then pulls out the disinfectant and drenches a cotton ball in the liquid. Carefully, he applies the drenched cotton ball to the wound opening. Black Hat let out a loud hiss as his wound site was prodded with the disinfectant-covered cotton ball. Straining as Flug tries to keep his unconscious form still.

The wound bubbled up from the disinfectant making contact with it. Fizzling within the wound of the infliction site. The doctor knew it was a good sign, as it was killing the impurities that found their way into Black Hat's gash. It was necessary, even if it causes his boss some discomfort.

Flug sighs in slight relief as no more of the immortality killing liquid was emptying out into Black Hat's body and continued to decontaminate the inflicted area.

Hoping to help fight off the toxin that managed to find its' way into Black Hat's body.

Still, even when he tried to help, it was getting tiring to try and keep his knocked-out evil leader from wiggling on the cot.

Finally having enough of pinning Black Hat and wasting energy, as keeping Black Hat immobile was too much of a chore for him to do as he was also trying to preform medical assistance at the same time, so he got Dementia to help hold their writhing leader in place.

While that was taken care of, Flug went to work to continue to doctor and treat the wound.

However, the moment he poured liquid vitamin V into the injury, it caused a bad reaction in Black Hat. He tensed up and attempted to toss Dementia around like a ragdoll. To which she managed to
hold her ground and continued to bind him.

The wound was bubbling again and Black Hat's face was that of pain. Straining to rip himself from Dementia's grip, teeth gnashing at nothing, and claws out and ready to tear into anything that got into range. Flug had to back off to avoid being slashed at.

After a few moments, he settled down. The bubbling within the gash subsided and Black Hat relaxed once again. Allowing Dementia to lay him back down onto the cot.

Flug exhaled the breath that he didn't know he was holding and wiped his covered brow with his wrist.

Even when his boss was unconscious, he was still a threat.

Flug sighs as he prepares the bandages with treated gauze pads and gauze wrappings. Personally deciding that the wound was clean enough to be wrapped up for the next 2 weeks, with daily changes of course.

Once prepared, Flug and Dementia had to work together to hold up their unconscious boss and wrap the bandages around his abdomen. The wound, unlike when you needed them that one time, didn't need stitches. When Black Hat gets better and stronger, he'll just heal it back up on his own.

This is more than likely to just bide out the time to let the poison work itself out of his system.

It also saves lots of time and keeps the wound open so remaining poison can leak out of the wound and into the bandages. But, Black Hat will live. Once he gets stable enough, they will move him to his room and have someone assist him until he fully recovers.

Once the bandages were wrapped around his abdomen, Flug latched them together and pinned them with clips.

Both he and Dementia backed off and felt relief.

Their leader was going to be fine. He was going to live.

The bandaged form of Black Hat was sleeping on the cot. The IV drip sending a constant stream of vitamin V into his bloodstream and the status monitor showing more and more positive signs of recovery.

The night was slowly edging to the early hours of the morning by the time Flug was finished.

Meaning that the night of havoc was finally over.

The cronies that assisted Salador was finally put down. The production of the poison had been slowed and the Humanzinite was prevented from getting into anyone else's greedy hands.

For once...Flug felt calm and relaxed. Like something had gone right for once and he wasn't on the blunt end of it all.

"He'll recover eventually...but I'm exhausted. I think it's time we turned in for the night." Flug suggested.
Dementia replied with a long yawn and nodded in agreement.

"Yeah. I'm SO ready to curl up and go to sleep!" Dementia stretches, rubbing her eyes.

Flug blinks and nods, letting out a hidden yawn himself.

With a final check to Black Hat's vitals, finding everything to be hooked up and okay, they both head out of the lab. Turning the lights off and leaving Black Hat to slumber in peace. However, once they reached the staircase, they were surprised to see your sleeping form snoozing on the stairwell.

Flug stares and blinks for a moment before shaking his head slightly and letting out a sigh.

"(Name) has been waiting for us this whole time..." Flug mutters, almost seemingly to himself.

After to which he walks over and grabs your sleeping form, picking you up and off the ground with a slightly strained grunt. He gets you into a position on his front that would assist him carrying you, but not carrying your full weight. Just until he got to your room.

Then, he hears a strange sound...it sounded like...laughter?

Flug then realizes where the source was and gives a stern side-glare to his obviously giddy companion. Dementia was giving him a wide smile and eagerness, making what she was so happy about pretty obvious.

"Dementia, no." Flug says flatly, seemingly knowing what she's thinking.

She then gives him a pout, proving that what Flug was suspicious about was right.

"Aww! You're no fun, Flugbug! You obviously care for them! WHY WON'T YOU JUST KIS--" Dementia suddenly found her mouth being covered with Flug's gloved hand.

He continued to glare at his pushy companion.

"No." He states again, finally removing his hand and walking off, having enough of his housemate's shenanigans.

"You can't run from the truth, Flugbug! I know you love them, I can SMELL IT ON YOU!" Dementia calls as he grows more and more distant from her.

Flug, while giving Dementia the cold shoulder and walking to your room with your slumbering figure in his grasp, was trying to suppress the blush that threatened to completely overtake his face that was hidden under the paper bag mask.

While it was true that his emotions for you were blossoming more and more each time he gets around you, he just knew that it wasn't possible. It made it so much harder to have to let you go.

Then...a realization slowly made itself known. Something that reminded him of what was going to happen.

You had to leave soon or you'll become a minion of the Black Hat Organization forever.
If his boss managed to actually recover all of his strength, this window of opportunity would close. Probably indefinitely. If he doesn't manage to get you out of here, you'll be stuck. Never to return home again.

Flug walks through the halls. His mind currently in a whirlwind of thoughts.

He looks back at your sleeping form and ponders what he could do.

One thing was for sure, he needed to get you out of here while he has a chance.

Flug continues the journey to your room, thoughts ringing loud and clear in his mind while doing so.

--

After Flug was finished getting you safely into your own comfortable bed, he quietly heads for the exit.

He leaves your private quarters and closes the door softly. Then he begins to make the journey towards his own private dwelling. Even after a moment of peace of putting you to bed, the thoughts within his mind were still screaming.

He continues down the corridors. Lost in thought.

If he didn't act, you would be trapped. If he did act, Black Hat won't take it lightly. Dementia and 5.0.5 may pick sides or they may not. But, the important thing was...was he willing to risk getting the worst punishment of his career if he helped you get home?

He felt a chill run down his spine at the thoughts of Black Hat tearing into his flesh and beheading him in blind rage. On the other hand, Flug was feeling...accepting of that fate. Just to set you free, he feels like he would take any punishment.

Even if he had to serve Black Hat in his elder years.

Flug needed to think on it a little more.

So, the scientist manages to get back to his room and goes inside. He closes the door and enters the bathroom. He completely strips of all of his clothes and hops into the shower for a quick wash down. While there, he lets his mind wonder to any possible way to get around the punishment.

Finding nothing really that could help avoid it.

Then, he decides to change his thought process.

If he *DOES* manage to get a machine that can send you home, how would he do it? A pixelator transmitting machine that teleports things via pixels? Flug took a moment to think on it and shakes his head.

No. That wouldn't work. Pixels aren't too reliable and it would probably send *SOME* pixels, but not all of them. He just simply couldn't risk that. So, it had to be something else. Maybe a large cannon-like machine?
Flug hums as he washes his hair and allows the water to run down his skin.

Suddenly, a stinging pain brought him back out of his mental state.

Cringing slightly, he looks over to the familiar claw marks on his upper arm. Remembering the battle he had with Jekyll.

Then...he blinks as he remembers how much you have done for him and how much he has done for you. He thinks back on Dementia's comment back in the hallways. Was...it really that obvious? I mean...is 'just friends' even the correct term to use anymore?

You both have jumped through rather dangerous hoops for one another, how could you possibly not be considered in a relationship?

Flug sighs and begins to clean the scratches left by Jekyll.

Even though he's in love, each relationship requires sacrifice. This one just happens to be necessary and it's on Flug's part.

He would have to sacrifice the chance of being in a relationship in order to send you home.

It's the least thing he could do. As he is very grateful.

Flug hums as he turns off the water and gets out of the shower. He dries off and leaves the privacy of his bathroom to dress in his pajamas that were dotted with toy-like airplanes and birds.

He then returns to the bathroom and gets some long-reach bandages from the mirror cabinet and places them on the cuts that lines his upper arm. Thankfully, the previous glove took most of the impact from the strike, leaving the cuts not too deep or in the need of stitches.

After he was finished, he placed the remaining bandages back into the mirror cabinet and leaves the bathroom for the final time.

He walks over to his bed and sits down on it for a few moments. Thinking long and hard on what he thinks he should do.

A few minutes of silence passes as the only thing that could be heard was the rotation of the fan on his ceiling.

Then, he nods to nobody in particular and stands up. He pulls back the covers and wiggles back into the sheets of his blankets. Covering himself back up, he closes his eyes and nods again. Confirming something in his mind.

He had made his decision and he was gonna do it.

Whether Black Hat approves of it or not.

*You were going to go home.*
WE ARE CLOSING THE CURTAINS PEOPLE!

A few more chapters and everything will be finished!

Here’s my Tumblr~
https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

I ALSO HAVE A DISCORD NOW~!
https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy

Feel free to drop by and chat!

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= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of

Letsallbecalmchaps =

Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy


Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/166156779979/cosmica-galaxy-this-is-how-i-imagined-that-scene#notes

Z-Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/167786442471/cosmica-galaxy-heres-what-i-imagined-the

Artdoodles = https://artzdoodles.tumblr.com/post/170546820889/cosmica-galaxy-congrats-on-1000-kudos-on-alien

Spadillelicious = https://spadillelicious.tumblr.com/post/170683796378/i-doodled-some-fanart-for-cosmica-galaxy-s#notes

Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
Final Decision

Chapter Summary

Flug makes his final decision.

Chapter Notes

That sweet, sweet fluff.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The morning hour came slow and steady.

The sun rose over the distant horizon once more. Engulfing the city in its' familiar bright light and changing the atmosphere from night to day. The stars went back into hiding and the deeds of the night have long since passed. The new day was showing a new beginning for the city of Hatsville.

Citizens were back on the streets, cars drove through the roundabout, and shifts were turning to the morning schedule.

Just a normal routine for a bustling city.

With the early morning light came the illumination of your once-dark room.

As the sun shined in through the windows and slowly woke you from your slumber.

You tossed and turned as the grip of sleep slowly edged away from your mind.

You jolted in shock for a moment, startled and thinking that you were back in the horrible rivals' lab and your rescue was just a dream. But, the moment you felt the familiar softness of your guest bed, you went lax and breathed out a sigh of relief.

But...you don't remember getting up and going back to your room.

If anything, you probably passed out on the staircase. But, if you were here, then that means that someone moved you. It couldn't have been one of the robots or 5.0.5. Even if they could'ave moved you earlier in the morning.

Then, you silently put two and two together.

If everyone was asleep and you were moved...that means--!

You hurried to get out of bed, similar to a child on giftmas morning. You rush to your private bathroom and decided to get cleaned up. You stripped and hopped into the shower. Only to shriek as the water was freezing cold the moment it hit your skin.

After a short amount of tweaking, the shower got to the right temperature and you hurried to get
clean. Scrubbing and lathering yourself until you were feeling clean and washing the gross feeling out of your hair.

A quick rinse and you hopped out of the shower, drying yourself off.

Once that was done, you sprint over to your drawers and fish out your clothes. The galaxy one would have to do today! You slip on black pants and your socks and shoes. Once dressed, you run out of your room to see if your thoughts were true.

You took a look around the whole manor and into certain rooms, finding...strangely nobody. Black Hat wasn't even in his office. Yet, your nose managed to catch a whiff of something absolutely delicious the moment you started to get near the stairs that lead to the downstairs area.

So you decided to search out that place immediately.

Since someone was cooking breakfast in the kitchen, meaning that it was occupied. By who, you didn't know.

But you were itching to find out.

You run down the stairs to the foyer, feeling lighthearted and anxious as you head into the kitchen. Wondering who you would see preparing breakfast.

The moment you walk in, you saw 5.0.5 preparing breakfast. But not only that, you saw Flug getting himself a cup of coffee. It felt like the world slowed down for a moment. You managed to blink and get a good look at him to make sure that it was real.

Yes...Flug was here. Judging by the bandages on his upper superior arm, he was slightly hurt. But, he was here. He was alive. He was back home and he was just as safe as everyone else in the mansion.

You feel your eyes almost begin to water, but you quickly wipe them away. Not wanting to make this breakfast weird by bursting out into tears.

Instead, you walk into the kitchen and you made sure to let your presence be detected by those in the kitchen with audible footsteps.

5.0.5 turns around and greets you with a happy 'baw' and Flug turns around to see you as well. The eyes that were hidden behind his goggles open equally as wide as he sets his mug down after seemingly drinking some coffee from it.

"(Name)! You're okay!" Flug cheers, walking over to you.

You couldn't say anything, as you were risking getting choked up. So you nodded and gave Flug one of your signature smiles instead.

"Yep. I see you're okay too...with the bandaged arm being the only issue I'm seeing." You beam, happiness obviously radiating from your eyes.

Flug allowed a blush to creep onto his face. You were just...so adorable.
Yesterday, you were having one hell of an experience. Now you were just standing there and smiling at him like you just met a friend that you haven't seen in a long time.

"Now that the fiasco is over...how are you feeling today?" Flug questioned, slightly concerned for your health.

You just smile and walk over to him, initiating confusion from both Flug and 5.0.5.

That is...until you hugged Flug.

Making him stutter like mad and jitter slightly from the action. You couldn't hold back one tear, as it managed to leak out of your eye and slide down your cheek. It was not a tear of sorrow, but one of joy.

You look up at Flug and sniffle a little.

"Much better, now that I know that you guys are alright." You sniffed.

Flug was as red as an apple underneath his bag from how much he was blushing, which probably could be seen on his neck as well.

He NEVER would've expected this reaction from you. I mean...you care a lot about others and such. Be it living or robotic. But...you're acting like he went off to fight in a war for a few years. I mean, it was a villain dispute, which were like miniature wars, but less country-involved. He's fairly experienced in dealing with them.

He didn't see what the big deal was.

Yet, here you were. Shedding tears over the fact that you thought that him and everyone else wouldn't come home last night.

It made his heart flutter within his chest at the thoughts of you caring for him on a deeper level.

The sudden 'orroro~' that came from 5.0.5 broke you both out of your trances and forced you to let go of Flug. Making Flug almost whimper at the loss of physical contact. Yet, he regained his composure and reached up to scratch the back of his neck in slight nervousness.

"Well...I'm glad! I mean...uh...w-well...we are okay now! So you d-don't have to worry anymore!" Flug stutters, making him blush with slight embarrassment.

You just laugh and scratch your cheek out of shyness. A dusted pink coating your cheeks as you give a happy nod to Flug.

"Yeah, it's a great relief! I'm glad you're all back safe and sound!" You agree, before something seemed to click with you and made you question.

"Hey Flug...if everyone is back, where is Dementia and Black Hat?" You ask.

Flug seemed to get a little downtrodden at the mention of Black Hat, before he let out a sigh.

"Dementia is most likely still sleeping, as she's not an early riser like the rest of the household. Black Hat...well...he's...doing better than last night. But, he's still in pretty rough shape." Flug
explains.

You blink and your facial expression quickly turns to worry.

"Did...something happen? Was it the..." You trail off. But your reply from Flug was in the form of a nod.

"You were right. It was a plot to hurt Black hat. He's still in critical condition, so I need everyone to stay clear of him for now. He'll recover, but it will take time. The weapon really did a number on him." Flug simply states.

You look down and nod in understanding.

Then, you look up.

"Where is he?" You curiously question.

"He's in the lab. Which is where he'll stay for the first few days. So, while he's in this critical stage, nobody's allowed into the lab. Except me and the robots. At least for now." Flug finishes.

"I understand." You say.

You stand up and seemingly brush it off like it was no big deal.

"Well...he's getting better at least! So at least he'll recover and get better! I'm going to go see Dementia and wake her up for breakfast! I'll be right back! Also, 5.0.5!" You demand, to which the bear responds to you calling his name.

'Broo?' The ursine curiously turns his head.

"I expect your delicious honey pancakes when I get back!" You wink to the bear before sprinting off to locate your other housemate that was located somewhere within the manor.

Both Flug and 5.0.5 were standing there in total confusion.

However, Flug felt a nudge come from his side. To which he looked over at the cyan bear...only to see an all-knowing expression on his adorable face. Flug seemed to immediately get what the bear was hinting at and looked away in a slight huff.

"Great. First Dementia, now you? Me? Liking them? T-That's preposterous 5.0.5! Villains d-don't feel affection!" Flug stutters, avoiding eye contact.

Flug got another nudge from 5.0.5.

A moment of silence passed before Flug let out a sigh.

"It's...pretty obvious...isn't it?" Flug mutters.

'Broo~' 5.0.5 purrs.

Flug turned red at the reply.
"I got s-stuff to do! Call me when breakfast is ready!" Flug excuses himself and retreats from the kitchen.

Leaving 5.0.5 alone in the kitchen.

The bear merely giggles at his lovestruck behavior.

--

"Having occurred sometime last night, a large battle had broke out outside the small urban peninsula of Derby City. Within the urban coastline of the city, a warehouse was reported to have screaming and gunfire originating from it. Upon closer inspection, it seemed that this seemingly ordinary warehouse was occupied by a criminal syndicate in the process of doing some dastardly deeds.

The remains of last nights' fight were discovered earlier this morning.

Many bodies were found dismembered and a large sum of the corpses were unable to be unidentified due to how mangled their remains were. The 'Legion of Heroes' have investigated the crime scene and found piles of ashes, dubbed to be more remains of victims, and many of the warehouses sources of information to be raided or destroyed beyond repair.

The Heroes suspect that a nasty fight had broke out between two rival gangs or villains.

Very little evidence of this was found at the crime scene. Only a shredded white lab coat and a burned storage container were discovered in a different area on the outside. Some heroes suspect a sudden transformation happened and a rampaging mutant is responsible for the carnage. However, no mutated cadaver was discovered. Meaning that the one responsible escaped or that it's just a theory.

Upon further inspection, a lab was discovered within the internal facility and some vials of liquid were discovered within the criminals' lab. They have been confiscated by the Heroes, who refuse to comment on what they have discovered within the lab or said criminals. Public access has been limited around the warehouse until the heroes and professionals clean up the battleground and confiscate any remaining evidence.

The remains of the intact bodies have been taken to a hospital to preform an autopsy on the carcasses and discover the causes of death. Never before has a battle been seen to such a degree between two, suspected, rival parties.

We will get back to you on this topic when we have more information.

Now, here's Alan with the weather."

You change the channel as the information finally set in.

That was what happened last night. So much...carnage. It was hard to believe that you were there when it occurred.
It's what you were currently feeling. Total and utter disbelief.

Was this the same feeling people get when they survive natural disasters? Or shootings? Or Bombings?
You sit there on the couch in the living room. You felt like you were going to be sick.

"Other creator?" A familiar voice rings out next to you, making you jump.

You look to the side and see a worried Hat-Bot looking at you. You take a moment to sigh in relief and slow your heartbeat. Laughing lightly.

"Don't sneak up on me like that, Hat-Bot! You spooked me!" You chuckle, sitting up more proper.

Hat-Bot doesn't say anything at first until he sits on the couch with you. Giving you a worried stare.

"Other creator...is something wrong? You're being much more skittish than usual." Hat-Bot states.

You blink and cut the eye contact between the little robot and yourself. Looking back to the show that you had no interest in watching. You just stared for a few minutes. It's not like you haven't noticed it. It was like...you had PTSD or something.

You can't really say you're not having symptoms of it. Waking up and thinking that you were back in that horrible lab. Jumping at every spark or electricity sound effect. It was obvious that what happened last night affected you.

Maybe it was a bad idea to look at the news today. You were just curious about how the world was doing to help curb your boredom. You don't need to do anything with your blood, since Black Hat is down. After breakfast, you realized that you had nothing to do.

It was amazing how watching the news story could affect you like this.

Now Hat-Bot was able to take notice of it too. Which means that it was bleeding through your resolve.

"Other creator?" Hat-Bot's robotic voice pulled you out of your thoughts as you sigh.

"Honestly...I think I'm having a bad time from what happened recently. It's called PTSD or Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. It happens when humans go through a horrible time in their lives and it affects them afterwards." You explain.

Hat-Bot nods in understanding.

"I see...do you need anything? I want to help my creators in anyway they can." Hat-Bot offers.

You take a moment to think on it before opening your arms.

Hat-Bot understood the obvious gesture and scooted over, hugging you tightly. You hugged back, feeling some of your more complex feelings subside. If you had to say anything about Hat-Bot, it was that he was behaving more mature.

Before his 'red-eyes' phase got implemented, he was much more child-like a curious. Maybe it was a coding patch that Flug sewed within when he updated Hat-Bot. A part of you misses that naive little robot. But, I guess even robots can mature.
Maybe Flug was a better programmer.

Heck, who are you kidding? You know that he's most definitely smarter than anyone else on your planet. His IQ is probably 180 or 200. He's obviously a very superior being compared to your race. It made you a little...jealous.

You let out a sigh. Shaking those thoughts off.

Now wasn't a time to get envious.

You just needed to relax for a while. Let this whole thing blow over.

You let go of Hat-Bot and give him a warm smile.

"Thanks, Hat-Bot. I feel much more better." You say, feeling calm.

"You're welcome, other creator." Hat-Bot nods, scooting back off the couch before wheeling around to face you.

"I can understand that you're bored. We can play cards if you want! I can go get them from the lab!" Hat-Bot gives you a wide grin as it was obvious that he was excited about being able to play a game of cards with you.

How could you say no to a face like that?

You turn off the TV and stand up, nodding in agreement.

"That sounds fun, Hat-Bot! I'll gladly play a game of cards with you!" You grin.

Hat-Bot spins around on his wheel before grabbing your hand and leads you out of the living room.

"We can go play in the library! I'll go get the cards since nobody but Flug is allowed in the lab right now. You go wait there and I'll get some other players!" Hat-Bot trembles with excitement.

You couldn't help but laugh and nod.

Then, Hat-Bot hurried off in the direction of the lab. Leaving you by yourself.

You just shake your head and began to make headway towards the library. Feeling much better than you did before.

Maybe...just Maybe, with time, you will be able to get over this troublesome time.

You feel much like your old self, now.

Calm, relaxed, and feeling good.

You head off towards the library to wait for Hat-Bot to return and start the card game.

--

Meanwhile, the Sentinel was exiting the lab with Dementia in his grasp for the 5th time that day.
Quickly being followed by a frustrated Flug.

"Dementia! For crying out loud, NO. You can't be Black Hat's nurse!" Flug scolded the persistent mutant.

To which Dementia replies by sticking her tongue out at Flug in a childish manner.

"Why not?! I'm the perfect candidate for being his lovely nurse!" She whines, wriggling in the Sentinels' grasps.

"Because! You're obnoxious, loud, and all you'll do is bother him! He needs peace and quiet! So, next time I catch you in the lab, I'll put you in a cage for the next few days!" Flug warns.

Then, the Sentinel drops Dementia on the ground after her scolding was delivered. Enticing a grunt of pain to come from the lizard hybrid as Flug reenters the lab, the large robot following him, then they close the lab door on the disgruntled Dementia. Causing her to let out a pouty 'hmph!'.

Then, the smaller robot came hurrying down the stairs, quickly catching her attention.

"What are you doing~?" She purrs, staring at the startled robot with her demented yellow eyes.

Hat-Bot looks over to the crazy lizard woman, pausing in his journey momentarily.

"I'm getting some cards so me and other creator can play together! Do you wanna play with us?" Hat-Bot questions.

Dementia pauses for a moment. Squinting her eyes in thought as she looks back at the door and back to the smaller robot. Then back to the door...then back to the robot. She did this a few more times before she finally made up her mind.

"Sure, why not? Flugbug isn't going to let me be a nurse to my Blacky because he's being a jerk. So I have nothing to do!" Dementia laughs as she stands up.

"Okay! The game is gonna take place in the library! Other creator is already waiting th--??" Hat-Bot pauses as he looked away for one moment before looking back and seeing that Dementia was already gone.

The smaller robot shrugs and enters the lab, immediately, Flug looks over in the direction of the noise, but was relieved to find that the one who entered was just Hat-Bot. Hat-Bot ignores his creator and hurries over to one of the desks. Pulling open one of the drawers and fishing out a single deck of traditional playing cards.

Before he could exit, Flug called out to him.

"Hat-Bot? Where are you going with those cards?" Flug questions, currently sitting at his workbench as the Sentinel was quietly standing close to the cot where Black Hat was resting.

"Other creator is bored, so we are going to play cards in the library!" Hat-Bot quickly explains before rolling out of the lab with the cards in his grasp.

Flug blinks before shrugging and getting back to his project.
He looks at the blueprints to study them. Seeing the design of the machine that will send you back to your planet in mint condition made him sigh in relief. It was close to being finished. Some math equations, physics calculating, and astronomical measurements and the blueprint will be ready.

It made his heart feel slightly lighter as he made up his mind on sending you home. The guilt of you being hurt was still there...but he couldn't bare to imagine you dying.

That level of self-loathing would be much more astronomical.

So, he continues to work on the blueprints. Determined to finish it.

The afternoon ticked on as the day slowly creeped on by.

--

Flug finally lets out a huff as he wipes the sweat off of his brow.

It was done. The blueprints were finally finished!

He picks them up and studies them one last time. Finding everything to be perfect, he stands up from his workbench. Now was the harder part. Telling you that this project would mean for your escape. That's not the reason why it was hard. One was your reaction...the other was his heartache.

But, if it was for your benefit...he would take that heartache. It would be miles better than guilt, that's for sure.

He stands up and starts to begin his journey towards the library.

"Sentinel, stand guard. I'm leaving for a bit." Flug orders, to which the large robot nods in affirmation.

Flug leaves the lab and climbs the stairwell to the second floor. His mind was currently racing as he walks through the hallways towards your location. Telling you about this plan will set in motion events that can't be altered. It would mean that you would go home.

Leaving everyone you met behind. Even though Flug knows that he is your only escape route, he knows he could keep you here as well.
Yet, he couldn't be selfish. He couldn't be cruel like that.

He knows you don't belong here.

Like he promised, he was going to get you back home safe and sound.

He was going to keep it.

Even if it means to suffer heartache. So he keeps walking. Pushing all dark and twisted thoughts to the far reaches of his mind.

Flug then closes in on his destination. Instantly, he could tell that the room was occupied.

"I call upon The Lovers to get me with Black Hat~!" Flug hears Dementia shout.
"Dementia! This is not how you play Go Fish! Ugh! It was a mistake to invite you to play with us!" Hat-Bot scolds from within the confines of the library.

"How did she even get a tarot card when you only brought in a set of traditional playing cards?" You question, quite normally.

Flug peers into the library to see a disgruntled looking Hat-Bot, a proud-looking Dementia, a puzzled you, and even Cam-Bot was sitting in the gaming circle with the rest of you. Seemingly content in watching the chaos unfold before it.

The floor between you all was a mess of traditional playing cards, candy, rubber lizards, and a single tarot card was placed on top of the stack in the middle. It was usually how games would go if Dementia was invited to play in them.

Flug quietly knocks on the door to get all of your attentions.

"Hey, Flugbug~!" Dementia greets snidely.

"Hello, creator!" Hat-Bot responds.

"Sup, Flug?" You say, giving him a wave.

Cam-Bot merely turns its' attention from the mess in the library towards the entrance.

"Uh...what are you all doing?" Flug questions, pointing at the mess.

Hat-Bot huffs.

"We were trying to play Go Fish for the past hour, but someone keeps messing the game up!" Hat-Bot leers at Dementia.

"Pbhlblh. Go Fish is so boring. We're playing Dementia Party! It's (Name)'s turn to roll the dice and score a 20!" Dementia states, giving Flug a psychotic smile.

"But...there's no dice??" You state, obviously very confused about what was going on.

Dementia then begins to look for the missing dice, much to your confusion.

"Yeah...sure. Fine. (Name), I need you to come here for a second." Flug waves, to which you nod.

"Okay! I'll be right back." You say, getting up and off the floor.

Flug then takes you out into the hallway and closes the doors to the library. He then clears his throat and revealed the rolled up blueprint he was carrying with him.

"(Name)...I have something very important to tell you." Flug explains.

You blink and nod in slight anticipation.

"Okay...so, what is it? Why do you have a blueprint with you?" You tilt your head in curiosity.
Flug lets out a sigh as he reaches over and grabs the blueprint. Then, he unfolds it. On the diagram was a large cannon-looking machine. It seemed to require a lot of power and it looked quite awesome! But...why was Flug showing you a cannon?

"That's a cool design! What's it for?" You question.

"Well...it's..." Flug trails off for a moment.

Then, he takes in a deep breath, and sighs. Making his final decision as he does so.

"It's your way home." Flug admits.

For a moment, you couldn't breathe. You couldn't blink or speak either. It took you a few moments to process what he just said.

"I-It's my..." You parrot, before falling back to silence. Complete awe was written on your face. As if you just couldn't believe what you just heard come from his mouth.

Flug nods in confirmation.

"I'm going to send you home."

Chapter End Notes

Reader's days are numbered...but in a good way.

Here's my Tumblr~
https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

I ALSO HAVE A DISCORD NOW~!
https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy

Feel free to drop by and chat!

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= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of

Letsallbecalmchaps =

Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy

Damo-Draws = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162682291049/hiii-i-wanted-
to-share-my-little-fanart-of-your

Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/166156779979/cosmica-galaxy-this-is-how-i-imagined-that-scene#notes

Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/167786442471/cosmica-galaxy-heres-what-i-imagined-the

Artzdoodles = https://artzdoodles.tumblr.com/post/170546820889/cosmica-galaxy-congrats-on-1000-kudos-on-alien

Spadillelicious = https://spadillelicious.tumblr.com/post/170683796378/i-doodled-some-fanart-for-cosmica-galaxy-s#notes

Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
Fond Memories

Chapter Summary

You revitalize on your stay at the manor and make your final week count.

Chapter Notes

The lengths are growing shorter and the curtains are almost done closing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

'I'm going to send you home.'

That phrase was currently ringing within your mind as you sit on the side of your bed. Contemplating what to think at that very moment. It's been about a week since Flug spilled the news to you. Yet, you had to sort out your disbelief and such.

The news almost seemed to paralyze you over the past few days.

Which was why you were sitting here in your room in the middle of the day. Your expression currently puzzled and your eyes stared into an invisible distance.

You were less responsive and kept getting lost in thought over it. Flug had apologized numerously for dropping the metaphorical bomb on you like that. But, you always brushed it off as no big deal to him and to your housemates.

Your housemates were obviously a little shook as well. Once Flug came clean about your eventual departure to the rest of the house. Except Dementia and Black Hat. Which he will explain once the machine is finished being built.

Speaking of your boss, Black Hat was slowly gaining back strength and was able to be moved from the lab to his private quarters.

Which opened the lab back up to the rest of the house. Meaning that you and 5.0.5 were allowed back into the lab after your boss was moved. You had visited the lab a few times and were surprised that Flug was actually going through with building the machine that would send you home.

Last time you checked on him, he was working on constructing the barrel of the cannon-like device. It was astonishing on how big it was, as it was divided into smaller pieced to be assembled on the roof. Just like the first one that brought you here so long ago.

It was amazing to see the large pieces of the machine being suspended in the air as other pieces were being built. Hung by chains that were connected to large crane-like equipment. It looked more like a mechanics' shop than a scientists' lab, honestly.
It was strange, but you felt...sad.

You think you would be happy at finally being able to go home. But..., in all honesty, you have gotten attached to this place. It wasn't enough to stay here, of course, but you would miss this planet and everyone here.

You sit there pondering within your mind.

Hat-Bot and 5.0.5 were surprised and saddened to hear the news that you would be leaving very soon. Hat-Bot was being extra clingy and 5.0.5 was hugging you a lot more. The Sentinel was fairly indifferent, same as Cam-Bot, but they still at least showed some clarity towards the others for what they were going to have to endure.

You blink as you watch your little Roomba buddy clean up the floor. Lifting up your feet as it scooted on by.

It was...a very surreal feeling and trying to wrap your head around it was giving you a headache. You shake your head, not knowing what to think. So, you decided to try and push the thoughts away.

You peer around the room, eyeing anything that could distract you from your noisy thoughts.

Yet, it seemed to all be in vain as your mind kept going back to those thoughts.

You let out a slightly frustrated groan and fall back on your bed. Looking up at the canopy that shielded the bed from the ceiling. You lay there for a moment, blinking slowly and stretching out for a few seconds.

Yet, your moment of solitude was interrupted by the sound of your door opening. You quickly sit up and look in the direction of the entryway to find Hat-Bot there. Looking timid in a way as he rolled into your room, staying close to the entry way. As if he was shy about coming into the room.

You sit up and decided to lessen the tension.

"Hey, Hat-Bot. Is there something you need?" You greet, giving the robot a warm smile.

The smaller robot took that as a sigh of welcoming and came over to you in a bashful manner.

He seemed to think about something for a second, before the little robot crawled onto the bed and sat next to you, much to your surprise. It was obvious that Hat-Bot was feeling a bit insecure and worried about the news. Like he was the moment he found out about your eventual departure. Which made him slightly clingy.

But, you didn't mind one bit. You would rather spend time with the little bot than hole up in your room and wait for the moment you have to leave to say goodbye to those you have gotten to know while staying here.

A moment of peaceful silence took place between you two.

Then, Hat-Bot broke it.
"Other creator..." Hat-Bot starts.

"Yes, Hat-Bot?" You reply, looking over to the twitchy robot.

"I'm...curious. Creator said that you would have to go 'home' soon. But, isn't the manor your home?"

You let out a hum. It seemed that Hat-Bot was still holding onto those childish qualities after all.

"No...it truly isn't my home, Hat-Bot. You only know the me that has been here for the shortest amount of time." You explain, lifting up your hand and placing it on Hat-Bot's makeshift bowler hat. Rubbing it softly.

"But...if this is not your home...do you live somewhere in the city? Will I be able to still see you?" Hat-Bot asks, leaning into your caressing hand.

"Well...no...and that's uncertain. You see, I don't actually live here, Hat-Bot. I live far away...not exactly on the same planet either." You admit, petting Hat-Bot as you explain the situation to him.

Hat-Bot pauses and looks up at you.

"Not from this planet? But..."

"Well, you know how sometimes you heard people addressing me as an 'alien'? That's not really a nickname, Hat-Bot. I'm not native to this world. Which is where I'm going...many lightyears away. Returned to my rightful home planet."

Hat-Bot blinks before he slowly hugs you. Holding onto yourself as he tightens his grip.

"But...that means I won't be able to visit you or see you!" Hat-Bot whimpers.

You immediately feel bad about it. But you know it can't be helped. You have a life waiting for you back on your Earth. It hurts you to know that you will have to depart from those you have grown attached to while staying here. All you can do is comfort.

So you wrap your arms around the distressed robot, patting his back comfortingly.

"I know...it hurts me as much as it hurts you. Believe me, I can still remember the first day that we met, Hat-Bot. When you got up and off that table and looked at me and Flug for the first time...it was a great thing to have the privilege of witnessing. I cherish every moment we have." You softly spoke.

Hat-Bot lets out a sorrowful-sounding beep, still holding you close.

Then, he pulls away slightly and looks up at your face.

"Do...you really mean that?" Hat-Bot questions.

You nod.

"I truly do, Hat-Bot." You confirm.
Hat-Bot takes a moment to think before speaking up again.

"What is your planet like, other creator?"

You think for a moment before you begin to explain your planet.

You go into detail about the landscapes. The people. The history and the culture of your planet. You tell him the technology that was on your planet. You tell him the beauty and problems with your planet.

The little robot almost seemed to slowly relax as you tell him all of the stories about wars, peace, renaissances, the fall of empires, the spread of culture, and the fact that your planet lacks any form of hero or villain. They exist, but not in the form that was traditionally known on this planet.

Hat-Bot listened intently when you spoke about how your planet was filled with mortals. No powers were prominent on your planet. Everyone was on equal fighting levels. That, being mortal and mortal only. No bulletproof chest, flying humans, or super giant robots to assist in taking over the world.

You explained all of the things you told Flug before the first night you came here. How your world was primarily focused on making peace, curing diseases, and boosting scientific discovery. Space exploration was one of them.

Then, you began to ramble on and on about your passions with such fields. Talking about robots, androids, equipment, and even your side hobby. Aliens. Discovering foreign life on another planet was your dream. The more you talked, the more you realized at how much you changed.

Your eyes seemed to sparkle the more you talked about your passions and interest, which reignited that alien-loving fire that was seemingly missing for some time. You remembered your collage, your parents, your friends, your home, and your planet.

You remember the joy of being an engineer, the passion of believing in aliens, the love from those that surrounded you. You could almost burst into tears as your heart grew light and the noisy thoughts from earlier slowly silenced themselves.

Once it was over and you were out of breath, you blinked in realization and took quick notice of your elated mood.

You felt revived in a way. Like talking it out recovered a part of you that you seemed to have lost in the later parts of your stay here on this planet.

You then look towards Hat-Bot, quickly reached out, and gave him a tight hug. Much to Hat-Bot's surprise.

"Other creator?! Are you...okay??" Hat-Bot worriedly, eyeing your suddenly cheerful form with awe.

You could only nod for a few moments.

"Yes...I have never felt better." You snifflle a bit, joy coming off of you in waves.

"If you're fine, why are you doing that leaking thing that you did when you ran out of the house?"
Hat-Bot points out, using a metal digit to wipe away at something on your face.

Only then did you notice that you were crying.

You sniff and wipe at your face to see the tears for yourself.

The moistness on your hands were proof of the tears. Yet, you know for a fact that they aren't from sadness or anger. These were...actually tears of relief and joy. Like you just let something go and you were finally free of any doubts.

You laugh lightly.

"These are different this time, Hat-Bot. These are tears of joy. I'm happy." You beam.

"Why?" Hat-Bot tilts his head in confusion.

"Because...I think you just helped me find something I lost sometime ago and I never realized it until now." You explain.

You hug Hat-Bot once more before standing up and stretching. It wasn't a time to be mopey and paralyzed. You needed to enjoy your time here while you can. So, you hold your hand out to the robot, who gleefully took the offer.

"For that...I thank you, Hat-Bot. Now...how about we go do something together? Wanna play cards again?" You ask.

"I'm not inviting Dementia!" Hat-Bot sassed, still holding your hand as you both head to the exit of the room.

You just laughed.

"That's fine with me. Let's go play." You say, walking out the door and quietly closing the door to your room.

Allowing the Roomba to have the run of the place.

--

Flug was currently finalizing a feature for the part of the Astropixel Cannon.

The Sentinel was working with him by carrying the finished parts up to the roof, where they would be assembled and placed together and ready for launch. If they stayed on track, Flug would be able to execute the project and launch you back in 3 days. As the weather was going to be nice, since it was heading into the warmer season.

He uses a welder to mold the final pieces together and sighs in relief as the next part was done. Leaving only a few more pieces to go.

After that, he would have to assemble the machine on the roof. Which would be done tomorrow. After that, it's setting up the system and...final goodbyes.

Flug felt his aching heart quiver, but he didn't dare back out now.
He knows his affections for you would just hinder the progress, but he was willing to put you above all else. After everything you both have been through, he wouldn't dare get cold feet. Not after he has come so far.

He would just have to suck it up and bottle it. Then toss it away after you leave. Soon you'll be a memory. But, a very happy one, none-the-less. Even if you came to him later in life.

He would cherish this experience for the rest of his life.

I mean, he has discovered alien life! Of course he would remember this for the rest of his life! Even if the first one he has come into contact will just happens to be one that he...has feelings for.

Flug lets out a sigh as he thinks back.

Back to the first time he opened the metal crate and saw you looking back at him from within the box.

Back to when he interrogated you, when he was a coworker with you, and invented new things with you. When you saved him and he saved you in return. When you would smile and your eyes would sparkle when something new came around.

The passion that just came off of you in waves was so contagious. He honestly...can't imagine this house going back to the way it was before you arrived. It would feel too empty. Too bleak. Not without you around to greet him everyday and behave like...a normal person.

Then again, what is the 'normal routine' for this mansion that happens to be owned by the most wicked and most evil creature ever to exist?

Flug climbs off of the chair he was sitting in, finding most of the things that had to be moved to the roof were already moved. It seemed that he was lost in thought longer than he anticipated that he was.

As the final pull to reality, Flug heard his stomach let out a furious growl.

Looking at the time, it read that it was about 2:45 in the late afternoon. He should take a break and get some lunch.

Flug puts the newly finished part into the finished pile, where the Sentinel would come back and pick it up to carry it to the roof later, before leaving the lab altogether. However, once leaving the lab his ears were stimulated the moment he entered the foyer.

The kitchen was alive with laughter and a pleasant aroma was drifting into the foyer. Drawn in by the sounds, Flug enters the kitchen.

And he was surprised at what he sees.

You were sitting at the kitchen island with Hat-Bot playing cards, however, there was something different about you.

Your smile was just like it was before. It was wide, relaxed, and your eyes held the familiar spark in them that you had long ago. Your aura felt bright, radiant, and positive. Like your previous
optimistic self.

Flug was stunned as he stood there for a moment and stared.

Completely awestruck by your familiar form. The light coming in through the kitchen window made you almost glow, as if you were an ethereal being. Your features highlighted by the tinted sunlight.

When you took notice of him, you gave him that same grin. Waving in his direction with a relaxed posture. Hat-Bot also took notice of his creator coming by for a visit, waving at him as well.

Flug looked over to see the familiar form of 5.0.5 cooking. This time, it seemed to be patty-melt sandwiches for lunch.

The ursine greeted him with a familiar ‘baw’ and gave him a light hug. Making Flug laugh.

It was amazing to see this type of scenario in Black Hat's manor of all places. The atmosphere was warm, lit up by your presence and the happiness that was spread around the room. Flug was beaming from underneath his mask.

*This* is what he missed about you so much.

Your ability to simply brighten up anything that was around you.

It was liberating to feel this again.

"Creator! Do you wanna join in on our game of Crazy 8's?" Hat-Bot offered, gesturing to the cards that were laid out on the counter.

Flug looks over to you, in which you wave him over.

"Yeah! Come on, Flug! Take a break!" You encourage.

Flug chuckles.

"Well...how can I argue with that? I need to take off for lunch anyway." Flug agrees as he sits at the kitchen island.

Causing you, Hat-Bot, and 5.0.5 to cheer.

You deal out a deck of cards and include Flug in this round, handing him his cards as well. While 5.0.5 was cooking the patty-melts, Flug and the rest of you played cards while you were waiting for lunch to be served to you all.

It also happened to be the funnest game that he happened to play in a while.

Or in Hat-Bot's words; *It was better than playing with Dementia!*

How could Flug argue with that fact?

You all had fun, probably the funnest you have had in a while.
Just like months ago.

--

Black Hat was currently within the darkened confines of his room.

His iconic top hat was placed off to the side on a small elevated platform, in replacement of it, was a crimson sleeping cap. His suit and traditional gentleman's outfit was replaced with sleeping pants, socks, and a bandaged abdomen that had a few splotches of dried green blood on it. Obviously the afflicted wound site.

However, his predicament wasn't on his mind. He had something else bothering him.

Something that he couldn't **SEE**.

Growling viciously as he could sense an atmosphere that was radiating happiness from somewhere else within the walls of his manor. How **sickening**. Something changed the aura of the house and he wants to find out what. When he does, he was going to **destroy** it.

But, every single movement caused nothing but pain to shoot through his whole body.

He snarls as the wound in his abdomen screamed the moment he tried to sit upright in an attempt to stand, forcing him to fall back down onto the luxurious bed.

Making him grunt out in frustration.

He began to think for a moment.

Then, he got an idea.

Well, if he couldn't get up, he could still view the manor through his little 'windows'. Which gave him an advantage in many situations, this being one of the few situations that existed. He rolls his only visible eye back into his head.

Instantly, his vision defaulted to the room that was currently occupied by you. However, it was empty. The only source of anything moving was the noisy cleaning device as it crept across the floor. Black Hat growled as he changes his vision.

The hallways were bare of any life. The library was completely empty. The living room was desolate.

Black Hat growls in impatience, feeling his temper rise.

*Where could that bloody source of happiness be?!*

Finally, he get to the picture that was in the foyer. Where he could finally hear the sounds of joyous laughter. He growls and changes his view in a smaller picture of himself that was hanging on the wall of the kitchen.

From that point, he could obviously see where the happiness was coming from.

Everyone, except Dementia as she was **STILL** clawing at his bedroom door to be let in, was
currently in the kitchen having a delicious patty-melt.

And it appeared that everyone was enjoying a game of cards. Most likely in the form of the childish games of crazy 8's and go fish. Black Hat rolled his pictures’ eye. Yet, one thing really got his attention. It was you're attitude.

Even to Black Hat, that annoying cheery sound was familiar to him.

If he could place a finger on what it sounded like, it sounded like how you were months ago.

You were basically everything he hated.

Optimistic, relaxed, cheerful, and helpful. He made an utterly disgusted sound.

He thought he broke you. So why were you like this all over again?
He faded his vision out, the scene making him nauseous, as he rolled his eye forward. Staring back into the emptiness of his room.

Previously, he could remember those times when you behaved such a way...it was when he tasted your flesh and blood for the first time. While reimagining it, his mouth drooled slightly. The memory making him lust for your blood.

It was a great memory for him.

Screaming, thrashing, and resisting as he dug his claws in your too-soft skin. Like a predator on a newborn lamb. Tearing into your flesh was particularly easy. Yet deliciously satisfying. Even if you bounced back from the wounds he inflicted upon yourself.

He hums as he finds himself strangely content.

We he gets better, he longs to have more blood to himself, and to punish those that are having fun while he's down.

He chuckles as his mind wonders over to ideas that he would do to you to break you all over again.

However, things weren't going to go according to Black Hat's wishes as the next day and the day after that slowly passed on and along came with it was the completion of the machine that was fully assembled on the roof of the manor.

That night, Flug had told everyone, except Black Hat and Dementia, that by sundown tomorrow you would be leaving.

So, for the whole day before your departing day, you spent as much time as possible with your comrades. You drew pictures with 5.0.5 and played with Hat-Bot a lot more. You hung out with Flug and made sure to be around them as much as possible.

Then, the inevitable nightfall came. Which ended the day, slowly pulling time into your final hours on the planet.

Yet, during the night before the dawn of your final day, you began to work on a special project. Something that Flug could hopefully make use of when you were gone. Unbeknownst to yourself, Flug was also working on a special project for yourself.
The night ticked on and eventually, rest had to come soon enough.

You both had turned in for the night, your projects completed and stored accordingly for tomorrow.

*Finally, the day of your departure fell upon the household.*

Chapter End Notes

NEXT CHAPTER WILL MARK THE END! SAY GOODBYE LOVELIES~!

ALSO 20,000 VIEWS~! WHAT A PERFECT NUMBER TO END ON!

Here's my Tumblr~
https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

I ALSO HAVE A DISCORD NOW~!
https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy

Feel free to drop by and chat!

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= ~~~~~Also FANART~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of


Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy


Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/166156779979/cosmica-galaxy-this-is-how-i-imagined-that-scene#notes

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Artdoodles = https://artzdoodles.tumblr.com/post/170546820889/cosmica-galaxy-congrats-on-1000-kudos-on-alien

Spadillelicious = https://spadillelicious.tumblr.com/post/170683796378/i-doodled-some-fanart-for-cosmica-galaxy-s#notes
Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
The dawn of your final day finally arose over the horizon.

The early morning air crisp with the smells of the awakening city as you slowly rise out of bed. Rubbing your eyes to clear away any of the sleepiness that was remaining in your eyesight.

You blink a few times before you realized what today was.

It was the final day for you to stay on this planet. Flug was probably in the kitchen right at this very moment and getting coffee to set up the machine on the roof to transport you home. From his own analysis, he estimated that you would be able to go home just shortly after sundown.

With that knowledge in mind, you take the covers off and don't even bother changing out of your alien pajamas. The first ones that you wore when you arrived here shortly after your accidental abduction. You found it appropriate to be sent home in the same clothes you were abducted in. Just to complete the cycle.

You slide off of the bed and do your usual morning routine. Brushing hair, teeth, washing your face, then doing any other private business that required the pristine sanctuary that was the bathroom.

Afterward, you exit the bathroom and observe the room that you have been staying in.

The vanity was occupied by tools and metals that you mess with when you have free time, the decor was all the same, the bed was a bit messy and, the roomba was still cleaning like usual. Strangely enough, you feel content in looking at the room that served as your private quarters during your stay here.

It was amazing that Black Hat gave you this luxurious room.

Due to the mental comment about your boss, you found yourself blinking and remembering that you have stuff to do today!

So you hurry, over to the little roomba buddy and pet it lovingly. It was kinda silly, but you loved that little machine. It would help calm you down and drown out any unwanted thoughts or noises that would bother you in the night.

Too bad you can't take it with you. As Flug stated that the Astropixel Cannon could only hold so much material. Two beings or a single being with too many objects getting launched at the same time is just begging for a disaster. So he gave you a directive, to take as little as possible.
Which means a suitcase with all of your clothes in it was out of the question. Not that the clothing was important anyway.

This also meant that you couldn't take your roomba buddy with you, or anyone else with you either.

You then remember something before you headed out of the room. You head over to the vanity and pick up something you almost forgot.

Your alien-themed keychain that Flug won for you at the arcade. You put it on your wrist, just so you wouldn't forget it. It would help you remember him.

You finished saying your first goodbye of the day and departed from the room. Not worried about not seeing it again. So, you just continued to go on about your day, as if it was just another ordinary day in the manor.

You had stuff to do today, so you best hop to it as early as you could!

Remembering your boss, Flug, and the other residences of the household. You thought about ways that you could spend your time with them for your final day.

But first, like the usual routine, you walk into the kitchen. Finding 5.0.5 in the kitchen, cooking like usual. Today, it seemed that he was cooking some Eggs Benedict for breakfast. Your stomach rumbled as you smelled the cooking eggs, baking English muffins, and frying bacon.

"Sup, 5.0.5! It smells amazing in here!" You say, catching the bear's attention.

The ursine stared for a moment before his large eyes started to water. You immediately grew concerned. It was obvious at what the bear was upset over. He knew today was your last day of being here. So he was distressed and sad about you having to leave.

You give the bear a gentle smile and open up your arms in the form of a hug.

"Come over here, big guy. Give me a hug." You offer, to which 5.0.5 instantly acted upon.

It has been a fairly long time since you've been hugged by the cyan experiment.

Immediately, all of your breath was squeeze from your body as the bear held you in a...well...bear hug. You wheeze as 5.0.5 began to make whimpering and whines as he snuggled into your pressed form. Making you cough slightly.

"Can't...breathe!" You gasp.

5.0.5 quickly took notice and dropped you, making you gasp. You quickly inhale to replace the air you lost. 5.0.5 sniffles slightly, fearing that he had hurt you, but you gave him a slightly pained smile and gave him a pat instead.

"It's fine! I know you're upset about...what happens later. I understand, but please. Don't be sad! I'm going to spend as much time with you as possible!" You reassure, giving 5.0.5 a chin scratch while you were at at it.
5.0.5 still seemed disheartened, but his depressed expression lightened a little.

With another soft pet to his head, you walked over to the fridge to pull out your favorite fruit drink. Taking a nice cool sip of the liquid at you took notice of the coffee maker currently on and already drained of some of its' precious brew.

"Hey, 5.0.5. Did Flug already come through here?" You question.

The bear remade eye contact and nodded.

You hummed.

So that meant that Flug was currently on the roof tuning the cannon towards your home world. Which gave you a perfect opportunity to get into the lab and do what you have to do.

"I'll be right back, 5.0.5. Just need to go to the bathroom." You lie, to which the bear nods understandingly.

You casually walk out of the kitchen and towards the lab. Obviously not interested in going to the bathroom. Instead, you start searching around the lab for something that will aid you in one of your projects.

Now...where did Flug put that transfusion machine?

You search the whole lab and managed to find it in the storage cabinet that was next to the cot where Black Hat was staying for the duration of his critical recovery. You pull it out and make sure that all of the components were present before taking the equipment out of the lab.

After that, you sat it down next to the stairs and when into the kitchen. 5.0.5 was currently too involved in cooking and dealing with splattering bacon to pay any attention to you.

You quietly search the kitchen cabinets for what you were looking for. After a few busts, you finally found it! A single large wine bottle that was empty of any contents. You pick it up and carry it with you, getting startled by 5.0.5 yelping when hot grease splattered on his paw.

Yet, you would come back later to check back up on that.

Instead, you took the empty wine bottle and pick up the transfusion machine before heading up to your room.

Starting on one of your projects almost immediately.

--

Flug lets out a sigh of slight exhaustion, but it was all worth it.

The cannon was getting underway to being finished. Hat-Bot and the Sentinel helping him angle it towards the sky and attach the certain wires to the mainframe of computers and such.

The cannon itself was a large black and green weapon. It's barrel was almost square-shaped, with the trigger-area having a large pipe that extended off the back and fitted into a human-sized box.
The base was rectangular and had mechanical parts that would allow the cannon to aim. Just in case something moves off key a little.

The design of the large weapon-looking device was enough to make Flug proud. The morning wasn't even over yet, but it was beginning to bridge towards brunch time. Still, this was a pretty quick put together. Since he didn't have to lug around everything by himself sometimes.

Yet, he stares at the machine in slight disheartened forlorn. As this would be used only once and it served only one purpose.

*To send you back.*

He sighs before looking away from the large intimidating machine.

Shaking his head before he begins to hum in thought.

It had to be done. No question about it. At least he would be able to get you back safely, and in turn, clear his conscious.

*Besides.* He had a surprise waiting for you when you got ready to go. Without the knowledge of anyone else, Flug had stayed up the previous night before. Building certain things for his own project. Having only one thought in mind.

To give them to you when you leave.

He worked on them all night just for you. So he hoped you loved them.

Then, almost like routine, Flug's stomach let out a growl.

He blinks for a moment before sighing. It seemed that he was still lacking on self-care in some places. But, maybe 5.0.5 was cooking something this morning? Flug figured that he would go down and check just to see if anything was being fixed to help curb his appetite.

5.0.5 was in there when he went to get his coffee, so there had to be something cooking in the kitchen.

Flug decides to curb his hunger and leaves the robots to finish their task. Going down through the hatch in the roof and walking through the maze-like hallways. He gets to the foyer and enters the kitchen. A lovely aroma was there to greet him, making his guts growl once more.

5.0.5 was just finishing preparing some eggs benedict for the house.

Looking at the delicious food made Flug's empty stomach growl with need.

"That looks delicious, 5!" Flug states, making the bear's eyes grow and glitter with contained pride.

'Arroo~' The large mutant purrs, giving Flug a plate that had one of the prepared eggs benedict on it. Upon closer inspection, Flug took notice that it was prepared to his liking.

"Thanks, 5." Flug gratefully states before going over to the island in the middle of the kitchen to eat.

Flug munched on the wonderfully tasting brunch dish as his mind wondered. Then, his mind
seemed to realize something as he quickly took notice of the absence of you in the kitchen with the large cyan bear. You usually were always drawn to the kitchen when you smelled 5's cooking.

It wasn't like when you were silent and paralyzed over the last few days during the week. However, over the last 3 days, your mood improved drastically and the behavior mimicked when you arrived.

Maybe you feel content at the thought of going home?

Flug mentally thinks on it as he slowly finishes his plate. The empty void in his stomach slowly getting full.

Once finished, he got up and placed his dish into the sink for cleaning later. Then, he turns to 5.0.5.

"Hey, 5's. Do you know where (Name) is?" Flug questioned.

The bear thought for a moment, before shrugging.

Flug hums in thought before figuring that you were in your room or somewhere upstairs.

"Oh, that's too bad. I'll just go looking for them, then. They are probably moving throughout the house." Flug says.

"Thanks for breakfast, 5's! I'll tell (Name) that breakfast is ready when I find them!" He tells the large bear, before departing from the room. The ursine giving him a wave and deciding to eat his eggs benedict before it got cold.

Flug heads up the stairs and peeks around the house, strangely not finding you in typical places. Even your room was empty. Flug then hums in thought as he tries to envision any other places that you could be.

Not really thinking of any areas that could be suitable for you, he decided to brush it off and go back towards the roof to finish working on the astropixel cannon.

He then turns and begins to walk back towards the roof.

Silently wondering where you were.

--

You quietly sneak out of the office and close the double doors.

Sighing in relief as your first project was finished, if the bandaid on your arm had anything to say about it. That was Black Hat's project finally getting finished and you were satisfied with how well it went. You didn't even need the transfusion machine for that long!

You felt slightly prideful. Now it was time for your next project.

However, you paused when you heard footsteps approaching from down the hall and jumped when someone called your name.

"(Name)! There you are!" Flug shouted, making you turn toward him.
"Oh! Geeze...Flug you shouldn't sneak up on people like that!" You stutter and laugh, scratching the back of your head.

Flug rolled his eyes.

"Sorry...but I was actually looking for you to show you the progress on the astropixel cannon." Flug stated. Immediately, it grabs your attention.


"Yes. Come on, follow me." Flug waves, before continuing on his journey through the house. You following close behind.

You both walk through the house and manage to get back to the roof. The moment you step out onto the roof, you let out a completely astonished gasp. You see the large gun-like weapon aimed toward the sky with the robots working on it and piecing it together.

The color of black and green gave it an equally alien appearance as yourself. It was completely amazing how Flug was able to build these things all by himself. He most certainly was the most intelligent being you have ever met. There was absolutely no way you could compete with this.

How could he even think that your spybots could come close to this?! This was basically NASA level of engineering!

"That is amazing, Flug! I can't believe you have the ability to make stuff like this!" You praise, completely lost in awe.

Flug's hidden face already busted out in shades of red from the praise. Making him sweat slightly and look away bashfully. Feelings swelled up within his chest once more as you look at the towering cannon with the awestruck expression similar to a child seeing a space shuttle for the first time.

"W-Well...uh...thank you, (Name)." Flug mutters, looking away slightly.

You take notice of Flug's behavior and smile knowingly at him. Making him look away some more.

"How does it work, though? How is that gonna get me home?" You question, changing the topic for Flug's sake.

He took the opportunity to explain his device in detail.

"Well, you see. There is a lot of force that goes into this cannon. First, it starts up and transforms your body into easily launchable particles, breaking you down onto a microscopic scale. Then compression places you into the barrel of the gun and geometric atomic force explodes within the cannon making your--"

You quietly stand there and watch as Flug goes into detail about the gun and you listen to his ramblings about escaping the planet, the projection of light into a fast moving force, pixel disassimilation and reformulation, light-year warp speed, judging distance, and many other things
that was enough to make your head spin.

Yet, you listened. Curious and intent on at least attempting to understand.

Even if it did hurt your brain.

Finally, Flug was out of breath. Panting slightly, but relieved to actually have SOMEONE listen to his FULL explanation on something that he has created.

It filled him with pride at your amazed and interested expression. He chuckles lightly, scratching his bag slightly with his pointer finger.

"Sorry...I ramble a lot about these sorta things." Flug admits.

"Do you wanna here more?" Flug anticipated, rubbing his hands together slightly.

You hummed in brief thought. Seeing the rising sun slowly making its' way towards midday. You ponder for a moment before sadly shaking your head side to side.

"Sorry, Flug. I have a few things to do before I can goof off." You explain, trying not to cave in at the sight of Flug's disappointed face. But, you had stuff to work on and things that needed your attention if they were ever going to get done in time.

"Oh. Well...okay then. I guess I'll get back to work." Flug shrugged, to which you nodded.

"Yeah. I guess so. I'll take my leave." You say, walking back to the hatch. Yet, you stopped and turned around to look at Flug one more time.

"But, hey. You still design a lot of cool stuff, you know. It's very awesome!" You finished, then disappeared into the house.

Flug turned away and commences to blushing and getting flustered.

You never will fail at flattering him. If his pulsing heart and swooning mind had anything to say on the matter. Flug comes back to reality and feels strange for a moment. Pausing in what he was doing, he turns slightly to see the two robots that were working on the cannon had paused and were staring at him.

"W-Well! What are you doing s-standing around!? W-We got to g-get this done by the end of the day!" Flug defends, walking back over to where the monitoring machines were.

The robots quickly go back to what they were doing, Hat-Bot snickering slightly.

Flug huffs as he feels embarrassed from what just transpired.

Still. What could you possibly be working that required your attention?

Flug hums in thought as he continues to work on the coordinates and perfecting the trajectory of the cannon.
Throughout the whole entirety of the afternoon, you went down to the lab and took out lots of paper. Shortly after that, you began to write down every single discovery and useful invention you could think of. Regardless if Flug needed it or not, you just wanted to make sure that you left something for him too.

Something that he could study, improve on, store and analyze. Hopefully your people do things in a certain way that can help broaden the ways of science! Maybe it's only a pipe-dream, but still. You could try.

You write up and note down the pros and cons of the technology and make sure to leave a rough blueprint for Flug to study.

After some time, your hand began to become very sore. Next to you on your workbench was the stack of papers and blueprints you spent most of the afternoon working on.

A quick look over to the clock in the lab made you sure of that.

2:14

You stretch as you stand up, grunting from the soreness that was blossoming out from your back and legs. It made you do a few stretches to get rid of the pain and stiffness that had taken hold on your ligaments.

Then, you gathered up all of the documents and decided to store them. Walking over to where the safe that was holding the flight suits, opening it, storing the folder with all of the documents and blueprints, then closing it back. Flug would find it eventually.

Hopefully he could make use of some of that stuff.

After that project was finished, you decided to hang out with 5.0.5 like you promised to a few hours ago.

Completely leaving the lab to find 5.0.5 and hang out.

--

Your last day slowly creeped on by.

Your afternoon was spent playing and drawing with 5.0.5, making various pictures of you and him. It was a fun time, as 5.0.5 seemed to enjoy your company. He would draw yourself doing various actions. Like riding a butterfly or flying a kite. He even drew you being abducted by a flying saucer.

You merely laughed at the picture that was presented. Showing him yours, which consisted of the bear doing adorable things and friendly kid-like visuals, the bear let out a happy ‘baw’ and gave you a hug.

You both continue to draw for about an hour and a half.

3:56

After a while, Hat-Bot came and was ready for another game of cards. This time, it was a game
similar to Uno. It was fun to play, as you both would win a fair amount of rounds. Yet, Hat-Bot managed to win in the end.

His little victory dance was enough to make you laugh out in pure joy.

You both played various games after that. Such as catch, scrabble, and find it.

It was probably the most fun you and the little robot ever shared. You really wished you got to know the other robots as well as you knew Hat-Bot.
Yet, you didn't let that get you down.

You both played for a while before Hat-Bot was needed once more.

4:48

After you played with Hat-Bot for a little while, you decided to find Dementia and hang out with her for a while.

However, she was pretty much a loose cannon for the most part. First, she rocked your eardrums off with her punk rock music, leaving your ears ringing after it was done. Then, she preformed a 'makeover' on you. In which, she just covered your face in rockstar paint.

Then, she buried you in rubber reptiles. Making you break the surface and cough out a small rubber frog that had managed to get into your mouth.

Well...this was certainly the most interesting experience you have ever had.

However, it only got much more...chaotic the moment she brought in a real gecko and threw it onto your face. Causing you to tense up and let out a shrill cry of surprise. Jolting free from the pile the moment the little lizard bit your nose, not breaking skin, but it was enough to hurt.

You ran around screaming for about 10 minutes before Dementia finally retrieved the gecko.

Causing you to have a small red spot at the tip of your nose, a sure sign that it was the area where the gecko latched onto your face.

It was probably the most chaotic experience you have experienced with Dementia.

What a way to spend your last day with her.

6:56

Finally, you had met up with each and every one of your housemates. Which meant that there was only one person left.

Your boss.

You had major second thoughts about visiting him. But, you were running out of time. You were going to be gone in about 2 hours. So, it was either now or never. You can't really go home without coming clean about the thoughts you had when you fell asleep on the stairs.

It was risky, but if it was going to be the last time you ever see him, you might as well end the
relationship on a...positive note.

You had long since approached the entry way to your boss's bedroom. Standing there looking at the intimidating door with sweat lightly dripping off of your brow. You don't really know what it's like in there. As you were never around your boss unless if you absolutely had to be.

Yet...if you were leaving...you might as well let him know.

You finally gather up all of your courage and knock on the door.

"What?!" A very distorted and angry shout came from within.

You gulp and take a deep breath.

"Black Hat? It's (Name). I wanna...come in and talk to you." You state.

A moment of long silence commenced and a growl came from within.

"Come in." Black Hat ordered.

You open the door and cautiously enter the dimly lit bedroom. Inside, you actually expected it to be a lot more creepier. Yet, on the actual inside, it was lavish and luxurious. Everything looked custom-made. The carpet was rich with a gentleman's hat design, wooden furniture was decorated with skulls and exotic furnishings, and there was no windows in the room.

It was also remarkably cold. Still, you come inside and leave the door slightly ajar. You weren't planning on staying long anyways.

There was a chair by the vanity and you carefully pull it over to Black Hat's bedside. You sit down in it and observe the weakened form of your boss. He was staring at you with a harshly critical eye. His mouth strung up in a slightly annoyed grimace.

"Well? What is the thing you want to talk to me about?" Black Hat grumpily hissed.

"Well...I was gonna ask how you were doing, but...that wouldn't be the topic I was going to ask about. But, I'm curious Black Hat. If you are the cruelest thing on this planet, why would you bother giving your minions graves to be buried under? Aren't they worthless the moment they die?" You question.

Black Hat rolls his visible eye and grumbles.

"Obviously, they are my property. Even in death. Their names are imprinted on the stones so I don't forget how many worthless worms served under me. It also gives my house more intimidation integrity." He chuckles.

"Okay then. I was just coming in here to ask you if they meant anything to you. I was just wondering since I'm going to be leaving soon so--"

"What do you mean you're going to be 'leaving soon'?!" Black Hat suddenly snapped.

You blinked.
"I'm going home, sir. This is my last day on this planet, I thought Flug told you that..." You reply, obviously confused.

"Flug?! THAT TRAITOR! HE IS DOING THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT I SAID HE COULDN'T DO!" Black Hat suddenly snarls, attempting to get up and out of his overly large bed.

You jolt as he flinches, the pain from his wound squeezing a painful hiss out of him.

"Flug is going against your...orders?" You blink, completely dumbfounded.

"You CAN'T leave! I won't allow it! Never!" Black Hat snarled from the bed.

You come back to this earth after that statement, but instead of getting angry, you just feel slight pity. As Black Hat was trying his best to get up and out of his bed to get after Flug, but the pain in his abdomen kept him at bay. At least for now.

"I'm sorry, Black Hat...but...I'm going to have to go. I need to go back home." You calmly state.

"I allowed you to stay here! I deserve something in return for my hospitality! The moment you shook my hand, your freedom belonged to me!" black Hat growled, looking over to you with an intense gaze.

You let out a sigh.

You guess that now was the right time to spill it all out.

"Black Hat...I believe that you allowed me to stay here. You have been a very good host, but I just didn't realize it at the time. After my run in with the rival party, I understand what true torment and torture was like. All of the things he did...you never did to me. Maybe for one reason or another, but that still stands higher on the moral horse." You start.

Black Hat paused for a moment, squinting at you.

You sigh and look off to the side.

"I now understand what you could do to me that the others actually preformed on me. Yet, you didn't do any of those things. The only thing you did was become a pain sometimes with all of your rules and bossy behavior. But that was just a few minor things. I took how you treated me for granted. You are an excellent host. Even if you could'ave kicked me out or killed me, you didn't do any of those things. You kept me around, even before the blood became a thing." You continued.

"I was actually coming in here to tell you goodbye. Because I didn't want to leave without telling you or without letting you know that...I actually would rather be with you and work here than be someone else's experiment and lackey. As for what you deserve, it may be cheesy and not to your liking, but...I hope it will get the message across." You finish.

Then, faster than Black Hat could see coming, you leap out of the vanity chair and wrap your arms around him and squeeze.

In simple terms, you were giving him a strong hug.
You feel him tense up very quickly, so you had to hurry and get what you wanted to say out and flee the room in one piece.

"Get well soon, boss. Sorry I won't be around to see you get better. I'll be gone the moment the house rocks with a shock wave. Goodbye."

After that was said and done, you released Black Hat and quickly pushed the vanity stool back over to where it was pulled from and hurried from the room, unknown to you that Black Hat had reached out in an attempt to either grab you or pull you back.

Regardless of the intentions, he missed.

You went back outside and closed the door.

Sighing in relief as that was finally out of your system.

Then, you began to head to the roof.

It was time to go home.

--

You stand on the roof watching the sun go down and sink below the horizon.

The nuclear sky above symbolized the coming night as stars were beginning to come out and clouds were turning a series of dark pastel colors. Pinks, blues, oranges, and reds. It was utterly breathtaking.

The Sentinel and Hat-Bot were watching it with you, the Sentinel mostly doing it out of not having anything to do while Hat-Bot was enjoying the view.

Then, you heard a commotion coming from behind you, making you turn around, seeing Flug and Dementia wrestling for something that was in Flug's grip, a worried 5.0.5 following them out onto the roof. To which he finally managed to rip it away from the nosy woman and give her a deadly leer.

The scene attracted your attention and the robots' as well. Watching as Dementia huffed in disgruntlement and Flug began to scold her.

"This isn't for YOU, Dementia! It's for (Name)!" Flug snapped.

Dementia's eyes widened before she began to snicker valiantly.

"Oooh~! A present for your romantic interest~?" She flutters her eyes, making Flug flustered and growl in exasperation.

"N-No! It's just something that they can take back with them! Don't over analyze it!" Flug brushed her assumption off, then he noticed you.

"Oh, (Name)! There you are! Come here. I have some things for you." Flug waved you over, to which you came close to him in curiosity.
"What's up Flug? What do you mean you have something for me?" You question, tilting your head to the side.

Flug then pulls out what he was trying to keep away from Dementia, who just now took notice of the large gun on the roof and was staring at it in awe, and much to your surprise it was...a ray gun!

You looked down at it in surprise before looking back at Flug in complete wonderment.

"W-What? Flug...did you really make me a ray gun that I can take back with me?!" You say, completely touched.

Flug gives you a nod in reassurance.

"It's rechargeable, so there is no need for ammunition like with the freeze ray. I wanted to give you one since you said that you wanted something to take back to prove you have witnessed aliens and came into first contact with some. Please take it as a gift from our world to yours." Flug says, handing over the gun to you.

You blink in complete astonishment and hold the gun as if it was the mythical Half Life 3 itself. You smile so broadly at Flug.

"Thank you so much." You hold the ray gun close to your pajama-wearing body.

Flug just chuckles.

"Say your final goodbyes, I'm going to get the machine fired up for you to go." Flug says, walking past the awestruck Dementia and heading over to the control panel and imputing the coordinates that lead back to your planet.

You then walk around the place and hug 5.0.5, Dementia gave you a noogie, you couldn't really hug the Sentinel completely, and you pulled Hat-Bot into a hug. To which, like 5.0.5, he hugged you back. Gripping you slightly.

"Please come back soon..." Hat-Bot quietly whispers, holding you tightly as he could.

"I'll...I'll try not to be gone too long...I promise." You whisper back, then you let go of Hat-Bot.

You stand up and hear the engine of the cannon come to life.

You look up at the large metallic object and see the lights on the side flicker on. Then, the door that lead to the human-sized box opened, revealing spinning lights on the inside. Flug then walks back over to your group, letting out a sorrowful sigh.

"It's ready. Just step inside. It'll send you back in the span of a few minutes." Flug explained.

You looked at the entrance to the box and took notice that the rest of your friends were gathered on one side of the roof, as if they were ready to watch you go.

In that span of a moment, you couldn't believe what was happening. It was finally time to go home. You were literally just inches from freedom. You began to walk towards the machine with the ray gun in your grasp, before you slowed down and stopped.
In that moment, you felt like you were just walking out on Flug. You stare down at the alien-themed keychain that was on your wrist. You needed to do something to make sure he knows that you are grateful...and what you thought of just sealed the deal.

You turned back around and start walking back toward Flug.

Everyone was completely caught of guard by your sudden behavior. Flug especially.

"(Name), please don't tell me you suddenly changed your mi--!?!?"

Everyone was suddenly caught off guard by what just happened. Especially Flug.

Your lips were currently touching the bag where his cheek would be if it was exposed. A long moment of silence passed, Flug was totally paralyzed after what you just pulled. After a moment, you pulled away and you were obviously blushing brightly from your action. You give a smile.

Dementia let out a violent fangirling shriek, grabbed 5.0.5, and shook him violently from her excitement. Completely loosing her shit over what she just witnessed. The poor bear getting dizzy from the force he was enduring.

"Thanks for going against Black Hat to get me home Flug. I know you're on the villain's side in this world...but just know that you're a hero to me." You beam, Flug being totally struck from what he was given.

You then turn and run for the entrance to the human-sized box.

Once you entered, the door sealed itself and the machine revved up. Sparks fly from the machine, engines kick up, and the box flashes.

The moment the sun disappeared beyond the horizon, the cannon lit up and a moderate explosion went off. Sounding similar to the large fireworks that go off during firework shows. The 'blast' from the cannon was rapidly ascending into the sky. Then, once it got high enough, it faded from view.

Once it was done, the human-sized box opened up and you were gone.

Signifying that the green 'blast' was you. Disappearing back into the endless sky from whence you came.

Even with your departure, Flug was frozen.

"THEY KISSED! DID YOU SEE THAT?! THEY KISSED!" Dementia screams at the top of her lungs, releasing loud giggles and fangirling like crazy,

5.0.5 was currently dizzy and the Sentinel just watched Flug in mild amusement. While Hat-Bot was looking toward the sky, slightly sad, but feeling happy at the same time.

Then, that's when Flug snapped out of it and slowly raised his hand to his cheek and also looked towards the sky in awe.

"They kissed me..." He whispers to nobody in particular.
Then, from underneath his bag, a goofy grin came across his face.

"THEY KISSED ME~!" He shouted, sticking up his arms in triumph.

Even with you gone, he got your message loud and clear.

For once...Flug's world felt alright.

Chapter End Notes

THE END!
(Well. Not really. We still have the Epilogue!)

But, the official story is DONE!

And you peeps thought it was gonna be ANGST, didn't you? NOPE! FLUFF FOR YOU ALL!

Here's my Tumblr~
https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

I ALSO HAVE A DISCORD NOW~!
https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy

Feel free to drop by and chat!

----

= ~~~~Also FANART~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of

Letsallbecalmchaps =

Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-has-a-plan-cosmica-galaxy


Z_Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/16615677979/cosmica-galaxy-this-is-how-i-imagined-that-scene#notes

Z-Retribution = https://zretribution.tumblr.com/post/167786442471/cosmica-galaxy-heres-what-i-imagined-the

Artzdoodles = https://artzdoodles.tumblr.com/post/170546820889/cosmica-galaxy-
congrats-on-1000-kudos-on-alien

Spadillelicious = https://spadillelicious.tumblr.com/post/170683796378/i-doodled-some-fanart-for-cosmica-galaxy-s#notes

Thank you very much for drawing art!

=Also Gift fics~~!=

Z_Retribution = https://archiveofourown.org/works/12237978

Thank you for writing me a story~!
Epilogue

Chapter Summary

You arrive back home and life goes on!

Chapter Notes

The finale~!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

All you could feel at that very moment was a strong gale.

It was powerful and strong. Like if you were in a wind tunnel that was turned up to the most maximum setting. If you had a physical body at that point, you probably would'ave been blown away by the sheer force. Now you know what it's like to stand in hurricane winds.

But that wasn't the only thing that you could tell that was around you.

Similar to how you were abducted the first time, all around you was a bright green light. It was as if you were travelling through a tunnel made of green aura. It shifted, swirled, flickered, and changed in shade as you continued towards a white light that was directly ahead of you.

Not only that, but you could look outside the tunnel itself. You swore you could see star-trails zipping past the outside of your transporter. With a bit more focusing, you even managed to catch a glimpse of a few planets, nebulae, and comets as you zoomed through hyperspace.

You wouldn't argue the fact that the sight was beautiful. Space in general was a beautiful thing.

You stayed like that for a few moments, just drifting and pushing against the wind that was present around you.

Suddenly, a familiar celestial body passed your ray of light!

With a rapid double-take, you took notice of the body of Neptune disappearing off into the distance. You blinked in amazement as you face forward again, managing to catch a breathtaking view of Saturn and its' rings passing by your pixelated form. You watch in awe as you get a front row seat to seeing Saturn so up close.

But like before, Saturn was soon passed. Focusing forward again, you smiled brightly when Jupiter slowly crept by. It's burning red dot presented in the sunlight. You felt happiness swell up inside of your body as you steadily passed Jupiter.

Then, the only thing you saw after that was the asteroid belt and the familiar red planet of Mars and its' two moons.
Only at that very moment did you realize that your pixelated form was closing in on your home...Earth. You look straight on in the bright white light ahead.

Looking out of the corner of your eyes as you see the moon itself pass you and the area outside of the green light began to change into a brightly colored blue. You take a deep breath and close your eyes, preparing for eventual impact.

Then, you feel your 'body' collide with the ground of Earth. The green tunnel of light that was around you shatters and your form breaks apart. Then, it begins to reassemble itself. Pixel by pixel, your human form slowly gets rebuilt.

Feeling, touch, hearing, and sight slowly come back to you.

Once your body was reassembled, the green light fades away completely from around you and releases you. Feeling a solid platform beneath your feet, which causes you to stumble on your feet slightly, you stand tall and open your eyes to see your surroundings.

Almost immediately, you take notice of the setting sun in the sky. The bright oranges and pinks mingling in the atmosphere that you were traveling through not a few seconds prior. Large clouds slowly drift across the sky above your lonesome form, amplifying the colors above.

You take in a deep breath and the fresh air fills your lungs. Finally deciding to look around, silently hoping that Flugs' calculations were correct, only to gasp in surprise.

You found yourself standing outside, next to a very familiar mailbox. Looking up, you quickly connected the mailbox to an equally familiar house.

It was...your house.
The same home that you were abducted from all those months ago. Still sitting here, as if you never even left it.

I mean...if it even was your house anymore. Hopefully it still is your home.
Who knows what happened during the events of your disappearance?

But, that means if this is your house...then that must mean that you're home for REAL this time.

Slowly, you turn around and awe completely takes over as you walk to the fence that overlooked the cliff just a few yards in front of your home.

Mountains were seen off in the distance, snow covered peaks glistening orange from the sunset. Woodland was spread on a vast array of acres and far below was a glistening ocean. Glittering as the sun continued to disappear beyond the horizon that the ocean offered. Finally, next to the beautiful seaside coast, was a fairly large city.

Everything was covered in a coating of orange and yellow. The windows reflecting the light, the distant atmosphere that the metropolis provided, and the slow process of the city turning on its' own variety of street lights. Preparing for the nightlife.

The warm mountain winds blow through your hair as the trees rustle their leaves from all around you. A sound that you knew...and that finalized the fact that you were home. Back with your cottage that was surrounded by the trees that made the same noise that you were hearing.
Finally, realization took hold. That this wasn't a dream caused by severe homesickness.

You were actually *home*.

The surroundings were familiar to you. The breathtaking landscape that you had the fortune to call home was all around you. You could breath it...smell it...feel it...and see it. It was like the perfect remedy that cured your homesickness...*permanently*.

You felt excitement bubble up in you, which caused you to let go of the fence and jump around in happiness. Holding the ray gun close to your chest as you squee in overwhelming happiness. Doing a little silly dance as you cheered for yourself.

You went on a fantastic journey AND you managed to get back home in one piece to tell the tale! So you keep squealing and jumping with childish glee as you celebrate.

You only stopped when you heard a startled gasp come from somewhere behind you.

You halted your celebratory dancing to turn around, afraid of what you might see.

But, the moment you laid eyes on the person in front of you, your eyes widened and began to well up with contained tears.

Standing just a short distance away from yourself was your parents. Your mother figure was holding their hand up to their mouth in total disbelief, while your father figure was standing there completely baffled at what they were seeing.

Your mother steps forward slowly, looking at you in disbelief.

"*(Name)*? Is that you...my precious baby?" Your mother trembles as she slowly kept approaching your stationary form.

You couldn't even move yourself. All you could do was allow the tears to flow from your eyes and laugh lightly. Sniffing suddenly and wiping the dripping tears away from your eyes and cheeks.

"Sorry that I left without saying anything, mom." You whimper and give your mother a happy smile.

They didn't need anymore evidence to know that it was you. Your mother quickly runs over and envelopes you in their arms. They cried loudly in relief and joy, making you hug back and snuggle into their familiar warmth and scent. Now you were leaking more tears than ever, holding their shirt tightly in your grasp.

Your father even came in and joined in on the hugging session. Getting teary-eyed themselves. Signifying a fully reunited family that was relieved to be back together once more. You mother pulls away slightly and gives your forehead a gentle kiss.

"We knew you would come back to us! I never gave up hope...and here we find you...outside your home jumping around like a you just had a victory over something. I'm so glad you're okay, baby!" Your mother sobs, cuddling you even tighter.

After a few moments of closeness, your parents pulled away and that's when the questions began.
'Where were you?!', 'We thought you were kidnapped or dead!', and 'Why did you leave without saying anything?!'.

Finally, you manage to get your parents to calm down enough for you to explain.

"I know, I know! I was gone for such an absurd amount of time! But, I have a good reason." You explain, then you hold up the alien-device to show your parents of its' presence on your person.

They both look at it in a fit of confusion before you give them a big smile.

"I have so much to tell you both!"

--

Night eventually fell and you found yourself on the roof of your humble cottage home. Looking at the stars in the clear sky above yourself, tracing constellations with your eyes and lazy gestures with your fingers.

Your parents were currently inside the cottage. Cooking your favorite dinner to celebrate your return and you were enjoying a peaceful moment to stargaze.

Your parents seemed skeptical the moment you told them that it was a real and functioning ray gun. But the moment you fired off the ray gun, their doubts were incinerated like yesterdays' trash was. You told them everything!

How you disappeared, who you were with, and what had occurred while you were off on your misadventure.

You even showed them the scars you got from the 'boss alien'. Your mother almost had a heart attack when you showed her the scars that lined your back and triceps. Your mother even commented that it looked like a bear or cougar had attacked you.

But you just laughed it off.

You told them about the blood trade, the kidnappings, the fire, the friendly little robot that you and the 'smart alien' built together, and how the 'smart alien' allowed you to escape the clutches of the 'boss alien'.

Your father then had to contact the police department to report that you had been found and were safe at home.

Then, after that he was being contacted by some local news people to see if they can get an interview with the family that managed to get reunited after so many months apart. Your father was a little testy that they wanted to do it so soon, but you made sure that he knew that you were fine with the interview.

Now you had a meet-up with some curious news reporters tomorrow.

Regardless, you were still just chilling on the roof.

Not worried about how your phone was getting message after message as your mother spread the
news of your return on social media. Your friends wanting to meet up with you as soon as possible and asking about your well being. Taking it all in a little at a time, at the moment you just needed some space from the constant attention.

Nothing was mentioned about the ray gun to anybody, per your request. It was just too soon to be revealing such technology to the public. You didn't want to loose the only thing that Flug gave you after your return to Earth, ESPECIALLY loose it to the government! So right now, the ray gun was safely tucked away in your room.

But, even without the announcement of the ray gun technology, life was hectic right now.

But watching the stars twinkle in the night sky was calming to see, easily quelling your anxiety the moment you adjusted to laying on the roof of your home. The warm mountain winds continued to blow and rustle the nearby trees. Giving the area around the cottage an aura of serenity and peace, further calming you down.

You were relaxed and everything seemed to be okay at the moment. You managed to get your hands on some REAL alien technology and you also just had the best adventure of your whole existence!

You were grateful to have been able to go on such an adventure. Thanks to one special scientist.

You thought about him while you stared out into the void. His voice...his personality...his passion...and even his darker side was even shamefully attractive. He was a villain on his planet...but he was an amazing individual in your eyes.

With him slowly clouding your mind, your eyes began to idly draw out a constellation that fit his image. A square...two bright stars for eyes...and a small line for his eyebrows. You could almost see him in the skies...looking down onto you.

However, your thoughts were interrupted the moment the front door opened and your worried mother strolled out in front of the house, calling out for you. Causing you to jump and the constellation of the scientist to shatter within your mind.

"(Name)! (Name)??! Where are you??!" They practically screech.

"Up here, mom." You reply, waving your hand to make sure she can see you on the roof.

Almost immediately, your mother figure turns toward the source of your voice and calms down.

Your parents were rightfully worried about you disappearing again. So they have been extra vigilant of keeping an eye on you. It wasn't really annoying, more comforting actually. As it means they care for you deeply and don't want anymore 'misadventures' to occur.

"Don't scare me like that! It made me really worried when you didn't reply from inside the house. At least let me know before you start star gazing on the roof, okay? But I came out here to tell you that dinner is done. When you're ready, come inside and eat soon, please?" Your mother explains before going back inside.

It only took you a few minutes to get your fill of the night sky before you decided to get off the roof and go eat with your parents.
You climbed down the ladder, folded it up, and put it back in the garage. Then, you walk back to the front door and took one last look at the night sky for the night. You imagined that it must be late on the other planet as well, but it didn't stop you from wondering how your friends must be doing.

Regardless, you smile towards the speckled space above your planet with contempt.

"Thanks for the adventure, Flug." You say to nobody in particular, smiling at the void before facing the door and opening it.

Afterwards, you disappear into your house to have dinner with your family.

--

Some days have passed and the manor already felt a little bit emptier than usual.

During this time, Flug had to cancel all of the mortality poison orders. Claiming that 'they were out of the poison', to get these needy villains off his back.

The lab was back to being all his and every time he would make a new invention, he turns around out of reflex to tell you what he made, but quickly found himself about to talk to empty empty air or an unoccupied workbench. Which causes him to sigh.

He won't lie to himself.

The first night you left, he cried. His heart was breaking so bad that he was almost incapacitated the whole day. You kissed his cheek, but then left shortly afterwards. After the initial high was over, Flug realized that you were gone. Probably for good.

It was hard to breathe for those first few hours. But, it slowly wore down, but it did not completely subside.

He was still trying to accumulate to a manor that was without you. It wasn't a big deal before he met you, but now these memories taunted him and makes him grieve deep inside.

But the days trudged on.

The production of the mortality poison was discontinued and with the discontinuation, the heroes started to slowly get back on top and retrieve the areas that were oppressed by certain villains. Slowly, balance was restored to the affected cities.

Still, Flug had the only thing that was capable of killing any immortal, hero, and villain.

At that moment, he was studying the humanzinite dagger.

Scanning its' properties and such to study more and more on its' capabilities. Finally, he needed a specific tool that was required to go even deeper and break down the core properties of the deadly weapon. He looked around briefly and grunted in frustration.

He cursed slightly when he couldn't find the machine around his workbench and started to search the lab for it.

Flug looked high and low for the missing machine and steadily grew more agitated. Soon, he
began to search drawers, crates, and storage bins for it.

However, the moment he searched the safes, he stumbled upon the safe that was currently occupied with the jet suits...and a large file that was filled with paper?

Flugs' agitation vanished and he grew curious about the unknown file. Pulling out the large file, he sat it down on his workbench and noticed the lack of a label on it.

The moment he opened it, there was a note that was attached to the inside of the folder with a paperclip.

Curiously, he picks up the note and begins to mentally read it to himself.

'Dear Flug. Sorry that I wasn't able to give you this in person, but I figured you might want to know some of the stuff we have discovered on our end of the galaxy. You may already know most of this stuff, you may find something new, or we may do something in a different way. I hope this may be of use to you. For it's the one of the two things I was able to leave behind. Hope we meet again someday!'

Flug felt his heart flutter in his chest once more after he finished reading the note and the familiarity of your signature.

He sighs. His lovesick heart beating in his chest. Longing for your comforting embrace.

Instead, he shakes it off and decides to check out the contents that you left behind.

Inside the folders were lots of blueprints, notes, and various inventions. He carefully studied them with trained eyes. Some he knew of, others he didn't, and some were completely foreign to himself. He pulls out the ones that were foreign and new to him, but kept the ones that he already knew of.

Even if he already knew of the contents, he didn't have the heart to throw away some of the things that you put a lot of effort into making. He knew the exact feeling of having something you worked so hard on broken or torn to shreds. So he decided to keep them as a back up, just in case something happened to the original copies.

He sighs as he looks at the blueprints. Sorting through them and finding one that interested him, it was simple and not too complicated. So he calls out for assistance.

"Hat-Bot!" Flug calls.

However, the little robot didn't appear.

Flug, obviously confused with the absence of the little robot stood up from his desk and looked out into the foyer before calling again.

"Hat-Bot!" Flug beckons again.

Still. No reply was heard or even acknowledged.

Flug thinks for a moment before getting a hunch at where the little robot was at.

He ascends the staircase and makes his journey towards the guest room. Which used to belong to
you when you were present here in the manor. Upon getting there and opening the door, he found the room completely desolate of any form of life.

Looking at the unoccupied room seemed to sting Flug. As he briefly flinches at seeing the empty room. The only signs of life was the roomba that was cleaning the floor. Its' googly eyes still present on its' hull.

Flug quickly closes the door to the guest room and sighs. Then, another idea strikes him as he decided to go to the roof. It was the last place you were present, so it was most certainly the only place where Hat-Bot was.

In which, he quickly makes his journey through the halls towards his destination.

He ascends the second staircase and pops the hatch, opening it up and looking out onto the roof. Sure enough, there was Hat-Bot. Sitting by his lonesome while staring up at the night sky. Flug lets out a sigh before exiting onto the roof of the building.

"Hat-Bot? Why are you up here all by yourself?" Flug questions as he approaches the little robot.

"Waiting." Hat-Bot replied simply.

Flug blinks before feeling slight pity for the little robot. He takes a brief glance over to the tarp-covered Astropixel cannon and decided to sit next to Hat-Bot. Staring at the sky in slight dismay.

"Do you miss them already?" Flug questions, not breaking eye contact with the sky.

There was a moment of silence.

"Yeah..." The small robot whimpers.

Flug understood the feeling all too well.

"Me too...I miss them a lot. But...I hope they're happier now that they have been returned to their planet." Flug silently hopes. Staring out at the sky, his eyes idling and tracing shapes in the sky.

A brief moment of silence passes once again.

"Creator?" Hat-Bot says, shattering the silence.

"Yes, Hat-Bot?" Flug replies.

The little robot finally looks directly at Flug.

"Did you love other creator? You seemed to care a lot about them more than everyone else and the crazy lizard lady said so." The small robot stares at Flug, eyes wide and curious.

Flug stutters for a moment, cursing Dementia under his breath. He looks at Hat-Bot from the corners of his eyes before letting out a defeated sigh. Looking around briefly, making sure there were no prying eyes or ears around them, and nodding in submission.

"Yes. I will admit it. I love them, Hat-Bot. But, I had to put my feelings aside...for their sake. If I had put my feelings before their happiness, I would be more selfish than Black Hat. I also knew
that they would never be truly happy here...so I decided to let them go. I set them free...and when Black Hat gets better, I'm going to pay for it." Flug admits.

Hat-Bot gives Flug a worried glance but hums as he looks back at the darkened sky.

"Will we be able to see them again, creator?" Hat-Bot tilts his head to the side a little as his gaze stays locked on the sky above.

Flug wasn't really sure on how to answer that, because he wasn't really sure himself. I mean, he could live the rest of his miserable life and never see you again. But that's not what he would want at heart. He would love to see you again...and no doubt that Hat-Bot would want to see you again too.

"Maybe someday. But not anytime soon. But...we can always hope that moment will come, right?" Flug lightly laughs, trying to make light of the situation.

"Yeah. I guess so." Hat-Bot mutters, staring off into the speckled distance.

The two of them sat on the roof for a decent chunk of the night, quietly talking and staring up into the sky.

With Flug mentally connecting the stars to form a constellation that fit your foreign wonderment and alluring appearance.

--

More time passed and Black Hat was finally well enough to physically chase and harm Flug for his spell of disobedience.

After the harsh punishment was delivered, Black Hat stomped all the way to his office in a rage. Where he was taking refuge from all of his bothersome underlings. Especially Dementia. For now, he just needed to return to his sanctuary for some time to himself.

He goes inside his dimly lit office, locks the doors, and strides over to his desk.

He firmly plops down into his chair and growls out in agitation. This was just so BOTHERSOME!

One of his minions, in an act of betrayal, assisted in letting another minion escape. A very precious minion. His little pathetic moneymaker, his source of his favorite blood, and now they were gone because of his idiot scientist.

He turns in his chair to look outside the rose-tinted window to see raindrops splattering against the glass and thunder rocks the house. The weather outside currently fitting his mood. He stares outside hatefully, his reflection distorted from his paranormal aura.

He needed a drink.

He turns around and tears through his usual wine-storing place. Finding it empty. He growls as he continues to search.

Finally, once he opened one of the drawers, a large bottle was present. However...it wasn't like his usual bottles. This sized was almost TOO big to even be a wine bottle. Definitely a crude imitation
of one, that's for sure. But it intrigued the hat-wearing eldritch.

He pulls it out in a moment of brief confusion.

The wine bottle contained a dark red liquid and there was a sticker of a sterotypical green alien on the side of the bottle. The neck of the container was wrapped with a green ribbon and it was completely filled to the brim. Sealed off with a resealable cap.

Once Black Hat opened the cap to allow him to sniff the contents within, a familiar scent reaching his tongue and nearly non-existent nose. Almost immediately he started to drool as his taste buds tingled with anticipation.

So. The alien did think a little and left him a gift.

*Their own bottled blood.*

He reaches down into the wine-storage unit in his desk and fishes out a wine glass. He was careful to ration the last remaining alien blood he had. Only filling his glass halfway before resealing the cap and storing it once again.

He takes the wine glass and turns around to look out the window towards the gloomy weather outside.

He then slowly sips the liquid, drawing it out as he felt the familiar shivers rack through his whole body. He lets green drool drip out of his mouth as he relaxes in his seat. It tasted just as good as the first time he tasted it. Since he was bed ridden for a few weeks, he was itching to sink his teeth into something.

Then, as he's sitting there in the chair, he slowly allows himself to be pulled into memory lane.

He can remember the first time you appeared in front of him. Wearing those childish alien-themed pajamas. How you just started to work for him without as much as a sassy comment. How the days continued and you would do what was asked of you.

How you would get under his skin to the point of irritation. When he first dug into that soft tender flesh of yours with his reportorial claws.

However, Black Hat frowned the moment he remembers the feeling of your flesh.

Before you left, he remembers when you hugged him out of nowhere. He certainly wasn't one for hugging or affectionate physical contact. He despised the term. Yet, when he was enveloped in your foreign softness, he didn't know what to feel like.

He was surprised by the fact that he couldn't tell if he should maul you or envelope you.

The contact was short and he didn't know if he should be glad it was over quickly or that he wanted to extend the time.

But, the moment you turned away, he tried to grab you. But, he failed.

*HIM. THE NEFARIOUS BLACK HAT failed to grab a stupid human!* He was angry at himself. But, he kept thinking and thinking about all of the times you have seemingly 'bothered' him or
irritated him in some form of way.

When you told him to get his act together when the rest of his minions were stolen away right under his non-existent nose.

When you would stick around him and helped him solve the mystery of the kidnapper and who was the guilty one that set up the trap.

When he caught you and Flug before you both fell to your deaths.

While thinking of these memories, something began to stir within Black Hat himself. It wasn't rage, stockpiled anger, or unsatisfied hunger. It was a warm feeling, like rage, but it didn't come with stress, red vision, or forced shapeshifting into more disgusting forms.

It was begging for something more. But it wasn't something that could fill his gut or desire for violence. It wasn't related to any of these emotions at all! It confused Black Hat greatly, but it mostly frustrated him. How could he not sort out his own damn emotions!!?

He growled as he knew that you were associated with the feeling in someway. He kept having mental visuals of you looking at him with a disinterested stare, a smug expression, or something akin to genuine gratitude. All of them just amplified the feeling.

Furthering his irritation.

But the moment he thought of your annoying smile, his heart suddenly skipped.

It caught him off guard and made him stutter in surprised shock. He blinks, completely baffled by what he felt in his chest just a second ago.

Did...his cold and un beating heart just...skip?!

Black Hat growls as a feeling of total loss slowly grips his mind. He couldn't even mentally fathom what he was feeling! No. He was FEELING in GENERAL. He's the embodiment of all things evil and wicked! WHY WAS HE FEELING??!!

Then a whole new emotion took over himself. Pure panic.

Nothing was right! Ever since you came to the manor, NOTHING HAS BEEN RIGHT!

He takes a moment to lean back in his chair and let out a snake-like hiss. Quickly clearing his mind of anything and everything that involved the alien that visited the manor. Besides, you were gone and you weren't likely to come back. Sent to an unknown part of the universe and thrown completely out of his life.

These stupid feelings will go away on their own. He was absolutely certain that they would.

So he shakes it off and sits there, staring out of his window and sipping on the blood in his wine glass slowly.

He needed time.
To sort out these... *Alien Affections* he was feeling.

So he continues to sit there in his office chair. Passing the time with every sip of his glass.

Lost in his deep thoughts on what will become of the future of the manor now that his primary moneymaker was gone.

But, one thing was for sure and he was certainly never going to say it out loud. Less anyone that hears it be killed on the spot to preserve his sense of pride and villainous dignity. He looks towards the cloudy sky in silence.

*He honestly wouldn't mind seeing your annoying smile grace his presence once more.*

Chapter End Notes

The end!

I hope you peeps loved this journey as much as I did! It was fun to write and I feel like all of my hard work paid off!

But, I hope that you peeps enjoyed it!

See you when the sequel comes around! Keep an eye out for "Galactic Empires", for that will be the sequel's title!

I'm going to work on smaller projects and fix some things in this fic. But first, I wanna take a break. XD

This is the last time this fic is being updated! If you love it, be sure to bookmark it!

Keep writing my lovelies! ;)

Here's my Tumblr~
https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/

I ALSO HAVE A DISCORD NOW~!
https://discord.gg/dMRGwzy

Feel free to drop by and chat!

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= ~~~~Also FANART~~~~ =

Clawver23 = https://cosmica-galaxy.tumblr.com/post/162642999819/aaaaaah-im-so-sorry-i-did-it-on-the-wrong-part-of


Letsallbecalmchaps = https://letsallbecalmchaps.tumblr.com/post/165474662776/flug-
This is kinda based off of my own Headcanons of what sets our worlds apart.

[Humans from the Villainous universe are more resilient and high strung, since they live in a universe where Villains and Heroes fight regularly. Meaning more property damage and injuries, possibly death, if some innocents get caught in the crossfire. Meaning most humans in their world are probably stressed, giving them more angular looks and a more unfriendly appearance.]

(Humans from our world are more softer looking and seem to have friendlier appearances. This is because we don't live in a world that causes day-to-day stress. Since we live in a world where no such things as Villains and Heroes exist, we live in a 'pacifist' verse. In which we aren't under constant threat of death, destruction, and enslavement from multiple factions. We do have threats, just not to a certain extent like in the Villainous universe.)

Also, I went with our worlds being separate planets instead of being from another dimension entirely. Mostly because I feel like the dimension jumping thing has been done before.

So, I tried something new and probably failed.
I am also stitching this story from ideas I had. Prompts really.

But, I hope it works out.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!