Summary

“The blue haired girl removed the hood of her sweatshirt, glancing around the alleyway as she fiddled with the gear-shaped pendant she'd been given. Engraved in the strangely green metal was the time and place exactly–down to the overfilled garbage can she stood impatiently beside. How the pendant had wound up in her backpack was beyond her knowledge. Who had given it to her, however, she knew all too well.”

A weird AU I made, where instead of ghosts, they're mutants, and Danny probably gets raised by Ember.

Notes

So, this is a really weird au, and honestly, I’m not even sure what I was going for. I had to write a short story for English class, and I love this show, so...

Whatever this is happened.

If you want more, I could make an actual story, but for now have this weird, prologue-like two-shot.
Prologue

The blue haired girl removed the hood of her sweatshirt, glancing around the alleyway as she fiddled with the gear-shaped pendant she'd been given. Engraved in the strangely green metal was the time and place exactly—down to the overfilled garbage can she stood impatiently beside. How the pendant had wound up in her backpack was beyond her knowledge. Who had given it to her, however, she knew all too well.

Thomas Bell—the medallion’s true keeper—was a well known politician. A man that stood for people like this girl: mutants. His trademark pendant was all that she needed to pack up her guitar. Though, now that she was here, waiting for her appointment, she was regretting her decision.

She glanced around the alley, double checking the time to make sure she wasn't wrong. The time was more important than the location; especially with Thomas. She knew, if she had the right time, the pendant’s original owner would find her. Finding people was his job in a way. Even in places like Amity Park, where their kind was practically banned.

"Ember?" The voice was low, echoing on the buildings surrounding them as the girl turned toward the one she'd been waiting for.

"Finally," She let out a sigh, relieving some of her tension, "I've been here for at least ten minutes."

The man adjusted his tie half-heartedly, sending her a flippant glance, "I'm aware."

His entire attire opposed the girl before him. He stood tall, and confident—a different confidence than the teenager's natural arrogance. His eyes sparkled beneath the moon's pale glow in a knowing way. The suit he wore was tailored, and unwrinkled. Despite the situation, he appeared to have no business talking to the homeless girl. Their very existence in the same alley challenged their outward appearances. They were entirely different for a pair that had so much in common.

"Of course you'd know," the girl, Ember, threw her arms up at the accusation, "you're the only man I've ever met with the ability to see all of time, and you're still late to a meeting that you scheduled."

The man grinned, "I'm exactly on time."

"I'm not sure you heard me," Ember lifted the medallion to show the time carved onto the back, "you scheduled this, Tom, you should at least give me the time you're planning on showing up."

"You're allowed to call me Clockwork, Ember," The man corrected easily, "we are alone, after all."

"What is it you wanted me for?" The girl glanced around the alleyway, awaiting the event she'd be forced to witness, "It's not everyday that a man of your stature talks to one of us street kids."

Addressing their differences was common to the pair. The differences themselves were intentional, carefully crafted to avoid raising suspicion. A carefully crafted coverup to ensure Thomas’s political standing was respected. Mutants stood for mutants daily, a man for mutants was a different story. With Thomas’s subtle quirk, there was no way to truly call his mutation out. And thus the groups were divided.

"I thought you were living with Skulker," The man shifted from his relaxed position, ignoring her attempted joke in his worry for her. Most people wouldn't notice the subtle mood change. But Ember knew the man more than her family. She could read him like a book.
"No. I haven't seen him since December," She paused, remembering that it was April before she turned back to Clockwork to mask her dejection, "when is your marvel going to happen, Thomas?"

In that moment, crying filled the alleyway. An open window above revealed the soft whines of a new baby. Clockwork smiled warmly at the sound of life, Ember cringed at the crying. This only seemed to encourage the older man's joy.

"I need you to take him," the man got to the point as the child's cries grew, followed by cheering of family members from the home birth.

Ember moved backward slowly, "What— who—?"

"His name is Daniel," Clockwork explained, turning away from the teen quickly. He channeled his grin into a more passive expression before turning back.

"I can't just take him," she glanced from the man before her to the window, getting a glimpse of the father, happily strolling through the room, announcing his new child's birth through the town. The new parent didn't seem to notice the loitering pair below him.

"He has a family," Ember established by gesturing to the father.

Clockwork sighed, "Listen, Ember, it's essential to the community that Daniel is taken out of that home." He tried to channel his meaning into his expression. Ember didn't seem to notice, going on.

"I can barely pay for myself. And I haven't stopped looking for Skulker," the teen argued. She seemed determined to prove Clockwork wrong. To show that he couldn't make her do whatever he pleased. She held her head high, holding her glare until the man turned his attention back to the window. If Ember didn't know better, she'd assume Clockwork had given up, but he just shook his head, taking a deep breath before continuing.

"Do you know where we are?" He asked, gaining Ember's concern along with her attention.

"Amity Park," she nodded, knowing the consequences of being a mutant in the town. Knowing the political consequence of Clockwork being caught with a mutant in this town.

"Home of Jack and Maddie Fenton," he turned away from the building beside them, where Daniel's cries were starting to hush.

Ember stared for a moment, "are you saying..."

"Daniel James Fenton," Clockwork locked eyes with Ember, knowing what he was about to ask of her, "A mutant, unbeknownst to him, or his family."

An eerie silence fell over the alleyway. Ember's eyes fell to the damp ground, glaring at the puddle below her. Maybe it was impossible to defy Clockwork; he could see the future, after all.

Reaffirming her stance on the matter, Ember addressed the man before her, taking a serious tone, foreign to both mutants, "What does that have to do with me, Clockwork?"

"I need you to take him," the older man said solemnly, "before Pariah does."

Silence fell over the duo. If Ember had the choice she would have run before the man had even spoken the name, but prediction was his ability, not hers.

"Don't say that name around me," Ember met Clockwork's gaze once again, a hard glare in place.
The flames in her heart trembled at the name in itself, she tried not to think of the man behind it.

Fearing mutants was popular in America. What were they capable of? What if they attacked? However, mutants themselves mostly feared one man: Pariah Dark. Mutants like Pariah were why kids like Ember were living in the street. The mass hysteria that surrounded their species as a whole were because of his chaotic killing sprees. Indeterminable by any human, or mutant.

"Avoiding his name only shows that we fear him," Clockwork was also a notable figure in the mutant community. For completely different reasons, of course. He vouched for mutant rights, fought the good fight. For kids like Ember.

Ember let out a long sigh, repeating, "I can't just take him."

"Except, my dear girl," Clockwork nodded to the dimming lights, the excitement finally dying down as the family went to sleep, "that's exactly what you're going to do."
Chapter One

A scientist stared wide-eyed at the scene before her. Where a man once stood, an explosion of blood covered the room as his head fell beside her. She didn't even have the dignity to hide her scream as the killer pushed the bleeding body aside.

“Careful now, Spectra, we don’t need to destroy the place,” A man in a clean, white suit entered the room, avoiding the bloodstained tiles around him. A peppy, red-haired woman followed, grinning at the explosion.

“Someone’s alive in here,” She informed her teammate, who continued to be concerned about his suit. “I can feel their fear. It’s delicious.”

The young scientist shivered at the idea. How her fear tasted… She tried to bottle up the urge to vomit at how casually the mutant sounded about the topic. Like they encountered her type of terror often.

The man rolled his eyes, pulling a pair of black gloves over his hand as he started to work out the combination to the cells. “Then either deal with them or let’s get moving, we don’t have long before they notice our little jailbreak.”

“We broke into the most secure facility of the GiW, Walker,” Spectra said pointedly, “I know I’d be a little embarrassed to sound an alarm quite yet…”

“Just…” The man made eye contact with the scientist, almost looking sorry, “Don’t play with your food for too long, Penelope.”

If the woman could, she would have screamed. She would have fought. But, her energy was taken
as the mutant snapped her fingers, snickering at her pain.

The man hid behind the now-open containment unit as another scientist’s blood painted the room.

“Much better.” Penelope grinned, her form flickering between her disguise and the dark creature that hid beneath.

Walker rolled his eyes as he opened the cell doors, knowing their kind would follow.

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“In other news,” Lance Thunder’s name flashed across the screen below him, on scene, “The mutant resistance, lead by Pariah Dark, has made another move today–”

The channel changed, showing Tiffany Snow, on ‘mutant watch,’ “thirty mutants were freed from the Guys in White headquarters today by Pariah Dark. It’s currently unknown how powerful the mutants in question are, but if they were needed by Pariah’s cause, it’s likely that they’re–”

“Another attack on the GiW HQ by mutants, Thomas,” A man stared off his opponent on some political debate show. Beside him, the familiar face of Thomas Bell smiled lightly, despite the situation. “How are you still defending these people?”

“It’s important that we note that not all mutants are involved in the cult Pariah Dark is fronting.” Thomas stayed calm under the stage lights, “That’s not to say we shouldn’t take this seriously. These people are dangerous. But that’s just what they are: people.”

“Are you implying that we’re the same as those creatures?”

“You know,” Thomas’s silvery eyes met the camera, “Blue eyes are a mutation.”

The television turned off and the white haired fourteen-year-old watching it looked up to see his mother standing in the doorway. She held the remote in one hand, and her hip with the other. If there was a remnant of the annoyed teen left in Ember, this is it.
I could sense you, you know?” Her son—the crying baby, all grown up—turned to her after a second of contemplation. After staring, he sat up a little, raising an eyebrow. “What’s up?”

 Ember swore he had a secret ability to read minds sometimes. His eyes would read through her defensive stance in seconds.

 She nodded toward the T.V. “Do you really need that negativity in your life, Danny?”

 “It’s important to be informed,” The teen insisted, “especially when it’s so relevant to us, mom.”

 The pair had a system: ignore the news until Thomas made a public statement. Ember didn’t trust normies with mutant news, they were always too opinionated.

 ‘Mutant attack!’ ‘Dangerous monsters kill scientists!’ They always left details out. Were those mutants provoked? Were the scientists experimenting on those mutants? ‘Who cares? Humans died!’ Didn’t mutants too?

 She didn’t want to raise her son thinking all mutants were evil. Some were, but that was how the world worked. You had to choose to be good.

 Ember reaffirmed her stance, feigning a casual air. “Since when are you so interested in mutant politics?”

 He shrugged. “How was work?” He asked instead.

 Evading questions was something he’d definitely picked up from her. It was a good skill to have sometimes. Though she doubted (or, at least hoped) Danny would need the skill any time soon.

 She’d let it slide for now… It wasn’t like it was important yet.

 “Not bad,” The young mother pulled her hair out of its ponytail. The blue was now covered with an artificial brown, dyed to keep eyes off of her while she worked to keep her mutant identity hidden. If
anyone were to find out…

“How was school?” She interrupted her own thoughts.

“Not bad.” He repeated her words, a small smile in place. Another ability she thought he hid was his charisma. There was no way a kid his age was capable of being as sweet as her son was.

His eyes brightened as he added, “Dinner’s in the fridge if you wanted anything fancy.”

Ember rolled her eyes, turning into the kitchen to check what her son qualified as fancy. Knowing him, it was placed in a tupperware container awaiting her.

He was too good for her. Times like these she really thought Clockwork had chosen the wrong person to raise Danny. He deserved someone equally as good. Dorthea, maybe? Kitty and Johny might’ve even been alright.

“Mac and cheese?” She snorted at the pre-made meal.

“I cooked, you can’t complain.” Danny joined her in the kitchen, taking her spot in the doorway. “Plus, it’s your favorite.”

“Danny…” Ember turned to her son as she warmed the ‘fancy’ meal in the microwave. “That’s your favorite.”

Danny grinned from ear to ear. “Pot eh to, Pot ah to.”

She pulled the still-cold leftovers out of the microwave, turning to her son with a raised eyebrow. “Did you freeze this?”

He shrugged again, “Probably on accident, Frostbite said we needed to work on that.”

He needed to work on a lot. But that was common for mutants of his age. He was always developing new, different abilities. Honestly, by his age, Ember had her skills figured out. But his ever-
increasing powers weren’t something she had to deal with.

It worried her a little.

“That’s fine,” She sat on the counter after setting the timer for another five minutes. “Accidents happen. It’s all a part of figuring out how you work.”

“Yeah, and how I don’t work.” He leaned in the doorway, a light frost appearing under his fingertips.

Ember sighed, moving his hand, and gently warming it with the heat of her flames. “Everyone has problems figuring themselves out. Especially people like us.”

“Yeah,” Danny shrugged again, “I guess we do.”

She smiled at him, messing up his hair lightly before fixing it. “Shouldn’t you be in bed, Babypop?”

He rolled his eyes at the familiar nickname, turning to the clock with a sigh. “I guess.”

“Go on, and don’t let the bedbugs bite!”

And, as Ember sent her son—he was hers by now, she’d worked to raise him, anyway—to bed, she couldn’t help but be grateful for that night, fourteen years ago.

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